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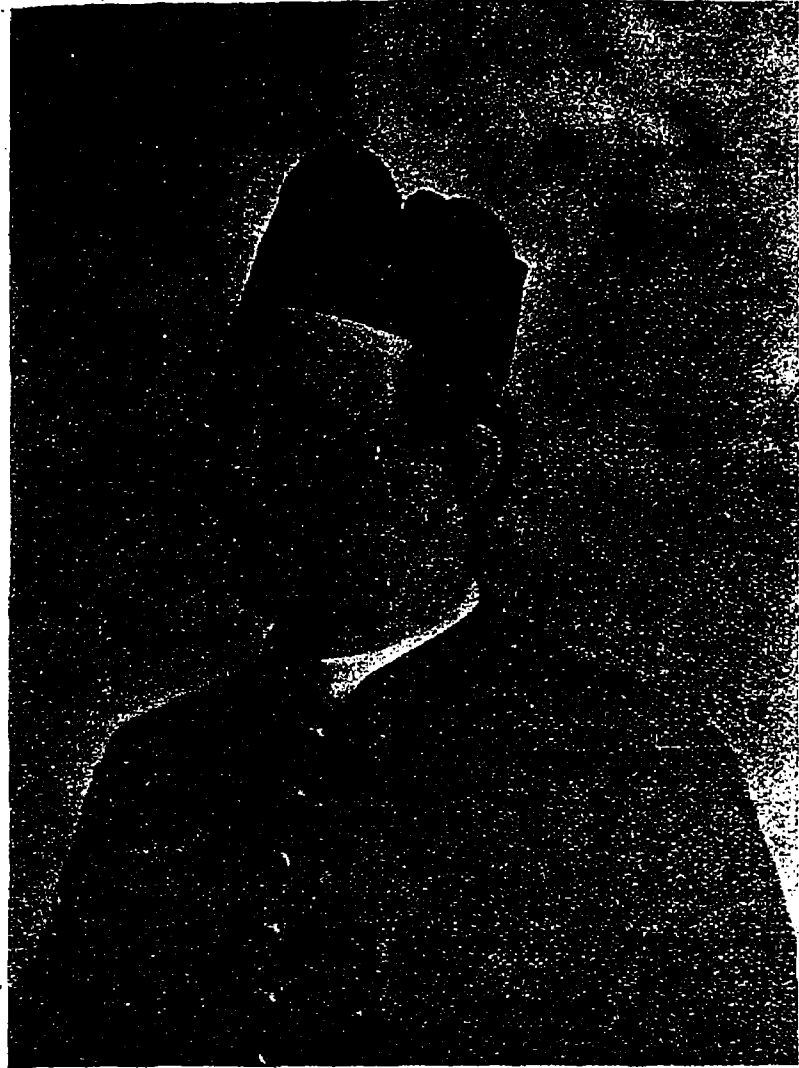
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REV. FATHER HALLISSEY,
Preacher on St. Patrick's Day, in Montreal

ST. PATRICK'S DAY IN QUEBEC.

From our Special Correspondent.

Quebec Irishmen have long enjoyed a well-earned reputation for their enthusiastic way of celebrating St. Patrick's Day. They, in common with their race the world over, are noted for loyal and unchanging attachment to the faith planted by St. Patrick, the Apostle and patron of Ireland, and it is in their very nature to rejoice and be glad on each recurring 17th March.

The great festival, which is at once religious and national, is a test of the soundness of Irish hearts in their love and devotion for faith and fatherland. The Irishman or Irishwoman is not to be envied, whose patriotism would not feel new force and emotion on St. Patrick's Day, or whose piety would not grow warmer on the soul-stirring anniversary. In this respect, the Irish people of Quebec stand well to the front, for they have been ever true to their faith and nationality. Yesterday's celebration had even more than the usual amount of life and spirit and enthusiasm. Many things tended to give it cheerfulness and renewed vigor. The old rock city itself is renewing its commercial vigor, and citizens expect to reap beneficial results. Then again, Ireland's great festival is being held at a time when Erin's scattered children have reason to rejoice over the glad news that fraternal unity reigns more among the Irish Nationalists in the British Parliament; and when universal praise is spoken of Irish bravery on the battlefield, and again, when the Queen herself is about to visit Dublin, to pay public and royal tribute to her Irish subjects and gallant soldiers. These and other hopeful signs of the future have made their influence felt among the Irish people everywhere; we have noticed it in Quebec; and it brightened the spirits of the faithful race, who took part in Saturday's grand procession to St. Patrick's Church, and who listened to the soul-stirring words of the eloquent preacher, Rev. Father Delargy, C.S.S.R., and the thrilling strains of the choir, which put forward its best soloists and musicians for the grand occasion.

To give extra honor to the day, Hon. S. N. Parent, Mayor of Quebec, proclaimed the 17th a general holiday, for the sake of affording the citizens generally an opportunity to join their Irish fellow-citizens in making their 17th of March a red-letter-day in the annals of the Ancient Capital. This is a civic compliment which has never before been paid to the annual celebration, as far as I am aware. And the courtesy has been warmly appreciated, and will produce the best social results in the community. Green flags, banners, and ribbons predominated everywhere; each public building had its quota, the City Hall being profuse in decorations. His Worship, Mayor Parent, being an expert and liberal-minded man who acts fairly by all creeds and nationalities in the city.

The Provincial Government also paid a special mark of honor to the day. Hon. Mr. Duffy, commissioner of Public Works, with the hearty cooperation of his colleague, Hon. Dr. Guerin, arranged matters for the purpose. A splendid green flag was purchased for the occasion, and it floated gracefully from the Parliament

buildings; and the surroundings of the buildings on the line of march of the procession were decorated with evergreens. The St. George's and St. Andrew's societies wore Shamrocks in accordance with previously adopted resolutions.

The streets along the line of march were handsomely decorated with flags and bunting, and evergreens were profusely planted along the route, and arches at conspicuous points on the way. The whole-souled Irishmen of Champlain street could not be outdone in national and religious sentiment on St. Patrick's Day. They built three splendid arches: one by the Sarsfield Amateur Athletic Association, another by the residents in the vicinity of No. 6 Fire Station, and another by the Hibernian Association. A stately arch also stood at the corner of Artyrman street and St. Eustache, the work of the joint efforts of Alderman Byrne and Mr. W. H. Walsh, Deputy Chief of Police.

It would, however, take too much space to mention all the buildings, public and private, which were decorated in honor of the occasion. Let it suffice to say, that the city was in gala attire, and that men of various creeds and nationalities joined with their Irish fellow-citizens in giving royal homage to the festival day. The newspaper buildings, French and English-speaking, had their sympathetic flags waving. The "Daily Telegraph" and the "Chronicle," and the "Mercury" being conspicuous in this respect. The principal mercantile firms throughout the city showed equal good-will, as also the Archbishop's Palace, in liberal display of flags and bunting. According to the programme, the processionists met at 7.45 a.m., at the Sarsfield Amateur Athletic Association Club House, Champlain street, and moved at 8 o'clock, taking in all the principal streets en route. It halted at the Palace to pay the customary homage to His Grace, Archbishop Begin. A reverential address was presented by Felix Carbray, Esq., M.P.F., in the name of the amalgamated bodies. The address and reply are herewith given, and I hope you can give space for their reproduction.

The next halting point was at the City Hall, where a hearty salute was tendered to His Worship, Mayor Parent. Continuing its course, the procession finally arrived at St. Patrick's presbytery, that old and well-esteemed rallying point of the Irish people; here the Rev. Fathers were cordially saluted, and a warm and dutiful address, presented to the venerable rector, Rev. Father Henning, C.S.S.R. The address, as well as the beautiful and touching response, accompany this paper. The procession was under the management of Grand Marshal John P. Nolan; Asst. Grand Marshal, Joseph McDermott; each of the societies, in the amalgamated body, having their own marshals and assistants.

The scene in St. Patrick's Church was of the kind that gladdens every Irish Catholic heart, for, on St. Patrick's Day, the triumph of the faith instilled by Ireland's great Apostle is vividly brought before the mind, and at a time when the heart is aglow with religious fervor and patriotic feelings; and in a mood to receive

the holiest impressions. The venerable church was tastefully decorated with flags, banners and emblems, by the zealous ladies, who are noted for their devotion to the needs of St. Patrick's.

The altar was a blaze of dazzling lights, and the organ gallery and choir proved the good taste of the energetic ladies who spent days in their ornamentation.

The Mass was Mozart's Twelfth, the choir being in full force, comprising several noted vocalists. The orchestra had twenty instruments and fifty singers, under the direction of Mr. Joseph Vezina, who is organist, but whose place at the organ was filled by the courtesy of Mr. L. N. Levasseur, Consul of Brazil. It was noteworthy that talented French-Canadian artists voluntarily offered their professional services. I have space only to merely name those who took part in the splendid musical service, and who not only sustained their high reputation, but added fresh laurels. Mrs. Ed. Foley, Misses N. Mullins, A. Mullins, M. Mahoney, M. Catter, L. Vezina, E. Maguire, Messrs. Jos. Childs, J. Timmons, J. De Varennes, Mr. Fitzhony, Mr. Dagneau.

His Grace, the Archbishop, officiated pontifically, and was assisted by several of the clergy from the Basilica, the Seminary and several priests from other parishes, as well as the resident Fathers of St. Patrick's.

Of the sermon, preached by Rev. Father Delargy, it must be said that it was a powerful, soul-stirring and adequate portrayal of the virtues and fidelity of the faithful children of St. Patrick, by a zealous missionary preacher, who has known the religious qualities of the Irish Catholic race in the United States and Canada. The splendid effort cannot be described in cold print; its fervid tones must needs have been heard to estimate its worth and fervent warmth.

As a fitting ending of the celebration, the drama "Savoureen Deelish," was splendidly acted out before an overflowing audience at the Academy of Music, (of whose fate at an hour or two later, we will say a word.)

The programme opened with "Medley of Irish airs," by the orchestra, followed by an address, given by Mr. James C. Collier, President of St. Patrick's Literary Institute, who spoke to the point, and with much taste and fluency. Mr. Collier is a young man, but he has evidently studied the art of public speaking to good advantage. The execution of the drama was well sustained throughout, and the acting of the several performers elicited the hearty approval of the vast audience. Special praise is due the lady actors: Misses E. Brady, E. Maguire and A. Maguire; as also to the gentlemen who took the leading roles, Messrs. P. H. Graham, R. Timmons, J. Timmons, H. McCauley, M. Donnelly, J. Donnelly, T. Murphy, P. Timmons, J. Shields, J. Burke, T. Lane, W. J. McManamy and J. McManamy. Several of the above named, who had leading parts, acquitted themselves with almost professional skill. In the thrilling parts of the drama the scenes were very affecting, and the stage was very animated when peopled with soldiers, peasants, peep O' Day Boys, etc.

The audience was large, respectable, and enthusiastic. The boxes were tenanted with representative citizens of the different races and creeds. The Rev. Fathers of St. Patrick's were present, and many distinguished persons outside the congregation. The evening entertainment was as enjoyable as the forenoon functions. The Rev. Fathers of St. Patrick's Day will long be remembered in Quebec, in some degree, it will be historical.

The thrilling feature referred to above, was the destruction by fire of the Academy a few minutes after the last of the audience had left the building. The echoes of pleasant musical and vocal sounds had hardly died away ere the dread alarm sounded. At 5 minutes to 12 o'clock the last persons were quitting the premises, at 8 minutes past midnight, the fire-bells pealed out their direful notes.

It would be absurd to conjure in the mind an outward ending to such a delightful day, but had the entertainment been prolonged 15 minutes later, the results might have been unspeakable.

WM. ELLISON.

THE DAY IN TORONTO.

Never before in the history of Toronto was St. Patrick's Day celebrated as it has been this year. In fact, so unaccustomed has the city been to commemorate the Irish national festival, that green flags could scarcely be found; at least they could not be found in sufficient quantities to supply the extraordinary demand. It was a peaceful celebration, and a lesson was drawn from it by Rev. Father Ryan, when in a sermon at St. Michael's Cathedral, Saturday morning, he said:—"The sons of Ireland have never before had a more encouraging mission of peace than in this Canada of ours, where, by following in the footsteps of their apostle, and by complying with the wish of her most gracious Majesty the Queen, they may powerfully contribute to social, civil and religious liberty."

From the Parliament buildings, over the Canada Life, and other public buildings, floated Irish flags. There were many who could not obtain the genuine flags, but they made

up for it by flying green streamers. It was, says "The Globe," indeed, a green day in Toronto, albeit that this seventeenth was about the coldest and the snowiest, if that term may be allowed, that the oldest Irishman and patriot can remember. The man who did not sport a shamrock, or at least an imitation of one, was not considered a citizen, either of Toronto or Canada.

The Irish flag flew from the flag-staff at the Legislative buildings in Queen's Park on Saturday morning, and floated bravely in company with the Union Jack. Messenger James Robertson had the honor of hoisting the first Irish flag displayed on the buildings. All the civil servants and employees wore a sprig of shamrock on their lapel.

In keeping with the feast of Ireland's patron, St. Patrick, there was a solemn celebration at St. Michael's Cathedral at 9 o'clock Saturday morning. Solemn High Mass was celebrated, His Grace the Archbishop assisting pontifically at the throne. The celebrant of the Mass was Rev. Dr. Treacy, assisted by Rev. Father Canning as deacon, and Rev. Father Healy as sub-deacon. There was a large congregation present.

After the Gospel Rev. Father Ryan preached a short sermon suitable to the feast, in the course of which he said:—"The sword did indeed come to Ireland, and she had her period of suffering and sorrow, but now, thanks to God, the sublimest of peace seems again to have arisen, as is brought very strikingly to our minds by the appearance of Erin's flag on our Legislative buildings and on our City Hall. This, Rev. Father Ryan considered, is a consoling and most hopeful omen. It shows the sons of Ireland that never before have they had a more encouraging mission of peace than in this Canada of ours, where, by following in the footsteps of their apostle and by complying with the wish of her Most Gracious Majesty the Queen, they may powerfully contribute to social, civil and religious harmony."

In the other Catholic churches of the city, St. Mary's, St. Paul's and St. Patrick's, solemn High Mass was also celebrated.

THE DAY IN OTTAWA.

The Irish flag floated over the City Hall, and the little green shamrock adorning the breasts of people of English and Scotch origin as well as Irishmen, symbolized in Ottawa honor to St. Patrick and the Irish soldiers whose conspicuous courage and bravery in the South African war has won the admiration of the world, says the "Free Press." A great many Irishmen observed the day by taking a holiday, and there was a general display of bunting. The Union Jack floated from the centre departmental block.

As usual there were services in all the Roman Catholic churches on Saturday, and these were well attended. At St. Joseph's Church Rev. Father Fallon officiated at a High Mass at nine o'clock, with Rev. Mr. Roy as deacon, and Rev. James Fallon as sub-deacon. Rev. Father Cornell gave an eloquent sermon on the feast of the day. He alluded to St. Patrick's mission to Ireland and the good work he accomplished in implanting there the faith of Christ. The preacher referred historically to the status of Ireland in the earlier days as the home of art and education, and then spoke of the ill and persecution to which the Irish had been subjected, but through all of which they had maintained with unwavering tenacity the faith which St. Patrick gave them and, scattered all over the world, had kept and promulgated that faith.

The choir, under the direction of Mr. J. C. Grounds, sang a grand mass, and at the offertory a fantasia of Irish melodies was played.

Children's mass was celebrated at St. Patrick's Church, at 9 o'clock. Rev. Father Whelan officiated, and addressed the large congregation present. The feast of St. Patrick will be observed to-morrow. The members of the Ancient Order of Hibernians, Catholic Mutual Beneficent Society, and the Catholic Order of Foresters will receive communion at early mass to-morrow.

The Irish students of Ottawa University held a banquet on Saturday, in the dining hall of the institution. The place was profusely decorated with Irish emblems, and a very large number of students, as well as the clergy were present. Archbishop Duhamel occupied the seat of honor.

For forty-five years St. Patrick's Literary and Scientific Association has observed the feast of Ireland's patron saint with a successful concert, and that which took place on Saturday night at the Russell Theatre, was no exception to the rule, either in point of attendance or excellence of programme. A very large audience was present, and the soul-stirring airs and melodies of Erin's Isle were interpreted in a manner that was both finished and artistic, and could not fail to delight the audience. The stage was elaborately decorated with flags, surmounted by the magnificent gold banner of the society and the little shamrock was everywhere conspicuous.

In the House of Commons.

Before the orders of the day were called, on Friday, the 16th March, a very appropriate and patriotic speech was delivered by Mr. M. J. F. Quinn, Q.C., M.P., for St. Anne's, Montreal.

We reproduce the address in full from "Hansard." Mr. Quinn said:—"Mr. Speaker, before the Orders of the Day are called, I would like to draw the attention of the government to a piece of news, very welcome to a portion of the Canadian people and to a very important portion of the British Empire, which reached us a very few days ago—that it is the intention of Her Majesty to visit Ireland within a very short time, and also that Her Majesty has granted that gracious privilege to the troops belonging to the British army throughout the world of wearing on St. Patrick's Day the shamrock. I wish also to draw the attention of the government to the fact that the Lord Mayor of London has directed that the Irish flag shall float from the Mansion House on the 17th of March. I need not say, Mr. Speaker, the depth of feeling and gratitude with which the Irish people not only in Ireland, but throughout all the British possessions, have received and do welcome this news. For years we have been looking for some recognition, and at times we have almost despaired, we thought that the government of England had neglected Ireland and had forgotten to mark it out, as other portions of the British Empire have been marked out, by having a royal residence in Ireland. But this gracious act on the part of Her Majesty, which I think is spontaneous and not suggested by any government or any political party, goes very far to bring the hearts of the Irish people into cordial touch and sympathy with Her Majesty the Queen. There is nothing, in my opinion, that has been done for many years that is so likely to bring around the throne of Great Britain the loyal sentiments, the heartfelt gratitude of the Irish people, as the action of Her Majesty on this occasion has done and will do. I am sure, in the future, I see that this government has not taken notice of the matter by granting permission, for example, to our militiamen throughout the Dominion to take part in the celebration on the 17th of March, which is only a few days away, or by ordering the Irish flag, or the British ensign, or the Canadian flag to be permitted to appear on public buildings throughout the Dominion on that date. I rise simply to ask if some steps will be taken by the government in order that these two things may be granted. Now, I am sure the Right Hon. Prime Minister (Sir Wilfrid Laurier) knows that St. Patrick's Day is pretty generally celebrated in many parts of the Dominion. He knows also that in very many of the large cities, where there are members of the militia, many of them would be glad to take part in the celebration if it were not for the fact that they are prevented by the militia general orders. It requires that some steps should be taken in order to grant them this privilege. I would ask simply, if the government think well of it, that a general order be issued, without which it cannot be done, granting the privilege to militiamen—not ordering them but permitting those who may wish to do so to take part in the celebration on this occasion; and that throughout Canada also, on the 17th of March, the public buildings may be decorated by the Irish flag or the British standard floating from the top of these buildings. I need not call attention to the fact that Her Majesty's action is in grateful remembrance on the part of Her Majesty of the loyalty and undying courage displayed by the Irish troops in the Transvaal war. I am perfectly satisfied, that, should the permission be granted to the volunteers of Canada to turn out on the 17th of March, there are very few indeed who would not feel stirred in their sentiment as to turn out in honor of the loyal Irishmen who shed their blood for Her Majesty in the Transvaal. I do not wish to say anything more, but merely to make the suggestion, and to ask that some steps be taken to reach the end which I have in view."

The Prime Minister (Sir Wilfrid Laurier):—"I must express my regret that the hon. member for Montreal, St. Ann's (Mr. Quinn), gave me no intimation at all of the question, which he intended to put to me, if he had done so, I would have endeavored to make it possible to give him an answer. I appreciate, however, the sentiments which inspire him, in his present utterances, and I agree with him, that the action taken by Her Majesty, will probably have a great effect in reconciling the difficulties which have existed for many generations in Ireland. There is no race in the world which is more amenable to an act of kindness than the Irish race. In regard to the practical suggestion made by the member for Montreal, St. Ann's, I must refer it to the Department of Militia and Defence. The hon. gentleman says that we should fly the Irish flag on the public buildings. I am afraid that our stock of Irish flags is scant. At all events, we can have the shamrock. I can assure the hon. gentleman that I will be most happy to convey his suggestion to the Department of Militia and Defence."

Concert Hall has been crowded with Irish patriots, growing fervid over the "The Wearing of the Green" and other patriotic songs.

On Saturday nearly every Englishman had his green buttonhole. The edges of the street pavements were lined with the vendors of shamrock, as made by nature in Ireland, and by sweated Polish immigrants down Shoreditch way. The omnibus drivers, who on Ladysmith Day sported their Union Jack on whip and coat lapel, drove on the 17th under green flags, and all London had for the moment turned her red, white, and blue into green.

A despatch to the Associated Press, dated London, 17th March, says:—"By the Queen's order the bells in the Curfew tower of Windsor Castle were rung in honor of St. Patrick this morning, Irish airs were played by the Grenadiers during the Queen's luncheon, and on the London Mansion House floated a new Royal Irish flag, with the Union Jack in the upper corner, and a crowned harp in the centre of a green field, as distinguished from the Irish flag which bears the harp without the Union or crown. The street vendors have done a great trade with flags, buttons, clover, moss, spinach, bits of green ribbon, etc. Houses and stores lavishly display green flags and bunting. The supply of genuine shamrock was so scarce that half-a-dozen leaves sold readily for half a crown."

The ceremony of "trooping the colors" at Dublin Castle was performed to-day, in the presence of the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, Earl Cadogan, the Duke of Connaught, Commander-in-Chief of the forces in Ireland, and a brilliant assemblage. All the troops wore the shamrock.

THE DAY IN NEW YORK.

The feast of St. Patrick was observed in the Catholic churches throughout the city of New York. At the Cathedral Bishop Parley officiated at a Solemn Pontifical Mass, which was attended by the Sixty-ninth Regiment, in command of Col. Edward Duffy.

The regiment marched to the church from the armory, wearing fatigue uniform, overcoats, leggings and white gloves. The staff officers occupied front pews on the right hand side of the middle aisle. The arms were stacked in the vestibule of the Cathedral and the soldiers took seats in the body of the church.

At the Elevation of the Host a detail of the regiment presented arms. John Elard, grand marshal of the parade, his aids, Michael P. Kane and Michael Martin, and the aids elected by the various divisions, assembled at Ninety-ninth street and Fifth avenue at 11 a.m.

The grand marshal gave the signal for the parade to start about 2.30 p.m., and the various bodies fell in line, as follows:

- Sixty-ninth Regiment.
- First Regiment, Irish Volunteers.
- Invited Guests.
- Catholic Protectorate Band, 200 pieces.
- Hibernian Rifles of New York County.
- County Westmeath Men's Association.
- Brian Boru Club.
- County Cork Men's Association.
- Geardine Club.
- County Galway Men's Association.
- Hibernian Float, with banner of A. O. H., N. Y. County.
- County Chaplain, Rev. Dr. McCready.
- County Officers of A. O. H.
- Forty-eight A. O. H. Divisions.
- Unattached Paraders.

The carriages of the invited guests were decorated with Irish and American flags. Looking up Fifth avenue from Forty-second street there appeared to be a sea of waving flags. Each society was headed by a band. The Catholic Protectorate Band was wildly applauded.

The A. O. H. Board of Erin, gave a ball at West Side Lyceum, Fifth-second street and Broadway. Edward Sullivan was floor manager, and James Doherty and Thomas Judge assistants. The committee of arrangements, headed by Edward L. Carey, looked after the guests.

The Friendly Sons of St. Patrick had a banquet at Delmonico's last night. Covers were laid for 600 guests. The dining-room was decorated, and an orchestra played Irish and American airs. Judge James A. O'Grady presided.

The twentieth annual banquet of the Friends of Ireland was held at Rogers' Hotel, Park Place. The toasts were:—"The Day We Celebrate," General James R. O'Beirne; "Our Country," Hon. James J. Walsh; "The American Irish," John F. Walsh; "The Law," Assistant District Attorney James W. Osborne; "The Press," Dr. John G. Coyne; "Woman," Edward J. McGoldrick.

- Other events were:
- Ball of the Dublin Club at Murray Hill Lyceum.
- Ball of the Federa Pleasure Club, at Everett Hall.
- The Leopold Stern Association reception and dinner at Reubert's Shamrock Garden, One Hundred and Ninety-first street and Amsterdam avenue. The dinner began at 10 p.m.
- The P. H. Sheridan Command, an entertainment and smoker at Progress Assembly Rooms, 28 Avenue A.
- Holy Rosary Lyceum, a smoker and entertainment at its rooms, 450 East One Hundred and Nineteenth street, at 8 p.m.
- The Danbury Association, masquerade ball at Webster Hall.
- Liberty Council, Knights of Columbus, "Irish night" at its rooms, 341 West Forty-seventh street.

THE BRIGHTER DAWN IN IRELAND.

Written by THOMAS WHELAN, Montreal, Que.

Proudly unfurl the flag of old Erin,
Wave its green folds in the deep-
swelling breeze,
The Sunburst of freedom again is ap-
pearing,
Wafting the gladsome news far o'er
the seas.

The cause we tho't doomed, and had
looked on with sorrow,
The cause that our fathers have
fought for and died,
Gives promise at length of a brighter
to-morrow,
And the bark of Home Rule 's float-
ing in with the tide.

The clouds of oppression, misrule and
dissension,
Their shades are dispelling through-
out the green land,
Too long it's been riven by strife and
contention,
And gladly we welcome the dawn
that's at hand.

Our people to-day have a voice in
the nation,
Their sons in Westminster all feuds
have forgot,
While famine, eviction, despair, deso-
lation,
Are passing away with the gloom
they have brought.

The League is the hope of our down-
trodden people,
Our trust is in justice and Ireland's
own right,
Place Unity's ensign on hilltop and
steeple,
Then soon shall be witnessed the
strength of our right.

The deeds of the Celts were an honor
and glory
To the Lily of France and the Olive
of Spain;
With their blood have they written
America's story,
In Africa now they are falling like
rain.

Had this been for Erin who firstly
should need them,
The yoke that enslaves us had long
passed away,
Ere now we'd recovered the blessing
of freedom,
And held a high place 'mongst the
nations to-day.

But UNITED in future, by action and
manner,
We'll prove that our country again
can agree,
Then the sun that emblazoned the
ancient green banner,
Full soon will illumine old IRELAND
THE FREE.

Joining the building is a place known as the Bishop's Library. This building is the rendez-vous of all the Catholic societies of the city, in order to present their compliments to the Bishop and clergy on the occasion of their annual parade. In this building a choice selection of books are kept, including works in many languages. It was here that the present Bishop, when he was a priest, carved a beautiful altar, having a frontispiece representing the first nuns arriving at St. John's.

Joining this building, is that great structure, which has done phenomenal work in the educational line, St. Bonaventure's College, the Alma Mater of His Lordship, Bishop Howley, and of a large number of the clergy of Newfoundland, as well as the leading professional and commercial men of the island. As I have shown the excellent record of this college in an article entitled "Catholic Education in Newfoundland," I do not intend to enter into full details of the working of the institution, but to add a few words about the building itself. It is four stories high, and is of cut stone. Since the Irish Christian Brothers took charge of it, it has undergone many useful and needed repairs. The class-rooms are a little on the small side, and at present well filled. In the rear there is a laboratory, a hall, and a gymnasium are to be added to the building, and then it will be complete in every respect. The grounds around this building are the finest in the city. The beautiful walks, cricket fields and the spacious hand-ball court, are things which make life pleasant and joyful during the dear old school days.

