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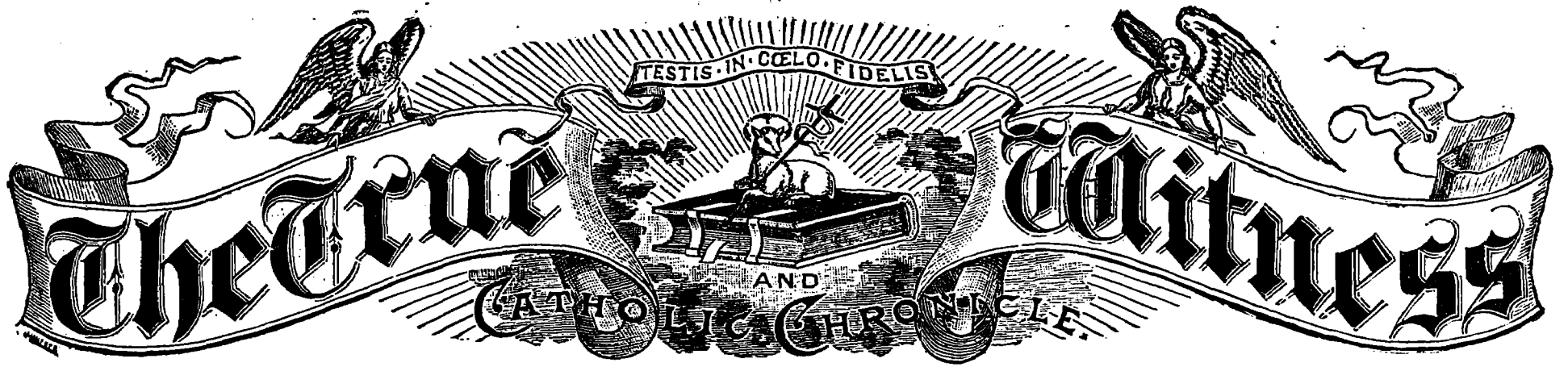
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INCE last St. Patrick's Day great and important changes have taken place. The Gladstone Home Rule measure was fought through the House of Commons and rejected by the Peers. The Grand Old Man has been forced, in consequence of a sad physical affliction, to relinquish his powerful grasp on the helm and to allow another to take the lead in the political arena. But the cause has gone steadily on and hope still shines upon the path. Since last St. Patrick's Day THE TRUE WITNESS has had many unexpected vicissitudes and has met with numerous shocks; but the tempest has swept past, leaving the old vessel still ploughing her way along the waters of Catholic journalism. Like the sacred cause which we have a mission to defend, and like the nationality to which we belong, we have known many adverse days and trying circumstances, but as in the cases of both our faith and nationality, our courage has not fallen, while the willing hands of disinterested friendship have kept the oars going and the barque moving. We do not think it too much to predict that when the next St. Patrick's Day comes to us our readers will find THE TRUE WITNESS the most successful and popular Catholic journal in our Dominion.

This year the enthusiasm and fervor displayed by the citizens of Montreal have been equal to the brightest national celebrations of the past; and, perhaps, the imposing ceremonies of the seventeenth, the grand concerts and the other demonstrations, have given evidence of a stronger faith in the future than any we have ever witnessed. It is with a pride and a pleasure that we now present our readers with a full account of the day's proceeding.

Saint Patrick's day this year was an ideal one in point of weather; the sky was blue, the sun shone brightly, and the atmosphere was not too cold. Every true Irishman's heart must have leaped with delight when he woke in the morning and discovered that his day (the day of their patron saint) was so glorious.

Green was everywhere on Saturday; the merchant going to his business wore his shamrock, the post-man delivering his letters, the milkman, the office boy, the alderman, all wore proudly, and were bound together by the insignia of their race, a shamrock or a bit of green ribbon.

Many stores had their windows wholly decorated with shamrocks and green Irish harps; the dry goods merchants went partially aside from business for once and draped their door ways and shop fronts with green cashmere and other goods of similar hue.

There were flags and decorations in every part of the city; St. Lawrence Main was almost as brilliant with hunting as if the occasion was the day of St. Jean Baptiste itself. Flags were displayed on every side; the American flag, the French flag and the Union Jack were all unfurled, side by side with the Irish flag, in honor of Ireland's greatest feast.

The day's proceedings went off splendidly, and the marshals are to be heartily congratulated on their very efficient fulfilment of a very difficult task; everybody was happy and light-hearted on Saturday, and the enthusiasm and happiness of Ireland's sons and daughters seemed contagious, for there never was a

ST. PATRICK'S DAY, 1894

UNPARALLELED CELEBRATION IN MONTREAL.

MAGNIFICENT WEATHER

AN ENTHUSIASTIC AND SPLENDID TURN-OUT.

FAITH AND FATHERLAND; IRELAND'S SONS EVER FAITHFUL.

Scenes at St. Patrick's; The High Mass; The Sermon by Rev. Father William Sullivan; The Procession; The different Concerts in the Evening, and General Notes of Interest regarding the Day.

jollier, better-humored crowd than the thousands who lined the sidewalks to gaze on the procession.

The processionists were astir early, and long before nine o'clock in the morning trim-looking, exceptionally neat and gentlemanly Irishmen, in their silk hats and black coats, could be seen wending their way in ones and twos to their various starting places.

Alexander Street presented a lively scene indeed; crowds lined the sidewalks, each person sporting his or her bit of green.

In the crowd was the usual element of youngsters who gazed with intense admiration at a dozen or so of young lads in gorgeous green silk and satin coats and hats, who were galloping about and looking exceedingly small but exceedingly brilliant on the backs of large gaily caparisoned horses. In fact these dashing juvenile horsemen seemed to come in for a larger share of admiration than any other part of the procession, especially was this so on the part of the ladies and children.

The small boys and girls all wore some bit of green about their person, be it a bit of ribbon, a shamrock, an old green badge, a green necktie, no matter what, in fact they were sufficiently proud of it; but their pride in their own adornments was humility to the intense admiration and respect that was lavished on their young mounted friends, every one of whom had a group of voluntary attendants eager to perform any little office. Amongst the few boys who did not sport the green were two little urchins of 8 or 9. After gazing for some time at the proceedings the younger said:

"Say, what they goin' to do."
The other answered: "Oh! there's goin' to be a procession for St. Patrick."
"Who was he?"
"Oh! he was—he was the King of Ireland, I guess."

About half-past nine the young men of the several literary and national societies began to fall into line, then the band struck up and the assembly accompanied by the mounted boys marched

into Victoria square and St. James street, where the procession was some little time in forming, then, with a crash of stirring music, marched grandly to St. Patrick's Church, in front of which hundreds of people had congregated.

The bands gaily played the processionists into the church.

High Mass at St. Patrick's,

The church was prettily decorated with emblems of the Emerald Isle, and long before the hour for Divine Service the sacred edifice was crowded. Although a large number of chairs had been placed in the centre aisle for the sole use of the members of the societies there was such a large muster that only about one-half of the members were able to gain admittance. The presidents and officers of the several societies wended their way up the aisle to the strains of Irish airs by Prof. Fowler at the organ. His Grace the Archbishop officiated at Grand Mass, being assisted by Rev. Father Brady, whilst the Rev. Fathers O'Meara and Donnelly were the deacons of honor.

The musical portion of the services were on a scale of grandeur seldom excelled in the past history of the choir. Every portion of the spacious circle in front of the organ was occupied by musicians and choristers.

The services consisted of Rossi's celebrated Kyrie, Gloria, Sanctus and Benedictus and Professor J. A. Fowler's Credo. The chorus numbered 75 voices and each of the portions of the Mass were given with such precision as to reflect the highest degree of credit upon the director of the choir, Prof. Fowler, and his enthusiastic assistant, Mr. P. F. McCaffrey. The soloists for the occasion were Messrs. J. J. Rowan, E. Hewitt, John Hammil, and Frank Feron, each of whom gave such a careful interpretation of the several parts allotted to them as to warrant us in according them a rank as leading amateurs in the choir circles of this city. During the Offertory, Mr. John Hammil rendered Pergetti's Salve Regina, with orchestral accompaniment, in an exceedingly able manner.

The orchestra numbered 25 and was

under the immediate leadership of Prof. Gruenwald. During the service and at its close the orchestra rendered with splendid effect selections from Gounod and Sir Jules Benedict.

The Sermon.

The Rev. Father Sullivan took for his text the first Epistle of Saint John, 5th chapter, 4th verse. "This is the victory which overcometh the world."

We are assembled here to-day in one of the great temples in this city of Mary, one of the grandest Catholic cities in the world, to celebrate a feast which in many respects is the greatest and grandest of the Catholic world. As a feast of the Church Saint Patrick's day partakes of the usual festivities established by the Church in honor of her great saints; but as a national festivity appertaining to a particular nationality. St. Patrick's day stands forth in relief, prominent and unique, redolent as it is of the glorious memories of the past, significant as it is of faith, of gratitude, of heroic devotion to an exalted principle, St. Patrick's day compels the admiration and applause of the world. St. Patrick's day epitomizes the history of Ireland. Sad and pitiful indeed that story might seem from a superficial and human point of view, so pathetic and sorrowful was it. But study the question under the searching light of historic truth and analyse her story and you will find it is the grandest ever written on the page of history. It is true she was persecuted as no other nation had been persecuted; she was the spoil of every invader. She sipped deep and long to the very dregs the bitter cup of sorrow and anguish; her night of Gethsemane seemed almost endless, and she had stood so long, oh! so long, on the heights of Golgotha; but to-day she stands forth in all her queenly beauty, exultant and triumphant, and with joyful accent she cries out to the millions of her children, torn from her bosom, and exiled in every land of the world: Oh! my children; oh! my beloved ones; oh! my great loyal ones, this is the day that the Lord hath made; this is our day, let us rejoice and be glad therein. It has been said that Ireland is a conquered country, but observe the bearing of Ireland's sons throughout the world on this day, note their beauty, the sparkle in their eyes, their bright laughter, their elastic tread, and say if this is the mien of the conquered; nay, rather is it that of the conqueror, and as they stood to-day with the banners of Erin unfolded in the temple of God, before the altar of the faith of their fathers, they realized the truth and justice and the appropriateness of the sentiment which to-day filled the heart and soul of glorious old Erin with joy and exultation. That really was the victory which overcometh the world. The faith of Ireland was her greatest glory; in the days of her prosperity her faith was her mainstay, her preservation and her victory. In her days of adversity her faith was her support, and her faith to-day is the secret of her success in her onward march to victory. More than 1400 years ago a Christian missionary, a Roman patrician, who in honor and dignity had a right to stand beside the thrones of the Christian Emperors, stood on Tara's Hill before the royalty of Ireland, and to her kings, her princes, her bards and druid priests, her chieftains and clansmen, preached the glad tidings of peace, and joy, and good will. It is better that I should believe than that I should live, said Saint Patrick. When a Pagan priest professed doubts about the doctrine of the Holy Trinity, Saint Patrick plucked a shamrock, and holding it forth, he cried, "Behold the emblem of the Trinity with its three leaves, each equal and distinct on one stem." In that

hour the conquest over mind was made, and on that glorious Easter morning Erin came forth from the tomb of paganism resplendent in the glorious robes of holy baptism.

The preacher then told how Saint Patrick, before the end of his wonderful unparalleled career, saw the cross of Christ on every hillside. By the power of faith and love, St. Patrick made Ireland refined and contented. When the wiles of the prince of darkness for ages past were considered, Saint Patrick's victory over pagan Ireland seemed the more wonderful. In one day, so to speak, Ireland came to the Church of Christ fully and for ever; she was gained without bloodshed, without violence. St. Patrick's victory was a marvellous one, for the men of Ireland in those days were giants, men of courage and valor, who had never bowed the knee to foreign yoke. The imperial eagles of Rome never penetrated their mountains or violated their soil; the Irish were unconquered and unconquerable. On the field of battle at Clontarf Brian broke the power of those who for years had terrorized the whole of western Europe, and what was the secret of this? It was the grace of God, and for this we thank God to-day. To-day is the golden day for Ireland; she is fast reaching her promised land, but in the hour of her triumph and on the great day when she receives the reward for her devotion she may well exclaim in the words of the text: "This is the victory which overcometh." In past days Ireland was the greatest home of faith. Her wonderful civilization is testified by historians and by her magnificent literature; she was the admiration of all the world and was the seat of learning for the whole world. The rev. preacher then went on to say that Ireland was never conquered by physical force, and told of the Prince of Ulster's famous letter to Pope John the 27th, in which he stated that though he would have resisted an armed force he would not resist the papal decree. The Irish had never wavered in faith to their country or religion; they had always adhered to the teaching of their apostle: "As you are one in Christ so be always Roman." The preacher then described some of Ireland's sufferings; the horrible atrocities of broken faith and broken treaties which they suffered because they would not break away from Rome, and when the oppressor saw that they were firm in their faith they were robbed of every human right and starved and banished. The Rev. Father then spoke eloquently of Daniel O'Connell, how he was the fearless champion of liberty, and visited the courts of Europe pleading the cause of oppressed Ireland; through his life using to the full his giant intellect and body in behalf of his country, and when at last, weary and heart-broken, he laid down his life, he said, I leave my soul to God, my heart to Rome, and my body to Ireland. Ireland will now again take her stand where she stood for the greater part of fourteen centuries; she has now again her colleges, her schools, and universities, and the finest episcopate in the world; she has conquered the greatest statesmen of modern times, and in little time she will be again enjoying the fullness of her liberty. Let us always place our faith first and foremost; let it be always our pride and our glory. Let us be faithful in our allegiance to that prelate who is exalted and blessed by ten millions of hearts outside his jurisdiction. Wherever we may be let us be faithful to our religion and country but not be bigoted; let us practice tolerance in plenty and fullness. And with our dying breath let us say my soul to God, my heart to Rome, and my body to Ireland.

After High Mass the procession reformed and proceeded by way of Rade-gonde and Craig to Papineau avenue. The original route was up Panet street, but owing to the condition of the road this was changed. Turning from Papineau avenue the procession proceeded along St. Catherine, down St. Lawrence Main, along Notre Dame to St. Patrick's hall, where the societies broke off and went their various ways.

Along the whole route of the procession thousands of people lined the streets, and frequent on every side were the expressions of pleasure and admiration at the sight of such a fine looking lot of men, at the gorgeous uniforms, the gay trappings of the horses, and the beautiful banners.

The procession was headed by Marshal-in-Chief Daniel Gallery, Esq., gal-

lantly mounted, and supported by two out-riders. Then came the Hackmen's Union and Benefit Society, mounted and gaily dressed in jockey suits and startling green coats. There were about 50 of these, and they made a splendid lead.

St. Mary's Catholic Young Men soon followed, and were as fine looking and gentlemanly lot of men as could be collected anywhere in the city.

Then a jaunting car occupied by six jolly-faced, typical sons of Ireland, dressed in the full national costume, from the buckled shoes to the top of their heads, bringing vividly to mind the rollicking Irish boys of Lover, Le-france and Carleton. A pleasing sight in the procession was the presence of the boys of St. Patrick's Orphanage. The little fellows looked particularly comfortable and happy as they marched along, dressed in their neat grey suits, cloth caps, and warm woollen overcoats. The rear of the procession was brought up by Hon. James McShane, Father Quinlivan and other invited guests.

The frequent cheers called for "Jimmy McShane" testified that Mr. McShane is still greatly popular with the masses. An interesting incident took place as the procession passed along Saint Catherine street. An old son of Erin, bowed down and wrinkled with the weight of years, but nevertheless as gaily decked as any of the younger folk with his green rosette and beloved shamrock, stood impatiently in front of the crowd which lined the street, craning his neck and gazing anxiously down the street as though he was afraid that for some unforeseen circumstance the route of the procession had been suddenly changed and he would be robbed of the beloved sight and of the glorious national tunes, "The Wearing of the Green," "Let Erin Remember," and all the melodies which, as a loyal Irishman, he loved so dearly. When the procession came in sight and began to pass before him his excitement increased, and at the sight of the green flag his old face lit up bright with joy; he began to clap his hands and shout: "Hurrah for Ireland;" everybody laughed but he still cheered, and again and again he clapped his hands, stopping now and then to wave his hat gayly over his head. The crowd stopped laughing; the enthusiasm of this true old son of Erin was contagious, and a great cheer went up from both sides of the road for Old Ireland. Then the old man's enthusiasm became rapturous, and when the Young Irishmen's L. & B. Association marched past to the tune of the music, like trained regular soldiers, the old man straightened out his bent form and kept time too, clapping his hands and cheering the whole time, then ever and anon he would desist to dart into the procession and shake hands effusively with some friend, or perhaps even a stranger, and always receive a smile and a pleasant word in return. But the last banner went past, a general cheer went up, the crowd closed in, and the old man was lost to sight, but nobody thought less of him for his enthusiasm.

The following is a detailed list of the procession:—

- Marshal-in-Chief, Daniel Gallery, Esq. The Hackmen's Union and Benefit Society (mounted).
- The Congregation of St. Anthony (not members of any society). Band—Banner.
- St. Anthony's Young Men's Society. The Congregation of St. Gabriel (not members of any society).
- The St. Gabriel Total Abstinence and Benefit Society. Band—Banner.
- The Congregation of St. Mary's (not members of any society). Band—Banner.
- St. Mary's Young Men's Society. The Congregation of St. Ann (not members of any society). Band—Banner.
- The St. Ann's Young Men's Society. The St. Ann's Total Abstinence and Benefit Society. Band—Banner.
- Congregation of St. Patrick (not members of any society).
- Boys of St. Lawrence Christian Brothers' Schools. Band—Flag.
- The Ancient Order of Hibernians. Band—Flag.
- Young Irishmen's Literary and Benefit Association.
- Irish Catholic Benefit Society. Band—Banner.
- Catholic Young Men's Society. Band—(The Father Mathew) Banner.
- The St. Patrick's Total Abstinence and Benefit Society.
- The St. Bridget's Banner. Band—Banner.
- The St. Patrick's Society.
- The Mayor and Invited Guests. The Clergy.

When the procession broke up at St. Patrick's Hall the Hon. James McShane appeared on the balcony with his hat set well on the back of his head and the gold chain of his office as President of St.

Patrick's Society round his neck, and essayed to make a speech to the thousand or so people who crowded the street, but owing to the incessant ringing of street car bells, the clatter of waggons and other vehicles his words were lost to the majority of his audience. He said:

After all the fatigue and enthusiasm of this morning's magnificent celebration I will not detain you by any lengthy speech. I wish simply to thank you, as one of your own, and as President of St. Patrick's Society, for the numbers and display with which you have come to do honor to the grand festival of our great patron Saint Patrick. This day is one more link in the long and bright chain of celebrations that connects the history of the Irishmen of Montreal. While we are honoring our great Saint, by prayers in the temple of God and by evidences of patriotism throughout the city, we do not forget that the fierce struggle for Irish freedom is still going on beyond the ocean. Well might I use the sentiments expressed by the Holy Father when he "hoped that England would soon learn the truth which has taken possession of Gladstone's great mind, and greater heart, in his latest but most glorious years, and see that conciliation is more powerful to bind people to people and race to race, than coercion."

We Canadians do not believe, after the long and sad experience of Ireland in the policy of expropriating directly and indirectly an ancient and proud race, that such can continue. Their native land is their own. God has given them a right to it. It would be wisdom in their rulers to make life in it prosperous, contented and happy for all its inhabitants. Sow their souls with justice and kindness and they will reap a rich harvest of love, of gratitude and of eternal fidelity in return.

For the future let us look upon the bright side of the picture, let us be true to ourselves and to our faith and nationality, and I can predict grand prospects for our race in Canada, and for the cause of Home Rule in Ireland.

I thank you for your hearty reception and accept my best wishes for an enjoyable and thoroughly happy day, one worthy of true sons of the old land and solid citizens of this Dominion.

St. Patrick's Society Concert.

An Enthusiastic Audience in the Monument Nationale.

One of the most pleasing events in connection with the celebration of St. Patrick's Day was the grand concert, given under the auspices of St. Patrick's society, in the Monument Nationale hall, Saturday evening. The parent Irish Society has an established reputation for giving a grand entertainment on St. Patrick's night, and on this occasion their efforts were even more successful than in the past. Their concert last evening was, without doubt, one of the most enjoyable in the history of this time-honored organization. The Society also showed its wisdom by selecting the Monument Nationale Hall wherein to hold its concert, that being the best available place for the purpose. Long before the entertainment commenced, the spacious hall was thronged with an admiring audience. As the President, the Hon. James McShane, and the members of the Society with a number of distinguished guests, entered, Sullivan's Orchestra played "St. Patrick's Day" and they received a genuine Irish welcome from the large audience in attendance. The president on coming forward was greeted with rounds of applause and he spoke briefly as follows:—

As President of St. Patrick's Society of Montreal, the pleasant duty devolves upon me to welcome you this evening to the magnificent entertainment that has been prepared by the oldest Irish Society in this city, for the worthy celebration of our national festival. In this new country of ours it is our duty to devote our best energies to secure the advancement and prosperity of the land in which we live. People of different creeds and various nationalities meet upon our soil, and all differences should be relegated to the past. As it takes trees of many kinds to make up our grand forests, so does it take children of different races to form a true and solid nationality. Canada is either the home of our birth or the home of our adoption—and in either case she is a glorious mother, whose interests we must protect and for whose happiness, as dutiful sons, we must labor. (Applause.) But out of three hundred and sixty-five days of

a year consecrated to the advancement of this country, surely it is not too much to ask one day, on which we can lay aside the cares and turmoils of this life and go back in spirit to the land of our forefathers—the good old mother Erin. Canada, instead of being jealous, will say that, fond of the old land, we must be true to the new; devoted to the traditions of the past, we must be truthful, loyal and worthy citizens. In that spirit, and in union with our friends and fellow-countrymen of other nationalities, let us to-night recall the sorrows as well as the glories of Ireland's past; let us reflect upon the important crisis through which her prospects are to-day passing; and let us hopefully contemplate a future when success will crown her efforts with a wreath of liberty. (Cheers.) Ireland has been called the "Isle of Saints and Martyrs;" and chief amongst those blessed Apostles of Faith was our patron St. Patrick, whose life and labors, whose triumphs and virtues you have heard unfolded in eloquent language from the pulpit this morning. Ireland has also been called the "Land of Song," and in the well-arranged programme of this evening you will hear again some of the sweet strains of true melody that have come to us as a national heritage and which caused Moore to exclaim that they have forced even the iron-handed masters of old, "To pause at the song of their captive and weep."

