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## HAPPENINGS IN LONDON.

**GLARING BIGOTRY.**—A subject of considerable interest to Catholics and indicative of the bigotry that still exists in England may be found in the dialogue held at a recent meeting of the Manchester School Board.

For the third time the photograph of Raphael's celebrated picture, the original of which hangs in the Dresden Gallery, came up for discussion. Mr. G. W. Chadwick moved to rescind the Board's resolution of December 18th last, accepting Mr. Reynolds' gift. In doing so he regretted that the Board had accepted such a picture with the condition attached to it that it should be placed in the Central School, contending that its proper place was in the Art Gallery rather than in one of their day schools. It was a picture that clearly taught the adoration of the Virgin.

Rev. Father Lynch: Not at all. Mr. Chadwick: Well, that is my idea. Continuing, he said the placing of the picture in their schools was an action that would not be approved by the ratepayers. It would be introducing something that had better be kept out. He strongly objected to any denominational teaching in a Board School maintained by the ratepayers.

Canon Nunn (Anglican) seconded, though he could not say so with pleasure. The subject of the picture was a sacred one, and he was sorry it had been presented, as it was bound to excite a good deal of feeling on the part of many of the citizens.

The Rev. Father Lynch strenuously maintained that the picture contained nothing of the nature of denominational teaching. If simply taught what was common to every Christian sect—the adoration of our Blessed Lord. He must dissent from the statement that it taught the adoration of the Blessed Virgin. Such a thing was unknown amongst Catholics. He should, however, abstain from voting for the reason that whichever side he took he would be misunderstood.

Mr. Broadfield spoke in favor of the acceptance of the picture, copies of which were (he said) to be found in almost every home. He hoped they would do nothing so ungracious as suggested.

Speeches followed from every other member. Mr. Richmond thought they would be doing wrong to the trust reposed in them by the ratepayers by accepting the picture with the conditions attached to the gift; Mr. Wardale feared what the electors would say at the next election, and so would vote for the rescission of the resolution; Mr. Kelly only saw the doctrine of the Incarnation taught in the picture; Mr. Hackforth declined to go back on what the Board had done, and so make themselves the laughing-stock of the country; Mr. Barber contended that the supporters of the motion before them were acting at the instigation of the Protestant Thousand, an insinuation that was indignantly denied; Mr. Woodcock said they were making an exhibition of denominational rivalry and jealousy of which children would be ashamed; whilst Mr. Meadowcroft said, though respecting the feelings of Catholics, he objected to their pictures in his place.

The Protestant Dean of Manchester wound up the discussion by saying the picture had been offered simply as a work of art, and the sectarian animosity aroused would surprise no one more than the donor. He suggested that a *modus vivendi* in the shape of not placing the picture in the position mentioned until it could form one of a miniature art gallery. It would be unfair if they placed it in the Central School as the only picture. To do so would cause, he admitted, a good deal of feeling.

**EVICTED TENANTS.**—In the House of Commons, the other evening, it was proposed to re-enact the famous clause of the Act of 1891 as to purchase of their holdings by former tenants with the modifications that they should be allowed twelve months, instead of six, to apply to the Land Court. The Bill further desired that the present Land Commission should act as arbitrators, that former tenants should receive, where necessary, a free grant not exceeding £100 for rebuilding and other purposes, and that a subsidy of £100,000 should be granted from the Irish Church Temporalities Fund.

**DILLON ON KINDNESS.**—Speaking in the House, Mr. Dillon said that the policy of killing Home Rule by kindness would make no progress as long as the policy of the Government towards the evicted tenants was allowed to be settled by the death or exile of those unfortunate people. The persistent refusal year after year of the appeal of the Irish members on behalf of the evicted tenants would only strengthen the belief that the voice of reason fell unheeded, unless backed up by aggressive action. Mr. John Atkinson, whose province it is as Irish Attorney-General to direct prosecutions against his fellow-countrymen—evicted tenants from time to time of course receiving his particular attention, resulting in their imprisonment for endeavoring to cling to the homes of their forefathers—said that while all facilities would be given for voluntary arrangement, the case was not one for conferring coercive powers for relieving the distress of these people from public funds, and he asked, with a sneer, why the "Paris Funds" had not been devoted to the object. Mr. Dillon promptly replied that every penny of the "Paris Funds" had been given to the evicted tenants.

**OLIVER CROMWELL.**—Once more have we to listen to a considerable amount of discussion anent the proposed statue of Cromwell to be placed on Parliament square, London. Some of the opinions expressed are very interesting. Mr. Swift Macneill, M. P., said that—it was a contempt of both Houses of Parliament. The Lord Protector would have swept away Church, Crown and Parliament without a moment's hesitation, yet a statue of this man was brought within the ambit of an English institution. Any man who outraged English institutions became, if he only lived long enough, a saint and father confessor.

You'd think it strange if Mr. H. Gladstone were favorable to it. He was First Commissioner when the proposal was brought before Parliament, and he took the precaution to ascertain the general feeling of members, because he considered that if there was a violent difference of opinion on the subject the House ought not to be asked to entertain the offer. As the result of his enquiries, he was under the impression that the proposal would not excite any very active opposition from Irish members. The spirit in which he approached the subject was that Oliver Cromwell was undoubtedly a great political personage, who had acted for some years as ruler of this country, and he felt that in the interest of historical continuity it was desirable that a statue should be erected in that House.

But the most interesting of all was Mr. Balfour's remarks. He said:—He would be the last person to deny that Cromwell was a very great Englishman, and all, whether Irish, Scottish, or English, ought not to object to his being honored by some permanent memorial. But Cromwell was neither the fiend represented by some people, nor the man of super-eminent abilities he was supposed to be by others. Cromwell had been raised, largely by the labors of Carlyle, to a pedestal which was too high. Carlyle was responsible for what must be regarded as something in the nature of a historical legend. He had been described as the one great Heaven-born Foreign Minister England had possessed during the whole of the seventeenth century. That was altogether beside the truth. He (Mr. Balfour) was no great admirer of the Kings of the House of Stuart, but from the very nature of their position it was absolutely impossible for them to have what is called a vigorous foreign policy. Very little would have been heard about the sound of Cromwell's cannon ringing in the ears of the Pope if Cromwell's power had coincided with the zenith of that of Louis XIV. Then in European politics Cromwell took the wrong side. The danger to Europe was from France, yet Cromwell supported the French against the dying monarchy of Spain. As to domestic policy, he believed Cromwell was a sincere lover

of liberty, and desirous of seeing constitutional government. He would have governed constitutionally if it had been possible. It was his evil fortune that found him governing England against the will of the people. (An Opposition member: "He was a good Radical.") Was it part of the duty of a good Radical to govern in defiance of the wishes of the people? (Laughter.) Perhaps it was. (Great laughter.) But could they eulogize a man who had left behind not a single mark upon constitutional history except the vehement prejudice against standing armies which formed the greatest difficulty of suc-

cessive English Governments. While it would be folly to deny to Cromwell the epithet of "great," he was on the whole, through no fault of his own, a somewhat ineffectual and certainly a most pathetic figure in our history. But there was nothing to induce the House to take down his statue from its pedestal and destroy it. It was one of the rooted weaknesses of the Irish character that they never could forgive. An injury 300 years old seemed to them as fresh as if committed yesterday. Surely they might, in this world of chance and change, forget and forgive.

## ECHOES FROM ERIN

**LENTEN PASTORALS.**—This year the various Lenten pastorals, issued by members of the Irish Hierarchy, are most happy in composition, and deal with matters of most vital importance.

His Eminence Cardinal Logue spoke thus of South African affairs:—

"Though thousands of miles divide us from the scene of conflict, its fierce din awakens sad echoes in the hearts of many throughout these countries. Many happy homes, from the humblest to the proudest in the land, have been turned into houses of mourning. The mother's longings for the son whose sight shall never glad her eyes, the widow's tears, the orphan's helplessness, the hopeless sorrow to which so many are doomed for the remaining years of their lives, bear mournful testimony to the affliction with which we have been visited. Nowhere has it been more keenly felt, up to the present, than in Ireland. As the Irish regiments have been hitherto well to the front, the losses among them have naturally been very great. Hence it is not usual to meet even at this early stage numbers who bewail the loss of relatives, or whose hearts are torn by uncertainty as to their fate, numbers of helpless beings, whose breadwinners have found a nameless grave in South African wilds, or, if surviving, have been rendered incapable of giving any future help."

Attention of Catholic parents in Ireland has been called to the fact that there are no Catholic chaplains in the British navy, and until such time as this wrong is remedied, they should not allow their children to become members of that navy.

**BAD LITERATURE.**—His Grace the Archbishop of Dublin writes:—"The attention of Catholic vendors of books, newspapers, and other publications should be called by the clergy to the awful responsibility that is incurred by those who lend themselves to the diabolical work of undermining the morals of our people through the dissemination amongst them of debasing and seductive publications such as continue to be sold in not a few places in this city and diocese. Those who are engaged in this infamous traffic should remember in time the warning words of Our Lord: 'Woe to that man by whom scandal cometh'; and again 'What doth it profit a man to gain the whole world if he suffer the loss of his soul?'" Writing of the same question the Most Rev. Dr. Sheehan, Bishop of Waterford and Lismore, warns his people most earnestly against books and newspapers injurious to faith.

**ABOUT TEMPERANCE.**—The

Bishop of Cloyne dealing with the temperance question, writes:—

"Five and twenty years ago the Irish Bishops met in National Synod, and published, in the name of the whole Hierarchy, an address they said: 'To drunkenness we may refer, as to its baneful cause, almost all the crime by which the country is disgraced, and much of the poverty from which it suffers. Drunkenness has wrecked more homes, once happy, than ever fell beneath the crowbar in the worst days of eviction; it has filled more graves and made more widows and orphans than the famine; it has broken more hearts, blighted more hopes, and rent asunder ties more ruthlessly than the enforced exile to which their misery has condemned our exiles.'"

**THE IRISH UNIVERSITY.**—Mr. T. W. Russell, M. P., for South Tyrone, has been criticized by his constituents on account of his attitude on the university question, but has replied thus:—

"There are those who calmly suggest as a solution of the difficulty that I should simply change my opinions upon the education question and solve the problem. If the suggestion arose out of anything but sheer ignorance and thoughtlessness I should treat it as an insult. I can no more change my convictions on this question than I can change the color of my skin. They have been adopted after prolonged and careful consideration, and are stronger today than they were twenty-five years ago when Mr. Gladstone first faced the problem. This being so, it follows that, with the advent of the general election, a grave condition of affairs may arise in the constituency. The gentlemen who are opposed to a settlement of the university question declare their intention to run a second Unionist candidate. Let us assume that they are able to do so. The result is certain. I may be defeated, but the return of a Home Ruler and a supporter of the Catholic university is assured. The seat will be simply given away. There are those who do not care. I am not of the number. I do care, and it is this feeling, backed by the earnest entreaties of my friends, which has made me consider the whole matter afresh.

He adds that the proposition he has made is that if elected at the general election he will be ready, if called upon by a responsible Government to vote for the establishment and endowment of a university for Catholics, to resign the seat and thus leave the net issue for or against to be decided at a by-election by the electors of South Tyrone."

## ECHOES OF THE STANLEY CUP MATCHES

Here is an afterclap of the great hockey match taken from a private letter from Montreal:—"The Winnipeggers are returning to the woolly west, wiser and sadder men. But let it be known to all men that Gingras covered himself with glory for his rapid play. The match was the grandest, cleanest hockey ever played, so the professionals say. And the excitement in town! The relief of Kimberly wasn't a patch on it. Here are a couple of details you may not find in the press:—It looked blue for the Shamrocks just ten minutes before the end on that decisive Friday night. The Shamrock boys retired to the dressing-room and said all together one "Hail Mary." Frank Wall came out on the ice and, before seven thousand spectators, blessed himself

a la Brownson. In one minute a rush gave them a goal, the game, the championship, the cup and all the bloomin' glory they could wish for."

It speaks well for Catholic training that every one of the seven champions in this most exciting of all sports—where fever heat and icy coolness must go hand in hand—was a Catholic. Nor does it argue ill of Jesuit training that the Captain of the champions, Harry Trickey, and two of his best men, Jack Brannen and Arthur Farrell (not Scanlan, as we said by mistake some time ago) had been students of St. Mary's College, Montreal, while Tony Gingras, the most popular man on the home team, got all his classical lore here at St. Boniface College. —Northwest Review.

## ROMAN EVENTS.

This week the Roman correspondent of the Liverpool "Catholic Times" tells most interestingly of "LEO XIII'S BIRTHDAY."

"Twelve months ago few people thought it likely that Leo XIII. would live to celebrate another birthday. The Holy Father's apparently feeble frame, the serious nature of the disease which rendered a surgical intervention necessary, the venerable patient's great age, all these circumstances seemed to absolutely preclude the possibility of the Pontiff's occupying the See of Peter for many months after the operation which he so courageously underwent. And yet the 2nd of March is here again, and Leo XIII. is still with us, not only so, but better in health, and stronger and more full of life and energy than he has been for the last few years. "It is a miracle, a resurrection!" exclaimed a venerable priest who stood near me in the crowd at St. Peter's on Thursday last, when the Pope, smiling and blessing, swept past us on the Sedia Gestatoria. My neighbor afterwards explained that he had seen the Holy Father for the last time just after his recovery from the illness which placed his life in jeopardy, and that he considered the Pontiff's present good health and evident strength as almost miraculous. Leo XIII. himself shares in this opinion. He believes that Divine Providence finds his presence here to be still indispensable, and values his life only inasmuch as he considers it a gift to be used exclusively in the fulfilment of this exalted mission confided to him. On the 19th ult. the Holy Father celebrated the anniversary of another important event of his long life, namely, that of his consecration, which took place in the Church of San Lorenzo in Panisperna in 1843, fifty-seven years ago. Besides the present Pontiff, only 13 others have ever lived to celebrate their episcopal jubilee. In token of thanksgiving for the heavenly protection of which he is so evidently the recipient, the Holy Father, whose devotion to the Blessed Virgin is well-known, has caused a splendid floral offering, from the Vatican Gardens, to be placed before the Altar of Our Lady of Health, in the Church of St. Mary Magdalen. A solemn "Te Deum" will be sung in St.

Peter's on the 4th of March, after which Cardinal Rampolla will give Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament."

**BRITISH WARSHIPS.**—The presence of four British men-of-war in the Italian ports at the present juncture is beginning to attract a good deal of attention in Italian press circles. The Royal Sovereign is at Genoa, from whence the Empress of India left recently for Naples; the Astrea is visiting the Sicilian ports, and the Caesar has been a fixture at Spezia for a considerable time.

**BRIGANDS STILL EXIST.**—The belief that brigandage is a thing of the past, only fit to adorn the pages of children's story books and of "penny dreadfuls," has grown to be part of the creed of the modern sceptic. Unfortunately, however, its vitality in Italy cannot be doubted, and if we glance through the columns of leading Neapolitan and Sicilian papers we necessarily come to the conclusion that the gay bandit may still be met with elsewhere than on the stage of the Adelphi. Proofs are not wanting that the existence of brigandage in the happy Kingdom of Italy, where militarism is second only to that of Prussia, and where the nation cheerfully starves in order to maintain hundreds of thousands of armed men who, in all fairness to it said, would give their ears in order to turn their swords and bayonets into ploughshares.

**PERSONALS.**—Mgr. John S. Vaughan is preaching a course of Lenten sermons at San Silvestro in Capite.

Mgr. Riordan, Archbishop of San Francisco, has returned to Rome from his trip to Egypt, and is staying at the Hotel Giannelli, together with Bishop Spalding.

Cardinal Ledochowski, Prefect of Propaganda, who had almost recovered from his recent severe illness, has had a relapse, which is considered dangerous owing to the venerable patient's great age.

Mr. Hall Caine, author of "The Christian," "The Deemster," and other like works, is on a visit home.

## C. M. B. A. NOTES.

There is evidence of great activity in the branches of the C.M.B.A., under the jurisdiction of the Grand Council of Canada. There are 16 branches of this great association in this city, all of which are in a prosperous condition. At the recent meeting of the Grand Board of Trustees, held in this city, it was shown that the year of 1899 was one of the most prosperous in the history of the Association, and a determined effort is now being made to have the year 1900 still more prosperous.

Branch 26 at its last meeting initiated three new members, and had as many more applications.

Branch 74, of St. Gabriel's parish, had recently 10 applications for membership at one meeting.

As will be seen by the following reports from branches which have met this week, increasing membership is one of the orders of the day.

**BRANCH 50.**—The last regular meeting of Branch No. 50, C.M.B.A., of Canada, which was held at its hall, St. Antoine street, on Wednesday evening, was very largely attended, President W. P. Doyle presided, and amongst those present were several visitors from sister branches.

Two applications to membership were read and referred to the Board of Trustees. In the order of Good of the Association, addresses of interest were made by President Doyle, Chancellor T. P. Tansey, Chancellor Patrick Doyle, and others. Branch 50 has been making great progress lately, its meetings are being largely attended, and are anxiously looked forward to with pleasure, this is due to its energetic committee, which is known as the committee on the Good of the Association, which manages to have something that interest their fellow members prepared for each meeting.

President C. O'Brien presided over the last regular meeting of Branch 54, C.M.B.A., of Canada, which was held at St. Mary's Hall, Wednesday evening. The meeting was a large and interesting one. Branch 54 has in contemplation the holding of an entertainment shortly after Easter. From reports presented a large num-

ber of applications, are expected for the next meeting.

A largely attended meeting of Branch 87, of the C.M.B.A., of Canada, was held at its hall, 1342 St. Catherine street, Wednesday evening. Brother Joseph Beland, ex-M.J.A., President of the Branch, presided, and beside him on the platform were the Rev. Father Bertrand, Spiritual Adviser, Senior Deputy J. J. Costigan, Grand Deputies C. A. Poitevin, A. Spedding, John H. Feeley, Chas. Fortier, Chancellor M. Sharkey, President Dandelin, and other representatives from the 16 sister branches of the city. Considerable business of a routine character having been disposed of, the special feature of the meeting was proceeded with the initiation of seventeen new members. The ceremony was conducted by the Grand Deputies; following this was the balloting for four more new members, and the reading of 10 new applications. Short addresses by the Rev. Spiritual Adviser, Deputies Costigan, Poitevin, Feeley, Baurgaud, Brothers F. N. Martineau, ex-M.J.A., Sharkey, and others followed, all of whom congratulated the Branch upon its efforts towards the advancement and spread of the usefulness of the Association. Letters of regret for inability to be in attendance at the meeting from Grand President Hon. M. F. Hackett, Grand Secretary Brown, Grand Supervisor Dr. Edw. Ryan, and Grand Trustee Bohan, were read. The meeting was brought to a close by the adoption of a hearty vote of thanks to the visitors.

A large meeting of Branch 25, C.M.B.A., Grand Council of Canada, was held in their hall, 92 St. Alexander, Monday, March 12, 1900. After the regular business of the Branch had been dealt with, and remarks on the "Good of the Association," made by Bros. Costigan, Feeley and Grand Deputy Carpenter, the members indulged in a game of progressive euchre, which they heartily enjoyed. The first prize was won by Bro. B. McU. J. Dolan, and the consolation prize, by Bro. Fred. Haynes. The series of progressive euchre parties inaugurated by Branch 25, to take place after each of their meetings, are meeting with the greatest success, and are greatly appreciated by the members.



# THE ANTIQUITIES OF TASSAN.

A writer signing J. R., in the "Irish Weekly," has given a most interesting and highly instructive reminiscence sketch—the scene being laid in the County Monaghan, Ireland, with its historical notes and all its beautiful details of scenery and attractiveness of incidents, we are confident that its reproduction will be a St. Patrick's Day literary treat for our readers.

"A tale of the times of old! The deeds of days of other years." — Ossian.

Tassan Lake, or as it is sometimes called, Lough Culligan, lies embosomed among a number of low-lying hills, whose gently-sloping sides borrow their summer charm from the cornfield, the potato patch, the purple heather, and grey rock. Even in midwinter, when nature's aspect is bleak and bare, this thin sheet of water boasts a beauty unsuspected by the careless passer-by. Half a century ago the waters of the lake covered a much wider area, but the lowering of the bed of the Tassan River (1), to provide sufficient water-power for a neighbouring mill, reduced the lake to its present dimensions of a pond that would scarce serve

"The wild duck's brood to swim." This engineering achievement removed every trace of the picturesque cascade to which the townland and the river owe their name (2). For the ardent antiquary and for every lover of nature's "gay creation" what fascination lies in this simple memorial of the olden time? This historic landmark, though now lost for ever, calls up a thousand associations. What ashes of empire have been scattered? What heroes have passed away. With what ever-changing taint of history has our land been clothed in the life-time of this little cataract? Long ages before the renowned King Cormac came in state to the great Feis of Tara, resplendent with embroidered robe and massive brooch of gold and gems, and crescent torque of burnished gold, or the mighty Conn of the Hundred Battles drew his rich-hilted, flame-flashing sword for victory on Moybra's plain, this cascade—a thing of life and beauty—leaped and sparkled in the glorious sunshine! And ere great Daghdá's golden harp filled our romantic "land of song" with its soul-enchanting strains, the *voiceful Tassan* waterfall had for ages sung its melody! But now no ear may hear the

"Prattling current's merry call," no eye may look upon the glistening mossy crag, for this relic of the past is gone, and the voice of the singing cascade has long since died away in the fitful murmur of the winding stream that seeks the busy mill! In one of the surrounding hills are situated the rich lodes of the once flourishing Tassan lead mine. Immense fragments of lead ore, and portions of the abandoned machinery—once so busy and bright—lie among tenacious masses of fallen masonry, the whole constituting a sad ruin. Like so many others throughout our country, upon whose crumbling walls the hand of Time has engraved the epitaph of Ireland's bygone prosperity and departed industries. Viewed from the roadway, the ruined buildings, with their arched windows and dismantled gables, bear a close resemblance to some old castle or roofless abbey.

**AN ANCIENT IRISH CANOE.**—In the peat morass which constitutes the present lake shore, the writer recently found a very interesting specimen of the ancient Irish canoe or cail, hollowed out of a huge oak tree, and measuring, in its present imperfect state, 20 feet in length, 2 feet in depth, with a breadth of beam of 2½ feet. The boat lay in a slanting position, with its fractured end almost on a level with the surface of the water, while the prow was sunk to a depth of 12 feet in the peat and silt. Semi-circular hollows in the gunwales of the boat, 3½ feet apart, seem to mark the position of the oars, which were eight or ten in number, and a rounded transverse beam or branch of fir-tree, about three inches in diameter, having its ends fixed in holes pierced through the sides of the canoe, and close to the prow, may have served the purpose of a seat. There is a small square hole, ¾ of an inch wide, in one of the sides, near the stern, and a somewhat larger round hole in the bottom of the boat. The latter hole was filled with a closely fitting decayed plug of willow. In the present condition of the canoe, the entire stern and a portion of one of the sides are wanting. The comparative smoothness of the internal and external surfaces of the flat bottom and curved sides bears evidence of the care bestowed upon the construction of this primitive craft. It will, doubtless, prove of interest to the reader to

supplement the foregoing description with a few extracts from authors who have written upon this subject. Sir James Ware (3), the antiquary and annalist, in a learned disquisition establishing the great antiquity of the Irish skin-covered "coracle," makes mention of the ancient Irish one-piece canoe, "e quercu cavate," as being used on some of the rivers and lakes of Ireland even in his own day (1654). Coming to more recent times, we find Robertson, (4) the historian, detailing with what infinite labour the inhabitants of the Scythian Continent constructed that "masterpiece of art, among the savages of America"—the one-piece canoe. The latest authority on this subject—a Dominican Missionary—in recounting his adventures among the savage tribes of Ecuador, thus describes the modern Indian "dug-out"—"It is fashioned out of cedar wood, hollowed by the Indian's axe, and then covered with a thick coating of asphalt. As it measures fifteen yards in length, against only one in width, I leave its chance of overbalancing to the imagination of the reader." (5). It would seem, therefore, that the resourceful Indian has not been taught by civilization to forsake the rude simplicity of savage life, nor has his acquaintance with the necessary arts of life improved since those primitive days when St. Cormac (6) turned the prow of his rude curragh towards the hospitable shores of the Holy Isle.