A little to the northwest, stands the monastery of St. Francis, the abode of the Brothers who teach in the two outside schools, St. Patrick's and Holy Cross. This building was erected over twenty years ago at a cost of \$24,000. This sum was afterwards raised in two weeks at a bazaar, held at St. John's, at which both Catholics and Protestants vied with each other in doing honor to the noble Christian Brothers. To the left of the Cathedral and joining it, there is the finest convent in Newfoundland, that of the Presentation Nuns. This building is a gem of architectural beauty, and its large and spacious corridors, beautiful chapel and magnificent reception rooms, make this convent a model in every respect. Attached to the main building, is a large and spacious two-story one, used as a school. The class-rooms are models of neatness in every way, and the religious and secular education imparted by the devoted daughters of the saintly founder, Nano Nagle, speak volumes for the zeal and self-sacrificing labors of those good Sisters.

To the south of the Presentation Convent, there is another famed seat of learning, the Convent of Mercy. This building is in keeping with the rest of the group. This convent possesses a beautiful chapel, built only a short time ago, and is known as "Our Lady of Good Counsel." The Convent of Mercy is the leading female Catholic establishment of the island, with the exception of the Training School at Littledale. The daughters of the venerable Catherine McAuley, have a record in the educational line which is hard to surpass. Some of the leading ladies of St. John's, are graduates of this convent, and hold sacred the cherished names of their devoted teachers.

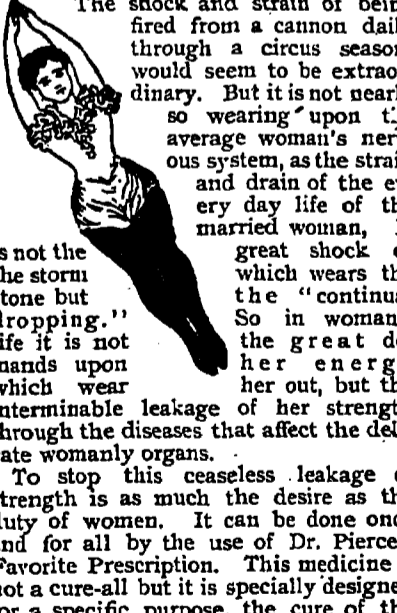
The last of the famous group is St. Patrick's Hall, situated at the

The shock and strain of being fired from a cannon daily through a circus season, would seem to be extraordinary. But it is not nearly so wearing upon the average woman's nervous system, as the strain from female weakness, writes J. S. Everitt, Esq., of Hagerman, Washington Co., Pa. "Last September I decided to try Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. She took several bottles of the medicine and gave birth to a ten pound son on January 31st, 1898. She is now sound and well and doing her household work."

There is neither opium, cocaine or other narcotic contained in "Favorite Prescription."

"For five years my wife was in an almost helpless condition, suffering from female weakness," writes J. S. Everitt, Esq., of Hagerman, Washington Co., Pa. "Last September I decided to try Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. She took several bottles of the medicine and gave birth to a ten pound son on January 31st, 1898. She is now sound and well and doing her household work."

A gift. Dr. Pierce's Common Sense Medical Adviser 1008 pages, is sent free on receipt of stamps to pay expense of customs and postage *only*. Send 34 one-cent stamps for the paper bound volume, or 50 stamps for cloth binding. Address Dr. R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y.



base of a hill, and keeping sentinel, as it were in front of the Cathedral. St. Patrick's Hall was the only one of the group that was destroyed in the terrible conflagration of 1892. The Benevolent Irish Society immediately set to work to rebuild on a larger scale, and to-day their efforts have been blessed with a building that would do credit to a much larger city than that of St. John's. The building is divided into three parts: the top part being used as a hall for concerts, dramas, public lectures, etc. It is pronounced by leading vocalists and actors to be perfect in every respect. The second part consists of several class-rooms, the best equipped in North America, and under the skilful guidance of the noble and zealous Irish Christian Brothers, the youth of Terra Nova receive a sound religious and secular education. The other part of this building consists of billiard, music and debating rooms. The building cost \$75,000, and stands a noble monument to the Irish Catholics of St. John's.

Here we see the city of St. John's with a Catholic population of 20,000, having monuments of religion that would cost nearly \$1,500,000. I have omitted several other Catholic institutions throughout the city, viz: The Belevedere Orphanage, St. Patrick's Church, Holy Cross School, St. Patrick's Convent, Littledale Academy, Total Abstinence Hall, Mechanics' Hall, Star of the Sea Hall and Holy Cross Hall. When we look back and think of the numerous difficulties with which the Catholics of this island had to contend with, especially in religious matters, for the late lamented Dr. Mullock, says that the birds of the air, and the fishes of the deep had more freedom than the Catholics of Newfoundland, it is one of the wonders of the age how these great and glorious monuments were raised. They to teach a beautiful object lesson to the Catholic world: that with energy and perseverance what an amount of good can be done. They also proclaim to the visitor or beholder, the true spirit of the Irish race, and the noble sacrifices they have made for the cause of religion, education and charity.

"Those temples I see where my childhood was nourished, In the faith of my fathers, the old and the true, Where religion was honored and piety flourished, Where virtues were many and vices were few."

In the near future I hope to give a full description of all the monuments of Catholicity in St. John's and Harbor Grace Dioceses, with pictures of each, and beg the indulgence of my readers for this present hurried sketch.

CARDINAL VAUGHAN ON JOURNALISM.

Cardinal Vaughan's Lenten Pastoral deals with the following subjects: The annual Orphan and Rescue collection; how to stop our losses; Catholic newspapers; the work prescribed for the jubilee; and Commutation of the Fast and Abstinence of Lent. While several of these subjects are of a local nature, applying specially to the Cardinal's own arch-diocese, still there are a couple of them that may well be read with great profit in all parts of the world. We cannot refrain from reproducing His Eminence's remarks concerning newspapers, and particularly Catholic journalism. On drawing attention to the work of the Catholic Press, he says:—

"We take this opportunity to offer a few observations on the mission of the Catholic Press. The spirit manifested by some Catholic papers in England during the last year has given pain to many Catholics, and has been a cause of some anxiety. Catholic journals are perfectly free to take any line they please in matters purely political and national, in literature, science, art, the debatable ground of sociology, and other subjects which have not been decided by the Church. Herein they are free as all are free. There can be no desire to fetter their liberty within these ample domains, when language and temper are kept within the bounds of propriety. But when it comes to questions directly concerning religion, the character and conduct of the Sovereign Pontiff, of the Roman Congregations, of the Cardinals in curia, of Bishops in their official capacity, of the laws and discipline of the Church, of the clergy in the discharge of their appointed ecclesiastical duties, the case is altogether different. This is holy ground. The Church is governed by a Hierarchy, not by a House of Commons. Her constitution is divine, and not dependent like a political machine upon popular agitation and the see-saw of public opinion. Bishops have received a divine mandate to rule and

govern their flock. They are teachers and judges in matters of faith, moral conduct, and ecclesiastical discipline. It is chiefly for them to determine the policy to be followed in defence or furtherance of Catholic claims. The appeal against them is not to the people, but to ecclesiastical tribunals and to the Sovereign Pontiff."

Then speaking of the office and honor of a Catholic journalist, His Eminence says:—

"The office and the honor of a Catholic journalist is religiously to follow the lead of the Church in matters that concern the Church; to strengthen her action upon the world; to defend the faith and Catholic interests with skill and with courage; 'sentire cum ecclesia', in all things; so to inform and convince his readers that they may intelligently and joyfully co-operate with the episcopate, and thus present to outsiders the spectacle of a Church knit together not only in one faith, but in the discipline of a common spirit. But if a Catholic journal habitually fail in its mission, by weakening respect for authority, by cooling the allegiance of Catholics, by sowing suspicions, doubts, discord, and scandals among the faithful, by opening its columns to the propagation of false and mischievous theories, by fostering a proud spirit of independence and of carping criticism in the sphere of religion, its circulation becomes noxious, like the spread of a plague or a pest. And then, what is to be done? If good counsel fail, the priests and the people have the remedy in their own hand, by ceasing to support it. They can do this of their own initiative, from their own good sense and Catholic loyalty, without recourse to the last step in such cases, a formal denunciation by ecclesiastical authority. Let this much suffice. The Catholic press in these days has, indeed, a high and noble mission, open to the well-instructed Catholic layman as to the priest. It seems to have become a necessary adjunct to the spiritual influences which generate and protect fervour and loyalty among the children of the Church, and spread the light of faith and the just claims of the Church, even beyond her own pale. You ought, therefore, almost as a religious duty, to value the Catholic press, to exact of it the true Catholic ring and spirit, and to promote its circulation whenever it faithfully fulfils its mission—and this without being too hard upon it, if through oversight, pressure of time or accident, there occur an occasional slip or an error of judgment. We have thought it right to say this much, for the press is a power for evil as well as for good; and so far as it professes to be Catholic it falls under the direct purview of the Bishops of the Church."

"OPPORTUNITY IS THE CREAM OF TIME."

Now is your opportunity. There is no time when the system is so much in need of a good medicine, like Hood's Sarsaparilla, and no time when it is susceptible to the benefits to be derived from such a medicine. By purifying, enriching and vitalizing the blood and toning up the system Hood's Sarsaparilla starts you right for a whole year of health.

Constipation is cured by Hood's Pills.

A RETROSPECT.

Looking back over the long stretch of years that have sped so happily on their swift way, our thoughts often dwell on the pleasures, the hopes and the fears of our childhood. We have not forgotten in ambition's strife, those simple and dear delights of our younger days, when all that we wished for was, a smile of approval, a glance, a caress, and the soothing of our little sorrows. Time advanced and our turn came with our youth and ambition to enter the world, and try and reach the top rung of the ladder of fame. Forgetting everything else we make it our god and bowing to its worship are content with all the honor and glory we can get from it. We care not for friends, pleasure, love, for everywhere we go and everything we do the same beckoning hand of fame stands before us. Rapt in our work, and the loved dream of greatness, ambition has taught us that Fame in this world is everything. Reflecting for a moment, we say to ourselves: "Love is only a flower that is to perish when storm clouds obscure the sunny shrine, but fame, like a monument, will stand to our memory when countless ages will have passed on." This is false for after all fame is nothing, even though our name should endure for all time. Better to offer the scent of this blossom, and by good works, charitable deeds and a pious life, complete a garland for the great hereafter. Truly has it been said:

"For what does it matter if Fame smiles upon you, And Fortune as well to your bright lot should fall, Whatever your fate be, I hold it is truest One glad hour of childhood is sweeter than all."

WHO BUILT THE PYRAMIDS?

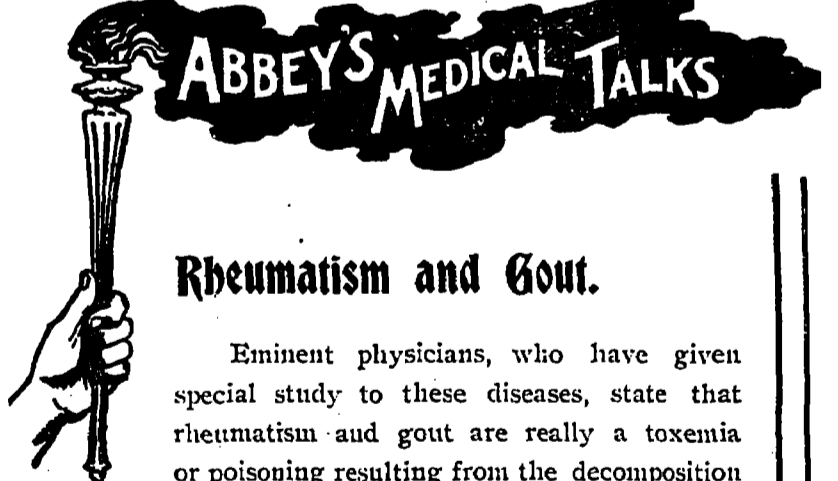
Hard to tell in some instances. But we know who are the great Nerv-Builders. They are Scott & Bowne. Their Scott's Emulsion feeds and strengthens brain and nerves.

RAIL-ROADING.

A railroad school for candidates and men in training for appointment in the regular permanent service in the operating department of the Prussian state railroads has recently been opened at Berlin, and six hours instruction is given each week for a year in a regular course. Twenty-seven different subjects are embraced in the curriculum, and there is a separate instructor for each subject, who is an official in the department concerned. Much attention is given to railway accounts, as the greater number of the students are desirous of becoming railway clerks. The students are required to have a certain prescribed education, but if they are graduates of technical schools certain subjects may be omitted.

After a cold drive a teaspoonful of Pain-killer mixed with a glass of hot water and sugar will be found a better stimulant than whiskey. Avoid substitutes; there is but one Pain-Killer, Perry-Davis', 25 cents and 50 cents.

One reason, perhaps, why Americans do not rest is that given by a bright woman: "We are all so tired," and the American is the victim of his own qualities.



Rheumatism and Gout.

Eminent physicians, who have given special study to these diseases, state that rheumatism and gout are really a toxemia or poisoning resulting from the decomposition of food stuffs in a dilated or prolapsed stomach. This condition induces the formation of uric acid, which is absorbed into the blood. This decomposition is caused by impaired digestion. Until normal digestion is restored, quantities of this acid continue to be produced until the system becomes saturated with it.

Abbey's Effervescent Salt corrects the tendency to acid formation in the alimentary canal, stimulates the natural activity of the digestive organs, restores normal nutrition, and thus rids the system of rheumatism and gout, and prevents its return.

The dose for Rheumatism and Gout is a teaspoonful of the Salt in half a tumbler of water night and morning until a free action of the bowels is produced.

FOR SALE BY ALL DRUGGISTS.
Price, 60 cts. per large bottle. Trial size, 25 cts.

THE TRUE WITNESS.

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Humphrey T. Kearns, County Treasurer, 51 Gain Street.
Board meets third Friday of each month, at 1863 Notre Dame Street, 8 p. m.

SATURDAY, MARCH 24, 1900

CURIOUS CRITICISM ABOUT CONVENTS.

There are certain people who find some particular reason for judging harshly, or who base their opinions upon some isolated incident, and then sweep everything before them in a general condemnation. This is unfortunately the case with many Catholic writers...

In the "Midland Review," of March 8, we have a fair sample of this unwise and often seriously dangerous journalism. The article is entitled: "On Ideals not yet attained," and signed by "Jean Perrins Insulanus."

"We have numberless convents and colleges whose primary end should be to give to us Catholic mothers and gentle sisters, but it seems many of them have utterly failed. Avoiding personalities, let us judge from cold actuality, while we hold a minute with our lens focussed upon them."

Aply remarks our mutual friend, Miss M. T. Elder: "Oh never will our heavenly home-life be established here so long as our teachings and our preachings and our reachings continue as now so determinedly anti-home! So long as education, as it is understood, is everything and home-life nothing, so long will notoriety, artificiality, dangerous excitement, be preferred to the quiet joys of ones' fireside, the proven loves of ones' flesh and blood."

In the first place we have not "numberless" convents and colleges as above described; we have not "numberless" institutions of any kind; and the "many" we have may comprise a "few" exceptions, such as the writer describes; but we have not yet seen or heard of them. If Jean Perrins Insulanus would read the context of Bishop Spalding's lecture, he would find that the prelate asserts exactly the opposite of which his two sentences are made to support. As to Miss Elder, she is a professional fault-finder as far as her own sex is concerned; and even in this case her remarks do not apply to "numberless" convents and colleges, any more than non-Catholic schools, or any other institutions. She writes very elegantly, but no person would ever dream of basing a system of education upon Miss Elder's extravagant theories.

The writer thus proceeds: "We have been quoting, but have also learned through personal, actual knowledge that certain qualities of convent education, given in some of our Catholic convents, is detrimental to true, simple, unaffected, Catholic womanhood."

High time it was for him to stop quoting; but he comes down from his "numberless" to "some of our Catholic convents." Here is his evidence concerning these institutions: "Any observer will remark with

surprise, a lack of respect for priests and holy things, flippant talk, censorious criticisms of church-affairs, little esteem for certain devotions — say, very often serious doubts in matters of faith. What a charge! but really, a statement based on actual knowledge, when you are asked time and again by divers convent pupils, "I can't believe this mystery," "how?"—etc. This shows her faith is wavering, yet she is 16 and has received her first Communion!"

Some of these girlish vagaries are to be found in every school, convent or otherwise, where young girls are instructed; others of them are common to all young minds, and eventually they are replaced by solid ideas, just as the hobby horse of the boy is replaced by the real pony of the youth. After a lot more such matter the writer says:—

"The preceding may seem somewhat radical and pessimistic; the observation may not be borne out in some convents; but who will contradict and apologize for all of them?"

No doubt the observation is not borne out in some (or any) convents. He wants some one to contradict and apologize for all of them. Does he mean his assertions or the convents? If the latter, no person wants to contradict them, and there is nothing to apologize for; if the former, it would be loss of time to contradict them, and impossible to apologize for them.

People look round at a nice head of hair on the street, so rare has that beautiful ornament become at the present day. Why is this? It certainly is not LUBY'S Parisian Hair Renewer, which is an almost intangible remedy against premature grey hair. Only 50 cents a bottle

ABOUT LIBRARIES.

"The only proper way to manage a circulating library so as to avoid all unnecessary delay and friction in the bringing together of book and reader, is to run it upon the open-shelf system," said J. Norris Wing, the librarian of the "New York Free Circulating Library," in answer to a query as to how he liked the change that had been made in the library under his charge. The "New York Free Circulating Library" in round numbers has 135,000 volumes on its shelves, and their total circulation for the last library year was 1,241,000. It operates eleven branches, distributed over the territory of Manhattan.

From 1880, when the first branch was opened, up to about eighteen months ago, the public was excluded from the places where the books were kept, and when the proposition was made to give the readers free access to all books in the library many of the attendants shook their heads. The experiment was tried, however, first in one and then in another branch, and the innovation has proved so satisfactory that to-day the open shelf system is in operation in every one of them. The difficulties that had to be overcome were many, lack of space and unsuitable shelf arrangements being the most formidable ones, but the arrangements are now such that the system can be said to have demonstrated its superiority over all other library systems. It simply means that any member of the library, if he wishes to borrow a book goes directly to the proper shelf, makes his own selection, has it charged to him and goes away.

It will be seen at a glance that this method offers a great many advantages to the reader: There is no

CHRONIC DRUNKENNESS.

Alcoholism, all phases of the drug and drink habits successfully treated by the

DIXON VEGETABLE CURE.

Unlike bi-ohloride of gold and other similar treatments, it is perfectly harmless and can be taken in the privacy of a man's home without anybody knowing it and while still attending to business.

The proprietors are in possession of testimonials from clergymen, doctors and others vouching for the success of this cure.

Particulars may be obtained from J. B. LALIME, Manager, THE DIXON CURE CO., 572 St. Denis Street, Montreal.

Dr. MACKAY, Belmont Retreat, Quebec. All communications confidential.

A. BROSEAU, DENTIST, 7 ST. LAWRENCE STREET. Telephone 2001.

WINDSOR HALL, March 28th, 1900.

Grand Concert

FOR THE Catholic High School.

Mr. William Ludwig, distinguished baritone of Boston, our best local talent, and a chorus of 300 voices will sing. Seats—75c and 50c.

longer any need for his spending his time in looking over the catalogue for the proper number of the book he wants, no more filling out call slips, and no waiting till the librarian returns after a weary search to inform him that the book is out. All shelves are marked plainly, showing what sort of books they contain, and the subdivisions hold the volumes in alphabetical order of their authors.

One walks to the shelf, sees at a glance whether the book is there or not, and if necessary chooses something else. The saving of time in itself is quite welcome to the average reader, but it is by no means the greatest benefit he derives from the system. It allows him to handle books, look at them, browse in them and judge for himself whether he would care to read a certain book. To many people it is nothing short of a revelation that other books have been written besides popular novels, and many a girl has learned to read history, literature and scientific works who came to the library to get the novels by "The Duchess," and would never have asked for anything else.

To the librarians also the open shelf system has been a boon in more than one way. It has saved them a great deal of physical fatigue, the running about in looking for books, and the carrying them from all parts of the building to the delivery desk, and the reduction in the amount of purely physical labor has made them more alert to exercise their influence in another direction. They now come into close personal contact with the readers, they are being constantly asked whether they would recommend one book or another, and the irritation consequent upon crowds clamoring outside the railing is gone. One of the women librarians said:—

"Now we are fresh when our day's work is done. Moreover, we know that we can and do help the people who use the library to an extent not one of us thought possible under the old system. Before we mostly only carried books; now we advise about books."

There are, however, two serious drawbacks that go with the open shelf system. First of all, the books suffer much more. They are handled by many hands, and the wear and tear is much greater than under the old system.

The second difficulty lies in the seemingly utter impossibility of preventing the stealing of books. It seems to be almost to be expected that books will be stolen from any library; and the opportunities for thefts naturally increase by operating the library upon the open-shelf system. Still the experience of the "Free Circulating Library," with a clientele of all ages, races and conditions of people is, that, as a whole, these thefts are not of such importance as to offset the benefits of the system, and one of the librarians in charge of a branch remarked:—

"I do not know how many books were stolen elsewhere, but in my branch the thefts do not amount to anything worth speaking about, and even if they'd steal much more, I would still prefer the open shelf."

GROUPS, COUGHS AND COLDS are all quickly cured by Pny-Pectoral. It lessens the cough almost instantly, and cures readily the most obstinate cold. Manufactured by the proprietors of Perry-Davis' Pain-Killer.

GOOD WILL.

Judge Andrews, in the New York Supreme Court, in denying an application for a receivership, laid down the law regarding good will. In the case before the court this asset was valued at from \$60,000 to \$500,000. Justice Andrews said "good will consists in the right to use the old name and to occupy the old place of business, to use the old trademark and label, and generally to have the tendency of old customers to continue trading with the successors of an established firm."

The Japs did it. They supplied us with the menthol contained in that wonderful D. & L. Menthol Plaster, which relieves instantly backache, headache, neuralgia, rheumatism and sciatica. Manufactured by the Davis & Lawrence Co., Ltd.

The best teacher of duties that still lie dim to us is the practice of those we see and have at hand.

JUDGE M. DOHERTY CONSULTING COUNSEL, No 8 Savings Bank Chambers, 186 ST. JAMES STREET.

W. J. RAFFERTY, Agent for the Bottling of Wm. Dow & Co's Ales and Porter, 28, 30, 32 VALLEE STREET, Montreal.

WM. DOW & CO'S ALES and PORTER are known to be Superior to all others on the Continent of America. Our stock being the largest, the facilities for handling perfect, the condition of the article is claimed and acknowledged by the largest dealers to be superior to all, which accounts for the rapid rise in the popular demand in our favor.

THE CITY ICE COMPANY, Limited, 26 Victoria Sq., Montreal Telephone Main 70. Pure Ice and Prompt Delivery.

COWAN'S ROYAL NAVY CHOCOLATE and HYGIENIC COCOA. Are always the favorites in the homes. THE COWAN CO., TORONTO.

KING'S CITY EXPRESS AND STORAGE Office, 380 St. James Street, FOR REMOVAL AND STORAGE OF Pianos, Furniture and Household Effects.

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EVERY CATHOLIC YOUNG MAN should possess a copy of "The Catholic Student's Manual of Instructions and Prayers."

SPECIALTIES OF GRAY'S PHARMACY. FOR THE HAIR, FOR THE TEETH, FOR THE SKIN. HENRY R. GRAY, 122 St. Lawrence Main Street.

Musical Instruments - Great Reductions. Largest Stock and Cheapest Place in the City. Guitars, \$4.00 up. Mandolines, \$3.00 up. Violins, \$3.00 up. Cornets, French Make, \$8.00 up.

FREE DAISY AIR RIFLE. We give this splendid Rifle for nothing but two dozen postage stamps.

W. G. KENNEDY, Dentist, 756 PALACE Street, Corner Beaver Hall Hill. Telephone, Main, 830.

WM. SNOW, Feathers Cleaned, DYED and CURLED. 1913 NOTRE DAME STREET, MONTREAL.

PUBLIC NOTICE is hereby given that application will be made to the Parliament of Canada, at the next session thereof, for an act to incorporate a religious community. The said corporation to be called "The Congregation of the Most Holy Redeemer."

The persons to be incorporated are: The Rev. Alphonse Lemieux, the Rev. Edward Strubbe, the Rev. Louis Savard, the Rev. Edmund Flynn, and the Rev. Peter Vermeiren, and such others as shall hereafter become members under the rules of the corporation.

The said Corporation to have perpetual succession and a common seal, to be altered at will; said corporation also to have the right to appear before the Courts; said corporation also to have the right to possess, acquire, moveable and immovable property, and to sell, alienate, hypothecate, assign, lease, transfer, exchange or otherwise dispose of the same for the benefit of the said Corporation.

QUINN, MORRISON & LYNCH, Attorneys for Applicants. Montreal, 25th January, 1900.

PROVINCE OF QUEBEC, DISTRICT OF MONTREAL, No. 1797. SUPERIOR COURT. DAME ENITH GOLLER, Plaintiff, vs. CASSEL RACHAHOVITCH, Defendant, and REUBEN RACHAHOVITCH, Mis en cause.

PROVINCE OF QUEBEC, District of Montreal. SUPERIOR COURT—No. 2481. An action in separation as to property has this day been instituted by Dame Marie Adeline Victoria Bouthillier, of the Parish of St. Antoine de Longueuil, District of Montreal, against her husband, George Vincent, of the same place.

P. PEGNEM Wholesale and Retail Dealer in all kinds Fresh and Pickled Fish Fresh Salmon, Lobsters, etc. STALLS Nos. 3 and 4 ST. ANN'S MARKET, Montreal.

BUCKEYE BELL FOUNDRY THE E. W. VANUZEN CO., Cincinnati O. MENEELY BELL COMPANY TROY, N.Y., and 177 BROADWAY, NEW YORK City. Manufacture Superior Church Bells.

The True Witness and Catholic Chronicle

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All communications should be addressed to the Managing Director, "True Witness" P. & P. Co., Limited, P. O. Box 1138.

TERMS, PAYABLE IN ADVANCE.

EPISCOPAL APPROBATION.

If the English Speaking Catholics of Montreal and of this Province consulted their best interests, they would soon make of the TRUE WITNESS one of the most prosperous and powerful Catholic papers in this country.

PAUL, Archbishop of Montreal.

SATURDAY.....MARCH 24, 1900.

ST. PATRICK'S DAY.

We have been accustomed to read patriotic St. Patrick's Day editorials in Irish, and especially in Irish Catholic papers; but we never looked for enthusiastic expressions of Irish patriotism in the columns of the English, Scotch and French press.

"Le Soleil," of Quebec, has appeared in a double edition, half French, half English, profusely illustrated, and containing some of the choicest pieces of prose and poetry from Irish literature.

One of the best illustrations of how the English and Protestant press of the country vied with all other papers in honoring Ireland's patron saint is the editorial which appeared in the Ottawa "Free Press" on Monday last.

"Throughout the inhabited world in Christendom and heathenness, there are throbbing hearts to-day and thoughts sad and hopeful. For there is no foot of soil in the known world where the sons of Erin are not to be found.

The special point alluded to by the Ottawa "Citizen" has long been a favorite theme of Judge Curran—long before he ever dreamed of ascending from the public arena to the calmer atmosphere of a judgeship; and it is at once worthy the great orator, poet, statesman and patriot, whose memory is the object of his admiration, and the great orator, statesman and judicial light that he has proven himself to be.

remedied and nobler sentiments prevail. The exceptional circumstances surrounding the present celebration will, let us hope, justify the belief that the new century will witness a new order of things which will gradually cause the past to be, if not forgotten, at least forgiven.