I will not intrude upon your patience by any lengthy address; I do not wish to mar the pleasure of the evening by checking the flow of harmony and song; I merely wish to extend to you a hearty welcome and to express the hope that after these few remarks your delight will be increased by the contrast between my plain words and the remainder of the programme. However there is one point that, under the circumstances I cannot allow to pass unnoticed—I refer to the aspect that the Home Rule cause has assumed since the recent retirement of Mr. Gladstone, the foremost statesman of the century. It seems to me that Providence has visibly guided the Irish people along the road they have followed, and that in His keeping the future of the race is safe. But there is an old saying that "God helps those who help themselves," and while trusting in the wisdom and goodness of the Almighty, we have certain duties to perform and certain obligations to fulfil if we wish sincerely to see the just cause of Ireland one day triumphant. (Hear hear.) And the first step of all is to be united. Each one in this world has his own ideas and feelings, but in the midst of a great struggle and in presence of an important crisis, no true Irishman or patriot will allow his private opinions to stand in the way of a solid rally around one flag. If we recall the past, let it be only to draw lessons from it for our guidance; if we invoke the names of dead leaders, let it be for the purpose of cementing rather than separating our forces; if we have cherished political views, and we find that they do not aid in a strengthening of our union, let us sink them—at least for the time being—in the common interest. (Cheers.) It is only thus that the Home Rule principle can ever be established; and as Canadians as well as Irishmen, we should pray and labor for its success. To see the land of our forefathers enjoy the legislative privileges and liberties that we have in Canada, is a sentiment worthy of every lover of freedom; to see the Empire, of which we form a glorious part, rendered more solid and compact by making an ally and friend of Ireland, is an ambition worthy of a true Canadian. Therefore, I say, let us be united in our aims and in our methods, and I feel confident that when St. Patrick's Day, 1895, comes around, the president of this society will meet and greet an enthusiastic audience, like the one I am addressing to-night, and will be enabled to point to the flag of Ireland's nationhood waving from the spires of a Legislative Hall in Dublin. Then would the great battle of centuries be over; peace would be restored; prosperity would be assured; and Ireland would enjoy that liberty for which millions have prayed and labored, while England would have secured a new guarantee, that the sun would never set on her Dominions, and the flag that has "braved a thousand years the battle and the breezes," would wave on more proudly than ever over the great Empire. (Loud applause.)

The President was loudly applauded at the conclusion of his address, and the

musical portion of the entertainment was then taken up. Miss Ella Walker rendered the opening number, "Dermot Asthore," in a very pleasing manner, which was followed by the old-time favorite, "Come Back to Erin," by the Lyric Quartette. Mr. J. B. Dupuis, the well-known baritone, sang "Afterwards" in his usual effective style, while Miss Ada Moylan's rendition of the old Irish ballad, "The Harp That Once," left nothing to be desired. After the Aberdeen Waltz had been played very sweetly by the St. Cecile Orchestra, under the conductorship of Miss E. Tetrault, and solos by Messrs. Cunningham and Mulligan, a very pleasing duet was given by Miss Walker and Mr. Cunningham, whose voices harmonized with much musical effect. Then came the musical gem of the evening, "Believe me if all those En-

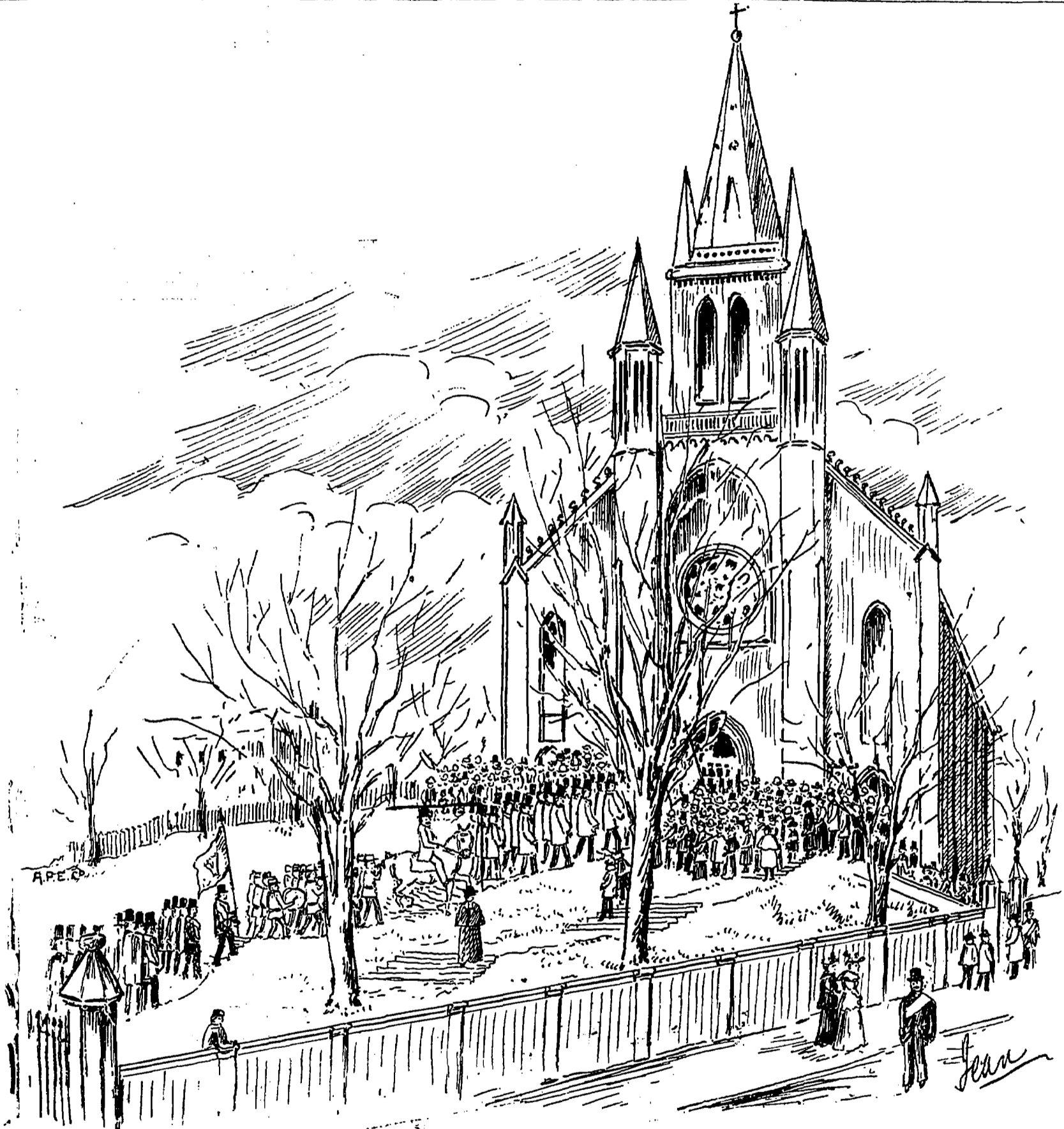
of which were very pleasingly rendered. A special feature of the entertainment, which should not be forgotten, was a clever piece of elocutionary work in a recitation of the "Quarrel Scene, School for Scandal," by Mr. B. F. D. Dunn. This gentleman, in addition to an attractive stage presence, has a fine voice and good histrionic ability, which he uses to great advantage. He well earned the honors an appreciative audience bestowed on him. A programme of Irish music could not be complete without the well-known song of "Kathleen Mavourneen" to which Miss Hollinshead did full justice, and was one of the events of the evening. "God Save Ireland," by the orchestra, with Mrs. Chadwick as accompanist, concluded an evening's entertainment long to be remembered, and one on which the

holes, supplied for the occasion by the committee of gentlemen in charge. Two beautiful little wreaths of shamrock sent especially for the occasion from Ireland, stood in two vases at each end of the table, while the stage fixtures were artistically decked with flags of all nations—the green predominating.

Mr. J. J. Ryan, chairman of the committee, opened the proceedings by a neat little speech. He said that this day's celebration was only the echo, so to speak, of what was taking place all over the world wherever Irishmen had found a home—and that place would indeed not be hard to find, for in every land Irishmen were to be found and in no place had they forgotten the love of the dear old land. Montreal Irishmen were always found at the fore in all that pertained to the welfare of Ireland, and

moved a hearty vote of thanks to the Rev. lecturer, who in brief and suitable terms expressed his gratitude for the devout attention given by such an appreciative audience.

The musical part of the programme was opened by Miss Perkins, who sang the "Minstrel Boy." Mr. O'Brien then gave "Erin's Flag," a recitation which was well received. Mr. Dunn was very successful in his singing of "The Day I Left Ireland." Mr. Dunn possesses a magnificent and powerful voice, which he used to splendid advantage. Mrs. Dunn played the accompaniment on the piano. An accordion solo was given by Mr. J. Marshall, and Miss McIntee gave a very sweet and tasteful rendering of "Dermott Asthore." Miss Carrigan created a very favorable impression by her admirable rendering of "Believe me



PROCESSION ENTERING ST. PATRICK'S CHURCH.

dearing Young Charms," by Miss Libbie Beach. This young lady, who is a graduate of the Boston Conservatory of Music, is well and favorably known throughout Ontario as a trained singer of classical operatic and sentimental song, but her greatest successes have been gained in her pleasing and faithful interpretations of Scotch and Irish ballads. She possesses a sweet soprano voice of good range with powerful higher notes of much beauty. Her efforts in the songs in which she was heard Saturday evening evoked well earned applause and she is to be congratulated on the triumph she achieved on her first appearance in Montreal. The second part of the programme included songs by Professor A. P. McGuirk, Mr. F. Feron, Mr. J. Stewart Blanford, and Mr. Carl Sobeskie and a harp solo by Miss D. Tetrault, all

society, under whose auspices it was held, should be heartily congratulated.

St. Patrick's Night at St. Mary's.

The time-honored National Anniversary was commemorated by the people of St. Mary's by a Grand Concert and Lecture in St. Mary's Hall. There was a very large audience present, more so than on any former occasion, and we record, with a pleasure which is intensified, the triumphant success which has crowned the labours of the committee who were so actively engaged in it. Among those on the platform were Rev. Fathers O'Bryan, O'Donnell and Shea, Ald. Dupre, J. J. Ryan, T. Jones, J. Morley, C. O'Brien, J. McCaffrey, J. J. Maguire, P. O'Reilly, and P. Flannery, all representatives of Societies, wearing a bunch of shamrock in their button-

not only this—they were also an ornament to the city and country in which they lived.

Rev. Father O'Bryan was introduced by Rev. Father O'Donnell, pastor of St. Mary's, and made an eloquent and interesting address on "The History of Ireland as Told in its Song." The Rev. lecturer traced in most graphic and poetic language the story of Ireland's music and song, from the days of the warrior-bards of old down to the last poets of the land. He showed how the glories and sorrows of the "Niobe of the Isles" were expressed in the sublimest language—that of music. The tribute paid to the singers of Erin was worthy a national bard, and the peroration was a soul-stirring account of Ireland's fidelity to Faith and country.

Immediately after the address Mr. E. O'Brien, representing the C.M.B.A.,

if all those endearing young charms."

Messrs. Hayes and Pearson were very good in their Irish jigs and reels. Too much praise cannot be given to the exquisite performance of Miss M. Drumm. Her fine voice, which is splendidly cultivated, was displayed to great advantage in her singing of "Hearest Thou." Messrs. Kelly and Marshall, in their double bone solo, and Mr. A. A. Tapp, in the rendering of "Answer," were very good. The musical arrangements were in the hands of Prof. J. Wilson, and the excellent manner in which the various pieces were executed reflects much credit on him as a musician. The programme concluded with a laughable farce entitled "Cherry Bounce." The gentlemen taking part were Messrs. J. A. Heffernan, W. Kelly, F. McGovern, A. A. Tapp, P. Phelan, M. Walsh. All went through the parts assigned them in a very creditable manner.

ST. ANN'S Y. M. SOCIETY.

"O'ROURKE'S TRIUMPH; OR, IRISH HONOR VINDICATED!"

Mr. James Martin's New Irish Drama Scores a Great Success in St. Ann's Hall.—The Author Receives an Ovation.

"Another brilliant success" was the comment heard on all sides at St. Ann's Hall, on St. Patrick's Day and evening. St. Ann's Young Men's Society have a big reputation to sustain; they knew that the people were aware of it; they knew it themselves, and acted accordingly. The memory of previous triumphs, the natural enthusiasm of Irishmen, and the glorious day itself, spurred them on to surpass all former efforts and they succeeded. "O'Rourke's Triumph; or, Irish Honor Vindicated," was put on the boards, and, notwithstanding the unusual number of entertainments elsewhere, the hall was crowded. Following is a list of the characters: Gerald O'Rourke—A young Irish gentleman, suitor for the hand of Rose O'Dwyer. Mr. Thos. F. Sullivan
Mr. O'Dwyer—Father of Rose. Mr. M. J. O'Brien
Phillip O'Rourke—A brother of Gerald. Mr. J. J. Gettings
Sir Arthur Fairfax—An English Baronet. Mr. H. A. Sullivan
Ralph Belgrave—Sir Arthur's stepson. Mr. W. E. Finn
Dan Snyder—Belgrave's accomplice in his villainous schemes. Mr. Thos. M. Jones
Mons. Lebeau—A son of "La Belle France". Mr. Ed. Quinn
Terry McCann—A true Irish boy. Mr. W. J. McCaffrey
Barney O'Callaghan—A friend of Terry's. Mr. Morgan J. Quinn
Tom Clifford—A jolly Tar. Mr. P. O'Rourke
Corney Regan—A Blacksmith. Mr. John Quinn
Tim Flannigan—An Irish Fiddler. Mr. Wm. Casey
Capt. Lawless—Master of the "Sea-bird". Mr. M. Doherty
Dick } Sailors on the "Sea-bird". Mr. J. Smith
Tom } "bird". Mr. J. Maguire
Warbies } Companions in } Mr. F. Reilly
Wiggins } distress. } Mr. G. Flannery
Sergeant Maxwell—Of the Royal Irish Constabulary. Mr. P. Burns
Perkins—The Jailor. Mr. J. J. Burke
Constabulary, Peasants, etc.

Mr. Thos. F. Sullivan, as *Gerald O'Rourke*, the hero of the play, was well, he was the same T. F. Sullivan that has stirred an Irish audience on more than one occasion. His portrayal of the lofty-souled Irishman was grand, and in the prison scene, when all appears to be lost, despair seemed to have him for her own, but, Irish-like, his soul rose above the difficulties surrounding him, and the call of a woman in peril changed the man into a lion, and the audience almost forgot that he was merely acting.

Mr. M. J. O'Brien was first-class in the role of *Mr. O'Dwyer*, the father of Rose, and well did he uphold his record.

Mr. J. J. Gettings, as *Philip O'Rourke*, performed the part allotted to him in a finished manner, and was found not wanting in the difficult dual character, and was the recipient of well-merited applause. In the last scene, when he reveals himself, he fairly carried the audience away.

Mr. H. A. Sullivan made a creditable *Sir Arthur Fairfax*, and scored a decided hit.

Mr. W. E. Finn, as the heavy villain, *Belgrave*, added fresh laurels to his crown, and was true to life in the refined but rascally character he had assumed. His acting, especially where the play gave free scope for his abilities, surpassed that of many professionals.

Dan Snyder, the low, cunning villain, was given in a remarkable manner by Mr. Thos. M. Jones. His every gesture and quick changes of facial expression marked him as a finished actor and one who would score a success anywhere.

Mr. Ed. Quinn made a capital Frenchman and supplied a large measure of the fun of the piece, and in the last scene was simply immense.

The old favorite, Mr. W. J. McCaffrey, received the welcome he deserved, and as *Terry McCann* kept the audience in roars of laughter. In the character of light-hearted Irish boy, he is on the top, and really surpasses most of comedians in the same line. Mr. Morgan J. Quinn made a capital *Barney O'Callaghan*, and when he and Mr. McCaffrey appeared together the audience knew what to expect, and were never disappointed. Mr. John Quinn made a very acceptable blacksmith, and Mr. Casey kept the feet of the boys in constant movement with his fiddle. Mr. M. Doherty made his debut as *Captain Lawless*, and was very successful. The two sailors, Messrs. J. Smith and J. Maguire, were good, and Mr. P. Burns, as the *Sergeant*, was a typical military man.

At the close of the third act there were cries for "Martin," "Martin," from all

parts of the hall, and in response to the spontaneous and enthusiastic demand, the author of the drama, Mr. James Martin, who was behind the scenes, assisting in the direction of the stage, came to the front, and received quite an ovation. He made a pretty speech, thanking the audience for their appreciation of the play, and with characteristic modesty he disclaimed the whole credit for his meritorious production, and stated that he did not think he would be at that moment the gratified recipient of the honor they had conferred upon him if it had not been for the hearty co-operation of the Dramatic Club who had entered earnestly into the spirit of the play, and who evidently had done so sufficiently well to please them, judging from the applause which had been so frequently manifested during the evening. He was glad they were pleased with the play, so far, and trusted they would find the remainder of it equally acceptable, and should he write another drama, he hoped that it would meet with as hearty and cordial a reception at their hands as that which they had so generously accorded to "O'Rourke's Triumph, or Irish Honor Vindicated."

After Mr. Martin had retired the president of the Society, Mr. M. Casey, stated that he considered it his duty, on behalf of the Society, to give public expression to the great obligation they were under to Mr. Martin for his valuable contribution not only to the stage but also to Irish literature in the grand and refined Irish play which had been presented for the first time that afternoon and evening, St. Ann's parish, as well as St. Ann's Young Men's Society, had reason to be proud of having such a man in their midst, and he trusted that Mr. Martin would soon again give them additional evidence of his Irish genius and talent by writing another drama, the first presentation of which, he was convinced, would be received with an enthusiasm surpassing if possible that which had been extended to the play presented that evening. In conclusion the president announced that in compliance with numerous requests from friends who were unable to be present that evening, the drama would be repeated on Easter Tuesday evening in the same hall, on which occasion he trusted they would have another large audience.

THE TRUE WITNESS has in previous issues expressed its opinion on the merits of the play, from a literary as well as a dramatic standpoint, and it is indeed a source of much pleasure to us to have to record that the style in which it was produced by the St. Ann's Young Men was worthy of the play, the highest credit being reflected on all concerned. The scenery, specially painted for the Society by Mr. John J. Rowan, was exceptionally fine, and incidental to the play a number of patriotic songs, choruses, etc., were introduced, including the following popular song of T. D. Sullivan's, the music for which was composed for the occasion by Mr. P. Shea, the musical director of the Choral Section of the Society; the air is very "catchy," and Mr. W. J. McCaffrey, who sang it, was repeatedly encored:—

"THE VILLAGE BLACKSMITH."

Oh, if you'd like to learn, in a cheap and cozy school,
The ins and outs of politics, of home and foreign rule;
How nations should be governed, and how empires rise and fall,
Drop into Corney Regan's forge, and there you'll hear it all.

CHORUS:

Oh, clink-clank, clink-clank,
Blow, bellows, blow,
Till the fire is spurring brightly
And the iron is aglow,
And his hammer on the anvil
Comes ringing fast and free,
And he clinches all his arguments
With one, two, three!

By force of honest intellect, unhelped by bookish skill,
He settles social questions that might puzzle Stuart Mill;
He knows how taxes should be raised, and how they should be spent,
And how poor Ireland has been robbed, and where her money went.

CHORUS—Oh, clink-clank, etc.

Oh, many a boy now working to set dear Erin free,
In Ireland and in England, and far beyond the sea,
First learned his patriot lessons, and felt the proud desire
Of freedom kindle in his soul by Corney's flashing fire.

CHORUS—Oh, clink-clank, etc.

Long life to Corney Regan, God save him from all harm,
God keep the spirit in his heart, the vigor in his arm;
God bless his road-side college, for our schools, alas! are few,
Where Ireland's cause has teachers so noble and so true!

CHORUS—Oh, clink-clank, etc.

It was in the "Forge" scene that the song was sung, and *Corney Regan's* (Mr. John Quinn) accompaniment on the anvil made quite a hit. Not a single hitch occurred during the whole play; there were no delays at the changes in the scenes, such as too frequently happens with amateurs, and the scenery and setting was accomplished rapidly and with systematic precision, which speaks highly for Mr. P. T. O'Brien's success as a stage manager. The orchestra, under Mr. Shea's direction, was one of the important features of the performance, their rendering of several Irish melodies being thoroughly appreciated.