**ANDY BRENNAN'S FIND.**—A trust-worthy tradition has it that another one-piece canoe, in a perfect state of preservation, was found in Tassan Lake some sixty years ago. The fortunate finder—one Andy Brennan—has been rather a notable character in the locality for more than half a century. The recent discovery of a second canoe in the same lake has revived many a long forgotten reminiscence of this son of the marshes, which may not be deemed out of place in the present sketch. Andy was born in the townland of Tassan, in those turbulent times, when Lord Edward Fitzgerald, and the United Irishmen dreamed their wild dreams of Rebellion and Liberty. Listening to his parents' tale, in their own graphic Gaelic tongue, what they knew of the eventful history of their own time, and hearkening to the gossip as rehearsed by the nightly patrons of his father's friendly fireside, young Andy from his very boyhood must have grown familiar with the romantic story of the Irish Volunteers, and the tragic memories of "the men of Ninety-eight." But beyond the passing enthusiasm which such sad recitals awakened within him, he manifested no concern for the all-engrossing agitation of the day. He was, besides, no lover of travel, and as a consequence was quite a stranger to the arduous ways and wisdom which characterise the true man of the world. If Andy sowed his wild oats, it was with sparing hand and among his native hills. The very few of the older generation who remember him declare that he passed the greater part of his life among the quiet haunts of his childhood, rarely venturing further than the little church in the valley beyond his native Tassan, or joining in the simple fireside gossip amongst his neighbours in the "parish of Croghan" as the adjoining townland was called.

**ANDY'S NEW TRADE.**—However, when Andy grew to man's estate, he had acquired a character for daring and adventure which seemed quite out of harmony with the severe simplicity of his early homelife and the unvaried quiet of his surroundings. He became an adept in the lucrative art of poten-making, and even to this day some of his old acquaintance are loud in their praise of Andy's brewing. The long winter nights invariably were spent in cautious distillation in his own house; while during the summer evenings operations were conducted in a secret chamber which he had constructed in a heath-covered turf bank quite close to the lake. On the latter occasions he was sure to take the necessary precaution to kindle "beitin fires" (7) upon the top of the bank, directly over the still-house lest the smoke, making its way through the fissured peat roof might lead to the discovery of the primitive distillery. Once, however, Andy failed to elude the vigilance of Captain McPhillips (8) and his revenue subordinates; but tradition has withheld from posterity the interesting particulars of the capture and its consequences. The favourite hiding-place for the "couch of poten" (9) was a hole specially made under a portion of the bog road lying between the lake and Andy's Bridge.

**HID IN A CAIRN.**—The following story, in which Andy is made to

play the role of freebooter, reflects somewhat the manners and customs which obtained in our Northern province in the opening years of this century. Prior to the memorable days of "Black Forty-seven," two famous distillers, Thomas Cassidy and James Caraher, lived among the broom-covered hills of Latnakelly. Their skilful manipulation of "still and worm" secured for their potent a notoriety and patronage well calculated to arouse feelings of jealousy in so keen a competitor for public support as Andy Brennan. One harvest season they manufactured a large quantity of the Irish liqueur, and, for greater security, secreted it in a cairn of stones which stood close to Cassidy's dwelling. In response to a visit from a few of his customers, Cassidy had occasion to go to the cairn during the night, but, to his utter consternation, he found it dismantled, and the huge keg stolen. At once suspicion fell upon Andy; and Caraher, the junior partner in the Latnakelly Distillery Company, having been apprised of the daring theft, soon devised a simple but effective plan of recovery. He arranged that some of his friends, during the following night, should pay a visit to Andy's house, ostensibly to purchase a few bottles of poten, while Caraher and Cassidy would be in ambush close to the scene to await developments. At the appointed hour a low murmur of voices was heard, followed immediately by a gentle tapping at the window of Andy's cabin. Brennan lost no time in ascertaining the business of his visitors, and admitting them. After a brief introductory gossip, Andy paid a hurried visit—unobserved as he thought—to the garden plot at the gable of the house, and in a few moments rejoined his visitors. Caraher, seeing his opportunity, cautiously quitted his hiding place, and entered the garden. After a hasty investigation he came upon a heap of clay on straw, in which he discovered the missing keg surreptitiously bonded, and but little the worse for its sojourn in Tassan. About this period in the history of our hero, during a season of exceptional drought, a very perfect bog oak cott was found in Tassan lake. Andy deemed this discovery a piece of unusual good luck for him, and, with the assistance of some thirty or forty neighbours, he secured the long-buried relic, being now able literally to "paddle his own canoe," he availed himself of so favorable an opportunity to hide many a keg of the precious mountain dew in the peat beds of Inusheulligan, a small wooded island in the centre of the lake, forming a picturesque feature in the quiet landscape. Among his patrons Andy reckoned not merely his immediate neighbours, but the many shebeen houses which carried on their nefarious traffic at the various crossroads, and even nine host of the village inn. It must not be inferred, however, that all his time was spent in poten-making, "and every dark pursuit allied," for he devoted his leisure hours in the early summer to the less hazardous occupation of angling; and many a time the youthful waltzers, who waited for the fish which never came, would look on with envious eye as their more fortunate rival hauled an eel or pike over the gunwale of his boat. Andy's pleasure trips upon the lake, and his frequent expeditions to the cache in the island, made him so proud and careful of his craft that he would not permit the use of it to anyone. There had been a credited tradition (10) amongst the people that two persons were to be drowned in the canoe, and with a view to averting as far as possible such a catastrophe he kept the boat moored near the island, and reached it or returned from it by swimming.

**ANDY'S DECLINE AND FALL.**—Although Andy never was, in the strict sense of the term, a farmer, nevertheless he owned a small farm of some twenty acres, embracing the tract of unproductive moorland which extends from Lough Culligan to the now dried-up Lough Warragh. The farm and the little homestead thereon were sadly neglected; and this deplorable circumstance, together with other misfortunes which invariably pursue the luckless poten-maker, eventually brought Andy into the direst poverty. He suffered eviction more than once at the hands of the sheriff for the non-payment of long-accumulated arrears of rack-rent. Finally the untitled acres were parcelled out among the more industrious neighbours, and the miserable, thatched cabin—the scene of many a midnight revel—was razed to the ground by the agent's orders. Even the venerable old cott was disposed of for the nominal sum of one pound to a Tynan farmer, who showed his contempt for antiquities by converting the canoe into a feeding trough for his cattle. "O tempora! O mores!" These trials were a fitting prelude to the terrible privations of the famine year when

"Pestilence and Death stalked through the land."  
"Safe bind, safe fund." Fortify yourself by taking Hood's Sarsaparilla now, and be sure of good health for months to come.

and friendless, and as a last resource became an exile. With tear-dimmed eyes he surveyed the ruined homestead, "empty, cold, and grey," around which were laid the scenes of wayward youth and manhood's checkered years. He emigrated to America, and settled among some friends in Staten Island. But a lengthened sojourn in the New World could not alter the finer traits of his Celtic character. His thoughts were ever on his old home, and his heart in the old land still. He had seen no sight more pleasing to him than his wild and ridgy lake shore far away; nor heard he in exile music sweeter than the familiar song of the old cascade or the croon of Tassan river! We will leave it to the imagination of the sympathetic reader to conjure up what spells of longing came to him when he recalled, with all the vividness of a home-sick exile, the scenes, the pleasures, the memories of that far-off humble Irish home, where

"To the wrongs of fate half reconciled, Misfortune's lightened steps might wander wild."

We can well imagine, too, how those feelings were intensified as he felt life's pensive twilight deepen. Grief for quitting the old home, remorse for his squandered patrimony, and regret that he could never return, accentuated by a poignancy that only religion can supply, hastened the end. When the end came, he was laid to rest among his friends, in a nameless grave in Calvary Cemetery, where

"After life's fitful fever he sleeps well,"

far away from the purple slopes of Mixey's Brae, that overlooked his home; and far away from his old time friends whose bones are dust to-day in Annalya. But the memory of old Andy Brennan lives on in his native valley; his spirit seems to haunt the green hills and rocky slopes of quiet Tassan; and bridge and brae still bear his name. Of-ten times the characteristic episodes in Andy's life are rehearsed, the stirring tales retold, and many a merry scene recalled in the long summer evenings, when the old neighbours meet to gossip in the "Pass," which skirts the haunted "Baouen," or throng around the "Giants' Graves" in Croghan-ard-a-valley. (12.)

### NOTES.

1. This scheme was carried out in 1833 by Lord Templetown and Edward Lucas, the landlords of the adjoining estates.
2. Tassan (A-tassan), the assan, or little cataract.
3. "Antiquities Hibernicæ," 2nd edition, p. 100.
4. "History of South America," bk. 4, cap. 6.
5. "The Irish Rosary," Feb., 1899, pp. 115-116.
6. Adamnan's "Vita S. Columbae," book 2, cap. 29.
7. "Beitin Fires," or, as they are sometimes called, "sod fires," are heaps of large clay clods with the grass upon them, which the peasants in some parts of the country burn, using the residue as top-dressing for their land. "Beitin" is an Irish word, meaning "the scorched or withered grass from the hills."
8. This revenue officer lived at Coothill, and was a member of the Cavan branch of the Anglo-Norman De Burgos, who originally settled in Connaught, and adopted the Irish surname of MacPhilip. He was succeeded by Captain Quill, who had his headquarters at Monaghan.
9. "Couch" (French "couché," a layer), strictly speaking, applies only to the layer of barley prepared for mulling; but amongst the peasantry the term is often used to express the full quantity of poten distilled.
10. From this it may be inferred that the presence of the canoe in the lake had been known to the people through tradition long prior to the discovery.
11. "Baouen" is a phonetic rendering of the local pronunciation of the Irish word "badhan," an enclosure or fortress for cows—Anglicised bawn.
12. "Cruackan-ard-a-bhaile," the high little hill of the town. This hill is a singular spot, containing quite a number of flag-lined groves and other stone structures, supposed Druidical remains.

### REGULATIONS FOR LENT.

- 1st. Every day of the 40 days in Lent is a fast day. There is neither fast nor abstinence on any Sunday in Lent.
- 2nd. Flesh meat is allowed at the principal meal on Monday, Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday; the only exceptions to this rule are Holy Saturday, the Saturday of Ember week and Holy Thursday, when no flesh meat is allowed.
- 3rd. It is never allowed at any time in Lent to use flesh and fish at the same meal.

"Safe bind, safe fund." Fortify yourself by taking Hood's Sarsaparilla now, and be sure of good health for months to come.

# A STUDY OF ERSE LEGENDS.

In St. Peter's Magazine, that now well-known publication of the Bolands, Mr. Arthur J. Ireland has a most attractive article on "Keltic Legends." He deals more especially with the Erse branch of Irish folklore. The writer lays no claim to historical exactness; he merely relates the stories as he had heard them. A few samples from his collection may amuse our friends and serve as profitable St. Patrick's Day reading.

### THE LEGEND OF LOUGH NEAGH.

—One of those which brings the belief that is held in superhuman interposition most clearly before the mind is connected with the formation of Lough Neagh, around which are clustered many stories. This legend is recounted by the chroniclers of the twelfth century, and is then told with a romance that proves it was highly respected, probably on account of its age, even at that time. It details at some length how, in the olden time, there was a flourishing city in the valley now filled by the largest lake in the British Isles, and how that city wandered from the right paths and embraced the ways of wickedness, even as Sodom and Gomorrah did in Biblical narration. And as these two cities were punished for their evil-doing, so was the city which lies nameless beneath the waters of Lough Neagh. The story of how the vengeance was wreaked upon the wicked people is told with great solemnity by the peasants on the lake's shores. There was in the valley a sacred well to which the inhabitants of the city transferred their allegiance after they had left off doing wisely. Direct warnings were sent from on high to try whether any would repent, and in each of these the well was directly cited as the agent which should cause their ruin if they persisted in their vicious living. The people were deaf to the warnings as far as reformation was concerned; but they were sufficiently imbued with superstitious fears to take every precaution to keep the well under control; and so stringent rules were laid down which made it a punishable offense to leave the mouth of the well open after water had been drawn for use. Thus they continued, sunk in vice and eaten up with their own conceit, because they considered themselves perfectly safe, until the day of retribution was upon them. The signs and wonders which occurred before the destruction had failed to influence them, and all their precautions proved vain in the day of the vengeance of the Lord. The day in which the calamity actually happened was this: A woman went to draw water from the well and took her little boy with her to keep her company. She had filled the pitcher and was just about to roll back the stone over the opening when she heard the child cry as if in pain. Turning to ascertain the cause of his trouble, she saw a fierce dog rushing to bite him. Her fears were aroused, and, without thinking of the well, she ran to save him. Hardly had she taken a step in this direction, when the water burst forth with a laughing sound that flooded the whole valley in an incredibly short time, utterly destroying the city, its inhabitants, and every memorial of their vice. The waters of the lake possess strong petrifying qualities, a fact which has given rise to many superstitions, and it is said that, when the waters are clear, the dim outline of the vanished city may still be seen in their limpid depths. But, I should add, the lake is very seldom sufficiently smooth to permit of this strange sight.

### LEGEND OF THE GIANTS' CAUSEWAY.

—Another legend of Northern Ireland is that of the Giants' Causeway, which, essentially of human construction, had a curious origin. There was once a celebrated giant named Finn MacCoul, who was always on the look-out for someone to fight, from the conquest of whom fresh glory might be won. Hearing that there was in Scotland a giant of valorous report, Finn MacCoul sent a polite message, asking him to come over and see which of them was the better man, and offering to put up stepping-stones so as to make the crossing as easy as possible for his antagonist. The Scotloman accepted the challenge, and, as soon as the stepping was fixed by Finn MacCoul, he set out, Benandonner, the Scottish champion, got as far as Sjevee Ban, in the Mourne Mountains, before Finn MacCoul, who lived on the southern shore of Carlingford Lough, in the mountains, caught sight of him. So delighted was the Irish warrior to see a man worthy of his metal, that he seized a stone and threw it towards his foe. This display of power so terrified Benandonner, although he was no coward, that he turned and went home as fast as he could. The further he went the more nervous he became, lest Finn MacCoul should pursue him, and when he reached the Causeway he started to run, and was in such haste that he kicked the stones down as he went; and that is why the Giant's Causeway does not now reach the whole way to Scotland, as it did when the hospitable Irishman constructed it for the use of his adversary.

### LEGEND OF ST. KEVIN.

—St. Kevin, as many know, was a most pious man who came to live in the country of King O'Toole in the sixth century. The King allowed the holy man to live at peace, but stoutly refused to give him any land upon which to erect a center of learning, although St. Kevin repeatedly made the request. At last it so happened that the Saint was enabled to place the King under an obligation which he did not know how to reward. It seems a trifling matter to us, but, evidently, to King O'Toole it was a valuable service, for he told the Saint to ask for what he wished. The way in which St. Kevin won the ascendancy over the King was as fol-

lows: King O'Toole had a goose which he prized very much, and would not lose for anything. The goose, fortunately for St. Kevin, fell ill and was like to die, so the King carried her to the Saint's cell and asked him if he could cure her, since he knew so many remedies. "I can," replied St. Kevin, "but you must leave her to me for a month, as this is a case for careful treatment, and do not come near this place until the time expires." The King obeyed; and at the end of the month he came to hear the result of the Saint's physicking. He was overjoyed to find his goose quite restored to health, and asked St. Kevin what reward he wanted. "Well," said the Saint, "I have often asked you for a bit of land to build a school on, and you refused. But now all I will ask for curing the goose is that you give me all the ground she covers in one flight." The King was very much amused at this, and laughed long at the queer request. "Indeed," he said, "that will be little enough; and I solemnly promise to give what you ask, but not an inch over." "Very well," replied the Saint, "give me that and I shall be content." "Fly the goose, then," said King O'Toole, "but not an inch more than she covers shall you have. And perhaps, you will not be offended if I say I think you a very strange man." St. Kevin said nothing, but only smiled as he took up the goose in his hands, for he knew what he was about. He threw her into the air, when, to the utter astonishment of the King, she flew around the entire valley, and alighted at St. Kevin's feet. The Saint then had the laugh, and explained to King O'Toole how he had cured the goose by making her fly round the valley every day to take down the superfluous fat—the only thing she was suffering from—which was killing her, instead of dosing her.

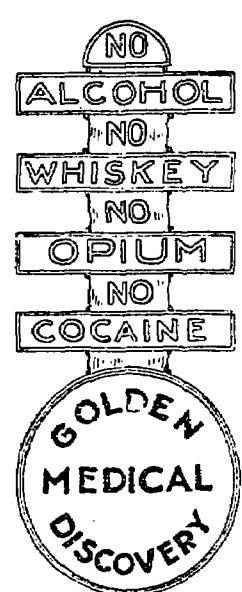
The King was very angry; but he had pledged his royal word, and he kept his promise by giving the whole district to the wily Saint. King O'Toole, however, did not like the feeling of being what he considered, cheated, so when he went home he called his six sons together and told them what had happened. They were all very wrath, too, and egged their father on to accompany them to the valley to kill the treacherous Saint. At first he refused, but at last he yielded to counsel which coincided with his own wishes, and so they all set out. St. Kevin, who expected something of the kind, was not taken unawares; and, as soon as he saw the King and his six sons coming, he threw some water over them, and they were immediately transformed into the Seven Churches, which stand—or rather some ruins remain—to this day.

The astute reasoning of this story shows clearly that what we should call diplomacy has developed between the time of Finn MacCoul and St. Kevin, and that the Saint was a master of the art.

### UNLUCKY.

Wife—My father used to say I was the brightest jewel he possessed.  
Husband (growlingly)—Opal he must have meant, for you've brought me bad luck ever since I've had you.  
—Pun.

There are forty-eight different materials used in constructing a piano, from no fewer than sixteen different countries, employing forty-five different hands.



If a medal were awarded for the most perfect temperance medicine prepared for family use it would undoubtedly be given to Doctor Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. This medicine which is entirely non-alcoholic and non-narcotic, produces actual strength, instead of the simulated strength which results from the use of "whiskey medicines," or nerve numbing narcotics. The many and remarkable cures resulting from the use of "Golden Medical Discovery" prove the soundness of Dr. Pierce's theory that in these days of haste and hurry the stomach is the common breeding place of disease. These cures also prove the soundness of Dr. Pierce's reasoning that "diseases which originate in the stomach must be cured through the stomach." The "Discovery" is a medicine for the stomach and other organs of digestion and nutrition. When the stomach is healthy the blood made in the stomach is healthy, and sufficient in quantity to nourish, the nerves and strengthen the system to resist or throw off disease. Nature develops life, sustains life and preserves life by nourishment. Vital failure comes when the body is starved either from lack of food or the inability of the digestive and nutritive organs to extract the nourishment from the food taken into the stomach. "Golden Medical Discovery" takes the obstacles from Nature's way so that she can sustain life by her own methods.

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# THE BREHON LAWS OF IRELAND.

The ancient laws of Ireland are termed the Brehon laws. When these laws commenced to be the basis of civil rule in Ireland, no one knows with certainty. Their origin is shrouded in the mists of traditional antiquity. It is very likely that our Scythic ancestors brought them with them from their home in the Far East, for they differ completely from the laws which have existed among other European nations for the last 1600 years. The Salic and Riparian laws of the Franks, in many points, resemble the Brehon, but the principles of both are essentially different. The Brehon law was immutable. It was the same for every one — the monarch and the subject, the ecclesiastic and the layman. All classes and all ranks had to bow down and submit to its unalterable decisions. It was far different with regard to other nations of Europe. Their legal systems were more or less judicial. Their laws were not so pure in their origin as the Brehon laws, for they were composed after the conquest, when all European society had been modified by contact with Roman civilization, whereas the foreign element never entered into the old national tradition of Ireland. This is the grand feature in the Brehon law code, says M. de Lasteyrie, an able French writer, "that they enable the reader to appreciate the true nature of a nationality and the institutions of a society which resembled neither Germanic, Feudal, Roman nor modern society—a nationality and a society which are intrinsically and per se Irish." Without a shadow of doubt those laws are to be reckoned among the oldest in the world and are not alone a splendid proof of the great antiquity of the Irish race and language, but also put to shame the titles of English historians, who from the days of Geraldus Cambrensis down to the present time, have constantly slandered the ancient institutions of a people to whose language they were entire strangers.

Ireland possessed civilization, laws, and a time-honored monarch, when Imperial Rome was still in her infancy, and when Rome grew to be a great power in the West, when her victorious armies and generals subjugated the Franks, the Teutons and the Britons, when, in fact, all Europe had been grovelling at her feet, Ireland retained her independence, and kept scrupulously aloof from Pagan Rome. The victorious eagles of Rome were never permitted to invade the soil of Ireland, and her Brehons were legislating for her when the Romans were applying their own laws to the inhabitants of the sister isle of Britain.

The Pagan Irish were very much attached to their laws, because they were adapted to their needs and harmonized wonderfully with the conditions of their social state. The Irish were an insular people, living completely shut off I might say, from any intercourse with their neighbors on the continent of Europe. Their country was covered with immense forests, their wealth was cattle, their trade was barter, and their currency cows.

Now, the Brehon laws were formulated to meet the requirements of such a people, and we might add that it is from a perusal of these laws that we derive accurate information respecting the social condition of the people in ancient Ireland.

Ancient classical authorities give practically no information respecting Ireland. It was a terra incognita to them. Nevertheless Carthaginians and Roman merchants held intercourse with Ireland, but they never penetrated beyond the ports, the immense forests, the impassable roads and the large tracts of bog and moor, rendering access almost impossible. This explains why the information in classical authorities is so scanty.

Accordingly, when we have no foreign authorities to consult, naturally we have to seek the history of the people in the documents they have handed down to us. And the documents that hold the first place are the laws of the people. In perusing the pages of the Brehon laws, which are now accessible to every student, we can picture for ourselves the games, the domestic duties, the various items of household expenditure which were in a family circle in Ireland nearly 2,000 years ago. With these laws in our hands we can map out for ourselves the immense forests, the clearings where stood the chieftains' houses, the roads so neatly kept free from brambles and brushwood, the streams spanned by rustic bridges, the mill-wheels busily preparing the flour, the lands beautifully laid out in tillage, the grass lands irrigated. All these are represented to us in the pages of the Brehon law code, so that we can form as perfectly correct an estimate of the manner and customs of the people as if we lived among them.

All these facts go to prove the strong Oriental element in the Brehon law code and verify the statement of Aubrey De Vere who says: "Ireland was an Eastern nation in the West. Her civilization was patriarchal, not military, its type was the family not the army, and the intense theism which has belonged to the East survived in Ireland as an instinct no less than a faith."

Now as to the laws themselves which were embodied in the great Irish book of laws. They are all summed up in the preface to the book published by the Brehon commission in the year 1852, in Dublin, in the following words: "In the Leinechus Mor were promulgated four laws: The law of fosterage, the law relating to free tenants, the law relating to social relationship; also the binding of all by verbal contract, for the world would be in confusion if verbal contracts were not binding." These are the principal laws of the great civil code. To describe each of these laws minutely would take thousands of pages, for although those laws were simple in principle they were complex in detail. They treated every possible transaction in ancient Irish life, passed over no person, for the law was enacted as well for the king as vassal, for the queen as much as the subject, for the chief as much as for the dependent, and for the wealthy as well as for the poor.

In those laws everybody's interest was consulted. They were not constructed as aids for the mighty to crush the weak or for the wealthy to lord it over their poorer brethren. It is not surprising then that the Irish people clung with great tenacity to these laws.

Now a question may be asked, when did the Brehon laws assume their present shape? Do they come as they now exist from Pagan times or have they undergone changes in Christian times? As they exist at present, they come from Pagan times, but modified in Christian times to suit the altered condition of the people. In the reign of King Cormac, towards the middle of the third century, the Brehon laws first assumed a definite shape. Up to that time they had been more or less fragmentary. He established a college for their careful study. They remained without change until well nigh 200 years afterwards, namely up to the arrival of St. Patrick. When he had converted the whole island to Christianity, when the kings, the chieftains and the whole nation had become Christians, it is but natural that the laws should be purged of the unwholesome leaven of Pagan superstition. To effect this a great council was summoned to assemble at Tara in the year 438 A. D. This council consisted of three kings, three bishops and three Brehons. For two years they worked unceasingly in expunging from the laws everything that savored of Pagan superstition. They wiped out anything that was opposed to Christianity and at length their labors the famous Senchus Mor, which has been annotated and published more than thirty years ago, the body of laws that served as the basis of civil rule in the country for 1,300 years.

Never during the troubled times of the Danish invasion did the people desert those laws. Never were they regarded by them in the lawless period that ensued on the Norman conquest. The Brehons were as implicitly obeyed in the twelfth as they were in the fifth century. Of course the English of the pale scrupulously adhered to the Norman, but outside their boundary the Brehon was still a power in the land. It may seem strange to us that the Irish should be allowed their own laws by the conqueror, but we must not forget that even in those times of outlawry that many a gay song was sung by the Irishman beneath the invaders' fortress, that in the midst of the Norman settlements the Irish clung to their chieftains, and the old life of the clans continued. After some time even the Normans became more Irish than the Irish themselves, through intermarriages with the natives, and finally adopted their laws.

