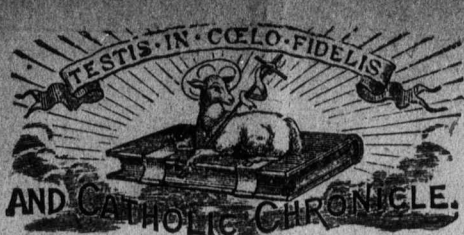


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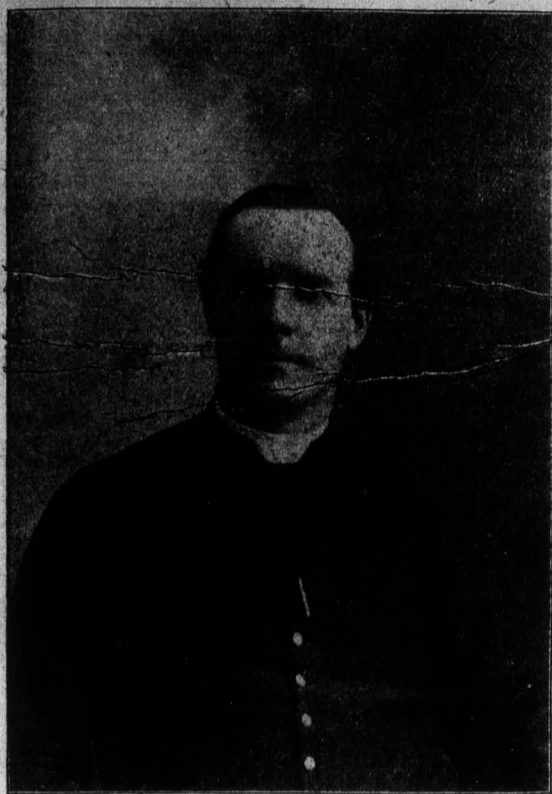
Witness

Vol. L., No. 28

MONTREAL, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 29, 1900.

PRICE FIVE CENTS

LAI TO REST AT ST. MARY'S.



THE LATE REV. P. F. O'DONNELL.
PASTOR OF ST. MARY'S.

"The faithful, the pious, the priest of the Lord: His pilgrimage over, he has his reward. By the bed of the sick lowly kneeling, To God, with raised cross, appealing; He seems still to kneel, and he seems still to pray. And the sins of the dying seem passing away!"

THOMAS DAVIS.

These Catholic lines from the Protestant pen of Ireland's most unique poet, flashed upon our mind as we learned of the somewhat unexpected death of Rev. P. F. O'Donnell, the zealous and beloved pastor of St. Mary's parish. It was only last week that we had occasion to visit Father O'Donnell and listen to the story of his illness from his own lips. As a result of that visit, we referred to the loss felt by his parishioners during what was believed to be only a temporary separation of all in regard to his return at Christmas to commemorate that glorious event with the members of his flock. We had no idea, at that moment, that Death's Angel already hovered, in narrowing circles, above the worthy priest, the true friend, the noble-hearted citizen. Now, as we pen these lines, how many scenes in which his genial smile and manly figure were conspicuous pass before our mind.

In the death of Father O'Donnell, the Church of Montreal suffers a distinct loss; the parish of St. Mary's has been stricken in an unprecedented manner, and the whole community loses a good citizen—a true priest.

Father O'Donnell was a native of the parish of the Church Triumphant, No. County, where he was born forty-six years ago. He pursued his studies in classics at the Seminary of Ste. Therese, and studied theology at the Grand Seminary, Montreal. He was for a time curate of St. Ann's in this city. Later he went to St. Anthony's, and about eight years ago he was made parish priest of St. Mary's to succeed Rev. Father Salmon.

Father O'Donnell was well known throughout the city. The Irish population, especially in St. Mary's revered him as one of their beloved Soggartha Aroon, full of charity and kindness for all, whether of his own flock or strangers.

What a lonesome Christmas for St. Mary's! What a glorious one for the dead priest! Rich in the treasures that count in eternity, he passed into the presence of his Creator, with hands full of noble, charitable, good Christian works, and with a brow upon which shone undiminished in splendor, the pure gem of sacerdotal greatness. Instead of chanting a Midnight Mass for the faithful, soldiers of Christ in the Church, Militant, he united with the Celestial

army in raising hymns of gladness and thanksgiving amongst the members of the Church Triumphant. No fonder aspiration can ascend from the human heart than that which the Church sings on such occasions, and which finds an echo in every breast; namely the solemn "Requiem eternam dona eis Domine!"

The remains which lay in state in the parlors of the presbytery until Sunday afternoon, were visited by hundreds of the parishioners of St. Mary's and other Irish Catholic parishes. On Sunday afternoon at 4 o'clock, the remains were transferred from the presbytery to the church. The whole parish had turned out in a body to take part in the mournful ceremony. The casket containing the body was carried by priests and the churchwardens and following was a procession composed of the clergy, the Knights of Columbus, St. Mary's Court, Catholic Order of Foresters, No. 164, and a large number of citizens. Mgr. Racicot presided, and after the body had been laid in state on a catafalque in the centre aisle, prayers for the dead were recited. During the afternoon and evening, hundreds of parishioners and others visited the church to offer a prayer for the deceased priest.

On Monday the funeral ceremony, at which His Grace Archbishop Bruchesi assisted and presided at the Libera, attracted thousands of the laity, and a large number of the clergy. Every part of the sacred edifice was occupied, and many were unable to obtain admission.

The funeral was the largest yet seen in the church. The parishioners laid aside their daily avocations for a few hours, to come and pay a last tribute to him who had been a father and a friend to them throughout many years.

The body of the late priest lay in state in the centre of the sacred edifice. Draperies of black and gold hung from the different portions of the church. Mr. Michael O'Donnell, of St. Antoine Adbey, Huntingdon, and Mr. Joseph O'Donnell, of New York, brothers, and Miss Margaret O'Donnell, a sister of the deceased from New York, were the chief mourners.

Among the clergy present were: Rev. Canon Archambault, Rev. Father Desrosiers, Rev. Dr. Luke Callaghan, Rev. E. Roy, Chancellor of the diocese; Rev. Canon Dubac, Rev. Fathers Quilivan, P.P., Spelman, McGrath, McShane, S.S., of St. Patrick's; Rev. Fathers Donnelly, Shea and Heffernan, St. Anthony's; Rev. Fathers Strubbe, Holland, Flynn, C.S.S.R., St. Ann's; Rev. Fathers O'Meara, P.P., and McDonald, St. Gabriel's; Rev. Father Casey, St. Jean Baptiste; Rev. Fathers McGarry, C.S.C., Condon, C.S.C., Kelly, C.S.C., Carriere, O.S.C., St. Laurent

College; Rev. Fathers Turgeon, S.J., Devine, S.J., Kavanagh, S.J., O'Bryne, S.J., Cadot, S.J., Rev. Fathers Piche, O.M.I., Frigon, O.M.I.; Rev. Fathers Cherrier, S.S., Cherrier, S.S., St. James; Rev. Father Lecocq, S.S., Superior of the Seminary; Rev. James Callaghan, S.S., Chaplain Hotel Dieu; Rev. Fathers A. Loneragan, J. Loneragan, St. Bridget's; Laforce, Chaplain, Hochelaga Convent; Guertin, Auclair, P.P., St. Jean Baptiste; Leonardo, Chaplain of the Italian Congregation; Prevost, Hochelaga; Belanger, P.P., St. Joseph's; Fahay, McDermott, and Armour, St. Mary's; Heffernan, Montreal College; Brady, Chaplain of the Prison; Kavanagh, St. Vincent de Paul.

The sermon was delivered by Rev. J. E. Donnelly, P.P., St. Anthony's. It was a touching and eloquent tribute to the memory of the deceased. Father Donnelly took for his text:

"For Christ we are ambassadors, God as it were exhorting by us (II. Cor. v. 20.)" He said in part:—

A sad, sad occasion finds us gathered to-day, in this beautiful temple of our Lady of Good Counsel, Your Grace, to render the last honors to a worthy lieutenant, you parishioners of St. Mary's—to pay final duty of filial devotion to a well loved father and I to offer my humble tribute to the comrade of boyhood's day, and my associate in after years in the ranks of God's eternal priesthood.

While the angels above were attuning their lyres, to sound to the world the glad anthem of the joyful Christmastide, the Angel of Death sped silently forth and beckoned to the eternal shores, the soul of our our friend and father and the sad strains of the Requiem were to be (in St. Mary's), the first Vespers of the great Christian festival. When the palsied hand of old age refuses the accustomed service to the mind, when the tired eye gradually closes to the busy scenes of the outer world, and gazes long and earnestly into the vastness of the hereafter, we naturally look for that rest that comes as the expected reward of honored years; we know the hour of dissolution is nigh, but when the summons comes to the strong and sturdy in the noontide of life, and bids the laborer from his active task, then must we bow before this mystery death, and softly murmur—"How inscrutable, the hidden ways of Divine Providence!"

Yet, such is life, and day of labor is assigned us by God, by Him is also fixed the length of that day and the reward thereof is life unending. Ambassadors of Christ, the Master who sends us on his errand, may, at any time, revoke our commissions, cancel our mandate, then do we cease from our labors. That day of labor for the one we mourn, was eighteen years of a well filled priestly life, and he died, as we would wish to die, still vigorously pursuing the tasks of his holy vocation.

To him may be applied the words of the Book of Wisdom: "Being made perfect on a short space, he fulfilled a long time."

Nine years of life together, in the association of college companionship gave me special opportunities for the study of his sterling character. The ambassador of kings is fitted for his future career by the special training of the court and equipped for every delicate mission by long and earnest research. The ambassador of Christ must also tread the classic halls of learning to imbibe the lessons of knowledge and virtue that will fit him for his sublime calling. Never was there more clearly defined vocation than that of your lamented father. Others might hesitate swayed by doubt as to the will of God in their regard, not so with the late priest. His one purpose, his sole aim to fit himself for the sacred ministry and an intelligence above the average, and untiring energy made study to him a pleasure. No mentor, no professor ever inspired us with more respect or consideration than did the student O'Donnell. How at his approach, the idle word, the unkind joke would die away upon our lips, his pained look chiding our inconsiderate conduct. The soul of charity, in those days, as in after years, all those who knew him can bear me out in the assertion that nothing grieved him more than the ill-considered criticisms of others' shortcomings, while by an indulgent word he always strove to excuse their weakness.

It has been said the priest is another Christ. The Master came into the world to preach by word and by example, that all might hear and follow after. Father O'Donnell was ever ready at the call of duty and in his 18 years of ministry, he was ever a true priest. Had he consulted but his own ardent wish, he would have hid himself to the missionary fields where heroes sacrifice themselves, of whom it is said "How beautiful are the feet of them that bring glad tidings of good things." (Rom. 10, 15.)