The representative of THE TRUE WITNESS has attended many Irish gatherings at various times, but he candidly confesses that he never assisted at any one which pleased him so well as that which was held in St. Ann's Young Men's Hall on St. Patrick's night, and he would urge all who would like to enjoy a real Irish drama that will not bring a blush to their cheek, to go and see and hear for themselves in the same hall, on Easter Tuesday night, the beautiful play of O'Rourke's Triumph; or, Irish Honor Vindicated."

A GENEROUS DEED.

Since the foregoing report was put in type, we learn that at a meeting of the Council of the Society, on Sunday afternoon, it was unanimously resolved that, in order to contribute towards the increase of the circulation of THE TRUE WITNESS, all those who purchased tickets for the coming entertainment on Easter Tuesday night would receive a coupon entitling them to a three-months' subscription to the paper FREE. Needless to say that THE TRUE WITNESS fully appreciates the generous action of the St. Ann's Young Men's Society, and will feel it a duty to keep ever in memory the friends of Irish-Catholic literature who give such tangible evidence of their enthusiastic devotedness to a grand cause.

THE FAMINE SHADOW.

A DIRGE OF "BLACK '47."

By JAMES B. DOLLARD, (Slieve-na mon.)

One night, long passed, in the Land of Eir,
I stood alone, in a desolate place;
Before me the Slieve-Bloom, bold and bare,
And the struggling Suir, I could dimly trace.
The moon, with a weird and shadowy light,
Looked out thro' the rifts, like a face long dead.
Then quick was lost in the clouds of night,
Like a soul that shrinks from a vision dread.
The hollow wind sighed through the lichens gray,
Or fiercely swept on its midnight way.

Sad, sad was I for the woes of Eir,
For the blight and the ruin of a people grand.
Lo! Famine and Tyranny brooding there,
While an army of spectres stalk the land.
The mother's sad wail to the heavens is raised
In grief for her children stricken or fled,
And the pilgrim goes on his way amazed,
And hurries through the unnumbered dead.
Hear the night-bird scream o'er the whitening bones,
While the lean dog prowls 'round the grave-yard stones.

I looked abroad on that dismal scene—
I saw the night that above me loomed,
And my heart grew sick with a terror keen,
For I thought my land and my race were doomed.
Agonized I cried "Lord, for what dread crime
Does Eternal God purify us thus—
"That Thou, through the sin-stained stretch
of time,
"Dost lay so heavily Thy hand on us,
"Till the very breeze with affliction raves
"And moans a dirge o'er the Nation's graves!"

An answer came as I turned me round,
For there in the east was the glow of day.
Slieve-Bloom with a purple light was crowned,
And the Suir blazed, on its broken way.
The sun rose-up, making day of night,
His disc o'er the mountain serene and grand,
And I halved his beam as an omen bright,
For the future lot of my long-tried land.
The wild birds sang in the glistening rays,
And my soul filled full of their Maker's praise

Montreal, February, 1894.

St. Laurent College Celebration.

The celebration of St. Patrick's Day in St. Laurent College was conducted under the auspices of St. Patrick's Literary Association of the College. Low Mass, at which the Society received communion in a body, was read by Rev. A. Roy, C.S.C., Superior. At 8.30 High Mass was celebrated, with Rev. M. A. McGarry, C.S.C., celebrant; Rev. E. Meahan, C.S.C., deacon; Rev. W. H. Condu, sub-deacon.

A beautiful panegyric was eloquently pronounced by Father Boyle. The singing at the Masses, under the leadership of Bro. Oswald, was of a high order.

At 10.30 the Society, with its guests, sat down to its yearly banquet. The usual entertainment of the evening was

postponed until Wednesday, March 28 (7.30 P.M.) when the Society will play "William Tell," and hopes that their friends from Montreal will attend in goodly numbers.

THE IRISH COMMUNITY OF MONTREAL.

Now that we have an idea of the rise and progress of the Irish-Catholic element in this great commercial centre, it is not out of place to take a glance at the important position that our fellow-countrymen and co-religionists occupy to-day. Taking as a commercial basis their importance, we find by the assessor's books, that the assessed value of real estate, held by Irish-Catholics in Montreal, reaches the magnificent sum of \$13,355,530.00. There are fourteen hundred and twelve landed proprietors in the city, and the revenue that Montreal derives directly from the real estate held by Irish-Catholics amounts to the yearly sum of \$1,316,432.22. Be it remembered that this merely includes the sums paid upon actual estate. It is exclusive of the immense amounts contributed in other ways, and is by no means inclusive of the valuable property held for the benefit of the community and the education of youth as well as for the grand purposes of religion by our communities. At once the most superficial observer will notice how very important an element the Irish-Catholics have become.

In the commercial world not a few of the leading merchants, bankers and men of enterprise are Irish Catholics. The list of their names would fill a considerable space and the mention of their successes would make a neat volume. Then in the different liberal professions a goodly number have made their mark and many have arisen to the highest places of distinction. In the medical profession we have surgeons and physicians whose fame has gone beyond the limits of our own country and has been recognized beyond the Atlantic; in the legal profession some of our most eminent jurists are Irish Catholics, and on the Bench they are represented by men of acumen, integrity, erudition and universally conceded superiority; in the arena of public life some of the foremost politicians, on both sides of the field, are sons of the Celtic race. So is it in the trades and mechanical branches. Everywhere that industry, combined with talent and integrity, has built up successful conditions of life and happy homes, we find the names of Irish Catholics figuring conspicuously. This is a record to be proud of, and we feel a legitimate sense of satisfaction in placing these details before our readers. It is not a matter of mere boastfulness; the figures and facts are there to corroborate our statements and it is simple justice to ourselves that demands the honest exposition of the situation.

If the Irish Catholic element continues to progress—in every branch—during the next few years as it has during the past decade, we may expect to find the twentieth century dawning upon an increased number of fine houses inside of which the spirits of Catholicity and Irish patriotism shall be enshrined. With such a record behind us we have nothing to dread for the future. This young country has been the home of thousands of Irish exiles; here they found that freedom that they missed so bitterly in their native land; and taking advantage of the new prospects that opened out before them, we see them rising and expanding with the country. Irresistible as the flow of our giant rivers has been the stream of success upon which they sailed; broad as the expansive prairies of our far West have been the horizons of usefulness that widened out before them as they moved along; lofty as the sky-piercing summits of our Rockies have been their aspirations and ambitions; and fruitful as the soil of our grand country have been the results of their labors. May success ever attend them, and may their influence for good ever increase, until they aid in building up, in this Northern land, a temple of nationality that Time cannot shake.

PERSONAL.

The Hon. John Costigan, Secretary of State, and his son, occupied seats in the Hon. Senator Murphy's pew, in St. Patrick's Church, last Sunday.

Mr. McCorkle was showing some visitors over the house. Arriving at the nursery he remarked: "This gentleman, is the bawl-room."

Y. I. L. & B. ASSOCIATION.

"Shamrock and Rose"

A vast assemblage of Ireland's fairest daughters and most enthusiastic sons filled the Academy of Music from the floor to the ceiling Saturday evening on the occasion of the presentation of the "Shamrock and Rose" by the dramatic section of the Young Irishmen's Literary and Benevolent Association. Long before the hour for commencing arrived every seat was filled and the ushers, energies were taxed to the utmost to find accommodation for the vast crowd which still poured through the doors. At length, however, all were in their places, and the ushers sighed with relief as the orchestra filed in and commenced an overture of Irish gems, set in a groundwork of negro minstrel airs. After the overture President J. A. Flood gave the address of welcome. In a few well chosen remarks he expressed his pleasure as president of the largest Irish national society in Canada in welcoming them. The procession earlier in the day, and the vast audience then present, showed that the love for the day had not died away, and the devotion of her children to old Ireland should never want a supporter as long as the society of which he had the honor to be president existed. They were now in the 25th year of their incorporation, and it was one of their articles to celebrate the evening of St. Patrick's Day with an entertainment. The Society had lately purchased land adjoining their hall, and he pressed upon all young men the importance of joining the Association. He held out as inducements their library, their amusement rooms and their benevolent fund, all to be obtained at reasonable subscription. A short pause ensued and then the curtain rose. The "Shamrock and Rose" is a drama of Irish life during the rebellion of 1798. The play opens in Squire Fitzgerald's sitting room, where his daughter Rose learns from her father of his being at once in correspondence with the agitators in France and the trusted friend of the English military. She, too, tells her father that John Desmond, an outlawed patriot, had returned the evening before, had been arrested by Capt. Beck in the Squire's grounds, had escaped and was now concealed in the stables. Their conversation is overheard and leads to the arrest of Desmond and the murder of the Squire. Capt. Beck is in love with Rose and plots her abduction, but the villain is thwarted, and virtue prevails triumphant, and Desmond, who is condemned to death, escapes at the close of the second act. Act three opens with the love-making of Barney and Ileen, and the trapping of the spy, Shawn Carey, whilst Rose is made a captive and Capt. Beck escapes the toils of a plot to kidnap him. Act four straightens things out. The Captain confesses to having murdered the Squire, and is shot by Carey, a spy, whilst the curtain drops down on the happy love of Desmond and Rose, the Shamrock and Rose. The following was the cast:—

- Barney O'Brady, an Irish Bouchal..... J. J. McLean
- Squire Fitzgerald, Rose's father..... T. D. Taasey
- John Desmond, an outlawed patriot..... T. J. Grant
- Shawn Carey, a spy..... F. J. Gallagher
- Capt. Beck..... J. P. O'Connor
- L. Douglas..... J. A. Flood
- Thornton..... H. Collins
- Rose Fitzgerald, the Rose of Wicklow..... Miss Nellie Lynam
- Ileen O'Rourke, Barney's Shamrock..... Miss May Kitts
- Nano Desmond, John's sister..... Miss M. McLean

The parts were all well sustained, and it is almost invidious to mention one as specially deserving praise. At the same time it is only fair to say that Miss May Kitts contributed greatly to the success of the whole performance. During the first act the following songs were excellently rendered: "Cruiskeen Lawn," "Irish Girl's Bouquet," "Rambler from Clare," "The Boys of Donegal," "The

Irish Homestead," "Rising of the Moon," "Shan Van Voght," "The Irish Queen," "The Dear Little Shamrock," "O'Donnell Aboo," "Tell Them that You're Irish Still," and "Killarney." Recitation—"Erin," Irish Jig.

The performance was a grand success, and reflects great credit on the players and the association.

A SHORT SKETCH OF THE SOCIETY,

The above is one of the oldest, if not the oldest, of our Irish Catholic young men's societies now extant. Its organization dates back as far as 1874, when it was formed for the purpose of advancing the study of literature among the young men. From the moment of its establishment the association became very popular, and this popularity continued increasing annually, until now it is recognized as one of the largest and most influential of our Irish Catholic societies.

In 1875 the Shamrocks withdrew, and the same year witnessed the incorporation of the Y. I. L. & B. Association. Ever since then the annual expense amounts to between \$1,200 and \$1,500

the claims of suffering Ireland upon their charities, and have ever been foremost in vindicating the rights of the Irish widow and orphan. In public processions they are always looked for with much pride by all our Irish citizens. Their respectable bearing, steady marching and uniformity in attire, reflect credit on themselves as well as upon the race which they represent. The Y. I. L. & B. presents a record of presidents second to none in the city. We might mention among them Messrs. Morgan O'Connell, T. Mulcair, James McGarry, Wm. Doheny, P. H. Shea, P. J. Brennan, W. P. McNally, J. Davey, J. B. Lane, Edward Tobin, C. McDonnell, Edward Halley, T. J. O'Neil, J. Gallery, M. J. Shea, Michael Foran, W. J. Hinphy and J. A. Flood.

St. Patrick's Day at Bourget College, Rigaud, P.Q.

The annual celebration of the feast of St. Patrick was begun on the evening of the 16th inst., when a dramatical and musical entertainment was given by the

St. Patrick. The entertainment closed by a few very appropriate remarks of congratulation and encouragement to the members of St. Patrick's Academy by the Rev. Father J. Charlebois, president of the College. On the following morning, before March's early sun had softly peeped at the dormitory windows, the members of St. Patrick's Society had risen with eager anticipation of the day's pleasure. The usual divine service was held in the College chapel. The members of St. Patrick's Society participated in a sumptuous banquet in the private refectory. The remainder of the day was joyfully spent by all, who kept it as a grand holiday, the celebration of which was willingly entered upon by those of both nationalities and of both creeds.

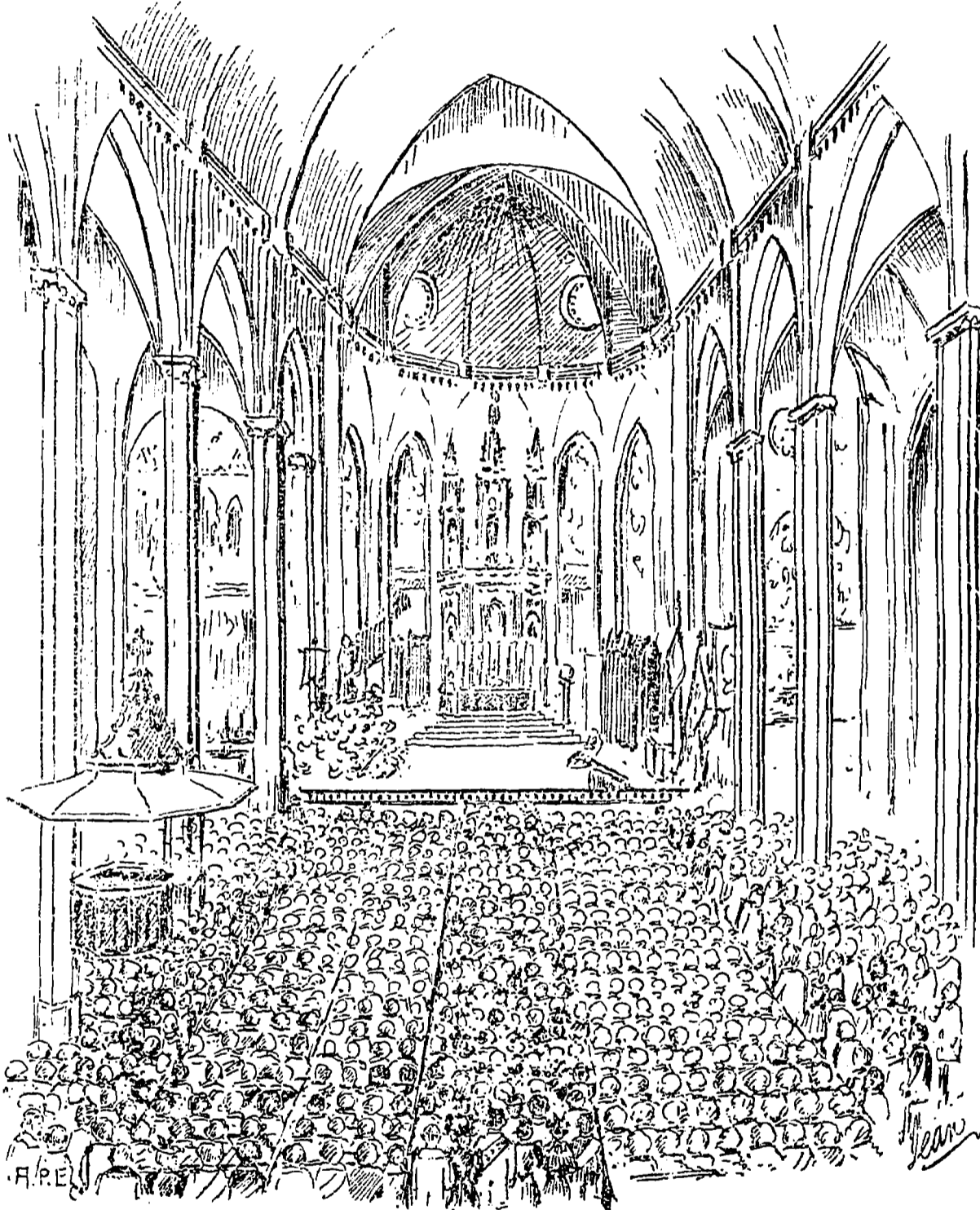
MR. J. J. LANNING.

OUR POPULAR IRISH CATHOLIC FELLOW-CITIZEN PROMOTED.

Needless to say that it is with unfeigned pleasure we heard of the recent promotion of our esteemed and popular fellow-countryman, Mr. J. J. Lanning, to the enviable and important position of assistant to the general manager of the Grand Trunk. He succeeds Mr. Percy. Mr. Lanning was born in Templemore, Ireland, on 3rd June, 1852. He was educated at Great Yarmouth and Carlisle, England, and at Dundalk, Ireland. On arrival in this city in June, 1868, he obtained employment with the firm of Wm. Hiam and Brother, in Lemoine street. In October following, he entered the service of the Grand Trunk Company as junior clerk in the stores department. Having rapidly acquired a knowledge of shorthand and his services being considered more valuable, he was transferred in November, 1870, to the office of the late C. J. Brydges, then managing director, so that he has been over 23 years in the executive office of the company in this country, thus gaining an experience which thoroughly qualifies him for the position to which he has just been appointed. He is an expert shorthand writer and has, as may readily be supposed, a thorough knowledge of railway operations. Mr. Lanning, as private secretary, has for the last seventeen years invariably accompanied the President and General Manager in their many trips over the line and is well known to all the employees of the system between Portland, Quebec and Chicago. It is quite safe to say that next to the General Manager and Traffic Manager, no officer of the Company has, during that period, had a more intimate knowledge of the policy of the Board and Management than Mr. Lanning. His promotion will be a source of satisfaction to his numerous friends in the Grand Trunk and out of it. Mr. Lanning is a Justice of the Peace for the City and District of Montreal. We

echo the sentiments of every Irish-Catholic in Montreal, and of thousands of Canadians of different creeds and nationalities, in expressing unbounded satisfaction at the grand forward step taken by Mr. Lanning, and in wishing him long years of health and prosperity to enjoy the fruits of his labors, and to do honor to his race and to his adopted country. He is one more sample of the successful Irishman when he has a "fair field and no favor."

The Earl of Aberdeen opened Parliament on Thursday afternoon for the first time since his assumption of office. There was a dull, grey sky all morning, but at one o'clock the sun broke through the cloud rifts and as fair a March afternoon as could be expected lent itself to the occasion. There was an unusually large crowd on Parliament Hill, as if all the city of Ottawa felt it to be their duty to see that the new Viceroy turned out in proper style.



INTERIOR VIEW OF ST. PATRICK'S CHURCH AT HIGH MASS.

In 1888 the funds of the association had increased to such large proportions as to enable it to purchase the old Ebenezer Methodist church on Dupre lane, which cost, after being altered and repaired, about \$5,000, which amount the society managed to clear off in five years. It may safely be argued that the Young Irishmen have contributed in no small degree to chasten the literary taste and elevate the standard of public opinion of the Irish classes of Montreal by expunging from their soires all forms of vulgarism and caricatures of Irish character, and securing superior talent in song and in music. Their dramatic section particularly has made great strides in the character of their performances. It also possesses among its members some actors of great promise, and their dramatic entertainments on St. Patrick's Day are always looked forward to with much satisfaction by their numerous admirers. Notwithstanding their heavy expenditure, the Young Irishmen have never forgotten

members of the St. Patrick's Literary Association of the College. At the appointed time the curtain was raised and "The Pride of Ireland" was discoursed in harmonious strains by the College band. Mr. Henry Durocher, president of the Society and speaker of the evening, then appeared and portrayed in eloquent language the life of St. Patrick and the doings, trials, and characteristics of the Irish people. Next followed instrumental and vocal music, after which was represented a drama in three acts, entitled "The Cross of St. John's," which was rendered in a praiseworthy manner by all the respective actors. Special mention is well merited by Messrs. L. Lauzon, D. Rayside, R. Winters, F. Jameson, C. E. Durocher, W. McEwen, J. Matte, J. Brownrigg and A. Fortin, for their efficiency. Much credit was due to the College band for its frequent and choice selections, and also to W. McEwen, A. Lalonde and O. Villeneuve for piano and clarinet solos. The audience was afforded a magnificent *tableau vivant* of

OUR ILLUSTRATED COVER.

So successful were we last year in our attempt at presenting the readers of THE TRUE WITNESS with an illustrated cover of original design, that we have again hazarded an illegical address to the friends and advocates of Ireland's sacred cause.

In 1848, when Thomas Francis Meagher was addressing a divided audience in Limerick, he made use of language most glowing, every sentiment of which is applicable in our day.

shrine of a nation's future! Why should we appeal to the memories of the past and parade, for the edification of others the story of heroism, suffering, self-immolation, martyrdom, exile, and untold trials, when we are not ready to sink our own views, our preconceived plans, our particular opinions in the flood of patriotic endeavor that is steadily swelling and rushing ahead!

God bless the poets of the nation for their soul-stirring, pure-spirited ballads; they were worthy great hearts, uncompromising patriotism, unselfish devotion to the cause of which Davis was the "prophet and the guide."

"What rights are best our rights to wrest, Let other heads divine; With voice and word, with pen or sword, To follow them be mine."

There is a certain self-abnegation and lofty devotedness to the general cause expressed in these lines, and we only trust that they may find responsive echoes in the breasts of the men of our day.

We hope that our readers will be pleased with our design, and that the idea we seek to convey may be fully appreciated by every one who has at heart the ultimate triumph of the grandest principle that the political world has to establish.

TO OUR READERS.

We beg to draw the attention of our readers to the number of splendid advertisements in this issue, and while heartily thanking those friends who have patronized THE TRUE WITNESS by advertising in our columns, we would ask our subscribers to patronize them, as far as circumstances will permit, in return.