Accordingly the old laws lived during those ages of wrong and rapine until Elizabeth ascended the throne, when the first attempt was made to completely cast aside the native laws of Ireland. In the year 1593, after the murder of Shane O'Neill by the Clannaboy Scots, an act was passed in the British Parliament declaring that it was high treason to assume the title of O'Neill and abolishing the system of chieftaincy among the Irish. But the Irish never took any notice of the enactment. They simply laughed it to scorn and continued to preserve old national customs. England failed to abolish the long established laws this time. It was reserved for the Stuarts to root up and destroy this great basis of national ethics.

In the year 1602, the year previous to the accession of James I., Kinsale had fallen into the hands of England, Dunboy, the fortress of the brave McGoghegan, had been captured and destroyed, and, as a consequence the whole country lay at the mercy of the English invaders. The heart of Ireland was sore for she saw that the only mainstay, the chieftains of the land, were ruined, that their voices were hushed forever, and some years afterwards she saw that in its reality when the northern chieftains fled from the land in that exodus which is familiarly known as the flight of the earls. The parliament of James declared illegal the system of tanistry and gavel-kind. English judges sat in the chairs of the Brehons and administered to Irishmen the statute laws of England. Brehon code was obliterated. It fell into oblivion. It was heard no more in the land. An institution venerable for its antiquity and for the humanity of its laws is now only studied by the antiquary. The Brehon laws will remain forever as a memorial of

ancient Irish civilization, a monument which Irishmen may look upon with pride, for they portray the social virtues, the genius and the culture of their ancestors when other nations, now grown into grandeur and opulence, sat in darkness and ignorance.

Children will go sleighing. They return covered with snow. Half a teaspoonful of Pain-Killer in hot water will prevent ill effects. Avoid substitutes; there's but one Pain-Killer, Perry Davis'. 25 cents and 50 cents.

## LITANY OF IRISH SAINTS

The following interesting document, translated from the Gaelic, was found among the papers of a cultured Irish Catholic lady who died recently in New York:

Many of the old clans, patriarchal races and ancient Catholic families of Ireland, have cherished a traditional devotion to certain local saints who have been regarded from time immemorial as their patrons, and to encourage this devout observance the following "Litany of the Patron Saints of the Diocese of Ireland" was compiled and approved by the ecclesiastical authorities. Subjoined is a list of some of the Irish families who thus are clients of the saints invoked in this litany. There are many other Irish families, clans, towns and localities who invoke the patronage of other illustrious local saints, whose names do not occur in this litany of diocesan saints, to which the following list is confined: St. Malachi is patron saint of the O'Dohertys, O'Heilys, McCanns, O'Keils, Nugents, O'Ferralls, Maguires, McKennas.

St. Lawrence of the O'Toole and Purcells.  
St. Kevin of the Kilbrides, O'Byrnes and Murrays.  
St. Albert, of the Cullens, Ryans and Bennetts.  
St. Jarlath, of the Moores and Killeens.  
St. Kieran, of the O'Connors, Grehans and Brownes.  
St. Columbkille, of the O'Donnells and O'Laughlins.  
St. Conlath, of the Mullens and Duffys.  
St. Macartan, of the O'Flynn's, Macartans, O'Donnells, Smiths and Maginnesses.  
St. Kyran, of the O'Brennans, Fitzpatrick's, O'Donohoes and Milners.  
St. Aidan, of the O'Kinsellas and O'Farralls.  
St. Ailbe, of the Cullens and Nolans.  
St. Fachanan, of the Galaws and Lynchs.

St. Flannan, of the Fitzgeralds, McNamuras, O'Briens, McMahons, Blennerhassetts, Enisses and O'Shaughnessys.  
St. Finbar, of the Macarthys and Burrys.  
St. Brendan, of the O'Connells and O'Learys.  
St. Otterau, of the Barrons, Wysses and Walshes.  
St. Astens, of the Frenches, Kellys and Dysarts.  
St. Nicholas, of the Blakes, Burkes and McDermotts.

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Joseph Gagnon, merchant, Chicoutimi.  
J. E. A. Dubuc, manager, Chicoutimi.  
Doctor J. A. Couture, Quebec.

**ORGANIZATION.**  
The Company was organized in 1897, and has since carried in its business without interruption. It had then a daily output of fifteen tons of dry pulp, later on the capacity of the mill was increased to thirty tons of dry pulp daily. Last spring, owing to the ready sale of the pulp, the Directors deemed it advisable still further to increase the production by adding three more grinders and a nine grinder mill, with a capacity of fourteen thousand tons per annum. The Company paid a half-yearly dividend at the rate of six per cent. per annum, the surplus profits over the dividend being spent on improvements and betterments.

**PURPOSES OF THE BOND ISSUE.**  
The Company has to complete and equip another mill of greater capacity than the present one on a site only eight hundred feet distant. The new mill will have a capacity of twenty-eight thousand tons of pulp per annum, making the combined output of the two mills, forty-two thousand tons of dry pulp per annum.

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

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

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

**WOOD.**  
The Company owns 338,560 acres of timber lands, well covered principally with black spruce and some white and grey spruce. The black spruce is especially good for ground wood pulp, and turns out one hundred and fifty pounds more dry pulp per cord than any other spruce. Besides this, a great quantity of the wood required for years to come can be had from the farmers in the neighborhood. The Company has at present stored for winter use one hundred and eighty-three thousand logs, twelve feet long.

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

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

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

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

**ESTIMATE OF PRODUCTION AND PROFITS.**  
2,000 tons a year, at \$10.-  
50, equal to .....\$44,000  
Cost of same, 42,000 tons,  
at \$7.50, equal to ..... 315,000  
Gross profit ..... 126,000  
Deducting interest on bonds 15,000  
Net profits ..... 111,000  
Available for dividends,  
wear and tear and sinking fund .....

The "PAPER AND PULP," a paper devoted to these industries, says:—"The steamer Halasa, Captain Peters, which sailed from Chicoutimi Friday, May 26th, 1899, had the largest cargo of wood pulp ever shipped in the world, the 37,702 bales weighed 4,712 long tons. The cargo of wood pulp was valued at \$50,000."

The principal office of the Company is at Chicoutimi, with a branch office in Quebec.

**BANKERS.**  
The Bank of Montreal.

**TRUSTEES.**  
The Royal Trust Company.

A deed of trust creating a first mortgage on all the property of the Company will be executed in favor of the Royal Trust Company in trust for the bondholders.

Fire insurance will be effected to the extent of one hundred thousand dollars; this also will be transferred to the Trustees for the benefit of the bondholders.

Applications for the purchase of these bonds will be received by the undersigned up to the 20th of March next.

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## PUBLIC NOTICE

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

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

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

The head office of the corporation shall be in the city and district of Montreal. The objects of the corporation are as follows:

- (1) The maintenance of public worship.
- (2) The religious education of the people and especially that of the poor and abandoned, particularly by holding missions in cities, towns, villages and parishes.
- (3) Taking spiritual charge temporarily of small congregations which cannot afford to support a priest.
- (4) Giving moral education particularly to poor and orphan children.
- (5) Helping in missions and in education within the limits of their duties.
- (6) The maintenance of public centers connected with buildings devoted to public worship, and the construction and maintenance of halls attached to or belonging to the buildings under their care, for the public purposes of such buildings respectively.
- (7) Giving aid and assistance in the promotion of Immigration.
- (8) All other works depending upon these above mentioned and all other works in any way connected with the objects above set forth.

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

**PROVINCE OF QUEBEC DISTRICT OF MONTREAL, SUPERIOR COURT, No. 395.** Dame Marie Rosa Delina Traulien, of the Parish of Longueuil, District of Montreal, wife of Pierre Vincent, farmer of the same place, has, this day, instituted an action in separation as to property against him.  
Montreal, 6th February, 1900.  
GLOBENSKY & LAMARQUE,  
31-5 Attorneys for Plaintiff.

**PROVINCE OF QUEBEC, DISTRICT OF MONTREAL, No. 1797.**  
**SUPERIOR COURT.**  
DAME EDITH GOLLEN, Plaintiff,  
vs. CASSEL RAPIARLOVITCH, Defendant,  
and REUBEN RAPIARLOVITCH, *Mis en cause.*  
An action in separation as to property and as to bed and board has been taken today in this cause.  
Montreal, January 16th, 1900.  
JOS. HARRARD,  
31-5 Attorney for Plaintiff.

**PROVINCE OF QUEBEC, District of Montreal, SUPERIOR COURT—No. 2481.**  
An action in separation as to property has this day been instituted by Dame Marie Adeline Victoria Boustillier, of the Parish of St. Antoine de Longueuil, District of Montreal, against her husband, George Vincent, of the same place.  
Montreal, 12th February, 1900.  
GEOFFRION & MONET,  
32-5 Attorneys for Plaintiff.

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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. I heartily bless those who encourage this excellent work.

PAUL, Archbishop of Montreal.

SATURDAY..... MARCH 17, 1900.

## THE CELTIC RACE.

It has been customary, for almost one hundred years back, on each St. Patrick's Day, for the Irish race to proclaim that never before were the prospects of an early dawning of freedom more bright. Such is the buoyancy, hopefulness and faith of the "Ancient Race," that, no matter how deep the gloom, they behold flashes of light through its shadows, and they look cheerfully forward to the "long, long wished-for hour," when the old Land would take her rank amongst the nations of the world. Too often, however, were these glorious anticipations destined to be shattered, and the beams of gladness to be sheathed in a cloud of disappointment. Still, this year, we feel that there is reason to believe and cause to express the assurance that on the face of Erin the smile is about to remove the tear, and that the shadows, although not wholly vanished, are golden like the flush of the dawn upon the eastern hills.

This is the last St. Patrick's Day of the nineteenth century, and it beholds Ireland still deprived of Legislative autonomy. The last St. Patrick's Day of the eighteenth century, witnessed an Irish Parliament—a tottering and doomed one, but still a native legislature—in session in Dublin. Ninety-nine times has the face of Ireland's great Patron Saint been celebrated since the last voice of an independent Irish representative was heard in the old house on College Green. Ninety-nine times have the children of the Celtic Race united—at home and abroad—to commemorate this day, and each time did they pray for a breaking of that "Act of the Union," which has been the curse of the land and the ruin of its people. On more than one occasion was it fondly hoped that within a twelve month Ireland's Home Rule would become an accomplished fact; each time the cup of happiness seemed to be dashed from the lips of Erin just as they were about to touch its rim.

Would it be surprising to behold, on next St. Patrick's Day, the restoration of a native Irish legislature? We have beheld more wonderful events within a couple of months past. Moreover, the Union has had a trial of a century, and it has proved to be a failure in every particular. As the nineteenth century's orb dawned upon the cradle of that unfortunate Union, so may the last sun of the same century set upon its unhallowed grave. The Irish people have attempted every means, rebellion, agitation, insurrection, parliamentary, or constitutional efforts, and all in vain. From the head of the British Empire down to the last, or humblest of her legislators, all have been prejudiced against Ireland and her cause, and all have combated the idea of granting any legislative latitude to the sister island. But a change is coming over "the spirit of their dream."

In the first place, we have beheld the unexpected re-union of the different sections of the Irish Parliamentary Party, and that movement has been most significant. It has taken place exactly at a moment when Great Britain is most in need of Irish arms, Irish valor, and Irish friendliness. Its importance has at once been recognized, and the universal manner in which it has been regard-

ed in England tells in most eloquent terms of the giant advance made by the Parliamentary representatives in the direction of their great goal.

After thirty odd years of studied avoidance of Ireland, Queen Victoria has, of her own accord, and without even a suggestion, as far as we know, decided to visit the country and to make herself more familiar with the needs of the land. A less important, but not less significant act, is that of creating an Irish Guard's regiment, on a footing with the Coldstream and similar veteran sections of the army. A still more remarkable fact is that Her Majesty has given orders that all Irish soldiers should wear sprigs of Shamrocks on their uniforms on St. Patrick's Day. Judging from all these happenings—great and small—we can come to the reasonable conclusion, that they are so many paving stones to lay at the opening of Ireland's "Highway to Freedom."

Were it not even thus; were the intolerant anti-Irish spirit not so obviously being crushed out of existence, still the positions occupied by the Irish Celts in all countries and under all conditions would suffice to place the country in a far more hopeful condition than any she had occupied since 1801. Out on the great ocean the brawny sailors of the Celtic race hold their own with the best and most accomplished navigators of the deep; down in the diamond, coal, silver and gold mines of two hemispheres the cheerful Celt is digging up the hidden treasures of earth; wherever the iron-horse snorts on the confines of a desert or a wilderness, there are Irish hands there to lay tracks for his advance; on the red fields where race crushes race in the hopes of supremacy, the arm of the Celt wields the most trenchant sword and he displays the most consummate heroism; in the higher ranks of ecclesiastical life the Celt wears the mitre and scatters blessings upon the human family; amongst the leaders of the medical and legal professions, on the bench, in the great mart of commerce, holding the helm of state, in the realms of art, science, literature, in the ever widening expanses of agricultural and industrial life, in all spheres the Celt has asserted himself, and the race to-day, in all quarters of the globe, has become a power that challenges recognition.

Under such circumstances, it is not to be wondered at that a greater hopefulness arises in the bosom of poor down-trodden Erin. The day has come when Great Britain sees the absolute necessity of Ireland's friendship and co-operation, if she is to hold her own against the ever growing strength of other powers; and in that very necessity do we behold the guarantee of a speedy triumph for the cause of Irish Home Rule: May next St. Patrick's Day behold the opening of the first session of Ireland's first Parliament since the act of the Union.

## "THE WEARING OF THE GREEN."

If the character of the well-known old ballad were to "meet Napor Tan dy" to-day, he would not be obliged to inform that exile that they were "hanging men and women for the wearing of the green."

Never before, on a St. Patrick's Day, has Irish stock gone up to such

a high pitch and so universally. A few months ago the Irish people were as little considered by many of those who to-day are loudest in their praise and appreciation, as they had been for long generations. Yet the race has not changed; it is public sentiment that has become more sane within a very short space of time. We have been so long accustomed to see Ireland ignored, to find the artist painting her in caricature and the musician chanting her in burlesque, that we had become accustomed to, and we might almost say had accepted as a matter of course, all the ridicule cast upon the emblem of our nationality and all the misrepresentation to which our fellow-countrymen and the land of our fathers were subjected.

Suddenly, however, there has been an awakening from that long nightmare of centuries. Unexpectedly, spontaneously, contagiously has an enthusiastic admiration for Ireland and her sons, her emblem and her holy Patron, sprung into existence. From the Queen down to the last of her English, Scotch, Welsh and other subjects, there is, to-day a veritable rivalry in the degrees of fervor displayed on all sides. Her Majesty has ordered the army to wear the Shamrock on St. Patrick's Day; the Protestant press has advocated a general display of green upon this anniversary; the most anti-Irish Englishmen—at home and here—are contending with each other for the honor of possessing and wearing the greatest amount of Ireland's national color.

We see under all this veil of mystery, from beneath whose folds it has nearly vanished, a hope for the future of the country. We are confident that the initial step taken by Her Majesty and imitated by almost all her English subjects, is but the prelude to a general uprising in favor of Irish Home Rule. We feel confident that the hour, so long awaited, looked forward to with so much patience, so much confidence, so much determination, is about to strike upon the clock of time, and as it rings out, the sunburst of Irish freedom will flash upon the hill-tops of the land and illumine with unfading glory the ruined shrines and shattered aisles of the nation's desolate grandeur.

Half a century ago that mighty prophet in the temple of Ireland's endurance—the late Rev. Dr. D. W. Cahill—made a statement, which the wonderful facts of the case to-day prove to have been actually prophetic. It was to Lord Palmerston that the great champion of Ireland's cause thus wrote:—

"My Lord: the day will come, under the secret and chemical operation of a broader civilization, on which the true worth of my people will be recognized and acknowledged. Strange and fanciful as the picture may now seem, I behold a period adown the slopes of futurity, when the 'green' will be honored in the very halls of your legislature, the shamrock will decorate the breasts of your military, and the very sovereign of the realm will be inspired with a love for and a confidence in the Irish people. I will not live to behold it, no more will you, my Lord—and Ireland has countless trials to undergo, reverses to meet, before that goal is reached—but as certain as the sun will rise over the Hill of Howth and set beyond the heights of Connemara, so surely will the genius of the race, one day receive the homage of the British people. The sword of Elizabeth, the cannon of Cromwell, the statutes of the Pale will be relegated to the barbarism whence they drew their existence, and a grander impulse, seizing upon the people of England, will throbb through every vein and artery of her wonderful Empire. In that hour the visions of Irish statesmen will be realized, the prophecies of Irish bards will be fulfilled, the prayers of Irish martyrs will be granted, and centuries of wrong will be swallowed up in the whirlpool of enthusiasm that my country's enemies shall experience at mention of her name, or at sight of green Shamrock of Erin."

It seems to us that the prediction of Dr. Cahill is about to be fulfilled; may it please God to permit the entire accomplishment of Ireland's wishes and of her children's desires! May this St. Patrick's Day behold these great things!

## TO OUR SUBSCRIBERS.

We must thank a number of our subscribers who have been prompt in renewing their subscriptions; we trust their example will be followed by others. This is a season when we generally receive a large number of renewals. We hope those in arrears will take the hint and remit the small amount they owe.

Our next issue will contain special reports of St. Patrick's Day celebrations in Montreal and other leading centres in Canada, as well as of the demonstrations in other parts of the world.

## LECTURES TO TEACHERS.

It may interest our readers, especially those connected with educational matters, and more particularly the teachers to know something about the "Teachers' Pension Act" in the Old Country. At a meeting of the Catholic Teachers' Association of the West of Scotland, held in Glasgow, a paper was read by Mr. James Bonner, Head Master of St. Patrick's School, Coatbridge, on the Pension Act. Mr. Bonner had made a study of the Act in as far as it applied to Catholic schools. Amongst other things, by way of criticism and advice, Mr. Bonner said:—

Up to the end of September of last year as many as 48,000 teachers in England had accepted the Act, and by the end of March every one of the 10,000 certificated teachers in Scotland who wish to join must have returned the acceptance forms to Dover House.

He trusted that every teacher would join, for only from within could they hope to secure—as they certainly would secure—the future amendment of the Act. He admitted to the full that the Act was far from satisfying—the age for retirement was too high, and the allowance from the Treasury too low; but teachers would not improve matters by standing aloof from their fellows.

Besides, after a few years, when one considered the large annual influx to the profession, things would be very much different, as year by year large numbers of future teachers would be added to the ranks. Last year over ten thousand teachers passed the scholarship examination, of whom a very fair proportion would become certificated, and hence of necessity become members of the fund.

That Canada is not the only country where teachers are underpaid will be seen from what the lecturer next said:—

"If the allowances under the Act were small, they were, however, princely when compared with some of the salaries paid in English schools to teachers quite as fully certificated as themselves. Would they be surprised to know that 218 certificated mistresses earned less than £40 a year; that 440 earned between £40 and £45; and 775 between £45 and £50. The salaries for men also showed many depressing figures, but, at the same time, he congratulated those present that their lives had been thrown in pleasanter places than the teachers whose hard struggles were quoted. He would ask them, therefore, while considering the small allowances under the Act to think at the same time of the figures he had given."

Mr. Bonner then compared the pensions given to Irish teachers to Australian and German, as also to the Civil Servants, railway and tram conductors. He also referred to the annuities granted by assurance societies, and admitted that better terms might be got from some of them, but he questioned if disablement allowances were granted by any of such companies. Regarding the higher pensions granted to Colonial teachers, he pointed out that very much larger premiums were paid by the teachers.

Before closing his lecture Mr. Bonner took the blackboard and worked out several illustrations of how the Act would affect different persons at different ages, and the superannuation annuity, and disablement to be given to each. He said the disablement allowance was the best feature in the Act. While a superannuation allowance would be granted only when one served for half the number of years between certification and 65, a disablement allowance would be given when one had served half the number of years between certification and disablement, provided it was a period of at least 10 years since the teacher passed the certificate examination. The age of 55 was shown to be a rather bad one for benefiting under the Act, as the allowances work out less than those granted to a man of 65, who pays his contribution. The disablement allowance was thought to be accompanied by a searching inquiry into the savings of the teacher, but this has been shown to be inaccurate as far as professional income is concerned. Nor will the fact that the teacher's wife or husband still teaches in any way interfere with the application from either for a disablement, nor would an allowance from any friendly society, say the Foresters, Hearts of Oak, or other society, prevent a man from applying under this provision.

## ST. VINCENT'S HOME.

Karn Hall was well filled with a highly appreciative audience on Monday night last, the occasion being an illustrated lecture, by Rev. E. J. Devine, S.J., on a trip from Atlantic to Pacific over the Canadian Pacific Railway. The object of the entertainment was to increase the funds of St. Vincent's Home for immigrant children. As was explained by the Chairman, Dr. Foran, in his introductory remarks, this is one of several most beneficial, but unfortunately too little known and encouraged institutions that are established for the greater good of Canada. Miss Brennan, to whose indefatigable perseverance the Home owes its present promising position is the lig and soul of the establishment. The object is to bring to Canada children, ranging from two or three to fourteen years of age, and to secure for them homes in this country, in order that

they may grow up with our young Dominion, and become worthy citizens of the future. One feature of the project commends itself at once to every person. These children, uncontaminated by the vices of the old world, are in a state that permits of their characters being formed and their lives moulded for great good. In five years Miss Brennan has received and distributed into reliable homes 452 children, besides caring for some 75 that had been unfortunately placed by other agencies. She only receives what is sent to her from England on receipt of each child. The Home has, as yet, no Government grant, nor does it receive a cent of aid from any parish. This fourth annual entertainment was given for the purpose of aiding Miss Brennan in her splendid work.

Several friends kindly gave their aid in making the evening a most enjoyable one. Miss Marguerite Whitton's debut as an elocutionist, was most happy, and should prove a promising omen for that gifted young lady's future. Mr. A. J. Smith, whose splendid baritone, has charmed so many audiences, sang with vigor, taste and artistic power. Mrs. J. T. Scanlan, one of Montreal's most popular and talented soprano soloists, sang "A Song of Praise" in a manner that elicited universal and favorable comment, as well as applause that, from its heartiness, should have made the sweet singer thrill with satisfaction. Miss M. Donovan presided at the piano with that ability and tact for which, as a musician, and especially as an organist, she has won her way to an immense popularity. The entire labor of organizing the entertainment fell to the duty of Mr. J. P. Curran, whose zeal and unflinching labor were highly rewarded in the marked success of the evening.

The principal feature, however, was a lecture, illustrated with 250 or more magnificent lime-light views, by Rev. Father Devine, S.J. From ocean to ocean—from Atlantic to Pacific—the audience was rapidly carried; stopping for a brief space at Halifax, Tadoussac, Ste. Anne, Quebec, Montreal and Ottawa; thence across Lake Superior to Port Arthur, onward to Calgary, the vast plains of the Northwest, and finally, through the giant defiles of the stupendous Rockies. Father Devine's accurate descriptions, tallied with the illustrations, and his fund of historical information made the lecture fully as instructive as it was amusing. His references to the great wave of patriotic pride sweeping all the Empire was timely, while his inspiring words in presence of the snow-capped monarchs of the Rockies will long remain a glad memory in the minds of the audience.

## RECENT DEATHS.

### DEATH OF MRS. J. P. BOYLE.

It was with most intense sorrow that the news of the death of Mrs. J. P. Boyle, nee Miss Winifred Donovan, was received by her numerous friends throughout the city on Monday, 12th inst., at 8 o'clock, p.m. The deceased lady had been ailing for upwards of six months. She first was taken with a severe cold which developed into inflammation of the lungs, and notwithstanding that her mother, sister and family did everything they could for the sufferer, it was impossible to ward off a fatal termination, consumption had claimed her as its victim. Mrs. Boyle was popular and much admired for her many beautiful traits of character. She at all times took deep interest in church matters, and there are few poor who were not the recipients of her generosity from time to time. Mrs. Boyle was in the prime of life, and leaves a sorrowing husband and large young family to mourn her loss.

The funeral took place Wednesday morning, at 8 o'clock, from the residence of her sister, Mrs. J. Flynn, 46 Argyle Ave., to St. Anthony's Church, and thence to Cote des Neiges Cemetery. The attendance at the funeral bore testimony to the popularity which the deceased enjoyed during her honored life. The "True Witness" extends to the family its sincere sympathy.—R.I.P.

