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The True Witness



Vol. LIV., No. 37

MONTREAL, FRIDAY, MARCH 17, 1905.

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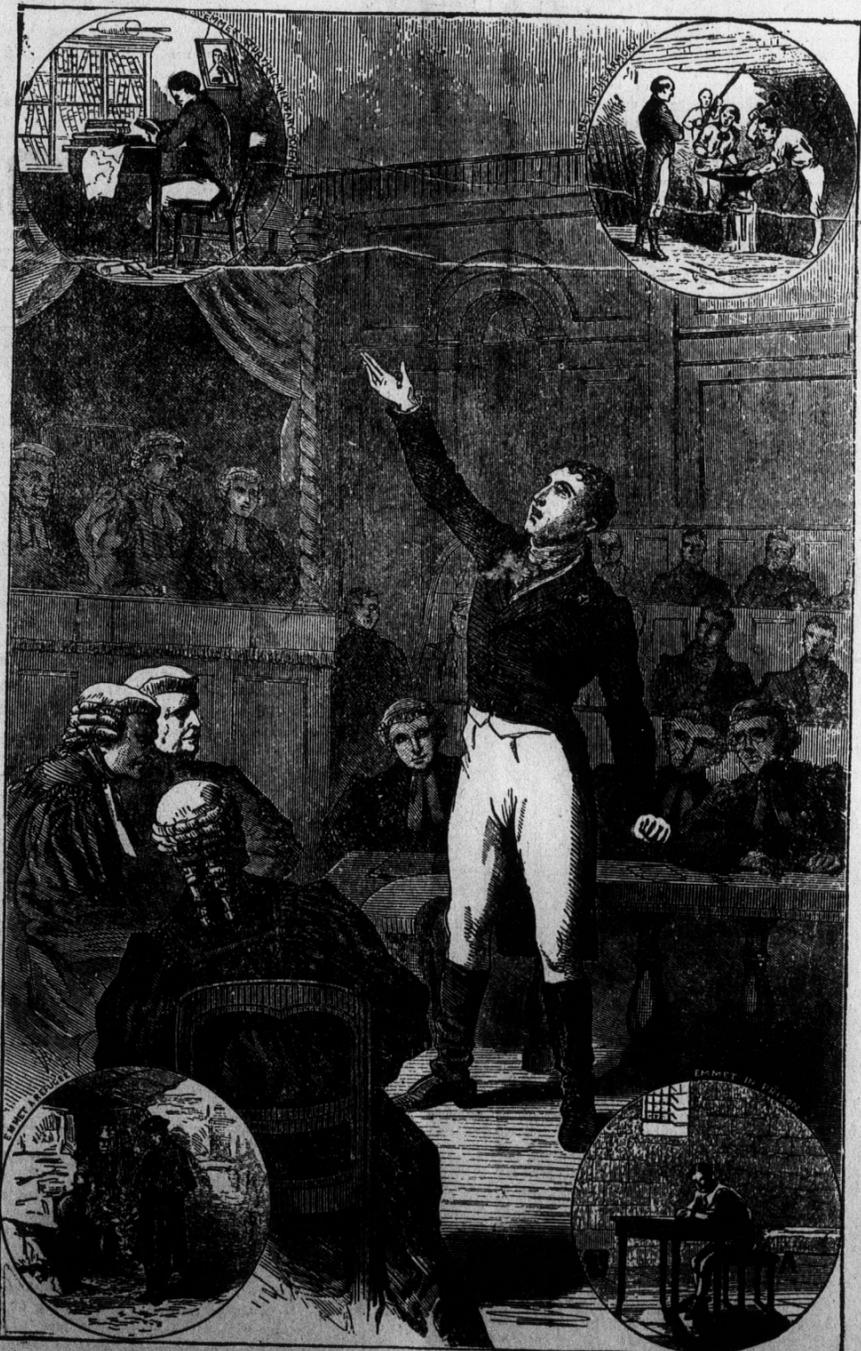
ST. PATRICK'S DAY

1905.

On March 4 Irishmen throughout the world celebrated with fitting honor the 127th birthday of one of the most illustrious and self-sacrificing patriots who occupies a place in the political martyrology of Ireland. The birthday of Robert Emmet awakens memories of one who gave life, fortune, the love of a pure and noble woman, and abandoned great worldly prospects for the cause he espoused and which he thought best for the redemption of his native land. Not only did those of Irish birth and lineage do honor to the martyred Emmet, but all who cherish nobility of soul, largeness of heart, unselfishness of character, lofty genius and pure patriotism gave him thought. He may have failed to right the wrongs of his country. What if he did? Others, who drew the sword in the cause of liberty, have not succeeded. His memory is not less honored because of failure. The name of Emmet is enshrined in the hearts of his fellow-countrymen. His youth, his commanding presence, his unselfish character, his magnanimity in refusing to save himself by involving others, and his manly bearing in the presence of death have endeared him to the Irish race. Robert Emmet may have been over-impulsive. His patriotic ardor may have been too intense through the hope that springs from youth, but his heart was true to Ireland; his soul burned with a love for the fatherland. Peace to his ashes! Honor to his immortal name! Reverence to his memory! In spirit Irishmen stood at his unknown grave and said with John Boyle O'Reilly: "With pride and not with grief We lay this century leaf Upon the tomb, with hearts that do not falter: A few brief, toiling years Since fell the nation's tears, And lo, the patriot's gibbet is the altar!"

Robert Emmet was born in Dublin in 1782. His father was a practicing physician in the beautiful city on the Liffey, which is filled with so many memories of Ireland's one-time prosperity and independence of government. It was the wish of his family that he should study for the bar, and at 16 years of age we find him entering Trinity College, that Protestant institution of learning founded by the blood-thirsty Queen Elizabeth, and which is still liberally endowed by the British Government. Emmet made rapid progress in college. He possessed mental qualities of a high order, was a fluent speaker and industrious student. His intellectual accomplishments quickly brought him to a front place in the "Historical Society" of Trinity. In the rooms of the Society students met in debate to discuss the political and social questions of the day. Emmet, through his fiery temper and ardent presentation of Ireland's wrongs, attracted the attention of Lord Chancellor Clare, who expelled him for advocating a Republican form of government to replace English tyranny. After his expulsion he became the object of suspicion to the "Castle" minions, who watched his every move with the dogged persistency of government underlings. He was forced to leave Ireland on the suspension of the Habeas Corpus Act and take up a residence in France. At this period Napoleon was in the zenith of his power. England, to the "Little Corporal" was an enemy to strike down, and as Ireland was approaching a stage of rebellious ferment Na-

oleon gave audience to Emmet and others who were the leading spirits in a proposed insurrectionary movement. Bonaparte promised to support any attempt that was made to wrest Ireland from English misrule. Emmet was chosen to be director-general of the rebellious plans that were woven out to carry the issue of revolution to a success. The Habeas Corpus Act, which has many times since the days of Emmet been suspended in Ireland, was



"I am going to my cold and silent grave—my lamp of life is nearly extinguished. I have parted with everything that was dear to me in this life for my country's cause—with the 'idol of my soul,' the object of my affections:

My race is run, the grave opens to receive me, and I sink into its bosom! I have but one request to make at my departure from this world—it is the charity of its silence. Let no man write my epitaph; for as no

man who knows my motives dare now vindicate them, let not ignorance nor prejudice asperse them. Let them rest in obscurity and peace. Let my memory be left in oblivion, and my tomb unadorned, until

other times, and other men can do justice to my character. When my country takes her place among the nations of the earth, then, and not till then, let my epitaph be written."—Speech of Robert Emmet in the Dock.

Emmet nightly gathered around him men whom he trusted to aid him in carrying out the plans of the coming uprising. On one occasion in an address to his compatriots at the rented quarters he rose to sublime eloquence. In his speech he said in part: "Liberty is the child of oppression, and the birth of the offspring is the death of the parent; while tyranny, like the poetical desert bird, is consumed in flames ignited by itself, and

name of K— (Emmet was always careful not to divulge the name of an adherent to the cause of revolution, fearing the odious system of "Castle" spydom) and Emmet while patriotism has admirers or Ireland a friend. Our country has never been ungrateful, and so few have been her benefactors, that she is prodigal of thanks for even dubious favors. Of us she can have but one opinion, for ingenuous enmity cannot attribute any but laudable motives to our de-

signs. For Ireland I will spend my private fortune, and for Ireland I shall, please God, venture my life. Kosciusko is a name as beloved in Poland as that of Washington in America."

Emmet's love for the beautiful Sarah Curran, daughter of John Philpot Curran, the brilliant lawyer and orator, was the love of a noble youth for a pure and affectionate woman. Miss Curran's interrupted love and sad fate, in dying far from her native land, inspired Moore to write these pathetic words: "She is far from the land where her young hero sleeps, And lovers around her are sighing; But coldly she turns from their gaze and weeps, For her heart in his grave is lying."

Emmet's attempt at insurrection was unsuccessful. He was deceived. The men from the surrounding counties who promised to give him support failed to appear. I have been over the ground which Emmet selected for the rendezvous of his supporters from Kildare, Dublin, Wexford and Wicklow. The "Castle" in those days was not difficult of access. Dublin was not crowded with British troops as it is now or had the entire country the strong military garrison it has to-day. The weapons of England's soldiers were not of the quick-firing pattern. The Irish pike in the hands of brave and determined men, could thin the ranks of a British regiment. But through the defection of men, who pledged themselves to follow Emmet to death or glory, the cause for which the noble youth labored and suffered exile was lost. The attempt at insurrection failed, and Emmet advised his followers to disperse and seek safety from arrest. The young enthusiast could have escaped arrest through flight. He was counselled to do so, but refused. To those who desired him to leave Dublin he said: "Excuse my obstinacy, but there is one to whom I must bid an eternal farewell, before the terrors of government shall force me into exile. Why should I refuse to acknowledge the cause? I am not ashamed of a weakness that compels me to do an act of justice—to beg, and, if possible, to obtain forgiveness from a woman whom I have unintentionally injured—whom I have loved so well that I must once more see her, hear her, and converse with her, though ten thousand deaths awaited an interview."

Awaiting an interview with Miss Curran caused Emmet's arrest. The notorious Major Sirr with his blood-thirsty followers swooped down upon him as he was sitting down to dinner. A "Special Commission" was formed, to try him for high treason, with the brutal Lord Norbury at its head. His trial was a farce. The jury was a packed one made up of adherents of the "Castle," just as juries have been formed since Emmet's death to try Fenians in Green Street court house for treason against the "Crown." Judge Norbury knew Emmet's family, and he upbraided him for disgracing its members. He mockingly asked the unfortunate youth, when convicted of high treason, if he had anything to say "why sentence of death should not be passed upon him."

With flashing eyes Emmet advanced to the front of the "dock" and in reply to Norbury, delivered the speech which is known to every schoolboy in Ireland. That speech will live in the pages of Irish history while history is written and men admire true eloquence.

(Continued on Page 8.)

HOME INTERESTS.

Conducted by HELENE.

At the very threshold of the spring when everything is bursting into life and promise is the festal day of our great saint—Patrick of glorious memory. We the children of a race eminent for its purity, religion and undying love for the old land; we with the Celtic blood, not stagnant but coursing restlessly in our veins; we the descendants of a race not secondary to any, we proclaim our loyalty to the old land, the old faith, the old traditions. A better day is dawning. Long-suffering will have its reward, and the dear little green isle will take its place among the nations. God speed the day.

FASHIONS.

No halfway prevails in fans. They are either very small or extremely large. Back and side combs for the coiffure so uniformly worn are of shell, with gold mountings, enriched with pearls or diamonds, but variations upon these styles are many. Very striking are the bright red girdles having a conventional design in cut steel. Chiffon velvet is counted as one of the smartest materials for ceremonious costumes. The low cut, exaggerated type of straight fronted corset is quite out of the running. The cultivation of the waist has again set in. Startling contrasts, such as dahlia over mauve, red and Nile green, violet and rose, brown and rose, enter into the new color scheme. Some of the braidings on dressy tailor-made gowns are elaborate, but much of the smartness is centered in the waistcoats. A flowered silk velvet bow in the hat of the same material as the fancy waistcoat is a smart new conceit. Very elegant visiting and reception dresses were seen recently made up in hyacinth blue souple cloth set off with white embroidery and closely set rows of narrow gauging; also in geranium red velours trimmed with white cloth richly embroidered. From the displays to be seen in the shops it is inferred that gay colors and soft materials are to lord it over the traditional grays and half tones of the spring. The coat costume is everywhere almost invariably with a waistcoat or simulation of one of distinct material. The shirt waist suit still holds its own, and much that is fanciful in the way of combination of different materials and the use of lace trimmings is to be noted. The "draped" shirt waist, having the fronts shirred at the centre, up to the yoke, causing a draped fullness in the lower half of the waist represents the newest feature. It is a pleasant fact, however, that the useful plain tucked white linen shirt waist, slightly bloused at the waist, to be worn with the regulation standing turnover linen collar and leather belt, is an assured thing. Authorities in the fashionable world forecast elbow sleeves for all garments but shirt waists. This, of course, means the vogue of the undersleeve and the long glove for street wear. Concerning the summer hat, the marquise shape promises to hold over from season to season and to be as popular in straw and tulle as it has been in felt and fur. In shirred green tulle, with knots of velvet and stiff bunches of roses or primroses or other flowers, this shape is very charming, but the green must be the leaf green, part green, part gray, with hints of yellow and brown, that consorts well with any other color and is mellow without being vivid. Sailors with straight brims, moderately broad in front and narrower at back, are shown in chip and other fine straws, and, too, in embroidered linen. One in cream chip, with a band of string colored linen embroidered in greens and yellows and browns running round the crown, and a bunch of shaded brown and green and yellow flowers resembling English daisies in form, has already been copied several times, as has a big, broad-brimmed, high crowned hat of shirred black tulle, whose only trimming is a huge, careless bow of fine yellowish lace, posed just at the edge of the crown in front and spreading out airily over both brim and crown.

TIMELY HINTS.

The best mode of removing grease from silk hats, coats, etc., is to saturate a piece of clean flannel with benzine collas and rub gently, then expose to a good current of air. Red tablecloths will keep their color when washed if a little borax be added to the rinsing water and they are dried in the shade. Before laying a carpet, rub the boards over with turpentine to safeguard it against moths. Veils should be either washed or thrown away when soiled, for the dust which collects in them is very bad for the complexion. Try tacking a piece of net—old veiling or plain net will do—across a large hole; then take the threads in and cut out through this. For ink stains on furniture add six drops of nitre to a teaspoonful of water and apply it to the stain with a feather. If the wood is polished rub with sweet oil immediately after. If the stain does not yield to the first application make it stronger and repeat the process. Add a little sugar to milk—to prevent it sticking to the vessel while boiling. A convenient substitute for a corkscrew when the latter is not at hand may be found in the use of a common screw, with an attached string to pull out the cork. Lemons may be kept almost indefinitely under glass that is light and air-tight. Set one under a goblet and see. To clean black cashmere wash in good hot suds in which a little borax has been dissolved. Rinse in strong blue water. Do not wring it, but hang up dripping, and then iron while damp. If this is done the material will look quite new. It is well to remember that a pound of sugar is one pint, an ounce of liquid is two tablespoonful, and a pint of liquid weighs sixteen ounces. If cod is boiled in salted water with a bouquet of vegetables, a slice of onion, a stalk of celery or a sprig of parsley and half a dozen peppercorn, its tastelessness will be replaced with a very agreeable flavor. To make a boiled fowl look very white put it into a floured cloth and let it simmer very gently from an hour to an hour and a half in boiling water. If a chimney catch fire run to the salt box and empty it out on the flames. They will be reduced as if by magic, and then further steps can be taken to extinguish them.

RECIPES.

Braised Chicken—Wash and peel a large turnip and a large onion, cut them into thin slices, with a little celery, a few sprigs of parsley and a bay leaf. Lay a few slices of fat bacon at the bottom of the pan; place the chicken, trussed for boiling, on it; cover the breast with slices of bacon. Put the vegetables round it with a few bones and one and one half pints of good stock and a little salt and pepper. Cover the pot closely, set it over a slow fire, put red coles on top and cook slowly. When it is ready keep the meat hot while you strain the gravy and take off the fat; boil up quickly till it thickens. Pone Bread—Put two cupsful of sifted white meal in a wooden bowl or tray. Pour in clear cold water with the left hand and mix it into a dough with the right. Equal quantity of water to that of meal is a good rule, but do not pour it all in at once, as some kinds require less than others. Knead it thoroughly, taking care that it is well moistened. Take up half the quantity in both hands and tightly roll it from one to the other until the lump is of an even, oblong shape. Deftly place it on a pie plate that has been warmed. Dip one hand in water and pat the pone out until it is smooth and only slightly rounded on top. Place the other half on the pie plate by the first, shaping it in the same manner. Put them in the upper part of the stove to brown over quickly, as the crust will crack open and look rough if they brown slowly. When browned over, remove them to the bottom, where the heat is even and slow. They should remain in the oven an hour, and when well baked the crust is crisp and the inside crumbly. Do not add any manner of leaven or salt or shortening. Serve whole on a bread plate, each person to break off a portion as it is passed at the table. Cream Toast—Toast slices of bread and cover them slightly with grated

cheese. Make a cream for five slices out of a pint of milk and a tablespoonful of flour. The milk should be boiling, and the flour mixed in a little cold water before stirring in. When the cream is nicely cooked, season with a small half teaspoonful of salt and one of butter, set the toast and cheese in the oven for four minutes, then pour the cream over them. Cheese pudding disposes of any crusts or trimmings of cheese to the best advantage, and either a rich, dry cheese or the ordinary soft factory cheese will serve for the purpose. Shave a cupful of dry cheese and cover it well with milk, setting it in a moderate heat for a while to soften if needed. Beat one egg and mix with the cheese, adding salt and paprika; add twice the bulk of fine bread crumbs; bake until set, and serve it at once.

LITTLE LAUGHS.

"Now that we are married, Lucy, we will have no further secrets from each other." "Then tell me truly, Jack, how much did you pay for the ring?" "John, we will have to change milkmen. Why, my dear, aren't we getting pure milk from this one?" "Well, he acts suspiciously. As he drove up this morning I heard him whistling: 'I'm on the water-waggon now.'" "Kate—I'm in an awful plight! George is mad at me because I suddenly broke my engagement to go to the opera with him last night and I can't explain!" "Dora—Why not?" "Kate—At the last moment I couldn't find my switch—and he thinks I have such beautiful hair!"

AN INCOMPLETE RETURN.

Years ago, when I was a little girl at school one day, Inez Hinkle borrowed my slate and pencil. After a while she came back to me and said: "Here's your slate; I swallered yer pencil."—M. A. Hutchins, in Christian Endeavor World.

YOUR LAP.

Children are notoriously eager to acquire facts. The following question was asked by a lad of seven after he had ridden upon his uncle's knee: "Say, Uncle Will, what becomes of your lap when you stand up?"—Youth's Companion.

FOOLISH MAN.

Uncle George—"And how do you like your employer, Tommy?" "Tommy—"Oh, he isn't so bad, but he's awfully bigoted." "Uncle George—Bigoted? In what way?" "Tommy—"He's got an idea that words must be spelled just his way."

COULD HAVE HIS PLACE.

Representative John Lamb, of Richmond, stopped in the house document room recently, where he was reminded of a story he heard on his last trip, says the Washington Post. It related to a negro church, whose pastor preaches long sermons. "The sermon on the particular Sunday in question," said Captain Lamb, "was with reference to the prophets. The preacher had gone through a long list, and finally came to the minor prophets. "There was Malachi," said he. "What place shall we give Malachi?" "An irreverent colored worshipper, restless under the long-winded sermon, at this rose up. "Give Malachi my place, Brother Jones," said he, "I am tired, and going home."

NEGRO BOY'S QUICK WIT.

Mr. W. H. Poole, of Sykesville, Md., sends the following story: "There is in our household a small colored boy in whom I am greatly interested. He is only six years old, and has not long been a sharer in our public school advantages. But he is an enthusiastic student and makes use of all his opportunities. He never fails to make a trial. "The other day I was endeavoring to find out what progress he was making in his studies, so I put him through an examination in spelling. 'Cat,' 'dog,' etc., were passed with an average of 100. I resolved to make the test a little more difficult. 'Sylvester,' said I, 'can you spell coat?' "O-o-a-t," came the ready response. "Now," I continued, 'can you spell trousers?' "Can't spell dat, but I can spell pants." "I wish more of us were as quick to substitute the next best thing to that which we consider impossible."—Baltimore Sun.

A DAY IN IRELAND.

Four sharp scythes sweeping—in concert keeping The rich-robed meadow's broad bosom o'er, Four strongmen mowing, with bright health glowing A long green swath spread each man before; With sinews springing—my keen blade swinging—I strode—the fourth man in that blithe band; As stalk of corn that summer morn, The scythe felt light in my stalwart hand. Oh, King of Glory! How changed my story, Since, in youth's noontide—long, long ago, I mowed that meadow—no cloudy shadow Between my brow and the hot sun's glow, Fair girls raking the hay—and making The fields resound with their laughing free; Their voices ringing—than cuckoo's singing, Made music sweeter by far to me. Bees hovered over the homied clover, Then nestward hid upon wings of light; No use in trying to trace them flying— One brief low hum and they're out of sight. On downy thistle bright insects nestle, Or flutter skyward on painted wings; At times alighting on flowers inviting— 'Twas pleasant watching the airy things. From hazel bushes came songs of thrushes And blackbirds—sweeter than harper's lay; While high in ether—with sun-tipped feather— The skylark warbled his anthem gay; With throats distended, sweet linnets blended A thousand notes in one glorious chime. Oh, King Eternal, 'twas life supernal In beautiful Erin, that pleasant time. —Translated from the Irish by the late Michael Cavanagh.

AN AID TO MOTHERS.

Derangement of the stomach or bowels is responsible for most of the ailments that afflict infants and young children. For keeping the stomach and bowels in order nothing can equal Baby's Own Tablets, that is why children in the homes where these Tablets are used are bright and healthy. Mrs. Joseph Wallace, Shanley, Ont., says: "I have used Baby's Own Tablets for my baby since her earliest infancy, and have found them to be a medicine that meets all the needs of little ones. They have kept my little one as bright and healthy as can be." These Tablets are sold under a guarantee to contain no opiate or poisonous "soothing" stuff. Sold by all medicine dealers or by mail at 25 cents a box by writing the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

MESSAGE FOR CROW'S FEET.

Those depressions which mar the inner angle of the eye, following the eye's cavity and running toward the ear, are entirely induced by illness or impoverishment of the nervous system. Massage for these is an absolute necessity. Here is a recipe for their treatment which, carefully and patiently followed, is unfailing as a remedy. It is known as wrinkle cream. Spermaceti, one ounce; white wax, one ounce; oil of almonds four ounces; rosewater, four ounces. As the mixture melts beat very thoroughly and pour into jars. Massage into the skin night and morning with an upward movement of thumb and fingers. Do not pinch, but with a gradual, gentle fingering induce warmth of the muscles and tissue. They respond by absorbing the nourishing cream, the oil in which feeds the skin, while the wax gives it firmness and hardens the relaxed tissues. Wet a fine sponge in warm milk mixed with as much rosewater. Press the sponge to the crow's feet five minutes. Re moisten and press again, letting the mixture dry on the skin. Lint soaked in hot milk and rosewater and bound on the tracks or on the entire face will lessen the wrinkles, take out impressions of weariness and freshen up the skin wonderfully.