MISSED FROM THE CONCERTS.

While giving an account of the different entertainments this year we miss from the programme the name of Mr. Richard B. Milloy, better known by his legion of friends and admirers as "Dick."

well adapted. We learn that next season he will appear prominently in the support of Mr. Joseph Howard, who is to star in "The People's King," likewise will he appear in a six weeks' production of "Hamlet" for the Grand Opera House Company.

MEAGHER OF THE SWORD!

Sad and pensive, lonely dreaming in Orlan-la's prison cell, Fettered by Oppression's manacles, noble hearted heroes dwell.

Cold and stern are the judges—warm and pressing is the crowd; thro' that long and weary trial thousand vengeance oaths are vow'd.

Broad, expansive great Atlantic spreads its waters towards the West, As the Exile's barque is steering from the "Island of the blest."

Crimson red the sun is rising on a gorgeous summer day, As a hundred thousand soldiers girt their harness for the fray;

Soft the summer breeze is fanning—bright the summer sun is low— Shedding forth his evening splendor where Missouri's waters flow.

J. K. FORAN.

St. Patrick's Day at Gananoque Ontario.

Hon. Solicitor-General Curran's Splendid Address.

The national festival of Ireland was celebrated with more than usual enthusiasm here. Rev. Father O'Gorman held services and preached a most eloquent sermon. At the entertainment in the evening which took place in the Opera House, crowded to its utmost capacity, the principal feature was the address of Hon. J. J. Curran, Solicitor-General of Canada.

that deep down in the hearts of Canadians there is a desire and a determination that the demon of discord shall have no abiding place among us.

Most appropriate addresses were delivered by Father O'Gorman, G. Taylor, M. P., and His Worship the Mayor, all of whom joined in thanking the Solicitor-General for his great literary and patriotic effort.

Mount St. Louis College.

A Grand Dramatic, Literary and Musical Entertainment.

As usual the feast of St. Patrick was worthily celebrated by the pupils of Mount St. Louis Institute, on Thursday afternoon. The programme was most attractive, and the different parts were well taken.

The following were the dramatis personae:—

- Leovis, King of the Visigoths.....Jno. McGee
Hermigild } Sons of Leovig.... H. Fitzgibbon
Recared } O. Kearney
Count Goswin.....F. Patton
Argimud, Duke and Commander-in-chief.....M. Sullivan
Sisbert } Ambassadors of the King } A. Sweeney
Agilan } G. Sheldam
Roderic, son of Goswin.....Thos. Patton
Boso, Tutor of Hermigild.....W. Gulliver
Oulif } Officers of the Visigoths } W. Conlon
Aglulf } A. Ganzalez
Utoif, Friend of Hermigild.....C. Wilson
Valerius } Sevillian Officers.....E. Briggs
Fredegisel, Peddler and Traitor....A. Pelletier
Beoulf, Leader of Revolt.....W. Peacock
Claudius, Royal Officer, Friend of Hermigild.....R. O'Neill
Lieutenant.....D. Simons
Servant.....P. Downs
Nobles, Officers, Soldiers, Citizens.

The overture "Albsinia"—Fritz—by the College Band was a brilliant piece of music and elicited loud applause. The careful training of the members of the band was at once made manifest in that first rendition.

ST. PATRICK'S T. A. & B. SOCIETY.

St. Patrick's T. A. & B. Society held its annual concert in Seminary Hall, Notre Dame Street. It was of the nature of a popular entertainment abounding with songs, music, etc., and the programme was such as to attract a full house. The Hon. Senator Murphy occupied the chair, and had with him on the platform Rev. J. A. McCallen, Hon. John Costigan, of Calgary, N.W.T.; Hon. Justice Doherty, J. R. Costigan, M. J. Ryan, Jas. McVey, J. J. Costigan, secretary of the Society; M. Sharkey, J. Lattimore, Jas. Tearney, Jas. Connaughton, A. Brogan, P. Reynolds, C.M.B.A. Hon. Senator Murphy delivered a short address of welcome, and read letters of regret of inability to attend from Sir Donald A. Smith, Hon. J. S. Hall, Hon. J. J. Curran and Hon. James McShane. The Misses Reynolds opened the musical part of the programme by a well-rendered piano duet. Miss Jackson followed with the ever-popular "Come Back to Erin." "Irish Wit, Humor and Pathos" was the subject of a short lecture delivered by Rev. J. A. McCallen. He gave a few samples of the Celtic ready wit, delivered in the lecturer's well known happy way, and, although it was short it was most enjoyable.

Irish selections on a concertina were next given by Chas. Gray; William P. Doyle recited "The Tale of Auhray Castle," little Mabel Kitts sang and danced as well as ever; John Young sang Dan McCarthy's "Beautiful Ivy Leaf"; an Irish jig was cleverly executed by R. H. Edwards; "The Return of the Emigrant" was sweetly rendered by Mrs. A. Darling, as was the "Irish Emigrant" by Jas. Hardman. Wm. Traynor brought down the house by his rendition of comic songs. Mrs. Lorge was in splendid voice, and sang the "Meeting of the Waters."

During the second part of the programme, Hon. John Costigan, Secretary of State, was introduced and was most heartily received. The hon. gentleman then delivered the following address:—

Mr. President, Ladies and Gentlemen:—The annual recurrence of Ireland's national festival imposes the duty—and what a pleasing, though pathetic, duty it is—on her sons of dwelling on the salient points of her fateful and glorious story.

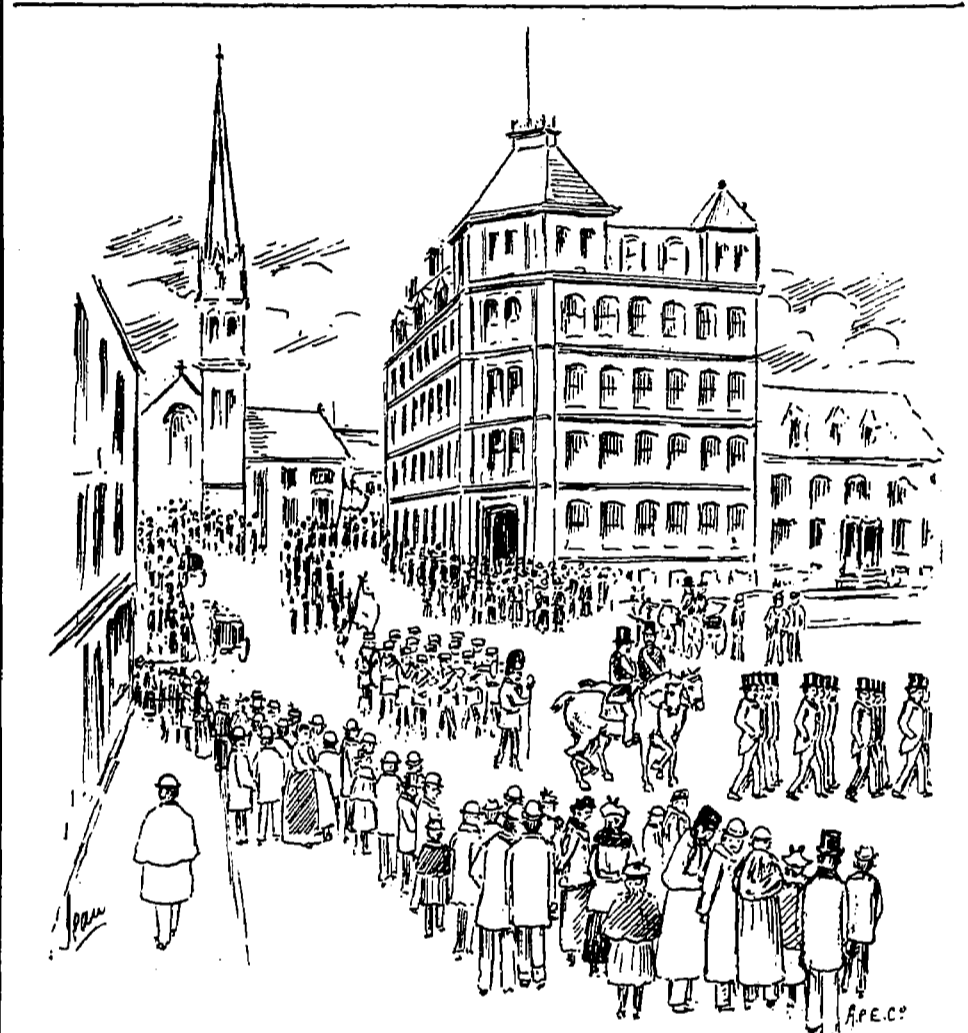
It is, indeed, an old, old story, but though told so oft, there is an ever-new beauty and grace in it, giving dignity to the simplest words about it, because they come from the heart. For this certainly can be claimed for Irishmen, and for the soul of Irishmen, that we are a people swayed not only by appeal to the reason and to the intellect, but also—and, indeed, pre-eminently—by appeal to the heart. And Irishmen respond readily to the call of duty and affection, because the Celtic race is one of noble and generous, even if sometimes headstrong, impulse. This is our day of national "stock-taking," so to speak. To-day you have heard in all your churches the glories of Ireland's patron saint eloquently deanted on, and you have learned anew the lesson that with Ireland the cause of Nationality is inseparable from the cause of Religion. Permit me, however, in the brief space at my disposal to call your attention to one or two encouraging factors in the present stage of that ever-advancing solution of the Irish problem. To-day, as before, the cause of Ireland,—the cause of Home Rule, let us say—is of world-wide interest. It is discussed and debated everywhere. The public men of all lands under the sun are now acquainted with its history, with its traditions, with its aspirations. In the great magazines and periodicals which help to mould the best thought of the century, "Home Rule for Ireland" has an honored place in the forefront of the mightiest questions of human interest. In courts and camps; in the newspaper office and in academic halls; in the crowded streets of great cities and out in the wilderness; in the Church and in the Synagogue,—everywhere there is a good word for the sacred cause of down-trodden, long-suffering, but ever brave, faithful and loving Erin. Nor do I exaggerate in the least. All this is true, even of the synagogue. Recently I was greatly touched and pleased on reading the report of "A Plea for Home Rule in Ireland," made in Philadelphia before a Jewish congregation, by a Jewish Rabbi. It was a tender, sympathetic, scholarly piece of eloquence that would do credit to the head and to the heart of some great Irish Tribune. But that in a foreign city a Hebrew divine should call his Sabbath sermon—and should actually make it—the plea for Home Rule in Ireland, this surely is an evidence that our cause has won the hearts of men the wide world over. Whatever else remains to be done, the hardest things are done. Whatever battles remain to be fought—and they will be stubborn, be sure,—the greatest battles are fought and won. These things have been achieved. From a by-word much sneered at, the phrase "Home Rule" has been placed in the van of the Imperial Government's programme; and antagonism to it has helped to precipitate what may be a mortal struggle for the abolition of the most ancient and most splendid Upper Chamber in the world. The prejudices of the British electorate, enveloped by the centuries and the accumulated rancour of centuries, have been in great part swept away. And so the cause of Home Rule has advanced from the domain of theory and speculation into the realm of stubborn fact thus far, that an elaborate measure, the crowning glory of Gladstone's unrivalled career as a statesman and law-giver, has passed triumphantly through every stage of the severest ordeal in the Imperial House of Commons. Never has that been done in the case of a great reform without the gaining of final victory for those who urged it on. Therefore, we have every reason to hope,

may, we have every reasonable guarantee of ultimate success. But it has been well said that "God helps those that help themselves," and we have yet to gird up our loins and make all the preparation which loyal and true men should make for the final and decisive struggle. The enemy is in the last ditch, it is true, but we must remember that he is an enemy still powerful, unscrupulous, determined, and desperate. And we know how desperate men fight, to the death, since it may not be to victory. Nor have we now the magic name of Gladstone to conjure withal. He has done a giant's part, as Parnell did before him, and now they are both at rest—the one in a retirement filled with honor in overmeasure, the other in his grave, "in peace after so many storms." But from his grave he still speaks and his memory will be ever green in the hearts of a grateful people. The names, indeed, of these pulsant and illustrious men are high advanced upon our banner. The thought of all they did for Ireland, in face, too, of the most tremendous odds, should be one of our best incentives on St. Patrick's Day never to desist until the sun of Ireland's final triumph rises, never to set. When that day comes we shall realize the truth so eloquently spoken by the Jewish Rabbi, that the Irish people, "though a thousand times cast down, though a thousand times silenced by dungeon or gibbet, by flame or sword, still a thousand times arose again and struggled on, unwearied and undismayed, wrestling, inch by inch, their God-given right from their unptying foes."

When the speaker had finished the Rev. Father McCallen moved a vote of thanks to the Hon. Mr. Costigan, who at personal inconvenience had accepted the Society's invitation to be present. He thought the day would soon come when

of the Albion Hotel, in the small hours of the morning. The prominent members of the Order present were R. Keys, Prov. Del.; M. Birmingham, Prov. Sec.; B. Tansey, Prov. Treas.; D. McCarthy, V. P. Div. No. 1; Thomas Tisdale, R. S. Div. No. 1; Patrick Scullion, Treasurer Div. No. 1; John Dodd, "Col." McGinn, P. J. Kennedy, T. F. McKeogh, Denis Barry and several others. In the absence of the County Delegate, Bro. R. Keys was moved to the chair. After doing justice to the inner man in a very "friendly" manner, the chairman called the meeting to order, and read telegrams from Toronto, Kingston, St. John, N.B., and Quebec, which were received during the day by the Provincial Secretary, congratulating the members on the magnificent part which they took in the day's procession.

The first toast of the evening was "Ireland a Nation." This toast was responded to by Bro. J. Dodd in an able and eloquent manner. Bro. M. Birmingham then sang that beautifully pathetic poem of "Kickham's," "The Valley Near Sweet Slievenamon." The next toast was "The Day We Celebrate," responded to by Bro. McGinn. Bro. Dodd sang The Good Old Songs of Yore.



PROCESSION FORMING ON RADEGONDE STREET.

Ireland would have its rights,—Home Rule. Hon. Justice Doherty seconded the motion and it was carried unanimously.

Prior to the address in the second part of the programme, Miss Lorge gave a piano solo, Mr. James Hardman sang, "Erin's Flag" was recited by Mr. L. C. O'Brien. Mr. James Callary gave beautiful selections of Moore's melodies on the violin, and Mrs. Lorge sang Asthore.

After the address the programme was continued and songs were given by Mrs. A. Darling, John Young, Miss Jackson, Wm. Trainor and little Mabel Kitts. A number of handsome bouquets were presented to the ladies taking part in the concert.

The platform was tastefully decorated, the Banner of the Society having the place of honor, surrounded by handsome plants of flowers, kindly loaned for the occasion by Mr. A. Martin, Florist, of St. Catherine St.

Banquet of the A. O. H.

The first grand annual dinner of Div. No. 1, A. O. H., was held on St. Patrick's night, in "Friends" Hotel. About sixty of the true-hearted sons of O'd Erin took part. It is to be regretted that, owing to some misunderstanding which existed between the County Board of Directors and the members of Div. No. 1, that more elaborate preparations and a more "friendly" place could not be secured for the due celebration of our national night. However, the brethren taking part enjoyed themselves thoroughly from 9.30 p.m. until the roosters could be heard crowing from some place in the direction

The next toast was "Our Ancient Order," responded to by Bro. T. F. McKeogh, and Denis Barry sang "The Land Where the Shamrocks Grow." "The Irish Political Prisoners" was the next toast, and was responded to by Bro. McCarthy in fiery words of passionate eloquence. The next toast was "Our National and Provincial Officers," and was responded to respectively by Bros. Feeney and Birmingham. "The Prosperity of the Order in the Province of Quebec" was responded to by Bros. Tisdale, McGovern and Barry. "Our County and Division Officers" was responded to by Bro. Patrick Scullion, Treasurer of Div. No. 1, who said that he hoped in the future to have an amalgamation of all Divisions in the county to honor their Patron Saint's ight in a more numerical and flattering manner. Bro. Halpin sang "The Gallant Cork Men." The other toasts were "Our Sister Societies," "Our Guests," "Success of Div. No. 1," "Irish Canadian Press," all of which were responded to in a manner worthy of the occasion.

We give our friends a sketch of the magnificent grounds and one of the splendid stands, the property of the Shamrock Amateur Athletic Association. In explanation of the details will be found the letter of the architect who drew the plans. It is certainly of interest to our Irish Catholic readers to know how successful this national organization of young Irish-Canadians has been, and when the season of athletic sports comes around it will be of use to all lovers of our great game to have the plans of those grounds before them,

St. Gabriel's Concert.

Able Address and a Splendid Programme

The festival of Ireland's patron Saint was duly celebrated at St. Gabriel. In the morning at 8 a.m. the various divisions of the A. O. H. proceeded from their respective parishes to St. Charles hall, where they resolved, out of respect for their esteemed friend, Rev. Father O'Meara, to march to his residence and tender him a royal salute previous to starting out on the procession. On their arrival at the presbytery the St. Gabriel's fife and drum band struck up "St. Patrick's Day" and the "Wearing of the Green." Then the procession, consisting of the children of the different schools, the officers and members of St. Gabriel's T. A. & B. Society, members of the parish not belonging to any society, and officers and members of the A. O. H., with Rev. Fathers O'Meara and Pelletier, who occupied seats in an elegant four-hand placed at their disposal, proceeded by way of Centre, McCord, Notre Dame to McGill streets, where they formed into line with the other societies.

In the evening, at 8 p.m., a grand concert and lecture was given in St. Charles Hall, under the auspices of the St. Gabriel Court of C. O. F. There was a large and appreciative audience present. Among those who occupied seats on the stage were the Rev. Fathers D. T. O'Sullivan and W. O'Meara, Messrs. T. Monaghan, C. R. A. Dunn, M. Malone and representatives of the different other Courts.

Mr. T. Monaghan opened the entertainment with a few appropriate remarks, in the course of which he said the St. Gabriel Court was in a very prosperous condition and made a forcible appeal to all young men to become members.

The Rev. D. T. O'Sullivan was introduced by Mr. T. Monaghan, C.R., and gave a very eloquent and instructive lecture on "Irish Footprints on Foreign Shores." The Rev. Father followed the children of the Celtic race into the different climes, and pointed out their success in the different walks of life. It was an eloquent lecture and one pregnant with historical information and beautiful ideas. The footprints left by Ireland's sons on every quarter of the globe mark pathways leading to honor, fame and glory. Wheresoever they had "fair field and no favor" they proved the sterling metal that was in them, and the lecturer most logically concluded that at home and under juster laws they could build up a nationhood that would be a model for the world.

After the lecture a vote of thanks was moved by the representative of St. Lawrence Court, and seconded by the representative of St. Mary's Court, and was carried unanimously.

The programme of the evening, which was admirably executed, was as follows:

PROGRAMME.

PART FIRST.

Overture....."St. Patrick's Day"
Miss Reilly.
Opening Remarks.....Bro. T. Monaghan, C.R.
Opening Glee....."The Mountain Echo"
The Cave Family.
Song.....Mr. J. Millington
Violin Solo.....Master J. Shea
Irish Jig.....Mr. T. Sullivan
Song.....Mr. J. Cave
Song, Comic.....Master McElligott
Recitation.....Miss Julia Lynch
Song.....Mr. W. Fox
Trio, Violin, Cornet and Piano.....
Miss Nellie Shea, Mr. J. Shea and
Master J. Shea.

PART SECOND.

Lecture, "Irish Footprints on Foreign Shores"
Rev. D. T. O'Sullivan.
Piano Duet.....Miss Gray and Miss Acton
Song.....Mr. W. J. Birse
Trio, Harmonicas and Piano.....
Messrs. G. Cave, F. Cave and O. Casalman
Song, comic.....Mr. W. Barron
Song.....Mr. H. Wilkes
Dutch Dialect Impersonations.....
Messrs. Gommersell and Hanrhan,
Song.....Master McElligott
Song, comic.....Mr. D. Dolara
Trio, Violin, Cornet and Piano.....
Miss Nellie Shea, Mr. J. Shea, and Master J.
Shea.
Miss Reilly accompanist.
God Save Ireland.

Immediately after the concert the talent and invited guests repaired to Tara Hall, Soulanges street, where a sumptuous repast was prepared by the Court. The table contained a superabundance of everything rich, rare, and delicate and was heartily enjoyed by the fifty guests who sat down.

After the repast Mr. Monaghan, C. R., made a pleasing speech, in which he thanked all those who contributed in any way towards the unqualified success of the evening's entertainment.

Agnes: Well I want a husband who is easily pleased. Maud: Don't worry dear; that's the kind you'll get.

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ST. PATRICK'S DAY, 1894.

Once more, in the ceaseless revolution of years, the feast-day of Ireland's patron Saint comes to us. It is above all a day of religious importance; it is also one of national rejoicing. All over the civilized world, wheresoever an Irish heart beats, there is jubilation upon the 17th of March. And why should it not be so? Ascending the lofty eminence that marks the closing decade of this extraordinary century, and looking down upon the world spread out like a giant map beneath us, we behold, at a glance, the triumphs and honors that Irishmen have won for themselves in the four quarters of the globe. In this grand Dominion of ours we see the sons of Erin carrying a highway for religion and civilization through the wilderness of the forest. Their hands assisted in laying the foundations of our confederation; the halls of our legislature still ring with their eloquence; their talents have been recognized in all the liberal professions; their names are engraven upon the rocks that frame the vast mirrors of our island seas; down by the coast, where Atlantic dashes against our Eastern slopes, the evidences of their presence is imperishable; on the boundless prairies of the West their foot-prints may be easily traced, as they rushed along in the vanguard of progress; up amidst the stupendous grandeur of the Rockies, they have climbed to success; where the Fraser leaps in mad hurry down the stairway of its granite cascades, they have left the impress of their work. Therefore it is natural that from all ends of Canada should come voices of jubilation on this occasion.