REV. ABBE SORIN.—The Rev. Abbe Sorin, one of the most widely known members of the Sulpician Order in Montreal, who had been ill for some weeks, at the Grey Nunnery, died on Wednesday morning last. Vincent Charles Sorin was a native of France. He was born near Nantes on May 5, 1834. His father was a noted physician of that locality. The future priest studied classics in the college of his native place. In 1857 he entered the Seminary of St. Sulpice in Paris, and two years later was ordained priest. Immediately after his ordination he was sent to Canada, and has ever since resided in Montreal. His first charge was in connection with St. James Church, where he remained until 1867. Thence he was transferred to Notre Dame Church, but a year later was connected with St. Joseph Church. He remained only two years in this position, when he was recalled to Notre Dame, where he remained until the time of his death. Since 1868 he has also acted as chaplain to the little Church of Notre-Dame-de-Pitie; he was also chaplain of the Catholic Commercial Academy.

His pulpit eloquence was of a very high order, and will long be remembered by the congregation. He was an untiring worker in the grand cause of education, and he established three scholarships—two in Canada and one in France. One by one the good and holy men who laid the foundations of some of our best institutions are slowly passing away—passing never to return; but their memories will remain green for many decades to come—of these Father Sorin was a most conspicuous member of that honored group. May his grand sacerdotal soul rest in eternal peace.

REV. WILLIAM D. KELLY.—The readers of the Catholic press of America are all familiar with the name of Rev. William D. Kelly, the

poet, historian, journalist and author. After an illness of less than three weeks this gifted writer died, a few days ago, at his home in Dorchester, Mass. A contemporary says: "Father Kelly's death leaves a void in the Catholic press and Catholic literature generally, which will be hard to fill. He was a living encyclopedia of ecclesiastical information. He was a native of Dundalk, County Louth, Ireland. He came to America in 1850, and has since lived in Boston and vicinity. He was an alumnus of Holy Cross College, and made his theological studies in the Montreal Grand Seminary, where he was ordained priest January 30, 1870."

As to Father Kelly's literary career the "Catholic Columbian," to which he greatly contributed, says that Father Kelly was the editor of the "Providence Visitor" during the first year of its career, and was a contributor to its pages up to the time of his last illness. He has written articles of a different character, biographical, historical and critical for a number of Catholic publications, including "The Columbian," "Catholic Transcript," "the Republic," "Sacred Heart Review," "Pilot," "New World," "Ave Maria," "Rosary Magazine," "Catholic World," "Catholic Citizen," "Donohoe's Magazine" and others. Most of his poems have appeared in the "Pilot," "Ave Maria," "Republic," "Rosary Magazine" and "Visitor." Some of the products of his muse appeared occasionally in the "Ladies' Home Journal," "Frank Leslie's" and other secular publications.—R.I.P.

## THE TRANSVAAL WAR.

"We expect to be in South Africa for a year," writes the commanding officer of a section of the Canadian contingent to a friend in Detroit, says the "News-Tribune." "Lord Roberts is preparing to strike a hard blow at the Boers, and we are speculating not so much on whether he will succeed, as whether it will place the enemy on the defensive all along the line."

"It is the general impression among the British officers here that our hardest task will be in hemming in Pretoria. We hear that the Boers are constructing a series of detached fortifications between Pretoria and Johannesburg, forming a chain to connect the two cities. If they have big guns enough to arm all of these, we will have our work cut out for us. They will have no trouble in throwing up the intrenchments, for they have any amount of forced native labor, but it will go hard with them to find guns enough for a gigantic system of fortifications like that."

"One thing you may be sure of, we will not make any attempt to carry strongly fortified positions by storm. All sorts of trenching tools are being moved to the front, and our boys will have a chance to handle pick and shovel in front of the Boer fortifications. In such a warfare the attacking party masses its guns behind earthworks to silence the enemy's artillery, and the infantry dig trenches and parallels up to the enemy's works."

"Burrowing in the ground like a lot of rabbits may take us longer than we expect, but we can take all the time we want to it, and we will have our supplies sent up by railway almost to the very spot where the fighting is going on. There is one road we can use all the way, and the other we will be able to use as far as Mafeking. I suppose by that time, we will have an extension built from Mafeking to Pretoria, and we will not want for stores. Under these conditions life in the trenches can be made fairly comfortable."

## THE PARIS EXPOSITION.

The approach of the Exhibition, which is to open on the 15th of April, is beginning to be felt in all quarters; indeed, there is already a tendency among shopkeepers to increase the price of their goods, and the cabmen are already considering the advisability of a future strike in the thick of the season. Meanwhile, much interest is taken in the forthcoming publication of the Official Catalogue of the Exhibition, which is in the printers' hands. This terrible catalogue shall comprise no less than 30 octavo volumes. There are 76,000 exhibitors to whom space has officially been allotted, 40,000 French and 36,000 foreign, and 24,000 classed as "temporary exhibitors" in all 100,000. This total exceeds by 37,000 the total of 1889. In addition to those details, the catalogue shall contain some interesting information on the state of trade and manufactures in France, and professional census tables showing for each industry the number of employers and employed per industry and per district in France.

## CATHOLICS AND SUICIDE STATISTICS.

At a recent meeting held under the auspices of the Royal Society of Edinburgh, when Sir John Sibbald delivered a lecture on "The Statistics of Suicide in Scotland," a rather important statement was made by Dr. Clouston. He said:—

"There was no question that the Celt, with his vivid imagination, although he was often melancholic, yet feared 'the last resort' more than the Teuton did. Also he thought he was less determined, and he was in that way nearer womankind. German authors pointed out that the Roman Catholic portions of their Fatherland did not show so many suicides as the Protestant part. That undoubtedly was a definite fact founded on German statistics. There they had the moral and religious element coming in, which prevented men and women committing suicide, even when they were diseased and felt suicidal, when things were going wrong with them and when from the reasoning point of view suicide was the proper thing."

Such a confession from a Protestant scientist is worthy of note—and pigeon-holing.—Catholic Herald.



THE CONNAUGHT RANGER'S BUDGET.

Gaelic Society.—The annual concert of the Gaelic Society brought many new members to the classes. This was very evident by the large number of young members enrolled for studies at the regular classes on Tuesday evening.

County Board.—A special meeting of the County Board was held Sunday afternoon, in the Knights' hall, for the purpose of hearing reports, and making final arrangements for the due celebration of Ireland's National Day. The different divisions will assemble on St. Patrick's morning at the Hibernia Hall. Mr. Ed. O.B. Kennedy will be the guest of the Order while in this city, and will take part in the demonstration. In the evening a splendid programme has been prepared for the annual entertainment in the Windsor Hall. A crowded house is assured.

Division No. 2 held a fine meeting on last Friday evening. President Lynch presiding. Two candidates were initiated, and the applications of several received. Like on all national occasions, the boys of Father O'Meara's Parish are making great preparations for St. Patrick's Day. County President Rawley was present, and delivered a brief address. There are several eloquent debaters in this branch besides some of the sweetest singers in Montreal. A visit across the Canal to No. 2 is well repaid.

Personal Mention.—Mr. M. P. McEldrick has, on account of ill-health, resigned from the Vice-Presidency of Div. No. 3. In his retirement, the Division has lost its ablest representative on the Board. The election for his successor takes place at the next regular meeting.

Division No. 8 held a rattling meeting on Friday evening. President H. J. Aumond, presiding. A large amount of important Division work was transacted.

President Menichol, of Division No. 5, is a good hustler. He is making great efforts to build up his branch.

Ship Fever Victims.—One of the most important matters to be discussed by the National Convention of the A.O.H. in May is the erection of a monument in memory of the victims of ship fever in Grosse Isle. The history of those unhappy victims is too well known to be retold in these columns. Let us hope that our Quebec Brothers will be successful in their efforts.

Curbstone Critics.—How many members of our societies will hold possession of the sidewalks on St. Patrick's Day? And yet the sidewalk paraders generally dictate what is supposed to be for the interest of the organizations.

CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN.

A Peculiar Incident.—The truth of the saying that little things may oftentimes play an important part to men's affairs when the men least expect it was illustrated one day recently.

"See that young man over there," remarked an insurance friend of his, pointing to one of his clerks working away industriously at a desk in another room. "Well, he got his place in my office through the striking of a match, although he doesn't know it.

"I was standing at the entrance of this building about a month ago waiting for a friend to come down the elevator, when that young man approached me with a letter of recommendation and an application for employment. I had made it known a few days before that I needed another clerk, and he had heard of it. However, I had almost made up my mind to take on a young man who had been to see me the day before, and was about to tell the last applicant so, when he pulled a match from one of his pockets to light a cigar he had been smoking, but which had gone out.

"Sorry, sir," he said, balancing himself on one foot, while he tilted the other so as to admit of his striking the match on the heel of his shoe. "Sorry, for I would like very much to work for you, and I think I would have made you a good clerk."

Division No. 6 A.O.H.—At their meeting on Thursday evening, completed arrangements for St. Patrick's Day. President J. B. Lane presided, and initiated two new members. The North End boys will uphold their old time reputation.

Division No. 8 held a special meeting on Wednesday evening, and was honored with a visit from County President Rawley, who was received with much applause. The Division has perfected all arrangements for St. Patrick's Day, and with a few exceptions expect to parade in force.

The Foresters.—The different English-speaking courts of the Catholic Order of Foresters, in the Province of Quebec, will, at the next Supreme gathering of that organization, endeavor to have an English-speaking Provincial Court with plenary powers. The English-speaking Foresters were the most assiduous workers in the organization when first started in Montreal. They were the principal supporters of the Supreme body in this province for years, and their views in this regard should be seriously considered at the next convention.

The Pioneers of the A.O.H. completed arrangements for the celebration on Wednesday night. It was without doubt the finest meeting held for some time. President McMorrow presided, and after initiating three new members, read the report of the National Directors, and the reference to the Grosse Isle monument was received with loud applause. Mr. M. Lomeragan will marshal the members on St. Patrick's Day. He is a great favorite with the boys.

The Hall of the Division on Place d'Armes Square will be beautifully decorated on St. Patrick's Day. At the meeting of the Division, on Wednesday evening, a committee was appointed for that purpose. Amongst the decorations will be a beautiful green silk flag, made in Ireland for the Young Ireland party, fifty-five years ago.

A.O.H. Visitors.—Mr. James McIver, County Secretary of the A.O.H., has received a letter from Geo. H. Sheehan, editor of "The Hibernian," of Boston, stating that he would be present at the celebration of the national festival in this city, to tender the greetings of 27,000 Hibernians of Massachusetts to their Montreal brethren. Mr. Sheehan will be accompanied by Dr. William Welch, of Milford, also a prominent member of the Order.

Where are you going on St. Patrick's night? Why to the Windsor Hall, of course, everyone is going.

CONNAUGHT RANGER.

been the most natural thing in the world for many a man to have scratched that match on the marble column, and the fact that this young man chose to use the heel of his shoe instead showed that he was thoughtful and conscientious, two very excellent traits. I was so impressed that I told him to come and see me, and the result of the visit was his securing the position. And his month in my office has shown that I made no mistake in sizing him up."—Philadelphia Inquirer.

The Man Who Can.—Bourke Cockran, who rose from humble surroundings himself, has this opinion of the way to make a career in the March issue of "Success":

There is but one straight road to success, and that is merit. The man who is successful is the man who is useful. Capacity never lacks opportunity. It cannot remain undiscovered, because it is sought by too many anxious to utilize it. A capable man on earth is more valuable than any precious deposit under the earth, and the object of a much more vigilant search. Whoever undertakes to build a house, to cultivate a farm, to work a mine, to obtain relief from pain, to maintain a legal controversy, or to perform any function of civilized life, is actively searching for other men qualified to aid him. To appreciate the thoroughness of the search, it is necessary only to realize the number of persons engaged in all these pursuits and undertakings throughout the world. From such a search, no form of ability can remain concealed. If the possessor of capacity sought to hide himself, he would be discovered and induced to employ his ability for the benefit of those who need it.

To be successful then, one has but to qualify himself thoroughly for some occupation. Every man has some natural aptitude. In these days, the training by which natural apti-

tude is developed into effective ability can be obtained by every youth. No man can hope to be the best in any field of labor, but everyone can hope to be among the best. Time occupied in worrying about opportunities, openings, and starts, is time wasted, because, to every capable man, a "start" and an "opportunity" are always furnished by the necessities of all other men.

CONFIDENCE.—If you would succeed up to the limit of your possibilities, hold constantly to the belief that you are success-organized, and that you will be successful, no matter what opposes. Never allow a shadow of doubt to enter your mind that the Creator intended you to win in life's battle. Regard every suggestion that "your life may be a failure, that you are not made like those who succeed, and that success is not for you, as a traitor, and expel it from your mind as you would a thief from your house. A man's greatest enemies are his doubts. Resolutely refuse to surround yourself with an army of doubts, fears, and anxieties. Vigorously dispel these foes of your success and happiness, or they will undermine your future. Be firmly convinced that you were made in the image of perfection, designed for success and happiness, and that you have the power to strangle the evils which would thwart you.

MOUNT ST. LOUIS COLLEGE.

On Tuesday evening His Excellency Mgr. D. Falconio, the Papal Delegate, visited Mount St. Louis College, and presided at the annual St. Patrick's Day celebration of the Institute. The academic hall was profusely decorated in an artistic manner with green flags, the Papal arms, bunting, etc. Amongst those present besides His Excellency were noticed, Mgr. Racicot, Vicar-General; Rev. Father Strubbe, C.S.S.R., and Rev. Father Flynn, C.S.S.R., of St. Ann's; Rev. Father Donnelly, of St. Anthony's; Rev. Father Casey, of St. Jean Baptiste; Rev. Father Turgeon, S.J., Rector of St. Mary's College; Rev. Father Hallissy, of St. Patrick's; Rev. Father Columban, O.S.F.; Rev. Father Dominic, O.S.F., of the Franciscans; Rev. Father Therrien, Chaplain of Mount St. Louis; Rev. Dr. Luke Galligan, of the Cathedral; Rev. Leo Edvard, Provincial of the Christian Brothers; Rev. Bro. Synphorien, Director of Mount St. Louis; Rev. Bro. James, Principal of St. Patrick's School; Mr. Justice Curran; Hon. Dr. Guerin, M.L.A.; Dr. E. J. Kennedy, President of St. Patrick's Society; Mr. M. J. Morrison, B.C.L., and many others.

The main feature of the programme was the production of a tragic drama in four acts entitled: "The Fratricide." The creditable manner in which it was portrayed, showed once again to advantage the histrionic ability of the students and the excellence of their instructors. Messrs. W. Kearney, J. Hayes and W. Warren, deserve special mention. The other items of the programme were musical selections by the Mt. St. Louis band and orchestra, a violin solo, by J. J. Shea, a bugle chorus by the pupils of the Intermediate Division, and a recitation by Master Lamoureux. Upon the conclusion of the drama, addresses to His Excellency were read in English by Mr. J. Rogers, and in French by Mr. Giroux. They expressed the honor and pleasure all felt in welcoming the chosen representative of the Sovereign Pontiff Leo XIII., and paid a tribute to the Order of St. Francis, of which Mgr. Falconio is one of its most distinguished members. His Excellency replied first in French, and then in English. He thanked them for their expressions of filial love and reverence for the Holy See, eulogized the early missionaries, who first brought the Faith into Canada, and the worthy ancestors of the pupils who preserved that faith. He concluded by exhorting his hearers to imitate by following in the footsteps.

ST. PATRICK'S NIGHT CELEBRATION.

As usual, after the religious ceremonies and procession of the morning, the sons and daughters of old Erin will celebrate the evening of the 17th of March, by holding various entertainments. This year the attractions are singularly good. The St. Patrick's Society will hold the annual dinner at the Windsor Hall.

The Young Irishmen's J. and B. Association, has prepared a new and very beautiful Irish drama entitled "Eileen Oge," (The Rose of Limerick), in four acts at Her Majesty's

"A Fair Outside Is a Poor Substitute For Inward Worth."

Good health, inwardly, of the kidneys, liver and bowels, is sure to come if Hood's Sarsaparilla is promptly used.

This secures a fair outside, and a consequent vigor in the frame, with the glow of health on the cheek, good appetite, perfect digestion, pure blood. Loss of Appetite.—"I was in poor health, troubled with dizziness, tired feeling and loss of appetite. I was completely run down. I took Hood's Sarsaparilla and after awhile I felt much better. Hood's Sarsaparilla built me up." LIZZIE A. RUSSELL, Old Chelsea, near Ottawa, Que. Biliousness.—"I have been troubled with headache and biliousness and was much run down. Hood's Sarsaparilla and it gave me relief and built me up." A. MORRISON, 89 DeLoe Street, Toronto, Ont.

Hood's Sarsaparilla Never Disappoints. Hood's Pills cure liver ills; the non-irritating and only cathartic to take with Hood's Sarsaparilla.

1537 to 1541 St. Catherine St. MONTREAL. Chas. Desjardins & Co., THE LARGEST FUR HOUSE IN THE WORLD. Show Rooms open all the year round. Our SEAL and PERSIAN LAMB JACKETS are world renowned. Chas. Desjardins & Co., 1537 to 1541 St. Catherine Street, Montreal.

Theatre. It is well known all over Canada that on St. Patrick's night every year the Young Irishmen present some new features. All we can say is that their entertainments are always enthusiastic, patriotic and attractive. We trust that success will attend their noble efforts.

The Ancient Order of Hibernians met with a mishap in the burning of the Theatre Francaise, which they had taken for the occasion. But the unconquerable Irishmen altered their programme to suit circumstances and engaged the Windsor Hall, where they will give a magnificent entertainment, consisting of Irish songs, and stereopticon views of the Old Land. The speech of the evening will be delivered by Mr. E. O'Brien Kennedy, better known as Timothy Featherstone. His subject will be "Sixteen years in English Prisons." Success to the A.O.H.

ST. ANN'S PARISH NOTES.

The St. Ann's Young Men's Society have been preparing, with care and energy, a magnificent drama for St. Patrick's night. "The Hero of Limerick" is not only a model play in every sense, but from a national point of view, it is one of the strongest condemnations of the anti-Irish Irishman, whose presence has been too general of late years. The author of this new drama is Mr. James Martin, whose name has already been made as a dramatic writer of great promise, and of considerable achievement. No expense has been spared in matters of scenery, costumes and all the accessories of staging and we are confident that as great, if not a greater success, will be attained than upon all previous occasions. The advance sale of tickets, under the direction of Rev. Father Strubbe, Tom O'Connell and Andy Thompson, has been very great.

On Monday, 19th March, (Feast of St. Joseph), His Excellency, Mgr. Falconio, Apostolic Delegate to Canada, will pay a visit to St. Ann's parish. Great preparations are being made for the occasion. The reception will take place at 8 o'clock in the evening, when an address from the parishioners will be read by Ald. D. Galloway.

On Thursday next, 22nd March, the anniversary mass for the soul of the late Rev. Father Catulle, at one time parish priest of St. Ann's, will be sung at 8 o'clock in the morning. A large attendance of parishioners is expected.

As if by magic, after a few applications, every gray hair in my head was changed to its natural color by using LUBY'S Parisian Hair Restorer. I now use it when I require to oil my hair. Try it and see for yourself. 50c a bottle.

MEN, WOMEN AND RINGS.

Under the caption "Curiosities of News," the "Catholic Columbian" says:—A curious surgical operation was performed at St. Joseph's Hospital, Baltimore, the other day, when a steel chisel, four and one-half inches long was removed from a man's head. The chisel was driven into his head by a wood-working machine which he was operating, with such force that its presence was not known, the wound being such a small and clean cut one. Paralysis finally setting in, the doctors decided the chisel must have entered the head and operated, successfully removing it. The man will recover.

Mrs. Isabella J. Hendrix, a widow, aged 50 years, was found dead on the floor of her room, at New York, on Feb. 8. It had been supposed for a long time that she was in strained circumstances. Her room, for which she paid only \$8 per month, was poorly furnished, and she took her meals in cheap restaurants. She was buried at the expense of members of the West Presbyterian Church, in West Forty-second street, of which she was a member.

It has been discovered by the city authorities that instead of Mrs. Hendrix being penniless, she was wealthy. It has been ascertained that in an old trunk, which was in her room at the time of her death, and which was taken possession of by the authorities, \$25,000 worth of United States government bonds were hidden away among a quantity of old paper. She was very religious, and a few months after her arrival became a member of the West Presbyterian Church. She made but few friends,

JUDGE M. DOHERTY CONSULTING COUNSEL, No. 8 Savings Bank Chambers, 180 ST. JAMES STREET.

WINDSOR HALL, March 28th 1900, Grand Concert FOR THE Catholic High School. Mr. William Ludwig, distinguished baritone of Boston, our best local talent, and a chorus of 30 voices will sing. Seats—75c and 10c. 36-2

Every day lessens our chances of supplying you with some of the Famous Dublin Stout and British Ale which we are now offering at prices the finest Domestic Ales and Stout command, as the small lot we purchased is going off fast. The Stout was brewed by the Phoenix Brewing Co., of Dublin, and is guaranteed. THE FINEST EXTRA QUALITY DUBLIN STOUT \$2.10 per dozen quarts. \$1.45 per dozen pints. \$7.50 per case of dozen quarts. \$8.00 per case of 7 dozen pints. THE ENGLISH ALE Is the finest "East India Pale Ale," and was brewed by Messrs. Campbell, Prated & Co., Wellingborough, England. \$2.00 per dozen quarts. \$1.25 per dozen pints. \$7.00 per case of 4 dozen quarts. \$7.50 per case of 7 dozen pints. Both Ale and Stout was bottled by Messrs. Broe & Co., Midland Railway Stores, St. Pancras, S. W. London. FRASER, VIGER & Co.

"STRAIGHT" HIGHLAND MALT WHISKIES. WE OFFER THE "TALKER" STRAIGHT SCOTCH \$1.25 per bottle, \$13.50 per case. THE "BALL-BAINE GLENLIVET" THREE STILLS WHISKY. \$1.10 per bottle, \$12.50 per case. THE "OLD VATTED BALBLAIR" STRAIGHT SCOTCH (8 years in wood) \$1.10 per bottle, \$12.50 per case. SPECIALLY SELECTED "LAGAVULIN" WHISKY. Square Stuff, in square bottles, \$1.00 per bottle, \$11.25 per case. LONG JOHN'S "DEW OF BEN NEVIS," THREE STARS, \$1.00 per bottle, \$10.75 per case. All the above Whiskies delivered at above prices, in case lots, anywhere in the four old provinces of Canada, and as far West as the City of Winnipeg, freight charges prepaid by us.

FRASER, VIGER & CO. ITALIAN WAREHOUSE, 207, 209 & 211 St. James Street.

upon the counsels of the Irish Catholics of Montreal, I should say that it looks as though they were being made a cat's paw of to pull the chestnuts out of the fire for somebody else, by their being made to share the responsibility for this unsavory business. There ought to be no responsibility where there are no rights, and it would appear that in this matter the Irish Catholics have no rights which they can legally enforce. The Anglican Bishop of Montreal, the legal owner of the land, has for many years strenuously resisted the importunities of the G. T. R. in regard to it. He has thought it proper to consult the feelings of you, Irish Catholics. Can you in such a matter be less scrupulous or concerned than is His Lordship Bishop Bond? Strengthen his hands rather, by a plain protest against this attempted profanation of a holy place, blessed by the prayer of the Ritual over every grave, and hallowed by the ashes of those who, as Mrs. Sadlier says were "Confessors of the Faith." Content with this, it were wise to stand aloof and cease to haggle about terms, of dubious expedience at best, and of which you cannot enforce the execution. There is certainly danger of such compromise being taken for a satisfactory arrangement. His Lordship Bishop Bond is really the only one who can save the burying ground; it lies with him to prevent its being turned into a G. T. R. cattle yard or what not, and I have small doubt but that, in view of a straightforward expression of Irish Catholic feeling, His Lordship will, as in the past, sustain and execute the will of those who gave the ground into his hands for safe-keeping, as that will stands cut deep in the monument-stone they erected to protect from desecration the remains of Irish immigrants.

In spite of newspaper reports, we refuse to believe that the sentiments of our brethren of Montreal are not those expressed in Mrs. Sadlier's timely and elegant contribution, which has elicited this commentary as a tribute of gratitude from Yours gratefully, A. E. MAGUIRE, S.S., Quebec.

Sillery, March 12th 1900.

ST. BRIDGET'S NIGHT REFUGE. Report for week ending Sunday, 11th March, 1900.—Males, 333; females, 37; Irish, 199; French, 93; English, 33; Scotch and other nationalities, 45. Total, 370. Good fortune sometimes comes to us in a very shabby-looking carriage.