The Master loved the little ones. "Suffer the little ones to come unto me." All through life the late priest took a most vivid interest in all that appertained to the welfare of the lambs of his flock. Indeed, the last official act of his career the eve of his death was to visit and address the children of the magnificent convent of which he was so proud. How energetically he struggled to obtain the best advantages possible in matters of education for the children of his parish, feeling, that, in a cosmopolitan community like ours, success in this respect must be attained only by dint of constant effort. The educational monuments which surround the church will tell to generations to come the zeal and energy of your late pastor, to encourage you to retain what he fought so bravely to establish.

Father O'Donnell was a patriot. He loved the land of his birth, the land of adoption of his parents, that none had a fonder regard for that land beyond the seas the home of his forefathers, none desired more ardently to see it achieve the dream of its ambition by every constitutional means.

How dear to him was the temple of God. He would have it grand, magnificent in its attractiveness, that all might be drawn thereby to honor God more sincerely. The devotion of this fair church was his last effort in this respect and now he lies in death beneath this beautiful dome which was destined to be come his mausoleum.

Need I, dear brethren, expatiate on his work in your midst. You who have seen him by the bedside of your sick and dying, so untiring in his zeal, so consoling by his gentleness, you who entrusted to him the care of your souls in the tribunal of Penance you can tell what a kind and wise director he proved.

By no means a wealthy man, yet did he always find in his scanty store the wherewith to alleviate suffering and want, but, in the truly evangelical spirit, the right hand knew not the benefactions of the left.

The ambassador of Christ has recalled his mandate has expired, a soldier has dropped on the fray. Tomorrow we reform our ranks, we press the line, and the Church goes calmly on to her immortal destiny. To-morrow another foot shall scale those altar-steps, another hand will offer up the holy sacrifice where those consecrated hands were wont to minister, while he shall sleep his long last sleep 'neath the shrine of that Mother whom he loved so tenderly, and to whom he prayed so piously. His spirit will be ever with you, may the echoes of his voice that resounded so often from this pulpit, so energetic and persuasive, long linger throughout this edifice to perpetuate the lessons of love and duty he ever taught. No-morrow, when gathered once more (within those walls) to celebrate the birth of Christ, the priest shall invite you to pray for those who sleep in Jesus, remember then before God the priest you loved and revered in life and although I feel more like addressing my prayer to him, yet must we not forget that the all-seeing eye of God may detect blemishes ever in his angels. Pray that his place may be hard by the throne of God for all eternity.

After the sermon, the Libera was chanted at the conclusion of which the coffin was borne to its last resting place 'neath the altar, where Father O'Donnell had so long officiated. As the coffin was lowered, Rev. Father McDonald, of St. Gabriel's recited prayers, in which a little band of the parishioners who remained to see the last part of the sad event piously joined.

Holy Cross College, Worcester, Mass., a Jesuit college, and Harvard university met for the first time in their history in a debating contest on last week, and Holy Cross won.

THE RECENT CONVENTION IN DUBLIN.

In the Round Room of the Rotunda, says the "Irish Weekly," in its special report of the recent convention, held in Dublin, the scene of many an historic gathering in the past, to-day was witnessed scenes of enthusiasm and spirited outbursts of genuine Irish Nationality, which forebode a happy future for the cause of the country. The occasion was the assembling of the chosen representatives of the Irish people from all quarters of the island, for the purpose of solidly welding the unity of the Irish party, and putting the seal of doom on faction. The arrangements for the success of carrying out the convention were so carefully attended to that the slightest hitch did not occur throughout the day, and the thousands of delegates left the room at the close of the proceedings inspired with a strong determination that the dead past should lie buried, and that those who would spread the seeds of dissension should not find a place in the respect and trust of the country, and that faction should no longer exist. Seated and standing within the spacious hall were Nationalists hailing from every city, town, village, and district there with their minds made up to strike a telling blow in defence of a long suffering land. Well and truly did they fulfil the object for which they were sent there. Many priests were amongst the crowd, and instilled by their presence the feeling of love and veneration which characterizes the Irish people. Who well remember that in times of trouble and strife the soggartha stood nobly by them. Conspicuous in the balcony was Canon McCartan, the beloved parish priest of Donaghmore, whose commanding appearance so often has a charm in the National platform, whilst interspersed through the hall were several other clergymen prominently identified with Nationalist politics. The thousands of fine, respectable, intelligent young men told of the feeling of the rising generation in regard to their country's welfare, and left no doubt as to their fitness to wear the mantle of their fathers which has fallen upon them.

The Ulster priests present were—Very Rev. Canon McCarty, P.P., Donaghmore; Rev. J. McCartan, P.P., Aughagallon; Rev. D. Quinn, C.C., Killyleagh; Rev. M. O'Malley, P.P., Glenavy; Rev. F. O'Hare, C.C., Derrymacash; Rev. Father McCorry, C.C., Lurgan; Rev. A. Lowry, C.C., Moybridge; Rev. Father McNecco, Coalisland; Rev. Father Dempsey, P.P., Newcastle; Rev. W. J. Boylan, C.C., Killeel.

The members of Parliament present were—William O'Brien, M.P., Jersey; James Gordon, M.P., Londonderry; J. F. X. O'Brien, M.P., Hon. E. Blake, M.P., J. C. Flynn, M.P., J. Campbell, M.P., John O'Donnell, M.P., Eugene Crean, M.P., John Dillon, M.P., William Redmond, M.P., Major Jameson, M.P., W. O'Donoghue, M.P., William O'Malley, M.P., J. Gilhooly, M.P., Captain Donolan, M.P., E. McFadden, M.P., J. G. Swift McNeill, M.P., James Boyle, M.P., Dr. Ambrose, M.P., Patrick White, M.P., James Daly, M.P., Dr. M. A. McDonnell, M.P., J. P. Hayden, M.P., William McKillop, M.P., Kendal E. O'Brien, M.P., T. J. Condon, M.P., P. C. Doogan, M.P., Jas. O'Connor, M.P., John J. Mooney, M.P., John Roche, M.P., M. J. Flavin, M.P., Thomas O'Donnell, M.P., P. McDermott, M.P., James O'Mara, M.P., E. Haviland Burke, M.P., P. A. McHugh, M.P., Jasper Tully, M.P., P. J. O'Shaughnessy, M.P., William Landon, M.P., J. P. Farrell, M.P., Connor O'Kelly, M.P., T. Harrington, M.P., Joseph Nolan, M.P., P. O'Brien, M.P., J. Boland, M.P., Edward Barry, M.P.

The Very Rev. Canon Shinkwin, P. P., Bantry, said—Gentlemen of this convention, I beg to move that Mr. John Redmond, Chairman of the Irish Parliamentary Party, do take the chair of the convention.

Mr. John Dillon, M.P., who was again warmly welcomed, said—I rise to second that resolution.

Mr. J. C. Flynn, M.P., seconded the motion, which was carried. A letter was read from the Most Rev. Dr. O'Donnell, Bishop of Raphoe.

Letter-kenny, 10th Dec., 1900. Dear Sirs, As one who looked with hope to the United Irish League from the start, I take the deepest interest in the proceedings of the convention. I earnestly trust that so many priests and representative men from all parts of Ireland will not separate until they have made the National organization the fittest engine a nation can devise for remedying those deep-seated evils of which wholesale emigration is at once the consequence and the proof. The old policy of denying Irishmen any share in the Government of their own country, except as the instruments of oppression, of depriving us

of higher education, of taxing us beyond endurance in addition to maintaining a ruinous land system, has been very little changed, and if the League is to arrest once for all this horrible practice on the life of a nation it will need, under God's blessing, to give unmistakable signs of a determination not to die until its ends are accomplished.

For that purpose the League must not depend on any one man or set of men for its vigorous existence; and, on the other hand, it will always be of the first importance that the men who work the organization in each district, as well as the means employed, should be worthy of a high-toned Christian people. A constitution which makes the people masters, but at the same time secures the right of ready appeal for any one who considers himself aggrieved, to a central authority appointed by the people, gives at once popular strength to the organization, and provides a guarantee of justice to the individual.

The best men, the best means, the best machinery, that can be found are all required for the programme of the League. With that programme the League has swept almost the whole country at the general election; and its branches have already made up their minds that the voice of the National Party will be the voice of the National organization.

May wisdom and strength be with a convention that marshals the National forces for this struggle to save the people of our country. The people come first. I hope if not now at least in your next popular Parliament there will be time for practical attention to the language, education, and industries of our native land—I am, dear sirs, sincerely yours,

PATRICK O'DONNELL, Secretaries, Irish National Convention. The Chairman, who was received with loud cheers on rising, said—It now becomes my duty to formally open the proceedings of this convention. First of all allow me, just in one sentence, to express to you my thanks for the honor you have conferred upon me in selecting me to fill the chair. I am glad that I can commence our proceedings to-day by offering sincere congratulations to you and all Ireland upon the events which have occurred since our last assembly in this hall. Upon that occasion I also had the honor of sitting in the chair—(cheers)—and I declare that in my opinion the convention last June was the most representative assembly of Irish Nationalists that had come together in this country since the Union. Gentlemen, the truth of that statement of mine was instantly challenged. The representative character of that convention was denied, and we were told, so far from representing the great masses of the National opinion of Ireland, it was a rigged assembly. Fortunately for the representative character of this assembly, and I say, fortunately for Ireland, the character of that assembly has since that date been put to the most searching and conclusive tests that could possibly be applied. In the first instance, gentlemen, that convention made an appeal for funds to the people, and anyone who is at all acquainted with political organizations knows that no more searching test can be applied to the representative character of an assembly than the response of the people to an appeal for funds. If the convention really were not representative of the people—if the convention really had been a sham and rigged assembly—then it follows with absolute certainty that its appeal for funds to the masses of the people must have ended in failure. But I ask you to allow me to state precisely what you know in general terms was the result of that appeal. Within a few weeks the appeal which went from this assembly last June for funds brought into the hands of the National trustees a sum in hard cash of \$55,000. (Cheers.) Of that sum about \$5,000 only came from America, Canada, Australia, and South Africa grouped together. A sum of about \$7,500 came from our brethren in Great Britain, and the rest of this money—the enormous balance remaining of this sum—was subscribed entirely in Ireland, and after an analysis of the subscriptions, I am able to tell you that not one single county in Ireland is absent from the roll. (Cheers.) Now, surely, gentlemen, no more conclusive proof could possibly be given of the representative character of the assembly of last June. Allow me to explain to you now how that money has been dealt with. When the elections sprang suddenly upon us, we, the three National trustees, who had charge of this fund, found ourselves in a great difficulty. They knew that the collection was on foot all through the country, but we required the money at once, and we made an appeal to our friends to come forward and guarantee an advance to us of a certain sum of money, and within twenty-four hours we received advances to the extent of \$11,000. Well, we have paid back, as we were bound in honor to do—we have paid back in full the advances made by those public-spirited gentlemen, to whom the thanks, in my opinion, of the whole country is due. This fund was administered

CONTINUED ON PAGES FOUR AND FIVE

Catholic Editors

On Many Themes.