S. GARSLEY CO. LIMITED A SUPERB EARLY SHOWING OF Ladies' Spring Garments We have been working very hard for months past in preparing for this early presentation. Early as the showing is made, nothing was done until we were absolutely certain that styles were correct, according to the best ideas of designers at home and abroad. The remarkable crowds in our mantle section give gratifying evidence of our success. Descriptions: A JAUNTY, SHORT, TIGHT FITTING COAT, tailor made of fine broad cloth, in the new tobacco brown shade, trimmed self applique and fancy buttons, satin lined, price..... \$12.25 A STYLISH SHIRT WAIST SUIT. Imported Paris model in golden Brown Taffeta Silk. The Blouse is made with shirred yoke, box-pleated back and front, motifs of velvet and cord, full sleeves with elastic fitting wrist bands. Sep rate collar and girdle. Box-pleated skirt, deep shirred flounce with headings. Price..... \$25.80

Silk Sale's Success IS UNPRECEDENTED. The marvellous goodness of the values is remarked on every hand. The liberality in both color range, too, is a commended feature. Such a marked difference this and the usual bargain lot, where, no matter how excellent the value, the choice is narrowed down to two or three different lines. The color range includes 35 different effects, exquisite tints, pronounced favorites of Madame is Mode. Our delegate lots: A very rich and brilliant Black Silk Merveilleux, 20 inches wide. The regular 50c quality. Silk sale price..... 37c Beautiful Peau de Soie, noted for the splendid wearing qualities. Superb range of colors, including black. Regular 50c. Sale price..... 40c Superb Black Mousseline, extra bright finish, 21 inches wide. Regular 70c. Sale price, per yard..... 57c Lovely untearable Taffeta Silk, immense range of colors, including black, splendid quality. Regular value 70c. Silk Sale price..... 65c

ASTOUNDING SALE OF 100,000 YARDS OF RIBBONS Probably the greatest sale of Silk and Satin Ribbons that Montreal has ever known, and what is more remarkable, just at a time when Ribbons are at the zenith of their usefulness. Lovely Ribbons at Sale Prices AT 1c—Hundreds of pieces of Silk and Satin Ribbon, 1 to 2 inches wide, 5c to 10c value. Sale price, a yard..... 1c AT 5c—Special range of Satin Ribbons, large variety of light and fancy colors. Regular 10c. Sale price..... 5c AT 7c—Fancy Ribbons, 3 inches wide, white ground with hair stripes, in black. Regular 15c. Sale price, yard..... 7c AT 9c—A Fancy Stripe Colored Ribbon, 3 1/2 in wide, in red, blue, fawn, white, etc. Regular 18c. Sale price..... 9c AT 11c—Rich Black Taffeta Ribbon, 3 in. wide, fine brilliant black, Regular value 15c. Sale price, yard..... 11c AT 18c—A Duchesse Satin Ribbon, of exquisite quality, 4 in. wide, bright black. Regular 22c. Sale price, yard..... 16c AT 12 1/2c—A lovely Neck Ribbon, in Duchesse Satin, soft, crushable, quality, in all the new shades, fully 3 in. wide. Regular value 16c. Sale price..... 13 1/2c AT 19c—Elegant Duchesse Satin Ribbon, 5 in. wide, beautiful assortment of the newest shades. Regular 25c quality. Sale price..... 19c

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YOUNG MEN SHOULD REMEMBER That it takes more than muscle to make a man. That bigness is not greatness. That it requires pluck to be patient. That selfishness is the most unmanly thing in the world. That piety is not priggishness. That to follow a crowd is a confession of weakness. That street corners are a poor college. That one real friend is worth a score of mere acquaintances. That to be afraid of one's noblest self is greatest cowardice. That it is never too soon to begin the business of making a man of one's self. That what is put into the brain to-day will be taken out of it ten years hence. That the only manliness worth possession is shown in the life of the Son of Man.

"Our public press, and especially illustrated newspapers, would render our work of assistance of rare value were they either to entirely ignore offences of children, or to report them without vivid descriptions that so often accompany illustrations of imaginary acts." It is wrong for the newspaper to give vivid descriptions of crime, whether the offenders be young or old, says the Sacred Heart Review. It only suggests to weak and immature minds the enacting of similar deeds. The flaring headings of the yellow press, the sensational illustrations, and the details which they give of crimes, are powerful agents for the increase of criminality. It wouldn't be too much to call them diabolical.

OBITUARY. REV. SISTER EMERENTIA. The death occurred in Toronto of Rev. Sister Emerentia (Nelle O'Hara) of the Religious Adorers of the Most Precious Blood, in the 42nd year of her age, and the eleventh of her religious life. R.I.P. It was decided by the rector that the little orphan should be sent to the workhouse. So they took a turn at bringing up. "She kind of growed."

OUR B Dear Boys and Girls: Those of you loyal to will be having some kind of a party to-day. We in the lead for a glorious large procession, service old parish church of and concerts and bang evening. Too bad the who live outside our city be with us to-day, and not know how to do h patron saint. Shamrock ble everywhere and mirth heart. Your loving fri AUNT PLANTING HIMSELF Dear little bright-eyed Always so full of glee, Always so very mischiev The pride of our home One bright summer day w Close by the garden we Standing so grave and d Beside a sunflower tall. His tiny feet he had cov With the moist and cool The stalk of the great ta He grasped with his ch When he saw us standing Gazing so wonderingly At his babyship, he greet With a merry shout of We asked our darling w him, He replied with a face "Mamma, I'm going to b I've planted myself to SHAMROCK DAY'S By Sheila Maho A blare of trumpets and sured tread of many feet, tingent of the St. Patri procession marched on Join the great parade on nue, heralded the entrance Ellen Maloney into the kind-hearted neighbors ha Sarah Ellen's mother cla little stranger closer to h as her eyes wandered rou tly furnished room on th of a tenement house, th tears rolled down her pal her thoughts wandered to thatched cottage nestling Wicklow hills, where her days had been spent. came the sadder thoughts hand who had not lived child. Sarah Ellen lay i shelter unconscious of the mories that stirred the he mother. The noise and ra have disturbed most b Sarah Ellen seemed to lil and by it ceased, and reigned, broken only by tic-tac of a little clock on tel above the wretched fl hours passed; shadows fl room. Now and again ca cry from Sarah Ellen- strange silence. Later o bor, coming in from her w her way into the room. at the still figure on th enough; Sarah Ellen's mot ble were over, and Sarah wailing disconsolately, a understood. Sarah Ellen's life was g the beginning; later on th phere was black. Almost fr hood she had to earn her o She was named Sarah El neighbors in accordance wi press wish of Mrs. Malc had confided to her next-d bor that her only sister, in Ireland, was called Sar The wish was remembered, child was taken to the near and baptized with pomp many. Other babies had flo lace robes and christening these were not for Sarah E want of them didn't seem her in the least. It was o a tender-hearted Irish girl, in the church at the time v was carried from the baptis went forward and placed wreath of shamrocks on h brow that she showed the l of feeling. A smile flickered little puckered face, and hands instinctively clasped th of the stranger. It was decided by the r that the little orphan sho sent to the workhouse. So them took a turn at bring up. "She kind of growed,"

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS.

BY AUNT BECKY.

Dear Boys and Girls:

Those of you loyal to St. Patrick will be having some kind of celebration to-day. We in Montreal take the lead for a glorious time, with a large procession, service in the grand old parish church of St. Patrick, and concerts and banquets in the evening. Too bad the little folks who live outside our city could not be with us to-day, and see if we do not know how to do honor to our patron saint. Shamrocks are visible everywhere and mirth is in every heart.

Your loving friend, AUNT BECKY.

PLANTING HIMSELF TO GROW.

Dear little bright-eyed Willie, Always so full of glee, Always so very mischievous, The pride of our home is he. One bright summer day we found him Close by the garden wall, Standing so grave and dignified, Beside a sunflower tall.

His tiny feet he had covered With the moist and cooling sand, The stalk of the great tall sunflower He grasped with his chubby hand. When he saw us standing near him, Gazing so wonderingly At his babyship, he greeted us With a merry shout of glee.

We asked our darling what pleased him, He replied with a face aglow: "Mamma, I'm going to be a man, I've planted myself to grow."

SHAMROCK DAY'S CHILD.

By Shiela Mahon.

A blare of trumpets and the measured tread of many feet, as a contingent of the St. Patrick's Day procession marched on its way to join the great parade on Fifth Avenue, heralded the entrance of Sarah Ellen Maloney into the world. The kind-hearted neighbors had just left, Sarah Ellen's mother clasped the little stranger closer to her breast as her eyes wandered round the scantily furnished room on the top floor of a tenement house, the burning tears rolled down her pale face as her thoughts wandered to the golden-thatched cottage nestling midst the Wicklow hills, where her childhood days had been spent. And then came the sadder thoughts of the husband who had not lived to see the child. Sarah Ellen lay in her snug shelter unconscious of the bitter memories that stirred the heart of her mother. The noise and racket would have disturbed most babies, but Sarah Ellen seemed to like it. By and by it ceased, and quietness reigned, broken only by the faint tick-tac of a little clock on the mantel above the wretched fire. The hours passed; shadows filled the room. Now and again came a low cry from Sarah Ellen—then a strange silence. Later on a neighbor, coming in from her work, found her way into the room. One glance at the still figure on the bed was enough; Sarah Ellen's mother's troubles were over, and Sarah Ellen was wailing disconsolately, as if she understood.

Sarah Ellen's life was gray from the beginning; later on the atmosphere was black. Almost from babyhood she had to earn her own living. She was named Sarah Ellen by the neighbors in accordance with the express wish of Mrs. Maloney, who had confided to her next-door neighbor that her only sister, who lived in Ireland, was called Sarah Ellen. The wish was remembered, and the child was taken to the nearest church and baptized with pomp and ceremony. Other babies had flowers and lace robes and christening cake; but these were not for Sarah Ellen. The want of them didn't seem to bother her in the least. It was only when a tender-hearted Irish girl, who was in the church at the time when she was carried from the baptismal font, went forward and placed a tiny wreath of shamrocks on her baby brow that she showed the least sign of feeling. A smile flickered over the little puckered face, and her tiny hands instinctively clasped the thumb of the stranger.

It was decided by the neighbors that the little orphan should not be sent to the workhouse. So each of them took a turn at bringing her up. "She kind of growed," like a

weed, with nothing special to nourish her. She was scarcely more than a baby when she was sent out to sell matches; then she reached the dignity of shoe laces, two for a nickel; until finally, when she was about twelve years old, a good Samaritan took pity upon her, and engaged her as maid of all work. This was the first time in her life that Sarah Ellen got enough to eat, and was clothed any way decently, in the cast-off garments of Melia Winkle, a niece of the good Samaritan. Sarah Ellen hated Melia, because the latter would turn up her snub nose expressively and call out, "Here comes Cast-Offs," when she met her in the street. The iron ranbled early in the soul of Sarah Ellen.

It must have been from her Celtic mother that she inherited her vivid imagination, for Sarah Ellen dreamed strange dreams, in which music and flowers and sunny skies and gorgeous figures played their parts, and retired after leaving fairy-like impressions on her brain. She had never experienced any of the things she dreamed; her life had been so commonplace and sordid; and yet they seemed like second nature to her. Sometimes it frightened her, these deep plunges into space in which her soul revolved, and she was usually aroused from these flights of fancy by the high-pitched voice of Mrs. Winkle: "Sarah Ellen, have you made the beds?" or "Sarah Ellen have you swept the stoop?" and sundry other questions, all bearing on the one important theme—work.

"I was meant to be a lady," she often thought dejectedly. The years went round monotonously; childhood passed, girlhood came. At this period her dreams were usually of a hero who moved about with lordly grace, a sword hanging by his side. She never met a soldier but her heart leapt, and wars and battles raged through her brain. In her dreams her hero was always a soldier, and she was the heroine, and was usually carried off in the hero's arms, a limp rag with long streaming hair. Yet, despite her romantic tendencies, she reached the mature age of twenty-five and had never had a lover. Other girls with not half her opportunities had moved off, and made good marriages, and settled down into happy wives and mothers, but Sarah Ellen remained. At night she had tragic dreams in which she figured as an old maid with corkscrew ringlets and hair plastered down the middle and a big tabby cat beside her.

The truth was, Sarah Ellen's personal appearance was against her. As a neighbor remarked, she looked like one that "didn't get her feed." Perhaps it was the soul-hunger that showed so plainly. Once she thought something was going to happen. It was when Melia Winkle's sailor-brother came home for a short time. She was seventeen then, and she had walked out with him, and her heart had thrilled when he squeezed her hand tenderly, and asked her if she was tired. No one had ever shown her that much attention before. But, alas! her dream was rudely dispelled, for Melia Winkle, when she heard of the episode, had said spitefully, under the pretence of good advice:

"I advise you not to be taken in with Josiah, he was kind of bonny, with those fighty ways. Every one knows how his heart is set on Liza Jones. She is a dressmaker, and makes such stylish things, too. Josiah, he just wants to make her jealous. It's for your own good, Sarah Ellen, I'm talking. I know you are easy imposed upon."

And Sarah Ellen had hastily disclaimed the soft impeachment, declaring hotly that she had never had a thought of him. In secret she shed bitter tears, and when she met Josiah looked the other way. And so ended the little romance. That was eight years ago, and nothing had ever happened since. It wasn't that she had not as fine clothes as the other girls; her social status had improved, and she was able to dress well. She could wear a long ostrich feather in her hat now, and pink roses which contrasted none too well with her sallow skin. The only thing remarkable about her were her eyes. They were haunting eyes of dark gray nearly black, with black lashes which cast shadows on her sallow cheeks—eyes which mirrored every passing thought of her soul. Despite her twenty-five years she had the innocent heart of a child, yet also she had a woman's natural longing to be loved. They say that into every life some

sunshine as well as some rain must fall. One day a broad, bright sunbeam came into Sarah Ellen's life and made it beautiful. She was twenty-six years old, and her life had been so colorless, that when the glory did come, it almost overwhelmed her. When she came to think it over, why it almost took her breath away, it was so unexpected. To think that her hero, the soldier of whom she had dreamed, should come into her life, and in such a romantic fashion as to satisfy all her yearnings. In her wildest dreams she had never imagined such happiness. That Donal O'More, a soldier in the United States army, should cast his eyes upon her, and it all happened so simply, in her humility she could have wept. Who would have thought that day when she was coming down stairs dust-pan in hand, and her foot caught in a doll's carriage belonging to one of the children, that she should fall into the outstretched arms of a big, tall fellow, standing at the bottom. It was a device of little Master Cupid to bring two kindred spirits together.

When Sarah Ellen recovered from the confusion, incidental to her somewhat awkward introduction, she blushed rosy red and for the moment looked handsome. Like magic the electric flame which governs the world was lighted. From that day her life was resplendent with the most gorgeous colors, untouched by a tiny particle of black or gray. It spread before her a fairland of beauty, and her prince, tall, straight-limbed and stalwart, glowed on her horizon like a star shining steadily, a beacon light to her adoring eyes. Donal came from Ireland, and wasn't she proud to be able to tell him that Ireland had been the home of her parents. It was a theme that strengthened the link between them. Donal vowed that as soon as it was in his power he would bring her to see the beauties of the Motherland. With flashing eyes and impassioned speech he held her enthralled with the story of Erin. Sarah Ellen's one sorrow was that she had not the good fortune to be born there. Donal with mirthful eyes told her he would crown her with shamrocks on St. Patrick's day to make up for the deficiency.

In all the wide, beautiful world there was no happier young woman on the morning of her wedding. Love, the great beautifier, had transformed her. A faint flush stained her cheeks, and her eyes no longer wore the look of the soul-hunger, but were sparkling wells of contentment, mirroring her happiness. Melia Winkle was to be bridesmaid. Melia and she were fast friends now; the childish spite of long ago had vanished. Melia was in the seventh heaven, for Jim Wilkins was to be the "best man," and Melia in her secret heart had a soft spot for Jim.

On that day of days Sarah Ellen wore a warm red dress, which lighted up her pale face, and a big bunch of shamrocks nestled at her throat. And instead of the proverbial orange blossom shamrocks crowned her dark hair and lay in the folds of her veil as in a snow wreath. Just as she had given a shy peep in the mirror at her own radiant reflection Donal arrived, in all his bridal bravery, accompanied by Jim. Such a happy quartette!

Jim whispered slyly to Melia: "What would she think of having a double event?" Melia's happy, flushed face and starry eyes seemed to satisfy him, for the pair sat together in a happy silence. How is it that happiness is so evanescent. God knows Sarah Ellen had it in full measure for the short time it lasted. But, alas! alas! Afterwards Melia could never explain how the whole thing happened. It was just after the ceremony, and Donal was walking down the cathedral steps proud and happy. Sarah Ellen on his arm. Suddenly a band of music coming up Fifth Avenue struck up, and she noticed Sarah Ellen crane her neck forward and give a startled exclamation, then dart from Donal's side. The next few seconds were the most terrible that ever Melia experienced. There was the hoarse roar of a crowd, a woman's scream, the thud, thud, of a runaway horse, mingling with the gay mockery of the tune; the sound of a child's shrill cry, and shouts of sympathy and horror as a white-veiled figure lay beneath the prancing hoofs, while a mother held in tight embrace the child who, through the heroic efforts of Sarah Ellen, had escaped death.

But Sarah Ellen, alas! alas! Donal, with heaving chest and eyes despairing in their agony, was the first to raise the slight figure. "Sarah! Sarah!" was all he could say, and a pair of eyes, beautiful even in their death agony, were raised to his. "God's will," murmured the pale lips. "God's will." And the soul of Sarah Ellen went forth.

WHEN WILL IT END?

In the recent debate on the King's speech, Mr. Timothy Healy said he had not read the Devolution proposals, but he had been very much struck by the very able speech of Mr. Dillon, which had the effect of informing him. He had not followed the Dunraven treaty, because he had not found it necessary to do so, having been expelled from the party at the instance of Mr. William O'Brien, whom he was very sorry not to see in his place. He did not approve of the attitude of the member for Cork City in reference to the Dunraven treaty. He did not understand it, but he was beginning to understand it now. He understood also the remarkable letter written by Mr. Davitt—whose name was entitled to be received with respect by every Irishman, in which he declared that Sir Antony MacDonnell was the decoy bird of the Tory Government.

A SMALL SECTION OF ORANGEMEN.

For many years the Nationalists had been trying to bring some measure of detachment to bear on their relations with English parties, and at every tack they had been baffled and beaten, generation after generation, by a small section of Orangemen backed by a few powerful papers and a few powerful families in Ulster. When the Prime Minister was Chief Secretary they learned to respect him, if not to love him; and he wondered whether the gentleman now believed that in those days he was always right and they were always wrong. After the rejection of the last Home Rule Bill, the Tory party began to turn rather a different eye upon Irish affairs, and in 1896 they brought in the Irish Land Bill. In 1898 they brought in the Irish Local Government Bill, and the chief charge brought against him when he was being expelled was that he cheered Mr. Gerald Balfour when he brought in that Bill. He did cheer Mr. Gerald Balfour, and he would cheer anybody on the other side who endeavored to bring in a Bill favorable to the interests of the country. Here they had the genesis of attack on Sir A. MacDonnell.

The Government passed a Local Government Bill, a Land Bill, and an Agricultural Board Bill, and no sooner had the general election of 1900 taken place than a dead set was made against the authors and administrators of those measures. What did they go to Sir Horace Plunkett, this Orange gang, who had the Times at their back? (Cheers.) His one crime seemed to be that he was interested in milk and butter (laughter), and had striven to improve the methods of farmers and to put money into the landlords' pockets. This Orange clique preferred that a Nationalist member should be returned in his place for South Dublin. The same faction went to Hatfield and said to Lord Salisbury that he must withdraw the Chief Secretary, Mr. Gerald Balfour, and Lord Cadogan, because he was hand and glove with the Nationalists.

What did these men want? They were loyalists—they were constantly hearing of their loyalty. If the monarch was Catholic would they be loyal to him? The only man to whom they denied liberty of conscience was the King himself. Lord Hugh Cecil did not believe in nationality, and did not know what it was. He would tell him, Nationality was something which one was willing to die for. Even the lord would die for the meridian Greenwich. These Unionists did not get a rate-collectorship in Cavan. A Protestant offered to be elected for two pence. The Catholics proposed a man for threepence and they took the Catholic. He understood the reason was that they had been reading the speeches of the member for West Birmingham, who declared that cheapness was not everything (laughter).

THE AIM OF THE ORANGEMEN.

He wanted to know whether it was part of the English policy that this miserable state of things was to continue. He regretted the situation of the Chief Secretary, who had no answer dialectically at least to the speech of the member for Mayo, but the right hon. gentleman might take this consolation, if he had failed he had only gone the way that scores of others had gone (cheers). The end and aim of this Orange gang was to keep Ireland discontented in order that they might pose as the Loyalist faction, the great Loyalist party, who in the midst of every temptation remained faithful to the Union and faithful to his Majesty the King. A greater gang of hypocrites never afflicted any country (cheers). What would have happened if the Chief Secretary had stood by Sir A. MacDonnell as Lord Dudley to his great credit had done? Who would

FATHER KOENIG'S FREE NERVE TONIC. A VALUABLE BOOK ON THE NERVOUS SYSTEM. Discuss and a sample bottle to any address. For get this medicine FREE! KOENIG MED. CO., 100 Lake St., CHICAGO, ILL. Sold by Druggists at 25c per bottle; six for \$1.50.

be getting his place? Maybe Mr. William Moore (laughter). But there was an old proverb—"Never throw out the dirty water till you have got in the clean" (laughter). The member had valorously threatened to call out his reserves on March 3. Who were the reserves? There they were, all of them on the Government Bench (laughter). Were they likely to respond to Mr. William Moore's call when he blew his whistle on March 3 (laughter). He (Mr. Healy) knew these gentlemen pretty well and Mr. Moore might take it from him that they much preferred that atmosphere even to the sacred atmosphere of Sandy Row.

WHY NOT SELF GOVERNMENT FOR IRELAND.

Was it not time to have an end of all this humbug? Let the Ulster members produce their own programme for governing Ireland. The Boers who bore arms against England so recently were to be entrusted with self-government (Opposition cheers). Was Ireland to be the one spot in the Empire which baffled British statesmanship. For his part he considered it was the duty of Irish Nationalists to meet every Government in that House with an opposition equivalent to the miseries which England had inflicted on their country.

WORLD FAMOUS BELLS.