# A TALE OF THE OLD DAYS IN IRELAND.

Bright the lamps and tapers shone, shedding their light on the crowded ball room of Ireland's Viceroy, one evening in the memorable year that saw the crown of England change hands, when the "Dutch Adventurer" landed in England, and James II. fled with a celerity which proved the trust he placed in his "dear English subjects."

The beauty and fast-fading chivalry of Ireland had gathered there, and in the enjoyment of the hour, and following no light but the starry eyes of the belles of the viceregal court, forgot the dark clouds that were hovering o'er the land, nor thought in those few, fleeting, blissful moments, that some that met that eve with smiling lips might part to meet no more.

Of all the gay cavaliers that adorned that festive scene, none had attracted more attention than Sir Richard Laughlin, Knight of Garrabuil. Young, talented, wealthy, having just taken possession of his deceased father's estate, bearing about with him in look, work and deed, the promise of a great and good manhood, few would not predict but what he would leave his mark on the world's page. Tall and eloquent of form, handsome in face, with wonderful dark eyes, that showed the upright, unflinching soul, with beautiful hair of raven hue, he found it an easy task to win his way to the admiration of the ladies. Descended from an ancient and noble family, who could trace their descent from Will of the Wine Hostages, he bore in his every movement the pride of his race. A devoted subject of James II., his sword was ready to spring from its scabbard in the defence of his then threatened sovereign.

An English nobleman, the Earl of Kennarddale, had, a short time before our story opens, taken up his residence in Dublin. A man of stern character, hard and implacable, who it was whispered had arrived in the Irish capital for the sole reason of conspiring for the dethronement of his rightful sovereign, he yet had, for a daughter, one of the most charming girls in Ireland. Her appearance created a furor, and from the very first none were more devoted in their admiration of the English fair one than Sir Richard Laughlin, at that time on a visit to the capital. He prolonged his stay, becoming more and more pronounced in his attentions every day, till he was looked upon as an accepted suitor. Her father was passive; he did not oppose; but many wondered if the ambitious father would allow his daughter to be captured by a simple Irish Knight. And on this evening, in the crowded ball room of Ireland's viceregal court, the handsome Irish Knight danced with the Earl's daughter; and when the dance being over, he asked her to walk with him on the terrace, she did not refuse.

But her eyes were fixed on the ground, and the soft blushes came and went in her rounded cheek. Slowly they passed along the terrace for a turn or two. The moon looked down without a frown, her calm beams resting on the handsome features of the youthful pair. One, young, buoyant, his heart full of the first, warm love of youth, ere the heart is scarred and seared by earth's woes, ready at that moment to lay it all at the feet of another, who, woman though she was, could not fully appreciate the value of that which lay at her disposal.

"Lady Louise," began Sir Richard, quietly, "I have brought you here to-night that I might declare that of which you are no doubt long aware, my deep and lasting love for you."

She hung her head and sighed gently. "Tell me," he went on, becoming warm, "if I may have any hope. I love you, may I expect a return of that love?" His cheeks were burning, his heart beating.

"Sir Richard"—hesitating a moment—"have you, have you spoken to my father of this?"

"No, dearest, not directly; but that will be settled soon. Tell me if you love me; that I may not lose all hope."

"Sir Richard," and her face suddenly became cool and hard, "I do not care for you. You know a great social difference divides us, and even if not, I could not ally my family with any Irish."

"Hold!" cried Sir Richard, wildly, for never was man so stunned as he to find that the creature he adored had played him false; he had seen her always cold; but thought it due to her modesty, and she had lured him on to throw him off. He, of a princely line, to be jilted by an English girl. His face grew purple; she shrank slightly, and the very moon

hid her face for the nonce. Then Sir Richard cooled, and all he said: "It is well. We had better go in." She touched his arm slightly till they entered the mansion, and then with a sarcastic little laugh she hurried over to her father, where he stood surrounded by a group, that included the viceregal himself.

The Knight of Garrabuil stamped his heel in impotent rage as his English loved one left him, and it was many minutes ere he recovered his equanimity sufficient to enter the ball room with a calm, impassive countenance. Just as he entered a slight buzz arose at the entering, and the next instance a soldier, attired in the uniform of the King's Household Guards, and bearing a packet with the Royal seal, appeared and placed it in the hands of the Lord Lieutenant. A murmur ran through the throng, the soldier bowed and departed. The packet was marked "Immediate." At the same time the Earl of Kennarddale glanced hurriedly around, and beckoning to his daughter, quietly left the room. One eye only saw their egress; it was Sir Richard Laughlin. The next moment he was at the side of the viceregal, who had opened the packet and was perusing its contents with a half wondering, half angry frown. But when he had finished, a new light came into his eyes. Glancing around with quick, disclosing eye, he spoke:

"Friends and loyal subjects, the news, in faith, is good. This now will show the loyal hearts. But yesterday, William, Prince of Orange, invited by the rebel Whigs, the cut-throat descendants of the usurping Cromwell, landed on the shores of England and has been declared King. King James has fled from London, and writes me this in urgent speed. Now, noble gentlemen, speak your minds. While I live, I hold this Kingdom of Ireland for James Stuart."

Some seemed too dazed to speak, others began deliberating which side was likely to win in the forthcoming war. Not so Sir Richard. Drawing his blade from the scabbard, he cried: "And I am with you, my lord, while I can wield this good blade, King James will never want a defender."

"My sword is yours also," cried a sonorous voice a few paces off, and the next moment Patrick Sarsfield, the future Earl of Lucan, stood by the side of Sir Richard. The greater number there expressed their loyalty; yet the viceregal looked searchingly around as though in search of someone else.

"My Lord of Kennarddale," he said at length, bitterly, "is absent. Right well, I knew, when first I saw him, the Puritan backbone he possessed; but we will do without him. Come, gentlemen, let us break up this festive assemblage. We have changed from Peace to War to-night, and on you all King James depends for the defence of his rights."

The last great struggle for Ireland had become a thing of the past, the gallant Sarsfield had sailed away, and William reigned on the throne of the Plantagenets and Stuarts.

In an unapproachable glen in the Galtees a band of Rapparees had taken up their position, and, for many months after the treaty of Limerick, had held their own against the enemy. Made up of those hearts who loved to see the Green Flag flying still, and commanded by no less a person than the Knight of Garrabuil, they unflinchingly met the repeated assaults of the troops sent against them, and though not always victorious, they kept their retreat intact, and from thence occasionally descended on the English garrisons, and worked revenge for their country's wrongs.

Sir Richard Laughlin, whom we have seen so prosperous and admired,

## CHILDREN

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had by his adhesion to the royal Stuart, lost his all. Refusing to accept the terms of the "Broken Treaty," his estate was confiscated, and was given over to a devoted follower of William, Sir Duncan Searle by name. The joyous young heart was hardened now; and in the care worn brow and compressed lips of the hunted Rapparee leader one could see no likeness to the fair youth that offered his love you blissful night to an Earl's daughter.

He had not since his outlawry ever attempted to do any injury to the man who had stolen his estate, but one day, even as he was brooding over his wrongs, news was brought that Sir Duncan Searle had left his estate to go to a distant portion of the country, and had left his mansion unguarded, save by a few servants. The Knight of Garrabuil sprang to his feet.

"Then by my faith," he cried, "once more I'll drive the halls of my ancestors. We'll drive some of this Sassanach's fat beeves from out his fields, and teach him how to steal. Come, comrades, to-night we mount and once more the roof of Garrabuil shall shelter a Laughlin, an' it be but for a passing hour."

That night as the moon rose slowly from behind the hills, and the waves of the murmuring streams of Erin were bathing in its dreamy light, with many a jest and song, the Rapparees set out.

Their hearts were steel, their eyes were fire; the truest souls, the most self-sacrificing spirits amongst Ireland's sons, were numbered among the outlaws of the forest shade. They fought, they lived, they died for Ireland, and what greater love can man show than to die for an object.

The gray of the early dawn had just appeared in the sky, as the Rapparees rode unimpeded up to the very gate of the mansion. Their leader showered a number of resounding knocks on the entrance, and the next instant a servant appeared at the gate. Scarcely, however, did he perceive who his early visitors were, than, uttering a shout of alarm he rushed into the house, forgetting in his terror to close the hall door behind him. It was but a moment for the Rapparees to vault over the gate, and the next instant Sir Richard Laughlin entered the hall. There was a wild stir in the household.

"How is this," cried the Knight, "and why such stir when the master of the house returns to his ancestral home?"

A light step sounded on the stairs and looking up the outlaw beheld a lady of surpassing beauty, staring at them with undisguised surprise and terror. Sir Richard stared at her and fell back a pace. His trusty blade slipped from his hands. The lady gazed wildly at him, she clutched for support and leant heavily against the wall. The memory of the past rushed over her like a dream; she saw the terrace, the moon, she heard the passionate tones of the lover pleading, and, for the first time, her heart was touched, and a ray of pity and regret stole into her soul.

With frowning brow, Sir Richard regarded her. He too remembered all—all! "And so," he said at length, "we meet again—we meet again!"

For him the wound had healed. "You are then," he went on, "the wife of the man who rules over this estate—mine by every God-given right?"

No answer.

"Await me outside," he said to his men, "and you," to the servants, "begone from here."

They were alone. He looked upon her, and the old love that had slumbered long, began to revive. "Girl," he began solemnly, "since last we met, there has been many a change in this unhappy land. Had you not spurned my love on that dark night, it might have turned out differently for both of us. As it is I find now that insult has been added to injury. You, the wife of the man who holds by the rule of the robber my inheritance. But girl—girl!" and the loud, stern tones broke down utterly, the wronged and hunted outlaw disappeared; with a great rush the memory of the glad days of old came upon him, and in pleading tones he continued:

"I loved you then, I love you now; during all the bitter years I could not stamp your image from my heart; tell me, for it will be a comfort to me, tell me, if even now you look on my love in a different light, that you do not scorn me, that you regret having uttered those hard, hard words."

His broken-hearted manner moved her, falteringly she murmured:

"Sir Richard, if I gave you pain that night to which you refer, truly am I sorry now; I was giddy then; and I am afraid heartless; and I did not know your worth. Forgive me, and believe it is not with my knowledge and consent that Sir Duncan has possession of your lands."

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She advanced and held out her hand. "Let us be friends; I, too, have suffered since last we met."

Sir Richard took the proffered hand gently and spoke:

"Lady Louise, you have given me great comfort! God bless you! You can never be mine; yet still I know you can never love me, while you do not despise me! I came this morning to work destruction in these fields, but all is changed now."

"And you are then the dreaded Rapparee, of whom they tell such tales; ah! me, even now, my husband is plotting against your safety. He left me solely that he might join in an expedition against you. From their conversation, I picked up that they were going to attack you in your stronghold. Oh! Sir Richard, for the sake of the old times give up this lawless life!"

A wondrous change had come over the Rapparee; he was now buoyant, reckless and defiant.

"Ha, ha!" he cried; "so they like to come to close quarters again. So be it. No, Lady Searle, while one trusty blade remains with me, I will never lower my standard. But, by my faith as belted knight, it were well that I were in the saddle. The miscreants may arrive before me. Farewell, Lady Searle, my heart is light with joy. God! an' I had but such as thee to bless my warriors, not all the cursed troops of the phlegmatic Dutchman could stand before me."

He turned to go with the graceful courtesy she knew so well.

"Stay!" she murmured. "My husband—you will meet him in battle—oh! grant me this one favor; do not make me a widow. He may be your enemy, yet he is my loving husband; and oh! if in the hour of battle thou seest the sword of death descending upon him, for the sake of your love for me, stay—stay the blade."

A moment's hesitation.

"Be it so; I pledge my word to shield, with my own life if necessary, Sir Duncan from harm."

Without another word, he sheathed his sword, and joining the troop outside, hastily mounted, and giving orders for them to follow as fast as possible, he plunged the spurs deep and rode away like the spirit of the breeze.

During the ride Sir Richard communicated to his men the information he had received, and it were worth a brave man's life, to see the stern pleasure that illumined their countenances at the prospect of an encounter with the foe.

When they reached the foot of the Galtees mountains, the sun was bidding adieu to the world, and tipping with a dreamy light, brae, crag and scame. When they mounted the first

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elevation in the rugged ascent to their mountain home, they turned and scanned with practised eyes the plain beneath.

Far off in the west a cloud arose, and gradually the outlines of a body of men became visible.

"They come," cried the outlaw leader, "and we will give them a merry welcome. Follow me, my lads!"

So saying he sprang rapidly up the steep ascent, and in a short time they found themselves before a narrow pass, enclosed between walls of rock more than fifty feet in height, the entrance on the right skirted by a dense bit of wood, the exit to the pass ending in the darkness of a thicket. It was a pass in which a thousand might well be stopped by three.

Hastily placing a number of his best men under cover of the wood, and stationing himself with the remainder at the exit, he awaited the approach of the enemy. Gradually they neared his position, and the rumbling of wheels told him they had brought cannon with them.

Presently the foremost trooper reached the plateau that nature had formed before the entrance to the pass. Realizing the danger of attempting to force the death trap in front of them, yet being aware that through it only could they hope to reach the Rapparees, the English officers ere proceeding gathered their forces together and proceeded to hold a council.

Warlike advice evidently prevailed, for soon the line was formed, and the troop advanced into the pass, the cannon bringing up the rear, to protect them from foes behind. The foremost of the band was Sir Duncan Searle, and he animated the men to press forward rapidly. No sound disturbed the dusky stillness of the place, as the Saxons struggled through the dense overgrowth of ferns from which the pass took its name.

As the foremost trooper emerged from the pass, his comrades raised their voices in a shout of defiance and encouragement; yet scarce had the sounds struck the air, than they were mingled with the sonorous blast of a bugle-horn, breathing defiance in every note that found an echo in the freedom-loving crags that rose about them. Hurling themselves with terrific force on the enemy, the Rapparees began the work of death. Front and rear the troopers found themselves attacked, their cannon captured at the first onslaught, and now about to be turned with deadly intent upon themselves.

Desperately, recklessly they fought; but to what avail? In the first of the attack, Sir Duncan selected Searle as an opponent, designing to disarm him, and thus save his life.

Ere, however, he could reach him, a gigantic member of his band had aimed his battle-axe at Sir Duncan. Quick as lightning, Sir Richard sprang forward, and hurling his too zealous clansman to the ground, with wonderful dexterity struck the sword from Searle's hand, and made him prisoner. Quarter was offered and the remaining troopers, ten in number, surrendered.

When the turmoil of battle was over, Sir Richard, seated on the fragment of a rock, ordered the prisoners to be brought before him. Turning to Searle, and preventing him as he was about to speak, the outlaw leader thus addressed him:

"Peace, Sir Knight, have no fear for thy head. You know me as the one from whom you have taken lands and titles, and such I might avenge, but I corn it. I pledged you your safety, and you are safe. Yet I would say that it would be a favor if whenever some poor devil of a Rapparee is brought before you, that you remember the Pass of Ferns, and be merciful as you have received mercy. You are free. And as for your half-score of vagabonds, I'll let them keep you company. I have done."

Crestfallen and bewildered the English knight and the surviving troopers took their departure, and the Rapparees, after seeing them well out of sight, retreated to their fastnesses.

A year had elapsed from the time of that fierce combat in the pass, and on a summer's eve, an aged man

the Galtees. Reaching the scene of the conflict, he started at the sight of the whitening bones, and paused and gazed around. Naught could be heard but the roar of a torrent as it sprang over a precipice, far beneath him.

"And this," he murmured at length, "is the fatal spot so much talked of; a death trap indeed."

He proceeded onward, ascending still higher, until at length, suddenly turning the corner of a rock, he came face to face with a sentinel armed cap-a-pie.

"Hold there, old man," cried that worthy, presenting his pike in a warlike attitude, "whence come you?"

(Continued on page seven.)

Woman is often referred to by man as "doubling his joys and halving his sorrows." That may be complimentary, but it would seem to be rather hard on the woman. For in plain terms it means that where things are going well with the man his wife makes them go better. But when things are going ill with him, he expects the wife to share half his burden. And there's more truth than poetry in this presentation of masculine selfishness. Men do not appreciate the fact that the strain of motherhood alone is a burden bigger than all the loads that rest upon male shoulders. They see the wife grow thin, pale, nervous and worn without a thought that she is overburdened. Among the pleasant fetters received by Dr. Pierce are those from husbands who have waked up before it was too late to the crushing burdens laid upon the wife, and in the search for help have found in Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription a restorative which has given back to the mother the health of the maiden and the maiden's happiness. "Favorite Prescription" always helps, and almost always cures. It has perfectly cured ninety-eight out of every hundred women who have used it when afflicted with diseases peculiar to women.

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# THROUGH TARA'S HALL.

The recent excavations carried on at Tara, fruitless though they were, for reasons which shall be touched on later, have awakened popular interest in the traditions which attach to that storied spot. Most of us have no further knowledge of what Tara was than can be gleaned from Moore's exquisite lament over its departed glories. For the benefit of the readers of the "Visitor" we have tried to gather into a connected story the many references concerning the "navel" of Ireland, contained in Douglas Hyde's recently published History of Irish Literature.

It was Cormac Mac Art, the most striking figure among the pagan kings of Ireland, who built the palace on Tara Hill. This hill was, till St. Ruadhan of Lothera solemnly cursed it, the scene of the great Feis, or assembly of the men of all Ireland. Every three years during the reigns of one hundred and thirty-six pagan and six Christian kings the chiefs, princes and bards of Erin met together on this most august spot in the whole land to promulgate laws universally binding upon the country, to test, purge and sanction the annals of the kingdom in the presence of all men, so that nothing untrue might creep in, and finally to register the same in the great national record, styled in later days the Saltair of Tara. The Feis began on the third day before Samhain—November day—and ended on the third after it. To accommodate the dignitaries who came to the great assembly Cormac Mac Art reared his mighty hall. The accounts we have of this building and of all the other buildings at Tara were written nine hundred years ago when the spot had been abandoned for four centuries. The great hall was used at once for a house of assembly, a banqueting room and a sleeping place. The descriptions given of it by the ancient authorities have been verified in every particular by the officers of the Ordnance Survey. The length of Cormac's Hall was seven hundred and sixty feet and its breadth was nearly ninety. There was a double row of benches on each side running the entire length of the interior, which would give four rows of men, if we remember that the guests were all seated on the same side of the tables, and which, if we allow three feet to each siter, would accommodate just a thousand men. In the middle of the hall, running down all the way between the benches, was a row of fires, and just above, each fire a spit, on which joints of beef were roasted, was suspended from the roof. The High King sat at the southern end of the room. Each of the assembled worthies was attended by his own proper shield-bearer. Along the side walls there was placed a beam in which were fixed numerous hooks destined to support the shields, so that at the banquet all the lords and captains safe, each beneath his own shield.

The banqueting hall and all the other great buildings at Tara were of wood. Nor is the absence of stone building in itself a proof of low civilization, since, in a country like Ireland, abounding in timber, wood could be made to answer every purpose, as in point of fact it does at this day over the great part of the United States and in all northern countries, where forests are numerous. Down to the Danish invasion nearly all Irish buildings were constructed of wood, or of wood and clay combined, or of clay and un-mortared stones, and the strongholds were of wooden palisades planted upon clay earthworks. This is the reason why so few remains of prehistoric Irish buildings have survived, but it is no reason for believing that, as in Cormac's banquet hall, rude palatial effects were not really produced. It seems to have been constructed of the timbers of lofty trees planted side by side, probably carved in fantastic designs on the outside, while the inside walls were covered with a plaster spread over a network of slender rods. The plaster, when even and dry, was painted in bright colors, chiefly red, yellow and blue. The roof was formed of smooth joists and cross-beams, and was probably thatched with rods and rushes much in the same manner as the cottages of the peasantry are to-day. The floors were of earth, beaten and hardened and then covered with a coat of some kind of hard and shiny mortar. There were as many as seven raths, or "forts," around the royal hill of Tara, each containing many houses. The rath was in most cases protected by a wall of stakes planted around its summit. The finest house of all, painted in the gayest colors and planted in the sunniest spot, was reserved for the ladies. It is interesting to note that the ladies were never admitted to the banquet halls. They had a refectory of their own, in which they were separately

served, so that, perhaps, there is more fancy than truth in Moore's lines:

"No more to chiefs and ladies bright  
The harp of Tara swells."

The last "Feis" of Tara was held in 554, according to the "Four Masters." But why it was the last they do not say. Tradition has it that the quarrel between King Diarmuid and St. Ruadhan is responsible for the cessation of the national assemblies. The Bishop and his clerics circled the hill of Tara, ringing their bells against it. Diarmuid returned course for course, and stood his ground, but under his successor, as is probable, the palace was deserted forever. The abolition of the Feis was a blow from which the monarchy of Ireland never recovered—a blow which, by putting an end to the periodical conventions of the Irish race, weakened the prestige of the High King, increased the power of the provincial chiefs, segregated the clans from one another, and prevented a new source of faction and dissension throughout the land.

One of the most beautiful traditions connected with Tara is that which describes St. Patrick preaching in the palace on Easter Sunday of 433 before the King and his nobles and disconcerting the Magi or fire-worshippers. There is a beautiful hymn to be seen in Duffy's Irish Catholic Magazine for 1847, which is said to have been composed by the Apostle when he was on his way to preach at Tara. For centuries the Irish held this hymn in the highest esteem believing that all who recited it piously would be preserved from all dangers that would both threaten body and soul. It appears that down to a comparatively recent date verses of this hymn were repeated by the people as a part of their regular night prayers. We feel that a few stanzas of it from a translation, which is said to be "rigidly wonderfully literal" will be appreciated by our readers:

At Tara to-day, in this awful hour,  
I call on the Holy Trinity!  
Glory to Him who reigneth in power,  
The God of the elements, Father and Son,  
And Paraclete Spirit, which Three are the one,  
The ever-existing Divinity!

At Tara to-day  
May God be my stay!  
May the strength of God now nerve me!

May the power of God preserve me!  
May God the Almighty be near me!  
May God the Almighty espy me!  
May God the Almighty hear me!  
May God give me eloquent speech!  
May the arm of God protect me!  
May the wisdom of God direct me!  
May God give me power to teach and to preach!

May the shield of God defend me!  
May the host of God attend me,  
And ward me,  
And guard me,  
Against the wiles of demons and devils,  
Against the temptations of vices and evils,  
Against the bad passions and wrathful will,  
Of the reckless mind and the wicked heart,  
Against every man who designs me ill,  
Whether lagged with others or plotting apart!

Christ as a light,  
Illumine and guide me!  
Christ, as a shield, overshadow and cover me,  
Christ be under me! Christ be over me!  
Christ be beside me  
On left-hand and right!  
Christ be before me, behind me, about me!  
Christ this day be within me and without me!

Christ, the lowly and meek,  
Christ, the All-Powerful, be  
In the heart of each to whom I speak,  
In the mouth of each who speaks to me!  
In all who draw near me,  
Or see me or hear me!

—Providence Visitor.

## A TALE OF THE OLD DAYS IN IRELAND.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE SIX.

"I seek your chief," replied the traveller, "and on a peaceful errand. But thou needst not fling thy pike so threateningly, Conall Cearna; I could handle a pike well once."  
"What! you know me?" cried the sentinel, astonished.  
"Yes, didst ever hear of Shaun na Pib, the Fighting Piper of the Glen?"  
"You Shaun na Pib? out upon thee, man; thou hast a Saxon face and tongue."  
"True," sighed the old man; "I have lived as servant for a kind lady for many a year, but my heart is with the Gael yet. But I wish to see the chief; lead me to him."  
At the same moment a step was heard and Sir Richard Laughlin, old-

or and more worn than we have seen him, appeared.

"What would you with me?"  
The old man's only reply was to place in the Knight's hand, a letter, fastened with a silken cord.

Hastily caufing for a torch, he tore the letter open, and by the flickering light read the contents. He sighed and scanned the face of the messenger.

"I will come," he said, "and you will accompany me."

He saddled his horse, arranged his dress, and having seen the old man mounted, they started for their destination.

It was morning when they stopped at the door of Sir Richard's former home, and when they had dismounted, the door was opened immediately, and the Knight of Garrabul trod the ancient hall, unobscured and unannounced. A door stood open to his right, and he stepped within.

Lady Searle, the love of his youth, stood beside a table in the centre of the room, expectantly. Sir Richard bowed.

"I have come," he cried simply. She appeared agitated, then burst into tears.

"My husband," she cried, "has been dead some six months, and he urged me expressly to return thanks to you for the magnanimity you displayed toward him when in your power."

"He should have thanked you."