Behold them in far off Australia, where they were amongst the pioneer cultivators, and the leading legislators of that wonderful colony! Look at them in America! By the Hudson that sweeps through the Empire State, on toward the city *par excellence* of Irish American patriots; by the mighty "Father of Waters," upon whose shores they have built up stately homes for themselves and their exiled brethren, by the Missouri, whose deep waters closed in upon the glorious life of the immortal meagher. Look at them all over Europe! In Paris, where yearly collect the descendants of Limerick's heroes; in Spain, a land that owes many a bright day of prosperity to the genius of Irish leaders; in Austria, where the Celt was foremost amongst the first of the nation's defenders; in Rome, beneath whose janiculum repose the ashes of Irish warriors—

in Rome where rests the once burning heart of O'Connell!—In all lands and under all skies have the children of Erin proven to the world that they were of a race destined to teach, to lead, and to elevate. Consequently in every part of the civilized world—when the feast of St. Patrick comes around—there is joy and festive happiness.

But in the dear old land there is still greater cause for due celebration of the day. In Erin of the verdant vales, the purple mountains, the silver streams; in Erin, the field where Patrick labored, Bridget prayed and Columbkil taught; in Erin, whose glories were like the sun of summer flashing upon the glittering bosom of Lough Foyle, and whose sorrows were like the dark-winged tempests that roll their clouds around the head of Carn Tual or Slieve Donard; in Erin old there is cause for jubilation upon the day we celebrate.

Soft as the flowing of "the lovely Suir" were the days of peace and happiness in that land of round towers and Celtic crosses; fierce as the tempest-lashed billows of the Atlantic breaking upon the basalt barrier of Antrim's coast were the years of misery, strife, famine, persecution and death that swept the land. But in sunshine or in shadow, the sons of Erin clung steadfastly to the Faith that St. Patrick had planted in the soil, and like the pillar of fire that guided Israel through the desert, that column of Truth conducted them along the trackless Sahara of the Penal days. And now, when the clouds of centuries are rolling up the hillside, and the herald rays of a happier morning are shooting their splendors along the future's horizon, the grandest boast of the Irish race must surely be that they have kept that sacred deposit intact and are prepared to transmit it as an immortal heritage to their descendants.

Ireland was the land of song. How delicious the melodies that have come to us, softened by the the distance of years, and freighted with memories of the past! Land and power were the battle songs of her warrior bards, when, amidst the clashing and splintering of spears, they called to the clans and cheered them on to glory! How loving, how soothing, how heart-melting the tender notes of the sweet soft music that spoke to the very soul and awakened sentiments as noble as they were lasting! The sky of Ireland's literature is spanned by a galaxy of poets, each a star, all a heavenly inspired constellation. And why did they sing, those Irish bards? Why is it that music—that common language of the human race—was chosen by them to convey the story of their triumphs and reverses to stranger ears, and to pour forth the floods of sentiment with which their breasts were filled? Why did Miriam go forth with timbrel to chant a song of victory when God's people crossed the Red Sea? Why did David tune his own harp to tone the psalms of pure adoration? Why did the prophet crone his lamentations over the doom of Jerusalem? Ah! when a nation has suffered, when a race has wept during long centuries, till the flood of those tears, like the rivers of the land, seem constantly to increase, when the heart in the bosom of a people is broken, and the genius of a nationality sits disconsolate, wringing its hands in despair, there is then only one language in which grief can find expression, or hope can be conveyed—it is the language of song. But light up one torch of encouragement for such a people, and how wonderful the change! The features glow with an inward joy, the step becomes elastic, the hand grows steady, the smile re- moves the tear, and the notes of sadness

die away on the wings of echo, while the chant of peaceful jubilation startles the thrushes in the wood and outstrips the lark in his heavenward flight.

As surely as the sun will rise after each night of darkness, so surely must the orb of prosperity dawn upon the future of Ireland. The long Lenten season of seven hundred years of sorrows, like the Lent we now celebrate, has now nearly rolled past; the Easter morning of a national triumph is not distant. And when that day comes, and the Angel of Freedom rolls away the stone from that long-sealed tomb of a people's liberty, there will be canticles of joy arise from the souls of all justice-loving creatures on earth. And we predict that such will be the ultimate solution of that mighty problem, which has puzzled the leading minds of two races during centuries. The movement of the sacred cause is ever steadily flowing onward; it is a gigantic, irresistible stream, bearing upon its waters the burden of Ireland's troubles, and rolling, in ever-increasing strength and swiftness, toward the ocean of her legislative freedom.

God grant that when St. Patrick's day, 1895, dawns, another year of material progress will be recorded; yes,—it is not too much to expect that when next the Irish race celebraate the feast of their patron saint, it may be amidst the cheers of victory, and beneath their own flag floating from Legislative Halls of a rejuvenated nation!

HOLY WEEK.

Well do they call it Holy Week! During the coming three days the Church commemorates the most wonderful, most consoling, and most sorrowful mysteries in the history of Christianity. Holy Thursday, with the institution of that love-freighted sacrament whereby Christ gave Himself to humanity as the spiritual food of the soul; Good Friday, with the shadowy memories of the most tragic event in the story of centuries, and the most tremendous proof of Divinity's mercy and pity for man; Holy Saturday, with the twilight recollections, half sadness, half joy, that bring back the hours of deep anguish not unmixed with bright hopes, that spanned the chasm between Friday's death and Sunday's Resurrection. Holy must be the week through which such countless graces flow. God's treasure house is open at the close of the Lenten season, and the penances, alms, prayers and sacrifices of that time are rewarded a hundredfold by the abundance of choicest blessings that descend upon the soul and brighten it up for Easter.

What a glorious Faith is that of Rome! Her altars are the repositories of God's richest gift to earth, her temples speak in an eloquence diviner than sound, her ceremonies are calculated to seize the soul and lift it into the glorious atmosphere of pure communion with the Creator. Holy Thursday beheld the Son of God delivering His last will and testament to His apostles, and instituting for them, and for the human race unto the end of time, the Eucharistic Sacrament of our altars. What wonderful scenes does not that day recall! The last supper, the kiss of Judas, the agonies of Gethesemane, the Lord's prayer in the garden, the seizure of the Sacred Person, the denial of St. Peter, the mild rebuke of the Master, the final preparation for the fulfilment of the prophecies and the accomplishment of Redemption's mighty work. It was upon Holy Thursday that the priesthood was created, that the mission was given to the representatives of Christ on earth

and that the public life of the Saviour might be said to have ended.

And Good Friday! The day of all days when the Christian heart should beat with pulsations of love and throbbings of gratitude. Friday, with its gloomy panorama of tragic scenes, Friday, with the pillar and scourges, and crown of thorns and robes of mock royalty! Friday, with the crowded *Via Dolorosa*, the furious Jew, the brutal soldier, the heartless mob, the weeping women, the anguish-pierced heart and grief-distorted face of the Holy Mother! Friday, with the clash of spears, the trample of soldiery, the cries of fury, the shouts of derision! Friday, with the skull-hill of Golgotha thronged with eager, callous, cruel spectators. Friday, with Innocence itself in the form of a Victim, with Divinity in the form of shattered humanity, with Mercy, in the form of apparent criminality! Friday, with the sun growing dark—in horror at the sacrilege of man; the earth trembling—in terror of the deed of decide; the veil of the Temple splitting—in presence of the new law established; the dead arising—driven from their tombs by the shock of a God descending amongst their ashes! Friday, with the darkness of night rolling along the sky and the blackness of confusion sweeping the features of men! Friday, with that one, solitary, terrific Victim—suspended between earth and sky, with arms extended to embrace the universe—with head bowed down in resignation—with voice proclaiming salvation to the penitent thief,—alone, abandoned, crushed, dying in all the agony of human torture and all the passion of superhuman love! Friday, with the echoes of centuries carrying down, from rock to rock, along the mountain range of Time, the words, "I thirst"—the cry, "It is consummated"—the last words, "Father, into Thy hands I commend my spirit." Such was that Friday nineteen hundred years ago! On that day the boon of redemption came to man, the gates of heaven were opened, and humanity was emancipated from the thralldom of Satan. It is proper that we should call that Friday Good.

And Saturday, the day of repose, when Christ went amongst the departed to bring them the glad tidings of what had been accomplished, while His sacred body rested in the tomb awaiting the hour of the resurrection. Holy indeed is that Saturday, for it is the eve of the grandest event in the life of the Redeemer, the most splendid triumph ever known to man or God. It is therefore proper that at the close of Lent, and before the dawn of Easter, we should pause, and reflecting upon the importance of this Holy week, make use of the three days of extraordinary graces to fulfil the loving duty which the Church imposes upon us during this season. Let not one of our readers forget that the Easter duty is not only a command of the Church but it is a blessing which all should hurry to enjoy. Keep the next three days according to the spirit of the faith and in the happy glow of Easter's regenerating influence you will find how truly this period has been called Holy week.

It is not out of place that we should refer to the grand national feast in commemoration of which this souvenir number has been prepared. To the children of the Irish race Holy week has a particular significance. It presents pictures that contrast most strikingly with scenes through which our forefathers have passed. Holy week evokes memories of mountain passes, dreary moorlands, wild ravines, lowly cottages, frightened peasantry, hunted priests, masses said in fear and trembling, con-

fession heard by stealth, blessings given under the shadow of danger that might at any moment transform worshippers into martyrs. Holy week in the penal days partook more of the terrors of Friday's Calvary than the tranquil joys of Thursday's supper. How like the story of Ireland's present state—in the political domain—is the story of Holy week—in the domain of religion! The penances, fastings, alms-giving and sacrifices of Lent have been the portion of Ireland during centuries. She suffered for the sins of others; she beheld her children dying of starvation on the wayside, while the fruits of the soil were shipped to other lands by the armed soldiery of the Pale; she gave, in her poverty, the alms of science to the sons of Europe, the alms of hospitality to every stranger, the alms of Faith to the unbelieving of other lands; she fulfilled all the duties required during that long and apparently unending Lent. As yet the Easter of her freedom has not dawned; but she seems to have come to that Saturday—the day of repose, of transition, between the weary way up the mountain of national suffering, and the day-break of national regeneration. May it be a holy time for her children all over the face of God's earth; a true and worthy preparation for the great events that are circling along the sky of the future. May the crosses and thorns of yesterday be transformed into crowns and roses for to-morrow. Above all, may the sufferings of the past be the standard of measurement for the recompenses to come.

It is Holy Week; and at the thought of it a calm comes over the spirit, a breath of consolation ripples the surface of the soul, and beams of hope, interlaced with quivering rays of Faith, shoot splendors, that words cannot describe, upon the pathway before us. In the temple of the Catholic breast there is the lovely tabernacle of the heart; around it on Holy Thursday angels hover and a white veil of pure devotion covers it, when it becomes the receptacle of the Eucharistic One; over it on Good Friday is the pall of mourning cast—but within the angels still flit to and fro, for if the Saviour be dead, in that precious tomb He is deposited. That temple is peopled with a congregation of holy thoughts, with pure and noble features; the great preacher, conscience, occupies the pulpit; and through the stained windows that let in a heavenly light, come the floods of grace that illumine its sanctuary. Prepare that tabernacle for its guest: let this be for all, and in every sense, a Holy Week!

IRELAND'S FUTURE.

Let us take a hurried glance down the vista of the future! To judge of a people's mission the only safe standard whereby to go is the story of the nation's past. The history of Ireland has been so well and so fully written that we need not recall those long years of struggle and suffering. But when we contemplate the providential way in which the light of Faith was brought to the children of Erin, and the miraculous manner in which it was conserved throughout the centuries, we must acknowledge that the Almighty had special designs upon the Irish race and had a way marked out for that people to follow. Admitting the presence of God's hand in all the vicissitudes and misfortunes of the land, and recognizing that He has ever made the crown of triumph correspond with the crosses of affliction, even the most pessimistic must believe that a great future is in store for the sons of that ancient land.

What that future may be we are not able to forecast, but decidedly it cannot be other than brilliant.

Looking upon the world to-day we perceive mighty changes taking place in every sphere. The clouds of oppression are drifting away from the brow of nearly every civilized nation; a consolidation of interests is taking place between the many branches of the human race. The new inventions that mark every succeeding year are drawing the nation; closer together, and bringing people—long estranged—more in touch with each other. The world itself seems to be growing smaller owing to the increased facilities of communication, while the spirit of "government by the people for the people" is abroad and gaining greater strength as time rolls on.

Besides, the old method of deciding national differences by an appeal to the sword is giving place to the more rational and more humane system of arbitration. No one power can long keep its hold upon the world unless it is prepared to submit to the mutations that the new state of things is bringing gradually about. Tyranny is becoming more or less a phantom of barbaric times—the very memory of its existence will soon pass into legend. In the same ratio is liberty of action and freedom of expression gaining ground. In presence of these all-important facts, and in consideration of the mighty change that has come over the governing powers in the British Empire, as well as in the other nations, we foresee an early solution of the Irish difficulty and the establishment of the Irish race in a position heretofore seemingly beyond the reach of that people. It is not so much a matter of sentiment as one of fact; it is more a giving away before an irresistible tide that is rising than a spasmodic and aimless effort on the one side or the other. The desert of Ireland's troubles is almost past; but what the form or appearance of the land of promise is to be we cannot well tell. But one thing is certain, that as long as the race is faithful to the traditions of the past, and as long as the Faith that Saint Patrick planted on the soil is nurtured and preserved, so long will the cause of national autonomy be safe. To use the graphic words of Phillips: "Deluge after deluge have desolated the provinces, and alone amidst that solitude the temple of Faith stood up, like a majestic monument in the desert of antiquity; just in its proportions, sublime in its associations, rich in the relics of its saints, cemented by the blood of its martyrs, pouring forth for ages the unbroken series of its venerable hierarchy, and only the more magnificent from the ruins by which it was surrounded." A nation upon whose soil such a temple has stood and in the breasts of whose people such a Faith has been conserved, must inevitably be reserved by the Almighty for a glorious future!

"THE SHAMROCKS."

In that golden time when "Amérgin's" pen was dipped in magic ink to trace the misty legends of the ancient days for the children of another age, when the spirit of Irish song, starting from the ruined shrines of a nation's desolate grandeur, swept over the soul of McGee, an inspiration came to the bard, and looking back through the centuries he thus recalled the glories of "The Celts:—"

"Long, long ago, beyond the misty space
Of twice a thousand years,
In Erin old there dwelt a mighty race,
Taller than Roman spears;
Like oaks and towers they had a great grace,
Were fleet as deers,
With winds and waves they made their hiding place,
These western shepherd seers."

Recalling the prowess of these Celtic ancestors of ours, the poet sings:

"Great were their deeds, their passions, and
THEIR SPORTS;
With clay and stone
They piled on strath and shore those mystic
forts,
Not yet o'erthrown;
On cairn-crown'd hills they held their coun-
cil courts;
While youths alone,
With giant dogs explored the elk resorts,
And brought them down."

Such were the forefathers of the Celtic race, and their spirit, strength, activity and great ambitions survive the lapse of centuries and are characteristic of their descendants even in our modern age. As the Irish soleier, on the fields of Europe and America, has ever given evidence of that heroic disposition that marked, with a special seal, the warrior-clans in the days of Ireland's glory, so the athletic superiority of the sons of the olden land has ever been the infallible index of the sterling source from which they have sprung. The Spartan won laurels on the athletic field that were as cherished as those that decked the warrior's brow; the Roman wrestled in the arena, and the same patriotic spirit animated him as when he measured swords with the Carthaginian conqueror. The bone and sinew, the promise and flower of a nation, are ever found in the youths of high purpose and great endeavor. Proud was Ireland on that day, three quarters of a century ago, when Malta, of Carrick-on-Suir, defeated the best handball players of Europe; equally encouraging was it, a few years ago, when Davin, of the Deer Park, carried off all the athletic prizes from the sturdy sons of the neighboring isles. Readily can we understand the feeling of exultation that thrilled each true Irish heart when our own "Shamrocks" returned with their splendid trophy from Chicago. While the genius of our race survives, and the brilliant talents of Erin's orators, poets, historians and *littérateurs* seem to live on in the men of succeeding generations, the physical strength, the manly vigor, the phenomenal skill and activity that go to constitute a powerful race, are as remarkable in the Irish youth of our day as they were conspicuous in the lives of those ancient Celts.

In this St. Patrick's Day Souvenir Number we present our readers with a plan of the magnificent new grounds and buildings secured by the Shamrock Amateur Athletic Association. We add hereto an explanatory letter from the architect. It is with a degree of legitimate pride and satisfaction that we call a special attention to this novel feature in our special issue. These grounds—purchased at a great cost—these buildings, the finest of their class that Canada will possess, are the result of the untiring labors and ceaseless endeavors of a gallant band of young Irish-Canadians, who have struggled, during a quarter of a century, against almost countless obstacles to uphold the fair name of their nationality before the eyes of the world and in the grand arena of athletic sports. They felt the truth of those words of Thomas Davis: "The nation whose young men are weak and enervated, may, perhaps, make a fitful show of intellectual power, but the signs of premature decay are stamped upon its brow, the day of its doom is not far distant." Knowing and feeling how important it is to keep alive the youthful activity that bespeaks present strength and predicts generations of real and solid men to come, the young Irishmen of this city resolved to foster their powers and develop their strength by means of active participation in the national game of Canada. And looking back to-day a rapid glance at the record of their

championships will suffice to prove the prowess and success of the Shamrock Lacrosse Club.

During long years we find these worthy children of the Ancient Celts giving proof of their devotedness in their perseverance, self-sacrifice, and enthusiasm. At last The Shamrock Amateur Athletic Association was the result of thought and endeavor. Its organization was the signal for renewed exertions. No pains were spared, no stone was left unturned, until now we behold the commencement of the realization of fond and hopeful dreams. The equipment of those grounds might be truly called a triumph over countless obstacles, a victory won by perseverance and courage. The day is not distant when the Shamrock grounds will be the centre of a vast section of this rapidly expanding city; and ten years hence the Association will be in possession of one of the most valuable properties in Montreal.

Since the days when the young Irish-Canadians first banded together in the cause of athletic success great mutations have taken place, many names spring up, men who have by phenomenal efforts contributed to the success of the Association, but space will not allow us to individualize. Many a well remembered and popular player has left the field; many have sought homes in other parts of the world; not a few have been summoned away by the Angel of Death; but all of them had done their work well and gratefully, and fondly are their names recalled and their deeds related. They upheld the name of their nationality; they did their share for the glory of their young companions; they aided in building up a strong and healthy, a fearless and typical Irish race in Canada, and Irish-Canadians bless them and bless their memories. But as rapidly as one brave lad stepped out of the ranks, there was another found to take his place, and so the work went on; so does it go on to-day; so will it be in the future, until the Shamrock Amateur Athletic Association will be known the world over as the living illustration of Irish vigor and Irish patriotism combined.

Therefore do we deem it just that we should pay a tribute to those young men who have given such evidence of their Celtic blood, their Celtic courage and their Celtic faith. Next to giving one's life for the country, the noblest deed of patriotism is to impart strength and courage to the nation's rising generation. By example as well as by precept to teach the children of to-morrow the noble lessons of self-reliance and perpetual activity is the mission of a true apostle of patriotism. And such has been the work of these upholders of the century-consecrated reputation of Irishmen in the field of manly sports. May success be theirs; may victory ever perch upon their banner; may prosperity attend their footsteps, is the wish that we register for them. Above all do we trust that the new grounds will realize the most sanguine expectations of the owners, and that some bard—in future years—will sing the praises of these heroic young men, even as did McGee recall the glories of the Celts.

Before our next number is issued the grand festival of Easter will be celebrated. This year it is a twofold day of importance for the children of our Faith. The feast of the Annunciation comes with Easter Sunday. The Alpha and Omega of Our Lord's earthly career, the beginning, when his coming was announced by the Angel Gabriel to His Blessed Mother, and the consummation of His work of Redemption in the glorious Resurrection from the tomb. Great, indeed, will be the Easter Sunday of 1894.

THE SHAMROCK GROUNDS.

Letter of the Architect and Plan.

As requested by you I have prepared a scheme for the lay out of the new Shamrock Lacrosse Grounds which I herewith submit, the general plan being drawn to a scale of thirty (30) feet to one (1) inch, while a section of the grand stand is drawn at $\frac{1}{4}$ inch to one (1) foot.

In arranging the positions of the grand stand, general public, space for carriages, etc., I have had to consider that the only access and exit from the grounds was from the centre at one end toward Shamrock Avenue. Under these circumstances I have to consider that all the persons occupying the grounds, whether on the grand stand or in the space allotted to the general public, would have to approach and leave them at one end only. I have, therefore, had to make provision for the rapid filling and emptying of the grounds under the conditions. On referring to the plan you will observe

rear of the first section of the grand stand to the steps leading up to the seats, or they may pass through the passage below the grand stand to the foot of the same steps and thence up the steps to the seats, while access to the standing room in front of section 2 can be obtained by a passage carried through below and to the front of the stand. Parties occupying the seats in the third section will approach and leave the same by a covered passage constructed under the grand stand and thence by stairs placed in rear of the stand and by passage carried through below and to the front of stand.