"NOW'S THE DAY"

In the Ottawa "Citizen" of last Monday, we find an editorial comment, which we will make use of as a text—it reads:—

"We congratulate Mr. Justice Curran on his eloquent and patriotic address at the Irish military concert in St. James Methodist Church Hall, Montreal, on St. Patrick's eve. His strictures on the absence, on Parliament Hill, of a public statue to the 'apostle of union,' Thomas D'Arcy McGee, were well timed, and we trust will bear fruit.

Oh! for the touch of a vanished hand, And the sound of a voice which is still."

Although His Honor Judge Curran has spent the last few years of his useful life in a sphere from which sentiment is greatly excluded, the dignity and formality of the Bench have no way quenched the ardor of his patriotism, nor dulled in the least his splendid gift of popular eloquence. The speech referred to above has been acknowledged all over Canada as one of the most brilliant he has ever delivered; and the fact of having pronounced it, on special invitation, at the patriotic military concert, given in the great Methodist Church of Montreal, is an evidence sufficient, if none other existed, of the harmony and good feeling existing here to-day between the various elements of our cosmopolitan society.

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There is no name in the annals of Canadian history more deserving of fitting honor and perpetuation than that of Thomas D'Arcy McGee. He has done as much as any of our greatest statesmen, and much more than any of our "litterateurs" for the good, the future, the glory of this Dominion. His works remain as his imperishable monument; but the passer-by, who, in our busy, rushing, electric age, has no time to read and to ponder over his glowing pages should have some memorial of a striking character before his eyes, whereby he could recall more easily

and more frequently the features, form, name, works and achievements of the greatest Irishman that ever advocated the cause of his native land while devoting his talents to the future of his adopted country.

THE WONDERFUL IN TRUTH.

We clip the following report of the proceedings of a recent sitting of the Court of Queen's Bench, from a local daily paper:—

"Mr. Devlin applied for exemption for Mr. William H. Turner, Jr., on the ground that he was engaged on several committees doing organizational work in connection with the day's festivities.

"The Judge said he would use the extreme power given him, and would excuse Mr. Turner. This he did entirely out of deference to the Irish people of the city, and to show the sympathy of the nation and the Empire generally of which we formed a very important part."

St. Patrick's Day, 1900, seems to be a festival of wonders. Elsewhere we have pointed out the exceptional attention paid by all classes, and people of all creeds and races, to the Irish national anniversary. Yet all these ordinary marks of good-will, or of courtesy, cease to awaken any astonishment, when we find a judge of the Court of Queen's Bench, at the time when it seems almost impossible to find jurors enough to suit the requirements of justice, exempting a jurymen for the simple reason that he was an Irishman and a member of several important committees formed for the organization of the national demonstration.

Well can we quote Scott this year, when he sings: "Old times are changed, old manners gone"—and pray that such may be the case for Ireland—changes for liberty and the disappearance of injustice.

THE HOTEL DIEU.

The proposed land grant to the ladies of the Hotel Dieu continues to be widely debated in public, and even in private circles. We readily understand that many persons may be under the false impression that the whole affair is (to use the language of a learned physician) a "land grabbing scheme." But such people have been misled in their opinions concerning that venerable and splendid institution. No better reply could be given them, than in the words of Mr. Cyrille Laurent, the agent of the Hotel Dieu, when he stated that "the Hotel Dieu ladies spent about \$150,000 a year of their own revenue in taking care of the sick of the city. The city did not allow them anything, and they paid taxes upon all their property, except the Hotel Dieu. They never held any bazaars, or went collecting, as they were cloistered nuns, and had no source of income beyond what was derived from their own property. The granting of the proposed piece of land would be a great benefit to the city, as it would enable the Hotel Dieu to increase its useful work. It was, in a sense, a gift from the city to the city. One hundred ladies, or more, gave their services practically free, their only remuneration being raiment, food and lodging."

Here, in a nutshell, we have the whole argument in favor of the proposed or requested land grant. Why there should be opposition to it is more than we can well comprehend. Of course, we know that an idea prevails amongst certain classes of non-Catholics that the large religious communities—both male and female—of Montreal, are amassing wealth to a fabulous degree, while being exempt from all the obligations of taxes and so forth that fall to the lot of all other property holders; and that any grant, donation, or favor conferred upon them is so much unjustly taken from the citizens in general. While this opinion may have its origin, to a certain extent, in prejudice, it certainly is mostly due to ignorance of facts and in a majority of cases to wilful and unpardonable ignorance.

Why there should exist such a feeling is hard to understand; but, when we consider the benefits, educational and charitable, which the public has long derived from these institutions; the objects of general good that their existence serves to procure for the

whole community, and the impossibility of any other unendowed establishments carrying on the work to which their very lives are silently consecrated, we cease to wonder and we are even astonished that they should not be more fully and fairly appreciated. Gratitude is rare; and they, less than others in the world, do not expect to receive even the smallest share of it. But a sense of common self-interest should dictate, at least, recognition to the degree of ordinary justice, on the part of the great public.

PAPAL DELEGATE AT ST. ANN'S

The parishioners of St. Ann's upheld their reputation on Monday evening, by the enthusiastic reception which they tendered to the Apostolic Delegate, Monsignor Falconio, on the occasion of his first visit to the parish. Every seat in the sacred edifice was occupied, and those who were late had trouble in getting standing room inside the doors. All the societies of the parish, including the St. Ann's T. A. and D. Society, Family Society, St. Ann's Young Men's Society, Catholic Order of Foresters, Catholic Mutual Benefit Association, St. Vincent de Paul, League of the Sacred Heart, and the St. Ann's Cadet Corps, were present in a body. The Rev. Father Strubbe, the zealous pastor of St. Ann's, had charge of all arrangements, and they were carried out in a manner most creditable to the pastor and parishioners.

The delegates, priests and sanctuary boys first went in processional order around the church, after which the following address from the parishioners to His Excellency was read by Ald. Gallery:—

"To His Excellency Monsignor D. Falconio, Permanent Apostolic Delegate to Canada:—

May it please Your Excellency,-- You have come to a parish whose members are known on this broad land for their devotion to the Catholic Church and to its illustrious head, Leo XIII., who is so worthily represented in the person of Your Excellency.

There are many amongst us who can look back to the time when, twenty years ago, you exercised your holy ministry in the capital of Newfoundland, where your eminent virtues had won for you the love and esteem of the flock over which Providence had placed you.

Your elevation to the high dignity of Archbishop and permanent Delegate Apostolic for our Dominion is sufficient to win the love and esteem of those amongst us who have not already had the honor of knowing you, for loving and trusting our Holy Father the Pope, we shall love and trust his emissary. You will find no more submissive subjects in this Canadian land than the exiled sons and daughters of the land of St. Patrick. Our prayers have daily ascended to Heaven in behalf of the saintly Pontiff who has ruled the destinies of the Catholic world for twenty-two years, and henceforth your name shall be coupled with his in our petition to the Giver of all graces, asking Him to sustain you in the performance of the arduous duties to which you have been called.

We have not been slow to recognize the power of societies, banded together for the furtherance and fostering of a religious spirit, and for the material benefit of their members. We have in our parish the Catholic Order of Foresters, with a membership of 600; the Catholic Mutual Benefit Association, with 200 members; St. Ann's Young Men, 300; St. Vincent de Paul, 30; Holy Family, 1,200; League of the Sacred Heart, 2,000; and last, but not least, the schools, under the direction of the zealous Christian Brothers and the Sisters of the Congregation, 1,800 pupils. Thus we hold, on the one hand, the adult population, and on the other, the boys and girls, who, one day, will fill the places of those gone before.

Directing all these associations we have the world-renowned Redemptorist Fathers, whose zeal and devotion are too well known to need any eulogy of ours.

To conclude, allow us to extend to Your Excellency, from warm Irish hearts, a warm Irish welcome to our shores; and offer you the love which fills our bosoms. All we ask in return is that you beseech Almighty God to grant us the grace to be docile to your teaching, true children of the Holy Catholic Church, and ever loyal to her august head, Leo XIII., and to this effect we beseech your Excellency to bestow on us your Apostolic Benediction.

In reply, Mgr. Falconio said:— "I beg to return my sincerest thanks for the beautiful address presented to me in the name of the Irish people of St. Ann's Parish. 'Nothing can afford the Holy Father more pleasure, I can assure you, than to know that he has the love of the Irish people, and that he is by them recognized as the successor of Peter, and the vicar of Jesus Christ. I am not at all surprised to find so much patriotism among you, for if there is a nation on the face of the earth who, notwithstanding tremendous trials, has remained faithful to our holy religion, it is Ireland, the home of martyrs and the island of saints. I may say I know the Irish race. I had the pleasure of spending the first years of my ministry in their midst, and those days are days of sweet remembrance, which shall never be forgotten. At the conclusion of his address, he bestowed upon all present the Pontifical blessing.

tion of Prof. P. J. Shea, organist and musical director, and Mr. Wm. Murphy, as conductor:— Es Sacerdos Azzioli Grand Chorus. Ave Maria Melarey Solo—Mr. M. Mullarky. Tantum Ergo Wagner Grand Chorus. Marche Pontifical, Organ Lemmens After Benediction a reception was held in the presbytery for all the Newfoundland people in the parish, as His Grace was anxious to meet some of those people, with whom he had spent nine or ten years of his ministry, over twenty years ago. Several of those who came to the reception he remembered well, although he had not seen them for twenty-two years.

St. Ann's Cadets, headed by their life and drum band and bugle corps, acted as a guard of honor, and escorted the delegate, who was accompanied by the Rev. Luke Callaghan, of the Archbishop's Palace, to and from the church. When he arrived at the presbytery he was received by Rev. Father Strubbe, the clergy of the parish, the wardens of the church, and Ald. Gallery and Ald. Tansey.

Monsignor Falconio's reception was certainly a warm Irish welcome, which he is not likely to soon forget. Monday morning Mgr. Falconio visited St. Laurent College, where he was given a grand reception. In the afternoon he inspected the college of the Holy Cross Fathers at Cote des Neiges.

THE LATE MR JOHN GILLIES

It is generally believed that the Catholic journalist, the man who dedicates his life and all its energies to the elevating and patriotic task, of instructing, guiding and assisting his fellow-countrymen and co-religionists, receives no due recognition for all his labors and sacrifices. In some cases, it is true, neglect has been the reward of the Catholic journalist; but when a man has done sufficient for Catholic publication to have made an unlimited reputation, he rarely goes unrewarded "even in this world." Of the men whose whole lives have been consecrated to the noble—but generally ungrateful—task of building up a literature that might one day well serve the purposes of our race in America and Canada, we can mention two who



LATE MR. JOHN GILLIES.

have been universally admired and respected—Patrick Donahue, of Boston, and John Gillies, of Montreal. It is here in the office of the good old organ which he accompanied, as a proprietor, for nearly twenty-five years, that the work he has accomplished is fully recognized. From the days of Dr. Clerk—the founder and trenchant editor of the "True Witness"—down to 1877, when the late Captain Kerwin took charge, Mr. Gillies had swayed the doctrines of the Irish Catholic organ. The very best monument, one more enduring than brass, which he has left behind him, consists in the fact that he never once made an enemy, nor ever lost a friend. When age "came on with its winter," he seemed to be able to weather the storm of years with a placid contentment, as far as the present is concerned, a satisfaction regarding the past, and hopefulness in all pertaining to the future.

When the wing of Death's angel cast its shadow upon his noble and yet humbly great character, he had lived eighty-two years, during which period the "True Witness" and "The Harp" bear evidence of activity far beyond the ordinary. Mr. Gillies was a native of Enniskillen, Ireland, whence he emigrated to Canada in the year 1841. He had learned the printing business, in all its details, in Ireland, and was one of the most highly esteemed members of the trade.

He was public-spirited, though not demonstrative in his manner, and was captain of No. 4 Company of the Prince of Wales Rifles under Colonel Wylie and Colonel Devlin, in the early sixties, having retired retaining his rank before 1866. He was a member of St. Patrick's Society, and took much interest in it, especially after he had retired from business. Mr. Gillies leaves two daughters, Mrs. John P. Hamill and Mrs. S. Cross, of Montreal, and three sons, Mr. Thomas Gillies, of Chicago; Mr. John Gillies, of Detroit, and Mr. James Gillies, of Montreal. The funeral took place on Monday morning, from Mr. Cross's residence, No. 55 Cathcart street, at eight o'clock, to St. Patrick's Church, and thence to Cote des Neiges.

May his good soul rest in peace is our humble prayer, while conveying to his bereaved relatives and intimate friends the sincere expression of our heartfelt condolence.

IRISH SUNBURST.

Mr. P. A. Milloy, of St. Andrew street, had displayed from his residence, on St. Patrick's Day, a magnificent Irish Sunburst, which he had imported direct from Dublin.

RECENT DEATHS.

M. J. O'SHAUGHNESSY. — It is always with a profound sense of a serious loss sustained that we record the death of young and promising members of our community. Rarely have we felt that spirit more powerfully than on the occasion of the death of an esteemed and most popular fellow-citizen—Mr. J. O'Shaughnessy. The deceased, who was still young in years, was unmarried, and was just about to commence what, in all human probability, would have been a most successful career. The funeral was so largely and representatively attended, that no better evidence could be given of the popularity of the deceased. The one whose early death we lament was a son of the late Mr. J. O'Shaughnessy, and nephew of Messrs. M. and D. O'Shaughnessy. The sad event took place on Sunday last—after a brief but irresistible attack of typhoid pneumonia. Of the relatives that the departed one has left to weep his sudden disappearance from this world, are his mother and his sister, Miss O'Shaughnessy, of D. J. Sadler's well-known publishing house. Mr. O'Shaughnessy had been employed as book-keeper at the Montreal Rolling Mills. In every sphere he had a host of friends, and their friendship was such that the news of his unexpected demise will surprise and afflict them all. May his soul rest in peace!

SISTER ST. IRENE.—The following touching tribute to a most devout member of the Grey Nuns' community, deserves reproduction in its entirety:—

"In the passing of Sister St. Irene (Mary Hart), whose death occurred Saturday night at the Water street convent, Ottawa, the Grey Nuns are called to mourn one of the most cherished members of their order. Young, talented, amiable, devout, she was a shining light in the performance of the manifold details of duty as defined in a religious order.

"Sister St. Irene in the brief term of her existence—she had lived but twenty-seven years, of which seven were spent in the order—was employed successively at St. Patrick's School, Ottawa, at the Matawa School, and at St. Mary's Academy, Ogdensburg, N.Y., in all of which places the kindest remembrances are treasured of her. Her life was gentle, brave, admirable, her illness patient, resigned, filled with an eternal hope; her death, patiently and actually beautiful.

"Sister St. Irene was the only daughter of Mr. John Hart, an esteemed resident of Buffalo, N. Y. There remains of the family five sons, four of whom live in Buffalo, and one in Milwaukee, Wis. The funeral will take place to-morrow morning.

A NEW BOOK

THE BOY-SAVERS' SERIES, Book-let the First. By the Rev. George E. Quin, S.J.

For those who are not acquainted with the author of this Booklet and the splendid work he has been engaged in for years with his boys, there is nothing very catchy about the title page. Still, it is not a book we can afford to ignore if we are interested in the great social questions of the day. Of these, boy-saving is certainly not the least important—possibly it is the answer to all the others.

Father Quin is not at all a theoretician. Everything he says is the ripe fruit of experience, and may be seen any day at St. Joseph's Church, Troy. For years he has been dealing with boys, and his success is as amazing as it would be disheartening to those who would emulate his zeal, did he not show them that after all no very brilliant qualities or extraordinary gifts are required; and that tasks quite as difficult as those of a boy's leader are every day set and taken up by multitudes of men. There is a deal of breath and ink wasted now-a-days over the great social redemption of our young men. What are we to do to save them? The school, of course, must do its share—so must the young men's society. But both these causes have been at work, and yet they seem to have failed to a great extent. The Boy-Savers' Series proposes some new plans—lays down a few true, very true and striking principles—shows, for instance, how the school is only the first step, leading the child only as far as the ground marked dangerous; how the young men's society comes often too late, and that even when most attractive will not reach the great mass of those who need it most. Father Quin then proposes a solution to these difficulties. The boy must be caught after he has left school, and while he is yet in short pants. If caught, then, he can be held, and all this is shown to be far easier than ever we dreamed of. The 400 credentials in the frontispiece of the Booklet are a living and very active proof of this assertion. A 1,000 such sodalities over Canada and the United States would group together 400,000 boys at an age when otherwise they would be absolutely without any of those influences for good which are at least as necessary then as earlier or later in life. We take it for granted that those who have the cure of souls are very much in earnest in their work. If they can spare half an hour, this first Booklet will repay them for its perusal. Copies may be had, for a trifle, from the Sacred Heart Library, West 16th street, New York.

PERSONAL.

Mr. E. Mansfield, the popular host, who has been visiting Quebec during the past week in connection with the purchase of special lines of spring and summer goods, returned to the city on Friday evening, highly elated over the success of his visit.

Strive to live in a perpetual readiness to die, and this you will attain if you learn to love Our Lord's presence now.

Ireland's National Festival.

See also Pages Nine and Ten.

ST. PATRICK'S SOCIETY BANQUET.

The health of the "Ladies" was proposed by Mr. Frank Lavery, B.C.L. He said:— I have often wondered, and have never been able to understand, why the toast of the ladies has always been placed towards the last of the programme. Perhaps it is because he who occupied the first toast list was some fond admirer of the sex, who placed the ladies last, on the principle that that is the proper place for the sweets to come. Perhaps he was some cynical old bachelor who gave the ladies this place on account of their proverbial propensity to always have the last word. If I had the ordering of the toast list I would follow the maxim of the gallant Frenchmen, "place aux dames," and place the ladies where they deserve to be, at the head of the list.

I am fortunate in having such a subject. There is no need to dilate upon it at any length, for, sir, the ladies speak for themselves, and so evident and eminent are their merits that this toast might best be drunk in silence. Especially is this true of the ladies of Ireland. England may boast her power; France may vaunt her glorious history; Italy may chant praises of her artists; Germany and the United States exalt their wealth and enterprise; each nation may put forward its own particular title to fame and glory; and Ireland will be the first to bow the head in cordial recognition, without envy or jealousy, for has not Ireland that which is better than riches; greater than power; higher than art? Has not Ireland ever been distinguished among all nations for the bravery of her sons and the beauty and purity of her daughters? We have all heard, sir, the touching story of the Roman mother, whose friends were displaying with pride their gold and jewels. She listened in silence, and when they asked her, the noblest among them, to display that which she prized most among her treasures, she did not display her diamonds, her emeralds; she called her two young sons and said with simple pride: "These are my treasures." Ireland, gentlemen, is like this noble Roman matron. Her greatest treasures are her sons and daughters. "None but the brave deserve the fair," and the eloquent speakers who have preceded me have unanimously admitted that the sons of Erin are worthy of her daughters. And let me say here, sir, that if to-day the horizon of Ireland's hopes and aspirations is brighter than it has ever been since the death of Charles Stewart Parnell; if to-day the hearts of the Irish and our Anglo-Saxon brethren have been closer than they have been for centuries; if the emblem of our country decorates the breast of every Irish soldier in the British army, from Wolseley and Roberts, and Kitchener and French, and Clerly and Kelly-Kenny to the merest private in the Dublin Fusiliers and the Inniskilling Dragoons, and they are no longer "Hanging men and women" for the "Wearing of the Green" it is due, gentlemen, to the noble generosity of a woman, of a good and great woman whom we all respect, and at the mention of whose name we all take off our hats. The greatest pleasure in this life is to please others. Then what a glorious privilege it must be, by a single word, by a single act, to spread happiness through the hearts of a whole nation, four million strong at home, twenty million scattered throughout the confines of the globe. "Uneasy lies the head that wears a crown," but if the cares of Empire were always compensated by such pleasures, there are, I feel sure, but few of us who, however great the sacrifice, would not consent to try the experiment of wearing the crown.

Mr. M. J. Morrison, B.C.L., responded in a clever and witty speech. "The Press" was proposed by Mr. W. E. Doran, and responded to by Mr. F. J. Curran.

St. Ann's Young Men's Society.

The members of St. Ann's Young Men's Society surpassed, on Saturday last, their efforts of former years; and the crowds that witnessed the production of "The Hero of Limerick" and packed the large hall of the Monument National, both in the afternoon and evening, thoroughly enjoyed the entertainment.

Mr. Daniel J. O'Neill, the able and popular President of the Society, opened the performance by some very appropriate remarks. He tendered the sincere and heartfelt thanks of the officers and members for the hearty support of the vast assemblage which was present. After reviewing the history of the society since its organization fifteen years ago, he commented with pride upon the fact that the society numbered amongst its ranks young men possessing the ability of presenting plays of their own. This spoke volumes for the excellent system of those sons of Ven. de La Salle, the good Christian Brothers, who were the teachers and guides of their youth. He concluded by introducing "The Hero of Limerick," and his little band of patriots; and hoped that at the conclusion of the play, all present could say from their hearts, "Well done St. Ann's young men."

former productions, extensive and favorable comment from the public press of Canada. The plot deals with the stirring times incidental to the memorable siege of Limerick and centres around Dermot O'Gorman, a young Irish patriot, who has enrolled himself under the banner of Sarsfield. Dermot's father, Major O'Gorman, has already espoused the cause of William of Orange, and tries in vain to win over his son. The inward struggle between his sense of duty and paternal affection was often very pathetic; and the latter finally conquered. Glimpses of Irish peasant life are also introduced into the action of the play together with the din of battle and the tramp of soldiery. Many of the tableaux and groups were very striking.

The stage settings, scenery and costumes were most complete, even to the smallest detail. The costumes, and especially the very elegant, and the gorgeous green uniforms and military trappings were very picturesque. Mr. T. F. Sullivan, as Dermot O'Gorman, the Irish patriot, was undoubtedly the star of the cast; and Mr. W. E. Finn was a very close second. Their dramatic ability is worthy of the professional ranks. Mr. J. P. McKeown, as Dermot's Irish friend, was also very satisfactory. They were ably supported by Mr. Ben Pitts, as Patrick Sarsfield, and Messrs. T. Walsh and C. C. Conway, as officers of the Irish army. Messrs. R. J. Byrne and J. F. Shanahan, as Micky Cassidy and Tim Brannigan, kept the whole audience in good humor throughout, and the actions of Mr. Ed. Quinn, as the French domestic Beaucaques, caused continual laughter. Mr. Quinn is one of the stalwarts. Mr. F. J. Hogan, as Sergeant Blackley, was very good, and merited a more important part. Messrs. N. W. Power and T. McArthur, as officers of the King's Army, were very acceptable, as were also Messrs. P. Kenehan as an Irish blacksmith, D. O'C. Curran as his assistant, Geo. Gummerell as an Irish carman, Jno. Mooney, as an Irish sentinel, and Mr. F. Parker, as an army surgeon.

Incidental to the play, Mr. J. Pierson, the favorite soft-shoe dancer, gave an Irish jig; Mr. Mitchell, in a rich falsetto voice, sang "Come Back to Erin"; Mr. M. C. Mullarky, the sweet singer of St. Ann's, rendered "Sweet Inniscarra"; and Mr. W. J. Murphy gave "The Dear Little Shanrock," in a finished manner. All the music was arranged by Prof. P. J. Shea, than whom there is no more clever musician in Montreal. He also directed the orchestra. Mr. Ed. Quinn was stage manager, and Mr. C. C. Conway had charge of the properties.

The play was produced under the direction of Mr. Drew Martin, formerly of the "Theatre Francais," who acted as instructor; and he, as well as all those connected with it, have every reason to be proud of the success of this year's production of the St. Ann's Young Men's Society.

Young Irishmen's L. & B. Association.

The entertainment held in Her Majesty's Theatre, on St. Patrick's night, under the auspices of the Young Irishmen's L. and B. Association, was both a financial and artistic success, the theatre being crowded to the doors, hundreds having to be turned away; standing room was at a premium—in fact, the advance sale of reserved seats for this year's entertainment has been larger than any in the history of the Association, and if the theatre were twice as large, it would have been crowded just the same, if one were to judge by the number who applied for and were unable to secure tickets. The performance was the best that the dramatic section have ever given; they excelled themselves in the production of the Irish drama "Eileen O'G" (The Rose of Limerick), a most creditable and meritorious performance being given; the numerous Irish songs and dances introduced during the progress of the play were cleverly rendered. The audience was an enthusiastic one, too, and showed its appreciation of the work of the performers by loud and frequent applause.

Previous to the rise of the curtain, the President of the Association, Mr. Geo. A. Grace, delivered a capital speech, he said in part: Another year has passed since we last assembled in this theatre to keep alive our National Festival, and to do honor to the memory of the Apostle of Ireland. In my capacity as President, it is my privilege to open this evening's entertainment and tender you, on behalf of the Association, its warmest and most sincere thanks for

the kind manner in which you have patronized it at all times, in all its enterprises which have been undertaken to elevate the standard of our nationality. I assure you, our members are fully sensible of this support, and I am proud to publicly say here to-night, that while the Young Irishmen's Association be, in Montreal, an organization ever willing and ready to stand up for all that concerns our nationality in this city.

The drama that will be presented to you to-night, is thoroughly national in character, and has been prepared with care. It will aim at placing before your view, scenes from the home life of our forefathers, scenes that have been kept green and fresh in song and story, scenes that will be remembered by many, and as the spirit of a nation never dieth. I know these scenes will awaken sentiments dear to the hearts of all, sentiments that will live through generations, and which will be yet young when Ireland, in the words of Emmet, shall take her place among the nations of the earth.

One of the prime objects of our association is to endeavor to keep warm, and not only to keep warm, but to kindle a burning love for that fair land of the Shamrock, of which we, born in this country, have heard so much from our fathers and from our mothers from our very cradle. We are anxious to succeed, and we feel confident we will succeed. But while we have your approval and good wishes, we really must have your co-operation. We want you to encourage the young men whom you would like to see educated in that land of country to join our ranks.

In order that our success be great, we must have a larger number of disciples at work. No single member will reap a special reward. Our organization does not exist for any individual, but it aims at the advancement of our people as a body, in this community. By helping in this way you will not only be helping us, but at the same time you are doing a great deal of good to the common cause. A young man who joins our Association can depend upon learning a great deal if he goes earnestly into the work. Needless to say numerous instances could be given to show how past members who have been called into public life now look back with pleasure to their days of active membership when they learned so much that has been of value in later years.

Mr. Grace closed an admirable opening address, which was frequently applauded during its delivery, by introducing the dramatic section of the Association, to whom he paid a high tribute.

The play was in four acts, and the scene laid in the Parish of Ballyshea, County Limerick. It tells the story of the love of Patrick O'Donnell, a young Irish farmer for Eileen Moriarity (The Rose of Limerick). They are engaged to be married, and on Harry Loftus, nephew of O'Donnell's landlord, learning of it, being himself infatuated with her, he resolves to prevent it. Through the intrigue of McLean, Loftus's agent, a letter in Patrick's handwriting is sent to his landlord, which causes his arrest just as he and Eileen and their friends are on the way to church to be married. Patrick is exiled, and Loftus determines to win Eileen. Moriarity is in trouble over loss in speculating and falls back in his rent. Loftus taking advantage of this, causes McLean to serve a notice of distraint on Moriarity's farm; Tim the Pennan, and the bailiffs arrive to serve it, but are beaten off by the haymakers. Loftus makes believe to Eileen and her father that the process was served without his knowledge, and that he has taken steps to prevent any trouble arising over the assault on the bailiffs by acknowledging that himself and his agents were to blame by attempting to serve a notice of distraint on the goods of a tenant who owed him nothing. Eileen is deceived by this, and is grateful to him; he asks her hand in marriage in return, and she promises to do so within a certain time. Patrick's return from exile arouses the plotters, and they scheme to get him out of the way until the marriage with Eileen is consummated. They find out his hiding-place, surprise him and cast him into the mill-race. Loftus thinking Patrick dead now sees no barrier to his gaining his purpose, and the marriage with Eileen is about to take place, when the return of Patrick puts a different face on things. The soldiers arrive on the scene, and Loftus is arrested for conspiracy and attempted murder. Eileen and Patrick are at last married, and everything ends happily.