The fame of the McShane Bell Foundry Co., of Baltimore, is rapidly extending from one end of the country to the other. They have recently completed at their works, for the E. Howard Clock Co., of Boston, a very fine peal of four bells to be erected in the City Hall at Tacoma, Washington, to be rung by clock-work. These bells are tuned to the intervals of the famous Westminster peal.

This establishment is one of the largest and best equipped in the country, and possesses every facility for the production of Bells of every description, such as Church Bells, Fire Alarm, Court House, Academy, Factory or Ship Bells, all of which are made in the best manner and strictly first class in each and every particular.

A specialty is made of Chimes and Peals of Bells, of any number, in perfect tune and accord with each other. The McShane Bell Foundry Co. was established in 1856. Anyone interested in bells of any kind should write them for their illustrated catalogue free.

The Catholic University of America.

March 10, 1905.

Whereas, an impression exists among the friends of the Catholic University of America that Mr. E. L. Scharf, of Washington, D.C., is an instructor in this Institution, and that his public utterances on ecclesiastical, political and scientific matters, in some degree represent and are endorsed by this University and its Professors, we deem it advisable to announce:

- 1. That Mr. E. L. Scharf never has been, in any manner, connected with this University.
2. That, according to our information, he was occupied some years ago in giving private lessons in certain modern languages on his own account, and, in compliance with his request, he was permitted to place his advertising card upon the General Advertising Bulletin Board of the University, as boarding-house keepers, book-sellers and others are allowed to do.
3. That, if he ever gave any instruction to students of the University, it was by private agreement between himself and them, and it formed no part of their university work.
4. That neither the University nor its Faculties are in any measure responsible for the opinions promulgated by Mr. Scharf, nor are its Professors engaged in the propagation of political theories, nor interested in political questions, otherwise than in their personal character as American citizens.
(Signed)
D. J. O'Connell, Rector of the University.
Chas. P. Granman, Dean of the Faculty of Theology.
John J. Griffin, Dean of the Faculty of Philosophy.
William C. Robinson, Dean of the Faculty of Law.
Daniel W. Shea, Director of Technology.

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MILLINERY OPENING

We beg to announce our Spring Millinery Opening for Thursday, Friday and Saturday, March the 16th, 17th and 18th.

It will be accompanied by an exhibition of Costumes that will include three models by our own Parisian dressmaker—a "Doucet" Dinner Dress; a "Raudnitz" Visiting Gown; a "Laferriere" Garden Party Toilette.

Our Ladies' Tailor—also from Paris—will exhibit a "Francis" (Paris) Redingote, a "Baschwitz" (Vienna) Afternoon Gown, a "Finkelstein" (Vienna) Visiting Gown, and a "Paquin" (Paris) Opera Cloak. These by reason of their exclusiveness will be publicly shown only for a short time.

There will also appear in the windows—for a few days only—some imported Parisian Models—an Opera Cloak by Doeillet, a Carriage Cloak by Redfern, an 1830 Dinner Gown by Callot Soeurs, and a Visiting Gown by Beer.

The Corsetiere of our Toronto business will be in attendance in the Corset section of the Annex on the Main Floor—now become a place reserved exclusively for the display of Ladies' Underwear, Whitewear, Corsets, Hosiery, Gloves and Infants' Outfitting.

The Dress Goods Department will show some Costume Lengths which cannot be duplicated in Canada. They were personally selected in Paris by our buyer and purchased on that understanding.

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King Edward and the Catholic Church.

Says the New Zealand Tablet: "In matters of religion the King has shown, and continues to show, a spirit of broad and enlightened tolerance. His friendly relations with leading Catholic prelates began while he was yet Prince of Wales and his attitude of cordial goodwill towards the Church has been maintained ever since; while his feelings of genuine respect for all religious bodies that are trying to do good according to their light was happily illustrated the other day by his granting the favor of a personal audience to the official head of the Salvation Army. Catholics will not soon forget the delicate tact and consideration shown on the occasion of the Coronation, when His Majesty hurried over that portion of the oath containing words that are insulting and offensive to Catholics; and read the passage in a tone that was absolutely inaudible even to those standing immediately near him. His Majesty is neither ashamed nor afraid to show his respect for the faith of the great historic Church of Christendom. He has frequently attended at Nuptial Masses and Requiem Masses, and late exchanges just at hand bring the news that on a recent occasion he was present at ordinary high Mass at Marienbad in Austria, when he followed the service throughout with a Catholic prayer-book. It is significant of the changed state of public feeling that this statement has been printed in all the London papers without eliciting anything at all in the way of protest or comment."—The Guidon.

SILVER LEAF IN SURGERY.

A surgeon has recently used with excellent results, a sheet of silver leaf in dressing wounds. The silver sticks close to the surface of the wounded or diseased tissue and a small quantity of cotton soaked in collodion is sufficient to keep it in place. When the wound is fresh it heals quickly, without inflammation or suppuration. The antiseptic properties of silver are not popularly known. Some years ago Dr. Rollin, of Lyons, in cultivating microbes in a bouillon which he had placed in a silver cup and at the end of a few hours found that the microbes perished completely disappeared. The fact was all the more remarkable as the same microbes multiplied when placed in another vessel. Pursuing his investigations, Dr. Rollin analyzed the bouillon, which was contained in the silver vessel, and found therein a small trace of silver, which infinitesimal small quantity had rendered the bouillon antiseptic.

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FRIDAY, MARCH 17, 1905.

ST. PATRICK'S DAY.

We look for a noble expression of
Irish faith and patriotism on this
St. Patrick's Day. Religion, nation-
ality, good citizenship and social
progress should be declared by the
voice of our celebration.

Irishmen in Canada, aye, Irishmen
throughout the world, require the
power of public demonstration to
promote their interests in every land
where they have made their homes.
Though they have gained freedom of
religious worship and equality of
citizenship under British institutions,
a great task remains yet to be ac-
complished by them. The duty is
theirs to put down religious preju-
dice and race animosity which con-
tinue to obstruct and retard the
work of good government and the
duty of good citizenship both in Ame-
rican and British communities.

The celebration of St. Patrick's
Day is a mighty influence operating
in the welfare of Erin's scattered
children. It unites them wherever
they may be in a chain of faith and
national devotion; it warms the heart
of humanity by an example of purest
patriotism; it keeps alive and nour-
ishes love of the motherland, the in-
spiration of Ireland's song and story,
the pride of her chivalrous victory
over wrong and persecution. These
things we are bound as Irishmen to
keep in our own hearts till national
freedom crowns the glorious and his-
toric cause.

THE POLITICAL SITUATION.

The unrest and speculation in Ot-
tawa does not wholly depend upon
the school question. The introduc-
tion of the autonomy measures rather
afforded an opportunity for
which certain interests were anxiously
waiting. Cold-blooded as it may
appear, there is not a shadow of
doubt but that these interests are
speculating upon the physical or
political life of the Premier of Can-
ada. It would not matter neces-
sarily to them which might terminate
the sooner. Sir Wilfrid is a barrier
to the realization of great schemes.
The Grand Trunk Pacific Railway,
which is his policy, is not the policy
of the great schemers. The troubles
of the Liberal party began with the
Grand Trunk Pacific project. The
bolting started when the national
transcontinental line was decided
upon. Mr. Sifton says his own bolt
was due entirely to the school clauses
of the autonomy bills. Had the bills
not been introduced this year, Mr.
Sifton would have gone out this
year. There is no doubt that some
Liberal members may vote against
the second reading of the autonomy
bills through fear of their constitu-
ents. But the Protestant prejudices
of Ontario and the Northwest would
never have been played upon and
aroused by the press, if it did not
suit the purpose of promoters and
speculators to try to force Sir Wil-
frid Laurier from his place at the
helm of state. Of course the direc-

tion which events have taken since
the introduction of the autonomy
bills and Mr. Sifton's resignation
suits the Orange faction in Ontario
down to the ground. The law and
the prophets with them is to beat
Sir Wilfrid Laurier, the Catholic pre-
mier, at any cost or by any means.
They are accordingly passing resolu-
tions and padding petitions on
every hand. But the Liberal party
in Parliament discerns the game, and
when the vote is taken on the North-
West measures Sir Wilfrid Laurier
will have his normal majority.

There is a growing impression that
Catholics should strengthen the Pre-
mier's hands at this juncture by
sending in counter petitions. We do
not think that this is necessary. The
Catholic people of Canada are united
for the maintenance of religious
teaching in the schools. The con-
stitution of Canada supports them,
and the Parliament and Government
of Canada will abide by the constitu-
tion.

THE HUNTINGDON GLEANER.

The Huntingdon Gleaner has enlisted
in the warfare against Catholic
educational rights in the new pro-
vinces of the west as an ammunition
carrier to the Ontario newspapers,
who are doing most of the fighting.
The ammunition brought into use by
the Gleaner is of a new type. It is
with astonishment we learn that
Protestant separate schools are de-
populating the Protestant townships
of Quebec. But let the Gleaner tell
its own story:

"Let Sir Wilfrid Laurier explain
this—the extraordinary spectacle of a
people abandoning the land of their
birth, to which they are bound by
every tie of affection and patriotism,
to seek new homes in the United
States, for the proportion have been
trifling who have gone to our North-
west. What is it they find under an
alien flag they could not in the Pro-
vince of Quebec? We want no rhe-
torical generalities, no vaporing
about justice and toleration. Here
is a plain problem—Why are the Pro-
testant farmers of the Province of
Quebec going away? Do men flee a
province where they have no cause
of complaint? I am not going to
enumerate all their causes of com-
plaint: I select one, and that the
one on which Sir Wilfrid Laurier
makes his boast—that of schools.
Farmers have told the writer, when
he remonstrated with them for sell-
ing out, that they had no choice,
that when the ratepayers were all of
one mind in this district they had
only strength enough to keep up a
school, but when the cure interfered
and insisted on a Separate School,
they could not maintain one. The
alternative was before them to see
their children grow up in ignorance
or go to a country where there were
no Separate Schools. They were do-
ing well in the Province of Quebec,
they did not expect to get farms on
better soil, it was a wrench to their
feelings to break old associations
and part with old neighbors, but
for the sake of their children they
felt they must make the sacrifice."

"Analyze the reports of the inspec-
tors of schools and there are revela-
tions of ignorance among the scat-
tered English-speaking communities
in the Eastern Townships and ad-
joining counties which, if their
wealthy compatriots in Montreal realized,
or our churches comprehended, would
stir them to action. There is no
more saddening aspect in the condi-
tion of our Province than the groups
of Protestant children to be found
here and there all over it destitute
of the means of acquiring the ele-
ments of education, and threatening
us with a coming generation of Pro-
testant farmers as ignorant as Rus-
sian moujiks. This is a fruit of Se-
parate Schools. If we had national
schools, instead of sectarian schools,
no child in the province would be
without an opportunity to learn to
read and write. Another conse-
quence of these sectarian schools
should never be lost sight of, and
that is, where Protestant farmers
are too few to have a school, they
are taxed to support Catholic
schools, which, sometimes, have as
their teachers nuns or Christian Bro-
thers. There are hundreds of Pro-
testant farmers who are forced either
to support Catholic schools or sell
out. Sir Wilfrid Laurier, who, as
Premier, ought to be the guardian
of the rights that pertain to every
British subject regardless of creed or
nationality, tells us it is no cause
of complaint to compel Protestants to
pay taxes to support a religious sys-
tem against which their very names
indicates they protest, and that is

the system of schools he wants to
fasten for all time on our great
Northwest. There is not a Protes-
tant farmer who has been under the
thrall in Quebec who would want to
buy land in the proposed new Pro-
vinces if he succeeds."

The effect and meaning of this or-
true tale is that Protestants sell out
and go to the United States if com-
pelled to pay taxes for schools which
they do not approve. Neither in
Quebec nor in the Northwest are
Protestants required to do any such
thing; and if they are moving across
the line it must be owing to some
other cause. All that Catholics in
Quebec or the West ask under the
law is that Catholic school taxes be
applied to the support of schools
which Catholics approve. What the
opponents of Catholic schools demand
is that Catholics all over Canada be
compelled to pay taxes to schools
which their consciences do not ap-
prove, Catholics in Manitoba are
obliged to do this; but, unlike the
Protestant farmers of Quebec, they
are not moving across the line by
way of protest. Mr. J. H. Brock,
of Winnipeg, who is neither a Catho-
lic nor a supporter of Sir Wilfrid
Laurier, speaking of the condition of
things in the Territories, says:

"In my opinion the system at pre-
sent in force in the Territories is a
just and equitable one, and the best
thing to be done is to embody the
present legislation in the acts incor-
porating the new Provinces, so as to
avert future trouble and safeguard
the rights of minorities, whether
Catholic or Protestant. These rights
have been in force for thirty years,
and the wisest thing to be done is
to secure them for the future. I
think we Protestants should act
fairly towards Roman Catholics and
safeguard their privileges, especially
when our privileges are also safe-
guarded."

Then Mr. Brock adds:
"To go further in this matter, I
cannot refrain from referring to the
present position of Roman Catholics
in Manitoba, where they are forced
to pay taxes to the public schools,
which many of them do not use, and
then they have to go down into their
pockets a second time in order to
maintain their own educational es-
tablishments. I call this an out-
rage, and I say that the injustice
should not be duplicated in Saskat-
chewan and Alberta."

What Protestants of the type of
the Gleaner and its Ontario conferees
want is to have everything their own
way. Where Protestants are numer-
ous and wealthy as in Montreal they
want all their own taxes as well as
the neutral taxes for the support of
Protestant schools exclusively. Where
the number of Protestants is so few
that they cannot support a Protest-
ant Separate School without making
some sacrifice, they would compel
the Catholic majority to conduct
schools according to the Protestant
standard. But in Ontario and the
West, where Catholics are in the
minority, they would be obliged to
pay their taxes to the so-called Pub-
lic schools which are as Protestant
as the Separate Schools of Quebec;
and having done that, go down into
their pockets for the additional
maintenance of an independent sys-
tem of Catholic schools. We are far
from thinking that the bulk of the
Protestant people of Canada are un-
just and intolerant; indeed, we be-
lieve that the opinion of Mr. Brock
quoted above represents the opinion
of the average Canadian Protestant.

A letter such as Captain Hyland's
in another column of this issue is
deserving of more than passing no-
tice. Our young friend realizes the
hard work of a newspaper editor;
and instead of offering criticism or
suggestions more or less practical,
puts his shoulder to the wheel and
launches a scheme worthy of a much
older brain. There is a ring of true
patriotism in the communication,
and as the True Witness is to be the
gainer, it is not unnatural that we
wish Capt. Hyland splendid success.

A word of kindness is seldom spoken
in vain, while witty sayings are
as easily lost as the pearls slipping
from a broken chain.

The past is secure; the present and
the future are our fields of opportu-
nity and duty.



HIS GRACE ARCHBISHOP BRUCHESE.

ST. PATRICK, THE APOSTLE
OF IRELAND.

DIED, A.D. 465.

"All praise to St. Patrick, who
brought to our mountains
The gift of God's faith, the sweet
light of His love;
All praise to the shepherd who show-
ed us the fountains
That rise in the heart of the Sa-
viour above!

"There is not a Saint in the bright
courts of heaven
More faithful than he to the land
of his choice;
Oh! well may the nation to whom
he was given
In the feast of their sire and Apos-
tle rejoice.
In glory above,
True to his love,
He keeps the false faith from his
children away—
The dark, false faith
Far worse than death."

St. Patrick, whose noble name is
revered in many lands, was born in
the year 387, at Boulogne, in the
north of France. His father, Cal-
phurnius, and his mother, Conchessa,
a niece of St. Martin, Archbishop of
Tours, were persons of rank and vir-
tue. Conchessa, it is said, was
noted for elegance of manners and
beauty of person.

The Saint's childhood was marked
by many miraculous incidents. We
can give but one. While running
about in a field one of his sisters
slipped and fell, striking her fore-
head against a sharp stone. The girl
was so stunned and severely wound-
ed that she seemed to be lifeless.
Friends anxiously gathered around,
and her little brother was soon on
the scene. Patrick's surgery was
wonderful. He made the sign of the
cross on her blood-stained counten-
ance, and instantly the wound heal-
ed. But the scar remained as a sign
to mark the spot where faith and
holiness had gained a victory.

ST. ANN'S Y. M. S.

We regret that the names of the de-
legates of the above society, Messrs.
Kenehan and Hartford, were inad-
vertently omitted last week from
amongst those attending the meeting
at St. Patrick's Hall to make final
arrangements for the St. Patrick's
day celebration. Mr. Kenehan made
the motion that a meeting should be
held in January so that there would
be time to perfect all details for a
proper celebration of the 17th of
March.

Annual Meeting of Shamrock
Lacrosse Club.

The annual meeting of the above-
named club took place on Monday
evening last. Mr. T. O'Connell pre-
sided. The proposal of Mr. H. Mc-
Laughlin to amend the constitution
to the effect that the elective mem-
bers be reduced from 6 to 4 was in
the end withdrawn. The meeting ac-
cepted the recommendation by Mr.
Frank J. Curran that the first vice-
president look after the interests of
the intermediate team, the second
vice-president to look after the ju-
niors. The annual report was pre-
sented, and in all respects was most
satisfactory. The election of officers
resulted as follows:

President—Thomas O'Connell.
Hon. President—H. E. McLaughlin.
First Vice-President—T. F. Sla-
tery.
Second Vice-President—J. Whyte.
Hon. Secretary—W. J. McGee.
Asst. Secretary—E. Quinn.

THE MATINEE AT THE WINDSOR
HALL.

St. Patrick's parish will have its
own entertainment to celebrate the
feast of its patron. At Windsor
Hall, this afternoon at three o'clock,
will take place an entertainment am-
bitiously fitted to mark the occasion.
Some of the best talent in the city
has been secured. The preparation
of the programme has been confided
to Miss Agnes Lynch, who has al-
ready achieved considerable success
in musical circles. Prof. Sullivan,
a well-known violinist, will take part
in the programme. Miss M. King
will accompany Mr. Farrell in her
own composition "Missons," with
violin obligato by Prof. Sullivan.
Music, songs and comedy will be fea-
tures of the performance. The en-
tertainment is intended largely for
children who will be unable to at-
tend the evening performances. The
programme, however, is still one
that will offer much interest to the
grown up portion of the population.
Let us hope that a crowded house
will greet the performers.

Those who complain that they
don't get all they deserve may be
lucky that they don't.

Full Account of
St. Patrick's
our



REV. HUB
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Once again is dear old St.
Day with us. It is a day
a day of loyalty, a day of
am, a day of religious fe-
our people. At an early
morning the city was astir
strains of Irish music, while
fol, the Shamrock, and
bons were worn by a large
age of Montreal's population
were proud to wear

"The chosen leaf
Of Bard and Chief,
Old Erin's native shamrock
The various Catholic soci-
sembled at their halls at
and shortly afterwards, pro-
bands and banners, proceed
Patrick's Church to assist
ligious celebration.

The scene at the church v-
of the grandeur. The beautif-
ary was hung in streamers
and green, while potted pla-
shamrocks were seen in p-
The myriads of colored elec-
other lights shed their radi-
the scene, and the dear
parent church was seen at
The attendance of the laity
large.

At 9.30 the procession of
ary boys and priests enter
sanctuary amidst the stirring
of "St. Patrick's Day," "The
end "Let Erin Remember,"
high Mass was sung by Rev.
Callaghan, D.D., assisted by
J. Heffernan as deacon and
Killoran as sub-deacon. In
tuary were Right Rev. Bis-
Racicot, Rev. Fathers M. Ca-
P.P., St. Patrick's; O'Meara
St. Gabriel's; P. Brady, P.
Mary's; J. E. Donnelly, P.
Anthony's; P. Rioux, C.S.S.
Ant' J. P. Kiernan, P. M.
Michael's; Casey, P.P. St. A-
Heffernan, St. Anthony's;
Shea, St. Anthony's; P. M.
St. Mary's; E. Strubbe, C.
D. Holland, C.S.S.R., E. F.
S.S.R., J. McPhail, C.S.S.R.
Pam's; A. Cullinan, St. Ma-
F. Callahan, St. Michael's;
gieton, St. Agnes; T. Fah-
Gabriel's; E. Polas, St. P.
L. McGinnis, Verdun; G. M.
S.S., Notre Dame Church;
Henry, O.S.C., W. H. Condo-
C., St. Laurent College.

Inside the sanctuary were
treat College boys and St. F.
Cadets, who acted as a
guard of honor. Outside the
rallying were the Hibernian
and the officers of St. Gab-
venite Total Abstinence and
Society. At the elevation
Patrick's Cadets and H-
Knights presented arms.

THE DAY WE CELEBRATE.

Full Account of Sermon—Demonstration in St. Patrick's Church—Status of our Irish Societies.



REV. HUBERT J. ZILLES, C.S.S.R., Preacher of the Day.

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the Apostle of Ireland. His life is well known to all from birth to death. Since it is my pleasant duty to pronounce his eulogy, let me do so by speaking of the faith which he brought to you.

A GREAT MORAL CONQUEST.
The annual recurrence of this day presents to our minds one of the greatest of moral conquests in the history of the world. Millions of a scattered race are celebrating to-day the name and memory of a man who has been dead for fourteen hundred years. Who was he and what has he done to warrant such enduring and enthusiastic remembrance? Was he the founder of a race that so extolls his praise? Was he a great ruler or some brilliant leader, winning for them wide possessions of wealth and commercial influence?

The glorious St. Patrick accomplished a conquest far superior and extensive. Although ever alien to the Irish in race, he had been commissioned by the all-ruling Providence of God to be the extraordinary messenger of His councils, the oracle of His wisdom, the instrument of His grace and the channel of His boundless mercies to a people in a remote corner of the then known world, who, as the Scripture phrase expresses it, "were sitting in the darkness and the gloomy shades of death."

CONVERTED IRELAND.
He rooted up infidelity and planted Christianity in Ireland; he banished vice and immorality and promoted the practice of true piety and solid virtue both by his word and example. As his many biographers state, he had been pre-eminently qualified in every respect by the Almighty for the arduous enterprise. Being gifted with profound faith, indefatigable zeal and rare sanctity, founded on a singular spirit of self-sacrifice, he was well chosen to diffuse the light of the Gospel all over the Island and establish most effectually and permanently its spirit. An old chronicle furnishes a most beautiful summary of the characteristic virtues and sanctity of St. Patrick:

"A just man, indeed, was this man: with the purity of nature, like the patriarchs; a true pilgrim, like Abraham; gentle of heart, like Moses; a praiseworthy psalmist, like David; an emulator of wisdom, like Solomon; a chosen vessel for proclaiming truth, like the Apostle Paul; a man full of grace and the knowledge of the Holy Ghost, like the beloved John; a fair flower garden to the children of grace; a flaming fire; a lion in strength and power; a dove in gentleness and humility; a serpent in wisdom to do good; a servant of labor and service for Christ; a king in dignity and might, for binding and loosening, for liberating and convicting. St. Patrick, a man most eminently qualified to be a veritable apostle. We have reason to believe that the Gospel was preached in Ireland before St. Patrick, but through Divine Providence Ireland was converted by St. Patrick."