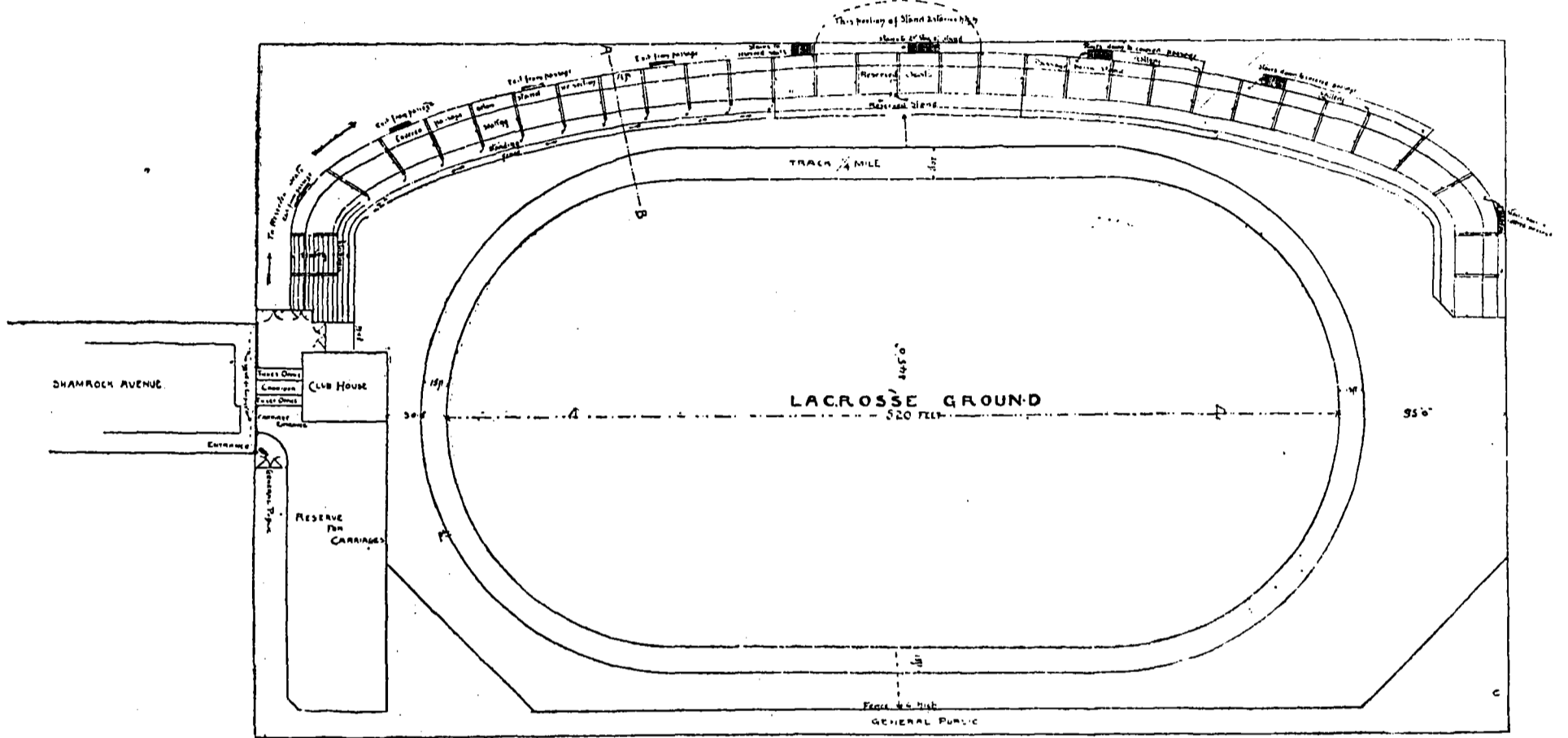
As thus arranged I think ample facilities will be afforded for the rapid filling and emptying of the grand stand and without crushing.

Over the central portion of the stand I have shown a second story which could be occupied as reserved seats or band stand. Access to this would be obtained by stairs placed in rear of the reserved seats.

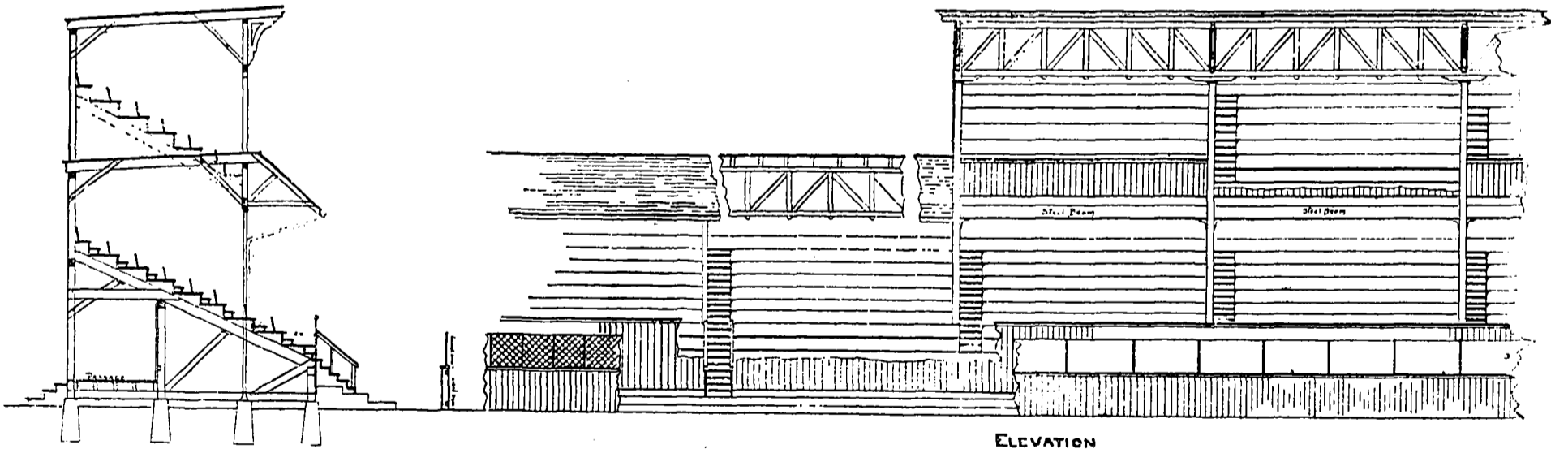
the street is I think desirable. Players occupying the club house in this position may be as completely cut off from the public as if the club house was placed at the opposite end of the grounds, as the only access to it is by the front entrance from Shamrock Avenue and by doors from the grounds. Between the front of the club house and the line of Shamrock Avenue I have made ample provision for a number of ticket offices. The entrance from grounds to the street are enclosed by large gates sliding up, which will be kept closed at all times excepting when the grounds are in use. Tickets will be collected from spectators as they enter the different passages leading to the grand stand or the passage leading to the general public on the opposite side of the grounds. I think with these explanations, and the plan before you, you will readily understand my idea of the lay out of your grounds, and hope that they may prove acceptable.

A. C. HUTCHINSON.

magnificent structure of the Mother House of the Congregation of Notre Dame. We all remember the painful event of last year when that splendid building—the fruit of long years of labor and sacrifice—was destroyed in a few hours by the fiery element. Well also do we know the many heavy losses which have befallen that grand congregation of devoted ladies during the past few years. It would seem indeed as if this were a living illustration of the saying "whom God loveth, He chastiseth." His most faithful servants are generally, in the eyes of the world at least, the most frequent victims of great afflictions. From the days of Job down to the hours of sorrow that surround the Vicar of Christ it has ever been so. When lives are consecrated to the glory of God and the education of youth, when years are spent in building edifices wherein the hearts of the future may be moulded according to the sacred models of religion, too often do we find that a whirlwind of misfortune strikes them. We recognize in



GENERAL LAY-OUT OF SHAMROCK LACROSSE GROUNDS.



ELEVATION AND SECTION OF GRAND STAND, SHOWING PAVILION FOR RESERVED SEATS.

that the grand stand is elliptical in form, occupying the whole of one side and a portion of each end of the grounds. It is arranged with seats as indicated upon the $\frac{1}{4}$ inch scale section, and between the front of the stand and the fence enclosing the lacrosse field is a space of thirteen feet in width, which affords room for spectators to stand and provides a means of access and exit from the seats on stand. The grand stand is arranged in three sections in length, the sections being numbered 1, 2 and 3 on plan, Nos. 1 and 3 being unreserved, and No. 2 for reserved seats. Access to the three sections of the grand stand is obtained as follows: Parties occupying seats in the first section and the standing room in front of same will approach and leave it by avenue between the front of the stand and the fence enclosing lacrosse field. Parties occupying the reserved seats in the second section will pass along the

The fence placed between the avenue in front of the grand stand and the lacrosse field to be a solid fence 4 feet high made of wood and strong wire netting on top of same extending to a height of 7 feet. This I think would effectually prevent any rush of spectators from stand to field.

The opposite side of the stand has been reserved for the general public, who are separated from the lacrosse field by a wood and wire fence the same as on the opposite side. The space reserved for carriages is placed at the end of the ground nearest Shamrock Avenue, where a good number can find standing room without interfering with the view of spectators on foot. I have thought it best to place the club house near the entrance to the grounds, as it is probable this building may be used during the winter months for meeting of a social character, when ready access to it from

Officers of the Association for current year:—

Joseph P. Clarke, president; T. P. Crowe, vice-president.

Directors—E. Halley, W. J. McKenna, F. Loye, D. Gallery, P. McKeown, F. O'Reilly, R. J. Cooke, P. H. Bartley, A. Demers.

C. A. McDonnell, secretary-treasurer, office, 186 St. James street.

A THOUGHTFUL ACT.

ENTERTAINMENTS GIVEN FOR THE BENEFIT OF THE CONGREGATION OF NOTRE DAME

It seems to us that no kinder and generous course of action could be adopted than that of the pupils of St. Mary's College in dedicating the funds of their St. Patrick's Concert and the drama "The Hidden Gem," to be presented next week, to the re-building of the

this a dispensation of Providence, and the resignation to His holy will, with which such catastrophes are met, challenges the admiration of the world. But while admiring the spirit in which the losses are borne, we must not forget that it is our duty to aid, as far as in us lies, the damage done. It was therefore thoughtful and generous on the part of these young men to lend their talents in such a cause and to extend a timely and appropriate assistance in the hour of distress. We only hope that the example will not be lost on the community, but that it will stimulate others to undertake similar actions. Most truly does the Congregation of Notre Dame deserve not only sympathy, but the hearty co-operation of all true Catholics.

Why are birds melancholy in the morning? Because their little bills are over dew.

ANCIENT ORDER HIBERNIANS

A POWERFUL IRISH CATHOLIC SOCIETY.

Extracts from a Paper by Mr. Michael Birmingham, Prov. Sec. A.O.H.

[WRITTEN FOR THE TRUE WITNESS.]

The Ancient Order of Hibernians, a powerful Irish Catholic organization, was founded in Ireland in 1760. In that year the Penal code was in full working order from one end of the island to the other, and for fifty years previous the Catholics of Ireland experienced the most cruel tortures conceivable. Such was the state of affairs in that unhappy country when the foundation stones of the organization, known all over the world to-day as the Ancient Order of Hibernians, were laid. The principal objects of the founders or originators of the order were to perpetuate the principles of Irish nationality and to uphold the Irish Faith.

The first division of the American branch of the order was founded in New York in 1836. It was watered there by the tears of Irish exiles, nursed and cherished by men whom tyranny and oppression had driven from their native land. The consequence was it took root and soon spread to the neighbouring States of New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Connecticut and Massachusetts; and to-day it extends to every town and hamlet, in every State and Territory of the Union, as well as to the various Provinces of this broad Dominion, carrying aid and comfort to the sick and helpless, and bringing hope and consolation to the widows and orphans. Its membership at the present time, on this side of the Atlantic, numbers between 250,000 and 300,000, and the strength of the organization all over the world may be safely estimated at 550,000. Therefore, not only will it be seen to be one of the strongest and most powerful fraternal organizations in existence, but the only one which contains in its membership the children of one race, one creed, and one nationality. The formation of a branch of this order was a long felt want in the Province of Quebec, and particularly in Montreal. It is true we have some good Catholic associations—chiefly amongst them may be mentioned the C. M. B. A. and the Catholic Order of Foresters,—but yet there was one wanting to gather the Catholic children of Erin together under the banner of Church and Country; to instill into them the sacred traditions of the past, commingled with the glorious prospects of the future, and if all the Irish Catholic organizations in this country, none was found to answer this purpose better than the ancient Order of Hibernians. The first division of the order in the province of Quebec, was organized in this city, on Sunday afternoon, the 20th of November, 1892, by Col. M. J. Slattery, of Albany, New York, national secretary of the order in America. The twenty-eight charter members of that division were all well known to each other, and had proven themselves tried and trusted children of their God and country. The officers elected at that meeting to watch over the destinies of the order for the first two years of its existence in the province of Quebec, and to steer it safely through the rocky channels of doubt and misunderstanding which, as was well known it would have to pass through were: Redmond Keys, Provincial Delegate; Michael Birmingham, Provincial Secretary; and Bernard Feeney, Provincial Treasurer. Those brothers have faithfully done their duty, will be seen by the pyramid of Hibernianism, which they will leave behind them in the province when they retire from active service in June next. The officers elected to guard and watch the interests of Div. No. 1 at the same meeting were: G. Clarke, Pres.; John J. Carroll, V. P.; Thomas Tisdale, R. S.; James Melves, T. S.; Patrick Scullion, Treasurer; John Dodd, chairman standing committee; Stephen McKeown, sentinel. Those officers are still in office. Quebec County was organized by the provincial delegate on the 22nd of June, 1893, and the officers elected to propagate the principles of Hibernianism in the Ancient Capital were: Edward Reynolds, County Delegate; Patrick Dineen, President; J. J. O'Neill, V. P.; H. M. Hannon, R. S.; Daniel Byrnes, F. S.; G. J. Mulloney, Treasurer; Jeremiah Gal-

agher, chairman standing committee. About the same time Div. No. 2, of Hochelaga, Co., was organized in St. Gabriel's Parish by Prov. Delegate Keys, and the officers elected were: Andrew Dunn, President; James McAlear, V. P.; Denis Donahue, R. S.; Patrick Lyons, F. S.; Edward Quain, Treasurer; C. McCann, chairman standing committee. On the 13th of Dec. last, No. 3 Div. of the city was organized by County Delegate Kerigan, and prominently amongst its officers are M. Nolan, Pres.; Martin Brogan, V. P., contractor; and W. J. Murphy, R. S. one of the pillars of the Young Irishmen's L. & B. Association, and ex-president of that society. There is negotiations going on the present for the organizing of two more divisions; one in the East, and the other in the West End of the City.

The object of the organization is the same as all fraternal societies, namely: to raise a fund of money for the maintenance of its sick or disabled members, for the burial of its dead, and for all other legitimate expenses of the order.

IRELAND.
(1847.)

The following beautiful poem, from the German of Freiligrath, by Mary Hewitt, should find a place in our national poetry. I will not assert that the rendering is perfect, and that it conveys to the reader's mind a full idea of the glow and color, or the rich, harmonious diction of the original. If all poetry lose by translation, certainly that of Freiligrath, owing to its "indefinite charm of expression, its untransferable grace of language and of melody," does so more than any other. The foregoing quotation is from Justin McCarthy's excellent volume of essays, "Con Amore," in a chapter devoted to the "Poems of Freiligrath." The lovers of elocution will find a rich mine in the poem for their histrionic powers.

Montreal, 17th March, 1894.

The boat swings to a rusty chain;
The sail, the oar, of use no longer;
The fisher's boy doted yester e'en,
And now the father faints with hunger.
Pale Ireland's fish is landlord's fish,
It give him costly food and raiment;
A tattered garb, an empty dish,
These are the mournful fisher's payment.

A pastoral sound is on the wind,
With kine the roads ate thronged;—oh pity,
A ragged peasant crawls behind,
And drives them to a sea-port city.
—Pale Ireland's herds the landlord claims—
That food which Paddy's soul desireth—
That which would nerve his children's frames,
The landlord's export trade requireth.

To him the cattle are a fount
Of joy and luxury never scanty;
And each horned head augments the amount
Which swells for him the horn of plenty.
In Paris and in London town
His gold makes gaming-tables glitter,
The while his Irish poor lie down
And die, like flies in winter bitter.

Hallo! hallo! the chase is up!
Paddy, rush in—be not a dreamer!
—In vain, for thee there is no hope,
The game goes with the earliest steamer!
For Ireland's game is landlord's game,
—The landlord is a large encroacher!
God speed the peasant's righteous claim;
He is too feeble for a poacher!

The landlord cares for ox and hound,
Their worth a peasant's worth surpasses!
—Instead of draining marshy ground,
Old Ireland's drear and wild morasses—
He leaves the land a boggy fen,
With sedge and useless moss grown over;
He leaves it to the water-ben,
The rabbit, and the screaming plover.

Yes, 'neath the curse of Heaven! Of waste
And wilderness four million acres!
—To you, corrupt, outworn, debased,
No waking peals prove slumber-breakers!
—Oh, Irish land is landlord's land!
And therefore by the wayside dreary,
The famished mothers weeping stand,
And beg for means their dead to bury.

A wailing cry sweeps like a blast
The length and breadth of Ireland through;
The west wind which my casement passed
Brought to mine ear that wail of sorrow,
Faint as a dying man's last sigh,
Came o'er the waves, my heart-strings sear-
ing,
The cry of woe, the hunger cry,
The death-cry of poor, weeping Erin.

Erin! she kneels in stricken grief,
Pale, agonized, with wild hair flying,
And strews the shamrock's withered leaf
Upon her children, dead and dying.
She kneels beside the sea, the streams,
And by her ancient hill's foundations—
Her, more than Byron's Rome, bessems
The title, "Niobe of Nations."

CONSUMPTION CURED.

An old physician, retired from practice, had placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma, and all Throat and Lung Affections; also, a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all Nervous Complaints. Having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, and desiring to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge to all who wish it, this recipe, in German, French or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail, by addressing, with stamp, naming this paper, W. A. NOYES, 320 Powers' Block, Rochester, N. Y.

ST. MARY'S COLLEGE.

Magnificent Concert and Eloquent Lectures by the Pupils on St. Patrick's Day.

The splendid Academic Hall of the Gesu was thronged on Friday evening to its utmost with the elite of Montreal society, on the occasion of the grand musical and literary concert, given by the pupils of St. Mary's College, in honor of Ireland's patron saint. The programme was one of the very best that has been presented for years in this city. It is a well-known fact that every entertainment given by that institution is deserving the highest praise, but it seems to us that this one has even excelled many of the best that the past can claim.

The first item on the programme was an overture, entitled "Salute to Erin," well arranged and well rendered by the orchestra. Then came the elegant and eloquent address by the president of St. Patrick's society, Mr. Thomas Battle. The language used was most choice, the delivery told volumes for the elocutionary training that the pupils of St. Mary's receive, and the substance of the address was in accord with the situation. Then came a magnificent chorus with the orchestra accompaniment, the grand old melody, "Tara's Hall." The solo was taken by Mr. C. F. Sobeski, and truly that gentleman's trained voice gave accurate expression to the tender sentiments of Moore's conception. Prof. A. P. McGuirk followed with a well rendered solo—the old but ever new song, "The Kerry Dance." When the applause had subsided, Mr. C. R. Devlin, the talented and eloquent member for Ottawa County, came forward and delivered the address of the occasion. In order not to interrupt our short account of this admirable concert, we will reserve our synopsis of Mr. Devlin's speech for the close of our report.

When the thundering applause that greeted the peroration had ceased, the orchestra played another selection, after which Mr. Lebel sang, in his best style, a much appreciated solo. The next item had a particular interest for the audience. It was a declamation by Mr. Thomas D'Arcy McGee, and the subject was one of the richest and most thoroughly heart-stirring poems written by the young gentleman's immortal uncle, the late Hon. T. D. McGee. "The Homeward Bound" was repeated with a pathos and expression that would have gladdened the heart of its author, were he alive to hear it. The flute solo, by Mr. Chas. T. Aves, was admirably rendered and loudly applauded. The first part of the programme closed with a grand chorus of fully one hundred voices, under the direction of Rev. Father Garceau, "Erin, the Tear and the Smile in Thine Eye."

The orchestra selection, "Donnybrook Fair," was a lively opening to the second part. The chorus, "Let Erin Remember the Days of Old," was equal to those already rendered by the choir. Mr. Paul Lacoste, the Honorary Vice-President of the Society, delivered a most appropriate address, and one calculated to create that noble union of sentiment which should ever exist between the French and the Irish Catholic elements in this country. The chorus (without accompaniment), "Sweet and Low," was an admirable vocal effort and was highly appreciated.

Mr. John Harty's violin solo deserves a special mention, for it gave evidence of extraordinary talent in the young player and spoke great promise for his future as a musician. The declamation, "Erin's Flag," by Master Daniel O'Connell Curran, was very good, and it proved clearly that in the youngest of the rising generation the spirit and gifts of the celebrated Irishman, whose name the young elocutionist recalls to memory, have not died out. Mr. Sobeski sang again, and in a manner to elicit loud applause. The chorus "Erin, Oh, Erin," in which Prof. McGuirk sang the solo, was on a par with the other strong and well-rendered choruses of the evening. Mr. Raoul Masson's "Eileen Mavourneen," was a gem and highly appreciated. The last item on the programme was "The Minstrel Boy," Mr. Lebel taking the solo and the grand chorus joining in with orchestra accompaniment.