Too much praise cannot be given the ladies and gentlemen who portrayed the various parts. Mr. J. J. McLean, as "Brian O'Farrell," the jobbing haymaker, fully sustained his reputation by the excellence of his acting; his songs and dances were keenly enjoyed by the audience—while Miss Tina Kitts, as "Bridget Maguire," Brian's sweet-heart, shared the honors with him; she looked very sweet, and played her part to perfection. Mr. T. J. Grant, as "Patrick O'Donnell," the hero, gave a careful interpretation of the part; he made the most of a very difficult character—and Mrs. J. Frank Tigh, as "Eileen Moriarity," sustained that trying role in a very creditable manner; her songs were exceedingly well rendered. Mr. M. J. Power, as the gentleman villain, Harry Loftus, played the part, both in the reading of the lines and appearance, capitally. Miss Annie Rowan, as "Norah O'Donnell," was also very good, and looked and sang charmingly. The part of "McLean," the Scotch Middleman, was ably handled by Mr. J. P. O'Connor, who gave a finished performance; his make-up and acting were splendid. Messrs. J. P. Cunningham and Edward Tobin, in the characters of "Father Mahoney" and "Mr. Moriarity," respectively were very good, and carried themselves with dignity, without once overdoing. A fine piece of character work was done by Mr. C. P. Hamelin, as "John Thomas," the cockney servant, and he brought all the comedy possible out of the part. Mr. J. A. Flood, as "Tim the Pennan," portrayed

this difficult role excellently, while Mr. Robt. H. Baird, as the ruffian "McShane," gave a carefully studied conception of the part—great things may be expected of this young man in the histrionic line. A word of praise must also be given Mr. John P. Smythe for the excellent way in which he handled the part of "Sergeant Watt," and the peasant "Andy"; he was very fine, as were also the two groomsmen, and Messrs. R. J. Love and Peter Flood as "Creagh" and "Talbot," friends of Harry Loftus. Mrs. P. Clark, as "Mrs. O'Donnell," is also deserving of praise, also the bridesmaids: the Misses Ethel Jones, Agnes Mulligan, Alice Wrenn and Gerie O'Brien, whose costumes were very pretty—the latter little lady sang her songs with perfect enunciation and sweetness. Miss Sarah Mullins, as "Nelly," looked charming and played with much grace. The peasants, especially in the haymaking scene, were good. The triple Irish jig as executed by Messrs. J. J. and J. P. McLean and J. P. Smythe, and the haymakers' reel by Brian, and peasants were much appreciated by the audience. Altogether the entertainment was a huge success in every way, and everybody seemed satisfied. During the evening the ladies were the recipients of very handsome bouquets.

Ancient Order of Hibernians.

The seventh annual entertainment of the Ancient Order of Hibernians, under the auspices of the Hochelagn County Board, was held on St. Patrick's night, in the Windsor Hall. Although a most enjoyable programme was rendered, the attendance was not near so large as had been anticipated. This is not as it should be, as the giant Irish society of our city should have been better recognized; and even had all the members and their families alone given their patronage to the A.O.H., the result would have been very different.

Of course, it must be remembered that the Order had made all arrangements for the presentation of a splendid Irish drama at the Theatre Francais, and hundreds of tickets had been sold in advance. But the disastrous fire, which destroyed the theatre, some few weeks ago, destroyed all the bright hopes of the gallant Hibernians.

Mr. Wm. Hawley acted as Chairman, and opened the evening with a few appropriate remarks. He expressed regret at the small attendance; but supposed that it was due to the change in the form and place of the evening's entertainment, necessitated by the burning of the Theatre Francais, which had been engaged for this occasion. He briefly reviewed the objects of the Association, whose motto was "Friendship, Unity and True Christian Charity," and referred to the tribute that had been paid to the wearing of the green by the Sovereign and people of the whole British Empire. He concluded by expressing the hope that this better feeling would lead to the self-government of Ireland.

Mr. John Lavelle, President of the Montreal Gaelic Society, was then introduced. He spoke in Irish, and extended a "Cead Mille Failte" to all present. He also invited those desirous of learning the Irish language, to attend the weekly classes, which are held gratuitously in Hibernia Hall, Notre Dame street. The next feature of the programme was most interesting, and was a complete entertainment in itself. It consisted in an illustrated lecture, or a series of stereoscopic views of Ireland, by Miss Martha Craig, of Belfast, Ireland. Her comments upon the various scenes, as they were thrown upon the canvas, were very entertaining and instructive; and the views were particularly fine. They composed scenes in all of the four provinces of Ireland; and included many ruins of Pagan and early Christian times.

At the conclusion of Miss Craig's lecture, Miss Louisa Morrison, gave in her beautiful soprano voice, "The Dear Little Shanrock"; Mr. J. J. Rowan, the well-known soloist of St. Patrick's choir, rendered "Kathleen Mavourneen"; and Miss Sadie Dowling, merited an encore for her excellent rendition of "Eileen Aroon," as did also Mr. T. C. Emblem, in "Keep the Old Flag Floating Boys." The Chairman then introduced Mr. Edward O'Brien Kennedy (Timothy Featherstone), who delivered an address upon "Sixteen Years in English Prisons." Mr. Kennedy said in his introductory remarks, the conditions of life in a British prison all combine to destroy the power of public speech; and, whatever ability he may have possessed previous to his sixteen years' incarceration as a political prisoner, in Chatham prison, has been naturally lessened by his long confinement.

After expressing regret at his inability to do justice to the assembled array of intelligence that he saw present, he proceeded to enumerate the objects and aspirations which actuated himself and his companions in prison, namely, love of their native land, and a desire to check the depredations of their country. He spoke of the troublesome days prior to his arrest; and of the struggle then going on in the old land between the tillers of the soil and the land-owners. He also narrated the active part he played in the struggle, which finally landed him, with others, in Chatham prison; and found him undergoing a life sentence. He described his entry and his first impressions of prison life. The strange sensations aroused by the dismal surroundings and the consciousness of their helplessness, made it impossible to do anything to concentrate the mind.

The prisoners arose at 5 a.m., and breakfasted at 7 o'clock. The period between being occupied in arranging the articles in their cell. They labored from 7.30 a.m. until 5.00 p.m., and retired at 8 o'clock. They were daily compelled to strip and allow themselves to be searched. Even at breakfast he was often compelled to stand aside and undergo the searching process. If a tool in the shops were missing; or out of place, all work was suspended until it was recovered. On account of these tacti-

Catholic High School.

A most enjoyable and pleasant hour was spent at the Catholic High School, on Monday evening, when the pupils of the school entertained their parents and friends with songs, recitations and a dialogue in honor of their patron St. Patrick. The hall, which was most artistically decorated for the occasion by Messrs. Bernier and West, was used to its utmost capacity by a large and appreciative audience. At the close, Rev. Father Martin Gallagher, who presided, gave an eloquent address, urging the boys to strive to follow in the footsteps of their glorious ancestors. The following programme was much appreciated:—

St. Mary's Young Men.

The St. Patrick's Day concert, under the auspices of St. Mary's C. Y. M. Society, was held on Monday evening, March 19th, in St. Mary's Hall, and was, in every possible way, a decided success. The audience was the largest seen for years, the spacious hall being crowded to the doors. The programme was a long and varied one, and was carried out with remarkable precision. The first part of it opened with an address by President J. A. Heffernan, who in a few well chosen remarks, took occasion to congratulate the people of the parish in turning out in such large numbers. The Victoria Rifles' orchestra rendered a beautiful medley, and were recalled several times. The chorus by the convent pupils was charmingly rendered, and showed careful training. Miss B. Kelly's song was much appreciated. Mr. N. J. McShane, in his recitations, was a great favorite with the audience, and had to respond to several encores. The banjo selections by Messrs. Howard and Chambers, also won great favor with the audience. As usual, Miss Tootsie Durand carried the audience with her, and was repeatedly recalled. Miss Vidri-caire's song was well rendered, and received a round of applause. Mr. Jack Gallagher in his song and dance was a great success, and had to come to the front a few times before he could satisfy the audience.

Part 2nd, opened with a selection of Irish airs on the piano by Miss Katie Phelan and Miss May Gibson, which roused the enthusiasm of the audience. Mr. J. D. McKay in his comic songs proved a great success, and he was kept quite busy for some minutes, responding to encores. Miss Mollie Brennan's recitation, entitled the "Lost Ship," was a splendid effort, and showed the skilful training which the talented elocutionist received. Miss Vaillancourt's song was very well rendered, as well as the recitation given by the convent pupils. The proceedings closed with a song from Miss Tootsie Durand. The audience admitted they enjoyed a ge-

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HISTORY OF THE UNION.

Recently Mr. Barry O'Brien delivered a most interesting lecture in Dublin, under the auspices of the Irish Literary Society. While his lecture was announced to be on "The Last Hundred Years of Irish History," in reality the learned speaker devoted considerable time to the enumeration of the various broken promises of the English governments in regard to Ireland. But one special feature of the lecture was the story of "The Union." It was thus Mr. O'Brien dealt with the subject:—

Lord Byron called it the history of the shark with its prey. At that time the population of Ireland was about 5,000,000, consisting of 4,000,000 Catholics, 600,000 Protestant Episcopalians, and about 400,000 Presbyterians. All places of power and emolument were in the hands of the Protestants. The church of the Protestants was established and endowed, that of the 4,000,000 Catholics, was supported by voluntary contributions, but besides that the Catholics had to support the church of the Protestant minority. Dealing with the question of education, the lecturer said for nearly 300 years Protestant education had been helped and endowed by the state. The Protestants had their schools and the university, but up to this hour there was no university in Ireland for Catholics. Catholic Ireland must not have a university because it would hurt the conscience of England. The lecturer touched upon the struggle for Catholic emancipation. Before Catholic emancipation was granted, Sir Robert Peel, speaking in reference to that matter, said: "I cannot consent to widen the door of political power to Roman Catholics. I cannot consent to give them civil rights and privileges equal to those possessed by their Protestant fellow-countrymen. The Catholics of Ireland are 4,000,000, and the Protestants 800,000. If we admit the Catholics to equal rights with their Protestant fellow-countrymen they will swamp the state, and, therefore, they must not be admitted to equal rights." He (the lecturer) had heard much of equality in the present day—equality among whites. For equality among whites commend him to the English in Ireland.

The lecturer then dealt with the system of primary education given to Ireland, and said the Irish wanted denominational education, but the English said "No; you must have mixed schools." Then they appointed an education board, which consisted of four Protestants and two Catholics. This board was denounced by Archbishop Whately, an Englishman, and Mr. Carlyle, a Scotchman. The lecturer read extracts from school books which this board provided for the children in Irish schools, of which the following, he said, were samples. "At the east of Ireland is England." "Many people who live in Ireland were born in England." "We speak the same language and we are the same nation." These were put in by the Englishman on the board, and the Scotchman put in lots of things in praise of Scotland. The government of England in Ireland had not been all tragic, it was sometimes grotesque farce. Anything that was ever gained by Ireland was won by her own right hand. He (the lecturer) did not by any means take a gloomy view of the future of the Irish nation. He believed that the qualities which preserved the Irish Celt in oppression and persecution, scarcely paralleled in the history of any civilized country, would preserve him to the end. The Irish Celt survived the day of Cromwell; he will survive the day of Drummagem and the Rand.

None of us may know when the echo of a careless word will cease vibrating in the hearts of some that hear.

O the anguish of that thought that we can never atone to our dead for the stunted affection we gave them for the light answers we returned to their plaints or their pleadings, for the little reverence we showed, to that sacred human soul that lived so close to us, and was the divinity thing God had given us to know.

God's Eyes and Girls.

GOD'S EYES.

"I cannot see," said little May, "How God is everywhere; He's with me here to-day, you say, And with my cousin there. "At grandpapa's in old York State, And uncle's o'er the sea; Knows all about my dear playmate, Sweet little Annie Lee. "How can He know the things we do When He's so far away, Beyond the sun and sky so blue, Above the stars, they say?" "Why, sister May," quoth little Joe, Smiling between his sighs; "You surely cannot help but know The stars are God's own eyes. "I do not think it strange at all That God knows all we do, Since countless eyes, so bright and small, Look down through Heaven's own blue. "One night when I was all alone, I woke in great alarm, Certain I heard a ghostly moan That could mean only harm. "Wishing to look out in the night, To know what caused me fear, I softly opened the window light To peep if foes were near. "None were in sight, but everywhere God's eyes were shining bright, Filling the sky and earth and air, Dazzling the world with light. "And one, the brightest of the train, Winked at me from on high; I crept to bed, happy again, Knowing that God was nigh." —Belle V. Chisholm, In the Rosary Magazine.

A COW'S MOO.—A very small girl was learning to write. Her teacher ruled the slate and set her "copies," and Lucy took great pains with the pot hooks and round o's with which she began. One day the teacher set down something new for Lucy to copy: M-o-o—Moo. "What is it?" asked Lucy, with a puzzled look. "That is 'Moo,' the noise a cow makes, Lucy. See, it is made up of pot hooks and round o's, just what you have been learning on." So Lucy sat down and prepared to copy "Moo," but she did it in a queer way. She made an M at the beginning of each line, and followed each M with a whole string of o's all across the slate like this: Moo-ooo. "But that isn't right, Lucy," said the teacher when the little girl showed her the slate. "You must copy the word as I have written it, so: Moo." Lucy looked at the teacher's copy, and then at her own attempts, and then she shook her head decidedly. "Well, I think mine is right, Miss Jones," she said, "for I never saw a cow that gave such a short 'Mo' as you write down."—Harper's Round Table.

THE SHAMROCK LEGEND.—The adoption of the Shamrock as the emblem of Ireland is placed in the century when St. Patrick, the great apostle of Erin, was preaching to the Celts and laying the foundation for the spread of Christianity in the "Green Isle." The story goes that he was preaching one day on the hillside, and, wishing to illustrate from nature the doctrine of the Trinity to his pagan hearers, he bent down, plucked a piece of shamrock and held up its tripartite leaf as a symbol of the Almighty.—three in one.

MIND YOUR MANNERS.—A very successful business man was telling me of the number of the young people he had met with in his career, and he said that the successful man or boy had always something attractive in his manner. "It might be a kindly disposition, or the result of good breeding, but if a boy was to succeed in the present day he had to be thoughtful of the feelings of others, and very tactful in his bearing. "Nothing," he said, "would more certainly ruin a lad's career than the critical disposition. If a boy came into the office and began to criticize everything he saw, and was cold with the clients, he was destined to failure from the beginning." I had often noticed this myself, but was very much impressed with the decided opinions of this man with a very large knowledge of the world of business. A friendly, courteous manner attracts people. They want to be made to feel comfortable—"at home," as it is called—even in a store or an office. There is a store in the neighborhood of my home that I avoid as much as I can, for no

other reason than that the clerk makes me feel mean and uncomfortable every time I go in. The goods are all right, the prices are reasonable, and the location is convenient. But I find that I am not the only person who has been made feel mean and uncomfortable in that store, and so I can say with truth the owner of that place of business loses many dollars a year from the bad manners of his clerk.—Young People's Weekly.

A SQUIRREL'S HOT TIME.—It was not "little Miss Muffet," it was little Mrs. Wynn, who "sat on a" bench in Central Park, instead of "a tuft"—whatever that may be. And instead of "curds and whey," she was "eating" what was far more up-to-date, some dainty like gingersnaps. "When," not "a big spider," but a small squirrel, "sat down beside her," not Mrs. Wynn, but the squirrel, was "frightened away."

Mrs. Wynn was Harry Wynn's mamma. She was waiting in Central Park, very near the Seventy-second Street entrance, for Harry to run across the street from the little kindergarten and find her. She waited every day for him. To-day she had brought a few dainty gingersnaps as a little surprise. For Harry was very fond of gingersnaps.

So was Mrs. Wynn, for that matter; and as she waited she opened the little white folding bag and began to eat them, slyly, so that people passing would not see.

But, although the dainty morsels were quite unseen as they were carried to her mouth, she was found out. Somebody guessed that something good was in the hand that stole so often up to the sunny face.

A little squirrel came near and nearer, and finally jumped upon the farther end of the bench, sat himself down, and looked at her.

Mrs. Wynn knew the squirrel. They were old friends. Once when he was very hungry she and Harry had fed him twenty peanuts, by actual count!

"Why, you dear little pet," she said softly; "do you want some, too?"

The dear little pet evidently did want some, too; for after a very little coaxing, he gave a few gay flirts of his plummy tail and took the gingersnap held out toward him with both paws. Then he sat up and began to nibble with all his might, keeping, meanwhile, a mild eye turned upon the lady.

Now the one thing upon which Mrs. Wynn's baker prides himself is the purity of his spices. And the ginger with which he flavors his snaps is a very alert, wide-awake kind of ginger. It knows what is expected of it, and never disappoints, but makes itself felt at every opportunity.

Mrs. Wynn and Harry were fond of the little twang; but it was new to the squirrel. At first, as it entered

his empty little stomach, it served as a pleasant encouragement to appetite. But after the first pangs of hunger were appeased a new and strange feeling came over him.

As is usual in such cases, he did not get at the right cause. He thought it was probably the result of that long scamper over the park meadow which he had taken a little while before with Aileen, his dear little sweetheart squirrel. By the way, he must coax one of these dainties from the pretty lady and bury it for Aileen.

Or, perhaps, the little hurt under his pearl-colored waistcoat came because, in thinking of Aileen, he was led to remember that little side waltz she took with his rival.

But no; Aileen's capers had often hurt him, but they had never hurt like this. And as he paused, the ginger made itself felt in a most ungringery fashion.

He turned startled eyes upon Mrs. Wynn. She was murmuring all sorts of endearing terms to him, trying to coax him to remain until Harry's coming.

The squirrel suddenly dropped the half-eaten dainty and clasped his little arms tightly across his breast. His eyes grew frightful. He opened his mouth and gasped for breath.

Mrs. Wynn was terrified. She feared that the squirrel had gone mad, and was about to spring upon her and tear out her eyes. But, unlike little Miss Muffet, she could not move. Fear held her. She sat in dumb terror awaiting the result.

Another moment, and the little creature sprang to the ground, laid himself flat upon his smarting stomach, and dragged himself slowly along, as if he would rub out the hurt. Then he began to go faster and faster until, with electric speed, he flew across the park meadow as if a thousand furies were after him. Bits of grass and earth flew into the air behind him as he fled.

Mrs. Wynn forgot her fright. Her woman's wit understood the mystery of such flight. She was not cruel at heart, and she knew that the smart must soon be over; so she laughed out so merrily and sweetly that Harry, who chanced to be coming, said to the other children:

"That's my mamma laughing. Isn't it pretty?—most as pretty's if her was singing."

And when the story was told to him he laughed as merrily as she, and together they wondered what the little gray squirrel would tell to Aileen, his pretty sweetheart, about the little brown sweetmeat which tasted so good at first, but which made the lining of his pearl-gray waistcoat feel so very hot and uncomfortable afterward.—J. C. Chandler.

A GREAT BUILDER.—The D. and L. Emulsion of Cod Liver Oil is a great builder. It gives weight, adds healthy flesh, and overcomes any downward tendency of health. Davis & Lawrence Co., Ltd., makers.

A MIRACLE OF THE REAL PRESENCE.

Writing to a religious in Australia, the superior of a convent in Albany relates the following extraordinary occurrence, which befell a cer-

tain good priest, from whose lips she heard the whole story. Being summoned one night to attend a dying person who lived at a great distance from the town, the priest placed the Blessed Eucharist in a pyx on his breast and rode forth into the darkness. The road was bad; a fearful storm was blowing; the horse, after going some distance, was quite exhausted, and the traveller was forced to put up at a wayside inn. After depositing his sacred charge in a drawer near his bedside, the Father betook himself to rest. Early next morning he resumed his journey and had already gone about three miles on his way, when it suddenly flashed across his mind that he had, in a most unaccountable way, forgotten to take the Blessed Sacrament from the drawer before leaving his bedroom.

Inexpressible was his dismay when he remembered that he had left the Holy of Holies unguarded at the mercy of the unbelieving household. He retraced his steps toward the hotel, full of anxiety as to what might have happened. Springing from his horse at the door he met the host, of whom he anxiously inquired whether the room in which he had slept the previous night still remained unoccupied. "Indeed, sir," excitedly replied the hotel-keeper, "I don't know what you have done to that room. We cannot get the door open, try as we will, and we can see through the keyhole that the room is full of a very bright light!" With a fervent ejaculation of thanks to heaven for this wonderful interposition the priest hastened toward the room, followed by the curious and expectant household.

Without the slightest resistance the door opened at his touch, and he threw himself on his knees before a chest of drawers, which served as a temporary tabernacle for the Lord of Hosts. Then the priest, holding the Sacred Host in his hand, addressed the assembled company with deep emotion and eloquence such as he had never possessed before, explained the doctrine and mystery of the Blessed Eucharist in burning words of faith and love, and declared that house to be blessed wherein the Lord of Heaven and earth had deigned to take up His abode and show forth his power and goodness in so wonderful a way. The humble chamber had indeed become suddenly changed into a chapel, and the crowd of bystanders into an attentive and awe-stricken audience.

In consequence of this extraordinary event every member of that unbelieving household became a child of the true Church.—Annals of Our Lady of the Sacred Heart.

TWO IRISH CITIES.

Mr. Pile, the new Lord Mayor of Dublin, is a Protestant of some section or another. But whether he is a Nonconformist or a member of the disestablished State Church, he does not profess the religion to which the vast majority of the Dublin people belong. He has been elected because he is a Nationalist of the Home Rule class, all Unionists in Dublin being proscribed while Home Rule is withheld from Ireland. In Belfast the opposite condition obtains. The Lord Mayor of that city must be a Unionist. But will Belfast elect a Catholic Unionist to the office of Lord Mayor? We might as well ask would the Orange Lodges of Ulster send delegates to Rome this year with a contribution of Peter's-pence to the Holy Father? Which is the city of sectarian bigotry—Dublin or Belfast?—London Universe.

"I'll weeds grow apace." Impurities in your blood will also grow unless you promptly expel them by taking Hood's Sarsaparilla.

THE DEADLY MINE.

The terrible results of the mine explosion at Fire Creek, Va., are now being made sadly apparent. The rescuing parties are working hard at Red Ash mine in removing debris and securing the bodies of victims of the explosion. The scenes of distress among those hunting their missing friends are appalling. The work at the mine continues, and it is still impossible to give the exact number of victims or to identify all the bodies that have been recovered. The most conservative estimates of some of those connected with the mine places the number of killed at fifty-two, and there are others who insist that the number of victims will be found to reach sixty. Six more bodies were recovered early this morning, all being dead.

A report from the rescuers at the mine on Sunday was that thirty-four bodies had been rescued, twenty-nine being dead and five seriously injured. Those rescued alive are Carl Downey, John L. Day, John Elliott, John Kane and Harry Dawson.

While the surviving miners and others estimate that there are at least thirty-nine miners still entomb-



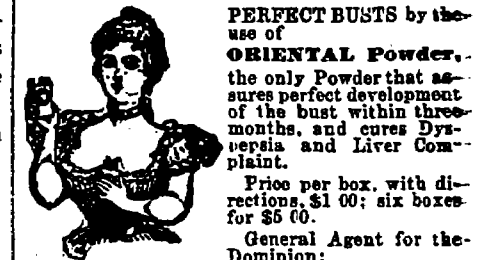
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VALUE OF TIME.

How much good may be done in five minutes? How much mischief? In a recent murder trial before a western court the prisoner was able to account for the whole of his time except five minutes on the evening the crime was committed. His counsel argued that it would be impossible for him to have killed the man under the circumstances in so brief a period, and on that idea largely based his defence, the other testimony being strongly against his client.

When the prosecuting attorney replied, he said: "How long a time really is five minutes? Let us see. Will his honor command absolute silence in the court room for that space?" The judge graciously complied. There was a clock on the wall. Every eye in the court-room was fixed upon it as the pendulum ticked off the seconds. There was breathless silence. The keen-witted counsel waited until the tired audience gave a sigh of relief at the close of the period, and then asked quietly: "Could he not have struck one fatal blow in all that time?" The prisoner was found guilty, and, as it proved afterwards, justly.

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CHATS WITH THE FARMERS.

FRUIT CULTURE—GENERAL PRINCIPLES.

Since Canada is becoming such an extensive fruit-growing country, we feel inclined to give our farmer the benefit of the most reliable information on the subject. This week we take the liberty of reproducing an able article published in the last report of the Superintendents of "Farmers' Institutes" for Ontario.

One of the first things which determines the success or failure of any particular fruit is the climate question. With great extremes of heat and cold we yet have, through a large part of Ontario, a climate which favors the successful production of most of the fruits belonging to the temperate zone—and fruit of the highest quality. The annual temperature of the different sections of the country will naturally have much to do with the successful production of the different fruits. Occasionally a favorable winter may enable a fruit to be ripened outside its usual northern limit, but the minimum temperature of the average year will determine the question as to whether certain fruits can be profitably grown or not. Thus when the mercury habitually touches 10 degrees below zero, the successful culture of peaches is practically impossible, where the point ordinarily reached is from 15 to 20 degrees below, the growing of the sweet cherry becomes a doubtful experiment, and so on with other fruits. In each species of fruit, however, there are varieties with exceptionally hardy characteristics, enabling them to withstand conditions totally fatal to the rest of the species, and it is this fact that makes the choice of varieties an extremely important point for the planter to consider. Then, within a given district there may be locations so favorable as to enjoy immunity from the more severe frosts affecting the surrounding country. The low temperature of the water in the spring will retard the growth of vegetation, and thus enable the effects of spring frosts to be escaped. In the summer the temperature at night will usually be higher on the lands adjacent to a lake, and in the fall, the warmer temperature of the water will lengthen the growing season, and less danger from the early autumn frosts exists. Experience has shown that the most favorable sites for orchards are on lands frequently sloping to bodies of water, and always a little elevated above the surrounding country. This is partly because of the influence of the water; partly from the drainage facilities; and partly because of what is known as atmospheric drainage. It is a fact familiar to most people that the colder air is, the heavier it is, and the low flat areas are usually, therefore, the first to suffer from frosts. With regard to the aspect or exposure of orchards generally, this much may be said: Near large bodies of water the most favorable exposure is on the slope towards the water. In a district away from water a northern or northwesterly exposure is the best, as the blossoming period is retarded and danger from spring frosts escaped. The slope, however, must not be too pronounced, or too cold and backward. Account must also be taken of prevailing winds, and a few words may be advisable here as to the use of windbreaks.

WINDBREAKS.—The value of windbreaks for the orchard is a much debated question, full of pros and cons, only a brief summary of the main points will be possible here. The gradual removal of forests in Ontario has rendered the sweep of winds over the farm lands more violent and more noticeable. Winds ac-

SPRING MEDICINES CAUSE

Chronic Constipation.