THE BLOODLESS CONVERSION OF AN ENTIRE NATION.
When St. Patrick preached the great truths of Christianity to its people, they bent their minds like one man captive to the Gospel of Jesus Christ. The Christian message was received without disturbance or opposition, without the torturing persecution let loose against the evangelists of greater and more cultured peoples. It is the only instance on record, besides the conversion of Armenia by St. Gregory Illuminator, of the bloodless conversion of an entire people. Other nations received the faith slowly and only faintly opened their eyes to the truth, but Ireland received it in a moment and with all the brightness of the noontday sun, not only to maintain it, but also to spread it all over the land.

THE PREACHER TOOK HIS TEXT FROM THE BOOK OF ECCLESIASTICUS: "Let us now praise men of renown, and our fathers in their generation. But these were men of mercy, whose godly deeds have not faded; good things continue with their seed. Their posterity are a holy inheritance and their seed hath stood in the covenants; and their children for their sakes remain for ever: their seed and their glory shall not be forsaken. Let the people show forth their wisdom and the Church declare their praise." Eccles. 44.

It is with joyous and happy hearts we have assembled to-day in this beautiful temple of God dedicated to the glorious St. Patrick. The worship of God is always dear to the hearts of the Irish people, but it never finds truer and more expressive manifestation than on this, their national holy day. We are at all times pleased to find the opportunity to give expression to our faith by glorifying God and assisting at the renewal of Christ's sacrifice on Calvary's Hill, yet our pleasure is increased immensely for the reason that this day is all our own. Indeed a day of faith and of characteristic joy shared by all who are united to us by faith and blood. A due appreciation of our holy faith and a deep-seated love of nationality has brought us to-day to the altars of our forefathers. The same sentiment gladdens all hearts to hear the priest preach the life and labors of the great and glorious St. Patrick,



REV. MARTIN CALLAGHAN, P.P., ST. PATRICK'S CHURCH, WHERE CELEBRATION WAS HELD.

bend his faltering knees in holy prayer. But one request he asked of God as a reward for forty years of apostolic work, that the people to whom he had preached should never lose the faith. It was his last spoken word on earth, the answer he heard in heaven. Fourteen hundred years of time are a witness of the answer of his request.

CLAIMS TO DISTINCTION.
There is no other nation that did not at some time set up some heresy or anti-pope. Ireland alone of all nations never set up a heresy, but always remained true to the successor of St. Peter. Henry VIII. robbed the Anglo-Saxon of his faith, but Ireland, divided in questions of nationality and political economy, was always one in questions of religion.

The Dane was resisted to death, not because he invaded the nation, but because he invaded its sanctuaries. Every man was willing to war against the invader, being told by his faith if he fell in such a cause he could claim a martyr's crown. During four hundred years, during which Ireland was a vast battlefield, Henry VIII. found that the nation which was incapable of defending its own liberty because of political divisions, became the very personification of unity when he touched its religion. Like one man, all arose and exclaimed: "The King can rob us of our possessions; he can exile us, he can put us to death, but he can never separate us from the See of Rome or the successors of the Apostles."

NATION OF MARTYRS—SEED OF THE CHURCH.
Ireland received the faith without bloodshed, but its retention and maintenance was purchased at the price of their martyrs which became the seed of the Church. "Their posterity are a holy inheritance and their seed hath stood in the covenants." (Eccles., 44, 12.)

Education became a crime, worship a felony. Ireland became the scene of the most violent and atrocious persecutions and sufferings, until it seemed as if nothing could tell the history of the past, but blood. The land was wasted over and over again, flooded in blood, steeped in tears, the whole aboriginal race was stripped of every thing they had in the world and driven out to die in the wasted places of the land.

All in vain. Ireland's Catholicity, like the mountain oak, like the Cedar of Lebanon, defied every storm for 14,000 years, and strange to say, but glorious—became the means of spreading the Catholic Church. Driven from their homes, they

brought with them to the lands of the stranger, their faith. England received through Irish emigration an increase of Catholic altars and a restoration of its episcopacy.

It is quite certain, humanly speaking, says a certain author, that the Catholic Church would have died out utterly in the English-speaking countries, had not the Irish been there to keep it alive. Deprived of their national tongue, and made to speak in the alien tongue of the English, our Lord made them the standard-bearers of His Church among a powerful people. The Irish race has been wonderfully preserved and providentially scattered to the vast extent of twenty millions over the earth, to be the leaven in the mass of English-speaking Protestantism.

NATIONAL CHARACTERISTICS.
The faith of the Irish is, moreover, a realistic reflection of their religion. The Immaculate Conception of the Mother of God has always been a favored belief in the Catholic Church; St. Patrick's faith taught the Irish maiden the purity of Mary, and the Irish mother her love. So much so that for fifteen hundred years the Irish maiden has been the type of purity and the Irish mother the type of love. Another characteristic of St. Patrick's mission is filial love. Irish children having left their parents at home, though asking out a scanty and poor existence in the land of their adoption, are known to send a portion of their earnings to their fathers and mothers in the old country.

One other characteristic which stands out in bold relief deserves special mention. It is their respectful devotedness to their priests. The Irish priest is always faithful to his people, and the people to him, and the sacred ties which bind them together were strengthened rather than weakened by suffering and persecution. Even though they had lost their institutions, their homes, and their churches, they had left to them their priests, to whom they clung as the representatives of the Church, the anointed of the Lord, the tie that connected them with St. Patrick.

Their love and practical loyalty to their faith is even illustrated in external demonstrations. The civic procession of to-day in this city of Montreal, as well as in the States and elsewhere is essentially a Catholic parade. As Catholic priest and missionary, and the exponent of St. Patrick's eulogy to-day, I hail you all, delegates of the Irish Catholic societies of the city of Montreal. May I express a wish that the present movement in the United States

of Catholic Federation may be also taken up in Canada, so as to cement and unite more closely all under the one common banner of our faith, constituting, we hope, by united efforts, a Catholic power in the land.

IRELAND'S GLORY, PATRICK'S GLORY.

In extolling Ireland's glory I have eulogized St. Patrick's glory. On other Saints' days we bless God for the graces He bestowed upon them; on the feast of St. Patrick we bless God, not so much for having manifested His glory in His saints as for having glorified Himself in His people. Ireland's glory is St. Patrick's glory, and St. Patrick's glory is Ireland's glory.

This day, I repeat what I said in the beginning of my discourse, therefore, is pre-eminently a day of faith. Let your hearts abound with holy joy and gratitude to God for the greatness and permanency of its legacy. Let us raise our hearts towards heaven, the home of the faithful friends of God, the reward of our glorious saint and patron. Let your prayer be for the old faith that it may never be disgraced neither in you nor in your foreign born children nor in their children's children. Beloved brethren, I call upon you to-day to remember, like the Irish fourteen hundred years ago, to illustrate the faith received by sanctity of life. Let us make our lives worthy of the martyred dead, worthy of our noble ancestors.

O glorious St. Patrick! hear today our prayers and the prayers of thy scattered children, particularly the supplications of suffering, well-nigh breaking hearts for faith, for home, for liberty. Amen.

Immediately after the services at the church the procession, which was a worthy one, being marked by enthusiasm and good spirit, formed on Beaver Hall Hill, under the chief marshalship of Mr. W. J. Ryan, of the Young Irishmen's Literary and Benefit Society. The route was along Craig street to DeRomier avenue, to St. Catherine street and St. Alexander street to St. Patrick's Hall, where the procession disbanded.

The following was the order of the procession:

- Marshal-in-chief and aides.
- The Hibernian Knights.
- The Ancient Order of Hibernians.
- The Congregation of St. Gabriel. (Not members of any society.)
- St. Gabriel's Juvenile T. A. & B. Society.
- St. Gabriel's T. A. & B. Society.

(Continued on Page 8.)

names of the de-society, Messrs. ord, were inad- week from ing the meeting to make final e St. Patrick's Kenahan made eting should be t there would details for a l the 17th of

of Shamrock Club. The various Catholic societies assembled at their halls at 8 o'clock and shortly afterwards, preceded by bands and banners, proceeded to St. Patrick's Church to assist at the religious celebration. The scene at the church was one of grandeur. The beautiful sanctuary was hung in streamers of white and green, while potted plants and shamrocks were seen in profusion. The myriads of colored electric and other lights shed their radiance over the scene, and the dear old Irish parent church was seen at its best. The attendance of the laity was very large.

At 9.30 the procession of sanctuary boys and priests entered the sanctuary amidst the stirring strains of "St. Patrick's Day," "The Harp," and "Let Erin Remember." Solemn High Mass was sung by Rev. Luke Callaghan, D.D., assisted by Rev. P. J. Heffernan as deacon and Rev. J. Killoran as sub-deacon. In the sanctuary were Right Rev. Bishop-elect Racicot, Rev. Fathers M. Callaghan, P.P., St. Patrick's; O'Meara, P.P., St. Gabriel's; P. Brady, P.P., St. Mary's; J. E. Donnelly, P.P., St. Anthony's; P. Rioux, C.S.S.R., St. Ann's; J. P. Kiernan, P.P., St. Michael's; Casey, P.P., St. Agnes; T. Heffernan, St. Anthony's; M. L. Shea, St. Anthony's; P. McDonald, St. Mary's; E. Strubbe, C.S.S.R., D. Holland, C.S.S.R., E. Flynn, C.S.S.R., J. McPhail, C.S.S.R., St. Ann's; A. Cullinan, St. Mary's; R. E. Callahan, St. Michael's; F. Singleton, St. Agnes; T. Fahey, St. Gabriel's; E. Polan, St. Patrick's; L. McGinnis, Verdun; G. McShane, S.S., Notre Dame Church; W. FitzHenry, C.S.C., W. H. Condon, C.S.C., St. Laurent College.

Inside the sanctuary were the Montreal College boys and St. Patrick's Cadets, who acted as a special guard of honor. Outside the altar-railing were the Hibernian Knights and the officers of St. Gabriel's Juvenile Total Abstinence and Benefit Society. At the elevation the St. Patrick's Cadets and Hibernian Knights presented arms. The music

was of the highest order, and lent an additional charm. The choir had prepared a fine musical service. The Kyrie, Gloria and Credo were from Professor Fowler's Mass of the Blessed Virgin, and the Sanctus and Agnus Dei from Ambrose Thomas' Messe Solennelle. At the Offertory Mr. Lamoureux sang Panis Angelicus by Dubois. The solos were rendered by Messrs. F. Cahill, J. P. Kelly, G. A. Carpenter, J. F. Walsh and W. J. Walsh. Prof. Fowler played some of Ireland's beautiful melodies at different parts of the service.

THE SERMON.

The sermon was, as usual, one of the leading features of the morning's celebration. It was preached by Rev. Father Hubert J. Zilles, C.S.S.R., of Saratoga, N.Y., who is engaged at present in giving a retreat at St. Patrick's Church. It was an eloquent and masterly oration, one that was practical in its entirety, breathing forth piety and patriotism in its sentiments. It set before the mind the eternal principle on which depend the happiness of a people here and hereafter. The following is the sermon in full:

The preacher took his text from the Book of Ecclesiasticus: "Let us now praise men of renown, and our fathers in their generation. But these were men of mercy, whose godly deeds have not faded; good things continue with their seed. Their posterity are a holy inheritance and their seed hath stood in the covenants; and their children for their sakes remain for ever: their seed and their glory shall not be forsaken. Let the people show forth their wisdom and the Church declare their praise." Eccles. 44.

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Religion and Education at Newfoundland.



RT. REV. RONALD McDONALD, Harbor Grace, Nfld.

Many, years ago a little band of Irish emigrants sailed for the coast of Newfoundland. They were leaving behind them The Isle of Beauty, the dear old Emerald Isle, and were to settle in a distant land remarkable for its barren cliffs and rock bound coast. No doubt such a scene was far from inviting in those days when all the hardships, labors and sacrifices peculiar to the first settlers of a new region are considered. At this time there were but two principal places at Newfoundland, viz. St. John's and Harbor Grace, at which places a portion of this little band of Irish sons and daughters made their future homes. They had insurmountable difficulties to overcome, especially in religious matters, for we are told there is no colony within the circle of the British Empire where the Catholics have had to struggle against such perverse policy as in this island. The country was discovered by John Cabot in 1497, and although extensive and lucrative fisheries were carried on along the coast, still the British Government passed all kinds of restrictive laws for nearly three hundred years, forbidding anyone, and especially the Irish, from settling in Newfoundland. Irish Catholics were the object of a special proscription up to the year 1784, when at last liberty of worship was proclaimed. A very zealous priest, the Rev. Father O'Donel, set himself to work to build little churches in the different parts and harbors, where the Catholics had established themselves. Six years after liberty of conscience had been proclaimed, the Governor, whose name was Milbank, acquainted the Rev. Father O'Donel that so far from being disposed to allow of an increase of places of religious worship for the Roman Catholics of the island, he very seriously intended to lay those already established under peculiar restrictions. With such serious handicaps it is easily seen that the Irish Catholics received very poor encouragement to make their home in this new country. Often did they sigh for the green hills of Old Erin, its pleasant scenes, and by-gone pleasures. Visiting the shores of the Bay Metropolis, as Harbor Grace is justly styled, and taking a stroll of a fine summer's morning, brought back thoughtful pleasures of old Ireland. A few years passed, and with them came a change for the better. In 1794 the zealous and noble pioneer missionary, the good Father O'Donel, was consecrated Bishop and Vicar-Apostolic of the island, a fitting reward for his unflinching courage in the pursuit of his labors among his persecuted and down-trodden countrymen. The population all over the island increased, and in course of time several clergymen were laboring in different parts of the island. At St. John's religion and education were to receive a lasting foundation. In 1814 the Benevolent Irish Society, the oldest organization of its kind in North America, was founded.

The objects of the Society are: 1. The union of Roman Catholic working and mercantile men. 2. The cause of Christian education and charity. 3. The fostering of the national spirit. 4. The due celebration of St. Patrick's day under the direction of His Grace the Archbishop and the clergy. In 1835 four nuns of the Presentation Order from Ireland arrived at St. John's. They were Sister Bernard Kirwan, first Superior, who died at Fermanagh on the 27th February, 1857, aged 60 years; Sister Xavier Molony, who afterwards founded the convent at Harbor Main. She died at St. John's, 8th October, 1865, aged 85 years; Sister Xavier Lynch, died at Harbor Grace, 25th November, 1882; and Sister Magdalen O'Shaughnessy, the last of the faithful and intrepid band of pioneers, died at the Presentation Convent, Cathedral Square, St. John's, in 1886, being 95 years old. When the nuns first arrived there was no convent or school ready to receive them, so they lived for a time at the "Old Palace," and taught school in the back room of a tavern bearing the significant signboard: "The Rising Sun." As times went on things grew brighter, and a convent was built. It is erected on Cathedral Square, and is a gem. The exterior is of native cut stone. The interior is large and airy, and contains many rooms with relics and pictures of bygone days. At the east of the convent there is attached a large building which is used for school purposes, with a part set aside as a chapel and used for morning services and sodality meetings during the year. Over three hundred children are educated at this convent. The daughters of the saintly Nano Nagle are held in reverence by a grateful people, for they have labored long and well in the educational arena, and their works have borne much fruit. Some years after the introduction of the Presentation Nuns, the Sisters of Mercy were brought to St. John's. At present they have a large convent in Military Road, an orphanage at Belvedere, a boarding and Normal school at Littledale. Their work has been phenomenal and their successes at public examinations all that could be desired. While many of their pioneer sisters rest from their labors, the work of their devoted founder, Catherine McAuley, is still being scrupulously carried out. Besides teaching and looking after the orphans, the Sisters also visit the sick in different parts of the city. The latest addition to their convent on Military Road was a spacious chapel, which is styled Our Lady of Good Counsel. About thirty years ago the Irish Christian Brothers, an order founded by Mr. Rice of Dublin, was introduced into St. John's. While the education of the girls was all that could be desired, the same advantages were wanted for the boys. His

Lordship the late Dr. Power, and the Benevolent Irish Society, were successful in obtaining the Christian Brothers, who since their advent to the Ancient Colony have completely revolutionized education. Before their coming, education among the male portion was a blank; to-day it shines with a brilliancy pleasing to behold as year after year their pupils carry off the laurels at all the Council of Higher Education examinations. From the London Matriculation down to the primary grade, the Brothers' boys carry the palm of victory all along the line. They teach nearly 1400 boys, besides having charge of the Mount Cashel Industrial School. St. Bonaventure's College, St. Patrick's, Holy Cross schools, and St. Vincent's night school are the living monuments which proclaim the zeal, devotedness and sterling worth of the noble educators from the land of the Sharruck. The Cathedral of St. John the Baptist, which was commenced in Bishop Fleming's time, continued and built in Bishop Mullock's time, the pride of the late lamented Dr. Power, will be seen in all the glory befitting such a magnificent temple during the regime of Terra Nova's first native Bishop and first Archbishop, Right Rev. Michael Francis Howley. Since his appointment to the diocese he has renovated both towers of the Cathedral, had the main altar moved back so as to allow more room in the sanctuary, the whole interior of the vast edifice completely altered, including plastering, new pews, new floors, new heating apparatus, and electric lighting. During his time as Archbishop, the brush of the artist will adorn the walls and ceiling of the sacred temple, and then the life-work of the beloved prelate, which will be his honor and his glory, and will serve to perpetuate his memory among his people, will be perfected. St. Patrick's Church, in the west end of the city, will have its tower completed next summer. This work will be another monument of the zeal of Archbishop Howley, as well as Littledale Convent, the O'Donel wing to St. Patrick's Hall, and also numerous churches and halls throughout the archdiocese. In the city of St. John's alone, containing a Catholic population of nearly 20,000, there are five Catholic societies, viz.: Benevolent Irish Society, Total Abstinence and Benefit Society, Star of the Sea Association, Mechanics' Society and St. Vincent de Paul Society, with a total membership of over 2000. Quite a respectable showing for a small city like St. John's. But there is another pleasing feature in connection with the societies, that each society possesses a magnificent hall. The B. I. S. with its extra wing, will cost \$108,000. The St. Patrick's Hall, which is owned by the Irish Society, is one of the best equipped on the continent. Its large and spacious theatre is pronounced by all leading vocalists and actors to be perfect in every respect. The class rooms under the charge of the Irish Christian Brothers, are not surpassed on this side of the Atlantic. The reading-rooms, billiard and music-rooms are in keeping with the rest of the building. This Irish Society has done wonders for the Catholic young men, and a few days ago celebrated the 99th anniversary of its foundation in a becoming manner. The Total Abstinence and Benefit Society possesses a hall which cost \$40,000. Its theatre hall is equal to any of the best opera houses in Canada. All opera companies playing at St. John's hire the temperance hall, which brings in a large income each year to the society. The Star of the Sea Hall cost \$25,000, and the Mechanics' Hall about the same. The St. Vincent's Hall, being the smallest, cost \$2000. The last annual statement of the financial standing of the Irish Society of St. John's showed it to be

in a flourishing condition. The celebration of St. Patrick's day is a thing worthy of the highest admiration. The parade, music, and above all, the eloquent, instructive and able sermon are noteworthy features of the event. The Irishmen of Newfoundland are true to the traditions of their forefathers, and will at all times act in unison and harmony with other Irish bodies until they make their beloved motherland once again "Great, glorious and free, First flower of the earth, And first gem of the sea." Let us turn our thoughts for a moment to the second city of Newfoundland, Harbor Grace. His Lordship Right Rev. Dr. Dalton was consecrated first Bishop of the Diocese of Harbor Grace. Schools sprang up, and all along the northern coast, religion is making rapid strides. Among the pioneer priests who did so much for the propagation of the true faith in the Diocese of Harbor Grace may be mentioned the Rev. Fathers O'Donnell, O'Connor, Carolan, Ewer, McCormack, Forrester, Browne, Whelan (who was lost in a dreadful storm on his return from the stations), Hanley, Walsh (both lately deceased), and the present pastor of Bay de Verde, Rev. Jos. V. Donnelly. In the beginning of the year 1817, the Catholics were sufficiently strong to form an Irish organization and the Benevolent Irish Society came into existence. His Lordship Right Rev. Ronald McDonald, the present Bishop of Harbor Grace, has infused new life and energy into his extensive diocese, extending away on the Labrador coast. There is not a parish in the diocese that has not a new church in it since His Lordship has taken charge. Furthermore, magnificent schools, chapels and hall adorn every place along the northern coast, proclaiming the zeal of a devoted Bishop, seconded by his faithful band of priests and put into execution by the energy and good will of a Christian and sacrificing people. On the west coast, in the newly created diocese of Bay St. George, under the jurisdiction of Bishop McNeil, the same zeal for religion and education is shown, and every place the cross upon the Catholic Church points heavenward. The city of St. John's, with its immense Cathedral and St. Patrick's Church, its many educational establishments, and its well equipped halls is an object lesson of unity, goodwill and perseverance of our Catholic people to the world at large, and would do honor to a city triple its size, and the whole island of Newfoundland is a model one as regards the cause of religion and education.



ROMAN CATHOLIC CATHEDRAL, St. John, Nfld.

Advertisement for Fruit-a-tives, a cure for biliousness and liver troubles. It describes the product as a natural fruit-based tonic and laxative, available in tablet form. The ad includes the brand name 'Fruit-a-tives' in a stylized font and mentions 'Fruit Liver Tablets' as an alternative name. It also lists the manufacturer as Fruitatives, Limited, Ottawa.

A NOBLE MAGNATE. A visit to New York is a lesson in humility. Every material thing is so big and tall and grand, round Wall street especially, that one seems dwarfed and insignificant. No doubt the dwellers here become used to the environment and grow with it, but the stranger is a pigmy and shrinks in his own esteem, no matter how conceited he may be individually. Fortunately for me I had some influential friends and one powerful introduction. So, I managed to escape at least bewilderment. It is very difficult to enter the presence of the captains of industry and ordinarily it is as easy to see a king, but I managed, without much ceremony, to call upon Mr. Thomas F. Ryan, a multi-millionaire and president of the Seaboard Air Line, who could furnish certain information that might be of importance to me later on. Mr. Ryan is a Virginian, and like his father, was a Confederate soldier. He is one of the handsomest and most impressive men I have ever encountered. He is very tall and symmetrical, with power and benignity stamped upon his countenance. He is a Catholic and, in association with his devoted wife, gives millions to charity. A magnificent Cathedral at Richmond, Va., is near completion, the gift of this noble couple. Their other magnificent endowments are numerous. It would be to the honor

Advertisement for the Emerald Dramatic Club's St. Patrick's Day performance. It features 'True Irish Hearts' at the Bohmer-Park Theatre on March 17th. Ticket prices are listed for afternoon and evening shows, with reserved seats available. The ad also lists the names of the club's members and the location of the theatre.

Advertisement for the Young Irishmen's Association. It promotes high-class Irish national entertainment at Windsor Hall on Friday, March 17th, 1905. The event includes Irish music, song, and story, as well as dances, drills, and readings. A trial scene from 'Robert Emmet' is featured, with a cast of talented performers. Ticket prices are 75c and 50c. The ad concludes with the slogan 'God Save Ireland.'