VAUDEVILLE CHURCHES.—A Baptist minister out in Chicago takes a rather pessimistic view of the future of Protestantism, says "The Republic," Boston. He is pained by the indifference of the people, especially in the matter of attendance at church services. He finds that even the startling devices invented to attract worshippers are "insufficient. These observations induce him to animadvert as follows upon the existing situation out in the Windy city: "Unless the church becomes a continuous vaudeville it cannot hold its congregation. And the minister must be the whole show and orchestra as well. Some of the churches have now adopted the plan of having concerts instead of church service for evening programme. Others have lectures on popular subjects, which have no pertinence to Sunday. They have even gone so far as to introduce the stereopticon as a means of holding audiences. Will the time come, we are asking, when all the churches will have adopted these methods?"

We sympathize, "The Republic" proceeds to say, with our Baptist friend in Chicago and with his Protestant brethren elsewhere who are struggling against terrible odds to capture and hold congregations. But has it never occurred to them to try a little real religion? Why do they ignore the eloquent object lesson set forth to them by the Catholic church, whose temples of worship are filled four or five times on Sunday by earnest, pious, Christian worshippers? No vaudeville shows are employed to gather them into the churches or to hold them. They go because they have faith and because they wish to strengthen and supplement their faith with works.

NOTIONS ABOUT WILLS.—The peculiar notions which seem to seize the minds of men of wealth just about the time that they realize the necessity of making their wills is well illustrated by the following clipping from the "Ave Maria." It says:—

The California millionaire who will provides that his infant daughter shall, twenty years hence, come into full possession of his fortune, "if she has led a proper and virtuous life," has probably ensured some singular litigation on the Pacific slope in the year 1920. Just what constitutes in the eye of the law, even nowadays, a proper and virtuous life, would perhaps be difficult to ascertain; and two decades from the present time the question will hardly be more readily soluble. If the baby is a Catholic, possibly the safest plan for her guardians to adopt would be to enter her as a pupil, as speedily as may be, at a convent school, and allow her to remain there for a full graduate and post-graduate course. If that doesn't keep her "proper and virtuous," her chances of possessing the millions will be small.

ABOUT POLITICS.—The "Catholic Columbian" thus practically and sensibly deals with this question. It says:—Everybody seems to think that politics is hopelessly corrupt and that no one can enter either the management of a party or the race for office, without becoming defiled. So low in popular esteem has the conduct of public affairs fallen that young men at the outset of their career in life are solemnly warned not to go into politics and old men, when they have achieved some success in trade or professional life, are urged not to accept a nomination to office lest they be dragged down "into the mire of politics."

It is good advice to a young man without a fortune not to make politics his bread-and-butter calling; for without independence he will have to submit to the wicked dictation of the bosses or lose his hold on public employment.

But young men and old men, American citizens, ought to be in politics to the extent of fulfilling their duty, at party caucuses, at conventions, and at the polls. Yet, wherever they are, they should take their principles with them. They should stand up for honesty, truth, justice, and they should oppose improper measures, unworthy politicians, corruption, and frauds, party or no party, defeat or victory.

If a Catholic young man has a prosperous business of his own back of him and can give his leisure to politics, by all means let him force his way into the councils of his party; or if an elderly man, with a competence, has a chance to serve his city, or State, or nation in public office, by all means, let him accept the nomination.

Let every good citizen be in politics to the extent of his duty and his opportunities, but let the Catholic citizen not lay aside his conscience or his principles there to do evil, as others do, who are without his

light and grace and training, to his own degradation and to the reproach of the Church whose unworthy member he is. Let him be true to God and he will be a power for good in public affairs.

VOCATIONS TO THE PRIESTHOOD

Preaching at Kenrick Seminary in St. Louis the other day, Archbishop Kain said:—

"I fear that there are some Catholics so worldly-minded as to impede rather than to encourage in their children vocations to the holy priesthood.

"And I fear, moreover, that these worldly-minded Catholics are found di-

rectly among those who have the means to give an ecclesiastical education to their children. They wish to see their children rise to eminence in secular professions. They wish them to gain wealth and position and the applause of men. Not, I say, that they underestimate the sublime dignity of the Christian priesthood, but they themselves are so enamored with the glare of worldly honors and the tinsel of human praise that they imagine their children will be happy only in the attainment of these passing objects of worldly ambition. Hence there are, indeed, few vocations amongst those possessed of an abundance of worldly goods.

"When a boy hears at home nothing of the glorious privileges of the sacred priesthood, but has held up to him from infancy to youth and manhood only visions of earthly glory and projects of worldly aggrandizement, would he obey and not rather seek to strangle any call, however clear, however unmistakable, to follow the Divine Master and labor for the salvation of souls? Would he not be most apt to imitate the young man whom our Bless-

ed Lord called to follow Him, but who went away sad, because he had many possessions?"

"This refusal of a divine vocation pained the Sacred Heart of our Lord, and doubtless it pains that Sacred Heart to see the conduct of so many rich parents who encourage their children, not to accept, but to refuse the proffered vocations. Herein, then, we have one reason for the dearth of these vocations, especially in a class of Catholics whom God has blessed with abundant means necessary to qualify their sons for the work of the sacred ministry."

FEDERATION OF CATHOLIC SOCIETIES

On Sunday, December 9, in Cincinnati, the first State Federation of Catholic Societies was successfully organized, and Ohio again takes the lead in this grand movement. Representatives from the three cities—Cleveland, Columbus and Cincinnati—effected the work, adopted a constitution and elected temporary State officials.

It was developed that the dele-

gates present represented 146 societies, with a membership of about 30,000, and that new federations were in contemplation in many towns and cities.

A communication from Mr. Henry Fries, supreme president of the Knights of St. John and temporary chairman of the National Federation, in which that gentleman officially announced that the permanent establishment of the National Catholic Federation would take place in Cincinnati on May 7, 1901, was enthusiastically received.

WEARING OUT THE BRAIN.

A French investigator has come to the conclusion that the brains of military and naval men give out most quickly. He states that out of every 100,000 men of the army or naval professions 199 are hopeless lunatics. Of the so-called liberal professions, artists are the first to succumb to the brain strain, next the lawyers, followed at some distance by doctors, clergy, literary men, and civil servants. Striking an

average of this group, 177 go mad to each 100,000. Domestic servants and laborers are not far behind; the professional men supply 155 out of each 100,000 as candidates for the lunatic asylum. Next, but with a long interval, come the mechanics, of whom only 66 in each 100,000 lose their wits. Wonderful in relate, commercial men retain their sanity the best of the whole group; as they send only 42 out of the 100,000 to the madhouse.

The French scientist may be right, and doubtless he is so far as France is concerned, but in the United States we are convinced the order would be different. Doctors as a class would take a higher rank and the commercial men of this country go mad more frequently than the "beavers of wood and the drawers of water."—Medical Record.

ST. BRIDGET'S NIGHT REFUGE.

Report for week ending Sunday, 23rd December, 1900: Males 355, females 58, Irish 238, French 142, English 17, Scotch and other nationalities 26, Catholics 368, Protestants 45. Total 413.



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Our Cur On the

Last year certain general sentiment, as Christ to the New Year night, alone hence broken of the clock, that are passed old year, of the New Year ask myself make merry, year, with all about its vain a twelve-month than I was at it because the ried off, forever because I am year, with its and its trouble new year that prosperous, be than the year tell; all I know regret at the d

Yet this is n Day that we h century dies w tury dawn wi a great section erations come passage. Still, small compared Time itself. W years compared that carry us the world, to miracle? And hundreds of ceed to the unne eternal duration amongst the bi hold the minutes in favor of the of us like to c insignificance; great century re bly of our noth of the clock, my pen, and th pen rest, I see protest" of St. go on ticking, when the pen ed, the ink, dri guides it but a that controls t entirely among emancipated cr

Ah! That is the knowledge in me that par the feeling of h Creator in my h tainty of a vit lapse of time! away; it will anical noise ceies, while I sh mortal life of n years die and let the century cessor replace i these changes a from—the unen to me. Let the march down to grow old and b heavens; let the ment pale unde rapidly flying, t ing centuries, t the bewildering ters very little shall outlive the ishable nature t has imparted sense of this str to deplore, to I can only rejo enjoy, and expr the soul that G

Strange New Y "Curbstone Ob come to me as tion as from down Blery str met an old acqu each other a "I came down th morning; I met moving slowly t the mountain; a stepped to wish Year," told m plumes waved o of a few days ag sincerely wish h Year" than to- Year is Happy, ending existence a gorgeous pr spanking horges, ness, coachman e beaver caps, das street. I had kn that equipage w cents, except wh his daily labor; hand New Year's take the trouble gree of sincerity. fice I met an o snows of advent him; sick unto d lack of clothing known him when he was a prospe early settlements I went up to Happy New Year the happiest h would be in the strange rest. Ye immortal souls; both will enjoy a if not that of i one in the futur

Since last year have marked t political spheres, religion, General every country Great Britain, th

Our Carbone Observer On the New Year.

Last year I mentioned that, in a certain sense, I had a dread of such general occasions of festive enjoyment, as Christmas; I can almost repeat the same observation in regard to the New Year. As I sit here to-night, alone in my room, the silence broken only by the regular tick of the clock, that tells of the hours that are passing, of the agony of the old year, of the inevitable approach of the New Year, I am inclined to ask myself why I should rejoice and make merry. Is it because another year, with all its opportunities, is about to vanish? Is it because I am a twelve-month nearer the grave than I was at the close of 1899? Is it because the expiring year has carried off, forever, several of those who were friends of mine? Or, is it because I am glad to see the old year, with its burdens, its crosses, and its troubles, make way for a new year that may be happier, more prosperous, better, in every sense, than the year that goes? I cannot tell; all I know is that I assist with regret at the death-couch of 1900.

Yet this is no ordinary New Year's Day that we have at hand. A whole century dies with 1900, another century dawns with 1901. A century is a great section of time. Several generations come and go during its passage. Still, it is infinitesimally small compared to the vastness of Time itself. What are one hundred years compared to the six thousand that carry us back to the origin of the world, to the day of creative miracle? And what are all those hundreds of centuries when compared to the unmeasurable vastness of eternal duration? And what am I, amongst the billions of men who hold the nineteenth century abdicate in favor of the twentieth one? None of us like to contemplate our own insignificance. Yet, this passing of a great century reminds us most forcibly of our nothingness. In the tick of the clock, that keeps pace with my pen, and that continues when the pen rests, I seem to hear the "quid prodest?" of St. Paul. The clock will go on ticking, just as it does now, when the pen shall forever be rusted, the ink dried, the hand that guides it but ashes, and the mind that controls that hand, a spiritual entity amongst the myriads of God's emancipated creatures.

Ah! That is the point! The soul; the knowledge of a something within in me that partakes of immortality; the feeling of likeness to the Great Creator in my humble being; the certainty of a vitality that defies the lapse of time! Let the clock tick away; it will have ceased its mechanical noise centuries upon centuries, while I shall live on in the immortal life of my soul. Let the old years die and the new years arise; let the century expire and its successor replace it; in no way can all these changes alter—add to or take from—the unending life that belongs to me. Let the generations of men march down to oblivion; let the sun grow old and become dim in the heavens; let the stars of the firmament pale under the influence of the rapidly flying years, the swiftly moving centuries, the majestic tread of the bewildering aeons; it all matters very little to me now, for I shall outlive them all in the imperishable nature that Divine Goodness has imparted to my being. In presence of this stupendous fact I cease to deplore, to speculate, to regret; I can only rejoice in the privilege I enjoy, and express my gratitude for the soul that God gave me.