The system of the average man or woman is constantly clogged with impurities. He becomes more conscious of it as warm weather comes on. He tries to cleanse it with Spring Medicines. These deal only with results and not with the cause. So the next year he has to take the medicine again. Then he has to do so oftener. In time he becomes a constant user of purgatives and a victim of Chronic Constipation.

All this is wrong. A healthy body is not like a house to require a yearly upsetting called cleansing. A perfectly healthy body with all its organs in good order is SELF-CLEANING. IT NEVER GETS CLOGGED. It was not intended that man should once a year drench and scour the delicate membranes that line his body with crude preparations of still cruder drugs commonly called patent medicines. God has adapted Nature to the needs of His children. The changing seasons with their differences of temperature, food, etc., will give the system all the help it needs—IF THE ORGANS ARE HEALTHY. And the methods of Nature are so gentle that the man is not conscious of this cleansing. He simply knows that he FEELS WELL ALL THE TIME.

But so-called "Spring Medicines" produce a violent change which creates an inflammation and tendency to disease. The system loses the power to cleanse itself. CHRONIC CONSTIPATION results, and brings still further evils. If you have some of the above symptoms, mark them and send them to the Doctor. He will tell you what to do to be PERMANENTLY CURED, and what the proper treatment would cost. He makes no charge for diagnosis or advice. Address DR. SPOULDE, B.A. (English) Cataract Specialist, Graduate Dublin University, formerly Surgeon Royal British Naval Service, 7 to 13 Doane St., Boston.

There is only one reasonable way to treat the body. Put it into such a condition that IT WILL KEEP ITSELF WELL. This is what Dr. Spoulde does. His patients after finishing treatment continue to grow stronger year by year. This is because he makes all the organs of the body work properly and in harmony. Is not that better than constant yearly dosing? But this requires special treatment for each case. Patent medicines will not do it.



THE LIVER.

- 1. Are you constipated?
2. Is your complexion bad?
3. Are you sleepy in the daytime?
4. Are you irritable?
5. Are you nervous?
6. Do you get dizzy?
7. Have you no energy?
8. Do you have cold feet?
9. Do you feel miserable?
10. Do you get tired easily?
11. Do you have hot flashes?
12. Is your vision blurred?
13. Have you a pain in the back?
14. Is your feet soft and flabby?
15. Are your spirits low at times?
16. Is there a bilious after eating?
17. Have you a swelling in lower leg?
18. Is there throbbing in stomach?
19. Is there a general feeling of lassitude?
20. Do these feelings affect your memory?
21. Have you a swelling in lower leg?
22. Is the circulation of the blood sluggish?

Colds ON THE Chest

are dangerous; they weaken the constitution, inflame the lungs, and often lead to Pneumonia. Cough syrups are useless. The system must be given strength and force to throw off the disease.

Scott's Emulsion will do this. It strengthens the lungs and builds up the entire system. It conquers the inflammation, cures the cough, and prevents serious trouble.

MENTHOL THE D & L PLASTER advertisement with logo and text: FOR SCIATICA, PLEURISY, STITCHES, CRICKS, NEURALGIA, RHEUMATISM, LAME BACK. THE BEST ANTI-RHEUMATIC PLASTER MADE. EACH PLASTER IN ENAMELED TIN BOX PRICE 25¢ ALSO IN 1/2 YARD ROLLS PRICE \$1.00. DAVIS & LAWRENCE CO. LTD. MANUFACTURERS MONTREAL.

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The D. & L. EMULSION advertisement with logo and text: The D. & L. EMULSION is the best and most palatable preparation of Cod Liver Oil, agreeing with the most delicate stomachs. The D. & L. EMULSION is prescribed by the leading physicians of Canada. The D. & L. EMULSION is a marvellous flesh producer and will give you an appetite. 50c. & \$1 per Bottle. Do you get the genuine? DAVIS & LAWRENCE CO., Limited, Montreal.

Random Notes For Busy Households.

NEURALGIA.—Pain in a nerve may be due to many causes, such as inflammation of the nerve itself or of the parts around it, pressure by a tumor or swelling somewhere along the course of the nerve, disease at the point of origin of the nerve in the brain or spinal cord, and the like, says the medical editor of the "Youths' Companion."

When no cause can be discovered for the pain it is called neuralgia; but the term is becoming more and more restricted in its application as medical science advances and new means of detecting disease in formerly inaccessible parts of the body are devised.

Children do not, as a rule, suffer from neuralgia in any part of the body; they may have headaches; it is true, but those are usually due to eye-strain or to some distinct nervous trouble.

The pain of neuralgia is usually very acute and cutting, and is constantly varying in intensity, now dying down for a time, so as to be scarcely noticeable, and again becoming almost unendurable, stabbing the poor sufferer with ferocious malignity.

The character of the pain serves to distinguish neuralgia from so-called muscular rheumatism, the pain of which is a steady dull ache rather than a sharp, boring and paroxysmal agony.

There is a curious form of neuralgia which is called "reminiscent." It occurs in persons, usually of a nervous type, who have suffered from nerve-pain due to inflammation, the pressure of a tumor, or some other removable cause, and in whom the pain persists after the cause has been removed. The nerve seems to have acquired a habit of hurting, which continues independently of the original cause.

The treatment of neuralgia is often most difficult and unsatisfactory, for if the cause cannot be determined, the physician must work at random. The first step must be to relieve the pain during an attack, which is often possible only by means of powerful analgesics.

A neuralgic sufferer is usually below par physically, and therefore tonics, nourishing food and a change of air, when possible, almost always do good.—Catholic Standard and Times.

THE FAMILY PEW.—The "Syracuse Sun" says:—It goes without argument that every family should have a place in the parish church where they can go unmolested and undisturbed to fulfill their Christian obligations, and it is an edifying sight to see father, mother and children gather together in the family pew Sunday after Sunday serving God. The pew is a testimony to the family and ought to be maintained. The church is solicitous that each family has at least its sitting. There is no reason in the world why the rich man should not pay a handsome sum for his church home. And we have never been able to understand why the poor man should not give something for his church home also. Surely every man wishes to do what is right in the direction of the church. Every self-respecting man likes to pay for his home whether it be large or small, and it touches a man's honor to live in a workhouse where he pays no rent and depends on the public. There is no necessity that this home feeling and this just independence should be denied in the House of God, but it rather seems a good thing that the man who works and gives to provide a house where he and his family can live together in comfort and self-respect six days of the week, should do his part to sustain the house where they worship God on the other day. He is a poor creature who will allow another to pay his rent for him on week days, and we have never been able to see where there is any difference between being a beggar on Sunday and a beggar on Monday.

WASHING CHILDREN'S EARS.—Few ailments are more common among children than earache, and mothers, though unconscious of the fact, are themselves the cause of much suffering from this painful malady in their children. In her anxiety to have the child's ears clean a mother will sometimes endeavor to remove every particle of ear wax from the inner portion of the ear, and to accomplish this to her own satisfaction will sometimes use a hairpin covered with the towel or the towel itself twisted to a point. It is unnecessary and wrong to remove every particle of this wax. The membrane lining the canal of the ear contains a great number of little glands which secrete this waxy substance, and the purpose of this is to prevent the entrance of insects and keep the ear clean. The layers of wax dry in scales, which rapidly fall away and remove with them any particle of dust or other foreign matter which may have found entrance to the ear. Be contented when you have made the child's ears thoroughly dry and leave nature to attend to her own business. In a case of earache nothing more irritating than a few drops of olive oil warmed to a temperature of blood heat should ever be placed in the ear.

Becker of Savannah, Ga., at Baltimore in 1868.
Another unique point recorded on the archives of the see is the fact that Archbishop Hughes received his pallium, or distinctive badge of metropolitan rank, directly from the Pope in 1850. On July 8, 1863, his bosom friend, Archbishop Kenrick, of Baltimore, suddenly expired of apoplexy, and despite illness, Dr. Hughes contrived to attend the obsequies. On January 3, 1864, the bells of New York announced his own death. Bishop McCloskey, of Albany, formerly his auxiliary prelate, succeeded him, according to his desire, and governed the archdiocese for twenty-one years. Under his guidance the Gothic cathedral was dedicated in 1875, although the finishing touches to its beauty awaited the advent of his successor. Whoever enters its precincts to-day will observe a scarlet hat of odd design suspended from the chancel roof, directly before the grand high altar, which denotes the fact that a Cardinal rests in death beneath it. This hat was conferred by Pope Pius IX. at Rome upon Dr. McCloskey, twenty-five years ago, when he was declared a Prince of the Church—the first Cardinal ever created in the United States. In 1880 the burdens of his station prompted Cardinal McCloskey to secure Pope Leo's consent to appoint a coadjutor prelate in New York, and the Right Rev. Michael Augustine Corrigan, Bishop of Newark, N. J., was duly preconized. At the third Plenary Council of Baltimore, in 1884, Dr. Corrigan represented his superior, and following the Cardinal's death, in 1885, succeeded him as Archbishop of New York. The coming jubilee will bring out the many salient features of Dr. Corrigan's incumbency during the past fifteen years.

"Quick lunch" is one of the commonest of city signs. The sign doesn't say "a healthy lunch of good food"—the character of the food apparently is not considered. It's just a quick lunch,—eat and get away. Is it any wonder that the stomach breaks down? Food is thrown at it, sloppily, indigestible and immiterious food, very often, and the stomach has to do the best it can. Normally there should be no need for medical assistance for the stomach. But the average method of life is abnormal and while this continues there will always be a demand for Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. It is the one medicine which can be relied on to cure diseases of the stomach and other organs of digestion and nutrition. It is not a cure-all. It is a medicine designed for the stomach, and to cure through the stomach remote diseases which have their cause in the derangement of the stomach and digestive and nutritive system. It cures when all else fails.

CHATS WITH THE FARMERS.
Continue from page Six.

quire, to a greater or less degree, the temperature of the area over which they pass, thus modifying the climate of every new district touched. Hence a strong wind from an open body of water will raise the winter temperature of the adjoining land, while wind from a colder area may have a disastrous effect. Wind is a powerful agent in the evaporation of moisture, and, apart from the more rapid evaporation in an open country during the summer, a strong dry wind may have an appreciable bad effect on fruit trees by evaporating the moisture in dormant twigs during winter. The value of a windbreak evidently, therefore, depends on the direction and character of the prevailing winds. Where strong land winds are of frequent occurrence, a windbreak is clearly advisable. To quote from Bailey: "The benefits derived from windbreaks are, lessening of evaporation from soil and plants; protection from cold; lessening of windfalls; lessening of liability to mechanical injuries of trees; retention of snow and leaves; the enabling of trees to grow more erect; lessening of injury from the drying up of small fruits; retention of sand in certain localities; hastening of maturity of fruits in some cases; encouragement of birds; ornamentation." The injuries from windbreaks are

as follows: "Preventing the free circulation of warm winds and consequent exposure to cold; injuries from insects and fungous diseases; injuries from the encroachment of the windbreak itself; increased liability to late spring frosts in rare cases."

This is a clear statement of the advantages and disadvantages of windbreaks, and the evidence is strongly in favor of windbreaks, unless they are unwisely planted so as to exclude warm winds that are often a fruit grower's salvation during a severe winter. The common objection to windbreaks, viz., that they harbor all kinds of bad insects and tend to encourage fungous diseases such as mildew, scab, etc., has some strength but with the intelligent use of a proper spraying apparatus this objection loses its chief force, and care can also be taken that such trees are especially infested by injurious insects and fungi are left out of the plantation. As a general rule a mixed windbreak is advisable of two or even three rows. It should usually be not too dense, checking the violence of the wind rather than excluding it altogether. Norway spruce, Austrian and Scotch pines are effective; and amongst the deciduous trees those should be used which are most healthy and thrifty in the locality.

A Woman's Advice.
TO SUFFERERS FROM NERVOUSNESS AND HEADACHES.

Mrs. Robins, of Port Colborne, tells how she found a cure and asserts the belief that the same remedy will cure other sufferers.

Mrs. Daniel Robins, of Port Colborne, Ont., is one of those who believe that when a remedy for disease has been found, it is the duty of the person benefited to make it known, in order that other sufferers may also find the road to renewed health. Mrs. Robins says: "In the spring of 1897 my health gave way and I became completely prostrated. Nervousness, palpitation of the heart and severe headaches were the chief symptoms. The nervous trouble was so severe as to border almost upon St. Vitus' dance. The least exertion, such as going up stairs for example, would leave me almost breathless, and my heart would palpitate violently. My appetite was very fickle and I was much reduced in flesh. The usual remedies were tried, but did not help me, and eventually I became so weak that I was unable to perform my household duties, and the headaches I suffered from at times made me feel as though my head would burst. I was feeling very discouraged when a cure in a case much resembling mine through the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills came to my notice and I decided to give them a trial. After using two boxes I found so much relief that I was greatly rejoiced to know that I had found a medicine that would cure me. I continued using Dr. Williams' Pink Pills until I had taken eight or nine boxes, when I considered my cure complete. The palpitation of the heart, nervousness and headaches had disappeared; my appetite was again good, and I had gained in weight nicely. I regard myself as completely restored and I would urge other women suffering as I did to give Dr. Williams' Pink Pills a trial, and I am sure they will have equally good reason to sound their praise.

There are thousands of women throughout the country who suffer as Mrs. Robins did, who are pale, subject to headaches, heart palpitation and dizziness, who drag along frequently feeling that life is a burden. To all such we would say give Dr. Williams' Pink Pills a fair trial. These pills make rich, red blood, strengthen the nerves, bring the glow of health to pale and sallow cheeks, and make the feeble and despondent feel that life is once more worth living. The genuine are sold only in boxes, the wrapper bearing the full name "Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People." May be had from all dealers or by mail at 50c a box or six boxes for \$2.50, by addressing the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

MILK BUSINESS.
The Board of Agriculture of Great Britain has recently appointed a committee to investigate and report relative to regulations for the sale of milk and cream. The particular business of the committee is to consider standards of quality, as there has been no little difficulty in legal proceedings under the sale of food and drugs act to differentiate between abnormal milk or milk which had been watered, and milk from which the cream had been abstracted.

For torpid Liver, A Poor Digestion, Flatulence, Constipation, Biliousness and Sick Head-Ache.

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Society Directory.

LADIES' AUXILIARY to the Ancient Order of Hibernians, Division No. 1.—Meets in St. Patrick's Hall, 92 St. Alexander Street, on the first Sunday, at 4 p.m., and third Thursday, at 8 p.m., of each month. President Sarah Allen; Vice-President, Statia Mack; Financial Secretary, Mary McMahon; Treasurer, Mary O'Brien; Recording Secretary, Lizzie Howlitt, 383 Wellington street.—Application forms can be had from members, or at the hall before meetings.

A.O.H.—DIVISION NO. 2.—Meets in lower vestry of St. Gabriel New Church corner Centre and Laprairie streets, on the 2nd and 4th Friday of each month, at 8 p.m. President, Michael Lynch; Recording Secretary, Thomas Donohue, 812 Hibernian street.—to whom all communications should be addressed; Peter Doyle, Financial Secretary; E. J. Colfer, Treasurer. Delegates to St. Patrick's League.—J. J. Cavanagh, D. S. McCarthy and J. Cavanagh.

A.O.H.—DIVISION NO. 3.—Meets on the first and third Wednesday of each month, at No. 1863 Notre Dame street, near McGill. Officers: D. Gallery, President; W. McFolrick, Vice-President; Pm. Hufley, Rec. Secretary, 78 Mansfield street; John Hughes, Fin. Secretary; L. Brophy, Treasurer; M. Fennel, Chairman of Standing Committee, Marshal, Mr. John Kennedy.

A.O.H.—DIVISION NO. 9.—President, H. J. Hummel, 28 Visitation street; Rec. Secretary, W. J. Clarke, 25 Lyburner ave., St. Cuneognde, (to whom all communications should be addressed); Fin. Secretary, M. J. Doyle, 19a Balmoral street; Treasurer, A. J. Hanley, 794 Palace street; Chairman of Standing Committee, H. Diamond; Marshal, J. J. Tivnan. Division meets on the second and fourth Fridays of every month, in the York Chambers, 241 1/2 St. Catherine street, at 8 p.m.

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ST. PATRICK'S COURT, NO. 95 C.O.F.—Meets in St. Ann's Hall, 157 Ottawa street, every first and third Monday, at 8 p.m. Chief Ringer, James F. Fosbre, Recording Secretary, Alex. Patterson, 197 Ottawa street.

ST. PATRICK'S T. A. & B. SOCIETY Meets on the second Sunday of every month in St. Patrick's Hall, 92 St. Alexander street, immediately after Vespers. Committee of Management meets in same hall the first Tuesday of every month, at 8 p.m. Rev. S. C. Hallissey, Rev. President; James J. Costigan, 1st Vice-President; W. P. Doyle, Secretary, 254 St. Martin street.

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ST. ANN'S YOUNG MEN'S SOCIETY organized April 1874. Incorporated, Dec. 1875.—Regular monthly meeting held in its hall, 19 Dupre street, first Wednesday of every month, at 8 o'clock. p. m. Committee of Management meets every second and fourth Wednesday of each month. President Geo. A. Grace; Secretary, M. J. Power; all communications to be addressed to the Hall, Delegates to St. Patrick's League, W. J. Hinphy, D. Gallery, Jas. McMahon.

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SAVE YOUR EMPTY BAGS.
Users of BRODIE'S "XXX" Self-Raising Flour who preserve the empty bags and return them to us will receive the following premiums: For 12 six pound bags a beautiful colored picture in gold gilt frame, 12 inches x 16 inches. For 24 six pound bags a larger picture in fine gilt frame 18 inches x 24 inches. Two three pound bags may be sent in place of one six pound bag. BRODIE'S "XXX" SELF-RISING FLOUR, 10 & 12 BATTERY ST., MONTREAL.

NEW YORK SCHOOL LAWS.

In the March issue of the "Catholic World," Rev. Thomas McMillan, C.S.P., has a lengthy and very important contribution to the School Laws of New York. He claims that their educational system is in danger if proposed radical changes are made. He consecrates considerable space to pointing out the best remedy. His arguments are in favor of a unification of the whole system under the supervision of the regents of the university. Above all does Father McMillan point out how the great educational work done by Catholics in New York is ignored. By the following extracts from that admirable article, our readers will see that the educational question is one of paramount importance in every land, and that in the neighboring Republic, just as well as here in Canada, the Catholic element has to contend with unjust opposition in all matters affecting the education of youth.

Amongst other things Father McMillan says:—

"It seems obvious that those who are earnestly seeking to improve the school laws of New York State should give more attention to the suggestions that can be elicited from teachers of recognized professional standing. The best text books are produced by the men and women who have had the supreme test of actual experience in the management of children. It may be hoped that our lawmakers will seek to borrow wisdom from the rulers of the classroom. Some of the educational journals have already presented very able statements of the evidence in favor of proposed changes for the codification of school laws."

"Many fairly well educated men and women do not seem to know that our State educational system in New York comprises two distinct departments, the one controlled by the Board of Regents, the other by the State Superintendent."

"The Superintendent of Public Instruction is the victim of his surrounding conditions, as the Regents of the University are protected by the conditions of their life tenure and other incidents of their organization. The case might safely be submitted here without further argument and upon the superintendent's testimony alone. No intelligent jury, mindful of the welfare of our schools, would hesitate to render a verdict in favor of the unification of our State educational system under the supervision of the Regents of the University. But there are other reasons for such a change in our system as will bring the execution of the educational functions now vested in the superintendent under protecting supervision of the Regents—at least to the extent of making them responsible for the choice and retention in office of the official who shall execute such functions. Their importance and the advantage of such change in our educational system, will appear upon a slight review of the superintendent's varied duties, which are too great in aggregate to be safely committed to any one person's unaided judgment or unrestrained discretion. The time is opportune for the change, and all valid reasons and worthy influences make for its accomplishment. Educational unification, under well tested, capable and trustworthy supervision, is the desideratum. The Regents of the University meet all the requirements for the needed supervising body. Their board has become an institution—the ripened fruit of a century's experience. What has been thus evolved and has so conspicuously proved its almost ideal usefulness, may not be lightly set aside. To bring the Superintendent of Public Instruction into harmony with and under supervision of the Regents of the University, little more legislation is needed than to give them the power to elect and remove such officer. His responsibility to them, and their responsibility for him, will be thus simultaneously established. He will then recognize the Regents as his natural and helpful advisers, and will gladly accept their potent protection. Harmony will be established in our educational household, and, all animated by a common purpose, can work together for the common good."

"By an act of legislature Mr. Skinner was authorized, at great expense, to assume the responsibility of taking a biennial school census, chiefly on his own recommendation of competency for such a difficult task. The results of his work will not bear critical inspection or a 'uniform examination,' in the words of his own pet phrase: No gain can be shown proportionate to the money expended. The boroughs of Manhattan and the Bronx in New York City were commanded, against the decision of the local commissioners, to pay for the honor of this census about thirty-eight thousand dollars. By a poem

liar juggling of the figures there was no distinct mention of a large number of volunteer workers in the cause of education, representing hundreds of prominent families, philanthropic and religious organizations. A census that misrepresents the work done by the people of New York State for education, or which presents only in a partial way the evidence of their generous zeal, deserves severe condemnation. This consideration may be taken by those in charge of the figures to be prepared for the Paris Exposition, which should be arranged according to a reliable standard. It is to the glory of the Empire State that so many of its citizens do not need any compulsory law. They take the initiative in educating their children, and cheerfully pay the cost of their religious training. By an unjust discrimination, fostered by the bigotry of the past, they are also obliged to assume the whole burden of providing instruction in the secular branches required for intelligent citizenship.

For all whom it should concern, and to comply with the request of public officials seeking accurate information, the following exhibit of the parish schools of New York State has been prepared from the Catholic Directory for the year 1899. To remove a widespread misconception, it is necessary to state that the children in these schools have homes supported by their parents, who are entitled to all the civic honor that belongs to taxpayers. From their contributions have been paid the salaries of two thousand, six hundred and twenty teachers. The number of pupils is indicated according to the dioceses, representing all the counties of New York State:—

Diocese of New York	47,109
Brooklyn	27,785
Buffalo	21,324
Albany	13,000
Rochester	12,777
Syracuse	4,840
Ogdensburg	3,500
Total	130,335

ST. PATRICK'S DAY GAZETTE.—The beautiful little publication entitled "St. Patrick's Day Gazette," must not be confounded with the Montreal (every day "Gazette.") The new venture is only in commemoration of the national feast, but it is one that deserves the greatest success on the part of its publishers. Two of the publishers—Prof. F. D. Daly and R. J. L. Cuddy—are well known to our readers, as frequent contributors to the "True Witness," while Prof. W. J. Brennan and Mr. J. J. Fahey, are familiar names in every household in St. Mary's parish. Their St. Patrick's Day number is most creditable and highly instructive. Besides being elaborately illustrated with men and scenes dear to all Irish hearts in Canada, it contains articles upon education, Irish music, and other refining and practical themes. We would draw the attention of our readers to a slight, yet strange error in one of Prof. Daly's own poems, and he will see at once that in pointing out this mistake, we are putting right a host of friends. The line is in a poem entitled "James Flanagan," in which the word "Girshas" is made to read "Girls has." We can heartily congratulate the writers, compilers and publishers of that very neat and very appropriate issue. The price is only 10 cents.

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Are the Correct Style among the Elites of New York. Just received a collection of the finest West of England Vicuna and Cheviot Coatings, in Oxford and Cambridge Gray. These Garments, lined throughout with rich silk to match, make an Ideal Suit for a Gentleman.

Prices Range from \$45 Upwards.

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MEN'S WHITE SHIRTS.

Open Front or Back, with Cuffs or Bands. These shirts are made of superior cotton. Reinforced Fronts with fine Linen Bosom and Cuffs. All button holes hand worked.

All goods are cut and made up on the premises, and it may be seen at a glance THAT THEY ARE OF SUPERIOR WORKMANSHIP.

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Also Men's Shirts to Measure, Materials used for all special orders are of the very best, perfect fit guaranteed, price \$2.00.

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Not cheap, shoddy goods, which will fail to please in a year or two, but good Furniture which will last a lifetime and give you every satisfaction.
Call in and see our prices and quality if you are buying anything from a single piece to a whole house of furniture.

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IN MEMORY OF ST. PATRICK

HEMSLEY'S Canadian Enamels are the best souvenirs off St. Patrick's Day. They do not fade in a few hours; they retain their brightness and newness for years. They have been bought largely by Irish men and Irish women all over Canada.

All sterling silver heavily plated with gold.

- Stick Pins 50 & 60c
- Safety Pins - 50c
- Hat Pins - 75c
- Brooches - 75c
- Cuff Links
- \$1.25 and \$1.35
- B'ouse Sets - \$1.50
- Spoons from \$1.00
- Belt Buckles
- \$2.75 and upwards
- Belt Buckles, Bronze Gilt, \$1.50

Sent by Mail to any address on receipt of money.

HEMSLEY'S,
1915 Notre Dame Street,
253-255-257 St. James Street.
P. O. BOX 584.

I will consider myself fortunate, says St. Francis de Sales, if I have succeeded in ridding myself of my faults a short quarter of an hour before my death.

Take special care to avoid to-day that sin into which you are more apt to fall; Mary will help you, ask her by saying one "Ave" on your knees.

The rejoicing in Heaven is greatest over the sheep that has wandered the farthest—perhaps was born on the wild hillside, and not in the fold at all.
Apples eaten daily insure clear, bright complexions.

SALES OF



Household Furniture.

The undersigned requests parties who intend to favour them with the sale of their Household Furniture this Spring, to give intimation as soon as possible so as to secure a good date.

Mr. E. O'BRIEN gives his personal attention to these sales, and conducts them in a manner to give the best satisfaction to all concerned.

THE EDWARD O'BRIEN CO.,
AUCTIONEERS,
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High Class Millinery!

Our exhibition of High-Class Spring Millinery last week was an unprecedented success. Hundreds of lady visitors freely and delightedly testified to the fact. We invite further inspection!

STYLISH CLOAKS AND CAPES!
A full assortment of all the Latest Styles for SPRING WEAR!

NEW SHIRT WAISTS!
NEW TAILOR-MADE COSTUMES!

New Goods in Curtain Dept

- New Nottingham Lace Curtains.
- New Nottingham Curtain Nets, IN ALL WIDTHS.
- New Irish Point Lace Curtains, in White and Cream.
- New Irish Point Curtain Nets, in White and Cream.
- New Frilled Curtains, A NOVELTY.

New Curtain Frillings, in MUSLIN AND NET.
New White and Cream Curtain Scrim.

New Fancy Curtain Scrim, FAST COLORS.

New Fancy Art Muslins.
New Fancy Art Lenos.
New Point D'Esprit Net in ALL WIDTHS.

New Point D'Esprit Frilling, ALL WIDTHS.
New Window Shades, READY-MADE.

Window Shades made to order. MEASURES TAKEN FREE OF CHARGE.
Country orders carefully filled.

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STEINWAY PIANOS.

Steinway Pianos cost more than other pianos, because they are in every way worth more. They have progressed in advance of all other Pianos throughout the world by genius of invention and excellence of mechanical workmanship. They exemplify in themselves the highest ideal of an instrument the world has ever seen. They exercise the most potent charm on player and listener alike. They retain their beauty of tone and durability doubly as long as the best Pianos of other makers. To see and hear the latest Pianos by STEINWAY & SONS, call in at our warerooms, where new stock, just arriving, will be cheerfully shown. Pianos, any make taken in exchange.

Lindsay-Nordheimer Co.,
2366 St. Catherine Street.