Advertisement for St. Patrick's Day Procession! It promotes waterproof boots and rubber soles, highlighting their durability and comfort. The ad mentions that the boots are made of the best materials and are available at various prices. It also notes that the boots are suitable for the weather and are a practical choice for the occasion. The ad is for Ronayne Bros., located at 2021 Notre Dame Street, Chabotville Square.

THE IRISH B... One of the most gratifying... of the National movement in... at the present time, if not th... gratifying and encouraging, f... support being given to it by... not only in earnest... of sympathy and approval... the practical form of liberal... contributions. A few weeks... body known as the Standing... of the Archbishops and... shops issued an address to... on the education question... which it was declared that i... duty of the whole country... round our Parliamentary repr... tives, and give them the... strength of the nation's sup... their endeavor to secure c... civic rights for our Irish C... people in education and othe... ters. This patriotic appeal is now... responded to in the right... ion, the Archbishops and... themselves leading in the goo... and setting to good exampl... sending generous subscriptions... Parliamentary party fund, acc... nished with letters exhorting... to the honorable discharge... obligations imposed upon the... the services rendered by the... and expected from them in the... as Archbishop Walsh in his... thus points out and emphasize... "I cannot doubt that the c... will recognize its duty in the... ter, and that it will honorab... charge that duty, as it has nev... failed to do. We expect, and... I expect, from our represent... at Westminster, a faithful dis... of the duty that we send them... to do. So long as we contin... send them there, we surely are... in honor to furnish them with... means of giving us the servic... claim. Kindly take charge of... inclosed check for £10 (\$50)... contribution for the present ye... This is the spirit—patriotic... practical—in which the Bisho... Ireland are now doing their sh... the great work of helping fo... the National cause of their co... And that it is the National c... the cause of National self-g... ment for Ireland—and not mer... primarily the education ques... that the Bishops desire to pro... they manifest from the fact itself... they have resolved to "raikr... and substantially support, and... their good words and pecuniar... are supporting the party in... platform Home Rule occupies... foremost place. There can, in... be no doubt that it is as Nati... lists, with the great National... and aspiration first in their m... that the Archbishops and Bisho... Ireland take their stand at the... of the Irish party and call... their people throughout the co... to do the same. If any such... has hitherto been entertained... completely dispelled by the ma... cent pronouncement of Bish... O'Dwyer of Limerick, who, in... ing his contribution of fifty gu... (\$52.50) to the National treas... expresses, expounds and defend... follows the paramount object o... movement so ably led by Mr... Redmond and so energetically c... ed on by him and his faithful... leagues. Here are the Bisho... quent and patriotic words: "The first and supreme purpo... Your political action is the reco... of Home Rule for this country. V... out it, prosperity is impos... Athens can never rightly rule... people. No matter what their... tentions or dispositions, they... working against nature when... take into their own hands the... er and responsibility which the... niest Providence of God sh... should be exercised by the inh... ants of every nation. What is... Ireland to condemn her to a... attitude that would not be heard... Belgium or Holland, or Denmark... amongst any other free people? If this principle of the right of... government which is in itself axi... atic wants proof or illustration... English government of this coun... for the last hundred years has w... tem it largely over the face of... land in chronic and growing pove... in a dwindling population, in... tarian bitterness and strife." We have no hesitation in saying... this that no more admirable s... ment and assertion of Ireland's... and claim for Home Rule has... gared in print since the Home... movement began. It puts the I... National cause on high ground... places it in an impregnable posit... Home Rule is the first and sup... purpose of the National movem... without it prosperity is impos...

THE IRISH BISHOPS AND THE IRISH.

One of the most gratifying features of the National movement in Ireland at the present time, if not the most gratifying and encouraging, is the support being given to it by the bishops, not only in earnest words of sympathy and approval, but in the practical form of liberal money contributions. A few weeks ago the body known as the Standing Committee of the Archbishops and Bishops issued an address to the people on the education question, in which it was declared that it is the duty of the whole country "to rally round our Parliamentary representatives, and give them the whole strength of the nation's support in their endeavor to secure ordinary civic rights for our Irish Catholic people in education and other matters."

This patriotic appeal is now being responded to and in the right fashion, the Archbishops and Bishops themselves leading in the good work and setting to good example by sending generous subscriptions to the Parliamentary party fund, accompanied with letters exhorting the people to the honorable discharge of the obligations imposed upon them by the services rendered by the party and expected from them in the future, as Archbishop Walsh in his letter thus points out and emphasizes:

"I cannot doubt that the country will recognize its duty in the matter, and that it will honorably discharge that duty, as it has never yet failed to do. We expect, and rightly expect, from our representatives at Westminster, a faithful discharge of the duty that we send them there to do. So long as we continue to send them there, we surely are bound in honor to furnish them with the means of giving us the services we claim. Kindly take charge of the enclosed check for £10 (\$50), my contribution for the present year."

This is the spirit—patriotic and practical—in which the Bishops of Ireland are now doing their share in the great work of helping forward the National cause of their country. And that it is the National cause—the cause of National self-government for Ireland—and not merely or primarily the education question—that the Bishops desire to promote, is manifest from the fact itself that they have resolved to "speak round" and substantially support, and by their good words and pecuniary aid are supporting the party in whose platform Home Rule occupies the foremost place. There can, indeed, be no doubt that it is as Nationalists, with the great National idea and aspiration first in their minds, that the Archbishops and Bishops of Ireland take their stand at the back of the Irish party and call upon their people throughout the country to do the same. If any such doubt has hitherto been entertained it is completely dispelled by the magnificent pronouncement of Bishop O'Dwyer of Limerick, who, in sending his contribution of fifty guineas (\$52.50) to the National treasurer, expresses, expounds and defends as follows the paramount object of the movement so ably led by Mr. John Redmond and so energetically carried on by him and his faithful colleagues. Here are the Bishop's eloquent and patriotic words:

"The first and supreme purpose of your political action is the recovery of Home Rule for this country. Without it, prosperity is impossible. Aliens can never rightly rule any people. No matter what their intentions or dispositions, they are working against nature when they take into their own hands the power and responsibility which the measure of Providence of God shows should be exercised by the inhabitants of every nation. What is there in Ireland to condemn her to a servitude that would not be heard of in Belgium or Holland, or Denmark, or amongst any other free people? And of this principle of the right of self-government which is in itself axiomatic, wants proof or illustration, the English government of this country for the last hundred years has written it largely over the face of the land in chronic and growing poverty, in a dwindling population, in sectarian bitterness and strife."

We have no hesitation in saying of this that no more admirable statement and assertion of Ireland's case and claim for Home Rule has appeared in print since the Home Rule movement began. It puts the Irish National cause on high ground and places it in an impregnable position. Home Rule is the first and supreme purpose of the National movement. Without it prosperity is impossible

in Ireland, or in any country, and the reason is that "aliens can never rightly rule any people." This latter proposition can be sustained by reference to history, which may be searched in vain for an example of a country ruled by aliens which was rightly ruled, or which was prosperous under such rule. On the other hand all the self-governed countries have been prosperous in a high degree. Belgium, Holland, Denmark—these are countries of less extent and with not greater natural resources than Ireland. Yet they are thriving, progressing, prosperous, while Ireland is in poverty and decay, as the Earl of Dunraven noted in his speech the other day at the "Irish Reform Association" meeting in Dublin. "Ireland," said he, "is the only civilized country in Europe that is on the downward grade. Of all civilized communities, Ireland is the one sad example of a people who for the last fifty years have been going steadily back. Every other country has been progressing in population and wealth."

Lord Dunraven knows full well—just as well as Bishop O'Dwyer—the cause of the "downward grade" in Ireland and of the "progressing in population and wealth" in every other country. He knows that in the latter case it is Home Rule, and in the former the want of it. Yet he will not go for Home Rule for his own country. He professes to believe that all that is necessary is to reform Dublin Castle and to "relieve" the English Parliament of part of its Irish work. Perhaps later on he and his "Reform" party may take a more advanced view in the right direction. Bishop O'Dwyer seems to be of this opinion. He regards Lord Dunraven as "the forerunner of many who will ask themselves why they in the land of their birth should be forever strangers, with their faces turned to England," and he goes on to remark that though:

"So far Lord Dunraven and his friends have gone only a short way toward nationality, there are forces at work in Irish life that will carry them and others forward, until they stand as Grattan and the Irish gentry of the 18th century stood, and the gentry of every country in the world but the Irish stand, with the people around them on the solid ground of national freedom."

It will be well for themselves if the "gentry" of Ireland take up this patriotic position. If they do they will have no reason to complain of their treatment at the hands of the people. As patriots standing for Ireland first and last there is no honor at the Irish people's disposal that will not be freely open to them. But as "strangers with their faces turned to England" they will get no recognition in public life from Irishmen. They must choose their country and abide by their choice. If they adopt England they must be content to be as dead politically in Ireland as their class has been since the days of the Land League. In Irish National politics the rule must stand that "none but Irish need apply." Lord Dunraven's ancestor and first predecessor in his title was not much of an Irishman, as may be seen from his antecedents thus on record: "The first Earl of Dunraven was the grandson of a Valentine Quin of Adare (Limerick), who in the Penal Days left the Catholic Church and conformed to the Established (Protestant) religion. He obtained a baronetcy in 1781 from the English Government for his services in opposition to the movement headed by Grattan and Charlemont for Irish legislative independence. He was made a Peer under the title of Lord Adare for his services in the destruction of the old Irish Parliament by supporting the measure of the Union, of which he was a zealous advocate. In 1816 he was made Viscount Mount Earl by the influence of "cut-throat" Lord Castlereagh, and in 1822 he was advanced in extreme old age to the Earldom of Dunraven by the same Castlereagh, who did a suicide in the same year."

Such was the origin of the Earl of Dunraven's rank and title as a nobleman. It is not a family record to be proud of. But it won't be remembered against the present Earl as a good Irishman. On his own merit he will be judged and treated in the Ireland of to-day, and so far as he is concerned the first Earl's treason to creed and country will be forgotten. That is the spirit of Irish Nationality—forgiveness for the past, hands and hearts to Irish born men of every race and creed and

clan, provided only they are true to Ireland.

This is the condition of honor by the people of every country. Nowhere in the world would a class like the landlord class in Ireland—"strangers with their faces turned to England," as Bishop O'Dwyer truly describes them—be respected or trusted by their countrymen, and nowhere in the world but in Ireland is there a class permitted to control the government and destinies of the nation. Manifestly the Earl of Dunraven and his colleagues of the "Reform Association" recognize the absurdity as well as the outrageous injustice of that system, and realizing that there must soon be a change desire to make it as easy for themselves as they can. They wish still to have a share in the ruling of Ireland, but with their faces still somewhat "turned to England." They may be assured that no such condition is possible with Irish National sanction. They must be one thing or the other—Irish or English. They cannot serve two masters—Ireland and England. No facing-both-ways policy or party will be tolerated by Irish National sentiment. "The first and supreme purpose is Home Rule," says Bishop O'Dwyer so emphatically puts it, and it must be Home Rule of the genuine kind, the Home Rule which Michael Davitt defines in unmistakable form and language as follows:

"We must demand the remedy that can alone save our country from National death. Nationhood, and that only—the full, free and unfettered right of our people to rule and govern themselves in everything concerning the domestic laws, peace and welfare of Ireland—is what we must demand and work for, if England's callous selfishness is not to be allowed to carry out and to complete the ruin it has already all but consummated."

On that platform—which is the platform of the Bishops, priests and people of Ireland, who constitute the overwhelming majority of the population of the country, and which is also the platform approved by the Irish throughout the world—on that platform Lord Dunraven and all the other lords and gentry in Ireland will be cordially welcomed. But in making a platform for themselves, half English and half Irish, in the expectation of getting the Irish people to accept it they are wasting their time. Irish Nationality still stands and holds the field, as John Redmond and his men have shown even already in the session of the British Parliament only a few days opened. We notice that in one of his speeches since the opening Mr. Balfour, "referring (as the report has it) to Lord Hugh Cecil's statement that Home Rule was dead, said that at least he could take the view that Home Rule was being buried decently."

That burial won't come so soon as Balfour pretends to believe, but his own political burial is as certain as the next general election, which cannot be very long delayed. In that conflict the cause of Home Rule for Ireland will be in the front, and it won't be the cause that will go down in the fight.

DO THE BLACKBIRDS SING IN IRISH

On the braes of Mullinrodty I have heard the blackbirds singing, I have heard them whistling gaily on the slopes of Gulladhu. Very often in the twilight I have heard them tell their story From their hearts, as might a lover tell when love and hope were new.

In a garden where I loved to be those happy days in summer, (Sure, life was always summer then and summer always gay), Where I dreamed brave dreams for Erin, made her once again a nation, Among the apple blossoms sang the blackbirds all the day.

Do they sing their songs in Irish? (Ah, I didn't mean to hurt them!) Sure I know it isn't English they would use for such a song. 'Tis the dear old Celtic mother-tongue, our own beloved Gaelic, The same they've used for centuries fair Ben Ba's groves among.

Oh, you charming feathered singer, how my heart has always treasured Among its cherished memories your music's sweet refrain, And that self-same heart is aching with a never-ending longing To hear from out the apple trees that same sweet song again.

—John Campbell.

The love of justice in most men is merely the fear of themselves suffering from injustice—La Roche-Cauld.

D'YOUVILLE READING CIRCLE.

Ottawa, March 12.

The D'Youville Reading Circle met for its regular fortnightly meeting last Tuesday evening. Current events most worthy of attention, apart from the war, were tersely summarized. A special note was made on the educational question, which seems at present to occupy most of the space in the current periodicals. Extracts were read from the March Messenger, of New York, to show how seriously the need for religious instruction in the schools is considered by some of the greatest educational authorities in England and the United States.

Notes of appreciation on The Crossing, by Winston Churchill; Kate of Kate Hall, by Ellen Thornycroft; Fowler, and Beverly of Graustauk, by George Barr-McCutcheon, were presented by some of the members. None of these books were considered exactly worthy to be styled literature, though The Crossing possibly came nearest to deserving the title. Kate of Kate Hall was best described by the word "smart," while Beverly of Graustauk hardly repays one for the reading. The authors of these three books have made names and fortunes for themselves, which brings to mind the saying of a certain artist, "Give me a good name and a good frame, and I'll undertake to sell any picture," but they are not likely to overshadow those good old writers, whom W. D. Howells relegated to the top of the shelf, for all that.

In regard to the Oxford study, it was decided that since a lecture on the Tractarian Movement would be given early next season, the study for the remainder of this season would be confined simply to short personal sketches of the men most prominently connected with the changes through which Oxford had passed since the decision of the Gorham case in Parliament.

In the study of Shakespeare's Winter's Tale, an estimate was made of the beautiful character of Hermione, the sweet personality of Perdita, and the loyal nature of Pauline. The conclusion to be drawn from this great drama of reconciliation is that innocence can never be defeated. It may suffer but in the end it must triumph for it is innocence. Loyalty and self-sacrifice, too, will win in spite of all.

The chief literary feature of the evening was a paper read by Mrs. A. Frazer on "A Forgotten Singer." The singer who so little deserved to be forgotten, was Amelia Ball Welby, a Southern woman of great refinement and taste, and a gifted poet whose work would do credit to many a writer of verse better remembered by the reading world. The information on which the paper was based was supplied by Rev. Lucian Johnston, of Baltimore. The poems of Amelia Ball Welby are now long out of print, and the manuscripts, yellowed with age, are marked simply "Poems of Amelia," and kept stowed away in a drawer by her surviving sister of 90. But the author did not dream of fame, nor write for it. She was a true poet and wrote because she simply had to give expression to the beautiful thoughts that filled her soul. She was a child of nature, and revelled in its beauties, heard its voices and interpreted them with a touch of genius. She wrote "when the spirit moved her," because she had to. Edgar Allan Poe, who was a contemporary, was also an enthusiastic admirer of her work, and one can well understand his words of praise after listening to a few selections from her exquisite poems. But it is not so easy to understand why such poems should have been allowed to go out of print while so much that is of inferior worth continues to flourish. But Miss Welby was an extreme Southerner, and consequently conservative, otherwise old-fashioned, and as such hadn't much chance in a race that is all to the up-to-date.

Miss Beatrice Hodgson continued the reading of the Light of Asia, telling of Prince Siddactha's solemn farewell to his old life of ease and his flight from his gilded palace through the great barred gates that opened miraculously at his coming. Rev. Dr. Aitkin's estimate of the character of the prince was given.

At the next meeting, which will be on the 21st, special attention will be given to some of the contemporary Irish women writers, and there will be some selections from Irish music.

MARGUERITE.

SHADOWS.

Translated from the French of Werner V. Heidenstam, by Olga N. Bjerring.

In Jerusalem, in a poor inn, dwelt Hans Alienus. One beautiful evening in winter he stood at the open window. Reluctantly he finally decided to close it.

The air was still and balmy; the city lay in silence. Down in the hilly, narrow street a mule driver came riding by, lazily bending over the tired animal, whose little hoofs resounded on the large, slippery stones as it wearily stumbled along. The man was singing a monotonous dirge with a wailing, sustained tone, as is the custom in the Oriental countries. The sound grew fainter and fainter. As it died away it reminded one of a bagpipe.

On the sill lay a printed treatise, and the southern moon of that February night was so bright and piercing that Hans Alienus could read the fine print without difficulty. The treatise defended age and rest, and would admit of no argument. And now when he tried to read it again, in that city from which the thought of brotherly love had gone out into the world, he could not.

"No, no! Youth with its warm pulsations is the natural enemy of rest. It is youth which now and at all times has spread the Gospel of Peace over the world." While he spoke, he unconsciously raised his hand to his forehead. At the same moment his gaze fell upon his shadow, which the moon cast upon the wall near his bed. He laughed. Was not that the shadow of an actor, who, with head thrown back and hand extended, was dramatically repeating some hackneyed phrase?

He felt ashamed of himself, and for the first time in his life he realized that among all the precious thoughts which have gone forth from Jerusalem lay one, unheeded, forgotten—a gem, a pearl without price—humility.

For a moment he closed his eyes. Thousands of little stars glimmered before his vision. Surely it was due only to his heated brain. The minute sparks of light were the stars he had been watching so intently. He was startled by voices beneath his window.

On the other side of the street rose a high wall, and before it burned a bright fire. At the fire sat Christ surrounded by a few of His loyal friends and followers.

His shadow was plainly visible on the wall behind Him. Then St. John, the beloved Disciple, took up a piece of charcoal and with it traced the shadow, until the form of the Master was outlined on the wall. Soon he dropped his pencil and resumed his seat at the fire.

Next morning when Hans Alienus once more stood at the open window, he saw a crowd collecting to look at the drawing on the wall.

"He is mending shoes, for he has a crooked back," argued the cobbler.

"Nonsense," retorted the fruit vendor, "by his stooping position I can clearly see that he is selling fruit, though they have forgotten to place a basket on his back. Look at his mouth! Can't you hear him calling: 'Come and buy! Come and buy!'"

A member of the court passed by, but not deigning to mingle his voice with that of the rabble, thought to himself: "I recognize the student and thinker by that high forehead. One might almost regard it as a portrait of myself. Yes, it is I. Not so badly done either. Probably one of these poor fellows has drawn it. Almost every one knows who I am."

In the meantime a bystander had quietly approached the wall. He was a waddy man, with a friendly face which reminded one of that of a child. No one knew him, and no record has preserved his name for

posterity, for he lived alone and avoided all noise and notoriety. Folding his arms before him, he gazed intently on the sketch. "What a noble brow," he soliloquized. "What divine humility is expressed in the lowly posture. Oh! if one could but hope to be like him—but why desire the impossible?"

As he stood there, humble and quiet, he resembled the shadow so much that people began to draw back and whisper to each other. Startled and embarrassed, he walked away without realizing why they had gazed so curiously upon him. He did not resemble Christ, for who is like unto Him? He resembled only His shadow—without knowing it. If he had known it—if, proud of the resemblance, he had thrown back his head for just one moment and boasted of the likeness—the likeness would have vanished.

BLOOD WILL TELL.

Rich, Pure Blood Will Drive Out the Most Obstinate Case of Rheumatism.

Growing pains, aching joints, stiffened muscles, tender, swollen limbs—that's rheumatism—a blood disease that causes ceaseless agony and cripples thousands. It is acid in the blood that causes rheumatism. Liniments may ease the pain temporarily—but they never cure. To cure rheumatism you must remove the acid in the impure blood. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills positively cure rheumatism, acute or chronic. They act directly on the blood, driving the acid out. They make new, warm, pure blood and sent it throbbing through the heart and lungs and limbs. This new blood banishes every ache and pain—brings good health and full activity. Mr. T. H. Smith, Caledonia, Ont., says:—"For a number of years I was badly troubled with rheumatism, and was so crippled up I could scarcely do any work. I tried quite a number of medicines, but they did not help me. Then I saw Dr. Williams' Pink Pills advertised for this trouble, and I got a number of boxes. Before the third box was used, I found myself improving. I continued to use the pills throughout the winter and they have completely cured me. I got so that I could work on the coldest day without a coat and not feel a twinge of the trouble. I have told quite a few of my neighbors about the pills, and they are a popular medicine here."

It is because Dr. Williams' Pink Pills make new, pure, warm blood that they have such great power to cure disease. They positively cure rheumatism, sciatica, neuralgia, St. Vitus dance, partial paralysis, kidney and liver troubles, anaemia, and the ailments which women alone suffer from. The purchaser must be careful to see that the full name, "Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People," is printed on the wrapper around each box. Sold by all medicine dealers or sent by mail at 50c a box, of six boxes for \$2.50, by writing the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

HOW TO WIN.

If your seat is too hard to sit upon, stand up. If a rock rises before you, roll it away or climb over it. If you want money, earn it. If you wish for confidence, prove yourself worthy of it. It takes longer to skin an elephant than a mouse, but the skin is worth something. Don't be content with doing what another has done—surpass it. Deserve success, and it will come. The boy is not born a man. The sun does not rise like a rocket, or go down like a bullet fired from a gun; slowly but surely it makes its round, and never tires. It is as easy to be a leader as a wheelhorse. If the job be long, the pay will be greater; if the task be hard, the more competent you must be to do it. All that's great and good is done just by patient trying.



Hang on to a pure hard soap. Always use Surprise if you wish to retain the natural colors in your clothes. Surprise has peculiar qualities of washing clothes, without injury and with perfect cleanliness. Remember the name Surprise means a pure hard Soap.

Business. as nature... rendered combining... "Fruit... of fruit in...
 ...act... may be... Constip... tions of... ideal tonic...
 ...gallant, pros... son were elected... Senate. It... no political... epoch, the South... to illustrate her... Under God, to his own sup... had to begin at... after the... the front rank... who are develop... he courageously... are not a few... ve won their way... York, but I... mpare with Th... R. Randall, in...
 ...MATIC CLUB...
 ...HEARTS...
 ...CK'S DAY...
 ...Children, 10c... Reserved, 50c...
 ...L. & B... Association...
 ...ERTAINMENT...
 ...Patrick's Church...
 ...Night...
 ...17th, 1905...
 ...Readings...
 ..."Emmet"...
 ...O'Connell, ex-b...
 ...The Misses Belle...
 ...Messrs. J. P. Kelly...
 ...Kely, T. G. Ireland...
 ...Gertrude Murphy...
 ...accompanist...
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ST. PATRICK'S CADETS.