"True, Sir Richard. And oh! my heart is troubled daily and nightly at the consequence of my behavior to you that night of nights. It may seem unmaidenly in me to say, but I did not then appreciate the worth of the heart's love I threw away. If I can make amends for the past, I will do it. Sir Richard, leave this dangerous life; I have influence, you will be pardoned, and this your lost estate will be restored to you."  
"Never!" cried the Knight.  
"Say not so," she continued, earnestly, and rising, came forward and placed her fair white jewelled hand

on his shoulder; "for I will admit, though I should not do it, that since Sir Duncan's death I have more than an admiration for you; you have my heart, take my hand and with it the lost land of your forefathers. I conjure you, by the memory of that love you bore me in your youth, to let me make up for past offenses. Make us both happy."  
She looked appealingly up to him, her eyes dim with tears.

Sadly he gazed upon her; but his iron will was not moved a jot. One awful spasm of heart pain passed over his countenance, and he was himself again.

"Girl of my heart!" he cried, and the bitter anguish in his tones affrighted her. "This night, this scene, is the one bright spot in my blighted career. But it cannot be. My lot is cast. Never will I make peace with the Sassanachs. My life, my love, my all, I devoted to my country, and it is not meet that I should desert her now. I will hence from this land so full of bitter scenes, and under the sunny sky of France will await the dawning of another day for Ireland. God bless you! and farewell. I love you as no man ever loved; but my suffering, bleeding country, I love still more. To the blessed memory of those noble souls who have died for Ireland, I offer up this sacrifice of my life's hopes. I go to see you again, never, never, never!"

And the sound of his horse's hoofs as they struck the earth alone told her that she had seen the last of the Knight of Garrabul.

At Fontenoy, when England's veterans reeled before the charge of Clare's dragoons, and plucked the victorious laurels from the brow of the Wolf of Cumberland, the first to fall in that wild charge that swept the foe before it like a storm, and with the shouts of victory ringing in his ears, was Sir Richard Laughlin, Knight of Garrabul.—In the Celtic Mirror.

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**Society Directory.**

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

**A.O.H.—DIVISION NO. 2.**—Meets in lower vestry of St. Gabriel New Church corner Centre and Laprairie streets, on the 2nd and 4th Friday of each month, at 8 p.m. President, Michael Lynch; Recording Secretary, Thomas Donohue, 312 Hibernian street.—to whom all communications should be addressed; Peter Doyle, Financial Secretary; H. J. Colfor, Treasurer. Delegates to St. Patrick's League:—J. J. Cavanagh, D. S. McCarthy and J. Cavanagh.

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

**A.O.H.—DIVISION NO. 9.**—President, H. J. Hummel, 28 Visitation street; Rec.-Secretary, W. J. Clarke, 25 Lombard ave., St. Ceneograde, (to whom all communications should be addressed); Fin.-Secretary, M. J. Doyle, 19a Balmoral street; Treasurer, A. J. Hanley, 794 Palace street; Chairman of Standing Committee, R. Diamond; Marshal, J. J. Tivnan. Division meets on the second and fourth Fridays of every month, in the York Chambers, 211a St. Catherine street, at 8 p.m.

**C.M.B.A. OF CANADA, BRANCH 26.**—(Organized, 13th November, 1883.)—Branch 26 meets at St. Patrick's Hall, 92 St. Alexander Street, on every Monday of each month. The regular meetings for the transaction of business are held on the 2nd and 4th Mondays of each month, at 8 p.m. Applicants for membership or any one desirous of information regarding the Branch may communicate with the following officers:—Jas. J. Costigan, President; P. J. McDonagh, Recording Secretary; Robt. Warren, Financial Secretary; Jas. H. Maiden, Treasurer.

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

**ST. ANN'S YOUNG MEN'S SOCIETY** organized 1885.—Meets in its hall, 157 Ottawa street, on the first Sunday of each month, at 2.30 p. m. Spiritual Adviser, Rev. E. Strubbe C.S.S.R.; President, D. J. O'Neill; Secretary, J. Murray; Delegates to St. Patrick's League: J. Whitty, D. J. O'Neill and M. Casey.

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

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

**ST. ANN'S T. A. & B. SOCIETY,** established 1863.—Rev. Director, Rev. Father Flynn, President, John Killfeather, Secretary, James Brady, No. 97 Rosel Street. Meets on the second Sunday of every month, in St. Ann's Hall, corner Young and Ottawa streets, at 3.30 p.m. Delegates to St. Patrick's League: Messrs. J. Killfeather, T. Rogers and Andrew Cullen.

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Ar Chicago	2:30 p.m.	8:45 p.m.	8:45 p.m.

On Sundays leaves Montreal 8 p.m.

Our next issue will contain special reports of St. Patrick's Day celebration in Montreal and other leading centres in Canada, as well as of the demonstrations in other parts of the world.



**OUR FARMERS' COLUMN.**

**THE WINDOW GARDEN.**

Although the back-bone of the winter is broken, still it may interest our readers to know what "R.N.Y."—a correspondent well-known of the "Horticulturist"—thinks about window gardening. He says:—

"Just now, in the depths of the winter's gloom, a thrifty window garden is a comfort and joy, though the actual realization in bloom is not likely to be as profuse as later in February, when the greater power of the sun stimulates a rapid growth. But few additions have been made to the list of practicable window plants during late years, except in the more extended use of palms, ferns, rubber trees and decorative plants of this character. Geraniums and Begonias are universally the favorites, and are grown wherever the night temperature of the living rooms can be kept above freezing. The later geraniums are really magnificent improvements, bearing immense blooms of clear and pleasing colors, and are well adapted for window decoration. At this season the endeavor should be to give them all the sunlight possible; every hour counts in increasing vigor of leaf and flower. Keep them well watered.

"The dry, hot air of living rooms absorbs the surplus moisture from a pot of growing plants very quickly, and there is less danger of over-watering than is generally appreciated, in case free drainage to the soil has been provided. The foliage, too, should be thoroughly sprayed or sprinkled often enough to keep the plant tolerably free from dust. Dirt and dust on the leaves clog up the breathing pores, and interfere with healthy growth. The window plant often needs a washing just as badly as a boy with a dirty face, and will show a deal more gratitude for it. Managers of amateur green-houses, on the other hand, are likely to affect the opposite extreme and shower their plants into debility. The air of a small conservatory or glass-house is easily rendered too damp for the best conditions of plant life during dull weather. Careful and loving observation of the growing plants will soon acquaint one with their peculiarities and desires."

**CANADIAN POULTRY EXPORT.**

We find the "Monetary Times" giving an estimate of our exportation of poultry in the following manner:— "It is not long since an English dealer in poultry wrote the Ontario Government describing the promising market that awaited Canadian poultry in England at Christmas. He was good enough at the same time to express himself as pleased at the progress made by our shippers in the quality of the dead poultry exported, and the improved methods of preparing the birds and sending them over. He did not, however, say anything about how the English consigner treated the goods on arrival—whether his methods were as prompt and as up-to-date as the Canadian. It is quite true that a much-needed improvement has taken place among the Canadian packers and shippers of such goods. We are told by persons who have lately compared Canadian and other dead birds offered in English cities, that our poultry, thanks to cold storage facilities in Canada and on the ocean, reach the United Kingdom in good condition, comparing well with those from other countries, and that Canadian turkeys are quite favorites.

"There are exceptions to this general rule, however. All the shipments do not go on board ship in good condition; instances have been known where birds killed in warm weather and not placed in cold storage have turned rotten before they reached the shores of England, in one case before reaching tide water. Such dangerous experiments as these expose the trade to serious risk and dictate the necessity of government or other inspection before the goods leave Canada.

"That the British consigner is not always what he should be in the way of giving prompt attention to consignments of poultry is an instance will show. In December last, the shipper of a lot of Canadian poultry, destined for various English cities, chanced to be in Liverpool on the day of the arrival of the steamer carrying his poultry. It was Sunday, and by noon of Monday part of his goods were unloaded on the wharf; by noon of Tuesday the whole. Yet no one had appeared on behalf of the consigner to look after the goods, especially that portion destined for other cities, and the owner had to go and arouse the consigner. It was Tuesday night before the railway got these perishable goods, and Wednesday before destination was reached. Happily the bulk of the poultry in question found favorable market, being in excellent shape. But on the Thursday and Friday the market fell several pence, and the result was a loss on the portion delivered latest, whereas all might have been sold at good profit if delivered, as they might have been, on Tuesday. Now, a Canadian shipper, who takes pains in the preparation of dead poultry, keeps them cool from the time they leave, say Toronto, till they reach Liverpool, and then by the carelessness or slowness of a consigner they are prevented from realizing what they should do in the British market, is precious apt to feel sore at the British merchant."

**CHEMICAL FERTILIZERS.**

"The Monetary Times."

"A good deal of trouble has been occasioned owing to the methods of analysis of fertilizers as used by the Government laboratory in Canada being somewhat different from the methods employed for the same purpose in England and other European countries. In Canada and the United States the Government undertakes the control of these methods, while in the countries on the other side of the Atlantic it is left entirely to the chemists, who frequently disagree, and as a result we find varying methods of analysis in vogue there. In Canada and United States, for in-

stance, the Thomas phosphates or Thomas "slags," as they are sometimes called, are tested for solubility in ammonium citrate, while many of the old country chemists use citric acid, with the result that the Canadian department analysis of samples of this material has shown them to be much below the requirements of the Canadian Fertilizers Act. In view of this the interests of one English firm are sought to be served by an amendment now being offered to the Act to the effect that the Thomas phosphate shall be examined only for its total units in actual phosphoric acid. As however there are higher grades of this material manufactured which are quite equal to, and even far above the requirements of the Canadian Act the change in the law is represented as undesirable in the interests of our farmers."

**A LESSON IN MILLINERY.**

They settled it all outside of court, but it was pretty serious while it lasted, says the "Detroit-Free Press."

He looked his wife over after she had prepared for the matinee and was not satisfied. "See here, dear," he began in a tone that was meant to be conciliatory, "why don't you wear the big hats that used to be so becoming?"

"Getting too old. Picture hats go with youth, unwrinkled features and the bright colorings of a fresh complexion."

"Getting too old, nothing! You're 48 and look 38. What do you want with that dinky little thing stuck on your head? It makes me think of one of those imitation plug hats about the size of a pint cup that some of the minstrels pin to their wigs. What do you want to look silly and hideous for?"

"Thank you," icily. "I probably know as well as you do how a woman of my age should dress."

"Age be blowed! It beats me. You take a woman that you think has sense and when she starts down the other side of the hill of life she begins to get ready for the finish. She gets prim. She dresses her hair more plainly. She wears simpler gowns, she puts on some atrocious style of headgear like that of yours, shies at colors and loses her git-up-and-git. Give that infernal hat to the wash-woman."

"She was mad enough to consult a lawyer, but a happy thought gave her an opening."

"Very well, sir. The milliners are here this week and the best there is will be on show. I'll buy a big hat, not in rainbow shades, mind you, but in rich, subdued tints and ornaments. Nobody will have anything nicer, and it will be cheap at \$50."

He gasped, but he is game. "That goes, dear."

**YOU CAN'T TELL.**

You don't know when that cough will stop. The cough of consumption has just such a beginning. Take Scott's Emulsion now while the cough is easily managed.

Extra copies of our next issue containing special reports of St. Patrick's Day celebration in all parts of the world, ready for mailing supplied by newdealers, or at the office of publication, 178 St. James street.

**IN MEMORY OF ST. PATRICK.**

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

All sterling silver heavily plated with gold.

- Stick Pins 50 & 60c
- Safety Pins - 50c
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- Cuff Links \$1.25 and \$1.35
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**LADIES' PERFECT BOOTS** \$2.25

**MEN'S CORRECT BOOTS.** \$2.95

Box Calf or fine French Kid, Button or Lace, two styles, all the new toes and heels. Dainty shapes of the mannish kind. Goodyear Welt or hand-torn. All sizes. Other special values in

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**NEW STYLES IN CLOTHING FOR MEN AND BOYS.**

For St. Patrick's Day, buying was never so distinct and the public was never so full of jubilation as they are this year.

**Men's Suits**

Men's strictly all wool Suits, of good quality in tweeds and chevots, in blue, black and Oxford colors, strongly made, well worth \$8.00. For St. Patrick's Day \$6.25

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In fine fine Bannockburn and Scotch Chevots, artistically cut and properly trimmed, warranted all wool well worth \$12.00. Reduced for to-day \$8.00

**Men's Suits**

In fine worsteds, in brown, blue and black colors, handsomely trimmed. Regular price \$15. For St. Patrick's Day all we ask is \$10.50

**Boys' Superior Suits**

Boys' All Wool Suits, reduced from to \$2.25

Boys' Double-Breasted Suits, reduced from to \$3.00

Boys' Long-Pant Suits, All Wool, reduced from \$7.00 to \$5.50

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New Carpets keep arriving in endless profusion at The Big Store. This season's assortment is the largest and most complete we have ever shown. Every line from the cheapest Hemp to the finest quality of Wilton and Axminster being replete with all the latest and most stylish goods the world produces.



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**NEW BRUSSELS CARPET** in a magnificent range of the latest and most stylish effects. In the selection are some very handsome patterns and self colors of green, blue and crimson, with beautiful borders to match. Special \$9c.

Special make Best Brussels with elegant borders to match. Special price 97c.

Best 5 frame Brussels is an endless range of new styles and borders, handsome colorings. Special \$1.25.

**NEW KIDDERMINSTER CARPETS,** finest quality of best goods. Special 29c, 40c, 60c, 80c, \$1.05.

An admirable collection of the latest designs and rich color tones. **NEW TAPESTRY CARPETS** in a large variety of handsome patterns and colorings. Special 29c, 35c, 40c, 48c.

Extra Quality Tapestry Carpets with rich borders to match. Special 63c, 75c.

New Tapestry Stair Carpets in all the leading designs. Width 3/4, special 35c, 40c, 55c. Width 1/2, special 48c, 65c, 75c. Width 4-1, special 80c, 90c, \$1.10.

**NEW WILTON CARPETS** in the finest quality \$1.55.

**SPECIAL FURNITURE VALUE.**

The Big Store's stock of New Spring Furniture is more complete than ever before. It includes all the latest Novelties and the prices right. The New Designs in Dining Room, Bed Room, and Drawing Room Suites are built on graceful lines. The higher art in Furniture is at your service, more luxurious, more elegant for home adornment.

**New Furniture. New Iron Beds.**

The Furniture Store is in a particular state of readiness for your Spring wants at specially low prices.

15 Bedroom Sets in hardwood, antique finish, bureau fitted with 14 x 24 inch bevel plate mirrors, full size bed, combination wash stand, regular value \$16.00. Special \$13.15.

75 Pairs Feather Pillows, made of good strong ticking, well filled, size 20 x 27 inches. Special 95c pair.

75 Dining Chairs in hardwood, high back, fancy turnings. Special 54c.

40 solid Oak Parlor Tables, fancy with heavy hardwood frame, closely turned legs with undershelf, nicely finished. Regular \$1.00. Special 85c.

A car load of New Iron Beds and Mattresses will be offered to-morrow at specially low prices.

25 Iron Beds in white enamel, fitted with brass knobs, in sizes 3 feet, 4 feet, and 4 feet 6 inches wide, strong, and well made. Regular \$5. Special \$3.85.

25 Wool Mattresses in good strong ticking, bound all round, and well filled, size 3 feet, and 3 feet 6 inches. \$2.00.

Sizes 4 feet, and 4 feet 6 inches \$2.50.

25 Woven Wire Spring Mattresses with heavy hardwood frame, closely woven, with 2 copper wire edge supports, all sizes. Special \$1.50.

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**...PIANOS...**

**THE CATHOLIC PRESS.**

At a recent meeting of the Catholic League, London, England, Father Higley said they had a good deal to thank the Catholic press for, and he felt that Catholics did not support the Catholic press as they ought. He had done all he could to get his parishioners to take Catholic papers, but was sorry to say that out of 2,000 parishioners he did not believe more than forty bought a Catholic paper on Sunday. Considering the stuff they got in some Sunday papers, he thought they should purchase a Catholic paper as an antidote. They should all support the Catholic press because the Catholic press supported them. If they took a Catholic paper every week it would be of great advantage to the Catholic cause, and it would be of great benefit to many Catholics who ought to know more about their religion than they did.

Efforts it must not be forgotten, are as indispensable as desires.



# THOMAS DAVIS ON THE IRISH PEASANTRY.

While the patriot, poet and journalist, the gifted Thomas Davis, is principally known to the readers of our day through his dashing Irish poems and ballads, still he was one of the most eminent prose writers of the mid-century. No volume in Irish literature is more instructive and more delightfully varied than the collection of his "Essays." In a preface to an edition of these wonderful productions, Duffy wrote: "It is not death alone, but time and death that canonize the patriot. We are yet too near to see his proportions truly." That was true for the men who, in the early 'forties' joined Davis in the magnificent enterprise of educating and freeing Ireland; but we are at a sufficient distance from that period to judge of its actors with the calmness of impartiality. In so doing we feel the same enthusiasm over the works of Davis that we would have felt had we lived and read them as they came fresh from his master hand.

Both as a sample of the splendid prose written by Davis, and as information for our readers concerning the state of the Irish peasantry prior to the uprising of 1848, we will reproduce his brief, but graphic essay upon the subject. Davis wrote as follows:—

"In a climate soft as a mother's smile, on a soil fruitful as God's love, the Irish peasant mourns.

"He is not unconsolated. Faith in the joys of another world, heightened by his woe in this, gives him hours when he serenely looks down on the torments that encircle him—the moon on a troubled sky. Domestic love, almost morbid from external suffering, prevents him from becoming a fanatic or a misanthrope, and reconciles him to life. Sometimes he forgets all, and springs into a desperate glee or a scathing anger; and latterly another feeling—the hope of better days—and another exertion—the effort for redress—have shared his soul with religion, love, mirth, and vengeance.

"His consolations are those of a spirit—his misery includes all physical sufferings, and many that strike the soul, not the senses.

"Consider his griefs! They begin in the cradle—they end in the grave.

"Suckled by a breast that is supplied from unwholesome or insufficient food, and that is fevered with anxiety—reeking with the smoke of an almost chimneyless cabin—assailed by wind and rain when the weather rages—breathing, when it is calm, the exhalations of a rotten roof, of clay walls, and of manure, which gives his only chance of food—he is apt to perish in his infancy.

"Or he survives all this (happy if he have escaped from gnawing scrofula or familiar fever), and in the same cabin, with rags instead of his mother's breast, and lumps instead of his mother's milk, he spends his childhood.

"Advancing youth brings him labour, and manhood increases it; but youth and manhood leave his roof rotten, his chimney one hole, his window another, his clothes rags (at best muffled by a holiday cotamore)—his furniture a spot, a table, a few hay chairs and rickety stools—his food lumps and water—his bedding straw and a coverlet—his enemies the landlord, the tax-gatherer, and the law—his consolation the priest and his wife—his hope on earth, agitation—his hope hereafter, the Lord God!

"For such an existence his toil is hard—and so much the better—it calms and occupies his mind; but bitter is his feeling that the toll, which gains for him this nauseous and scanty livelihood, heaps dainties and gay wines on the table of his dis-

tant landlord, clothes his children or his harem in satin, lodges them in marble halls, and brings all the arts of luxury to solicit their senses—bitter to him to feel that his green land, which he loves and his landlord scorns, is ravished by him of her fruits to pamper that landlord; twice bitter for him to see his wife with weariness in her breast of love, to see half his little brood torn by the claws of want to undeserved graves, and to know that to those who survive him he can only leave the inheritance to which he was heir; and thrice bitter to him that even his hovel has not the security of the wild beast's den—that Squalidness and Hunger, and Disease are insufficient guardians of his home—and that the puff of the landlord's or the agent's breath may blow him off the land where he has lived, and send him and his to a dyke, or to prolong wretchedness in some desperate kennel in the next town, till the strong wings of Death—unopposed lord of such suburb—bear them away.

"Aristocracy of Ireland, will ye do nothing?—will ye do nothing for fear? The body who best know Ireland—the body that keep Ireland within the law—the Repeal Committee—declare that unless some great change take place an agrarian war may ensue. Do ye know what that is, and how it would come? The rapid multiplication of outrages, increased violence by magistrates, collisions between the people and the police, coercive laws and military force, the violation of houses, the suspension of industry—the conflux of discontent, pillage, massacre, war—the gentry shattered, the peasantry conquered and decimated, or victorious and ruined (for who could rule them?)—there is an agrarian insurrection! May Heaven guard us from it!—may the fear be vain!

"We set aside the fear! Forget it! Think of the long, long patience of the people—their toils supporting you—their virtues shaming you—their huts, their hunger, their disease.

"To whomsoever God hath given a heart less cold than stone, these truths must cry day and night. Oh! how they cross us like Banshees when we would range free on the mountain—how, as we walk in the evening light amid flowers, they startle us from rest of mind! Ye nobles! whose houses are as gorgeous as the mete's (who dwelleth in the sunbeam)—ye strong and haughty squires—ye dames exuberant with tingling blood—ye maidens, whom not splendour has yet spoiled, will ye not think of the poor?—will ye not shudder in your couches to think how rain, smoke, and wind dwell with the blanketless peasant?—will ye not turn from the sumptuous board to look at those hard-won meals of black and slimy rots on which man, woman, and child feed year after year?—will ye never try to banish wringing hunger and ghastly disease from the home of such piety and love?—will ye not give back its dance to the village—its serene hopes to manhood?

"Will ye do nothing for pity—nothing for love? Will ye leave a foreign Parliament to mitigate—will ye leave a native Parliament, gained in your despite, to redress these miseries—will ye for ever abdicate the duty and the joy of making the poor comfortable and the peasant attached and happy? Do—if so you prefer; but know that if you do, you are a doomed race. Once more, Aristocracy of Ireland, we warn and entreat you to consider the State of the Peasantry, and to save them with your own hands."

"From the day I first entered the arena of politics until the present hour, I have never neglected an opportunity of impressing upon the minds of my fellow-countrymen the fact that I was an apostle of that political sect who held that liberty was only to be attained under such agencies as were strictly consistent with the law and the constitution—that freedom was to be attained not by the effusion of human blood, but by the constitutional combination of good and wise men—by perseverance in the course of tranquility and good order, and by an utter abhorrence of violence and bloodshed. It is my proudest boast that throughout a long and eventful life I have faithfully devoted myself to the promulgation of that principle, and, without vanity, I can assert that I am the first public man who ever proclaimed it. Other politicians have said, 'Win your liberties by peaceable means if you can;' but there always was a *derniere pensee* in this admonition, and they always had in contemplation an appeal to physical force, in case other means should prove abortive; but I am not one of these. I have preached under every contingency, and I have again and again declared my intention to abandon the cause of Repeal if a single drop of human blood were shed by those who advocated the measure. I made the same principle the basis for the movement in favor of Catholic emancipation; and it was by a rigid adherence to that principle that I conducted the movement to a glorious and triumphant issue.

"It is my boast that Catholic emancipation and every achievement of my political life was obtained without violence and bloodshed; and it is fair, I ask you, that you should be called upon at this hour of the day to interrupt a man who has laid that down as the basis of his political conduct, and who at no period of his existence was ever known to deviate from that maxim? Is it right that men of honesty and intelligence should be called upon to brand now as a participator in conspiracy the man who has been preaching peace, law and order during his whole life, and has invariably deprecated and denounced the idea that the objects of his political life were to be attained by an appeal to violent means? I belong to a Christian persuasion, with whose members it is a principle of doctrinal belief that no advantage to church or state—no, not even Heaven can be sought to be attained at the expense of any crime whatsoever—that no sin is to be justified or palliated by any amount of advantage, however enormous, that may possibly be obtained by its commission."

After speaking of the "odious evils of absenteeism," and dwelling upon the enormous sums yearly drawn out of the country never to return, the orator thus continuing, told how the Union brought poverty, pestilence, misery and filth. "Where then is the advantage of the Union, which thus increased poverty, bringing pestilence and involving our poor in misery and filth? Why should we

not adopt any plan by which we would escape from these horrors? To be sure, the poor law commissioners go more into detail. Allow me to read some of their evidence: 'One family had but one meal for the space of three days; another subsisted on a quart of meal a day; another lived on a little boiled cabbage without anything to mix with them.' I will not harass your feelings by reading any more. Are 2,300,000 of your fellow-countrymen to live in a state of positive destitution and nothing be done for them?