Those who attain any excellence commonly spend life in one common pursuit; for excellence is not gained upon easier terms.

Gratitude is a nice touch of beauty added last of all to the countenance, giving a classic beauty, an angelic loveliness to the character.

GOOD SHOES SOLD CHEAPLY.

Our Store is the place to buy a nice pair of Rubber Sole Boots or fine Calf Shoes, for ST. PATRICK'S DAY, if you wish to spend only a little money and get Shoes that are really good.

LADIES' PERFECT BOOTS

\$2.25

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MEN'S CORRECT BOOTS.

Box Calf or fine French Kid, Button or Lace, twenty styles, all the new fashions and heels. Dainty shapes of the mannish kind. Goodyear Welt or hand torn. All sizes. Ladies' special values in

LADIES' FINE SHOES

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Patent Calf, Box Calf, Russia Calf, Vic Kid, Black or Tan or Chocolate, single or double sole, every pair Goodyear Welt, six styles, all new toes.

SPECIAL VALUE—nothing made to equal it—in Men's Rubber Soles, Box Calf, Black or Tan.
Regular \$4.00, for.....\$3.00
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BOYS' BOX CALF LACED BOOTS, Regular \$2 00, for \$1.50

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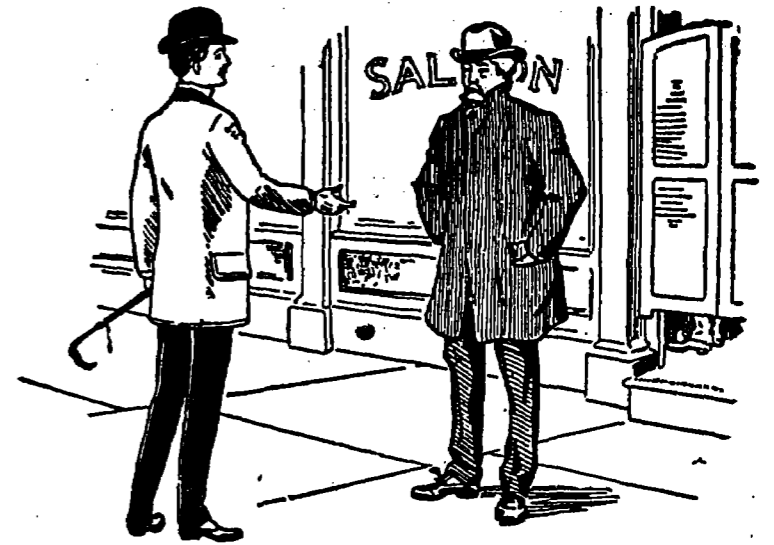
We have other Pianos—good ones too—some that we have received in part payment for new **CHICKERING** and **KARN** Pianos, which we can sell at very low prices.

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Why Don't You Stop Drinking, And Make a Man of Yourself?

If your craving for liquor is stronger than your will power, then take the **DIXON CURE**. It will at once free you from that dreadful desire. See what it does for others. It will do the same thing for you. A cure is guaranteed in every case. Read the following letter from a rescued victim:

MONTREAL, 13th January, 1900.

J. B. LALIME, Manager The Dixon Cure Co., Montreal.

Dear Sir,—Twenty-nine months to-morrow I had my last glass of beer, and I cannot let that pass without once more informing you of my condition. Financially and physically I am a new man. My life has become a pleasure to me. No more big heads. For two years and ten months I have been living,

Accept my thanks for what the Dixon Cure did for me, and believe me,
Yours truly,
XXX

P.S.—Give my name and address to anyone at any time. XXX.

For further particulars apply to

J. B. LALIME,

Manager the Dixon Cure Co.,
572 St. Denis Street, Montreal.

Or to

DR. MACKAY,

Belmont Retreat, Quebec.

All communications strictly confidential.

WATER COLOR EXHIBITION,

COMMENCING March 20th.

W. SCOTT & SONS,

1739 Notre Dame Street MONTREAL.

The Water Colors in this exhibition have just been received from Holland. They include good examples by some of the foremost artists, and some new ones are represented.

One of the hardest weeds to uproot is selfishness. Nothing can do this but "the expulsive power of a new affluence."

Humility is the altar upon which God wishes that we should offer Him our sacrifices.

Those who are assured of their position are not always thinking about it. Men who stand much upon their dignity have not, as a rule, much else to stand upon.

Keep a marble in the kettle to take up the "tut."

IRELAND'S NATIONAL FESTIVAL.

IN MONTREAL AND ELSEWHERE.

Before giving the detailed account, which we promised last week, of the grand celebration of the 17th of March, in Montreal, it may be worthy of attention to mention a few remarkable occurrences that have combined to make this year's festival one of the most memorable in the history of our city. Apart from the magnificent weather, which imparted a buoyant spirit to the occasion, there seemed to have been a sudden and general desire, on the part of every person, to aid in making last Saturday a really "great day for Ireland." Never before was such universal enthusiasm known in Montreal: Every man, woman and child that you met had a "sprig of green," the principal streets of the city were decorated in a most gorgeous manner; the newspaper offices were adorned with Irish flags, harps, and other national emblems, while their offices were turned into regular Shamrock depot, or distributing centres; over the City Hall floated the banner of Old Erin, every place where a British or a Canadian flag was seen, it was either entwined with shamrocks or else was side by side with the green flag of Ireland; men, who never before recognized the day, were vying with each other to show their respect for the Irish race, and to exhibit their admiration for the green. This alone, would suffice to render the day memorable. Without a doubt, on St. Patrick's Day, 1900, the Irish were "the greatest and most honored people in the world."

What is very remarkable in all this spontaneous outburst of fervor, is the fact that it came totally unexpected, and it swept like a contagion around the whole civilized world. It was a great thing to be an Irishman on St. Patrick's Day this year. How comes all this wonderful change? It is not easy to answer the question. It would be just as difficult to say how the recent uniting of the various political sections of the Home Rule Party took place. It would seem as if Ireland's long ages of trial and tribulation were about to close and the day of her final triumph was at hand.

It is not possible to pass sane judgment on the ways of Providence, either in regard to individuals or to nations. As far as man is concerned all is mystery in those wonderful designs of the Almighty; and it is well for us that it is so. Certainly these two remarkable, we might say phenomenal, events flashed upon the world at an hour when the most optimistic could not dream of their realization. One week before the reuniting of the Irish Parliamentary forces, there was absolutely nothing visible along the horizon, to even suggest such a turn in affairs; equally so has it been with the enthusiasm of all classes, creeds and races over the greatness, the worth, the renown, and the glories of the Irish people. The very action of Her Majesty, Queen Victoria, was apparently entirely unpremeditated.

But be the immediate and remote causes what they may, the fact remains that never was St. Patrick's Day as universally celebrated as it has been this year. As far as Montreal is concerned, we may state that the presence of Mgr. Falconio, the Apostolic Delegate to Canada, lent an "elate" to the religious ceremonies that otherwise would not have existed. The celebration of the High Mass by the one who is the direct representative of Our Holy Father Leo XIII., was, in itself, an event of major importance. As will be seen by our following extensive report of the day's proceedings, both the day and the evening celebrations were of a most imposing and eminently successful character.

THE PARADE.—The usual features attended the demonstration, such as the cavalcade of horses, gaily caparisoned, their riders being franked out in green jackets; the Irish jaunting car, in which sat five young men dressed in corduroy, and which, as it passed in front of St. Patrick's Church, provoked many an exclamation of tenderness from old and young.

The procession proper had been carefully planned, but it did not quite realize the order of the programme. The various societies left their halls and marched independently to the church. St. Ann's Young Men were the first to reach St. Patrick's, preceded by a band which discoursed Irish airs. These were about two hundred strong and looked well.

The Ancient Order of Hibernians made a fine showing. The men march-

ing in a soldierly fashion, and being thoroughly respectable in appearance. Some of our well-known citizens were in this body, which had as guard of honor the Hibernian Knights, a military body, dressed in a dark blue uniform, and wearing swords.

The organization marched in the following order to St. Patrick's Church—

County Marshal, Mr. Francis Geehan.

Hibernian Knights, 40 strong, Captain Patrick Keane, commanding.

Flags of Divisions No. 1, 2, 3 and 6.

Div. No. 9, St. Patrick's Parish, 110 men, H. J. Hummel, President; W. J. Clarke, Secretary.

Div. No. 8, St. Patrick's Parish, 125 men, John Lavelle, President; Thomas Neville, Secretary.

Div. No. 7, St. Gabriel's Parish, 75 men, Alderman D. Tansey, jr., President; P. J. Dwyer, Secretary.

Div. No. 6, St. Jean Baptiste Parish, 200 men, J. B. Lane, President; P. O'Neill, jr., Secretary.

Div. No. 5, St. Anthony's Parish, 75 men, James McNichol, President; Hugh Tracy, Secretary.

Div. No. 4, St. Mary's Parish, 100 men, Alexander Bissett, President; J. Brennan, Secretary.

Div. No. 3, St. Patrick's Parish, 125 men, Alderman Gallery, President; W. Rawley, Secretary.

Div. No. 2, St. Gabriel's Parish, 225 men, Michael Lynch, President; T. Donahue, Secretary.

Div. No. 1, St. Patrick's Parish, 250 men, Hugh McMorow, President; M. Birmingham, Secretary.

County Officers: Wm. Rawley, President; J. S. Fitzpatrick, Vice-President; Jas. McIver, Secretary; Humphrey T. Kearns, Treasurer.

The Young Irishmen, as usual, maintained their reputation, and were much admired for their gentlemanly bearing; the St. Ann's Cadets were a smart body of young fellows; well set up, while the various temperance and total abstinence societies made a strong and respectable muster, as well as the pupils of St. Patrick's, and St. Ann's Church, under the direction of the Christian Brothers.

AT ST. PATRICK'S CHURCH.

The interior of the church presented a splendid appearance. Every nook and corner was occupied, the aisles were full of devout worshippers. The sanctuary was resplendent in its beautiful decorations. The lower portion of the altar was hung with white silk, embroidered in gold, and bearing appropriate scriptural texts. The upper portion was ablaze with hundreds of incandescent lights, while from the top of the vaulted apse a large star cast its effulgence over the animated picture below. The priests' stalls on either side of the sanctuary were also hung in white, and curtains of the same material covered the wainscoting on each side of the altar. Within the communion rails and near the altar of St. Joseph the recumbent figure of St. Patrick was exposed to view. Near by was a relic of the venerated saint, which was later in the day offered to the faithful for adoration. Surrounding the figure were scores of tapers and lights.

When the officiating clergy, in their magnificent vestments of gold and white, took their places before the altar, the scene was most striking. When Mgr. Falconio entered the sanctuary, Rev. Father Martin Callaghan in the absence of Rev. Father Quinlivan, who was suddenly taken ill, read the following address to His Excellency:

THE ADDRESS.

May it Please Your Excellency. In the name of Rev. Father Quinlivan who, owing to a physical indisposition, could not be present,—in the name of this large and imposing congregation which represents a race undying in its allegiance to the noblest principles, not only in the sunniest hours of prosperity, but also in the gloomiest days of adversity,—in the name of this parish which, since its formation, has illustrated under the most practical forms the distinguishing feature of the Irish Celtic nation; unwavering fidelity to the truth, integrity of morals, patriotism of the choicest brand and zeal in promoting whatever cause should enlist human sympathy,—in the name of the priests attached to this parish, and of all the priests charged with the spiritual welfare of all the other sections of our English-speaking Catholic population, I feel proud and

happy in tendering to Your Excellency the homage of the most cordial welcome.

For the first time in the history of our National Festival in this city, do we enjoy the signal honor of having in our midst the immediate representative of our Holy Father, the Supreme Pontiff. To appreciate such a favor would not require all the earnest Faith which has ever characterized the children of St. Patrick, whether at home in their own Emerald Isle, or scattered wherever their lot may be cast. Your Excellency then, knowing the historic devotedness of Ireland's sons and daughters to the Holy Apostolic See, cannot fail to realize our heartfelt joy in being able this day to salute in your person the worthy representative of him whose predecessor, long ages ago, sent to our shores the glorious Apostle, whose cherished memory we celebrate to-day. Since your arrival in this country, we have been anxiously awaiting an opportunity of expressing to Your Excellency the sentiments of profound veneration and affection which we entertain for so distinguished a son of St. Francis, as well as towards the august Pontiff, in whose name you come amongst us. We consider it most happy that this occasion coincides with the celebration of our National Feast, since it enables all our people of the various parishes in Montreal to unite in saluting you on the only day in the year when we assemble together, and on the day too above all others when our hearts are fullest of love and gratitude towards the See of Peter. Thanks then, Your Excellency, sincere and warmest thanks for deigning to enhance our celebration by officiating for us to-day. Thanks also to our beloved Archbishop for so thoughtfully suggesting the invitation you have so graciously accepted, and thanks moreover to our grand and saintly Pontiff, Leo XIII., who permits to show honor to himself in the person of Your Excellency. May we now ask Your Excellency to bestow upon us all, priests and people, your own and the Apostolic Benediction, that we may ever remain true to the Faith of St. Patrick, which he once delivered to our fathers, fresh and full from the infallible Chair of Peter.

Mgr. Falconio officiated, and was assisted by Mgr. Racicot, Rev. Fathers Drane and Cahill, of the Seminary, as deacon and sub-deacon, respectively; the Rev. Fathers Luke Callaghan and Donnelly, as deacon and sub-deacon of honor; the Rev. Fathers Heffernan and Payment, as master and assistant master of ceremonies, and the Rev. J. McGillivuddy, as cross-bearer.

The music was one of the features of the service, in fact the choir, which is recognized as one of the best in the city, surpassed all previous efforts. Their rendition of Prof. Fowler's latest composition, was most artistic. The majestic choruses of the "Gloria in Excelsis," the "Credo" and the "Sanctus" filled the church with the richest harmony. In the more tender music of the "Kyrie," and the "Agnus Dei," some very delicate effects were obtained. A complete orchestra accompanied the choir and added much to its effect. Mr. J. J. Rowan, distinguished himself in an "Ave Maria," a beautiful tenor solo, composed by our noted musician, Mr. M. Gruenwald, and thoughtfully dedicated to Prof. Fowler. Mr. Rowan sang it with much feeling, and the orchestra part of it was splendid. The other soloists were: Messrs. F. Cahill, D. McAndrew, J. H. Carpenter, F. Legalle, W. Walsh, J. Blanchfield, who rendered their respective parts very well. Both before and after the service a number of Irish airs were rendered on the organ by Prof. Fowler in his usual manner.

THE SERMON OF THE DAY.

The sermon was preached by the Rev. Father Hallissey, who took as his text, "He hath not dealt so with any nation, and as for his judgments they have not known them. Praise ye the Lord." Psalm 147, last verse. May it please Your Excellency, Rt. Reverend and Rev. Fathers, Beloved Brethren of Laity. I deem it a privilege and an honor to be permitted to speak to you to-day. It is at all times an honor for one to speak with authority on the things of God; but especially so when we are permitted to address an illustrious representative of our Holy Father, a zealous clergy, a loyal de-

voted people. In the gathering of this day my honor is thus enhanced by reason of the day we celebrate, and the grand solemnities with which it is surrounded. For who of us, beloved brethren, has not been filled with pride and admiration on beholding the grand spectacle of this day? What soul is there that has not been thrilled with deep emotion on seeing the great army of Irishmen and sons of Irishmen parading the streets of our grand city amidst the waving of green banners, the sounds of martial music, and the plaudits of the people proclaiming to the world that love for Ireland and Ireland's cause is not yet dead in the hearts of our countrymen.

Not that we glory in mere empty show, or in the vain display of men's colors, for in this we were often surpassed in the days of pagan Greece and Rome; but because we recognize that underlying this great demonstration there is a grand principle and a noble cause; and this celebration speaks to us of the presence, at least in the Irish heart, of two beautiful and noble virtues fast dying out amongst the generality of men—gratitude to benefactors and loyal devotion to the cause and country for which they have fought and died.

This demonstration speaks to us of gratitude to St. Patrick and loyal devotion to the faith and country which he has left behind. And so, just as it is the cause and not the death which makes men martyrs, so now it is the cause and not the display which makes this demonstration truly just and honorable. And, beloved brethren, what we are witnessing to-day in this grand old city of Montreal is taking place, to a greater, or less extent, in all parts of the English-speaking world; for the days have rolled into years and the years have rolled into centuries, since St. Patrick first put his foot on Irish soil, and still to this day Irishmen and sons of Irishmen join hands on the 17th of March in doing honor to the illustrious Saint and the glorious country which he so loved and favored.

But why do we celebrate, among so many others, the Irish nation whose history after all occupies but a few pages in the great annals of the world and whose very destinies have rested in the hands of foreigners for centuries. There are many reasons, beloved brethren, and we shall speak briefly of two. We celebrate the Irish nation first, because of its glorious antiquity; secondly, because of its loyal devotion to faith and fatherland.

There is no doubt, beloved brethren, that the Irish is the most ancient nationality of Western Europe. Now, while it may be true to say that the advantage of going back to the very cradle of the human race is not in itself sufficient to impart interest to cold annals, nevertheless when that prerogative is united to a vivid life and influence, nothing contributes more to render a nation worthy of praise and honor than length of years—and such is true of Ireland, for she comes down to us from a remote antiquity laden with hallowed memories to the sons of the Gael, and recalling a history as varied and interesting as any that has ever been written. If we accept the inspired narrative in which Moses and the Jewish people have been the principal actors, that people are without a country as they are without a Messiah, and the greatness and glory of that race lies in the single fact that the Redeemer of the world was born of them in Bethlehem of Judaea. But the Irish race has a continuous history dating back one thousand years before Christ and coming down without interruption to our day; and through all the vicissitudes of revolutions still possessed of a country, a national spirit and undying love for liberty and learning. To justly appreciate the great qualities and characteristics of a nation, we must study that nation, not in its downfall, but when it is in the zenith of its power; then we will discover the distinguishing traits of its people, and, if they are true to their country, we will find the same traits more or less developed in times of trial and defeat.

So in appreciating the Irish nation we must not confine our thoughts to the Ireland of to-day, for we have fallen on unhappy times; but the Ireland of those ancient and glorious days when the Shamrock and the Harp were honored above all emblems. If then we study the history of Ireland in this guiding light, we shall find that for three hundred

years after St. Patrick had preached the Gospel, Ireland was the holiest, most learned, most enlightened, most glorious country in Christendom. From all ends of the earth students came there to study; they came, not by thousands, but by hundreds of thousands, and they brought back to every nation in Europe the wonderful peace, the holiness of her people, the immaculate purity and wondrous beauty of her womanhood, and later on we shall come across those happy times when Ireland became famous as the land of music and of song, when from the hearts of her bards and minstrels poured forth those sweet melodies, which even to this day we dearly love—so sweet and sad and low and lowly do they seem to flow like a long complaint through the course of ages, and to gasp with broken sobs through the ruins and fragments of historic thought. Again later on at that most momentous epoch in European history—the period called by many the dark ages—Ireland re-lit the lamp of learning extinguished by the barbarians, saved the wealth of literature and science to the world and restored religion and letters. Ireland has steadfastly refused to enter into the various currents of thought, political, religious or social. She has maintained during the last thousand years an almost constant struggle against three powerful enemies; the Danes, the Normans and the Protestant religion—all of which she finally overcame because of her superhuman valor and supernatural faith.

Dear beloved brethren, with such a glorious record as this, Irishmen have every reason to be proud of their nation's antiquity. Truly with such a life work as this Ireland can justly claim the gratitude of mankind and just as truly, with such a deep lasting influence as this, Ireland has every right to take her place among the nations of the earth. All glory to dear old Ireland, the land of religion, learning and song.

Another reason why we celebrate this day, beloved brethren, is because of Ireland's continued loyalty and devotion to the Catholic Faith from the day that she first embraced Christianity, and this under circumstances the most trying and which called not only for supreme and good sense, but also for an elevated even a sublime character.

When St. Patrick came to Ireland as her Apostle, the grace of God came down bountifully on the island at his preaching. Kings and people became Christians, and the whole nation believed in the true God. The fair form of Christianity grew up in their midst, grew and expanded like a beautiful figure which commended itself to their cultured minds. It was majestic and solemn; it was soothing to the griefs and indulgent to the weaknesses of men; it was a teaching and a worship; it had a dogma, a mystery, a priesthood and a church, an altar of divine sacrifice and a chair of divine truth, and this lovely Erin, bright and buoyant as her sparkling rivers, noble and majestic as her radiant mountain-tops, pure and fair as her emerald sheen, added to her rich natural endowments supernatural gifts of divine truth and divine faith. And so deep a hold did this religion take upon the hearts of Irishmen that for several centuries after St. Patrick, Ireland was the "Isle of Saints," a place midway between heaven and earth, where angels and the saints of God came to dwell with mere mortals.

And, beloved brethren, the Catholicity which Ireland professed has been the beginning of a thorough and uncompromising character.

All modern European nations, it is true, have had their birth in the bosom of the Catholic Church. She had nursed them all, educated them all, made them all what they were when they began to think of emancipating themselves from her; and, sad it is to say, that the world has seen over and over again, the terrible spectacle of many of those nations changing their faith, and shaking off their God. I ask, beloved brethren, where to-day is the Catholic Faith that was once the crown of England? Where to-day is the glorious faith that once reigned supreme in Prussia and northern Germany? Where to-day is the Catholic faith that was once so dearly loved and so excellently practised in Scandinavia, in Sweden and Norway? Where is it? It is amongst the traditions of the past, and its record tells of nothing but the perversion of the people. But where to-day is the faith that fifteen hundred years ago Patrick preached

in Ireland? Where, to-day, is that grand old Catholic faith which took such a deep hold upon the souls of the people? It is in the minds and in the hearts of the Irish people, wherever they are to be found. And, beloved brethren, as we stand here to-day in the closing shades of the nineteenth century, and looking back on the long years of persecution and discouragement through which the Catholic Church in Ireland has passed, when we consider the terrible machinery of the penal laws by which these people were deprived of their civil rights, of their Catholic education, and, to a great extent, of the ministrations of their religion, when, I say, if we stop and reflect upon this, we must marvel exceedingly that their faith has still endured, and that their attachment to the Church of their fathers remains unbroken and unchanged. But, beloved brethren, the fact is there and cannot be denied. Notwithstanding the most cruel persecutions of centuries Ireland has remained ever true to her Christian conscience, and never once broke the solemn vows she made to St. Patrick at her baptism. To-day, after fifteen hundred years as a Christian people, she is proudly conspicuous for her unbroken tradition of immaculate Catholic faith, and among the nations of the Christian world there cannot be found another people so instinct with religious belief, and so governed by the laws of Christianity as the people of Ireland, of which we may well be proud of.

With such a glorious record as this, is it any wonder that Irishmen and sons of Irishmen are proud of their ancestry, and of their faith? Is it any wonder that they love on this day to recall the deeds of valor and heroism done in those trying times? Is it any wonder they cling with loving tenderness to the name of St. Patrick who brought to old Ireland the gift of his faith, the sweet light of his love? And now, beloved brethren, what shall we say of the grand work done by Irishmen and sons of Irishmen throughout the English-speaking world. What shall we say of their glorious missionary labors in diffusing the Catholic faith pure and undefiled among the people of England, Scotland, Wales, Australia, the United States, and Canada? This then, beloved brethren, will one day fill up a glorious page in the history of the world. Suffice it to say for the present that Irishmen and sons of Irishmen have weaved for themselves bright wreaths and garlands with which they shall one day be crowned by the coming generations of men.

The Irish exile landed on our shores bringing naught with him, but his sturdy manhood and his Irish faith, and upon these elements as a foundation were built up and carried on many of the great industries of our country and upon these elements the Catholic Church of America reposed its magnificent corner stone.

Yes, beloved brethren, Irishmen in whatever clime they have settled, have enriched the country with their faith, their virtue and industrious lives; they are second to no one in their loyalty to the land of their adoption, and in the discharge of every civic duty, whether it be within the peaceful shades of home or amid the noise and turmoil of battle, a fact, beloved brethren, which has been amply proven and universally admitted, even in our days by the recent events in the United States and England. And if to-day the little green shamrock so long bowed low is lifted on high in all parts of the British Empire, it is to proclaim to the world the loyalty and bravery and heroism of the noble sons of the Gael.

Yes, beloved brethren, Irishmen have given to civilization some of its most quickening elements, some of its most brilliant geniuses, some of its fairest ornaments, some of its most heroic minds. Numbers of us here are bone of their bone, and flesh of their flesh; the fathers who supported our youth have lived above are now asleep beneath the green sod of Ireland. The mothers who sung our infancy to sleep with plaintive melodies, have breathed its air, and are now gone to join the angels in heaven. To all of us, of whatever nationality, they are our kindred; in the bans of the same faith or in the ties of that solemn existent which we feel the more intensely the more it is affected.

Irishmen and sons of Irishmen, this is the day for you which the Lord has made and well may you rejoice and be glad therein.

IRELAND'S NATIONAL FESTIVAL

Continued From Page Nine.

This is the day in which you may glory in the past, in which you may rejoice in the present, in which you may have hope for the future. It is also the day in which you must feel the solemn obligation resting upon you of transmitting to posterity, pure and undefiled, the faith and traditions handed down to you by your ancestors.

- THE MENU. Hors d'Oeuvres. Canapes of Anchovy. Oysters on half shell. SOUPS. Chicken Gumbo, a la Roberts. ENTREES. Sweet breads, Pique a la Kilkenny. Spring Chicken, Sautee, Mushrooms, Green Peas. JOINT. Roast Beef, Aberdeen Pudding. VEGETABLES. Potatoes a la Tipperary. Cauliflower a la Dublin. Punch, a la Shamrock. GAME. Larded Quail with Cress. ENTREMETS. Cabinet Pudding, Wine Sauce. Meringue a la Creme. Neapolitan Ice Cream. Assorted cakes, Cheese, Coffee, Crackers.

During the dinner, the following musical programme was rendered, under the leadership of Prof. Jas. Wilson, organist St. Mary's Church.

- PROGRAMME. March "Day we celebrate" Wilson Overture "Donnybrook Fair" White Irish Melody "My little Irish Queen" Slavin Fantasia "Gems of Ireland" Sibold March "Knights of Columbus" Fisher Valse "Circus Girl" Herman Section "Moore's Centennial" Watson March "Charlatan" Sousa Jubilee "Hannah's Promenade" Ellis Irish Medley "Royal Irish" Riviere

After doing full justice to the excellent dishes provided for the inner man, President Dr. E. J. C. Kennedy, amid cheers, arose, and extended a hearty welcome on behalf of the Society to all present. He said that it afforded him inexpressible pleasure to be President of the oldest society in Montreal, and especially on such an occasion during such a universal attempt to have Ireland organized. It was an eloquent and most timely address. He then called on Mr. T. P. Tansey, Secretary of Committee, to read letters and telegrams.

- Archbishopal Residence, Montreal, March 26, 1900. Mr. E. J. C. Kennedy, M.D. Dear Sir,—I acknowledge with thanks your kind invitation to attend the banquet of the 17th inst. I have cherished towards the Irish the deepest feeling of affection and admiration, and if my many pressing occupations do not prevent me, I assure you to show by my presence in your midst my high appreciation of the children of St. Patrick, and of the noble deeds of patriotism and charity of your deservedly popular society. Please accept my best wishes for its future, spiritual and temporal welfare, and believe me, dear sir, Yours sincerely, D. FALCONIO, Arch. of Larisse, Apostolic Delegate.

The Rectory, Church of St. James the Apostle, Montreal, March 16, 1900. Dr. E. J. C. Kennedy.