CAPT. B. HYLAND.

2nd LIEUT. E. ROACHE.

1st LIEUT. C. CURRAN.

St. Patrick's Cadet Corps is the youngest organization among those whose aim it is to give due honor to the celebration of Ireland's patron saint.

They belong to St. Patrick's parish and have for founder and principal supporter the genial pastor, Rev. Father Martin Callaghan. This devoted and renowned priest is untiring in his efforts to put his Cadets on the highest possible standing. He certainly has succeeded beyond all expectations, and is as proud of the corps as the boys are delighted with and grateful for his patronage and encouragement.

Their victories in hockey and lacrosse prove that in St. Patrick's Cadets the Shamrock team may look for feeders that will furnish recruits to keep the colors from trailing on the fields of sports.

At the target contest held last autumn at Chambly, St. Patrick's Cadets defeated all comers, notwithstanding it was their first contest.

Several of the best families of the parish are represented in the ranks, and Rev. Brother Alfred has taken special care to admit none but desirable members.

The boys are favorites all over the city, and whenever they turn out on parade they are warmly applauded and are assured St. Patrick's Day was no exception to the rule. All along the route they delighted thousands of admirers of military corps.

Sergeant-Major Phillips, who is responsible for their present proficiency and marked military bearing, is one of the best drill instructors in America.

The file and drum corps made its first appearance in the procession.

In good financial standing and membership, and the letter of the constitution is being well kept. The younger generation is awakening to the fact that the great thing for them is to become members of some Catholic organization, and thus be aids in helping one another in different positions in life.

ST. PATRICK'S SOCIETY.

St. Patrick's Society was established 6th March, 1856, and was incorporated in 1868. The objects of the society are:

- 1. To promote harmony and goodwill amongst Irishmen; to foster national feeling and love of fatherland.
2. To render assistance when necessary to persons of Irish birth or descent, in the district of Montreal, and especially to emigrants.
3. To ensure the due celebration of the festival day of the Patron Saint of Ireland.
4. To represent, when circumstances require, the Irish interest in the city of Montreal and elsewhere, where the interference of this Society may be deemed proper.

ST. ANN'S TEMPERANCE SOCIETY.

St. Ann's Total Abstinence and Benefit Society was established February 18th, 1863. The following is the preamble of the Society:

Whereas this Society having existed for several years under the name of the St. Ann's Total Abstinence and Benefit Society, and having been attended with very considerable success; and

ST. PATRICK'S TOTAL ABSTINENCE AND BENEFIT SOCIETY.

St. Patrick's Total Abstinence and Benefit Society was established in 1840, and this year celebrates its 65th anniversary. It has the largest membership of the three temperance bodies of Montreal, and is doing excellent work in the cause of total abstinence in our midst. The spiritual director is Rev. James Kiloran.

Whereas it is now deemed advisable for the more efficient working of the aforesaid Society, to adopt certain rules and regulations, with the view of placing the Society on a religious basis; and

Whereas, through this means it is fully hoped to secure more effectually the important and sole objects of the Society, which are as follows:
1st. To remedy the evils of intemperance, and to extend and preserve the blessing of temperance amongst the parishioners of St. Ann's;

2nd. To promote among the members of the Society a spirit of piety, by regular assemblies held for religious exercises;

3rd. To encourage a spirit of fraternal union and charity amongst the members, by engaging them to take an interest in the welfare of one another;

4th. To provide for the burial of its members; and

5th. To assist with religious and patriotic zeal in honoring the Feast of Ireland's Apostle.

Meetings are held on the second Sunday of each month at 3.30 in the afternoon.

ST. ANN'S YOUNG MEN'S SOCIETY.

St. Ann's Young Men's Society was established in January, 1885, so that this year it celebrates its 20th anniversary. Since the return of Rev. Father Strubbe, C.S.S.R., he has infused new life and vigor into the work, and to-day it is in a very flourishing condition. The officers of the society for 1905 are:

Spiritual Director—Rev. E. Strubbe C.S.S.R.
President—Patrick Kenahan.
1st Vice-President—Fred. J. Hartford.

2nd Vice-President—Robt. J. Hart.
Treasurer—Thos. O'Connell.
Rec. Secretary—Bernard Healy.
Asst. Rec. Secretary—Jno. Cullinan.

Collecting Treasurer—Robt. T. Brown.
Asst. Collecting Treasurer—Alf. Hartford.

Librarian—Robt. J. Hiller.
Asst. Librarian—W. J. Hamill.
Marshal—Robt. Hall.

Asst. Marshal—Arthur McCroary.
Councillors—P. T. O'Brien, Jno. Whitty, Ed. Quinn, Jas. Martin, Jno. Hart, Jas. Donovan, Jno. Wickham, Chas. Killoran, Jos. Hart.

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

St. Gabriel's Total Abstinence and Benefit Society was organized in 1873, and has done good work in the cause of total abstinence. The officers for the current year are:
Spiritual Director—Rev. Father O'Meara.
President—Rev. Father Fabey.
1st Vice-President—P. O'Brien.

2nd Vice-President—O. O. O'Rourke.
Treasurer—P. Polan.
Financial Secretary—E. J. Colfer.
Secretary—R. J. L. Cuddihy.

ST. GABRIEL'S JUVENILE T. A. & B. SOCIETY.

The latest addition to the ranks of our Catholic societies is St. Gabriel's juvenile total abstainers. This society was organized in December, 1904, and has at present 227 members in good standing. The youthful sons of Father Mathew are in earnest at their work, and with time will, it is hoped, accomplish much good. The officers are: Honorary president, Rev. Father O'Meara; spiritual director, Rev. Father Fabey; president, John Collins; vice-president, Harry McIlwaine; 1st vice-president, John Polan; 2nd vice-president, John Kelly; treasurer, J. Redmond; assistant treasurer, Chas. Connors; secretary, Edmund Foster; grand marshal, Michael J. Flood; 1st. asst. marshal, Henry Finerty; 2nd asst. marshal, James Walsh; librarian, John Collins; assistant librarian, M. Cosgrove. Advisers—R. J. L. Cuddihy, E. J. Colfer, J. Colfer, W. H. O'Donnell, M. O'Connell, J. Burns, C. C. O'Rourke, P. O'Brien and P. Polan.

ST. MARY'S YOUNG MEN'S SOCIETY.

This society for young men has taken on renewed life since its reorganization by the Rev. Father Macdonald in November, 1904. It has now an enthusiastic membership of more than eighty, and it is growing weekly. So lively has the interest become since the preparations for St. Patrick's Day that the society's officers expect their force in the procession will number almost one hundred.

The society has dramatic and debating sections, in which interest never flags. The debating section meets once a month, and the dramatic department gives entertainments from time to time. Communion made in a body form an important feature of the society.

CATHOLIC ORDER OF FORESTERS.

The Catholic Order of Foresters is a strong organization in our midst. The object of the organization is to promote friendship, unity and true Christian charity among its members; Friendship in assisting each other by every honorable means; unity in associating together for mutual support of one another when sick or in distress and in making suitable provision for widows, orphans and dependents of deceased members; true Christian charity in doing unto each other as we would have others do unto us. The following courts are in Montreal: St. Patrick's, St. Lawrence, Father Dowd, Shamrock and Loyola.

YOUNG IRISHMEN'S L. & B. SOCIETY.

The society was founded in 1874, and incorporated in 1875. The society was founded to spread knowledge among the young Irishman of the city, by means of lectures, essays and debates, and the proper celebration of the feast of Ireland's patron saint.

Among the noted orators the society brought to Montreal may be mentioned: Rev. Father J. J. Murphy, General Thomas Francis Burke, Denis Dawling Mulcahey. The society's building, on Dupre street, is entirely free of debt. The club rooms are open every evening of the year. The society is always represented by numbers in St. Patrick's Day parade and their many appearance evokes applause from all sides.

The actual office holders are: President—Jos. McMahon. Vice-President—P. T. Galden. Second Vice-President—J. H. McTaggart.

Hon. Treasurer—J. Lyons. Secretary-Treasurer—J. J. Rankin. Librarian—P. J. McElroy. Marshal—W. J. Ryan.

ANCIENT ORDER OF HIBERNIANS.

The Hibernians under command of Capt. P. Doyle and Lieuts. Foley and Heany, mustered 60 strong in the St. Patrick's Day parade. Their appearance was generally remarked upon. As in former years they wore silk hats and it was quite visible that their membership had increased during the past year. The following are the officers:

Provincial officers: Prov. Chaplain—Rev. Father Kavanagh, Buckingham. Prov. President—H. McMorro. Prov. Vice-President—P. Scullion. Prov. Treasurer—W. J. Ryan, Farnham, P.Q.

Prov. Secretary—J. Gallagher. Quebec City. County officers:

County Chaplain—Rev. W. O'Meara, Point St. Charles. County President—P. Keane. County Vice-President—Ald. D. Gallery, M.P.

County Treasurer—James Brophy. County Secretary—James McIver. County Marshal—H. Tracey.

Div. No. 1—John O'Neil, president; James T. Tracey, vice-president. Div. No. 2—J. Brady, president; P. Whalen, vice-president.

Div. No. 3—Ald. D. Gallery, president; John Burke, vice-president. Div. No. 4—J. Doolan, president; F. Ripley, vice-president.

Div. No. 5—W. D. Gullfoyle, president; M. D. Tracey, vice-president. Div. No. 6—W. H. Turner, president; P. McCall, vice-president.

Div. No. 8—P. Flannigan, president; J. Murphy, vice-president. Div. No. 10—M. F. Foley, president; W. J. Horan, vice-president.

Hibernian Knights—P. Doyle, Captain; J. Foley, 1st Lieutenant; J. Heany, 2nd Lieutenant.

THE CATHOLIC MUTUAL BENEFIT ASSOCIATION.

The Catholic Mutual Benefit Association was organized in 1876, and has a membership of 68,000. Its different branches in Montreal are in a flourishing condition both numerically and financially. Mr. A. R. Archambault is the Supreme Deputy and organizer for the Province of Quebec.

ST. PATRICK'S SCHOOL.

Montreal, March 9, 1905.

DEAR EDITOR:

I have been a zealous reader and supporter of the True Witness, and likewise my parents, who, during the last two or three years, have been the cause of at least sixty parties purchasing or subscribing to your paper.

My teacher, Rev. Bro. Alfred, one of the cleverest teachers who ever taught a class, said: "The honor of this school is at stake," etc. Well, if I can do anything for the honor of the school I will do it with pleasure. I have laid away sufficient paper, pens and ink to do me for months, and as for knowledge, I think I have more than will cover the paper.

As there is but one Irish Catholic weekly paper published in Montreal, I think it only right that the "Sons of Erin" should support it so that it will surpass anything on this side of the Atlantic. I have watched your uphill fight as if I was one of the firm, and have a great scheme which I started two weeks ago today. It is simply this: I have sent ten postal cards to friends in the different cities of the United States and Canada, upon which appears the following:

Dear Friend: If you haven't the fast copy of the True Witness, buy it from your newsdealer or send to the publishers for it, as it is a paper no house should be without. Copy all on this card on five or ten postal cards, sign and address them to your friends. Please do this for me, and the postal cards sent will increase the circulation of "The Catholic Chronicle" to such an extent that the publishers will have to increase their staff to handle the work. Don't fail to do this, and the circulation of the True Witness will increase 10,000 inside of six months.

Yours sincerely, CAPT. B. HYLAND, St. Patrick's Cadets.

Wishing you every success and hoping to see my letter in print. I remain, A Pupil of St. Pat. School.

THOSE WHO HAVE LEFT US.

While we rejoice as sons and daughters of St. Patrick and celebrate his natal day with much ecstacy, we should not forget those who were once in our midst and helped in no small way to make our national celebration a worthy one. They rest from their labors to-day, but their memories are still fresh in the minds of a grateful people. Need we mention the names of Rev. Father Dowd, S.S., Rev. Father Quinlivan, S.S., late Pastor of St. Patrick's, the third anniversary of his death being last Sunday. Rev. Father O'Donnell, Jas. Callaghan, Thos. McDermott, and F. Scanlan, C.S.S.R., St. Ann's. These were the beloved "Soggarth Aroon" of their people, and came from the true Irish stock which has shed fame and lustre on the name of old Ireland at home and abroad. May they rest in peace.

None have less praise than those who hunt for it. Did it ever occur to you that even the dumb animals has more sense than the average person?

GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY SYSTEM FAST OTTAWA SERVICE. Leave Bonaventure station 8.40 a.m. ex. Sunday 4.10 p.m. daily; returning leave Ottawa 8.20 a.m. daily, 4.20 p.m. ex. Sunday.

REDUCED FARES, UNTIL MAY 15th, 1905.

Table listing fares for various routes: Seattle, Victoria, Vancouver, Portland, Tacoma, Seattle, etc. with prices like \$48.90, \$46.40, \$45.90, \$49.00.

CITY TICKET OFFICES: 137 St. James Street, Telephone Main 466 & 461, or Bonaventure Station.

CANADIAN PACIFIC \$48.90

Vancouver Victoria Seattle Tacoma Portland

UNTIL May 15th, 1905 SECOND CLASS FROM MONTREAL

Lower rates to many other points.

OTTAWA TRAIN SERVICE

Other trains week days only, 5 Sundays

Licket Offices 129 St. James St. Windsor

ROBERT EMMET.

(Continued from Page 1.)

Emmet was sentenced to death. The evening before his execution Miss Curran was permitted to visit him in jail. When she entered she found him leaning in a downcast way against the window in his cell. Chains were upon his legs, and when the clank of England's manacles smote the ear of Sarah Curran, their cruel sound must have brought deep sorrow to her sympathetic and saddened heart.

The interview was short. Emmet is said to have shed tears, not because of his impending fate; his tears were forced by the pangs of love. His melancholy sprang from the thoughts of eternal separation from the pure being he pressed to his heart. The night previous to his execution Emmet slept soundly. He asked for bread and milk next morning, and having partaken of the food he wrote two letters—one of them was to his brother, then in this country. The young patriot made two requests previous to his being led out to execution.

One that his arms should not be pinioned, the other that he should be permitted to wear his green uniform. The first wish was granted, the other refused. The scene of Emmet's execution was in Thomas Street, Dublin. He was beheaded, and as his head rolled from the body the executioner held it up, saying: "This is the head of a traitor."

Robert Emmet died a brave man. He faced death with stoic indifference and his manly bearing on the scaffold won the sympathy even of England's stern executioner. Standing near the spot, some years ago, where the life of the pure and noble patriot was extinguished for the cause of Ireland, I could not help repeating the pathetic words of Moore:

"Oh, breathe not his name; let it rest in the shade, Where cold and unhonored his relics are laid; Sad, silent, and dark, be the tears that we shed, As the night dew that falls on the grass o'er his head. But the night dew that falls though in silence it weeps, Shall brighten with verdure the grave where he sleeps; And the tear that we shed though in secret it rolls, Shall long keep his memory green in our souls."

The epitaph of Emmet is still unwritten. His grave remains unknown although frequent search has been made to locate it. Peace to his ashes wherever his noble remains may lie. He is Ireland's canonized martyr, patriot. His memory will live as long as the Irish race is extant. He gave life for all that makes home and family and a woman's pure love dear, for his country. His unselfish career and noble death

Teaches the secret of manhood—the watchword of those who aspire. That men must follow freedom though it lead through blood and fire; That sacrifice is the bitter draught which freedom still must quaff; That every patriotic life is the patriot's epitaph."

MAC

The Day We Celebrate.

(Continued from Page 5.)

Band—Banner. The Congregation of St. Mary's. (Not members of any society.)

Band—Banner. St. Mary's Equine Club. St. Mary's Young Men's Society. The Congregation of St. Ann's. (Not members of any society.)

Band—Banner. St. Ann's File and Drum Band. The St. Ann's Young Men's Society. Band—Banner.

St. Ann's Total Abstinence and Benefit Society. Band—Banner. Congregation of St. Patrick's. (Not members of any society.)

Boys of St. Patrick's Christian Brothers' School. St. Patrick's File and Drum Band. St. Patrick's Cadets.

The Young Irishmen's Literary and Benefit Association. Band—Flag. St. Patrick's Total Abstinence and Benefit Society. Band—Banner.

The St. Patrick's Society. The Mayor and invited guests and the Clergy.

NOTES OF THE PARADE.

The Hibernian Knights captured the honors by their fine marching, their fancy drills and their handsome uniforms.

The youngsters bedecked with green and mounted on horseback, made a pretty picture.

The sons of Father Mathew, Apostles of Temperance, were in line, and were well represented by St. Patrick's, St. Ann's and St. Gabriel's Societies. This year the ranks of the total abstainers were swelled considerably by the addition of St. Gabriel's Juvenile Total Abstinence and Benefit Society, numbering over 200 members. More power to the temperance cause!

St. Ann's parish made a magnificent showing. The file and drum band of fifty pieces in their beautiful

uniforms, the brass band, St. Ann's Young Men, under the generalship of Rev. Father Strubbe, C.S.S.R., the temperance society—all showed their strength, their loyalty, their enthusiasm. Well done, good old St. Ann's. In unity there is strength.

St. Patrick's Cadets, headed by their new file and drum band, marched like veterans, and were enthusiastically applauded along the route.

St. Mary's parish showed in capital style, the Young Men's Society and the Equine Club being special features of the parade. Well done, Father McDonald. Your work is being appreciated by the East Enders.

The Young Irishmen's L. & B. Association made a creditable turnout. They marched as in days of yore.

Mr. W. J. Ryan made an excellent Chief Marshal, and kept the procession in excellent order.

The sidewalks along the route were lined with spectators eager to catch a glimpse of the moving throng in honor of Ireland's patron saint.

The streets in the east end were gaily decorated with bunting, green being the prevailing color.

Many a son and daughter of the Emerald Isle, on beholding the celebration in honor of the day, said to themselves:

"My own, my native Island, where'er I chance to roam, Thy lonely hills shall ever be my own beloved home; And brighter days must surely come than those that we have seen, When Erin's sons may boldly sing, 'The Wearing of the Green.'"

The parade of 1905 did not lack enthusiasm or sentiment, and was equal to the best held in former years. Those who think that it would be better to do away with the parade, forget that the spirit of our forefathers still lives in our people, and that time-honored customs must and shall prevail.

OUR NATIONAL SOCIETIES.

It is with feelings of joy and pride that we refer in this issue to our Irish Catholic societies. Many of them have had a long and noble career and have helped in no small way to keep enthusiasm alive among our race. The different societies are

FRIDAY, MARCH 17, 1905. ST. PATRICK'S

It was St. Patrick's Day morning, and the air was with jubilation. The Hibernian had just passed the convent, great study hall seemed to great. Kathleen twisted and restlessly, and at last, finding exquisite agony of silence to obtained permission to go upstairs for a few minutes. She slipped with her, secreted in the folds of her blouse, a green flag before anyone could see it was out the side door through the park and up on the lower branches of the tree that stood by the convent facing the street. There she sat and dangled her feet, shook her green beret, waved her flag and sang. Presently, as she anticipated Hibernian band returned. The green flag projecting from the green hemlock was rather conspicuous, but when the band could sprang down on the way waved it vigorously. The boys cried their hats, and she cried merrily to each division. "Boys, I wish ye the top o' mornin'!"

All saluted the standard and set up at the pretty little standard. The great hearts of Hibernians were too full of revelry for more than a cheery, "God be with ye!" What reverence boys' ever have for innocence mothers and Ireland!

When all had passed Kathleen back to the convent and up to study hall, with its rows of sober-clad girls; but not a whisper. She was to try over a solo for the evening concert at next bell, and it rang out as took her seat. No one loved better than Kathleen, and she hated music lessons or music more cordially. She could anything she heard; but as for singing harmonies, melodies, choruses, thirds, fourths, sixths, by hour—she never could, or rather never would.

"No, I don't want to play it. I can't play; my fingers just swell out, and won't go on the right. Oh, I can't sit still now. I have inspiration!" and away fled she.

A half-hour later Sister Agnes, who was presiding over punishment, was alarmed by the entrance of Kathleen. Kathleen meant business! She felt she could not understand the 14-year-old, giggling, graceless child than could understand the anatomy of a polywog. In fact, she was very much like a polywog and no doubt felt that if she wiggle and wiggle, and at every son turn tail and flee, her life the high tide of liberty would supremely happy.

She threw herself into a seat, showed her chin into her hand, slung her shoulders disdainfully she surveyed her surroundings. "Sister!" she called, after a moment. "This is a stupid place why do you call it the punishment room? It's not the room that punished!"

"I'm not so sure about that, Kathleen!" said Sister, as she drew a box some colored chalk. "Why come and help me decorate the boards? I want all kinds of blue-red, yellow, pink, green—kind—along the top of that board."

Kathleen jumped up delighted. Along the top of the blackboard she tripped the brownies, in spring mazes. Here a troop of Yarn were driving ahead at a tremendous rate. It was labelled "Progress." Some were stepping up perpendicularly, clutching at the stars—evidently astronomers; others were deluged; straight down—geologists; perhaps; but one and all made business. Quite near, in strict contrast, regardless of the laws of gravity—the Kerry dancers perched on a little dash of water upon and hoarsed the Highlanders in their gaily plaided—a Highland fling.

It was really wonderful! Everybody said so. And everybody knew you know. I do not suppose a artist would call it great, but, Sister Angela had solved the problem of discipline for Kathleen; and the key to her hidden talent was sent to the studio. According to the refracted light was drawn to paint, but what her lips, the whole art. For the little Kathleen, she was teaching.

FRIDAY, MARCH 17, 1905

ST. PATRICK'S DAY IN THE MORNING.

It was St. Patrick's Day in the morning, and the air was singing with jubilation. The Hibernian band had just passed the convent, and the great study hall seemed duller than ever. Kathleen twisted and turned restlessly, and at last, finding the exquisite agony of silence too much, obtained permission to go downstairs for a few minutes. She carried with her, secreted in the capacious folds of her blouse, a green flag, and before anyone could see or prevent it was out the side door, down through the park and up on one of the lower branches of the hemlock tree that stood by the convent wall facing the street.

There she sat and dangled her feet, shook her green be-ribboned curls, waved her flag and waited. Presently, as she anticipated, the Hibernian band returned. The bright green flag projecting from the black, green hemlock was rather conspicuous, but when the band came up she sprang down on the wall and waved it vigorously. The boys lifted their hats, and she cried out merrily to each division.

"Boys, I wish ye the top of the marnin'!"

All saluted the standard and smiled up at the pretty little standard bearer. The great hearts of the Hibernians were too full of reverence for more than a cheery, "God bless her!" What reverence "those boys" ever have for innocence, their mothers and Ireland!