"Another hideous feature of Capt. Larkham's report is that the population is diminishing by 70,000; from the period of 1821 to 1831 and from that to 1841 the population has diminished by the number of years—who would have all been reared up if they had anything to support them. And are we to be hunted down who are the friends of the poor; are we who wish to have industry rewarded; are we, I ask it in every principle of sense and justice, are we to be persecuted and persecuted for seeking the means for relieving this distress? We have the means of relief in our power; we live in the most fertile country in the world; no country is in possession of such harbors; the earliest historical mention of us which is made by Tacitus admits that our harbors are the best, and that consequently were not crowded. The country is intersected with whole estuaries—ships of 500 tons burden ride into the heart of the country safe from every wind that blows.

"No country possesses such advantages for commerce. The machinery of the world might be turned by the water power of Ireland. Take the map and dissect it and you will find that a good harbor is not more remote from any spot in Ireland than thirty miles. Why is not the country prosperous? Did I not read for you the unheard of magical prosperity that followed her legislative independence? Did I not read extracts from the writings and speeches of men most adverse to Ireland—of men most anxious to conceal her greatness—as evidence of her increasing prosperity under her parliament? What happened once will surely happen again. Oh, gentlemen, I struggle to rescue the poor from poverty and to give wages and employment to those now idle—to keep our gentry at home by an absentee tax, after the example of the Government last year, if by no other means, and to compel them to duty to their country. I leave the case to you. I deny that there is anything in it to stain me with conspiracy. I reject with contempt the appellation. I have acted in the open day, in presence of the Government, in presence of the magistrates; nothing was secret, private or concealed; there was nothing but what was exposed to the universal world. I have struggled for the restoration of the parliament to my native country. Others have succeeded in their endeavors and some have failed, but succeed or fail, it is a glorious struggle; it is a struggle to make the first land on earth possess that bounty and benefit which God and nature intended."

## ABOUT AMBITION.

Ambition is sometimes treated as though it were a vice because by an unworthy ambition the angels fell, but, as a matter of fact, ambition is one of the great moving forces of the world, and proper ambition is a great virtue. It is, after all, nothing more than a desire to advance one's self, but it takes many forms, both as to its object and as to the means employed to attain the object. The man whose ambition is wealth and who is unscrupulous respecting the means he uses to gain money, may degenerate into a common thief. But the man whose ambition is success in his calling may acquire wealth in consequence of that success and may be scrupulously honest in all his actions.

The object of one's ambition is, generally speaking, a test of its quality. Some men desire a knowledge irrespective of the fame or money it may bring them. They are under little temptation to employ unfair or dishonest means in the attainment of their purpose. Their ambition is honest and may be honestly pursued. Others make knowledge the means to an end. Their ambition is notoriety or fame or wealth, and such men are seldom scrupulous about the means they employ to accomplish their purpose. The character of these ambitions is exhibited even in the miniature world—the school-room.

Some pupils work for the prizes or for class honors. They care nothing about acquiring a solid foundation of knowledge that will serve them in after years. Their sole object is to shine on commencement day. Others have a high ambition and neglect the prizes of competition. They are studious and attentive because they enjoy their school work and realize the value of training, and they think little of themselves or of their own fortunes. They want to do good work in their chosen line irrespective of the rewards therefor. If those who aim at mere prizes can win by trickery they are content; it is the prize they are after, not the substance which it represents. But the man with a worthy ambi-

tion could not be content to succeed except by merit. A prize would have no value in his eyes if he did not feel that he had earned it. Sometimes the prizes fall to those who have earned them without making them the object of their labors; more often they fall to those who seek them, and this may, perhaps, account for the fact often observed that prize winners, as a rule, seldom do anything more than win prizes.

Ambition is a most useful incentive to labor; it deserves encouragement rather than repression, but it should be a worthy ambition honorably pursued. How are we to tell whether an ambition is worthy or fallible test, is the relation of ambition to selfishness. If one's ambition is altogether selfish—if the desire is to win personal prizes, money or fame or office, it is an unworthy ambition; if the desire is to do good, to promote the public welfare, to add to the enjoyment of the world in art or literature, to advance knowledge or to alleviate suffering, the ambition is most worthy and may bring to those who follow it the prizes that of themselves are unworthy objects. To counsel any one to abandon the incentive to earnest labor, ambition should be encouraged, but it should be the ambition to acquire knowledge for the benefit to be conferred upon humanity; the ambition to excel in art for the sake of the influence of that art upon others; the ambition to do good rather than the ambition to acquire something for one's self as money or fame or official distinction.—"Baltimore Sun."

Our next issue will contain special reports of St. Patrick's Day celebration in Montreal and other leading centres in Canada, as well as of the demonstrations in other parts of the world.

# GERALD GRIFFIN.

On St. Patrick's Day we love to recall the names and achievements of Ireland's gifted and too often neglected sons. So much has been well written about that sweet singer, able novelist and fervent patriot—Gerald Griffin—that anything fresh, touching upon his productions, or upon his checkered yet ever holy life, is most acceptable. In a number, some time back, of the "Intermountain Catholic," we find this short but fine appreciation:—

"There was no man among all the Irish poets so full of sweet, tender poetry as Griffin. His whole life was a poem. He had not transcendent powers like Moore; but more tears will be brought to the eye, and more piety to the heart, and more wise counsel tenderly and gently inculcated by reading one of Griffin's shorter pieces, perhaps, than some of Moore's best.

Griffin had the insight of a philosopher, the inspiration of a poet, and the heart of a woman. Though knowing the Irish character as few men knew it, and though desirous (as the biographer tells us) to write songs which should find a place among the peasantry of Ireland, he failed to do so. Griffin felt that a Burns was wanted in Ireland, and Burns' place he tried to fill, but did not succeed. His poetry, like his own sweet nature, was a shade too refined. His "Shule, Shule, Shule Agra," was one of his best attempts in that direction, and was written to a wild and tender air prevalent in Munster. The very first verse of that song gives us an idea of his powers as a poet. A young couple are going to be wed. They are of the peasant's lot in life. The dawn of their bridal day is breaking in the east. The *babegonny* addresses his betrothed:—

"My Mary of the curling hair,  
The laughing teeth, and bashful air,  
What a picture! She is handsome, joyous, and, best of all, modest.  
That is a picture—touched and perfect in two lines. What a fine moral song he then goes on to weave for the guileless Irish peasant:—

"Our bridal morn is dawning fair  
With blushes in the skies."  
Not an idea of the whole verse but one of beauty and innocence—the curling hair, the laughing teeth, the bashful air, the bridal morn breaking in the east; the beautiful dawn with blushes in the skies. Surely that is poetry and poetry worthy of Griffin. And yet, in the next verse, he seems almost to surpass that. The bridegroom still continues:—

"Waked limet of the osier grove,  
Waked trembling, stainless virgin dove,  
Waked nestling of a parent's love,  
Let Moran see thine eyes!"

"By everything that is gentle, endearing and pure, he calls her. What an idea of modesty, which, thank God, is to be met with in thousands and thousands of homes throughout poor Ireland, that second line gives us! "Waked trembling, stainless, virgin dove."

"The man that believes that the poet's heart never throbs with the fervor of religion or believes that while he weaves his moral lay religion does not stand approvingly by, knows little, and very little, of the poet's inner life.

If I wished to illustrate, have I not an instance at hand? Poor Gerald Griffin, turning from the ways of the world, leaving name, fame and

ambition behind; for a while looking to the priestly state as the one most calculated to bring honor to God and comfort and sympathy to human souls; then, thinking that ambition was in the thought, sacrificing all, except the idea of doing good, and dying in the humble, but holy, garb of a Christian brother.

The song of Gerald Griffin's, which will come oftenest to the lips of most of us, is, perhaps, his

"Old times! old times, the gay old times!  
When I was young and free,  
And heard the merry Easter chimes,  
Beneath the sally tree;  
My Sunday palm beside me played,  
My cross within my hand,  
A heart at rest within my breast,  
And sunshine on the land.  
Old times! Old times!"

How truly he described our fondness for the past, and the pain we feel that we can never more be as we were then, in this verse:—

"If I could cry away mine eyes,  
My tears would flow in vain;  
If I could waste my heart in sighs,  
They'd never come again—  
Old times! Old times!"

In his "Ghla machree, siad down by me,  
We now are joined and ne'er shall sever;  
This hearth's our own, our hearts are one,  
And peace is ours forever."

he returns thanks to the same attempt, that of writing peasant songs. He has, however, succeeded better in one that is not so well known—

"The *mi-nemada* now is past,  
Oh, wirra shruie! oh, wirra shruie!  
Oh, I must leave my home at last,  
Oh, wirra shruie! oh, wirra shruie!"

"The poet girl is newly married; the *mi-nemada* or honeymoon is past, and she is going home with her husband. A presentiment seems to take possession of her mind, she remembers what a happy, quiet life she had beneath her parents' roof. Still there is no thought of refusing to go, but her pleading adds to the beauty of her lonesome leave-taking, and the fear of impending cruelty increases the sadness and the virtue of her resignation, and yet in the midst of all, her faithful heart cannot forget.

She winds up with a blending of love of pleading, and of sacrifice to duty that is almost beyond refusal. "Ah love! ah love! be kind to me,  
For by this breaking heart you see  
How dearly I have purchased thee,  
Oh, wirra shruie! oh, wirra shruie!"

This song is introduced with great pathos in his "Sail Dhno, the Coimre;" the neglected wife sings as she rocks her first-born babe to sleep.

Gerald Griffin seldom attempted anything in an artistic light. There was about the man a candor and simplicity that made anything artistic look like affectation. Hence, in all his lyrics and songs there is nothing like art; all is simplicity, joined with the truest poetry. If any of his songs might be accounted fashionable—that is, departing from the most rigid simplicity—it might be his singularly chaste and classic lyric:—

"A place in thy memory, dearest,  
Is all that I claim,  
To pause and look back when thou hearest  
The sound of my name,  
Another way thou nearer,  
Another may win and wear!  
I care not though he be dearer  
If I am remembered there."

## IRISH RELIGIOUS ITEMS.

THE ARMAGH BAZAAR.—The preparations for the Bazaar in aid of the fund for the completion of the National Cathedral of Armagh, are being carried out with wonderful enthusiasm all over the Archdiocese. Every town and almost every parish will have a separate table or tables, and already the preliminary expenses are being provided for by concerts and other entertainments.

BISHOP HEALY ON IMAGES.—His Lordship the Most Rev. Dr. Healy, the talented Bishop of Clonfert, preached an eloquent sermon on the occasion of dedicating the new Church of St. Bridget, Portumna, Co. Galway. He explained that, as his hearers knew, in statues, pictures and representations, either of human forms or of sacred scenes, there is no virtue or divinity or spiritual efficacy in these things themselves, as the Council of Trent teaches. As the children of the world had their statues and paintings of their politicians, heroes, and patriots, so also the children of the Church have their own heroes, their own saints, who have served God and the Church well, and whose memorials are in benediction.

THE CHURCH OF SEIR-KIERAN.—The Most Rev. Dr. Brownrigg, Bishop of Ossory, has issued an ap-

peal for funds wherewith to continue the building of the new church at Seir-Kieran, King's County. The old chapel, now tottering and dangerous to worshippers, was built more than a century ago, and the foundation of the new church was laid last October, when a sum of £500 was generously subscribed by Catholics from the Diocese of Ossory, Killaloe, Kildare and Leighlin, and Meath. Seir-Kieran is one of the oldest parishes in Ireland, and is hallowed by many holy associations with St. Kieran. Universal interest is, therefore, taken in the project to build a suitable church, and it is hoped that the £1,000 required for the work will be forthcoming from the faithful.

ST. MEL'S CATHEDRAL.—The reopening of St. Mel's Cathedral, Longford, after redecoration, etc., was attended by the Most Rev. Dr. Hoare, Bishop of Ardagh and Clonmacnoise, who celebrated High Mass, and by the Most Rev. Dr. Gaffney, Bishop of Meath, and a great gathering of clergy and laity. A sum of £1,600 has been spent on the cathedral, which is a splendid edifice. Father Conmee, S.J., preached an eloquent sermon on the occasion.

(Continued on page 10.)

## O'CONNELL'S GREAT SPEECH.

At this period, when the Irish party in the Imperial House is once more united, and there are hopes of an early success in securing Legislative independence for Ireland, it may be timely—above all on a St. Patrick's Day—to recall O'Connell's great speech, on this subject, delivered in his own defence, at the Court of Queen's Bench, Dublin, on the 16th January, 1843. Fifty-seven years have elapsed and the fervid words and trenchant arguments of the great "Liberator" are as applicable to-day as they were when he stood in the dock accused of "devising to raise and create discontent and dissatisfaction among the Queen's subjects." O'Connell thus spoke:—

"I do not stand here my own client. I have clients of infinitely more importance. My clients in this case are the Irish people—my client is Ireland—and I stand here the advocate of the rights and liberties and constitutional privileges of the people. My only anxiety is lest their sacred cause—their rights to independent legislation—should be in the slightest degree tarnished or impeded by anything in which, I have been the instrument. I am conscious of the integrity of my purpose; I am conscious of the purity of my motives; I am conscious of the inestimable value of the object I had in view—the repeal of the Union. I own to you I cannot endure that union; it was founded upon the grossest injustice; it was based upon the grossest insult—the intolerance of Irish prosperity.



# THE TRUE WITNESS

OFFICIAL ORGAN

OF THE ANCIENT ORDER OF HIBERNIANS



OF HOHELAGA COUNTY, QUEBEC.

County Officers for 1899 and 1900  
 Wm. Rawley, County President, 76 Mansfield Street.  
 J. S. Fitzpatrick, Vice County President, 159 De Montigny Street.  
 Jas. McIver, County Secretary, 329 St. Antoine Street.  
 Humphrey T. Kearns, County Treasurer, 51 Gain Street.  
 Board meets third Friday of each month, at 1863 Notre Dame Street, P. M.

SATURDAY, MARCH 17, 1900

## MUSIC IN SCHOOLS IN IRELAND

The Executive Committee of the Feis Ceoil, met at 19 Lincoln place, Dublin, a week ago. Mr. John Mulcorm, Belfast, presided. Also present—Miss P. W. Elmer, Rev. George O'Neill, S.J., Messrs. C. J. McCarthy, C.E.; C. H. Oldham, Henry Dixon, Walter Bapty, Brendan J. Rogers, D. J. O'Donoghue, George Sigerson, M.D., F.R.U.L.; Robert Dwyer, J. O. Lindsay, R. J. Best, Miss Edith Oldham, and George Coffey, B.L., hon. sec.; and J. F. Curtis, assistant secretary. The minutes of the previous meeting were read and signed. The Chairman made a statement regarding the progress of the arrangement of details in connection with the coming festival.

Mr. Brennan J. Rogers then read his report on the teaching of music in schools, in Ireland, in the course of which he said—"In accordance with your request, I furnish you with the following memorandum on the subject of music in the primary stage of education in Ireland. Under the system of National Education music is taught in the training colleges where the young masters are prepared for teaching throughout the country. In these colleges they receive one or two years' free training and maintenance at the public expense. They are their power of teaching the subjects they have been engaged in, and certified as to their power of teaching the subjects they have passed in. Music is obligatory on all such students as are capable of learning it, to teach it afterwards in the schools. In the National schools music is taught by these trained masters where it is taught at all, but it will, no doubt, cause much surprise when it is known that but an infinitesimal number out of the total number of National schools in the country teach music as a subject for examination at their yearly inspection. This is somewhat surprising, considering that result fees are to be had for success in this subject as well as in the others, and that it must be a great relief to both teachers and pupils to vary the day's work by singing.

On this subject he adduced the figures which the Commission on Manual and Practical Instruction formulated in their valuable and exhaustive report. Comparing the work done in Ireland with that accomplished in England and Scotland I find that the percentage of the schools where singing is taught was 99.54 in England and Scotland, and only 14.48 in Ireland. "In considering these figures," says this report, "it must be borne in mind that in both England and Scotland the grant for singing, reduced, however by one half, may be earned by a school in which singing is taught, not by note, but by ear." A certificate of competence is not required in England or Scotland on the part of the teacher, though it is in Ireland, where singing by ear is not recognized at all. He then quoted figures to show that the freedom from restrictions which English and Scotch teachers have enjoyed has done great things for music in those countries, while these restrictions enforced in Ireland, along with other defects in our system, are responsible for the miserable 14 per cent. of the total number in which music is taught. The report adds—"The detailed statistics published in the annual report of the English and Scotch Educational Departments make it plain that the present widespread extension of singing in the elementary schools of England and Scotland has come about through a gradual process of transition from singing by ear to singing by note." Thus in England, where in the twelve years from 1883 to 1896, there has been an increase of 14,082 in the number of schools in which singing has been taught by note, there has

been within the same period the almost identical increase of 13,905 in the number of schools in which the Tonic Sol-fa method is followed. In Ireland we have no such percentage of schools in which music is taught, no such increase in any department of musical progress, no transition from ear method or any other method to the only true method—viz., singing by note; and in this state of stagnation in the study and practice of vocal music we find the cause of the almost universal absence of musical education among our people.

Singing by note should be the basis of all musical training, and yet in the schools of the people under the management of the National Board only 14 per cent. of the whole teach singing. This state of music in our schools, including the Intermediate, is in a much worse condition than in the primary schools, and it extends its influence much further than merely to singing. Instrumental music, the taste and ear for which is first and best formed by correct singing in school classes, is in just as bad a condition as vocal music. It cannot be said to flourish to any great extent in Ireland except in the big cities. In Dublin particularly, as well as in Belfast and Cork, this branch of musical accomplishment is fairly general and good among the educated classes. In such towns as Limerick, Waterford, and Derry, instrumental music is in a backward condition, but has improved somewhat, and is still progressing. The attitude of the people, however, is abundantly shown by the contests which have already taken place under your auspices in the Feis Ceoil contests, which gave most admirable results in orchestral, brass and reed, and brass bands. These results give rise to, and must enhance the regret which the great scarcity of such bands occasion. There are, no doubt, a number of bands scattered over the country, but they are so incomplete, so untrained, so discordant, so wretchedly inartistic in their performance that they cannot be said to rank or even to qualify to rank with the fine trade bands of Cork, Dublin, or Belfast. In conclusion, he submitted that some very radical improvement was necessary in the number of schools teaching singing.

On the motion of Dr. Sigerson, seconded by the Rev. George O'Neill, S.J., the report was unanimously adopted.

## IRISH COLONISTS.

Although not directly referring to Canada, still what the Hon. T. J. Gorgan says about Irish colonists in America, can easily find application here. He argues that there were many Irish colonists other than those bearing distinctively Irish names. In the course of his admirable paper on this subject, he said—

"Recent investigations have shown that in addition to the large number of immigrants bearing distinctively Irish names during the eighteenth century, a large number were compelled by law to assume other names. One of the acts passed in the eighteenth century by the British Parliament provided that Irishmen dwelling in certain countries, go appurtenant like Englishmen and wear their beards after the English fashion, swear allegiance and take English surnames; which surnames shall be of one town as Sutton, Chester, Trim, Skryne, Corke, Kinsale; or colors, as White, Brown, Black; or arts and sciences, as Smith, or Carpenter; or office, as Cooke, Butler, etc., and it is provided that he and his heirs shall use this name under pain of forfeiting of his goods yearly, etc.

"No vessel was allowed during the eighteenth century to sail directly from Ireland. Vessels did not begin their voyage until they had reached some English port. Thus we see that nearly all the Irish who came to the colonies from the English ports, and they came in large numbers during the reign of Charles I, and Cromwell, did not bear distinctively Irish names.

"One would think, to hear much of the superficial talk and to read much of the superficial gush that is palmed off as history, that the Irish had no part in the settlement of New England. Yet we find in 1634 the general court of Massachusetts granted lands on the Merrimack River for an Irish settlement, and there were several hundred Irishmen in King Philip's War whose names are still preserved in the colonial records.

"We know that the Puritan fathers were somewhat intolerant of Catholics, yet they did tolerate 'the fighting Irish,' as they were called, giving little thought to their religious belief so long as they remained on the frontier to fight the Indians.

Catholic parents, were sent to the West Indies, Virginia and New England, that they might lose their faith as well as the knowledge of their nationality.

"In 1653 a contract was made by one Capt. Vernon, with Mr. David Selleck and Mr. Lador, to supply them with 250 women of the Irish nation above twelve and under forty-five years of age, and 300 men above twelve and under fifty-five years of age, to be found in the country within twenty miles of Cork, to be transported into New England and sold in New England at a profit to the English commission. Many girls of gentle birth were imprisoned and sold by these man catchers. This shocking evil at last attracted attention when they began to seize the daughters and children of English parents living in Ireland.

"Thomas Addis Emmett, of New York, a member of our society, who has collected many of these facts, writes that 'these young Irish women must have all been eventually transported into Irish Puritans.' If so, Mr. Emmett adds, their property must in time have given quite a Hibernian tint to the blue blood of the descendants of the May-flower."

## WAIL OF THE UNAPPRECIATED.

It is astonishing how many women there are who are made absolutely miserable by their belief that they are not appreciated according to their deserts. Every day I become more and more convinced that the tendency to encourage this line of thought is growing to be one of the most serious obstacles to the growth of human happiness. It is a foe that should be promptly met and recognized and earnestly fought.

The belief that you yourself are not properly appreciated is anything but a matter of ridicule to you. If you are inclined to be philosophical, you keep it to yourself, realizing that little is gained by making any grievance public property. You may perhaps mention it to a trusted friend, who promptly extends sympathy, thus confirming you in your belief. You think you feel a little better, but the fact is more harm than good has been done, for the very act of putting your trouble into words has brought it from the realms of the intangible, whence it had visited you only occasionally, to the realm of the tangible, where it has become ever present. Unless very vigorous methods are pursued, you will henceforth think of yourself as unappreciated, and the consequent dissatisfaction with your surroundings will increase daily. Every day you will become less and less competent to see things just as they are because a peculiar progressive blindness always accompanies the discontent that comes to those who do not believe themselves to be properly appreciated.

This blindness does not trouble you when you study another person similarly affected. Among your acquaintances the majority believe that they are not justly appreciated, and, with the exception of the one or two with whom you are in sympathy, you

cannot see that they have anything of which to complain. In most cases you are inclined to laugh at their pretensions, for it is very plain to you that they really receive as much as they deserve. You have grounds for your belief, for the majority of your friends think just as you do about it. Now, if you would only stop to consider that the majority of your friends cannot see that you have just cause for complaint you would have the key to the methods which must be employed in order to kill this enemy to your happiness.

The fact is they who most deserve appreciation never stop to think anything about it. They are too busy berating themselves because they accomplish so little. They set their standards so high that they never feel satisfied with the progress they make, and if they chance to receive commendation they can scarce believe in its sincerity, for they cannot see how the world can praise what they themselves consider almost failure.

The unhappy people who are never rightfully appreciated should try to remember that it is difficult to estimate an individual according to his intentions, and that it is seldom that any of us succeed in doing quite as well as we meant to. In that as much as in intentional neglect may lie the cause of the inappreciation of our friends. It should also be remembered that only constant progression really merits praise. Every good deed must be used as a stepping stone to something better, else we shall surely be left behind and forgotten, and we should deserve it. Where there is so much to be done but little time can be spent in praising that which has already been accomplished. When in a complaining mood, it would be well to consider just what we have done for which we have not received due commendation and whether if another had done it we, too, should not have forgotten all about it by this time.

It would surprise you if you could know how many people there are in this world who honestly believe themselves fitted for a higher station in life than that which they occupy and who complain of their friends and family because they, too, do not adore what has never been made manifest. We are all such heroes and heroines—in our own estimation! When I know I am fitted to be a princess, it is hard to spend my time in washing dishes, more especially in washing dishes for people who won't see that I am a rather ordinary housekeeper! Trouble is bound to come unless I change my opinion of myself or exalt my surroundings to correspond. These people who never succeed in getting into their kingdoms are very pitiable and very ridiculous, as a rule, for, instead of being fitted for the better position they fondly imagine themselves to be, they are usually fitted for none at all. They cannot be made to comprehend the fact that no one ever remains long in a position which he has really outgrown. He is freed out of it as surely as the healthy chicken finds its way out from the shell.

There is another side to the question that is quite apt to be over-

looked by those who have enlisted in the great army of the unappreciated. It is this: We really receive more commendations than we are aware of, because it often comes from unexpected sources or in unexpected ways. Only the other day I talked with a woman who complains that her husband does not appreciate her, yet it is very apparent to all who know them that he really rates her far above her just deserts. The trouble is that he does not express his appreciation in just the terms that appeal to her imagination, and she is too determined to be abused to look for his approval under any other guise. Again, the person who fails to appreciate what is really good loses so much in life that he deserves our pity more than our censure, and we are foolish when we attach undue importance to his opinions. There is danger in this philosophy, I admit, for it is apt to lead to further self glorification on the part of those who are already overburdened with self esteem, but if there are any poor little women who deserve much and get nothing it may help them to look at the matter from a more heroic point of view, and to keep on climbing until they have reached a point where the joys of achieving shall drive away all thought of anything so ephemeral as the appreciation of any mortal.