Strange New Year's thoughts for a "Carbone Observer;" yet they came to me as much from observation as from reflection. I passed down Bleury street the other day; I met an old acquaintance; we wished each other a "Happy New Year." I came down the same street this morning; I met a funeral cortege moving slowly in the direction of the mountain; a friend who had stepped to wish me a "Happy New Year," told me that the black plumes waved over the acquaintance of a few days ago. Never did I more sincerely wish him a "Happy New Year" than to-day; for if his New Year is Happy, he must be his unending existence beyond. I observed a gorgeous private sleigh, with spanking horses, silver-mounted harness, coachman and footman in huge beaver caps, dash along Sherbrooke street. I had known the owner of that equipage when he had not five cents, except what he took in for his daily labor; he threw me an off-hand New Year's greeting—I did not take the trouble to consider its degree of sincerity. Near the post office I met an old man, with the snows of seventy odd years upon him; sick unto death, shivering for lack of clothing and of food. I had known him when I was a boy, and he was a prosperous trader in the early settlements of South Renfrew. I went up to him, wished him a Happy New Year, while feeling that the happiest he could ever spend would be in the quiet of death's strange rest. Yet both of these have immortal souls; and I hope that both will enjoy a Happy New Year, if not that of 1901, at least some one in the future.

Since last year wonderful changes have marked the social, national, political spheres, as well as that of religion, general elections in nearly every country—in particular Great Britain, the United States and

Canada; thousands and tens of thousands of pilgrims fixing on the Heart of Christendom as a holy rendezvous of devotion; great congratulations, such as the one that swept Hull almost out of existence; terrible volcanic eruptions, such as Vesuvius and Kilimanjaro; cyclones such as swept over Texas and the Atlantic; wars, of a most unusual nature, like those of the Transvaal and of China; and amidst all these strange things, these wonderful events, Paris held the greatest universal exhibition ever known. While the natural and social orders were thus stirred to their innermost depths, men, as in the past, were dying away unnoticed and others were being born and sent forth unperceived upon the highway of life. A century is over; a year is done; and if the race and faith have not profited by the former and the individuals by the latter—which is not the case—then others as well as I can well ask "quid prodest?"

SOME SECRETS OF LONG LIFE.

In so far as there can be said to be any secrets of long life, they may be stated to be three in number. The first is the conservation of energy; the second is moderation, and the third is system. And the greatest of the three is conservatism of energy, with which the others are bound up. Practice these to the utmost, and you will live to the maximum. A man works forty-nine weeks of the year in the city, and works hard, and then he spends the three weeks' holiday roaming about from place to place, and keeping both mind and body continually at work. He practices about the benefits accruing from change of scene and so on. It is a terrible mistake. Holiday times in the case of such people should be made a special period for the conservation of energy. How, then, should such people make holiday? Lie in bed all the time? That is the best thing for them to do and will tend to the prolongation of their lives.

Too much is said in extolling the virtues of exercise. In moderation it is beneficial; but many of the public have strange ideas of moderation in such matters. A clerk will work all day with his head and work with his legs at night. He thinks the long walk is good for him. The fresh air is, but in the exercise he is not conserving his energy as he should do to make his life long. Mental and bodily energy come to the same thing at the finish. Having first drawn upon the stock of one you must not then tap the other with the idea that it is beneficial, for it is not. They have a common source. "Eat good food and plenty of it," is a maxim of the first part of which is right and the second wrong. Far too much food is eaten nowadays. A man with a healthy appetite goes in for a full satisfaction of it when he should stop very considerably short of that point. The stomach is given far too much work to do. Give it less, and now and again let it have an absolute rest and the system will be all the better for it and the likelihood of long life much increased. Don't trouble about special diets. Eat what you like and what you have been accustomed to, but do so more sparingly than in the past. Practice moderation in smoking and drinking. There is no need whatever for total abstinence, for there is nothing in the habits which is in the least inconsistent with nonagenarianism.

The man who drinks a quart of beer a day must not expect great length of days. He may never be in the least intoxicated, and may believe that he experiences no ill effects whatever from consuming so much alcoholic liquid, but it is too much. Give a stricter meaning to the word moderation, and drink accordingly. As far as is practicable live throughout your life on the same system. Let it be a good one to begin with, and then adhere to it unaltered. A great mistake is made in supposing that a man at forty requires this, and at fifty he requires that. Radism is bad. Regularity is a sound principle; but it should be regularity from year to year and not merely from day to day. Conserve your energy—wisely; be moderate—carefully; be systematic—thoroughly. And don't worry. These are the secrets of long life. There are no others.—R. B. Long, M.D.

PERSISTENT PURPOSE

We hear a great deal of talk about genius, talent, luck, chance, cleverness and fine manners playing a large part in one's success. Leaving out luck and chance, we grant that all these elements are important factors in the battle of life. Yet the possession of any or all of them, unaccompanied by a definite aim, a determined purpose, will not insure success. Whatever else may have been lacking in the giants of the race, the men who have been conspicuously successful, we shall find that they all had one characteristic in common—doggedness and persistence of purpose. It does not matter how clever a youth may be, whether he leads his class in college or outshines all the other boys in his community, he will never succeed if he lacks this essential of determined persistence. Many men who might have made brilliant musicians, artists, teachers, lawyers, able physicians or surgeons, in spite of predictions to the contrary, have fallen short of success because they were deficient in this quality. Persistence of purpose is a power; it creates confidence in others. Everybody believes in the determined man. When he undertakes anything his battle is half won, because not only he himself, but every one who knows him, believes that he will accomplish whatever he sets out to do.

People know that it is useless to oppose a man who uses his stumbling blocks as stepping stones; who is not afraid of defeat; who never, in spite of calumny or criticism, shrinks from his task; who never shirks his responsibility; who always keeps his compass pointed to the north star of his purpose, no matter what storms may rage about him. The persistent man never stops to consider whether he is succeeding or not. The only question with him is how to push ahead, to get a little further along, a little nearer his goal. Whether it lead over mountains, rivers or morasses, he must reach it. Every other consideration is sacrificed to this one dominant purpose.

The success of a dull or average youth and the failure of a brilliant one is a constant surprise in American history. But if the different cases are closely analyzed we shall find that the explanation lies in the staying power of the seemingly dull boy, the ability to stand firm as a rock under all circumstances, to allow nothing to divert him from his purpose, while the brilliant but erratic boy, lacking the rudder of a firm purpose, neutralizes his power and wastes his energy by dissipating them in several directions.

Comptroller Bird S. Coler, of New York, who long has been a collector of rare books and manuscripts, received in the foreign mails last week a letter, written in 1659. The letter purports to have been written by St. Vincent de Paul. Mr. Coler discovered the letter in the catalogue of a recent auction sale in London, and sent word by cable for the purchase of the manuscript. His wishes were complied with, and the letter, still clearly legible, except in two or three places where worms had done destructive work, is in good condition. The letter, it is understood, sold for about \$125.

The church of St. Jean Baptiste, New York, which was a parish church under the administration of the secular clergy until recently, has been turned over to the care of Fathers of the Order of the Blessed Sacrament. It will hereafter be a church of perpetual adoration, the first established in the United States.

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CATHOLIC BEQUESTS. By his will, which bears date July 9th, 1897, Sir Henry Page Turner Barron, of Glenanna, Waterford, says the London "Universe," left some £30,000 to be expended on charitable and religious objects. His estate has been valued at £306,472 5s the trustees, and he bequeathed other National Gallery his picture "The Magdalene," by Carlo Dolce, and other pictures at present on loan to the trustees, and he bequeathed other pictures to the Irish National Gallery. He left in trust for a Catholic church at Ferry Bank, respecting which he gave detailed instructions, £3,000, and for a family mausoleum £3,000. He left to the Charity Organization Society £5,000, to the Prince of Wales's Hospital Fund in London £8,000, to the Archbishop of Westminster for Catholic charitable institutions in his diocese £2,000, to

RENAUD, KING & PATTERSON, 652 Craig Street, 2442 St. Catherine Street. LADY'S HANDSOME DESK, HANDSOME CORNER PARLOR CHAIR, Pretty RATTAN RECEPTION Chair.

EVERY CATHOLIC YOUNG MAN should possess a copy of "The Catholic Student's Manual of Instructions and Prayers." For all seasons of the Ecclesiastical Year. Published by D. & J. ADLER & CO., 1669 Notre Dame Street, Montreal.

Rev. William Everett, pastor of the Church of the Nativity, in Second Avenue, New York, died on Dec. 8, from pneumonia. He was first a physician, then a Protestant minister and afterward a priest. He was eighty-six years old and one of the oldest in the diocese.

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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.....DECEMBER 29, 1900.

NEW YEAR 1901.

In wishing all our friends a "Happy New Year," we speak, not "with the lips alone," but from the fullness of the heart. Were it within the range of probability that any of us, who now assist at the birth of a century, should be present in the flesh when that century draws to its close, we might be tempted to change our greeting and wish each one a "Happy New Century."

Look back; look around us; nothing but change! Change that means improvement, if you will, but still the increasing mutability of human affairs. The map of every continent on the face of the globe has been several times changed since the nineteenth century dawned upon humanity.

Amidst all these changes, all these mutations, one institution alone has remained unmovable, unaltered: the Catholic Church stands at the close of the century just as she stood at

its opening hour, "unimpaired amidst change, magnificent amidst ruin, the last remnant of earth's beauty, the last resting place of heaven's light." We are strongly tempted to contrast the material condition of things to-day with that of one hundred years ago; but where would we end, if we once commenced? Yonder goes the old, lumbering stage-coach, here rushes the train at the rate of fifty miles an hour; yonder is the diligence and the "one-horse shay," here is the electric car sweeping over space without any apparent motive power save the will of man; yonder the poor woman sists "with needle and thread," singing, if not in words, at least in practice—Tom Hood's "Song of the Shirt," here the smoke from twenty different manufactories of sewing machines clouds the sky over our cities; yonder brawny arms swing scythe and cradle, here spans of horses move along with mowing machines and reapers; yonder slow-sailing ships move out, with their emigrant freights, to be buffeted for a couple of months upon the Atlantic, here ocean grey-hounds, leviathans of the deep, iron-clad and snorting with steam-engendered life, plough their way in less than a week from the old world to the new; yonder a man of business spends a whole day tramping to his fellow-trader's establishment to transact a small affair, here he stands in his office and telephones his messages to a hundred people in one day; yonder the tallow candle lights up the halls of the most opulent, here the middle class, and often the poorer one, reads by gaslight, or enjoys perpetual day under the influence of the electric light; yonder do vast expanses of forest cover unmeasured extents of territory, here villages, towns, immense cities occupy the exact same ground; and we might thus go on, without ending for weeks, establishing contrasts in the material order of affairs.