Dear Sir,—I heartily thank you for the tickets you were kind enough to enclose, and the kind invitation you extended to Cannon Ellegood and myself to join you at dinner this evening. Permanent engagement will prevent us from availing ourselves of that pleasure. When I wrote you yesterday, we had in mind the public celebration at which we would have enjoyed being present. As my maternal ancestors are all from the "Emerald Isle," you will understand with real pleasure, I convey to you Cannon Ellegood's congratulations and my own fervent wish for a pleasant evening, and a prosperous future to every wearer of the dear little Shamrock. Believe me, Yours faithfully, CHAS. G. KOLLET.

TELEGRAM. Radnor Forges, Que., March, 17, 1900. President St. Patrick Society, Montreal.

With hearty congratulations. All nationalities here wearing the Shamrock to-day for the unity of the Empire, and the bravery of the Irish regiments in South Africa. Residents of

RADNOR FORGES, P.Q. Sir Wm. Hingston also wrote, expressing his regrets at not being able to be present at the annual banquet, owing to professional duties. The first toast of the evening.

"The Queen," was received with cheers. The whole assembly singing the National Anthem.

"IRELAND."—In introducing the proposer of the toast "Ireland," the President delivered an enthusiastically patriotic eulogy of the good old motherland, tracing in vivid colors the story of her misfortune, and prophetically speaking of her glorious future. Heartily was the applause that greeted Dr. Kennedy's brief but telling remarks, and that applause merely subsided to burst forth afresh on His Honor Mr. Justice C. J. Doherty, rising to speak to the toast. When the clapping of hands and waving of handkerchiefs had ceased, His Honor proceeded to speak in these terms:—

Ireland has been on every lip to-day, Ireland is in all our hearts to-night, and Ireland is the toast I ask you to drink with me. Your cheers tell me plainly that you will need no urging to pledge to her in an overflowing "cup of kindness" those feelings of filial affection and patriotic devotion, or of brotherly friendship and sympathy which have inspired your presence here this evening. And did you require such urging words of mine were not needed to supply it. May we not fairly say that the August Sovereign of the Great Empire whereof we are proud—for we are Canadians as well as Irishmen—to count Canada as one of the great constituent self-governing nations, "the British and Irish Empire," has already invited not Irishmen alone, but all who own her sway, to drink to the health of Ireland to-night. And Royal invitations, as we all know, commands. And so the lips of Majesty have been before me in the task you, Mr. Chairman, have allotted to me this evening—for assuredly Her Majesty's command to her Irish troops to wear the national emblem, and her projected visit to the old land, may be justly interpreted as an invitation to pledge Ireland to-night. And if that invitation request to be seconded, can we not truly say that it has been most cordially, most eloquently seconded by our fellow-citizens of the Empire, and by none more cordially, more sincerely than by our own more immediate fellow-citizens, our fellow-Canadians of every race. We certainly cannot attach any lesser meaning to the fact that to-day Ireland is celebrating her national festival with her national flag flying in the place of honor in the metropolis of England, as in all the great cities of the Empire, including the capitals of our own Canada, our "owner" Quebec, and all the other provinces; with her national emblem proudly worn, not by her own sons and daughters alone, but by all whose hearts beat high in admiration of manly courage, valor, and self-sacrifice. And the form taken to propose and second that toast, my toast, could not have been better chosen to appeal directly to the hearts of all true Irishmen, consisting as it does in an unmistakable recognition of Ireland, as a distinct national entity—for assuredly one does not wear a national emblem, one does not fly a national flag, unless one from the heart recognizes the existence of, and desires to honor a living nation. It is not for me here to define a nation—we all know what the name implies—as well as what it does not imply. But I think I may safely say that the action of Her Majesty, enthusiastically endorsed by her subjects invites us to-night to drink, not merely to Ireland, but to couple with her name the fondest aspiration of the Irish heart, and drink to Ireland, a nation. Will you, Mr. Chairman, permit me to so far amend the toast as printed on the programme, just "to make it agree with the proof" as the lawyers say.

Further than to refer to it as proposing beforehand my toast, it does not belong to me to treat of the gracious action of Her Majesty. You yourself, and many others have already spoken of it in fitting terms. If it did belong to me to add one word in regard to Her Majesty's coming visit to Ireland, I would do so merely to say that I think we can safely leave her reception in the hands of the people of Ireland. Whatever opinions some or any of them may entertain as to the system of Government for whose existence past and present Parliaments and Governments are responsible—Her Majesty may rely, in the words of one who as the successor of Parnell in the leadership of a united Irish Parliamentary Party can speak with authority for the majority of her people—one whose gift I am proud to say is the dried and withered but true and genuine little shamrock of Ireland, which I have the honor to wear to-night, Mr. John Redmond, on meeting everywhere in Ireland the respect due to her august position as Queen, and many and admirable virtues as a woman. If it were necessary to back this assurance by precedent, we need not go so far back as Moore's lady of the "Gems rich and rare," we might simply recall the passage in Ireland as its Vice-Queen, consort of Her Majesty's immediate representative, of one whose reign over us in Canada in a like capacity won all our hearts. Lady Aberdeen needed but to evince her interest in her sympathy with the people of Ireland, to be crowned Queen of their hearts, and assure to herself their willing service, until it was matter of common notoriety that there was nothing an Irishman could do—and there are few things he cannot do when he wants to—that the Viceroy of Ireland could ask of him, and not meet the ready and willing response of the boatman in the Scottish ballad

"I will, my Lord, I'm ready Not for yourself or gold, but for your winsome lady."

And that devotion was not confined to Ireland. It found its way to Canada, and placed at her feet throughout her stay here all that was chivalrous among the Irish in Canada—that includes all of them—with that personification of all that is knightly, true knight by nature as he is by title our "chevalier sans peur et sans

reproche" Sir William Hingston at their head. If so much was given to the Vice-Queen, what would not the same sympathy earn for the Queen. I speak not of loyalty. That is a word that is on many lips these days, and has many meanings attached to it. In one sense, its proper sense, loyalty is a duty. Irishmen always do their duty. In another it is a sentiment of feeling. In that sense loyalty is the harvest that follows a sowing. Liberty is the seed; loyalty the golden grain ready for the reaper. Let a generous hand scatter the seed, and have no fear you will reap a superabundant harvest. Ireland's loyalty was both defined and vouched for by Tom Moore, on the occasion of a previous royal visit to Ireland—and the definition and the voucher stand to-day. He wrote:—

Contempt on the minion who calls you disloyal Though fierce to your foes to your friend you are true And the tribute most high to a head that is royal Is the love of a Heart that loves liberty too.

That is the tribute that this Irish-Canadian meeting has paid Her Majesty this evening. The tribute that goes up to her from every gathering throughout the length and breadth of this home-ruled self-governing Canada of ours. May we not hope that long before her reign closes a like tribute may be paid her by the unanimous voice of a home-ruled, self-governing Ireland. Would not such a consummation fittingly mark the closing year of a reign that has substituted for a kingdom holding sway over out-lying dependencies, a magnificent Empire of many self-governing nations, all, to quote the words of a distinguished man who occupies a high position in the first of the English universities of Canada, "imbued with the pride for liberty which she has been successful in inspiring in 'all the nations under her sway.'" I leave to you the answer to the question—and with it I give you my toast. Needless though it be I ask you all to drink it heartily. Irishmen I ask to drink it, because, well, because its "Ireland"—the land of our fathers, our own and our children's motherland, as she will please God continue to be that of our children forever and for aye, so long as we and they are proud to have had fathers and mothers before us, proud to call ourselves and ourselves Irishmen and women in race, and this without detriment to our love for and allegiance to the land we live in, this Canada that is land of our birth to most of us, the land of adoption for many of us, the land of our love to all of us, or without diminishing our pride and the pride we teach our children in our and their Canadian nationality. Our fellow-citizens of other races I ask to join us in drinking this toast, not only because the Queen has asked it, not only because of the kindly feeling they entertain towards us only a little more pronouncedly, not more sincerely than they have in the past, but also because in drinking to Ireland they are drinking to a land which has precisely the same claim on their allegiance and that of all of us Canadians as has either England, or Scotland, or Great Britain itself. I permitted myself in opening, to designate the great Empire whereof Canada is part, as the British and Irish Empire. I will close by giving authority for my statement. Lawyers you know have a weakness for authority, and judges are occasionally not always, lawyers. There is an act known to the profession as the Act 39-JO, Geo. III, c. 67, known to the general public under the title which in Ireland at all events cannot be called the popular title of the Act of Union. Under that Act there ceased to be any kingdom of Great Britain, and the heart and centre of the Empire became the kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland, and all that Great Britain became those of Great Britain and Ireland. So that if Canada is a nation to-day, she grew to be such as a British and Irish dependency; a nation to-day she is one of the nations of the British Empire—and in drinking to Ireland's health, therefore, we, Canadians, are not merely expressing our affection for that country, we are performing just as fully a duty of loyalty as we would in drinking to Great Britain. Gentlemen, I give you Ireland!

We'll toast old Ireland, Good old land—Here's Ireland, boys, hurrah.

The toast being drunk to the music of "The Wearing of the Green," in which all present joined, Dr. Devlin responded in a manner that caused the greatest enthusiasm. He said in part:— "The honorable judge, who has proposed the toast to which I am called upon to respond has, with his wonted eloquence, touched upon many, if not most of the points to which I had intended to refer this evening. I must, therefore, confess to feeling somewhat heavily handicapped at the outset. Apart from the masterly style with which he has addressed himself to a subject so dear to his and to our hearts, his intimate knowledge of the Celtic language is such that his well-known modesty, and a regard for his less favored auditors like myself, I am sure have prevented him from indulging in his mother tongue. Those the world over who to-night have the proud privilege of addressing their fellow-countrymen must indeed sound another note in the melodies of the past; not a soft minor key of regret or sadness, but a loud exultant harmony of that newer, though not truer Ireland that is to be. Sir, you must recently have been conscious, as we all have been, of a certain something in the air as though millions of dynamos had discharged an electrical wave over the whole of the British Empire; a current of a nature such as to cause your cheeks to glow, to fire your eyes, and quicken your hearts, when you paused to reflect that you were the children and the descendants of the children of old

Ireland. I have no intention of making any ultra professions of loyalty, such as the present changed condition of things might supposedly lead one to express, a condition of things at variance with that which has so long obtained, but sir, like all those connected with the old Isle, whether by blood or affection, I am heartily glad to note that the true character of her sons has so forced itself upon the public mind as to cause prejudice to disarm and give willing place to honest outspoken admiration and pride. That this is born of the conspicuous intelligence and bravery of the Irish soldiers, whether as the master mind at the council board of war or the private leading in the field, none can deny. For who can close their eyes to the achievements of her generals, the valor of her troops, Inniskillens, the Dublins, the Connaught Rangers and the other distinguished Irish regiments who rushed onward through shot and shell, seizing pass after pass, scaling hill upon hill, undaunted by the havoc and death being dealt around them with Ireland's Royal war-ery on their lips and a grim determination in their hearts to attain the heights towards which their arms were directed. Does this not augur a brighter dawn? Does it not cause us to believe that the mistakes and wrongs of the past will be atoned for and fuller, may full, justice be meted out to those who have waited so long and suffered so patiently. We are told Her Majesty meditates in the near future visiting the land from which her brave soldiers sprang; such being the case, the intention of the Irish people is clear and very simple, "we have waited her long, aye so long, we have won her now, then what we have we'll hold," and with England's Queen at Ireland's back we'll face the politicians.

We have witnessed to-day in the streets of Montreal scenes that have been as novel as they have been pleasing to every Irish heart. That we should gather together to do honor to Ireland's memory is a pleasure, may more, it is a duty; but that all classes in Montreal irrespective of creed or nationality, our French, our English and our Scotch fellow-citizens should have manifested such a deep sympathy and regard for the memory of the Irish soldiers, is indeed most touching, and whilst lost for words to adequately convey the feelings of gratitude and good-will, we bear them in return what I can, and do say is we bid them all in the persons of their representatives here this evening a "cord mille fois" a hundred thousand welcomes,—but sir, Montreal is not singular in this respect. To the Yukon's icy shores, by the waters of the Nile, north India's sun, by Australia's plains, on the blood-stained veldt of the Transvaal, the decree has gone forth, aye a Royal one, that Britain's National Emblem shall this day be the dear little shamrock of old Ireland.

Mr. F. J. Green favored the company with a song, which was heartily applauded.

The toast, "Canada," was proposed by the Hon. Dr. Guerin, M.L.A., who reviewed the progress of Irishmen in Canada. He paid a tender and feeling tribute to Monsignor Bourget for the humane treatment accorded to Irishmen and women during the years of 1847 and 1848—one of the dark periods of Irish history when they were forced, through famine, to leave their motherland, only to reach this country, to die of fever, and to leave destitute many young children to the cruel mercies of the world. The speaker drew a vivid picture of the sufferings endured by our countrymen, and in eloquent terms extolled the many debts of gratitude we owe to the late Archbishop Bourget and the French Canadian citizens. He paid a kindly tribute to His Grace Archbishop Bruchesi for his unswerving interest in the Irish parishes, which was an honor that all our people fully appreciated. He dwelt on the possibilities of our race, in continuing to ascend to positions of honor in various walks of life, and pointed with pride to the fact that some of Canada's greatest men were Irishmen by birth, and descendants of Irishmen. The Hon. Doctor's speech was listened to with great interest.

Dr. Kennedy called upon Mr. J. Hamilton Ferns for a recitation, and that gentleman responded in his usual able manner.

Mr. Donald Macmaster, President of St. Andrew's Society, in the absence of His Honor Mr. Justice Curran, responded to the toast of "Canada." Mr. Macmaster was received with raptures of applause. He said that he had listened with pleasure to Judge Doherty's speech, but must assure His Honor that in the reorganization of the Empire, Scotland would be in it. Judge Doherty said Scotland was part of Britain, and that is what made it Great. "There was an old song known as 'The Wearing of the Green,' but to-day no one was killing men and women for the wearing of the green, and he hoped the present good feeling would keep on. He told how his family had celebrated the day; as far as his circle was concerned, young Canada was all right, and evidences were not wanted to-day to show that older Canada stands likewise. Not only in the streets and in private houses was the day observed, but the Parliament of Canada, and the Legislatures of all the provinces, and even on the Bench of Her Majesty's Courts. Canada is composed of many different races, but all must stand together, and in the words of Moore's song 'Row, brothers row, and row all together.'"

Dr. Kennedy then proposed the toast of "Our Guests." Although obliged to deliver a number of short speeches throughout the evening, the President was never happier than in his remarks concerning the principal guests present. Especially so was it when referring to our own beloved Archbishop, whose deep and touching

sympathy for the Irish people has ever been the theme of that people's comment.

In reply, Mgr. Bruchesi said he considered that it was his duty to represent the clergy of the diocese. He wished to give to St. Patrick's Society, to all the Irish population, whom he has always admired, a proof of his affection and sympathy. Speaking of Ireland, he recalled the words of the French poet, who took many verses to describe his home and his pastor, but when he came to his mother wrote simply: "My mother is my mother." So it could be said "Ireland is Ireland." He would have officiated in the morning, but as the delegate of His Holiness was in the city, he thought it only proper that the Irish people should have the opportunity of receiving the Papal blessing on the same day as they received the mark of good-will of our gracious Queen Victoria. During the day he had thought of some poor Irishmen and women, who could not attend, and he went and visited them at the good old Hotel Dieu. This institution was the oldest of the kind in the city, and while we applauded the splendid new edifices going up through the generosity of our population, we must not forget what was done in the early days by the Hotel Dieu. The institution is now seeking to obtain land to extend its sphere of usefulness, and if it succeeds, it will be due to an Irishman, Hon. Dr. Guerin. As a citizen, as an archbishop, he thanked Dr. Guerin for his work in favor of that institution, where 300 patients a day were treated regardless of race, nationality or creed. The feast celebrated to-day has a special meaning this year, and will go down to history as "Shamrock Day," as an acknowledgment of the loyalty and courage of the Irish race.

Dr. Drummond delivered a neat speech, expressing his fellow feeling for the organizers of the banquet, and his determination to assist each year. He referred to the contrast of to-day with March, 1894, when Private O'Grady was court-martialed for wearing a poor little Shamrock near the cross placed on his breast by Her Majesty. He read verses which he composed on that occasion, but had never published. No one doubted his loyalty to the Empire, but he hailed with delight the change which is shown to-day, and he hoped that they but heralded better things.

Consul-General Biltinger expressed his favorable sentiments to the Irish people, who had done much to build up his country, and the sympathy of the United States for the British Empire.

The presidents of the different societies represented also responded on behalf of their societies. (See Page Five for continuation of Report of St. Patrick's Day Proceedings).

SOME DUTCH PICTURES.

An Interesting Collection in Messrs W. Scott & Sons' Galleries.

An interesting collection of water colors and paintings by notable artists of the modern and contemporary Dutch schools is at present on exhibition in Messrs. W. Scott & Sons rooms. The collection numbers in all about sixty-five pictures, nearly all are unframed. It includes examples of the work of such well known Dutch painters as J. Israels, A. Neuhuys, A. Mauve, J. Bosboom, J. H. Weissenbruch, O. Eerimann, and the Frenchmen, J. Hermitte, and Edouard Detaille. Israels, the recognized leader of contemporary Dutch artists, is represented by two very small canvases; one, the interior of an inn and the other a tiny little outdoor sketch. The scarcity of this artist's pictures and the difficulty of obtaining them give an additional interest to these two examples, both of which are exceedingly characteristic of Israels' best work. The most important picture which Messrs. Scott include in this exhibition is a canvas by A. Neuhuys; typically and essentially Dutch, simple and serious in composition, sincerely and solidly painted. With the craze that at present prevails among local picture buyers for good modern Dutch work this painting should not remain long without a purchaser. From Weissenbruch's brush several beautiful landscapes are shown. In all is found the transparent atmospheric effect and soft vaporous clouds and sky, the depth, distance, true valuation of color and brilliant daylight that only a master painter can transfer to his canvas. O. Eerimann has been termed the Landseer of Holland, and not without some shadow of reason. Of his work two large examples are shown in this collection, both studies of puppies. As a painter of animal life it would be difficult to name Eerimann's equal among living artists. For some time his entire services have been requisitioned by the young Queen Wilhelmina, who desires to have a complete record in colors of all her many canine pets. Bosboom, J. Hermitte, and Detaille, are all names synonymous with mastery painting. The interest of the Messrs. Scott's exhibition is enhanced by at least one good example of each. In addition to these there are numbers of pictures which, although of lesser interest are in themselves without exception pictures that would be a source of constant pleasure and satisfaction to a lover of good art.

Difficulties are the tutors and mentors of men, placed in their path for their best discipline and development. As by the law of selection the weak physically succumb to hardships that the strong survive, so the resilient soul finds a stimulus in the bitter roots and the harsh berries that would act as poison upon the timid soul.

Grapes and raisins are nourishing and fattening.

"A HUNDRED YEARS OF IRISH MUSIC."

Lecture Delivered Before the Irish Literary Society, London, by Wm. H. Grattan Flood, M.R.I.A.

Mr. Chairman, Ladies and Gentlemen.—I feel somewhat diffident in appearing before you this evening because I am about to speak on a rather trite albeit congenial subject, and, secondly, because I have the pleasure of addressing such a cultured assembly as the Irish Literary Society of London. All the same, I am really glad to have the opportunity of saying something to you on the music of Ireland for the now almost gone century, and of revivifying, if only in a fleeting way, the musical memories of the past hundred years.

If ever a nation should be proud of its musical history, then, indeed, Ireland's claim to pre-eminence is beyond all compare. It is not my intention to touch on the glories of musical Erin from the 4th century to the death of O'Carolan—such a task is too great even for an extended series of lectures—but I shall at once plunge in medias res. However, as there may be a few hypercritical English friends here this evening, let me impress on them that our title to a musical nation does not depend on general assertions, nor yet on the efforts of a few well-known natives like Lord Mornington, Balf. Wallace, or Tom Moore. No! As far back as the 9th century the Irish musical school of St. Gall has been well described as "the wonder and delight of Europe." German savantsinger lovingly on the merits of the great work accomplished for musical art by St. Gall, St. Nokter Balbulus, Tutilo, and Marcellus, all illustrious Irishmen of St. Gall's Switzerland, whose Latinised names are scarcely recognisable save by Celtic scholars.

Let our English musical friends never forget that Irish missionaries inaugurated plain song at Lindisfarne, Durham, Lichfield, Malmsbury, Suffolk, Cornwall, and Glastonbury; that the Irish of the 11th century invented the "Sonata" form; that the old English crowd was derived from the Irish cruit; that an Irishman, Lionel Power, in the latter half of the 14th century, wrote the earliest English treatise on music; that an Irish Jesuit, Father William Bathe, published, in 1584, the first English musical work on theory; that Queen Elizabeth was passionately fond of Irish music, and retained in her service an Irish harper named Donal; that Shakespeare introduced half-a-dozen Irish songs into his plays; that Ben Jonson appropriated several Irish airs; that John Dowland, the greatest lutenist of the 16th century, was an Irishman; that the oldest catch club in the kingdom was founded, in 1680, at Dublin; that Purcell was of Irish descent; that Doggett an Irish actor (the never-to-be-forgotten founder of "Doggett's Coat and Badge.") introduced many Irish airs and dances, which became so popular that they were claimed as English; that Charles Coffey an Irishman, as early as 1726, wrote charming ballad operas; that some of the best airs in the "Beggar's Opera" are Irish; that Field, an Irishman, invented the "Nocturne"; that some of the most popular "old English" songs, e.g., "October Ale," "Push about the Jorum," "Since Cæcilie's my Poë," "The Girl I left behind me," "Ally Croker," "The Jug of Punch," "The British Grenadiers," "The Arcthusa," etc., are Irish; that "God save the Queen" was composed by an Irishman, Henry Carey, and—in short, as Mr. Macfarther would say—that some of our best living English musicians (because the "Dull") are Irish—need I only mention the illustrious names of Sir Arthur Sullivan, Dr. Villiers Stanford, Dr. Charles Wood, Dr. Torrance, Madame Augusta Holmes, Rev. Dr. Collison, Arthur O'Leary, J. L. Molloy, Dr. Annie Patterson, Mrs. Needham, Mrs. Mulligan Fox, Miss Hope Temple, Mackay Glover, and others.

I am no laudator temporis acti, but still the conclusion is inevitably forced on me that we of the present day are not as musical in Ireland as were those of the 18th century. Comparisons are proverbially unpleasant, yet, when we view the status of music from 1700 to 1800, and behold in panoramic array the giants of those days—Laurence Comhillan, Turrough O'Carolan, Heffernan, Lyons, Hampson, Rose Mooney, Hugh and Arthur O'Neill, James Duncun, Charles Fanning, Piper Jackson, Orange Stirling, MacCabe, O'Connell, Eehlin O'Carhan, Jerome Dugenan, Dominick Morgan, Kane O'Hara, Lord Mornington, Brownlow, Carter, Southwell, Reynolds, Cherry, Ogle, Claggitt, Coffey, Polkrieh, Pickersstaffe, Grogan, O'Farrell, Gausey, Talbot, MacDonnell, Carey, Thomas Roseingrave, Ouseley, Dunworth, Young, Lec, etc., we must cede the palm to our worthy ancestors.

The advent of Handel, Dubourg, Castrucci, Geminiani, Tenducci, Passerini, Giordani, Bartholemon, and other distinguished foreign musicians to Ireland developed a keen taste for "high art" in matters musical, but the gradual decline of the grand old Celtic tongue led to a practical extinction of national or characteristic Irish music. Furthermore, the Act of Union is responsible for many evils in Ireland, but perhaps none so far-reaching, from a social point of view, as the disappearance from Dublin of the Lords and Commons, who had town houses and were munificent patrons of music and the drama. And now for my subject.

Commencing chronologically we find Thomas Carter, of Dublin, as a well-known organist and song writer in 1801. His reputation had long been

made, but it mainly rested on the exquisite setting of "Oh! Nancy wilt thou go with me," to words by Bishop Percy, of Dromore. This song was soon heard in every drawing-room, and was quickly annexed by the canny Scots, who quietly palmed it off as a "Scotch ballad," ingeniously altering the name to "O Nancy, wilt thou gang wi' me," and otherwise Scotticising both words and music. Another once popular song, by Carter, was "Cease, say seducer," which he composed for Miss Wewitzer as Rosetta in "Love in a Village." O'Keefe writes:—"This was the greatest favorite of any song I ever heard sung upon the stage."

Almost contemporaneous with Carter was Michael Kelly, also of Dublin, a distinguished singer and composer. After a successful tour in Italy he became an intimate friend of Mozart and Haydn, and was honoured on his return to London, where he arranged the music for "The Castle Spectre," "The Wood Demon," "Blue-beard," "Pizzaro," etc. Kelly visited his native city in August, 1808, accompanied by Madame Catalina, and they also performed at Cork and Limerick. He set the music for "Gustavus Vasa," in 1811, and died at Margate on October 15th, 1826. His songs are all of a tuneful character, the best known of which are "Rest, warrior, rest," "A wail while Jutta slept," "Oh! ac, my love, no," "The wreath you wore," "I vowed to love him dearly," and "Flora Macdonald." Perhaps his most popular ballad was "The woodpecker"—words by Tom Moore. (This song was here sung by Miss Josephine Roden.)

Robert Ovenson, whose real name was MacOwen, a Comaghnaught, studied under Dr. Wargan, of Westminster Abbey, and settled in Dublin in 1770. He was one of the first to introduce a pianoforte to an Irish audience in 1785, and was mainly instrumental in founding the celebrated Kilkenny Theatre in 1802. His forte lay in singing old Irish songs in character, and he had a marvellous collection of Irish lyrics. His last appearance was in the operetta written by his daughter, Sadney, in collaboration with Tom Cooke, entitled "The Whim of the Moment," which was produced on March 5th, 1807—the Lord Lieutenant attending in state. He died in May, 1812. Though principally remarkable as an excellent Irish actor, Ovenson adapted some fine old Irish tunes, including "Castle Hyde" and "Rory O'More."

Thomas Simpson Cooke, one of the most versatile musicians who ever lived, was also a most successful teacher, was born in Dublin in 1782, and, at Christmas, 1797, was leader of the orchestra at the Theatre Royal, Crow Street. He went to London early in 1807, and was for 18 years principal tenor in Drury Lane, becoming director of the music in 1825. Among his best known songs are: "Love's Ritornella," "Time Flies," "Zounds, my lads, never pine." His fame however, rests as being a remarkable teacher of singing; and his last surviving pupil is the once world-famous tenor Sims Reeves. Cooke died February 16th, 1848.

Joseph Augustine Wade, a Dublin musician, born in 1796, was a most prolific composer and writer. In his "Two Houses of Granada," a lovely opera, composed in 1826, occurs the time-honored ballad "Long, long ago," but his latter years were mostly occupied as the literary "back" of Dr. Crotch and William Chappell, and in journalistic work for "Bentley's" and "The Illustrated London News." His ardent Celtic temperament led him into many excesses, and his society was so courted that he became a victim to drink. He died in obscurity and poverty in September, 1845, but many of his songs and concerted pieces will live for all time. I select for illustration his delightful duet, "I've wandered in dreams." (The duet was then charmingly sung.)