Don't waste time in trying to discover whether or not you are appreciated, for as sure as you do you will find something to worry you. Build your house on the solid rock of achievement, keep a clear and sensitive conscience, work to accomplish instead of to win praise, and you will soon outgrow your desire for commendation. Then you will be happy and useful, and the world will know it.—Home Journal and News.

The D. & L. Emulsion benefits most those having lung troubles with tendency to hemorrhages. A few bottles taken regularly make a wonderful improvement. Made by Davis & Lawrence Co., Ltd.

(Continued from page 9.)

## IRISH RELIGIOUS ITEMS.

THE NATIONAL SCHOOLS. — A resolution has been passed by the Committee of Clerical Managers of National Schools in the Diocese of Elphin—representing 300 managers—expressing astonishment at the contemplated abolition of the "results system" in National Schools, and expressing the opinion that such a change would have a most injurious effect on the efficacy of National Schools and on primary education in Ireland.

A REPUDIATION. — The Central Executive of the Teachers' Association have passed resolutions disclaiming any hostility to the interests of religion, and pointing out that the members of the present committee are not responsible "for the memorial whose unfortunate wording reflecting unjustly on the great majority of managers who exercised their unlimited power of dismissal with a forbearance reflecting on them the highest credit." The committee repudiates "certain publications in a paper read by teachers"—but the memorial has not yet been apologised for.

EVICTED TENANTS' FUND. — Mr. George H. Russell, hon. secretary of the Evicted Tenants' Restoration Fund, acknowledges the receipt of over £500, including £300 received by His Eminence Cardinal Logue from County Wexford; £20 from His Eminence; £5 from the Bishop of Clonfert; \$10 from "A Landlord"; £50 from Mr. Horace Plunkett; two guineas from Mr. E. C. French, Alfreton, Derbyshire; and numerous other subscriptions chiefly from Irish priests. There is some talk of restoring the Clancarde tenants, but the old Marquis is awfully stubborn.

"NO POPERY" TROUBLES.—The "No Popery" cry in Belfast is now raised against the hapless Ritualists. On Sunday night a large crowd collected round the Albert Memorial, the Union Jack and a placard with the legend "No Popery in our Protestant Churches" symbolising the fusion of loyalty with bigotry. A conflict with the police ended in the English flag being captured and borne to the barracks—novel work for the R.I.C., hauling down the Imperial colors.

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

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# Random Notes For Busy Households.

**INFLUENCE ON THE YOUNG.**—Much has been written, especially since his death, about John Ruskin; the world has been told, over and over, that which the educated world already knew about the great art critic, the eloquent prose writer, the pure-minded generous-hearted lover of nature; but as a teacher and adviser of youth, little has been said. This may be explained by the fact that the generation of young folks whom he guided has long since passed away. It was thus his voice fell upon the ears of the young in his day.

"Learn thoroughly the economy of the kitchen; the good and bad qualities of every common article of food, and the simplest and best modes of preparation; when you have time, go and help in the cooking of poorer families, and show them how to make as much of everything as possible, and how to make that little nice, coaxing and tempting them into tidy and pretty ways, and pleading for well-folded table-cloths, however coarse, and for a flower or two out of the garden to strew on them. If you manage to get a clean table-cloth, bright plates on it, and a good dish in the middle, of your own cooking, you may ask leave to say a short grace; and let your religious ministries be confined to that much for the present."

Extracts from Ruskin never fail to instruct. To the young women of England, Mr. Ruskin said: "Make some little piece of useful clothing every day; sew it with your own fingers as strongly as it can be stitched; embroider it or otherwise beautify it moderately with fine needle-work, such as a girl may be proud of having done. Accumulate these things until you hear of some honest people in need of clothing, which may often too sorrowfully be." "You must be, to the best of your strength, usefully employed during the greater part of the day. So that you may be able at the end of it to say, as proudly as any peasant, that you have not eaten the bread of idleness."

Now that war is being waged with all the destructiveness of modern invention, it may be well to recall his views of the horrors of the battle field.

"If you take masses of men from all industrial employment, — to feed them by the labor of others, — to provide them with destructive machines, varied daily in national rivalry of inventive cost; if you have to ravage the country which you attack, — to destroy for a score of future years, its roads, its woods, its cities, and its harbors; — and if finally, having brought masses of men, counted by hundreds of thousands, face to face, you tear those masses to pieces with jagged shot, and leave the living creatures, countless beyond all help of surgery, to starve and parch,

through days of torture, down into clots of clay—what book of accounts shall record the cost of your work;— what book of judgment sentence the guilt of it?"

And to mothers of families does he thus preach lessons:—  
" . . . So far as it is a sacred place, a vestal temple of the hearth watched over by Household Gods, before whose faces none may come but those whom they can receive with love—so far as it is this, and roof and fire are types only a nobler shade and light—shade us of the rock in a weary land, and light as of the Pharos in the stormy sea—so far it vindicates the name and fulfils the praise, of Home.

"And wherever a true wife comes, this home is always round her. The stars only may be over her head; the glowworm in the night-cold grass may be the only fire at her foot; but home is yet wherever she is; and for a nobler woman it stretches far round her, better than ceiled with cedar, or painted with vermilion, shedding its quiet light far, for those who else were homeless."

**WITHERED FLOWERS.**—A man on moderate salary dies, leaving a widow and three little children behind without any means of support.

Kind friends, meaning well, spend from fifty to one hundred dollars on flowers. Kind friends, meaning well, take charge of the funeral and go in carriages to the cemetery.

When the funeral is all over, when the kind friends are departed, when the orphaned children are put to bed, alone in the desolateness of new-made widowhood, the woman begins to take thought of the future.

There is perhaps twenty dollars in the house. There is an undertaker's bill of seventy-five dollars, seven-fifty having been paid in cash before the funeral.

There is the house rent to be paid next week. There are three little mouths to be kept fed for many weeks; yes, many years to come. There is a tombstone to be erected. There is just twenty dollars to do it all with.

From the room where the coffin lay comes the dying odor of roses and tuberose—pretty marvels of the florist's art. Does the thought cross the widow's mind that the money that these trifles cost might have been put to her children's use?

The silver coffin plate, however well it looked upon the plush trimmed box, will no longer pay the house rent.

The eight carriages looked well behind the hearse, but will the dead man rest the easier in his grave for all that?

It is a mistaken idea that makes funerals what they are. It is not respect of the dead, but the pride of the living that results in such expenditure.—New York Herald.

rabbits, mice and the like. In the sterilizing room the men and women are dressed in white. The milk flows in a steady stream from the receiving vats, passing on its way through the gravel filters, thence through the sterilizer, and then poured over coils of pipes, through which circulates ice water. By this process it is cooled and subsequently bottled by neatly dressed women.

The principal goes into minute particulars and also describes at length his visit to the Milk Supply Company of Copenhagen, where the most elaborate arrangements are made for guaranteeing the absolute purity of the milk supply, not merely in the matter of sterilization, but in the feed given to the cattle, in the manner in which they are housed and kept, etc. The principal remarks that the indifference and want of method exhibited by those charged with the

public health in Canada, more especially in relation to that very important article of human food — milk, contrast very strikingly with European punctiliousness in every detail. The weekly inspection of the cattle, the giving of exact directions for feeding them, the drainage, ventilation and sanitary environment of the animals supplying the milk, the precautions enforced to prevent extraneous matters getting into it, such as the clipping of the quarters and the udders, washing of the teats, the cleanliness of the dress of all handling the milk, the low temperature at which the milk is kept, the weighing, tasting and testing in the laboratories, filtration, sterilization, and care in bottling—all unite to furnish the consumers of milk with an absolutely pure article free from germs of disease, and so prepared for sale that it will keep for an indefinite time without deteriorating.

from Cincinnati Bill had never once lost the trail, and before he left I gave him an addressed postal-card, and got him to promise me he would put it in the mail at whatever point he caught up with his partner. "Less than a month later I received the card, bearing a Houston, Tex., date mark, so I presume it was there they met. Both of these tramps could read and write, and I asked Sparks particularly why his friend didn't use some brief message in place of the hieroglyph. He replied that it would attract too much attention, and other hoboos would be likely to add misleading words, while the little square and triangle passed unnoticed. Since then I have encountered two other nearly similar cases, in each of which a tramp was leaving a cipher trail for a crony to follow when he got out of jail, and I infer that the practice is tolerably common."—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

## STATISTICS OF MIXED MARRIAGES.

A volume of ecclesiastical statistics of Germany, lately published by the Lutheran Pastor Pieper, of Gorresheim, throws some startling light upon the question of the effects of mixed marriages in Prussia. The following summarized figures speak eloquently for themselves. The total number of children of mixed marriages (Protestant and Catholic parents) under the age of 16 was:

	Protestant.	Catholic.
Dec. 1, 1885	231,712, or 54 p. c.	194,512, or 46 p. c.
Dec. 1, 1890	259,668, or 55 p. c.	211,325, or 45 p. c.
Dec. 2, 1895	332,917, or 56 p. c.	264,618, or 44 p. c.

Thus, not only is the number of children of mixed marriages who are brought up Protestants in all cases more than that of those brought up Catholics, but the proportion is steadily increasing in favor of the former. Again, between 1895 and 1897 it is calculated that an annual average of 65,070 children were born of mixed marriages; judging from the proportion of losses in 1895, we may conclude that at least 4,000 children per year or 40,000 per decennium, of children are being lost to the Catholic Church in Prussia alone. Said to relate, it is especially Catholic men who engage in these unbalanced unions. From 1887 to 1896 there were 91,679 cases of Protestant bridegrooms and Catholic brides, as against 105,860 Catholic bridegrooms marrying Protestant brides. And a large number of these Catholic bridegrooms belong, apparently, to the higher classes. No wonder that Pastor Pieper is able to conclude with great satisfaction that "an ever-increasing majority of the children of mixed marriages is becoming Protestant."—Sunday Democrat.

## METHODS OF TRAMPS.

"We have a good many tramps up in our part of the country," said a sugar-planter at the St. Charles yesterday, "and I've made something of a study of their peculiarities. The old idea that they carve marks and signs on fences, that can be read by all other members of the fraternity, is pure nonsense, of course, but I have known several instances in which one tramp would leave a trail, so to speak, for the guidance of a partner who might not put in an appearance for months. The first case of that kind I ever encountered was rather amusing."

"I was riding, one spring day, down a road that passes through my place when I noticed a typical hobo industriously carving a sort of hieroglyphic on a big post standing near the fence. The mark consisted of a square and triangle, side by side, and he was just putting on the finishing touches as I arrived. My curiosity was at once aroused, and I determined to find out if possible exactly what the thing meant, so I proceeded to collar the fellow, and after a little vigorous bluffing, he told me he was putting up directions for his partner, who would be along some time in the fall. He assured me that the marks meant nothing in particular, except that he had passed, and was going in the direction of the point of the triangle.

"His partner, according to the story which I dragged out of him piece-meal, was doing a six months' jail sentence for slugging a policeman in Cincinnati, and when he got out on September 1 would strike South, following a trail of carvings on water tanks, depots, barns, and fence posts. When the first tramp struck a good place to loaf, he proposed to stop and wait for the other to catch up. 'What's your partner's name?' I asked. 'It's by rights William

Sparks,' said the hobo, 'but everybody calls him 'Appetite Bill,' on account of his always being hungry. He carries a sack to pack grub in, and has red whiskers and a funny-looking wart on one side of his nose.' I was satisfied from my prisoner's manner that he was telling me the truth, so I took him up to the house, gave him a good dinner, and sent him on his way rejoicing.

"One afternoon in the fall I was driving home from the station when I passed a very dilapidated hobo with red stubble on his chin and a gunny sack under his arm, and some instinct told me that Mr. Sparks, alias Appetite Bill, had at last arrived. He seemed to be looking for landmarks, and when he reached the big post I saw him stop, scrutinize the carving, and then start off with a new and confident step. That settled it, and I drove ahead and intercepted him at the house, half a mile further on.

"Hello, Bill!" I said. "How's your appetite this evening?"

"Appetite?" he stammered, and gave such a violent start that he dropped his gunny sack.

"Why yes," said I, "perhaps they didn't feed you very well at Cincinnati."

"At the word Cincinnati he turned livid, and glared around with such evident intention of bolting that he made haste to explain. 'Don't be alarmed,' I said. 'I met your side-partner a few months ago, and he told me to look out for you.' It took me some time to dissipate Bill's suspicions, but when I finally succeeded in convincing him that it was all right, he told me a most interesting story of his journey across the country.

"A professional hobo will follow the track of another hobo with an accuracy that is curiously suggestive of woodcraft. All the way down

For-pure blood,  
A bright eye and  
A clear complexion,  
A keen appetite,  
An easy digestion  
And refreshing sleep.

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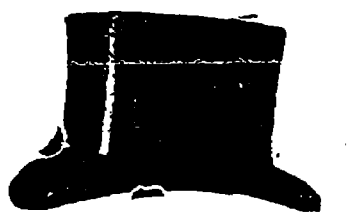
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of a SILK or STIFF HAT, a good FELT or a SPORTING CAP? In whatever style, we have them. Our stock is immense and matchless and comprises all the latest novelties. Our Prices are the lowest in the country. Inspection invited.

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## PAINS IN THE BACK

FREQUENTLY DUE TO SLUGGISH LIVER OR KIDNEY TROUBLES.

Mr. Frank Walters, of Exeter, Tells of Suffering, and How Dr. Williams' Pink Pills Cured Him After Other Medicines Failed.

From the Advocate, Exeter.  
Mr. Frank Walters is a young man personally known to most of the residents of Exeter, where he has lived nearly all his life. Talking with the editor of the "Advocate" recently Mr. Walters said:—"In justice to Dr. Williams' Pink Pills I think it my duty, in view of what they have done for me, to add my testimonial to the thousands of others that have been printed. For some months I suffered most severely from pains coursing up and down my back. It was thought that these pains were due to liver and kidney trouble, but whatever the cause they frequently left me in terrible agony. The pains were not always confined to the back, but would shift to other parts of the body. As a result I got little rest, my appetite became impaired, and I fell off greatly in weight. I tried different remedies suggested by friends, which having no effect, almost disgusted me with medicine. Then a personal friend urged me to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. I was not easily persuaded because I had about concluded that medicine would not relieve me, but he insisted and finally I decided to try them. I purchased one box at first, and to my astonishment before it was finished I was greatly relieved. Then I got a couple more boxes and these restored me to my former good health. I do not hesitate recommending this medicine that others may profit by my experience, and not suffer tortures as I did."

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills cure by going to the root of the disease. They renew and build up the blood, and strengthen the nerves, thus driving disease from the system. If your dealer does not keep them, they will be sent postpaid at 50 cents a box or six boxes for \$2.50, by addressing the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

## HIS MAIDEN SPEECH.

Congressman Charles B. Landis, of Indiana, whose speech against Brig-hunt H. Roberts caused him to be dubbed the New Demosthenes of the House, tells in the March "Success" the following story of his first experience in public speaking:—"It seems but yesterday," he told me, "that I got up and faced that first public audience of mine. I had spoken a few sentences in fear and trembling, complimentary to the farmers on taking so much interest in public questions, when my brother yelled, 'Good! Good! Bravo! Hear! Hear!' He wanted to encourage me, you see. When he grew quiet, I proceeded. A few minutes later, when I had scored a good point,—in John's opinion,—he broke loose again in such applause that it sounded like a fractions horse in a livery stable. The effect on the audience was magical. No one knew he was my brother. What my speech failed to accomplish, John's enthusiasm brought about. I got to laughing, and so did the crowd. It was easy for me then, for I abandoned all my set phrases and told a few good stories such as all country audiences enjoy. When the meeting was dismissed, John was the first one to rush up and say, 'You did great.' I did not have the heart to scold him, for I had learned, through him, the great lesson of success in public speaking,—the getting in touch with one's audience by talking to them, not at them."

Sleepless nights caused by a persistent, rasping cough. Piny-Pectoral quickly cures the most severe coughs. It soothes, heals, never fails to cure. Manufactured by the proprietor of Perry-Davis' Pain-Killer.

## A CURE FOR INDOLENCE.

Sugar will keep you from getting lazy. At least, that is what a medical authority says, who has been making some recent experiments on the source of muscular exertion. He administered a liquid containing 30 grains of sugar to a person who had heavy daily work to do, and who was kept in ignorance of the nature of the experiment being tried upon him. On the days when the sugar was omitted, it was observed that the laborer was unable to accomplish so much work and that he had less ease in doing it than on the days when he ate the sugar. It is said by some that a person who habitually eats sweets has great muscular power.

Our next issue will contain special reports of St. Patrick's Day celebration in Montreal and other leading centres in Canada, as well as of the demonstrations in other parts of the world.



# OUR BOYS AND GIRLS.

## LEARNING THE ALPHABET.

Our little Minnie, four years old,  
Is learning A, B, C,  
And when she comes to W,  
She calls it Double-Me.

Then sister Susy, teaching her,  
Is very sure to say,  
"You precious baby, W  
Is not pronounced that way."

A kiss, a hug, and once again  
They try the A, B, C,  
But Minnie's dimples dance about  
With fun at Double-Me.

And Susy feels discouraged quite,  
She don't know what to do  
With such a naughty little puss,  
Who won't say W.

If I were Sue, I'm sure I'd let  
The darling run away,  
And leave the queer old alphabet  
Until another day.

**RUDENESS AT HOME.**—There is at this day, undeniably, among the rising generation, a lack of courteous demeanor in the family. Of all the places in the world, let the boy understand that home is the place where he should speak the gentlest and be the most kindly, and there is the place, above all, where courteous demeanor should prevail.

**A GOOD LESSON.**—"Wait a minute, Will."  
"What for?"  
"I want to get that bunch of blue-bells."

Ned laid down his fishing-tackle and sprang over the fence, presently to return with a handful of the flowers, with their dainty coloring thrown out by a background of two or three ferns.

"You're a great fellow for flowers."  
"Oh, they're not for myself; but mother's always crazy over wild flowers."

And all through the walk home, notwithstanding he was already well-laden with rod and fishing-basket. Ned gave good heed to his flowers, once stopping to wet his handkerchief to wrap about the stems, that they might not suffer from the warmth of his hand.

"There she is!" While still at a distance, Ned spied his mother, and made a dash toward her across the large yard. Will, following more slowly, saw him drop his red, and take off his hat as he offered the flowers with a bow and a smile. A little stir of pain was in Will's heart, as he saw them received with a kiss and some words, evidently loving ones, which he could not hear.

"Come round to the barn with your traps, and then you can stay to supper; mother says so," said Ned, rejoicing his friend.

"You're different from most boys," said Will; and Ned colored a little, for he was inwardly a trifle afraid of his mother's display of fondness provoking ridicule from the boys.

"How?" he asked, although knowing well what was meant.

"Oh—that," said Will, with an indefinite backward nod over his shoulder. "But I like it—I do, really."

"I like it," said Ned, his deepening color now due to feeling. "Don't know how I'd get along if my mother wasn't just that way. And, as she is just that way, how can I help being just that way too? Of course, it comes natural that I should be."

Ned's mother, if she had heard this, might have smiled in remembrance of the many lessons it had taken to inculcate the grace of politeness, which was now, indeed, if not natural, rapidly becoming second nature to the boy.

"If I had a mother, I'd like to be so," said Will.

"Well, it isn't only just mothers, you know. That is, of course, nobody else can be like your mother; but I mean you can be it to other folks—in a way; to anybody in your home. They all like it."

Will burst into a laugh.

"All, hey? I wish you knew my Aunt Susan. But you will; for, now we're getting settled, you must come over. You'll laugh at the idea of such doings for her. Why, if I should bring her a flower or take off my hat to her, she wouldn't know what to make of it. She'd think I was crazy."

"I don't believe it," said Ned: "That is, if she's a good woman. And, of course," he added, in quick politeness, "your aunt must be."

"Good! I guess she is! She's so good herself she thinks there's no good in such a thing as a boy. I believe she thinks boys were only made to be a torment to such as she."

"Some boys are, I suppose."  
Will colored a little as he inwardly realized that Aunt Susan might be somewhat justified in holding such an opinion.

"Well," continued Ned, "I thought all ladies liked flowers, and liked to be nicely treated, too. And," he added, stoutly, "I think so still."

"I don't believe Aunt Susan would take the trouble to notice either flowers or nice behavior," replied Will.

"Have you ever tried?"  
"Well, I haven't, that's a fact. But," he gave a little laugh, "the idea of bringing flowers to Aunt Susan! Fancy her stare! She would not know what to make of it."

But the remembrance of Ned's graceful thought of his mother, and the sweetness of the caressing tenderness between mother and son, had

touched the conscience as well as the heart of the motherless boy.

"If it wasn't flowers, I suppose it might be something else. She's as stiff and proper as a poker, and I suppose a boy might smile, and bow, and be polite all his life, and she'd never know but that he was cutting up some new kind of pranks. But, then, perhaps it's no wonder. She doesn't know much about any boy but me. I guess she thinks all they're good for is to carry mud in on their shoes, and slam doors, and leave the fly-screens open, and be late at meals. But, I say!—I've a great mind to try Ned's way; that is, partly—just for the fun of seeing how she'll take it."

With which determination Will walked around the house, to find his aunt approaching the side door with a huge parcel in her arms. At any other time he would not have troubled himself about this, but now he stepped up and opened the door for her. She took little notice of him except to ask:

"Do you know where Hiram is?"  
"No, I don't."  
"I've been looking for him. I want to send this bundle down to Mrs. Brown's."

She passed on through the hall as if speaking more to herself than to any one else. Will was rushing up to his room two steps at a time, when he suddenly paused.

"I'll take it to her, Aunt Susan."  
She stopped and looked at him unsmilingly, concluding at once in her own mind that he had some business of his own that way, yet still surprised that he should be willing to include in it a service for herself.

"Well, if it won't bother you," she said.

More intercourse with Ned awakened in Will a more honest resolution to make the best of himself in the matter of grace of manner and behavior. It is a pity that every boy should not reflect how largely his conduct influences those among whom he is thrown. Will increased his efforts to avoid small annoyances to his aunt, and began showing her small attentions, which sometimes won for him an approving smile.

He began to feel touched and conscience-smitten at perceiving that what he had begun in an unworthy spirit of fun should be making the impression on Aunt Susan which should belong with honest effort. It was pleasant to the boy whose home life was so lonely to find himself looking for Aunt Susan's smile, and for the softened voice in which she answered his good-morning. And one day he ran up to his room and laughed by himself till he was out of breath.

"I look off my hat to her as I met her on the corner, and she actually turned red with astonishment."

"More shame for me that it should take her off her feet so," came with a soberer reflection. "If I've done it in fun before, I'll do it in earnest now. I think it pays for a boy to be decent in his ways, whether anybody notices it or not. It pays just in the feeling he has himself."

Which was as wise a conclusion as a boy often arrives at.—Catholic News.

### RENTABLE.

There are many vacant offices right here in Montreal that could be easily rented if they were brighter — had more daylight. There is nothing which counts for more in renting an office than brightness. Luxfer Prisms in the windows give the result required. On the first floor of the British Empire Building is a very desirable office, in the windows of which the owners have installed Luxfer Prisms, and any one requiring such an office will find the light all that can be desired. The Luxfer Prism Company, of 1833 Notre Dame St., have just put the prisms in place, and any who have already seen this office would be interested in noting the change caused by the new light. Star—Feb. 18th.

### SEEING THE POINT.

The following story is told of a once well known millionaire who had been dead some years. A young man came to him one day and asked pecuniary aid to start him in business.

"Do you drink?" asked the millionaire.

"Once in a while."  
"Stop it! Stop it for a year and then come and see me." "The young man broke off the habit at once, and at the end of the year came to see the millionaire again, with the same request.

"Do you smoke?" asked the successful man.

"Now and then."  
"Stop it! Stop it for a year, and then come and see me again."

The young man went home, and broke away from this habit. It took him some time; but, finally, he worried through the year, and presented himself again.

"Do you play billiards?" asked the Cæsar.

"Yes, I do," was the desperate reply.

"Stop it! Stop it for a year, and then come and see me again." The young man stopped playing billiards, but never went back. When asked by his anxious friends why he had not called upon the millionaire again, he replied that he knew exactly what the man was driving at.

"He'd have told me that now that I'd stopped drinking and smoking and playing billiards. I must have saved enough money to start myself in business. And I have."

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