When all had passed Kathleen flew back to the convent and up to the study hall, with its rows of dainty, sober-clad girls; but not a whit too soon. She was to try over a piano solo for the evening concert at the next hall, and it rang out as she took her seat. No one loved music better than Kathleen, and no one hated music lessons or music practice more cordially. She could play anything she heard; but as for practicing harmonies, melodies, chromatics, thirds, fourths, sixths, by the hour—she never could, or rather she never would.

"No, I don't want to play it now. I can't play; my fingers just sprawl out, and won't go on the right keys. Oh, I can't sit still now. I have no inspiration!" and away fled Kathleen.

A half-hour later Sister Angela, who was presiding over punished pupils, was alarmed by the entrance of Kathleen. Kathleen meant trouble! She felt she could no more understand the 14-year-old, wiry, giggling, graceless child than she could understand the anatomy or instinct of a polywog. In fact Kathleen was very much like a polywog; and no doubt felt that, if she could wiggle and wiggle, and at every lesson turn tail and flee, her life on the high tide of liberty would be supremely happy.

She threw herself into a seat and showed her chin into her hand, shrugging her shoulders disdainfully while she surveyed her surroundings.

"Sister!" she called, after a moment. "This is a stupid place; but why do you call it the punished room? It's not the room that's punished!"

"I'm not so sure about that Kathleen!" said Sister, as she drew from a box some colored chalk. "Will you come and help me decorate the blackboards? I want all kinds of brown—red, yellow, pink, green—every kind—along the top of that board."

Kathleen jumped up delighted. Along the top of the blackboard soon tripped the brownies, in sprightly mazes. Here a troop of Yankees were driving ahead at a tremendous rate. It was labelled "Progress."

Some were stepping up perpendicularly, clutched at the stars—evidently astronomers; others were delving down; straight down—geologists; probably; others were preparing to leap into unknown space—scientists; but one and all moaning business. Quite near, in its most contrast, regardless of the laws of gravity—the Kerry dancers perhaps. Over a little dash of water puffed and hoarse the Highlanders in wonderful plaids—a Highland fling.

It was really wonderful! Everybody said so. And everybody knows, you know. I do not suppose a real artist would call it great, but happily, real artists are rare.

Sister Angela had solved the problem of discipline for Kathleen; had found the key to her hidden treasures. Accordingly the refractory pupil was sent to the studio and taught her how to paint; but what she drew, the whole set of pupils. For the latter Kathleen had little to say.

How it pleaded with those Hibernians in the last verse; pleaded for virtue, loyalty and faith.

Father of Ireland! No child will thou own,
Whose life is not lighted by grace on its way;
For they are true Irish, ah, yes, they alone,
Whose hearts are all true on St. Patrick's Day.

The congregation fell on their knees as the priest now descended the altar steps. The Hibernians tried to wink back the tears, while the rector took out his handkerchief and passed into the sacristy without genuflecting. Kathleen knelt down; tears were in her own eyes. She felt strangely lonely. If her father were only here!

"Excuse me, miss," said an altar boy, "Father wishes to see you in the sacristy."

Kathleen followed him silently. At the foot of the choir steps was Mr. Hogan, smiling brightly. But her smile was all gone, and only a little wee-begone face looked up at the giant Hibernian. It was very strange, yet somehow it made his heart go thump way down to see her sad. "She must have felt all that, then," he thought. There were traces of tears in his own eyes, tears he had tried to wink back, but in vain. Why they came was a mystery to him. Was it the fact that he and his brother Hibernians were, in reality, nothing but exiles—exiled from the bright "sunny shore," the dear old Ireland?

"My dear child, this is some mistake. I sent for Miss O'Brien, who sang 'All praise to St. Patrick,'" said the rector.

"I sang it," sadly.

"You! Why you are only a child!"

"I am eighteen, father."

"And you really sang that! Why, your true voice so carried me back to the dear old County of Tyrone. Again I was hunting the cuckoo's nest in the black, sodden bog. Again I lay on the bank of the Mourne and heard the lark singing for all Ireland. Again, a bare-footed boy, I ran, along the ditches, spying out the wren's little nest, or mimicked the conraker in the hawthorn."

Tears were in his eyes. "You have made even me young again. Will you sing it after Vespers this afternoon?"

"With pleasure, father."

And all the Hibernians were there, and after Benediction Mr. Hogan drove home with Mrs. and Miss O'Brien, which wasn't a bit fair, as all "the boys" said. But St. Joseph was not to be outdone even by the wonder worker, and on St. Patrick's Day in the evening—M. de Paul, in the Canadian Messenger of the Sacred Heart.

Senator Hoar a foe to Bigotry.

The late Senator George Frisbie Hoar, of Massachusetts, was eulogized in a special session before the House of Representatives on the afternoon of Feb. 11. Congressman Sullivan, of Boston, spoke of him as the enemy of racial and religious proscription:

"He was a constant foe to every form of race hatred and religious intolerance. An American of Americans himself, he refused to stand with those who would shut the nation's doors against the poor and the oppressed of the world, for his broad mind would not permit him to regard one set of God's creatures as so inferior to ourselves that we should deny them the opportunity to breathe with us His air and enjoy with us His sunshine. Though a Protestant whose faith was strong and uncompromising, he saw the seas of Know Nothingism and A. P. A-ism sweep over our country, carrying with them a flood of bitter animosity, hateful discriminations and foul wrongs, and he manfully withstood the current, buffeting its waves with the same vigor with which he would have repelled an attack upon the religion of his fathers."

"He lived to see the men whom he defended against the first of those prospective movements march with those of his own race, and faith to battle for the preservation of the Union when its integrity was menaced. He saw them settle down to the pursuits of peace, saw them helping in every field of industry to build up the country's greatness, saw them educate their children to love the flag their fathers had fought to defend, and saw them again attacked by a new set of religious bigots, marshalled under the old banner of hate, though under a new name. Then again, aided by the prestige of long and faithful service to his country, he struck down with a single blow the enemies of fraternal love and religious freedom. And the hearts of millions swelled with gratitude, while a prayer to God to bless George Frisbie Hoar rose to every Catholic's lips."

SKETCH OF THE SEAL HUNTING EXPEDITION IN NEWFOUNDLAND.

(For the True Witness.)

During the first days of March all is hustle and bustle at the capital, St. John's, preparing for the second industry of the "Island by the Sea," the seal fishery. The thousands of hardy toilers who take part in this hazardous and laborious undertaking, are arriving by train and boat in order to be ready for March 12th, on which day the steamers and sailing vessels leave for the ice-fields at 8 o'clock in the morning.

There are twenty-two steamers and about thirty sailing vessels engaged in the pursuit. Each steamer carries from one hundred to two hundred men. For their accommodation bunks are built in the hold, which are taken down when the ship is loaded. This only inconveniences the men for the run home, and if they load their ship they do not mind a little inconvenience.

As the steamers pass down the harbor in processional order, the sight is a very fine one. Many are the good wishes of the thousands who crowd the wharves, line the streets, go out in the harbor in boats and tugs, or have a last look and give a hearty cheer for the crews at the battery, near the entrance of the harbor. Once outside the entrance full steam is put on, and in a few hours the fleet is scattered. The season is a short one, occupying from three to six weeks.

Of late years there has been very little danger attending the expedition. With the exception of the Greenland disaster of 1898, in which forty-seven brave and able-bodied sealers succumbed to an awful death on the ice-floes, after battling with the elements of a tremendous blizzard for forty-eight hours, being then many miles from their ship, there has been no other real disaster in the history of seal hunting in Newfoundland.

When the ice is sighted, a man is stationed in the crow's nest (or barrel), and with a powerful telescope sweeps the horizon for any sign of seals.

The seals are generally taken in the vicinity of White Bay, the Funk Islands, or off the Labrador coast. These points are away to the north of Newfoundland. A couple of steamers prosecute the fishery in the Gulf of St. Lawrence, in the vicinity of St. Paul's Island.

For the first day or two only the usual routine work of the ship goes on, until the seals are seen, when everything else is dropped.

No seals are allowed to be taken this year until the 14th of March. The most valuable seal is the young harp. The harp seal is so called from a mark on its back resembling a harp. The young are born about February 25th, and grow very fast. They are said to gain three or four pounds daily. The harp seal is very quiet, and the men experience no difficulty in killing them. A prime young harp weighs from forty to forty-five pounds.

There is another species of seal called the hood, so called on account of being furnished with a bladder over the head, which they can inflate at will, and the men have a hard battle to conquer them. It takes them on some occasions three hours before the old hood seal succumbs. In many cases they have to be shot. The gaff has to be put in the mouth of the old seals in order to prevent them from biting. Nearly every year the men have their hands and legs bitten by the large teeth of the monsters. An old hood will weigh between four and five hundred pounds.

When the seals are first sighted by the man stationed in the barrel attached to the top of one of the masts of the steamer, the greatest excitement and commotion prevails. The men commence to arm themselves with a gaff, a hauling rope, a belt to which is attached a steel and a knife, the knife being made specially for the occasion, and sharpened like a razor, and when ready, start in companies for the "patch," each company going in different directions.

When the patch or herd of seals are struck, the sight is one never to be forgotten. Over a territory of five or six miles, eight or nine hundred thousands seals are to be seen, all unconscious of their impending fate. When the weather gets stormy and the ice breaks up, many of the seals take to the water, and in this way thousands are lost to the men. At night the scene is one of grandeur, the many lights from the different steamers, the hundreds of torches lighted around the different patches of seals killed, and the bonfires all blazing together, make life on the

frozen pans interesting for the poor men. The cry of the seals at night resembles the sound of the steamers' whistles. A man will haul from four to six seals in a tow.

It is not an easy matter travelling some ten miles to and from the ship if the ice is loose, perhaps two or three feet of snow on the surface, and it is still more difficult hauling seals through the pans over the loose ice. A "pan" is made up of from 150 to 600 pelts, that is the fat and skin of the seal, the carcasses being thrown to one side, and made a good meal for the fishes afterwards. These pans are sometimes far distant one from the other, this, of course, depending on the number of seals in the patch and the position of the ship. Sometimes the men have to walk ten or fifteen miles from the steamer, while at others they need not go more than two or three. The men leave the ship at daylight and return at six o'clock in the evening. The law prohibits the killing of seals on Sunday. There is no obligation for the men to work on Sundays, but still very few of them remain idle if the seals are killed, as they believe in getting them aboard as soon as possible.

After the first day's killing the ice presents a very different appearance from that before the slaughter commences. The ice is reddened with blood in many places, flags are flying in all directions where the seals are marked by each steamer's house flag, and gangs of men are at work all over the ice. The men suffer great hardships, especially when the weather is cold.

When the steamer is loaded, the provisions and coal are put on deck, and during the run home the men have very little sleep, as their bunks are all torn down and the places filled with seals. Some of the steamers hold from thirty to forty thousand seals.

As the steamer enters port she is decked with bunting, and the crew standing on deck cheer lustily as she goes to her berth.

The crew receive one-third of the net value of the voyage, which would give each man about \$60, and two-thirds go to the owner of the vessel. Last year's catch amounted to 284,473; total gross weight, 5,427 tons; average gross weight, 473 pounds; average net weight, 40 pounds.

At an increased weight of five pounds a seal, the total number would yield 635 tons extra; at ten pounds, 1270 tons. Seals weighing 45 pounds are not bad, one year with another; 50 pound seals are exceptionally good.

The chief benefit to be expected from the late sailing is that it will tend to prevent the vessels arriving among the seals before they have reached maturity, or if not entirely so, until such time as they may have had undisturbed opportunity for development. It is well known that when a number of vessels strike the seals too early, which is liable to be the case with so many powerful ships now employed in the industry particularly in the open seasons, the young seals do not mature so rapidly as if undisturbed. The presence of vessels and their crews prevents the mother seals from suckling their young with the same regularity as when no disturbing influence is present.

DONAHOE'S FOR MARCH.

The March issue of Donahoe's Magazine opens with an article on "What it Means to be a Congressman," by Joseph W. Gavan, who tells of the duties, aspirations, successes and failures of the new Congressman. It is an interesting and timely paper, and will enlighten many who look upon the House as a palace of leisure and delights.

The Rev. John Talbot Smith discusses "Midwinter Drama," and the Rev. C. L. P. Fox contributes another instalment of his pleasant reminiscences "People I have Met."

"Tallaght, and Father Tom Burke," by Nora Tynan O'Mahony, is a handsomely-illustrated paper containing much information relative to the college, and the great Dominican who spent so many years there.

The Rev. Hugh F. Blunt takes issue with the general opinion of Moore's devotion to the Catholic faith, and quotes from the poet's own diary to support his contention. Cornelius Dorgen describes "An Irish Country Fair," and there are several other papers that will attract readers.

Grace Keon's story "Not a Judgment," grows more absorbing with every chapter. It is a story of home interest, character-building and the triumph of a girl's will over adverse circumstances.

Short stories, poems, and much varied information in the department complete an excellent number.

to know by instinct just how to manipulate the dirty brown clay. Deepening all tools, how those long, nervous fingers would putter and potter and roll and bend and twist, and lo, some queer thing, neither man nor beast, nor Satan, but a bit of all three, would spring into seeming life.

At first the teacher's only thought was to keep the culprit out of mischief, but soon she saw she had an artist. Ah, busy, happy, careless, heart-free, golden days for Kathleen! Alas, they passed too soon. But when the crash came, when her father died, leaving a delicate, penniless widow on Kathleen's 18-year-old hands, she turned to her beloved art with new zest.

"We must go to a large city, mamma!"

"But there will be no demand for these crazy clay things you make!"

"Then I will make a demand! I tell you it's my vocation, mamma, and I will make it a success. St. Anthony will find me customers, and St. Joseph a husband—perhaps a rich one, too," laughing.

They were barely settled in their new home when Kathleen had an inspiration, so she said. It had come to her as she knelt before a statue of St. Anthony, to thank him for the customers he had found. It was early in February, and she therewith began to manufacture pipes. There were in a few weeks, in the little studio, all kinds of pipes, and the wildest kinds! The profile of one bowl was a huge, hooked, high-bridged Roman nose resting on the stem of a long, thin, nervous finger with a crooked nail. There were bowls with full faces, grotesquely human and humanly grotesque; but one and all had its bit of shamrock. Mrs. O'Brien, in despair, wondered what next. She was getting anxious. Sales had been, so far, small, but Kathleen was a dreadful optimist. Nothing could shake her firm belief that St. Anthony would find her customers for her wonderful clay creations.

It was St. Patrick's Day in the morning, and Kathleen, just home from early Mass, tidied up the studio, and then sat down by the window to her pipes. The sun was struggling with heaps and piles of deep, dark clouds—those hostile, selfish clouds that rarely ever let us have a bit of sun, even here on that day of days. But this morning there was a wee bit, and the air was whispering spring. Kathleen threw open the window. Oh, the sweet morning air after the long winter! It seemed to fly to her head or heart, or both, for as she patted and rolled the clay in her deft fingers she suddenly burst into song. Swifter and swifter flew her fingers as her heart poured forth the "Praise to St. Patrick." When she had finished a great clapping outside made her look round. There were the "Hibernian boys," decked in green by hundreds. They were evidently collecting for the parade, and attracted by the singing, had waited silently. Kathleen, seeing such a display of green, seized her flag, and waving it out of the window, cried, "Boys, I wish ye the top of the marnin'!"

"Kathleen, Kathleen!" called her mother. "Whatever are you up to now?"

The street resounded with cheers for St. Patrick and the singer, and then, at command, the Hibernians fell into line. One of them, in full uniform, came into the studio.

"Pardon me, young lady, but our boys would like that hymn for their concert to-night. Could you—that is, would you—sing it for them? I am president of the Hibernian Club," giving her mother his card.

"I am very sorry, Mr. Hogan, but I would rather not," as visions of Kathleen in a faded gown rose before her eyes.

Hathleen's eyes were dancing. She still kept patting the clay in her hands.

"How is that?" holding up a shamrock pipe.

"You don't mean to say you make those ugly things by just patting them?"

"There's a great deal in a Pat, Mr. Patrick Hogan!" smiling up at the giant.

"That depends on who gives it, I suppose," laughing.

"Or who wears it, eh? See, I have two hundred shamrock pipes. I sell them to the boys for a dollar apiece, but to a 'Prot' for five."

"Allow me to be a 'Prot'!" said Kathleen, picking up one of the

pipes and depositing a crisp five on the table.

"Oh, no," cried Kathleen. But he was out and on the march.

Needless to say, "all the boys" were admonished to buy a hand-made shamrock pipe, and before evening most of the two hundred were gone.

At 10 o'clock Kathleen received a note from the rector of St. Patrick's requesting her to sing "All Praise to St. Patrick" at the close of the high Mass. The "boys," he said, were very anxious for it. Kathleen was rather excited. She had never sung anywhere except in the convent chapel at home. She looked down ruefully at her fast fading shamrock.

When she and her mother were starting for the church a carriage drove up to their door. A trim footman stepped down, and bowing to them, opened the carriage door. He then handed a bunch of fresh shamrocks to Kathleen.

"This is some mistake," said her mother, drawing back.

"No, madame; Mr. Hogan sent it for Mrs. and Miss O'Brien," bowing. As they neared the church whom should they meet but the long line of Hibernians. Hundreds of them—those who had heard her sing—lifted their hats, and she bowed and smiled and gaily waved her shamrocks. At the end of the line was Mr. Hogan, but somehow, of course by accident, she did not see him; Mrs. O'Brien bowed, but somehow, he did not see her. He left his ranks, and when the carriage stopped opened the door.

"I am going to the choir," whispered Kathleen, as she gave him her hand, with the air of a princess.

"I will show you the way," and conducted by the giant Hibernian she found herself in an immense church. She looked down at the sea of people, momentarily increasing, and her head swam. "Oh, I never could sing here. When it's nearly over I'll run home. I wonder if mamma knows the way home to the studio. Of course, the carriage will wait. Yes, I'll run. I never could sing here. Why, I can hardly see the priest. I wonder where all the people come from."

The Kyrie had begun. It was the same she had sung time and again at the convent. How hard it was to keep her mouth closed. But, as they had not asked her, it seemed the part of prudence to do so. It was such an awfully aristocratic choir. As the Mass went on she gradually became accustomed to the sea of humanity, or rather lost sight of them in the contemplation of that wonderful mystery. Grandly the priest sang his heart seemed to pour forth in the solemn words. Kathleen longed to answer him in the same swelling tones.

After Communion the leader of the choir passed her a hymnal open at "All Praise to St. Patrick." Kathleen shook her head. She had no need of a book. A moment before the last Gospel, just as the congregation rose to their feet, the organ pealed forth the opening melody.

The priest had just finished the Gospel as her voice caught up the words, "All Praise to St. Patrick." Why he stood there he did not know; nor did he know he stood there. Out into the dim cathedral came a voice, fresh as the air that drinks in the dew from the green grass of Ireland; deep and sad, like the sea, suggestive, too, of its immensity and power; true with that instinctive truthness; rich with the melody that stirs the heart and elevates the soul. Now rising, now falling, gathering strength as it went, it burst forth triumphant:

All praise to the shepherd who showed us the fountains,
That rise in the Heart of the Saviour above!

Then in melodious fullness, unearthly sweet, unearthly sad:

For hundreds of years, in smiles and in tears
Our Saint has been with us, our shield and our stay,
All else may have gone, St. Patrick alone—
He hath been to us light, when earth's lights were all set;
For the glories of faith, they can never decay,
And the best of our glories is bright with us yet,
In the faith and the feast of St. Patrick's Day.

Then with glad exultation:
In glory above, true to his love
He keeps the false faith from his children away,
The dark false faith far worse than death,
Oh, he drives it far off from the green sunny shore—
The voice of the singer seemed to sob "for that green sunny shore" and the hand of his choir.

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THE RE-BIRTH OF THE CELTIC SPIRIT.

We hear much nowadays of the Celtic Renaissance; and it is not out of place to explain and define what is meant by this rebirth of the Celtic spirit, for it is a spiritual rebirth that the movement represents. Perhaps I cannot do better than to reproduce here what I recently wrote elsewhere in seeking to explain to non-Celtic readers what the movement meant, with a view of sending them to the presentation of some of the little poetic plays of Yeats in a receptive mood.

"That intellectual and literary movement which has been termed the Irish or Celtic Renaissance and which is supposed to concern itself solely with a revival of the ancient Celtic language and literature, has by virtue of its appeal to the higher and spiritual side of man, taken on a wider and deeper significance, and becomes a force operating beyond national lines, a leaven working wherever there are men and women who have grown intolerant of the materialism which is smothering the soul of the world. While the call of the past has been hearkened to by those outside the kith of the Celt, many, like Yeats, continue to study the myths and legends of Ireland and her spiritual tributaries, and to read the message in her literature that has lain dust-covered and forgotten for ages, loving the spirit that seemed to animate it all, touched by the robust faith which believed and taught that the material world is as a breath, and that the eternal verities are in a kindly nature, intangible and apart.

Mystical and poetical, spiritual and idealistic, the Celt in ancient days walked with gods and demigods, and held converse with the heroic dead; and his poets and singers wove this appeal of the higher life into the very fibre of the race and made the Celt a dreamer and artist in pagan days, a prophet, preacher and missionary in his Christian days.

This message of the Celt, the voice that speaks out of the mists hanging over Irish hills and valleys before Troy was, comes into the tired, cynical, sceptical, agnostic twentieth century to stir to life the soul of a world which has grown to account material success, material pleasure, material things as all sufficient; it comes as a healing medicine to humanity, which was starving its own spirituality, and forgetting the greatest and most unconquerable thing in all the universe was the soul of man, and that the greatest gift of God and nature to man was his capacity to believe in and take joy from the unseen but veritable powers all round about us.

Not all the world is content to feed its heart and mind with the triumph of the stock market, the victories of politics, the gains of trade; there remains a thinking remnant who realize that the vital spark which fanned to flame, makes nations great and principles enduring, must be sought in the heart of the simple man and not in the hurrying workaday world; and the mission of the dreamer, the singer, the idealist, the rainbow climber, whom the materialist passes with a smile, is to keep alive this divine spark. It was that intangible something in the soul of Japan which has kinship with the dream of the Celt, which, when preparedness was perfected and material force has exhausted its resources, made the Oriental dreamer triumph.

In a word the Celtic Renaissance is an appeal to the world to remember its youth, when its soul was white, its heart simple and its mind clean, to recall the days when the race was close to nature and to God; and to warn it that unless it turns back to drink at the waters of real life the world must rot and perish.

The Celtic Renaissance is a re-avertment of the imperishable truth of Christ's word, "Man liveth not by bread alone."

This is to my mind a definition of the impelling and life-sustaining spirit of the re-awakening, or to be more exact, the reassertion, of the soul of the Celt and his attitude towards the world; and this priceless pearl has been preserved in all the mutations which the fortunes of the race, whether it be in Ireland, Scotland, Wales or Brittany, or in the distant places of the north housing and homing the scattered and exiled sons of the Gael, have sustained.