This brought to a close the most entertaining concert that has been given for a good many years in Montreal. We

will now furnish a short but exact synopsis of

MR. DEVLIN'S ABLE SPEECH.

After complimenting the president on his able address, Mr. Devlin entered at once into the subject of the evening's lecture, "Home Rule." He defined it as "Ireland's reasonable demand for legislative autonomy." Such was the expression of England's foremost statesman, the Hon. W. E. Gladstone. He then presented a few of the greater objections made by the Unionists to the granting of Home Rule, which he followed by the refutation of each in turn, some of which he reduced to absurdities. The Unionists demanded a United Parliament for the Empire; exactly what they have and what is not satisfactory. He then pointed out how, in measures affecting Ireland, the representatives of that country would be in a minority, and on questions affecting the Empire they would be told that it was none of their concern and to go about their business. That is exactly what Ireland asks; to be allowed to attend to her own business. Mr. Devlin then took a hurried glance at English administration of Irish affairs, and pointed out the absurdity of "British fair play" and "Britain's love of justice," when viewed in the light of the past. He then scored Joseph Chamberlain most unmercifully for his betrayal of the very principles he had so long and so strongly advocated. In the next place Mr. Devlin referred to the Sault Ste. Marie Orange convention, and amidst applause and much amusement and laughter he showed the inconsistency of the resolutions passed by these loyal (?) gentlemen.

Having eloquently pictured the unanimous sentiment of the Irish race all the world over on this occasion, and the thousands of tributes that are waited to Gladstone, the speaker contrasted the arrogance and intolerance of the Orange faction with the patience and services to the Empire on the part of the Catholic Irish. He then proved most conclusively the folly of the argument that Home Rule would lead to Rome Rule, and made it most logically evident that the according of Ireland's demands would be both a relief and a guarantee of security for the Empire. In his admirable passage about the landlords leaving Ireland, the fine point and wit of the expressions created loud applause.

With a magnificent peroration, in which Mr. Devlin graphically pictured the cause of Ireland before an international tribunal and the unanimous decision of the arbitrators, he closed a really grand address by an appeal to the sons of Irishmen to preserve the Faith of St. Patrick and to conserve their love for Ireland.

GREEN GRAVES.

A BOOK OF SKETCHES BY WALTER LECKY

We have just received a most interesting, instructive and highly polished series of essays on Irish writers, patriots and men of fame. It is entitled "Green Graves," a most appropriate title, and is from the pen of our well-known contributor, Walter Lecky. The volume is published by John Murphy's house, Baltimore, and is sold here for the small sum of thirty-five cents per copy. It is a gem, or rather a casket of gems that every lover of pure and elevating literature should possess. The day is approaching when Walter Lecky's name will be a household word over this continent, and many a reader will be proud, in future years, to possess one of his first productions in book form.

GOOD SPIRITS



Follow good health while low spirits, melancholia, impaired memory, morose, or irritable temper, fear of impending calamity and a thousand and one derangements of body and mind, result from pernicious, solitary practices, often indulged in by the young, through ignorance of their ruinous consequences. Nervous debility, and loss of manly power, not infrequently result from such unnatural habits.

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A copy of this useful book will, on receipt of this notice, with 10 cents in stamps, for postage, be mailed securely sealed in a plain envelope. Address, WORLD'S DISPENSARY MEDICAL ASSOCIATION, Buffalo, N. Y.

C. Y. M. SOCIETY.

Concert in the Windsor Hall.

An immense audience greeted the Catholic Young Men's Society of St. Patrick's, on Saturday evening, at the Windsor Hall. The chair was occupied by the President, J. Britten, who, in a few eloquent remarks, opened the proceedings. A splendid programme of vocal and instrumental music had been prepared, which was inaugurated by a piano selection of Irish airs by Miss Albertina Lorge. Mr. Alexander P. McGuirk rendered a song, "Ashore," most acceptably, which was followed by a bugle and drum fanfare by the DeSalaberry Military Band, all of which were loudly applauded. The first part of the programme included a French cavalry sword exercise by a military corps under J. B. Lorge. Miss Cecelia Best, of Brockville, gave a very pleasant recitation of "You'll Soon Forget Kathleen," which elicited warm applause and an encore. "The Meeting of the Waters," by Will W. Simpson, and a song in which Misses Breslowe, Whelan, Palmer, O'Connor, Valiquette, Stewart and Dupont took part, was well received and sung in a very able manner. Artistic dancing in costume, introducing the sailor's hornpipe and sword dance, given by S. Bernstein, was one of the special features of the performance and well deserved the attention it received. Miss Granger sang "Come Back to Erin" in that very pleasing manner which has made her such a favorite in Montreal, and she was heartily applauded for her efforts. Indian club and barbell exercise by Lieut. L. J. P. Senex, and a comic song by James Doherty, closed the first part.

The President then in a few well-chosen words introduced the lecturer of the evening, Rev. Father McDermott, who has rendered himself famous as a writer and scholar, and whose contributions to THE TRUE WITNESS have formed one of the most attractive features of our paper during the past two years.

On opening his lecture the Reverend Father said that he intended touching upon questions of deep interest to all lovers of Irish literature, but which are outside the ordinary scope of a St. Patrick's Day Address. In the grand literature of Ireland he beholds signs indicative of a bright future for the race. It is true that in a certain sense that literature is somewhat scanty; but this is in no way due to lack of talent, absence of genius, or want of inspiration on the part of the Irish. Much of it had been smothered during the six hundred years of adverse laws, cruel treatment, systematic uprooting of every glow of education, and wiping out of every advantage in the ways of literature. While the tables of one class groaned with the luxuries of the world, the people of another class, the peasantry, the sons of the soil, were reduced to starvation and miseries beyond the power of pen or voice to describe. Oppression and tyranny held sway over the land, the grandest aspirations of the people were crushed and blasted under their baneful influence.

At last the clouds reached the zenith, and the rage of hope shot along the horizon. The continent of Europe was rocked by the earthquake of revolution, and the key-note of liberty was sounded by America when she arose fully equipped in a struggle for independence. Ireland caught the spirit that was abroad and it found expression in the life and death of Emmet, while its embodiment took place in the person of heroic Wolfe Tone. The lives, deeds and principles of such men gave an impetus to Irish literature, and in the poems of J. J. Callanan, the pioneer bard of the modern epoch, it found a new birth. The learned lecturer then quoted several of poor Callanan's exquisite productions and drew a most realistic picture of the quiet, kind-hearted, patriotic poet's death in a foreign land. He showed how truly his memory lives, and that his own prophetic words will be fulfilled, for

"his name will be spoken, When Erin awakes and her fetters are broken."

The sketch of Moore which followed was most admirable; such keen criticism, exact language, and just appreciation of the one who gave Ireland the immortal "melodies" might be styled—without exaggeration—the strokes of a master hand. McGiffin and Prout added very little to the new literature of the Irish race, and if we except the "Bells of Shandon," neither of them has left upon that will live in after generations. John

Banin was more of a novelist than a poet, yet his few touching ballads have the ring of Irish music about them. The song of Lever and Lover can scarcely be called national; at least they did not serve to increase the influence of that new spirit which was coming into the literature of Ireland.

But one truly national poet did appear; one whose songs most certainly revealed the feelings of his countrymen. The deep pathos, mingled with delicacy of thought, which pervaded them, seemed to awaken the memories of old and to stamp his productions with the unmistakable seal of Irish faith and Irish patriotism. This poet—too little known in our day—was Gerald Griffin. Here the lecturer pointed out, in words worthy of Griffin himself, the countless beauties of the "Sister of Charity," the "Orange and the Green," and others of the loving and loveable bard's compositions. Turning from Griffin we find ourselves in the company of the "Poets of the Nation"—Davis, Mangan, McCarthy and their companions—of whom Davis was the chief. What a magnificent tribute to the memory of the "Minstrel of Malrow!" Davis was the first to express the thoughts and sentiments of Tone and Emmet. He arose when the fire of patriotic fervor burnt low in the land, and he fanned it into a conflagration. In magic song he thought that love of country was next in greatness to love of God. His muse sang like the warrior bards of old; it chanted with the sweet soft melody that reaches the heart of a people. At times he struck the harp-strings with the sword-hilt. Again he awakened the most soothing notes of love and devotion. Mitchell's tribute to Davis, which the lecturer quoted, was not more appropriate or grander than the one paid by Father McDermott. How gently and kindly he handled the memory of Mangan! Distinguishing between the poet and the actual man, the miseries of the latter are lost in the glories of the former. Then came, each in turn, McGee and Williams. No finer appreciation of McGee's glorious Celtic poetry did we ever hear, and the picture of the soldiers of the South, pausing in mid-battle to erect a monument over the grave of Williams, was most graphic and tear-compelling. Well did McGee sing, when he heard of that noble act:

"God bless the brave! The brave alone, Were worthy to have done the deed. A soldier's hand had placed the stone, Another's traced the lines men read: Another's placed the guardian rail Above thy minstrel, minstrel!"

After glancing at the careers of Ferguson, McCarthy, and a few others of that grand school of patriotic bards, the lecturer closed his magnificent historical, literary and patriotic address with a glowing peroration, in which he said that Ireland's great poet had yet to come. When a legislature of her own shall be granted to the land, and Emmet's epitaph shall be written by the hand of Freedom, a poet shall arise to crystallize in immortal verse the death of tyranny and the regeneration of Ireland.

The second part of the programme contained some very attractive selections. Among these may be mentioned a guitar solo by Professor Labonde, a recitation by Mr. Charles Leroux, and a song, "The Minstrel Boy," by Henry O'Bryan. A cantata by the Parisian Guitar and Mandolin Orchestra and a song and chorus by the Rose d'Erina Choral Union were capitably rendered and all came in for well-merited applause. A new comic sketch was exceedingly well given by Mr. Percy Evans, and the remaining portion of the programme was in every respect meritorious. The Catholic Young Men's Society are to be heartily congratulated on the success of their entertainment, which was one long to be remembered.

Great praise is due to Rev. Father James Callaghan, for the success which has attended his efforts in preparing the programme and in superintending the arrangements for the evening. The Catholic Young Men's Society is one of the foremost associations of Montreal, and their concerts are always of the best and most attractive. We trust that their numbers may increase and that their prosperity will be in accordance with the grand aims of their society.

WEAK WOMEN.

For all who need the life-giving powers of Beef, Iron and Wine, Milburn's Beef, Iron and Wine can be strongly recommended as being superior in strengthening powers to all others.

St. Patrick's Day at Montreal College.

St. Patrick's Day was celebrated at Montreal College with traditional honor. The Alumni will recall how pleasant the day is; the early serenade by the Band the Irish airs, ending with "La Green,"—the Wearing of the Green; the distribution of shamrocks and ribbons, and all that goes to make it a gala-day. The second term examinations close on the preceding evening, so that St. Patrick's morning finds the students free to fully rejoice and take part in the festivities. In the morning the English-speaking boys attended High Mass at St. Patrick's Church, occupying their customary place of honor inside the Sanctuary railing, and afterwards assisted at the procession. In the evening a Musical and Dramatic Entertainment was given in the College Hall before the Faculty, students and a large number of Alumni. The play presented was "A Prince of Spain; or, Catholic and Arian," a subject taken from the fall of the Arian throne in Spain. The cast was as follows:—

- Leovig..... Mr. W. Toehill.
Hermigild..... J. Stapleton.
Recared..... J. Nelligan.
Goswin..... C. D. Brown.
Argimund..... J. Sheehan.
Agilan..... A. McMillan.
Sisbert..... E. Faucher.
Roderic..... E. Cray.
Utoif..... J. Mally.
Boso..... J. Blaine.
Claudius..... F. McKenna.
Fred Gisel..... L. Baribault.
Valerius..... J. O'Connor.
Commissus..... E. Latulipe.
Citizens, soldiers, officers, jailors, etc., etc.

Each one was successful, yet Messrs. Stapleton, Toehill, Brown, Sheehan, Faucher, Nelligan and Cray deserve special praise for their clever acting.

Among the musical items of the programme we must note the splendid "symphony" rendered by the Band, a composition of its leader, Father Lajoie, P.S.S., and the singing of Mr. Stapleton and Mr. Lanthier; also, the exquisite "Jeanne d'Arc," sung by Mr. Zenon Morin, in a truly artistic manner. The musical part of the entertainment was under the direction of Father Lajoie, P.S.S., and the play under that of Father Brophy.

EASTER MUSIC AT ST. MARY'S.

The festival of Easter will be celebrated with the usual appropriate ceremonial at St. Mary's Church, next Sunday. Solemn High Mass will be chanted by Rev. Father O'Donnell, assisted by deacon and sub-deacon. The sermon of the occasion will be preached by Rev. Father O'Bryan, S. J. The choir, assisted by a full orchestra, will perform "Mercadante's Mass. Soloists: Messrs. C. Hamlin, Frank Butler, Fred Butler, J. B. Paquette, J. Ransom, C. Smith and J. Murray. At the Offertory Mine's "Regina Celi," solo, duet and chorus; soloists: Messrs. Tapp and Phelan. After Mass a Grand "March Sacre" by the Orchestra. At Benediction, Parce Domine, by Wilson; "Ave Verum," Wilson; soloist C. Hamlin; Mine's "Regina," Pleyel's Tantum Ergo and Wilson's Sandate. Leader of Orchestra, Prof. Wm. Sullivan; Conductor, J. B. Paquette; Organist and Director, Prof. Jas. Wilson. In the evening at 7.30, the closing sermon of the Men's Mission will be preached by Rev. Father Doherty, S. J.

HOLY WEEK AT ST. PATRICK'S CHURCH.

On Holy Thursday and Good Friday the services will commence at 8 a.m., and at 7.30 p.m. the office of the Tenebrae will be sung, but on good Friday it will be preceded by the Way of the Cross. After the sermon on the Passion, on Good Friday, a collection will be taken, by order of His Holiness the Pope, for good works in the Holy Land; the regular collectors are requested to take up the offerings.

On Holy Saturday High Mass will commence at 7 o'clock, in consequence of the length of the services; Holy Communion will only be administered at this Mass, after which the blessing of the Holy Water will take place.

Persons who have already made their Easter duty are requested not to present themselves at the confessionals either on Saturday night or Sunday morning, until after Easter time, in order to give those who have not complied with the obligation an opportunity of doing so.

Persons having children to be baptized are notified not to bring them on Satur-

day afternoons, as the time of the priests is entirely taken up in the confessional but they will be attended to any other afternoons in the week.

ST. ANTHONY'S C. Y. MEN'S SOCIETY.

At a recent meeting of the above Society the election of officers took place for the term March to September, 1894, and resulted as follows:

- Spiritual Director and Treasurer—Rev. J. E. Donnelly.
President—H. D. Grace.
1st Vice-President—Chas. Foley.
2nd Vice-President—C. M. Hockley.
Financial Secretary—G. C. Graham.
Recording Secretary—W. L. Perego.
Assistant Recording Secretary—C. Murphy.
Librarian—Thos. Matthews.
Assistant Librarian—J. D. Sullivan.
Marshal—G. E. Mundy.
Councillors—F. J. Kelly, W. J. Kelly, M. C. Morrissey, Wm. Stewart, J. J. Hoobin.

At the installation the Rev. Director referred in glowing terms to the progress made during the last term by the outgoing officers.

It was decided to engage Otterburn Park for Queen's Birthday for their annual picnic. It was also decided to construct a hand-ball court this season.

AN ODD COLLECTION.

A man in Colorado has a quaint collection of bottles. It is divided into two sections. Section one is large. Section two is not. Section one contains hundreds of bottles, the contents of which his wife swallowed hoping to find relief from her physical sufferings. Section two contains a few bottles that once were filled with Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. It was this potent remedy that gave the suffering wife her health again. It cures all irregularities, internal inflammation and ulceration, displacements and kindred troubles. It has done more to relieve the sufferings of women than any other medicine known to science.

Pile tumors, rupture and fistulae radically cured by improved methods. Book, 10 cents, in stamps. World's Dispensary Medical Association, Buffalo, N. Y.

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PLUGS.

NO MORE ROOM FOR DOUBT.

BEFORE SUCH AN OVERWHELMING MASS OF EVIDENCE.

MONTREALERS OF ALL RANKS AND STATIONS FULLY AGREE.

Mad. George Pinette, 82 Gain St., says: I suffered from a severe attack of that terrible malady, "La Grippe," and I was completely cured by using Dr. Laviolette's Syrup of Turpentine, which is the most efficacious remedy I have ever used.

Mad. Eugene Martel, 239 Papineau Av., says: I hereby certify that Dr. Laviolette's Syrup of Turpentine SAVED MY LIFE. I suffered from a most severe attack of that terrible malady "La Grippe," which left me with Bronchitis and a hacking cough; my illness was so severe that it reduced me to almost a skeleton. I tried everything without getting the slightest relief, and my doctor despaired of my life. Five 25c bottles of Dr. Laviolette's Syrup of Turpentine cured me completely, and I am to-day better and stronger than ever before and perfectly free from any signs of Bronchitis, thanks to this marvelous remedy.

Mad. Louis Paquette, 291 1/2 Papineau Av., says: I suffered from a severe attack of "La Grippe" and completely lost my voice. Three 25c bottles of Dr. Laviolette's Syrup of Turpentine effected a complete and permanent cure. Please accept this unsolicited testimony.

Mad. Eli Pilon, 11 Champlain St., says: My two children, one two and the other four years old, suffered from a severe attack of "La Grippe." Four 25c bottles of Dr. Laviolette's Syrup of Turpentine cured them both completely.

Mad. Etienne Desmarteau, 171 Champlain St., says: I suffered from a severe attack of "La Grippe." Three 25c bottles of Dr. Laviolette's Syrup of Turpentine effected a complete and permanent cure.

Mad. Antoine Grifford, 213 1/2 Champlain St., says: I suffered from a bad attack of "La Grippe." Two 25c bottles of Dr. Laviolette's Syrup of Turpentine effected a complete cure.

Mad. Louis Trempe, 88 Maisonneuve St., says: My two children suffered from an attack of "La Grippe," and they were both cured by using Dr. Laviolette's Syrup of Turpentine, which is certainly the most effective remedy I have ever used.

Mad. Jos. Desautels, 247 Maisonneuve St., says: I suffered from a most violent attack of "La Grippe," and I have been completely cured by using two 25c bottles of Dr. Laviolette's Syrup of Turpentine, which is certainly a wonderful remedy.

Mad. Joseph Thibault, 33 St. Rose St., says: I suffered from a severe attack of "La Grippe." Two 25c bottles of Dr. Laviolette's Syrup of Turpentine effected a complete cure.

Mad. Celestin Gilbert, 799 Ontario St., says: Myself and my two children suffered from a severe attack of "La Grippe." Three 25c bottles of Dr. Laviolette's Syrup of Turpentine cured us all completely.

Mad. A. Menard, 182 Lafontaine St., says: Myself and my two children suffered from a severe attack of "La Grippe," and we were all completely cured by using three 25c bottles of Dr. Laviolette's Syrup of Turpentine.

Mad. Cleophas Trepanier, 193 1/2 Plessis St., says: I suffered from a severe attack of "La Grippe" accompanied with an affection of the Bronchial tubes and a most violent cough. My condition was so bad indeed that my doctor feared it would end in consumption, but, thanks to Dr. Laviolette's Syrup of Turpentine, I am to-day as well and strong as ever. I only used three 25c bottles of this wonderful remedy, and I cannot speak too highly of its efficacy and merit.

(To be continued next week.)

The publication of the hundreds of testimonials I am daily receiving will occupy many columns of the TRUE WITNESS. It will be continued every week during the winter. Persons desirous of verifying their correctness can cut out and preserve this column and apply at the addresses given.

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A HOME TESTIMONY.

GENTLEMEN.—Two years ago my husband suffered from severe indigestion, but was completely cured by two bottles of Burdock Blood Bitters. I can truly recommend it to all sufferers from this disease. MRS. JOHN HURD, 13 Cross St. Toronto.

Teacher: "For men must work and woman must weep." What is the meaning of that line, Tommy Figg? Tommy: It means that men has to work to git money, and then the women has to cry before the men will divide with 'em."

EASE AND COMFORT.

Sufferers from constipation, dyspepsia, bad blood, headache, nervous and general debility, liver troubles, kidney complaint, etc., obtain ease, comfort and cure by using Burdock Blood Bitters.

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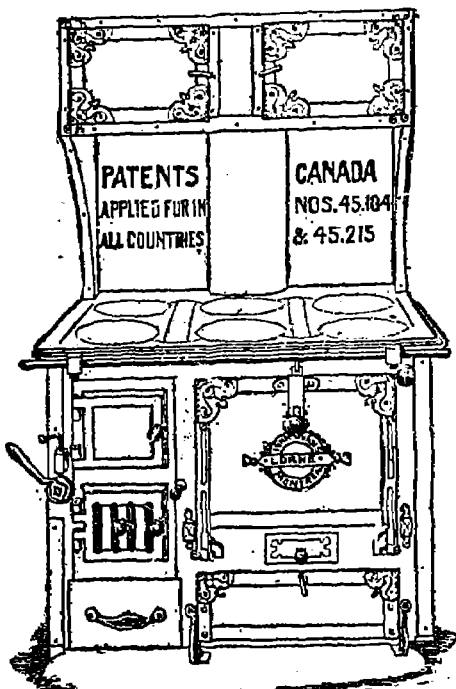
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A STRANGE EXPERIENCE.

AN INTERVIEW WITH A WELL-KNOWN BRANT COUNTY LADY.