Sir John Andrew Stevenson was born in Dublin, in 1762, and from being a chorister became Vicar Choral of both Cathedrals, a distinction which is the more remarkable as he was the first Irishman appointed Vicar Choral, owing to the statute known as "Poynings Law." Having graduated Mus Doc in 1791, he was knighted by Lord Hardwicke, in 1803. Although he wrote some operas and oratorios his best work was the composition of a few church services and anthems. His once popular songs include "Faithless Emma," "Mary, I believed thee true," "Turn to me, love," "When the roselod of summer," "The maid of Marivaile," and "Though fate, my girl, may bid us part." Notwithstanding, it is most probable that the 20th century will only regard him as having collaborated with Moore in the setting of the "Irish Melodies"—a work of doubtful merit—which has recently been improved on by Dr. Villiers Stanford. Stevenson died September 14th, 1833.

Thomas Moore, born in 1779, is best remembered for his adaptation of exquisite lyrics to old Irish tunes, a work generally known as "Moore's Melodies," and which was published between the years 1807 and 1834. He died on February 25th, 1852. Some of his own compositions had an ephemeral popularity, such as "When time, who steals our years away," and "Oh, why should the girl of my soul be in tears," but his claim to immortality is bravely upheld as the man "in all others" who

snatched as a brand from the burning the expiring torch of Ireland's priceless melodies, and enkindled a flame of enthusiasm for Irish music to which end his own expressive singing contributed not a little. (Miss MacDonald played beautifully a selection from the Irish Melodies on the harp, and Miss Johnson sang most effectively "The Minstrel Boy.")

William Michael Rooke, whose real name was O'Rourke, was born in Dublin, in 1794, and was one of Balfe's instructors on the violin. He was chorus-master and deputy-leader of the band at the Theatre Royal, Crow street, from 1817 to 1826, and composed a delightful polacca, "Oh! glory in thy brightest hour," which was rendered popular by the fine singing of Braham. Removing to London in 1827 he composed "Amilie," or the "Love Test," an extremely clever opera, which was produced at Covent Garden, followed by "Henrique, or the Love Pilgrim," produced on May 2nd, 1839, and which is remarkable for the debut of Harrison, the afterwards eminent tenor, and a third opera "Cagliostro," which was not performed. These two operas are most tuneful, and might well be revived. Rooke died October 14th, 1847.

Meantime, musical taste in Dublin had been steadily advanced by the founding of the "Sons of Handel," mainly for the cultivation of classical music, in 1810, by Dr. Francis Robinson. In 1811, George Thomas Stuart came over to conduct a series of performances in Dublin, on which occasion he was knighted by the Duke of Richmond, Lord Lieutenant, and the Corporation conferred on him the freedom of the city. In 1815 the Molyneux Asylum was built on the site of Astley Amphitheatre; and, in 1821, the old Theatre Royal was opened in Hawkins street. The Dublin Musical Festival was held in 1831, at which Paganini was the bright particular star, and in 1834 the late Joseph Robinson founded the Ancient Concerts. In 1837 the Dublin University Choral Society was established, with Robinson as first conductor, who was succeeded by the late Sir Robert Stewart in 1846. Nor let it be imagined that Dublin alone reflected the talent of our nation at this epoch. Cork, Belfast, Waterford, Limerick, Wexford, Galway, Tipperary, Armagh—all were important musical centres; and the Cathedral services at Clonme, Armagh, Limerick, and Lisnore, were of a very high order, as became a liberal-sandwiched State Church.

Pass we now on to Michael William Balfe, who, though born in Dublin in 1805, received his early musical training in the town of Wexford, where his father was a dancing-master. During the Christmas of 1815-6, his parents removed to Dublin; and in May, 1816, young Balfe, then a pupil of O'Rourke's, made his debut as a solo violinist at the Royal Exchange, followed by a repetition of the same piece—a concerto of Mayseider—on June 20th, 1817, at the benefit of Mr. James Barton. In 1817 he composed "Young Fanny," a pretty little song, which was published in 1823—the very year that found him as a student-pupil under Charles Edward Horn. He soon became a proficient musician, and frequently acted as deputy for Tom Cooke as musical director at Drury Lane. His further career is too well known to dwell on, and he died on the 20th of October, 1870, being buried at Kensal Green. Mr. Mantell here sang "Didn't thou but know."

William Vincent Wallace was born at Waterford, in 1813, and in 1829 was appointed organist of Thurles Cathedral. The playing of Paganini at the Dublin Musical Festival of 1831 fired his enthusiasm, and he played a violin concerto of his own composition, at a Dublin concert in May, 1834. Like Balfe his musical career does not call for more detail, as his fame is immortal. Among his operas, "Maritana," "Lurline," and "The Amber Witch," are most popular. Wallace died October 12th, 1865, and is appropriately buried in Kensal Green, where also sleeps Samuel Lover. (Miss Mantell here sang "The harp in the air.")

Sydney Ovenson—better known as Lady Morgan—was born in 1778, and inherited her father's love for Irish music. In 1805 she treated herself to an Irish harp, made by Egan, of Dublin, and in 1806, she published a small collection of Irish melodies, as well as two single songs of her own. In January, 1812, she married Sir Thomas Charles Morgan, and was for over 20 years the acknowledged leader of Dublin musical circles. During the London season of 1833 she entertained Moore, Bellini, Pasta, Vaccini, Gabussi, and Tagliioni; and she describes D'Israeli as "an egregious coxcomb, outraging the privilege a young man has of being absurd." She died at a very advanced age on the 16th of April, 1859, and was interred in the Brompton Cemetery. Perhaps her most popular ballad is "Kate Kearney," which she composed in 1796. (Miss Roden here sang "Kate Kearney.") Samuel Lover was born at Kilmoy-

shall, Co. Wexford, in February, 1797, and became a well-known portrait painter. In this capacity he took an excellent picture of Lady Morgan in 1821. However, soon afterwards, he inclined more to musical art and to literature, and thus made a name as painter, composer, novelist, and dramatist. Many of his songs are merely adaptations of old Irish tunes, but undoubtedly he composed over 200 lyrics—both humorous, patriotic, and sentimental. He died in Jersey, on the 6th of July, 1868. (Mr. Jerome Murphy here sang "Molly Bawn.")

John Field, born in Dublin in 1782, made his debut in London in 1794 as a musical prodigy; and, having studied under Clementi, appeared for the second time in the English metropolis in 1799. Clementi took him on a European tour in 1802, and his pianoforte playing elicited universal admiration. From 1804 he practically made Russia his home, and hence is frequently styled "the Russian Field." However, he was a typical son of Erin, and was endowed with a keen Celtic temperament. After an absence of 28 years he re-appeared in London, at a Philharmonic Concert, on February 27th, 1832, and was justly regarded as a great virtuoso. Not a few writers claim Field as English; and some weeks ago the eminent musical critic of "Truth," in his notice of Kouts's death, described the defunct Russian pianist as "a pupil of Field, the Englishman, who was then settled in Moscow." In addition to being the inventor of the "Nocturne" our distinguished fellow-countryman composed many concertos, sonatas, and airs varies. He died at Moscow in January, 1837. (For illustration Miss D'Esteer Keeling played the Nocturne in A, major.)

Piano solo—Nocturne in A major. George Alexander Osborne, born in Limerick, in 1800, was organist of Limerick Cathedral in 1879, and we find him at Paris in 1810, where he assisted Balfe at one of his concerts in 1812. He composed numerous "showy" pianoforte pieces and some songs, and was a good "all round" musician. His lengthened London career is of too recent a date to need further notice, and he lived to a green old age. I have chosen for illustration one of his simple ballads—composed expressly for Dion Boucicault, who wrote the words. (The ballad, "Pat Molloy," was here sung.)

Wellington Guernsey, born at Mullingar, on June 8th, 1817, was a prolific song writer—both words and music—and, in 1843, arranged the music for "The old songs of old Ireland." He died in London, on November 14th, 1885. Amongst his once popular ditties is "Four old Ned," which was sung at an impromptu students' concert at Leipzig, in 1860, by his then budding countryman, Arthur Sullivan.

The remainder of the programme needs no further prefatory observations; and you are all intimately acquainted with the life-work of Sir Arthur Sullivan, Dr. Villiers Stanford, Dr. Charles Wood, Alfred Percival Graves, Mrs. Needham, and Mrs. Milligan Fox, so I conclude with the hope that my lecture will stimulate a love for Irish musical art—past, present, and to come:

The stranger shall hear thy lament o'er his plains.

The sigh of thy harp shall be bent o'er the deep.

Till thy masters themselves, as they rivet thy chains.

Shall pause at the song of their captive, and weep!

A cordial vote of thanks to Mr. W. H. Grattan Flood was proposed by the Countess of Aberdeen. Father Moloney seconded the motion.

WAS VERY ILL.

Montreal, Canada, March 3, 1900.—Mrs. M. Bryant, 730 St. Urbain, this city, says Hood's Sarsaparilla has done wonders for her husband. He was very ill, and tried all kinds of medicines, but continued to grow weaker. Having heard so much about Hood's he got a bottle and before he had taken it a week his appetite was better, and he kept gaining every day.

MR. J. A. TAYLOR AND MRS. L. BATTLES.

At the distribution of 14th instalment of the Society of Arts, of Canada, 1666 Notre Dame street, the first capital prize (10c tickets), value of the painting, \$900, was drawn by Mr. J. A. Taylor, commercial traveller, 35 St. Francois-Xavier street. This is the second time, within two years, that Mr. Taylor wins the first capital prize. At the same distribution, the third capital prize (25c tickets), value of the painting \$1000, was drawn by Mrs. L. Battles, 11 Vercheres Avenue.

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AN ARCHBISHOP'S WILL.
It may not be generally known that the late Archbishop Hennessy, of Dubuque, Iowa, was a millionaire, and that apart from his pre-eminence as a pulpit orator, he was a wonderful business administrator. A letter from Dubuque, dated 13th March, says:—
Archbishop Hennessy's will, just filed, bequeaths all the church property to his successor, gives \$50,000 to a fund for the erection of a theological Seminary here insuring its completion.
The will directs that all buildings of Sisters of Visitation on which he held encumbrances be given them free of debt; gives his sister and brother the home in which they live and an annuity; makes bequests of \$1,000 to \$2,500 to each of various societies and persons, and the remainder of the estate is divided equally between the Sisters of the Holy Ghost, the University at Washington and Dubuque Seminary.
His fortune is said to aggregate about \$1,000,000, more than one-half of which goes to the three institutions named. The trustees of the church property are Archbishops Ryan, of Philadelphia, and Fedhan, of Chicago, and Mr. Ryan and Father Johannes, of Dubuque.
The deceased Archbishop inherited a very large sum recently from a deceased brother.
ST. BRIDGET'S NIGHT REFUGE.
Report for week ending Sunday, 18th March, 1900:—Males, 347; females, 44; Irish, 199; French, 120; English, 37; Scotch and other nationalities, 35. Total, 391.

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THE STEWARD'S SON.

Tale of a Roundhead Tower in Ireland.

A great many years ago a gentleman, residing at Bristol, received the startling intelligence that he was heir-at-law to an estate in the North of Ireland.

On arriving in a remote part of County Antrim, he had been directed to apply at a place called Roundhead Tower, the abode of a farmer connected with the late steward of the estate, for any information he wanted.

On arriving there, after a dreary journey in an old post-chaise, he was taken ill, and declared to be in danger of fever. The farmer gave him up his bed, and the doctor who had travelled eleven miles to visit him, wrote to his wife such an alarming account of his condition, that she at once set out from Bristol with her eldest child, fourteen years old, and made the same dreary and adventurous journey that her sickly husband had made.

When the rickety post-chaise that conveyed the inexperienced travellers rumbled up to the door of Roundhead Tower, out rushed a little old woman, bewildered, pitying, congratulating. "Weary on him for a stupid old doctor, to be after bringing her honor's ladyship to such a place; but sure one sight of her sweet face would cure the master at once."

When the lady went to the sickman his young daughter was left to take an air of the fire at the wide hearth of the kitchen.

"It's Mary O'Toole is the name that's on me," says the old dame, busily piling up the turf, "but I'm called Molly for short; and isn't it proud we are to have the master under our roof, and he proclaimed heir-at-law and all, and the beautiful young heires-at-law sitting there at the hob, and coming into the old place like a sunbeam from the sky. Long may she live to reign over us."

The difficulty was to provide rooms for the strange visitors. A small bed was put in a closet off the side room for the lady. Nothing remained for Alice but what Molly termed the waste room; there was an empty four-post bedstead, on which she could put an article always to be found in an Irish house—a good feather bed.

"You had better go to bed, child," said her mother, as, with a kiss on Alice's forehead, she left the room: "and, though I do not, in general, like bedroom doors to be locked, you must lock your's to-night, being in a strange place."

Alice was tired and sleepy. She said her prayers, got on the great four-poster, and soon slept the sleep of youth, health and innocence.

From that sleep she awoke slowly to partial consciousness, overcome also partially by extreme drowsiness, being almost sensible of some presence at the side of her bed—of some low, murmuring sound, that became more distinct as she slowly uplifted her eyelids and beheld a strange sight. The half-moon, veiled by the misty clouds, had risen over the old tower—its pale light fell in an arrowy line along the floor; and in the centre of that faint moonstreak she saw a tall, white pillar—other form or shape, it had none. A straight, white pillar—yet from it issued the most awful words a youthful ear could well hear—"Die, die, to die!"

With scarcely life enough to tremble, the girl lay still, and in unutterable terror saw the thing move away in a contrary direction from the door, and disappear. The bedclothes were then flung off—the locked door thrown open. The girl rushed down a few stone steps, and cast herself on her mother's narrow bed.

"For Heaven's sake, tell me what ails you, my child—but do not disturb your father!"

"Such a thing!—such a thing, mother dear!—and the frightened girl laid her pale face on her mother's bosom. "A white pillar—it moved—it spoke—it told me to die!"

"Be still, dear, be still," said the poor mother, fearing her child was ill, and the voice soothed her to sleep. The fear the mother felt was, that her daughter was getting a fever—already, perhaps, delirium had come on; but Alice slept, while her mother waked. In the daylight, however, she brought a pale face to the wide hearth of the kitchen, where the lady was preparing some tea and toast for the invalid heir-at-law.

"Well, child, how are you now?" the mother asked, trying to be cheerful. "You had the nightmare last night."

"It was not the nightmare, mother—at least I do not know what the nightmare is; but I know the thing was there—a white thing—just like a pillar."

"Like Lot's wife when she was changed into a pillar of salt," says her mother, smiling.

"Do not laugh at me," pouted Alice; "indeed it was like a white pillar; but a pillar could not move, nor speak, nor tell me to die."

"My dear child you were excited, fatigued, and made nervous by our strange surroundings. You must not give way to nervousness, dear, or you will be ill, and I shall have no one to help me."

"Mother," said Alice, looking up and speaking with emphasis, "I would not be so wicked as to be nervous"—she had an idea that nervousness was pretence or affectation—"indeed I saw it and heard it." Yet, though she spoke confidently, she began to have a doubt. She was influenced, too, by a fear that her illness would distress her mother. So she brightened up took breakfast, and really persuaded herself that she might not have been quite awake when the "thing" appeared to her. So, reasoning herself from her unreasonable fear, she spent

the greater part of the day out of doors.

Alice did not go to the waste room that night with any superstitious dread hanging over her. She had been listening to the tales she delighted to hear; and she got on the four-poster determined not to think, and feeling quite ready for sleep. The girl tried hard to go to sleep, and lay awake; saw the red turf turn to grey dust, and the misty moon come glinting round the old tower, and its pale ray steal cold and faint along the floor. Almost as if carried there by that faint moonbeam, without sound or apparent movement, there appeared at the foot of her bed the shapless shape—of the night before. It was no dreaming fancy now—she had not slept—she was sure of that. Yet there it stood—the tall, white pillar; no feature, lineament, or limb was discernible.

Fascinated, she gazed an instant in horror that rendered her powerless even to utter a cry. A deep, low voice repeated the awful words she had heard the night before—"Die, die, die—no hope—die, die!"

She did not faint; she was not a fainting girl. She saw the white pillar move and disappear. Then she sprang to the door, turned the lock with such violence that the key came from it, and, clutching it in her hand, rushed down the stair steps, and fell on her knees beside her mother's bed.

The girl was cold—almost lifeless. Her mother dreaded serious illness. She lifted her on to her bed, and, chafing her hands found the key, and with difficulty got it from her grasp.

Alice's breath came in sobs, and then she could whisper, "I was not dreaming, I was awake. It came again—it stood there. It said the same words—told me to die."

"O hush, hush, my child! You are safe with me; be calm; you must not waken your father."

The brave little lady at once resolved to go to the room from which her daughter had fled. Nothing, she thought, would be so likely to dispel her child's delusion as to know that her mother went and examined the room without even taking a light. She still held the key, and noiselessly reached the door, which was half open. On its threshold, she stopped, for there, in the centre of the dull, pale moonshine, stood the tall, white pillar—white from top to bottom—a whiteness visible in the misty moonshine. It was no illusion; she saw the white form with her own wide-awake eyes. Hers was that true spirituality of mind which causes some refined natures to be suspected of superstition. That the lady did feel fear is not to be denied. Seeing the shape move in the dim moonshine she hastily drew over the door, locked it, took out the key, and descending the stone steps as well as she could, laid herself down in silence by her still trembling daughter's side. No sleep came to her that night. The next morning the rose-flush bloom of her cheek had gone.

"You are grieving, mother dear," said Alice; "you are sorry for me. You think I am imaginative." "I have seen it myself, child. I went to the room last night and saw it; and I locked it up." "Goodness gracious! locked it up!—locked up a—"

"Perhaps we may soon get to know what it is I locked up," the mother gravely replied.

She would not suspect a trick, yet in old Molly's absence she knew not what else to think of. So, when the farmer and his man had made their customary hearty breakfast, the lady put on her most beseeching face, and requested them to be so good as to come with her to the waste room to remove a box. "With all the pleasure in life," assented the farmer; and a procession was formed, the lady holding the key and leading the van—her trembling daughter bringing up the rear.

Perhaps the fatal key of Blue Beard's chamber was not applied to the lock with more apprehension than that of the waste room. At the moment Molly O'Toole returned from her visit to Mrs. McGinty, and came up to the room, radiant and joyous at having assisted in adding another mite to the population of her country.

Her son the farmer stood in the room, gazing at a very small and very light portmanteau.

"Is it that box you want lifted, my lady?"

"It is not here," she said, glancing all round the nearly empty room.

"Nothing has left the room," says Molly a little indignantly. "There was no other box here."

"But the thing! Alice whispers, "O, Molly, such a thing! A white pillar, without any limbs. It came to me these two nights; it spoke—it moved; it told me to die!"

"Ah! then, bad manners to you, Barney, you thief of the world," cried Molly, shaking her hand at her big son. "Was it after forgettin' to fasten the door you were, and me away and all?"

"I fastened it," says Alice; "I fastened it inside, and unlocked it to get out."

"And I fastened it outside, and kept the key," adds her mother. "There is no other door."

white, lank, long, and snow-white hair; hung down the sides of a face equally white, and nearly covered with short, white hair. The arms hung low behind the back, with hands interlaced. The figure was clad in a long, white dressing gown or coat, reaching to the feet, and girt round with a broad band. The garment was made of the stout, white material of which the women of Connaught make the netticoats that they wear, in Irish fashion, over their heads. It was all white, no limbs, no arms being seen; the likeness to a white pillar was as exact as possible, especially when seen in the misty moonlight.

"Who?—What is he?" gasped my mother, as the farmer, nodding to her, went into the passage, and the panel door swung back noiselessly.

"He is as harmless as a baby I left behind me this day," said Molly. "His time won't be long with us now—heaven help him!"

"O Molly! do please tell us what it is," cried Alice, still unable to speak of the apparition as being that of a human and living being.

"He was the steward once," said Molly, "and lived beyond in the town there, and the wife he doted on died and left him as beautiful a baby as ever you clapped an eye on. The love he had for the whole mortal world seemed to go to that little son of his. He was a beauty of a boy to be sure. When his schooling was done the father took this land and made up the house as it is."

"For," says he, 'it will do for a time till I build a big house for my son,' he says; 'and that shan't be called Roundhead Tower,' he says, 'and who knows but Denis will be an estate gentleman one of these days.'"

"So, my dears, Denny was coming to be marriageable, and the father says to me, 'Molly,' he says, 'I'll set about the new house now, for all I want in life is to see Denis with a good, pleasant wife and plenty of fine children round him living in the house I built, and owning the land; then, I'll be ready to go when I'm sent for.' 'If it's pleasing to you,' says I, 'will you be after telling me where you will build the house?'

"In the half-acre," says he. 'The saints be good to us,' says I, frightened to hear that. 'How can you build it there and the stone in the ground?' 'Oh! the stone won't be long there,' he says. Well, that same evening I saw the father and son standing beside the stone, talking—talking and tracing out something in the ground, and next day he goes away to the town and brings back some new linen bags, with something in them, and I made out that the stone was to be blown up with gunpowder. Heaven save us and keep us from evil! It was to be done as the men blasted the rocks there beyond. It's as true as you are there. So when Denny came into the kitchen, I says to him, 'Denny,' says I, 'any blessing be about you, and don't you meddle or make with that stone; there'll be no luck if you do.' 'They were true martyrs that let their blood on that stone,' I says to him, 'and I have heard tell that die, lie under it, for the stone, they say, moved over where they fell, and is their monument now.' 'Well, granny,' he says—for he called me granny for old acquaintance's sake—I have no turn for that work myself, not that I hold with all these old stories, granny; yet somehow there comes like a cloud over me when I think of it; but you know my father will have his way.' 'Denny, as there,' says I, 'go and speak up to your father. Well, in he went into the room there; and when he comes in at the door, the old man was busy drawing out a picture, or plan, or something of his new house, and he says, 'Denny,' says he, 'you must put another of the bags round that stone, and I'll be up with the morning's light, and lay the train.' Sure, I heard every word they said, and I heard Denny tell all I had said to him, and how he didn't like to go against something he called popular traditions—for he had got the learning, you see; and if you had heard the laugh the father gave out—and he said Denny would be like an old woman himself soon. Sure the father was only pretending, for he knew the boy was as brave as a lion. Certainly, Denny, had a hot temper, but he was so nice and pleasant after he cooled down you loved him the better for it. So he just turned away and came back to the kitchen, and lit a pipe at the turf. He took some-

thing in his hand, and blew a blast of the pipe, and went out without a word. It was as beautiful an evening as ever came out of the skies, neither light nor dark, and the young moon like a bow of gold up in the blue sky. He had not gone out of the kitchen door more than about ten minutes, when there came a bang, and a report something like the shots to be firing in the year '98. My mind misgave me, but the father comes in and he says, 'The boy has been and fired a train by himself,' he says, 'and I suppose he has blown up the stone.' He went out of the doors, my dears, towards the half-acre, and I followed all of a tremble. When we got out there we saw the stone as still and steadfast as could be, and the moonshine over it. But there was something dark in the ground a little way off. We ran as well as we could through the smoke and smell. Oh, oh, my brave boy, the beautiful boy I fostered—achorra machree that you were! How did I live after that sight?"

The old woman throw her apron over her face, and raised her bare arms over her head.

"Do not distress yourself," said the lady, with a sob in her voice.

"Oh, my jewel dear, how can I tell you!"

"Pray, do not—we know it all; it was a spark from the pipe."

She put her arms round the old woman, and begged her not to say more; but Molly would finish.

"The life was in him," she said, "but that was all—he never spoke again."

"We laid him on this very bed. The doctor came, and stood there beside it. He was an old man, and odd in his ways and manner of speaking. He stood and looked at our darling beautiful boy, and he says, just as if he was speaking to himself like—"

"No hope," he says; "he must die, die, die!" just that way.

"Well, he might not have seen, or he might not have heeded, the poor father that stood behind him. However that was, it is my belief that his words fell on that poor father's brain, and that they are there this day; it is ten years ago from that day; he was not as he is now for long after that. He never did good from the first, or minded the land or anything. He never minds anyone but myself. I made him that clever coat of the yarn I spun myself and two others like it; he won't wear any others. At times he will keep it on days together, lying outside the bed, and if it is moonshine at night he gets up and walks in here, and it seems just as if he drew out the picture to himself of that terrible night ten years ago; and he will stand and look at the bed where the boy lay, and he will repeat the doctor's words just as if he heard them again that minute. His time won't be long now. May the heavens be his bed when he goes."

"My child, you have heard a true ghost story," said Alice's mother, with a tear in her soft eyes, "and you have seen a real ghost."

"Yes, mother. I wish—oh, I wish I could help him."

Three days afterwards the unfortunate heir-at-law, having recovered from his illness, left Roundhead Tower, accompanied by his wife and daughter, en route for Bristol, where, many a time and oft in after years, Alice was wont to entertain her English friends by relating the story of the ghost of Roundhead Tower.—D. McLaughlin, Catholic Columbian.

If there is an angel who records the sorrows of men as well as their sins, he knows how many and deep are the sorrows that spring from false ideas for which no man is culpable.

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SHIPPING FACILITY.

The Quebec and Lake St. John's Railway runs close to the mill site, and from the main line a switch runs to the mill itself. In the mill are three side tracks, which make shipping of the pulp after it is manufactured, and the receiving of the wood for manufacturing very convenient and cheap. An elevated Cable trolley line takes the pulp from the mill to the harbour wharf, on the Saguenay River, where it is loaded on barges of the mill on the Saguenay, at a point where there is a splendid harbour for steamships of any size.

WOOD.

The Company owns 388,560 acres of timber limits, well covered principally with black spruce and some white and grey spruce. The black spruce is especially good for ground wood pulp, and turns out one hundred and fifty pounds more dry pulp per cord than any other spruce. Besides this, a great quantity of the wood required for years to come can be had from the farmers in the neighborhood. The Company has at present stored for winter use one hundred and eighty-three thousand logs, twelve feet long.

PRESENT MILL.

The present plant employs one hundred and fifty men, night and day. The new plant added will employ four hundred and fifty men.

FIRE PROTECTION.

In the yard are three large hydrants, giving a constant pressure of forty-five pounds. There are always one thousand feet of hose ready for use in case of necessity.

LIGHT AND HEAT.

The mill is lighted throughout by electricity, generated on the premises. Heat for the buildings is also generated from the waste bark of the pulp wood.

PULP TRADE.

The Company has an assured market in England and France for the whole of its output. The output for this year (1900) is all sold. Offers have already been received from two firms in England for the whole product for 1901.

ESTIMATE OF PRODUCTION AND PROFITS.

2,000 tons a year, at \$10.50, equal to	\$411,000
Cost of same, 42,000 tons, at \$7.50, equal to	315,000
Gross profit	126,000
Deducting interest on bonds 15,000	
Net profits	111,000
Available for dividends, wear and tear and sinking fund	

MILL SITE.

The mill is situated on the Chicoutimi River, near where it discharges into the Saguenay, and within the limits of the Town of Chicoutimi, which town is the terminus of the Quebec and Lake St. John Railway, and the head of navigation. The Richelieu and Ontario Navigation Company make Chicoutimi the terminus of their line from Niagara to the Atlantic.

WATER POWER.

The water power developed for present requirements is estimated at eight thousand horse power. The head of water is seventy-five feet; sixty cubic feet of water passes through the mill every minute, and this all the year around. The water is conducted to the mill by a steel flume, eleven feet six inches in diameter. In the penstock are five wheels, three of forty inches, one of twenty-five inches, and one of twenty inches. The Company possesses twenty-five thousand horse power. The water is clear, soft and free from all impurities. The river flows from Lake Kenogami, which acts as a reservoir or settling pond; it flows for ten miles to the mill on a rock bottom all the way. The wood is floated down the Chicoutimi River right to the mill, where there is a pond large enough to store nine hundred thousand logs without any danger whatever.

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