And what stands good in regard to the miraculous transformations, a few only of which we can here indicate, equally applies in the scientific, the literary, the social, and the religious domains. Referring in particular to the Irish Catholic element, we hesitate in presence of the unexpected, unanticipated changes that a century has operated. As far as Canada is concerned the development has been such that the histories of the greatest nations of ancient and modern times are entirely overshadowed by that of this Dominion, in even the last quarter of the century. In regard to Ireland, the situation on the surface has not undergone such marked transformation; but, in reality, the contrast is so great that it would amount to a history of the whole century to merely state its outlines. The nineteenth century dawned upon the "Union," its orb was still in the ascendant when emancipation was wrung from the unwilling power that accorded it; its noon-tide sun looked down upon the most wonderful revival of a national spirit and a national literature that any civilized country ever exhibited; and the twilight gathering around its sunset, bides in its grey the herald beams of national freedom and legislative autonomy for the people and the land. But it is in the religious sphere

that the most astonishing phenomena have taken place. The Church may be seen utilizing every fresh invention of human genius and making it subservient to the one grand and eternal plan, the development and fulfillment of which rest in Her hands. And, despite all this, she remains just as she was at the opening of the century. Her pontiffs may have been imprisoned, her temporal power usurped, her estates confiscated, her tenets denied, her teachings ridiculed, her charity abused, but if such has been the case, it was only "to show those whose faith was failing, or whose fears were strengthening, that the simplicity of the patriarchs, the piety of the saints and the patience of the martyrs have not wholly vanished from this earth." To-day, as never before, does that Church tower aloft—the sole institution whose history dates back nineteen centuries, the only one with vigor sufficient to guarantee another nineteen centuries of unbroken sway.

THE RECENT CONVENTION IN DUBLIN.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE ONE.

with absolute impartiality as between the representatives of the various sections of Nationalists in the past. We paid out of it the costs incurred necessarily in the course of a great general election, and having done that we are in the proud position of being able to report to you that we still have in our possession a sum of \$15,000. (Cheers.) Now, before I pass from the question of this fund allow me to say that the National trustees, and the Irish people generally, are owing a deep debt of gratitude to Mr. Alfred Webb, who during the stress and strain of the general election devoted himself day and night to the work of this fund, and to him most of the success of the administration of the fund is due. Now, allow me, gentlemen, to point out to you a second great test which has been applied to the general and representative character of the convention of last June, and I admit that a convention may be rigged, but I say the ballot boxes cannot. And even if it were shown that in one or two or half a dozen cases elections had taken place which imperfectly represented the sentiments of the electors, still I say the fact remains that nothing can interfere with the genuine character of the result of eighty elections. The programme of the last convention was submitted to the electors. The United Irish League, as the National organization, was submitted to the electors, with the result that in the ballot boxes the people themselves have recorded the most overwhelming and emphatic declaration that the convention of last June did represent their feelings, and did speak on their behalf right up to the present time.

Mr. John Dillon, M.P., was the next speaker. He received a most enthusiastic reception, according to the report, and moved a resolution, which he supported in a vigorous speech, to the effect that Ireland was in no sense responsible for the war waged in South Africa. Mr. William Redmond, M.P., in a forcible address seconded the resolution. The next business was announced by the chairman as a notice of motion given by Mr. William O'Brien, of which the reporter in the "Irish Weekly" says:—"Mr. William O'Brien, on rising to address the convention, was received with a tremendous display of enthusiasm. The delegates rose to their feet and cheered him with their hats with intense enthusiasm, and demonstration lasting for a considerable time. Mr. O'Brien said: 'Reverend Fathers and brother delegates, it becomes my duty to propose to this convention the following resolution: That the National Convention hereby place on record its congratulations to the Nationalist constituencies of Ireland upon their all but unanimous adhesion at the late general election to the programme placed before the country by the National Convention of last June, and in thanks to the people for their generosity with which they responded to the appeal of the National Convention for the General Election Fund which has been the means of saving so many Nationalist constituencies from falling a prey to the enemies of Ireland.'

That the verdict of the people thus expressed by their votes and the subscriptions of their constituents as overwhelming a vote of National confidence in the authority and programme of this convention as ever was pronounced upon a clear National issue in any country governed by the ordinary tests of constitutional freedom of opinion, and must command the respect and obedience of all who desire to preserve any principle of authority or discipline in the public life of Ireland. That, acting in pursuance of the authority thus unequivocally conferred upon it by the country, and being sensible that the efficiency of the body of members of Parliament elected to carry out the programme of the National Convention and of the United Irish League must depend upon its being composed of men truly and honestly devoted to the principles of the League and bound by the discipline prescribed by the National Convention, this convention cannot overlook the fact, that the claim is made for the admission into the United Irish Parliamentary Party of Mr. T. M. Healy, a member of the former Irish Party, who was the most active and unscrupulous foe of the National organization at the late general election, as well as of the United Irish League since its foundation; who placed the existence of an Irish Parliamentary Party in jeopardy by persistent attempts to leoparding the failure of the general election fund, in defiance of the appeal of the National Convention; and who has not up to the present moment given any sign of amendment in his hostility to the United Irish League, in his efforts to perpetuate dissension, or in his campaign of obloquy against the elected representatives of the people; and that in view of a National scandal so notorious, the convention feels compelled hereby to declare that Mr. T. M. Healy has disentitled himself to membership of the party formed for the purpose of carrying out the decrees of the country at the general election as a united and disciplined body, and requests that effect shall

be given to this decision in calling the United Irish Parliamentary Party together. That the convention also deems it a duty to come to a similar decision in respect to Mr. J. L. Carey, who by his virulent hostility to the programme of the National Convention and of the United Irish League, as well as by the unworthy artifice by which he was technically returned for South Meath, has made his acceptance as a colleague of honorable Irish Nationalists impossible. That subject to the two exceptions above named, Mr. Redmond, as chairman of this National Convention, and as chairman of the former Irish Parliamentary Party, be requested to summon a meeting of all the Nationalist members returned for Irish constituencies (including that of Scotland Division of Liverpool) to assemble in Dublin at an early date as may be convenient for the purpose of formally constituting the United Irish Parliamentary Party and electing its officers." In speaking to the resolution Mr. O'Brien said:—"Now, my friends, as I have borne the responsibility of placing before the country the course of action suggested in this resolution, it has occurred to me that perhaps the most straightforward thing would be that I should take the responsibility myself of proposing this resolution, because if my view of this question be the correct one upon the decision that this convention will arrive at in reference to this resolution, it will depend whether you are going to straighten forwardly to the general election, and to throw the country back again into confusion and helplessness, or whether this convention will do what the country was a final verdict, was the last word, and that, in mercy to every body concerned, it will have to be obeyed without any further quibbling. Now, first, let me tackle the cry that has been raised by some of Mr. Healy's friends. It is almost, I might say, the only argument now left why he should not be treated as any other man in the party, or in all the world, who is treated who has acted as he has done—(hear, hear)—I mean the cry that it is all a personal matter between Mr. Healy and myself. Rev. Felix MacNece, who occupied a place on the platform beside Mr. O'Brien, here remarked, "So it is." Mr. T. C. Harrington, M.P., who was also on the platform, made some remark which was inaudible at the reporter's table. A voice—Send all the Tims about their business. Another voice—Pat Harrington out with him. Mr. O'Brien—I am sure that the rev. gentleman beside me will not set the bad example of being the first to disregard the eloquent appeal of our chairman made here. I was about to say when the rev. gentleman interrupted me that if he is right—if it is true—if I were capable of keeping the party and the country disturbed in order to gratify my wretched personal vindictive feelings of my own, as I am I and Mr. Healy—who should be without one instant's hesitation, excluded from the party, and excluded from public life, and this is the tribunal to decide it. (Loud and prolonged cheering from the entire audience.) And I should be delighted, as soon as a little heat is over, to listen to everything that the reverend gentleman has to say on the other side. (Cheers.) But, my friends, it is not I who am guilty. The Chairman, who was received with cries of "Chair," during which the audience set their faces to silence. But I will impress upon you with all seriousness and solemnity this consideration—if you allow tumult and excitement to seize upon this assembly its value will be gone. (Applause.) Your decision will only have value when arrived at quietly after discussion and vote, and I appeal to you in the name of your country not to allow that excitability which our enemies say is one of the imperfections of the Irish temperament to betray you into a course of conduct that will be fatal, not one side or other in this controversy, but fatal to the good name and future of Ireland. (Cheers.) Mr. Wm. O'Brien, rising amid a great applause of cheering, said:—"I must cordially re-echo all that has so eloquently fallen from the lips of our chairman of the deep solemnity of this occasion, and of the necessity that every man in this hall should avoid saying or doing anything that would impair the character of this great representative assembly. (Hear, hear.) Now I was about to point out that this argument of my personal hostility to Mr. Healy, that, as a matter of fact, nobody knows better than many of those who put forward that cry that instead of my being actuated by any personal antipathy to Mr. Healy, that as it happens I am, perhaps, the man of all others who bore with him longest, and who had the strongest personal liking for him. You will remember perhaps that on a recent occasion I publicly challenged Mr. Healy to deny that there had been one word of personal difference or anger or rivalry between him and myself

And to Mr. Healy's credit, it must be added that he did not attempt to contradict me. You will remember, Mr. Chairman, also that at the general election I tested the sincerity of this cry in a way to which there is absolutely no answer, if there was a shred of reality in that grotesque theory that I am some terrible dictator devoured with ambition to take the leadership out of the hands of Mr. Redmond. I offered to retire from Cork City if Mr. Healy would retire from North Louth, so that neither of us could have any triumph over the other, and that whether he was right or I was right the last obstacle would be gone to the peace and the unity of the party. Well you remember that he never made the slightest attempt to reply to that offer. Now, I tell him that offer is still to-day open to him. I do not pretend that there is one atom of self-sacrifice on my part in making that offer, because I know there is no mistake about it—if I were to consult all my own tastes, all my own longings, the only selfish interest I have or ever held in Irish public life would be to withdraw from what has been for twenty years for me one never-ending battle and anxiety. I need not tell you that it is not abuse that will ever drive me out. It is only the decision of the people. But when you find me trying to soothe their consciences when playing what I regard as the evil game of faction, by the plea that this is all a miserable squabble between Mr. Healy and myself, it is worth while, once for all, to bring these gentlemen to book, and to tell you that it is not any idle flourish, for I think you know that what I say I mean, to tell you that if my effacement from public life for a short time, or for all time, can do anything to ease the situation, or to satisfy the rancour of the foolish people who seem to have made it the passion of their lives to abuse and backbite me, this convention has only to say the word here to-day and I promise you that it is not I who will stand between Ireland and peace and freedom. I have thought it necessary once for all to deal with the cry. Of course nobody believes in it, and least of all the people who put it forward. Short as is the public memory, no man in the hall can have forgotten that the very same game that is being played against me now to try and degrade every great National issue into a personal controversy, that same game was played against every man who had the misfortune to differ from Mr. Healy. At one time it was all a personal matter between John Dillon and Mr. Healy, at another it was a personal matter between Mr. Sexton and Mr. Healy, at another time it was a personal matter between Mr. T. P. O'Connor and Mr. Healy. At another it was a personal matter between Mr. Justin McCarthy, the finest Irish gentleman of this generation, and between even Mr. Redmond, one of the greatest-tempered men of the whole Irish race—between these men and Mr. Healy. I heard Mr. Healy solemnly denounce Mr. Webb as his bitter personal enemy. You remember when Mr. John Dillon like the honorable and high-minded Irish gentleman he is—when Mr. John Dillon said—"If I am the difficulty I will withdraw from the chair"—was Mr. Healy one bit a less troublesome person? No. When Mr. Davitt withdrew Mr. Healy immediately suggested that it were six times as large as it was ever, and that he should hold together, gentlemen, I ask you what you are to conclude when you find that very same thing that is said against me now was said against every man who ever crossed his path, and would be said against somebody else if I were six feet under ground to-morrow. Perhaps the next turn, and no longer the first time, would be our distinguished chairman, the former, and I hope the future, Chairman of the Irish Party.