Suffered for Two Years With Sick Headache, Dizziness and Dyspepsia—How She Found Relief—What Well-Known Chemists Say.

From the Brantford Expositor.

Mrs. S. W. Avery lives on Pleasant Ridge, about four miles out of the city of Brantford, that being her nearest post-office and where all her trading is done. Mr. and Mrs. Avery have always lived in that neighborhood, and he is the owner of two splendid farms, the one where he lives consisting of 100 acres, and the other lying near Brantford comprising 100 acres. They are highly respected residents of the community in which they reside, and every person for miles around knows them. Having heard that Mrs. Avery had been cured of chronic dyspepsia and indigestion, by the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, a reporter called there recently and asked if she was willing to make public the facts concerning the cure. Mrs. Avery replied that she had been benefited by the use of Pink Pills, and was perfectly willing to give her experience for the benefit of those who might be similarly suffering. "For the past two years," said Mrs. Avery, "I had been greatly troubled with a very sick headache, dizziness, and a cough which I believe were the symptoms of dyspepsia and indigestion, and I could find nothing to relieve me although I tried several different medicines. I could not even find anything which would relieve my cough, which at times would be very severe. Early last winter I read in the Expositor of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and as the symptoms mentioned were somewhat similar to mine I was thus induced to try them. I procured a supply from Messrs. McGregor & Merrill, druggists of Brantford. Before I had used two boxes of the Pink Pills I felt so much better and relieved from my distressing symptoms that I thought it would be best to continue taking them through the winter, and I accordingly got another supply and used them with the result that I have been totally relieved. I have not once since had the severe headaches which formerly made my life miserable and my cough has entirely disappeared. I strongly recommend Pink Pills to any one who suffers similar to what I did, from dizziness, headache, indigestion, etc., and I believe they will derive great benefit from their use. Mrs. Avery's statement was corroborated by her husband, who was present during the interview, and who said that without a shadow of a doubt Pink Pills had accomplished more for his wife than any other medicine which she had taken. Messrs. McGregor & Merrill were interviewed, and in reply to a query as to the sale of these pills, Mr. McGregor said: "We have sold in the neighborhood of 5,000 boxes during the past twelve months, and there is no remedy we handle gives better satisfaction to our customers than Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. I have every confidence that Pink Pills are the best on the market and something the people can depend upon." Mr. Merrill, the other member of this well-known firm, said: "I have more pleasure in selling Pink Pills than any other medicine we handle because it is rarely there is any disappointment in them, and the people who purchase them unanimously express themselves as well satisfied. I am well acquainted with Mrs. Avery and I know that all her statements are reliable, and I have watched the improvement Pink Pills have made in her case and have seen a great change for the better. Many other druggists recommend some preparations, some of them their own, to be equally as good as Pink Pills, but we cannot conscientiously say so, knowing that as a system Dr. Williams' Pink Pills stand unrivalled."

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are a perfect blood builder and nerve restorer, curing such diseases as rheumatism, neuralgia, part of paralysis, locomotor ataxia, St. Vitus' dance, nervous headache, nervous prostration and tired feeling therefrom, the after effects of influenza, diseases depending on humors in the blood, such as scrofula, chronic erysipelas, etc. Pink Pills give a healthy glow to pale and low complexioned and are a specific for troubles peculiar to the female system, and in the case of men they effect a radical cure in all cases arising from mental worry, overwork, or excesses of any nature.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are sold only in boxes bearing the firm's trade mark and wrapper, printed in red ink. Bear in mind that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are never sold in bulk, or by the dozen or hundred, and any dealer who offers substitutes in this form is trying to defraud you. The public are also cautioned against other so-called blood purifiers and nerve tonics, put up in similar form and intended to deceive. They are imitations whose makers hope to reap a pecuniary advantage from the wonderful reputation achieved by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills may be had of all druggists, or direct by mail from Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Brockville, Ont., or Schenectady, N. Y., at 50 cents box, or six boxes for \$2.50. The price at which these pills are sold makes a course of treatment comparatively inexpensive as compared with other courses of treatment.

Write for Catalogue and Prices.
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WEST-TROY, N. Y. BELL-METAL
BIRMINGHAM, C. C. CATALOGUES & PRICES FREE

"Shorter" Pastry and "Shorter" Bills.

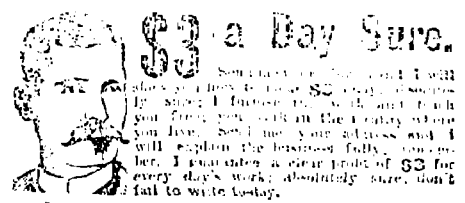
We are talking about a "shortening" which will not cause indigestion. Those who "know a thing or two" about Cooking (Marion Harland among a host of others) are using

COTTOLENE

Instead of lard. None but the purest, healthiest and cleanest ingredients go to make up Cottolene. Lard isn't healthy, and is not always clean. Those who use Cottolene will be healthier and wealthier than those who use lard—Healthier because they will get "shorter" bread; wealthier because they will get "shorter" grocery bills—for Cottolene costs no more than lard and goes twice as far—so is but half as expensive.

Dyspeptics delight in it!
Physicians endorse it!
Chefs praise it!
Cooks extol it!
Housewives welcome it!
All live Grocers sell it!

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MONTREAL.



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A HIGH VALUATION.

"If there was only one bottle of Haggard's Yellow Oil in Manitoba I would give one hundred dollars for it," writes Philip H. Brant, of Monteith, Manitoba, after having used it for a severe wound and for frozen fingers, with, as he says, "astonishing good results."

Tibbs: Speaking about journalistic courage, I can name a paper which has more grit than any other, and one which you would hardly think of, either. Tibbs: What paper is that? Tibbs: Sand-paper.

VALUABLE TO KNOW.

Consumption may be more easily prevented than cured. The irritating and harassing cough will be greatly relieved by the use of Haggard's Pectoral Balsam, that cures coughs, colds, bronchitis, and all pulmonary troubles.

"I never knew a man who was as vain over his personal appearance as Bunkins is." "Humph; we'll soon curf him of that." "How?" "We'll arrange to have his picture printed in the newspapers."

HAVE YOU TRIED IT.

Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup cures coughs, colds, asthma, bronchitis, hoarseness, sore throat and diseases of the throat and lungs. Prices 25 and 50c.

Modern philanthropists have been trying to work out a social combination by which men are to league together everywhere and thus contribute to the good of all humanity; but, well-meaning though they be, they must be blind not to recognize in the Catholic Church a society ever ancient and ever new, independent and always devoted to the general good, true to God and true to men, ever seeking the glory of her Founder and filling her children with the patriotic spirit by which we love and serve our country, and show ourselves ready to devote our fortunes and our lives to its defense, and answering in every point to all the needs of universal peace and harmonious prosperity.

Picture Framing.

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Teeth without Plates a Specialty. No. 54 BEAVER HALL HILL. MONTREAL. 45 G

LOST!

At or near the corner of Ottawa and Colborne Streets, a lady's shopping bag, containing \$40.00 in bills and \$2.00 in silver, a diamond ring, and a bottle of O'Reilly's Pectoral Balsam of Honey. The loser values the money and the ring; but not so much as the bottle of Pectoral Balsam, which is the best remedy for coughs and colds there is. It is manufactured by the O'Reilly Medicine Co'y, and sold by W. J. BURKE, Druggist, 107 Colborne Street, at 25 cents a bottle. Try it

ALWAYS a Choice Line of MOLDINGS for Framing. All Imported Stock. ALSO, Choice Assortment of ETCHINGS and ENGRAVINGS.

SPRING HATS!

Large Assortment.

Latest Styles.

RELIABLE GOODS

—AT— LOW PRICES.

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CAPITAL STOCK, - \$100,000

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SALE OF PAINTINGS at easy terms. Next distribution of paintings between the members of "The Society of Arts of Canada," and its Scrip holders, will take place on 28th March.

Price of Scrip: \$1.00. Ask for Catalogue and Circular.

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CANADA, PROVINCE OF QUEBEC, } SUPERIOR COURT, District of Montreal, } No. 313.

Dame Apolline Hebert, of the parish of St. Philippe, District of Montreal, wife of Moise Lefebvre, farmer, of the same place, has instituted, on the nineteenth day of February instant, an action in separation as to property against her said husband.

ROBIDOUX & GEOFFRION, Attorneys for Plaintiff.

Montreal, 28th February, 1894. 33-5

PROVINCE OF QUEBEC, } SUPERIOR COURT, District of Montreal, } No. 2113.

DAME AGLAE alias Valida Vallieres, of the City and District of Montreal, wife of Henri Adolphe Pelletier, merchant, of the same place, hereby gives notice that she has, this day, sued her husband for a separation as to property.

Montreal, 16th February, 1894.

BEAUDIN, CARDINAL & LORANGER, Attorneys for Plaintiff.

(True copy.)

[Signed] BEAUDIN, CARDINAL & LORANGER, Attorneys for Plaintiff. 5-31

1894—P. WRIGHT'S CIRCULAR.—1894

We have great pleasure in stating that we are in receipt of our first shipment of NEW SPBING DRY GOODS, which for extent and variety compares favorably with any HOUSE in the RETAIL DRY GOODS TRADE, and embraces a full assortment of the following lines:—Black and Colored Silks, Black and Colored Cashmeres, Plain and Fancy Dress Goods (all new shades), Costume Cloths, Ribbons, Laces, Embroideries, Muslins, Hosiery, Gloves, Umbrellas and Parasols, etc.

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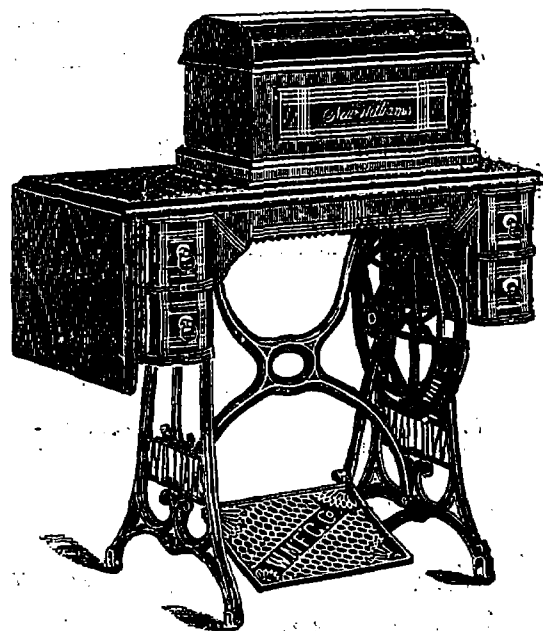
We have imported for this Season's Trade a splendid assortment of CARPETS and FLOOR OIL CLOTHS, all new patterns. We are positively showing the BEST VALUE in the trade in Wilton, Brussels, Tapestry, Wool, Union and Hemp Carpets, Mattings, Rugs, Lace Curtains, Chenille Curtains, Window Shades, etc., etc. All Carpets MADE and LAID TO ORDER.

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We direct special attention to our very large assortment of Imported SUITINGS, Black and Blue, Worsted Coatings, Scotch and Irish Tweeds, imported direct from the very best Irish and Scotch manufacturers, placing us in a position to give to our customers the VERY BEST value. To those who have not yet favored us with their patronage we kindly invite them to either pay us a visit or send their orders, which will be promptly attended to.

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THE OLD STAND. . . . 1325 and 1329 Notre Dame Street.



THE NEW WILLIAMS

Sewing Machine

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AHEAD OF ALL COMPETITORS.

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Employment by a handy man, capable of repairing, building, brick laying, glazing, painting. Good references.

ADDRESS: J. F., 170 Caning St.

JOHN TAYLOR & CO., LOUGHBOROUGH, Eng., the Premier

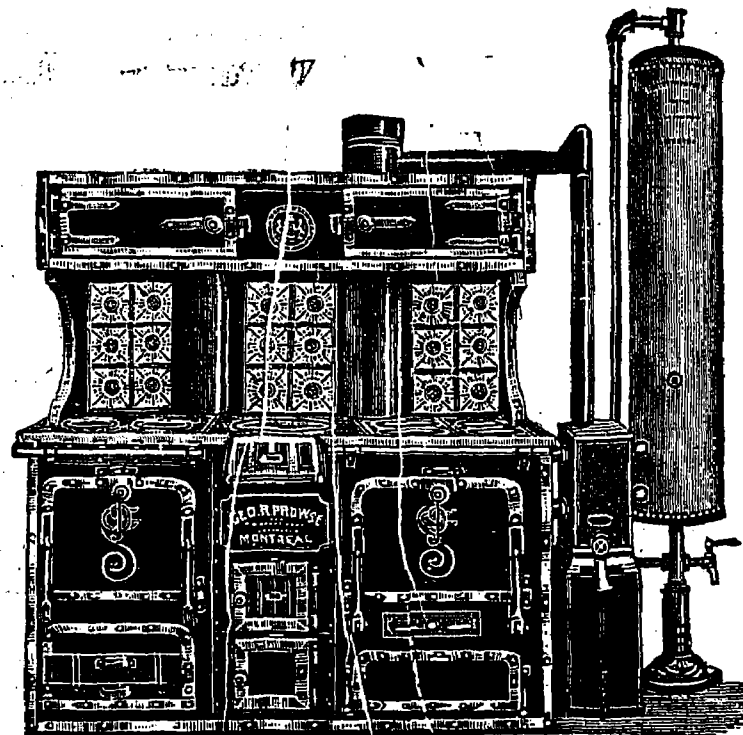
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of the day, have made all the important Bells in England for many years. Catalogues and all information from JAS. T. SCANLAN, Board of Trade Building, Montreal. 35 G

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Capital, \$5,000,000.

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We call attention to the large additions of fine Parlor, Library, Dining Room and Bed Room Suites just finished and now in stock in our New Warerooms, which has been acknowledged by all, without exception, who have closely examined our Goods and Show Rooms, to be the very Finest and Largest assortment, and decidedly the Cheapest yet offered, quality considered.
We have just finished fifty Black Walnut Bed Room Suites, consisting of Bedstead, Bureau with large Swing Bevel-edge Mirror and Washstand with Brass Rod Splasher Back both Marble Tops, \$25; Wood Tops, \$22. All our own make.
We will in a few days show some very nice medium and low-priced Furniture in our Large Show Windows, and the figures will counteract an impression left on the minds of many that imagine from the very fine display made the past few weeks that we are only going to keep the finest grades of goods.
As heretofore, we will keep a full line of medium and good serviceable Furniture, but will not sell anything that we can not guarantee to be as represented, which has for the past half-century secured for us the largest sales yet made in our line and will still follow the old motto of Owen McGarvey & Son:

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I am offering a SPECIAL DISCOUNT to those who wish to buy within the next sixty days.

Will be pleased to forward Catalogue and quote SPECIAL PRICES on application.

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Superior to all other preparations for cracked or sore nipples. To harden the nipples commence using three months before confinement. Price 25 cents.

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For relief and cure of Coughs, Colds, Asthma, Bronchitis, Influenza, and all diseases of the Throat and Lungs. Price 24 cents.

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Will be found superior to all others for all kind Piles. Price 25 cents.

Prepared by C. J. COVERNTON & CO., 121 Leary street, corner of Dorchester street.

DYSPEPSIA CURED BY B.B.B.



MR. GEO. READ.

Read the Proof.

DEAR SIR.—I write you to say that for some time I had been suffering from acute indigestion or dyspepsia, and of course felt very great inconvenience from same in my general business. I thereupon decided to try Burdock Blood Bitters, and after taking two bottles I found I was quite another man, for B. B. B. entirely cured me. I have also used it for my wife and family and have found it the best thing they can take, and from past experience I have every pleasure in strongly recommending B. B. B. to all my friends.

I write you because I think that it should be generally known what B. B. B. can accomplish in cases of indigestion.

Yours faithfully,
GEORGE READ,
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HOLLOWAY'S PILLS.

This Great Household Medicine ranks amongst the leading necessities of Life.

These famous Pills purify the BLOOD and act most wonderfully, yet soothingly, on the STOMACH, LIVER, KIDNEYS and BOWELS, giving tone, energy and vigor to these great MAIN SPRINGS OF LIFE. They are confidently recommended as a never failing remedy in all cases where the constitution, from whatever cause, has become impaired or weakened. They are wonderfully efficacious as to all ailments incidental to females of all ages, and as a GENERAL FAMILY MEDICINE are unsurpassed.

Holloway's Ointment.

Its Searching and Healing properties are known throughout the world for the cure of

Bad Legs, Bad Breasts, Old Wounds, Sores and Ulcers

This is an infallible remedy. If effectually rubbed on the neck and chest, as salt into meat, it cures SORE THROAT, Diphtheria, Bronchitis, Coughs, Colds, and even ASTHMA. For Glandular Swellings, Abscesses, Piles, Fistulas.

GOUT, RHEUMATISM,

and every kind of SKIN DISEASE, it has never been known to fail.

The Pills and Ointment are manufactured only at

538 OXFORD STREET, LONDON, and are sold by all vendors of medicine throughout the civilized world, with directions for use in almost every language.

The Trade Marks of these medicines are registered at Ottawa. Hence, anyone throughout the British possessions who may keep the American counterfeits for sale will be prosecuted.

Purchasers should look to the Labels—the Pots and Boxes. If the address is not Oxford Street, London, they are spurious.

Castor Fluid

Registered. A delightfully refreshing preparation for the hair. It should be used daily. Keeps the scalp healthy, prevents dandruff, promotes the growth; a perfect hair dressing for the family. 25 cts. per bottle. HENRY B. GRAY, Chemist 121 St. Lawrence street, Montreal.

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Do you cough? Are you troubled with Bronchitis, Hoarseness, Loss of Voice, etc.?

Read what the



SAY

And you will know what you should use to cure yourself.

"I certify that I have prescribed the PECTORAL BALSAMIC ELIXIR for affections of the throat and lungs and that I am perfectly satisfied with its use. I recommend it therefore cordially to Physicians for diseases of the respiratory organs."
V. J. E. BROUILLET, M. D., V.C.M.
Kamouraska, June 10th 1885.

"I can recommend PECTORAL BALSAMIC ELIXIR, the composition of which has been made known to me, as an excellent remedy for Pulmonary Catarrh, Bronchitis or Colds with no fever."
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Sir,
"Having been made acquainted with the composition of PECTORAL BALSAMIC ELIXIR, I think it my duty to recommend it as an

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Prof. of chemistry at Laval University.
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NEW LACES

Just received a further delivery of New Laces of every description.

- New Bohemian Laces
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- In White, Cream and Beige.
- New Silk Laces,
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- In different Widths to Match.

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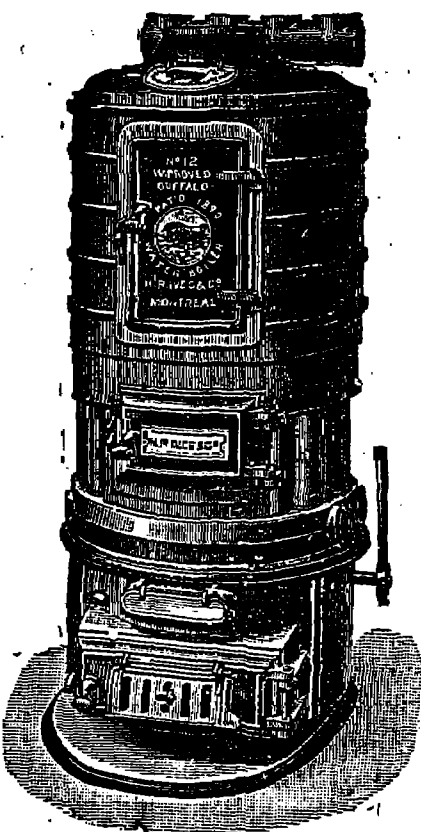
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Kid Gloves	at	\$1.00	pair
Kid Gloves	at	\$1.25	pair
Kid Gloves	at	\$1.38	pair
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Kid Gloves	at	\$1.75	pair
Kid Gloves	at	\$2.25	pair
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HE HAD THEM TESTED.

You are in want of a Thoroughly
Reliable Hot Water Boiler

BUFFALO

Manufactured by H. R. IVES & CO.,
Queen Street, Montreal Que.

For Economy of Fuel, For Steadiness of Heat.
For Ease of Management.

For Design and Workmanship, it Leads all Others

READ THE FOLLOWING TESTIMONIAL.

Messrs. H. R. IVES & Co., Montreal,

MONTREAL, 19th July, 1893.

DEAR SIR:—With reference to "Buffalo"

Hot Water Heater, purchased from you last

year, we are pleased to say that we find the

same very satisfactory in every respect.

Yours respectfully,

(Signed) DARLING BROTHERS,

Engineers and Machinists,

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Just imported expressly for the Easter trade a large stock of Paris Novelties in Lace Goods.

- New Plastrons
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- In Lace and Fancy Gauze.

NEW TIES.

A splendid stock of all the Latest Novelties in Ladies' Ties in all the most fashionable shades.

NEW VEILINGS.

New Veilings in all the New Shades.
New Veilings in all New Patterns.
Every Novelty in Veilings.

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An endless variety of all kinds of Ladies' Handkerchiefs now in stock for selection.

- Embroidered Silk Handkerchiefs.
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- Embroidered Cambric Handkerchiefs.
- Silk Lace Handkerchiefs.
- Honiton Lace Handkerchiefs.
- Duchesse Lace Handkerchiefs.

At S. CARSLY'S.

KID GLOVES

The Store to buy them,

S. CARSLY'S.

KID GLOVES

The best assortment is at

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