But in point of fact—and I am sorry if I speak more warmly than I wish to do—the fact of it is that Mr. Healy has brought upon himself this dilemma; that either every man except himself who was ever prominently connected with the Irish Party must be a scoundrel or else he must be himself the only man of leading who is capable of working as a loyal comrade, and thinking of nothing except himself and his temperament. I pass from this portion of the subject by saying that the only personal enemy of Mr. Healy that I know of is Mr. Healy himself. We hear gentlemen going about whining because they have been beaten in fair fight and with perfectly fair weapons—gentlemen who themselves never spread man, nor woman either.

We have been begging for public sympathy as martyrs because the Irish constituencies did not allow them to complete their work of havoc in the Irish cause. We had none of this indignation when Ireland was deprived of the services in Parliament of men of the rank of Mr. Sexton and Mr. Davitt. As far as I know none of these gentlemen ever raised a notice of protest in the name of decency, and with none of the charity that day after day Mr. Healy was a publishing newspaper whose one object it was to chase every man of honor out of Irish public life by the foulest and filthiest weapons that ever disgraced the press of Ireland. These gentlemen of the Convention, I know of no case in history of a man who was borne with so long and so much deference

to and so much cringed, and the peace. I won't to-day; but I will story of these things by-and-by so had to endure lance; how he ing everybody, of everybody, starting out pursuance of policy—the faint charges against ran away from was faced by a party, and then over again the jority of the party turned. I call story of that it you will find it ever showed so minal patience truly say—so m in dealing with sion—and so n constitution then complain tude. Why the constituencies for soft-heartedness never showed t own constitu- election to ano the Irish Party erred on the sic courage, back too much and long. We hear Is there to be majority or for toleration was to make the be- Ireland, without an implacable eration that w is this—that y what we have and that if you whole power o make a fight fo not begin by r round our necks to drag us dow country is at cheating. It is a consideration induce me to re test against w of the country. Now, I ventu something—kno Mr. Healy—I v that the last man party from him from himself is him at last, is the cry of "Ire he once raised, application the whom he origin that, whatever merits of our di a man in this I say that Paro worth more to Healy's whole I knows Mr. Hea very well that, that whatever so long as he t appealing, and ther dissension knows, on the there is no ma prompt to rec facts and to r the last man I knows know th who he knows nonsense from I I tell you cand I do not at al siderable reform temperament if taught him at is reserved, ho gentlemen, I do waste your tim tion, the almost offensive if I say ment, that this power to exclud the last man I speech to-day h argument. This, a to-day, this con eign and super this convention Irish Party, v this convention I hold together, believe at the June it was del the convention t give the control the future to th They could not cause. They o ney to pay the. Even as it was, Parliamentary I getting elected. ary Party—I sary in some of some of its w regret to say and that mainly man whose gam up that party a over this cr Why, every man party pledge action himself that a majority have the power matter what me his constituency, that this conven whole party pr to prevent any the whole party whole movement Mr. O'Brien c appeal for unity.

The Very Rev. P. O'Brien, on rising, addressed the assembly, saying that if unity were to be fruitful, it must be preserved, and that they were selves was woul Mr. Healy into in that direction the very reverse the effect would.

Mr. Healy Mr. T. C. Harrington was received with a great applause of cheering, said:—"I must cordially re-echo all that has so eloquently fallen from the lips of our chairman of the deep solemnity of this occasion, and of the necessity that every man in this hall should avoid saying or doing anything that would impair the character of this great representative assembly. (Hear, hear.) Now I was about to point out that this argument of my personal hostility to Mr. Healy, that, as a matter of fact, nobody knows better than many of those who put forward that cry that instead of my being actuated by any personal antipathy to Mr. Healy, that as it happens I am, perhaps, the man of all others who bore with him longest, and who had the strongest personal liking for him. You will remember perhaps that on a recent occasion I publicly challenged Mr. Healy to deny that there had been one word of personal difference or anger or rivalry between him and myself

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to and so much petted, and so much cringed, and that nothing would happen. I won't go into those things to-day, but I will tell that when the story of these last few years comes to-day, to be told, of all we had to endure year after year in silence; how he succeeded in tormenting everybody, taking the spirit out of everybody, starving the Party, starving out the evicted tenants in pursuance of his own cold-blooded policy—the way he manufactured the vilest and most infamous charges against colleagues, and then ran away from them the moment he was faced by a full attendance of the party, and then repeated them all over again the moment that the majority of the party had their backs turned. I tell you that whenever the story of that time comes to be told you will find that no body of men ever showed so much patience—"criminal patience," I hear somebody truly say—so much criminal patience in dealing with a tyrant so unreasoning and so wicked. It is to the Irish constituencies that these gentlemen complain of their ingratitude. Why the patience of the Irish constituencies for those men who their soft-heartedness towards men who never showed their noses in their own constituencies from one general election to another—the patience of the Irish Party, if it erred at all, erred on the side of want of moral courage, backbone, bearing with too much and bearing with it too long. We hear the cry of toleration. Is there to be no toleration for the majority or for the interests of the Irish cause? Toleration. The only toleration we ask is to be left free to make the best fight we can for Ireland, without being handcuffed to an implacable enemy. The only toleration that we ask for here to-day is this—that you should remember what we have got to go through, and that if you expect us to face the whole power of England, and to make a fight for Ireland, you shall not begin by hanging this millstone round our necks to strangle us and to drag us down. I know that the country is at our backs. (Great cheering.) If I thought otherwise, no consideration under heaven would induce me to raise one word of protest against whatever the decision of the country might be.

Now, I venture to say, knowing something—knowing a good deal of Mr. Healy—I venture to tell you that the only way of saving the party from him, and of saving him from himself is to deal firmly with him at last, and to remind him that the cry of "Ireland over all," which he once raised, is capable of a wider application than to the man to whom he originally applied it; and that, whatever may have been the merits of our differences, there is not a man in this hall that would not say that Parnell's little finger was worth more to Ireland than Mr. Healy's whole body. Anybody who knows Mr. Healy's strategy knows very well that while he is probably the last man living who would yield so long as he thinks that you are appealing, and that threats of further dissension will have any effect, knows, on the other hand, that there is no man who is more prompt to recognize accomplished facts and to respect the man who he knows know their own mind, and who he knows will stand no more nonsense from him. In point of fact I tell you candidly, gentlemen, that I do not at all despair of very considerable reformation in Mr. Healy's temperament if the lesson that was taught him at the general election is pressed home here to-day. Now, gentlemen, I do not think I ought to waste your time in arguing the question, the almost, I hope I won't be offensive if I say the ridiculous argument, that this convention has no power to exclude Mr. Healy and Mr. Carew. The chairman in his able speech to-day has answered that argument. This, as the chairman said to-day, this convention is the sovereign and supreme power. Without this convention there could be no Irish Party, without the backing of this convention that Party could not hold together for six months. I believe at the Convention, of last June it was liberally decided by the convention that they would not give the control of this movement in the future to the former Irish Party. They could not agree to any programme. They could not get the money to pay their election expenses. Even as it was, barely half that old Parliamentary Party succeeded in getting elected. The old Parliamentary Party—I say it as one who took part in some of its best days and some of its worst—the old Party, I regret to say it—had broken down, and that mainly owing to the very man whose game it is now to set up that party as a sovereign authority over this convention. (Cheers.) Why, every man who signed that party pledge at this last general election himself confessed in writing that a majority of his colleagues have the power to expel him, no matter what may be the rights of his constituency, and yet we are told that this convention, from whom the whole party proceeds, has no power to prevent any man from wrecking the whole party and wrecking the whole movement.

Mr. O'Brien closed with a strong appeal for unity.

The Very Rev. Canon Shinkwin, P. P., who, on rising, was loudly cheered, seconded the resolution. He said if unity were to be effected, and if that unity were to be useful and to be fruitful, it must be safeguarded and preserved. The great question that they were now to ask themselves was would the adoption of Mr. Healy into the Party be a step in that direction, or might it not be the very reverse? Yes, he believed the effect would be the very reverse.

Mr. Healy Defended.

Mr. T. C. Harrington, M.P., who was received with applause, then said—Mr. Chairman and fellow-delegates of the National Convention—Mr. O'Brien, in proposing the resolution, said that he had expressed an opinion upon this question in the

country, and he thought it only right that he should take the responsibility of proposing it here. (Interruption.) I, too—(great disorder)—have expressed an opinion elsewhere upon the policy embodied in this resolution.

I think it is right that I should have the courage to come here and express my opinion. The chairman has told you that a great deal of responsibility for the future of Irish politics rests upon this convention. If you have entered with light hearts upon the discussion of the policy which this resolution breathes—I say if you have entered on it with light hearts—you will find the country back again into the depths of despair. I say if that be the result of your deliberations here to-day future generations of Irishmen will curse the convention and the men who took part in it. (Cries of "Never" and "No, no.") After ten years of terrible strife after ten years of shameful vituperation of one set of Irishmen against another. (Cries of "By Healy" and noise.) Gentlemen, say "Mr. Healy," but you never repudiated him (Interruptions.) I say after those ten weary years, Irishmen were brought together, Irishmen were induced to forget the unfortunate differences which separated them. Does my friend Mr. O'Brien think, does Canon Shinkwin think, do you think that if you go to open.

Chairman—I wish to seriously ask the convention whether they are in earnest in desiring to transact the business that is before them? (Hear, hear.) I tell them that the responsibility which is upon my shoulders as the chairman of this body, that if they will not listen to both sides of this matter, the convention will be competent and able to transact the business that is before them, therefore ask the great body of the convention, who, I am bound to say, have shown an example of good order, not to tolerate a few men here and there scattered through the hall bringing disintegration to this assembly, but upon Ireland.

Mr. Harrington, who was received with cheers, said—I do hope, sir, that the appeal which you have made to the convention will be heard by all sides. I think it would be exceedingly deplorable that a great gathering of this kind, which comes together to consult upon the best means of promoting the Irish National movement, should mar its Irish peacefulness of character and should stamp itself with incompetency by refusing to listen to the views of those who may be opposed to the majority. I have never in my life been afraid to be in a minority and if I stood absolutely alone to-day to face this convention, so long as my conscience told me was right, I would not shrink the responsibility. I was appealing to Mr. O'Brien and to Canon Shinkwin to consider in the two speeches we have listened to from them here to-day if they themselves really are satisfied that the speeches and the policy enunciated in them, and the going back to the very controversies of the past will contribute to peace and unity in Ireland. What is the burden of the two speeches that we have delivered in support of this resolution? Has there been one word said—and I challenge the speakers who come later in the debate to point to one expression of opinion on the part of the Chairman of the Parliamentary Party, where he has publicly or privately declared that he could not work with Mr. Healy in the party. He must have some responsibility. You have put him into a position of trust. We have heard of Mr. Healy's conduct in the Party of the past. I say, why didn't the gentleman responsible for that Party deal with him? And why is it left to a new party and a new chairman, and why are their hands to be tied to judge as to the merits between the gentlemen who raised this unpleasant controversy against one another?

A Delegate—It is you who are doing that.

Mr. Harrington—And are we who are no party to that quarrel, are we the forty members of the Irish Party, who never heard one word of these differences in the ranks of Mr. Dillon's party and Mr. O'Brien's, are we to be asked to pronounce judgment upon conduct that we had no opportunity of judging. (Cries of "Oh, oh.") Is the present chairman of the Parliamentary Party the only gentleman whose hands are to be tied, and who has to be placed handcuffed in the chair—(cries of "Dis-sent")—with regard to his treatment of the gentlemen who may be returned in good faith by Irish constituencies into the Party over which he presides. I could not help, during the course of the two speeches that we have heard, going back to the very unpleasant controversy with my colleagues in the endeavor to bring about the reunion of the Irish Party. What were the objections with which I was met by none more eloquently, more ably, and more forcibly, than the Chairman of this convention to-day? We heard how Mr. Healy treated Mr. Justin McCarthy, treated Mr. Sexton, and treated Michael Davitt, and John Dillon. (Cries of "All true.") What business, I want to know, is of any Parnellite or anti-Parnellite? (Interruption.)

A Delegate—What did Healy do to Parnell?

Mr. Harrington—A friend in the crowd reminds me of what he did to Parnell, and the men who are passing resolutions to-day condemning him and against him, were not afraid to raise their voices against the greatest Irishman of the century. Do not think, if you go back to the tomb where we hoped these unfortunate controversies were buried twelve months ago—do not think you can select from off that tomb your own pet skeleton and prevent any one else. This question was settled by the Irish Parliamentary Party last session. (A Voice—"The country settled it, and the Harbor Division will settle you.") (Cheers.) Do not the convention know that apart from the differences of opinion here—that outside and throughout the country, South, North, East, and

West—there are numbers of men who were never partisans of Mr. Healy, numbers who take sides against him and condemn his actions and words, and who are not still in favor of his policy of evicting? We made up our minds to bury these controversies; we made up our minds to let the constituencies of Ireland return a new Party, and I say it is subversive of every principle of constitutional law and of constitutional representation that any body, Convention, or anybody else, should step in to bar the right of the new Party meeting out its discipline to its own members. (Cries of "Certainly" and "No, no.") Yes, but my friends, what are you engaged in? Remember the position of your country. (Cries of "Two Tims.")

Mr. Harrington—One of the Tims, any way, can look after himself, and I do not say a man to point to a blot upon his career. Until the moment he is dismissed by his constituency you can pass no greater or heavier sentence on a member than go and mind his own business, and the advantage might be his and the loss yours. This is unity; this is toleration. This is unity you hope to win respect for the Irish cause amongst those who differ from you in Ireland and all over the globe. We heard of your tribute to the South African burghers in their fight for liberty. But what would be said on the eve of the battle if they gathered together in council with no better purpose than to differ bitterly amongst themselves. I don't want to deprive Mr. O'Brien of a position in Irish public life.

But I won't be his instrument, no, nor the instrument of this convention, to drive any other man out of Irish politics except for a just cause and for reasons that I would not be against him. The convention may be very powerful, and your mandate may be very authoritative, but I refuse to take from your hands a dagger to plant in the breast of a brother Irishman.

Now, I should like if it were possible to address a few words of reason to this convention if you had not made up your minds not to hear me. (Interruptions.) What is the burden of your charge against Mr. Healy with regard to the United Irish League? We are told he never gave it any assistance and that he never entered it. Did he ever get the chance? I should like to point out to you that the League kept outside its fold, and every machinery that could be devised was devised to prevent him coming near it, or, expressing sympathy with it from the beginning.

A Delegate—You are stating what you know is wrong.

Mr. Harrington—I don't state what I know to be wrong. On the contrary, if there was a disposition to allow all Irishmen to loyally join in this movement, why did the Delegation of the United Irish League continue to hold its meetings in the office of Mr. O'Brien, where they knew perfectly well Mr. Healy, owing to the previous controversy, could not go in to take part in the meetings? (Cries of "Bosh.") Let us have fair play equally for Mr. Healy as for every other Irishman. It may have been right to hold the meeting wherever they liked to prevent Mr. Healy coming in, but it is not honest to come here to this convention and say he refused so come in when you have shut the door in his face. (Cries of "Bosh.") I want honest dealing between leading Irishmen to one another; and I do not want to see the League going round to get up resolutions. (Great interruption, which was continued for some minutes, during which Mr. Harrington sat down.)

The Chairman here intervened.

I would be advised and scarcely dignified for me to go on repeating appeal after appeal and to beg of you to show some seriousness of demeanor. This is far too serious a matter to have it treated with the levity those who are interrupting. I beg of the convention to remember that this is a serious National matter, and not to destroy the efficiency of their own power by persistent interruption. I beg of you then, in the name of Ireland to listen with patience to Mr. Harrington's views.

Mr. Harrington, resuming, said—I know well that Mr. O'Brien's position in this matter is consistent. I know that when the Irish Party met in every stage of the proceedings, and by which unity could be restored in their ranks he had not sympathy in their proceedings, and he had no belief in any unity which would include Mr. Healy. All through, at every stage of the proceedings, he stores unity to the Irish ranks so long as the effort was directed to the restoration of unity in the Parliamentary Party, he was a strong and determined, if a silent, opponent at every step. It was, therefore, perfectly consistent on his part, believing as he then believed, and as he does now, that he could not act with Mr. Healy in the Party and take the line he has taken to-day. But with all respect to-day I say that the issue between him and Mr. Healy should have been decided in North Louth. But what becomes, I want to know, of the action of the other members of the Parliamentary Party who are going to take part in this division to-day? They, Mr. Chairman, joined with Mr. Healy in electing you to the chair at the commencement of the last session of Parliament. They joined Mr. Healy in the conferences which took place in the Party during the whole of the period of the last session, and I challenge any one to say that in those whole twelve months Mr. Healy did not act calculated to obstruct the Party. (Ironical cheers.) Having said so much, Mr. Chairman it is unnecessary for me to proclaim that I have never in Irish politics been a partisan of Mr. Healy, or a follower of his. I speak for fair play. I speak for liberal-minded, broad-minded action, worthy of men looking for freedom. If you, I say, if you treat an Irishman, who has worked with you in the National ranks, if you treat an Irishman

whose whole selfish interests would have been to make use of his talents and his abilities for his own self-advancement—(cries of "He did")—but who, instead of devoting his life and his exertions to the furtherance of the Irish National cause, I say that if you mete out that treatment to an Irishman who has worked for you, how would you hope that the thousands of the people in Ireland should differ from you in opinion would ever trust themselves with confidence to a Government of which you had control? We have to teach lessons of toleration and broad-mindedness and fair play to the men who differ from us in opinion and how could we hope to convince them of the earnestness of our motives and the sincerity of our convictions if we enter upon such a course of oppression and tyranny as this resolution embodies? For my part, my course is determined upon. I am anxious to be useful in the Irish political movement. I am anxious to take part in the Irish political fight in the future as in the past; but not at your mandate, not at the mandate of the Irish nation, not at the mandate of the Irish race would I enter upon a course which I deem unworthy of myself and unworthy of the position I hold. (Cries of "Resign.") Your resolution is one of force, coercion, and eviction. I am no believer in coercion wherever it should come; and I will take no hand, act, or part in the eviction.

Father Clancy Speaks.

Rev. John Clancy, who was loudly cheered, said it afforded him no pleasure whatsoever to support this resolution. Nothing but a sense of duty to his country would induce him to do so, but the conduct of the two men whom it was proposed to exclude from the ranks of the United Irish Party had left them no option in the matter. (Cheers.) A great deal has been said about Mr. Healy's gentleness as a member of the Parliamentary Party. (Laughter.) Mr. Harrington might tell them that he could bear testimony to Mr. Healy's action as a member of the reunited Irish Party. What was to be said with regard to his action with reference to the National movement in Ireland? Even if he were to admit that Mr. Healy made no attempt on the unity of the Party, they should assess this resolution in consequence of his withdrawal from the National movement. He would be no party to running this movement in water-tight compartments. He (Father Clancy) had in that room argued for the solidarity of the Irish cause, that there should be identity of object and aims between the Parliamentary Party and the National organization. He took his stand on these indefensible principles, and urged that if there was to be anything like unity between the two organizations of the National movement, there was a room in the National army for a man who used all his talents not to forward but to thwart the National movement?

It had been said that Mr. Healy had been charged with not doing anything to help the United Irish League. But what he was charged with was with doing everything in his power to thwart it. Assisted by his organ he, in every way worthy of it, assailed the programme and the methods of the League and its promoters. He need only refer to the case of Mr. Healy's lying attack on Mr. John O'Donnell. They were told there was no effort made of bringing him into the League. What was the inception of the League? It was the desperate resort of the poverty-stricken people of the West for mutual protection. It united men who for many years had been estranged, but who found a common platform to save the people from extermination. Its programme was so prepared that it obtained the adhesion of men like Archbishop Croke, Dr. Donnell, Bishop of Raphoe, Mr. William O'Brien, Mr. James O'Kelly, Mr. Michael Davitt, Mr. Farrell, and indeed he might continue an endless litany of names, and forsooth the platform that was broad enough for Chesnut was really intended for Mr. Healy. It was really like breaking a butterfly on a wheel to be piling up arguments for the exclusion of Mr. Healy. They heard nothing about the rights of constituencies. But what about the rights of the nation? That talk about coalition meant this also, and that this unfortunate mischief to the Irish cause, that the personal position, the foibles and the temperament of some of their public men, was of more account than National progress and that while the impoverishment and the depopulation of the country was going on with giant strides, they should be frittering away their time in devising means to do the impossible, to placate Mr. T. M. Healy. It would be an impossible

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All these, of whatever name, can be cured by the great blood purifier, Hood's Sarsaparilla. It never disappoints.

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Skin and Complexion Toilet Soap, Perfumes, Cologne, Face, Tooth and Violet Powders, Champagne, Taps, Sachet Powders, Combinations, etc., etc.

RICKSECKER'S SOAP.	
Skin and Complexion Toilet Soap...Large tablets	Each \$0.15
Skin and Complexion Toilet Soap...Small tablets	0.09
Dog Soap	Large tablets 0.15
RICKSECKER'S CHAMPAGNE TAPS.	
Champagne Taps	0.90
RICKSECKER'S POWDERS.	
Pink and White Martha Washington Face Powder	in boxes 0.15
Tooth Powder, Pink and White	in boxes 0.15
Violet Powder	in boxes 0.15
RICKSECKER'S PERFUMES.	
Assorted Double Couplets, 1/2-oz. bottles, 2 bottles in a box, assorted odors, per box of 2 bottles	0.45
Assorted Perfumes, Double Couplets, No. 50, 1 1/2-oz. bottles, per box of 2 bottles	1.75
Assorted Perfumes, No. 95, 1 1/2-oz. bottles, six side bottles, assorted odors	0.90
Assorted Perfumes, cut glass stoppered bottles	1.25
Assorted Perfumes, in 2-oz. new fancy cartons, assorted odors	0.90
Assorted Perfumes, in 4-oz. glass stoppered fancy cartons, assorted odors	1.75
Peace Maker Perfumes	0.15
RICKSECKER'S SACHETS.	
Palace Sachets, assorted odors	0.25
RICKSECKER'S COMBINATIONS.	
"Midget" Combination, containing 1 bottle Tooth Powder, 1 bottle Perfume and 1 Sachet Complexion Soap	0.25
RICKSECKER'S COLOGNES.	
Violet Cologne, in handsome flasks	1.75
Assorted Colognes, 7-oz. sprinkler tops	1.50
Assorted Colognes, in long green glass stoppered bottles with silver stands, assorted odors	0.75
Assorted Colognes, in long fluted screw-cap bottles, assorted odors	0.75
No. 4 Cologne, in screw-cap bottles	0.75
Assorted Colognes, in 1 1/2-oz. tall corked stoppered bottles	0.25
FRASER, VIGER & CO.	
CALIFORNIA WASHINGTON NAVAL ORANGES.	
In boxes of 112 each	Per box \$4.90
In boxes of 150 each	4.90
In boxes of 200 each	4.90
All of the choicest quality only varying as to size of fruit.	
Choicest California Washington Navel Oranges	30c
Choicest California Washington Navel Oranges	35c
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factory.

ESTABLISHED 1864. Incorporated in 1864. Meets in the hall of the Society last Wednesday, December 27, 1900. Rev. Director, P. J. Allen, Vice-President, P. J. Allen, Secretary, J. J. Curran, Treasurer, S. J. Cathcart street.

The Pearl Rosary.

With saddened hearts, and tear-stained faces, many beheld the 3.40 train move slowly out of the station. Yes, to Cora Alderice it was a severe blow. Her dearest friend and companion had forsaken the world and was speeding away to enter the novitiate of the Sisters of the Holy Name.

Cora and Teresa Reynolds had been intimate friends for a long time. The latter was a gentle, sweet tempered girl, and in fact, the only one with whom Cora cared to associate. Being educated in the same convent school and living in the same neighborhood, it was not strange that these girls should become such intimate friends.

Cora was the niece, and adopted daughter of Col. and Mrs. Alderice. Her mother was the late's sister, and had become estranged from her family by marrying a young Catholic, whose religion they bitterly opposed. He lived, however, but two short years, and left the young wife and little daughter to battle with the world alone.

Cora kept her promise well, and at least once a week she found time to recite that little rosary. Years of unalloyed happiness have rolled on but now dark clouds are gathering on the horizon. That house so bright and cheerful, is now dark and gloomy. That childish prattle which once filled their hearts with joy is now still, and two sad hearts linger around the little crib.

Months, and years rapidly flew on, and slowly came their school days to a close. One with an anxious and joyous heart gladly welcomed the end, for her future life had long been settled, while the other, sad and down-hearted, thought but of the present, and left the future to care for itself.

It was not until the day before Commencement that Cora began to realize what it meant. Behaviors was over, and the two girls proceeded homeward. Strolling through the wood, which lay between their homes and the school, they seated themselves on a fallen stump, and there cried to their hearts' content.

Remember, dear Cora, she concluded, "we may never meet again after we have bidden adieu to our Alma Mater. Our old ties will then be torn asunder, and we must part. You will drift on, in the society of the world, while I, as a religious, will often think of you and pray for you."

momentary eye. Several weeks passed, and they were frequently together before the final separation came. Teresa's preparations, previous to her departure for St. M., have been completed, and now we reach the opening scene, where Cora, in tears, leaves the station after bidding adieu to her dearest friend.

PART II.

Years rolled by since that parting, and many changes had taken place. After mingling in society for three or four years, Cora at last settled down, and became the wife of one of the most prominent young men of the day. The marriage proved very satisfactory to her parents from a worldly point of view, and her prospects were all rose colored.

Raymond Montgomery was a successful business man, and his home was one much envied by many of his less fortunate acquaintances. Having a gentle and accomplished wife, a beautiful child, and surrounded by every luxury that his heart could desire, he was certainly happy. He was a devoted husband and father.

Of times it was with difficulty that he could suppress a smile, as he caught a glimpse of his wife on her knees, with the little pearl rosary moving slowly through her fingers. He knew its history. She had explained its meaning and confided to him the promise she had made her friend, in regard to saying it for her intention. He was not a bigot, a Protestant, and raised no objection whatever to her devotion; but he looked upon it as all Protestants do, as a sort of foolishness.

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home a beautiful letter of congratulation, enclosing on a little slip of paper the intention for which Cora had prayed so long and fervently. It was short. Just three words—"For your conversion."

Household Notes.

TO COOK APPLES.—Fried apples.—Pare and core the apples, keeping them whole; cut into slices crosswise, sprinkle with cinnamon, sugar and a little lemon juice. Stand aside for fifteen minutes; then dip each slice into a batter; slide quickly into the hot fat, fry on one side, turn and fry the other.

A pone of sweet apples.—Pare and chop fine one quart of sweet apples. Pour a pint of boiling water into one quart of granulated white cornmeal; when cool, add sufficient sweet milk, about one pint, to make a very soft batter. Stir in the apples, turn the mixture into a greased shallow pan; cover and bake in a moderate oven for at least two hours.

Apple omelet.—Separate four eggs; beat the whites to a very stiff froth; then add the yolks and beat again, adding gradually two tablespoonfuls of powdered sugar. Have ready an omelet-pan, in which you have melted a tablespoonful of butter; put in the mixture; when it begins to thicken spread over a layer of apple sauce. Fold, turn out and serve at once with powdered sugar.

PICKLED APPLES.—Pickled apples are a delicious accompaniment to meat. An old English rule gives these directions for their preparation: Put a half ounce of white peppercorns into a small muslin bag, have a small quantity of vinegar, six cloves and a quarter of an ounce of root ginger. Let the spices simmer in a half cupful of cider for 20 minutes.

SUNSHINE.—No article of furniture should be put in a room that will not stand sunlight, says the "Weekly Boquet," for every room in a dwelling should have the windows so arranged that some time during the day a flood of sunlight will force itself into the apartment.

SCROFULA

is "bad blood." A little break of the skin becomes a sore; you come to have a good many perhaps. There are other manifestations of scrofula. This is the plain one. There is a germ to be killed. You kill it with vital force.

What is that? It's the power that life has. Full life is strong; scant life is weak. Take Scott's emulsion of cod-liver oil, to cultivate life. Abounding life is, perhaps, the cure of all diseases.

cannot be too highly estimated. Indeed, perfect health is nearly as much dependent on pure sunlight as it is on pure air. Sunlight should never be excluded except when so bright as to be uncomfortable to the eyes.

And walks should be in bright sunlight, so that the eyes are inconvenienced, or parasol when inconveniently intense. A sun bath is of more importance in preserving a healthful condition of the body than is generally understood. A sun bath costs nothing, and that is a misfortune, for people are deluded with the idea that those things only can be good or useful which cost money.

But remember that pure water, fresh air and sunlight, kept from dampness, will secure you from many heavy bills of the doctors, and give you health and vigor which no money can procure. It is a well established fact that the people who live much in the sun are usually stronger and more healthy than those whose occupations deprive them of sunlight.

NOTES FOR FARMERS.

EGG TRADE.—Some idea of the importance of the egg trade in New York city may be had when it is considered that 2,283 eggs are consumed every minute of the day, which means 100,000,000 dozen a year. The city may feel independent of the hen so far as the hatching process is concerned, but is entirely dependent for its supply of eggs on the moody creature who regulates her output according to the weather.

That is what you must do when you have catarrh in the head. The way to cure this disease is to purify the blood with Hood's Sarsaparil. This medicine soothes and heals the inflamed surfaces, rebuilds the delicate tissues and permanently cures catarrh by expelling from the blood the scrofulous taints upon which it depends. Be sure to get Hood's.

NEW INVENTIONS.

Patents recently granted to Canadian inventors by the Canadian Government.— 69,564—Ben. Broughton, Hamilton, Ont., bicycle tire. 69,597—Geo. Wedlake, Brantford, Ont., gang plow. 69,590—Wm. Jas. R. Sims, Kirkfield, Ont., and Alfred L. Davis, Peterborough, Ont., means for extracting roots and foreign matters from peat.

MURDERS IN UNITED STATES.

The Chicago "Times-Herald" compiled the following table, showing the average number of murders committed annually in the States of the Union during the last decade:— South Carolina, 227; Georgia, 381; Florida, 157; Ohio, 332; Indiana, 228; Illinois, 315; Michigan, 205; Wisconsin, 154; Minnesota, 159; Iowa, 202; Missouri, 362; North Dakota, 29; South Dakota, 45; Nebraska, 168; Kansas, 235; Maine, 18; New Hampshire, 9; Vermont, 6; Massachusetts, 96; Rhode Island, 52; Connecticut, 78; New York, 512; New Jersey, 120; Pennsylvania, 312; Delaware, 48; Maryland, 280; District of Columbia, 24; Virginia, 305; West Virginia, 87; North Carolina, 285; Kentucky, 398; Tennessee, 408; Alabama, 461; Mississippi, 317; Louisiana, 358; Texas, 1,021; Arkansas, 395; Montana, 90; Wyoming, 22; Colorado, 252; New Mexico, 68; Arizona, 43; Utah, 57; Nevada, 89; Idaho, 27; Washington, 102; Oregon, 79; California, 422.

After a thorough analysis, and proof of its purity, the leading Physicians of Canada are recommending COWAN'S Hygienic Cocoa to their patients. It builds up and strengthens the system. It is a perfect food as well as a drink.

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Address, The Boys' Home, 536 Sycamore street, Cincinnati, O.

hold to the mistaken notion that spreading manure upon the snow is a wasteful practice; that much of its value is lost by leaching and by running off of the surface in the spring. They point to darkened snows, to discolored waters and to greener meadows at the base of the hillsides as proof of these losses.

Experiment station bulletins preach this doctrine, institute speakers promouit it, and farmers are yearly practicing it more extensively. It is the modern notion, and the right dependent for its supply of eggs on the moody creature who regulates her output according to the weather.

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