To-day the world appears to be given over to materialism; to the fallacy that the good things of the earth are all sufficient; to the doctrine that man, like the beast and

the vegetable, grows, flourishes and perishes in his hour, when all is over. The triumphs of man over the material world have flattered his reason and stiffened his pride in himself, and he is setting up altars to a god, Science, who is his servant, and forgetting the God who is his lord and master, and Master and Lord of the Universe.

Doubt, scepticism, unbelief, agnosticism are eating into the soul of the world like a poison; man has convinced himself that he can measure the universe with his yard stick, braze the stars in his mortar, and pen created nature in his laboratory; and if he continues to march down the road he has walked into, regardless of the beauty of God's earth and deaf to the call which God's creation makes to his higher self, he must in the arid future he is building for himself pay the penalty.

Already the effects of this defecation of self—for unbelief is little else than magnified selfishness, since man arrogates to himself the functions and powers he denies the God-head—are apparent in a cruelty, inhumanity, dishonesty and contempt for genuine morality, which cannot be disguised or denied; and there exists a pessimism and discontent which cannot be hidden under the feverish gaiety, nor satisfied by the systems of spurious ethics, which seem to mark the age.

THE CELT HAS KEPT FAITH IN GOD.

The Celt seems to have received more than his share of the sorrows of the world; prosperity has not smiled upon his land or race for many a century; he has been scattered over the earth to tell the story of his fateful land, and eat the bread of the stranger; but under all conditions, in all lands, he has preserved his soul, and has seldom bent the knee to Mammon and Moloch. Wherever he has gone he has carried with him an inheritance of faith and an invincible spirituality, which have been proof against the most insidious appeals of materialism. He has been preacher and teacher, prophet and poet, church builder and school founder; and though his genius and imagination, which have made him pioneer and explorer, have brought him at times wealth and power, they have saved him from materialism.

In this age when his fortunes, materially, have reached their lowest ebb, the Celt has rallied and called to the scattered fragments of his race to unite and be up and doing, for the only real and enduring things the world knows—the soul, the spirit of man, and their brood of gifts and graces. The hurrying world hardly stopped to do more than smile and murmur of the unpractical Celt, who lingered among his hills and mists, feeding his soul on fantasies and his mind on world-worn tales, when men were busy with commerce and trade, with marts and money, with bread and beef. These indeed are good and useful things; they make work for man to do, the Celt said seriously, but they are not all; man liveth not by bread alone.

The few grew; the soul of the land was awakened; the appeal for the ancient tongue was heard and hearkened to; for in that forgotten language, the voice of the race was locked up. The gospel was preached and listened to and its voice was heard in other lands; and its scripture was read by other races. Men and women in the hurry of materialism stopped to listen to the song that recalled the youth of the race, even as some tired dweller in the city, hearing the song of some caged bird in the noise and dirt of the streets, sees, as in a vision, the green hills and pleasant places of his boyhood.

A REVOLT AGAINST MATERIALISM.

The Celtic Renaissance is a revolt against materialism, which has grown as bitter in the mouth of the world as the waters of Marah; and it is asserting itself as sanely, as healingly, as that nature which wins back to herself the fields and forests torn from her by some terrible calamity. The Celtic Renaissance is a serious and certain propaganda of great possibilities; it will succeed since it carries in it the seeds of truth and immortality; and it will do the work triumphantly and in good time, which appears to be the mission of the race to execute, the cleansing of the world's soul. When Europe lay dark and bloody, gasping and despairing in the grip of a militant and triumphant savagery, when the material civilization of Rome

was crumbling under the blows of an ignorant and pagan barbarism, men feared for religion and truth, and believed they might perish from the earth. Into this Europe came the missionaries of the Celt, armed only with courage, knowledge and a perfect faith in the divinity of their mission and out of the crude materialism of barbarism they organized the nucleus of European civilization and religion and built up centres of light and leading which were to transform the savage tribesmen into teachers, warriors and churchmen.

The Celtic renaissance of to-day can give life and sweetness to communities which have lost the spiritual sanity and strength so essential to a humanity in harmonious relations with its Maker; and it can buttress faiths grown weak and put heart into men grown fearful in the presence of a militant materialism. The Celt speaks of another world, a Land of Heart's Desire, where the weary are at rest and where the bitter, cruel struggles that breed hatred and inhumanity shall cease forever. He says boldly and with certain conviction, "I shall not perish like the beast and the grass; Death does not end all; Death is but the beginning of the larger, better life; I believe, I know, and you cannot shake my belief. Science may feed the body, but it can but starve the soul; and the soul of the Celt is an imperishable thing. You may rob me of my bread and my bed, my fields and forests and send me forth like Ishmael to wander over the world; but I have that in me which is beyond the greed of man and the power of government, the Faith which is perfect knowledge."

THE UNIFYING POWERS OF THE CELTIC RENAISSANCE.

This is how I understand the Celtic Renaissance and its mission; and though its fire and volume may flame and flicker, ebb and flow, it will persist to the benefit of the world. Empires and civilizations have risen and fallen; cities have sprung up in strength to crumble in decrepitude; industries have flourished and died; trade and commerce have bloomed and vanished, and their fleets have rotted as their marts have mingled in the dust; and while these, the trophies of materialism, have perished, the belief in the soul and in the things that flow out of it have continued down the ages. Men have forgotten their souls; races have worshipped their bellies and defied their passions, but the Celt has remained all down the ages true to his ideals.

The practical, as in contradistinction to the spiritual, side of the Renaissance—and it is really complementary rather than contradistinct—is in the revival of the Celtic tongue, a strengthening of the spirit of nationality, the disappearance of feuds and animosities, a stimulus to Irish industry and Irish interests and a general reconstruction of the nation, its ambitions, hopes and aspirations. The human necessities of the land demand and must have material aids, material improvements; it must, if it is to endure, receive its share of the benefits of the saner features of modern civilization; but the impulse animating the whole movement is the soul of the race in action.

W. B. Yeats has placed his finger on the undying heart of the Celt and his awakening when he sings:

"I would accounted be True brother of that Company,
Who sang to sweeten Ireland's wrong
Ballad and story, rann and song;
Nor be I any less of them,
Because the red-rose-begoned hem
Of her, whose history began
Before God made the angelic clan,
Traills all about the written page;
For in the world's first blossoming
age
The light fall of her flying feet
Made Ireland's heart begin to beat;
And still the starry candles flare
To keep her light foot here and there;
And still the thoughts of Ireland
brood
Upon the holy quietude,
—Joseph Smith, in Boston Pilot.

Blackthorn for Roosevelt.

President Roosevelt is to be the guest of honor at the banquet of the New York Friendly Sons of St. Patrick to be given on the coming 17th of March. The President will be escorted to Delmonico's by the famous will be blackthorn cut from the original tree from which Fin Mac Cool, the strong man of Erin's most strenuous age, got his historic shillelagh. The one for the President is a beautiful stick, that has been carefully polished by four generations of the O'Briens of Thomond, and then dried in the turf smoke of a mountain cabin.

OH ERIN, MY COUNTRY.

Oh! Erin, my country, altho' thy harp slumbers,
And lies in oblivion near Tara's old hall,
With scarce one kind hand to awaken thy slumbers,
Or sound a long dirge of the sons of Fingal,
The trophies of warfare they stand still neglected,
For cold lies the warriors to whom they were known;
But the harp of old Ireland shall still be respected,
While there lives but one bard to enliven its tune.

Oh! Erin, my country! I love thy green bowers,
No music to me like thy murmuring rills,
The shamrock to me is the fairest of flowers,
And nothing more dear than thy daisy-clad hills.
Thy caves, whether used by warriors or sages,
Are still sacred held in each Irishman's heart;
And thy ivy-crowned turrets, the pride of past ages,
Tho' mould'ring in ruin, do grandeur impart.

Britannia may boast of her lion and armour,
And glory, when she her old wood-ent walls views;
Caledonia may boast of her pibroch and clamour,
And pride in her philabeg, kilt and her hose,
But where is the nation can rival old Erin?
Or where is the country such heroes can boast?
In battle they're fierce as the lion and tiger,
And bold as the eagle that flies round her coast.

The breeze often shakes both the rose and the thistle,
Whist Erin's green shamrock lies hushed in the dale;
Contented it grows whilst the wintry wind whistles,
And lies undisturbed in the moss of the vale.

Then hail, dearest island in Neptune's proud ocean,
The land of my forefathers, my parents agra!
Cold, cold must the heart be and devoid of emotion,
That loves not the music of Erin-go-bragh.

THE PURITY OF IRELAND.

From the "Victorian Year Book" we take the following table:

Illegitimate births to every 100 children born:

Scotland, for 15 years	8.05
England and Wales, for 15 years	5.60
Tasmania, for 5 years	4.30
New South Wales for 15 years	4.27
Victoria for 15 years	4.14
Queensland for 14 years	3.67
New Zealand for 14 years	2.38
Ireland for 14 years	2.04

Here is another form, quoted by the Rev. Arthur Young, from Dr. Leffingwell's tables. It puts the case in another shape. It takes the unmarried women between the ages of 15 and 45, and gives the number of illegitimates to each 1000 of them for all the ten years, 1878-1887. This is the result:

Irish illegitimacy	4.4 per 1,000 English and Welsh
Illegitimacy	14.0 per 1,000 Scottish illegitimacy
21.5 per 1,000	But there is a still more drastic test. The same writer takes two Irish counties, Catholic Connaught and Protestant Ulster, and compares them thus:
Ten years, 1879-88	Total To 1,000
Illegitimacy	822 5.6
Connaught	8084 51.1

There we see the Protestant province ten times as immoral in this point as the Catholic one. Is this a sign of the influence of "Romanist dogma?"

Patrick a Christian Name.

From the Canadian Messenger of the Sacred Heart.

It is doubtful whether the name of Ireland's patron saint receives all the honor which is due from those who, at least on his feast day, claim to be his children. . . . After all the greatest homage is imitation, which we profess for a saint by invoking his protection, taking his name and giving it to our children. Cast your eyes up and down a list of Celtic or Milesian names especially of the "American born," and you will be struck at the devastation of what Mr. Dooley, the philosopher, calls the modern "Saxon invasion."

This is a matter which will naturally claim the attention of the A.O.H. once they have completely knocked out the stage Irishman. Now that a British Prince of the royal family is called after St. Patrick there can be no objection even for the most fastidious.

Found Fortune Hidden Behind Holy Pictures.

A special despatch from Cumberland, Md., to the Sun, of Baltimore, says:

Most interesting sequel are coming to light of the death of Edward McKenna, native of Ireland, octogenarian gardener and expert fruit grower, who died early in the month. On the day that the remains of Mr. McKenna were laid out in his home, \$3700 was found in the room behind pictures of the Crucifixion and of Pope Leo XIII. The money was in notes and gold. The notes were laid flat between the backs of the pictures and the retaining boards. The gold was in little bags hanging from nails in the wall, hidden from view by the pictures. Mr. McKenna's aged widow has placed the money in a bank to her credit. There are no children. Mr. McKenna was a man who practised economy to such an extent that the general impression prevailed that he was almost poverty-stricken.

THE MEDICINE HABIT.

There is something fascinating about a medicine advertisement. It begins by describing the symptoms of the disease for which it is a sure cure, and any one with a vivid imagination will immediately feel all the pains and aches, "that full feeling after dinner," a rumbling in the head and everything else described in the advertisement. The medicine will go straight to the "spot," and from one to five bottles will cure. In many cases the medicines do cure. It is easier and cheaper to go to the druggist and buy a bottle of medicine than it is to call on the physician or have him call on you, and then pay him and get his prescription filled and pay for that.

The medicine habit is easily acquired, particularly if the dose is something pleasant to the taste. In the matter of narcotics the sensation is more agreeable than otherwise. A small dose taken to relieve pain, followed by beneficial results, gives the user a firm belief in the medicine. It is easy to take a dose when there is no pain, and soon the habit grows.

It is not the poor that dread the trouble and expense of a physician any more than the well-to-do. A dose in the closet is worth half a dozen or more in the drug store, and certainly the one at hand is preferred to the one a few squares or a mile away. A woman once contracted the medicine habit from being presented with a case of homeopathic medicines when she was about to take a journey. She had no need of a single remedy in the case, but because the medicines were there she tipped one bottle and then another to her tongue, from time to time, and finally got to the point where she would go into a drug store and buy a medicine, and take it whenever she felt inclined. It is a wonder that the doses did not endanger her life, but she still lives. Another woman became a confirmed drunkard from buying medicines made of bad whisky.

NOT IDOLATRY.

Prof. Carroll D. Wright, lecturer on political economy in the Catholic University of Washington, and well known in Massachusetts as a public man, is not a Catholic, but he writes in the following broad and liberal spirit in Munssey's Magazine on a subject that is generally misunderstood by our Protestant friends. Prof. Wright says: "I used to feel that it was mere idolatry or absence of refined feeling that led the Spanish or Italian peasants to kneel before the image of the Virgin Mother. A deeper appreciation of the aspirations of the human soul has removed that feeling from my mind. . . . The peasant can realize and bring into his heart the whole idea of the Mother, when he could not, even with the aestheticism of religious devotion reach the God of the theologians. It has been through the innumerable representations of the Madonna that religion has received in many lands its most stimulating influence." Now some bigots will doubtless accuse Prof. Wright of what they are pleased to call Mariolatry—Sinned Heart Review.

A HOME IN TIPPERARY.

By William J. Delany.

I.

She sits beside her spinning wheel
As noon accents the summer day,
Her eyes are on the rock and reel,
Her memories are far away
From this old Irish homestead dear,
And yonder fields of ripening grain,
A loved voice whispers in her ear—
A voice she may not hear again.

II.

If youth lives in the future days,
Age dwells within a haunted past,
O'er one the sunrise casts its rays
And tears upon her old hands fall.
A voice, which sounds so faint and low,
She hears the sweet word "Mother's call,
As oft she heard it years ago.

III.

She looks beyond the open door,
Her thoughts are murmured in a sigh,
The shadows lengthen on the floor,
And laughing children, trooping by,
Free from the school's restraint rejoice;
And in the dead past days again
She lives; and listens for the voice
She loved so well, and lists in vain.

IV.

How silent seems the cabin home,
The schoolhouse door is open wide,
Those youth-crowned, happy scholars come,
As sunbeams o'er the meadow glide.
Intent she listens for the feet
To pause and enter at her door,
The measure time in each heart beat—
She wakes; alas! they come no more.

V.

The sounds, which on her old ears fall—
The rustic in the linnet's tone,
The whispering Summer winds—recall
The one beloved, who left her lone.
In the songs she sang when night brought rest,
She often in the stillness hears,
Yet solace summon to her breast,
E'en if their echo summons tears.

VI.

Her Mary of the soft brown hair,
And trustful eyes, remembered still
As when she lipped her nightly prayer
Beside her knee. 'Twas God's good will
That she should seek a distant goal
Far, far beyond the ocean's foam,
With fearless heart and stainless soul,
To help the mother loved at home.

VII.

The evening shadows fall upon
That vale where Anner waters flow;
The rugged crest of Slievenamon
Still sentinels the homes below,
The whitethorn-scented old bower,
The lilac blossoms drooping low,
The beechen foliage between—
She sees them as in long ago.

VIII.

As last she saw her long ago,
She sees the face remembered well—
The parting, when she murmured low
A blessing in the word "Farewell"
As one unsteady arm enfolds
The form beloved. She can endure
Much sorrow; for she knows she holds
The whiteness of her soul still pure.

IX.

The whiteness of her soul unstained
She holds, fond mother far away;
Her love of virtue, still retained
Her guide thro' life from day to day.
Know thou no blush of shame may flush
Her cheeks or brow; but full accord
Of praise from honest lips may rush
For days well spent—this her reward.

X.

She kneels beside her spinning-wheel,
Her thoughts have wandered far away.
The shadows of the evening steal
Across the floor—she kneels to pray.
A mother's heart breathes in each tone,
Full of the pathos, which may flow
But from a mother's lips alone—
"Core of my heart!" she whispers low.

Mrs. Brown, a California woman, had trained a new Chinese servant to wait on the door by having her daughter, Miss Brown, ring the bell and present her card. Next afternoon the bell rang and the Chinaman waited on the door. The lady presented her card. The Chinese servant took her card, then, pulling out of his sleeve a card such as Miss Brown had presented the afternoon before, carefully compared the two. He then handed the lady back her card, exclaiming: "There's no mistake; so you come in!" and shut the door.

BUILD UP

The writer of the following is one of those men who their minds on the building Irish Ireland; and, truly, land needs their aid, Ireland in deadly peril. Ireland of becoming an Anglized that is, an Ireland in name geographical term, no longer with a nation's high a mere province crouching submission at the feet of its master.

Nationality is like an intortress which cannot through the carelessness of its defenders. Nations of internal weakness; rarely from external assault. ceases to exist only when that vivifying spirit which as nationalism. As long as its own language, culture literature and adhere own customs it remains despite foreign rule. In a falls from its rank as a its own will, not by the enemies. This is the view writer of this work adopts.

The author is a young has all the vigor, the energy and the outspokenness of youth. He is an enthusiast practical one, not a dreamer sighs for the winning of all good.

He belongs to that rising of Irish nationalists up the hopes of our country. He deals in this little work questions very vital to Ireland with them as effectively fully as a limited space allows by the evil influence "sons of origo malorum" sign government, he prefers of the internal evils from which country suffers—evils which never can be remedied by a

We think most of his agree with him in his condemnation of mental (perhaps we should say dis the brain and heart) which, ly, is so life among our up middle classes. Secolin and tem are now familiar words designate that section of the people who are servile imitators the ways and manners of the foreigner—the Precarian Mor—a took down upon and contenting and everything that is strictly Irish. This class son differs but little, save more contemptible, from known as the Garrison, who themselves on their English and boast of being as English blood as they are in sentiment have been long the "pampered ions" of our foreign rulers, pay their patronage by what call loyalty, which means— choose to understand the work they will uphold the authority foreign power as long as the authority unduly favors themselves no longer. History shows that their loyalty is synonymous with selfishness. The motive animate this class of person not high, but we can easily stand them. They are willing sell their country—for a cotton-like the miser Trappo Scott's novel.

The scolin class is Catholic creed and Irish or Celtic by of They ought to be national in ment, but unhappily they are Unlike the Garrison, they a government nothing. Whatever dom they enjoy in religious of life they owe to the struggles

WHAT THE WORLD W

Men who cannot be bought.
Men whose word is their bond.
Men who put character wealth.
Men who possess opinions a will.
Men who see the divine in the man.
Men who will not lose their quality in a crowd.
Men who will not think any profitable that is dishonest.
Men who will be as honest in things as in great things.
Men who will make no compromise with questionable things.
Men whose ambitions are not fixed to their own selfish desires, who are not afraid of

BUILD UP IRISH PROSPERITY.

The writer of the following treatise is one of those men who have set their minds on the building up of an Irish Ireland; and, truly, Irish Ireland needs their aid, being to-day in deadly peril.

sacrifices of their nationalist brethren. Yet they are enemies to Irish nationality either by openly opposing or by ignoring it.

Nationality is like an impregnable fortress which cannot fall but through the carelessness or treachery of its defenders.

These slumbering slaves do not love or believe in their own country. They have no share in the hope that their land may yet regain its freedom.

The author is a young man, and has all the vigor, the earnestness and the outpokenness of unpurged youth.

Our author attributes the degeneracy of this class to the training—we call it education—they have received in our intermediate schools.

We think most of his readers will agree with him in his condemnation of seminarianism, that mental disease (perhaps we should say disease of the brain and heart) which, unhappily, is so rife among our upper and middle classes.

The parents of these children, whose natural tendencies are thus perverted are, no doubt, in many instances to blame, but the burden of blame rests on the teachers.

The seminarian class is Catholic in creed and Irish or Celtic by descent. They ought to be national in sentiment, but unhappily they are not.

Men of courage, who are not cowards in any part of their nature. Men who are larger than their business, who overtop their vocation.

Men who cannot be bought. Men whose word is their bond. Men who put character above wealth.

Men who will give thirty-six inches for a yard and thirty-two quarts for a bushel. Philanthropists who will not let their right hand know what their left is doing.

Single hearted people who do not look at every proposition from the point of view of "What is there in it for me?"

Men who do not believe that shrewdness, sharpness, cunning and long-headedness are the best qualities for winning success.

Merchants who will not offer for sale "English woollens" manufactured in American mills, or "Irish linens" made in New York.

Men who are not ashamed or afraid to stand for the truth when it is unpopular, who can say "no" with emphasis, although all the rest of the world say "yes."

Men who have the courage to wear thread-bare clothes and to live simply and plainly, if necessary, while their competitors revel in luxury purchased by crooked methods.

Men who have gained such complete control of themselves that they can pass through the most exasperating situations without doing or saying an unpleasant thing, without losing their temper or flying off their center.

Men who can stand before a demagogue and scorn his treacherous flatteries without winking.

—Success.

THE CRY OF THE EXILE.

Oh, God! for one hour on an Irish hill, Neath the blue of an Irish sky, With a heart as light as the glancing rill

Oh! to stand in the cot where we danced of yore, When Shaun of the Hill and Roseen Dhu, With Dermot and Maurya "took the floor,"

Oh, Erin! black was the dreary day When the grey mist rose twixt my eyes and thee And I saw thy green shores far, far away—

A KIND STATION MASTER.

Pleasant Incident Reported by a French Exchange.

A French exchange reports that some time ago a party of exiled Nuns arriving at Folkestone found that nearly all the seats were taken on the railway train which they intended to take.

A few minutes after the good Sister was informed that the kind station master was King Edward, returning from a yachting cruise.

CHURCH AND STATE IN FRANCE.

The projected separation of the Church and State in France, its probable consequences, and the impression the project has produced in Rome, especially in the Vatican, constitute the chief subjects of discussion in Italian newspapers.

What the Pontiff thinks of the proceedings of the French Government may be easily imagined. No one who feels the necessity of right and justice as guiding principles in the governing of men, but feels also how unjust, intolerant, and tyrannical the French Government has been in its treatment of Catholics.

On Friday last, says the Osservatore, the motion of M. Morlot was discussed in the French Chamber, and M. Sarrien's order of the day was approved by a great majority.

The Osservatore unites its protests to those of the Catholic journals of France against this order of the day, which is calumnious to the Holy See; to show this it suffices to review briefly the history of the last two years and a half.

M. Combes, from the time he assumed the reins of government, desired to break off with the Holy See; and as France was not disposed to endure such a measure he proposed meanwhile to prepare the country for it in such a way that in public opinion the responsibility for it should fall on the Holy See itself.

The means employed by M. Combes to dispose the French people to the separation he desired remain to be considered. In the first place, and before all else, in order to reach such an aim it was necessary as far as possible to detach Catholic France from the Papacy, by vilifying this and representing it as a foreign power, the enemy of France, of the Republic, and of civilization.

Another charge which it is customary to make against the Holy See is the protest of the 28th April of the past year, accounted for by the visit of M. Loubet to Rome. It is useless to return upon the arguments which justify it. It suffices only to remember that the French Government, in consequence of the publication made in a Paris journal, due to an unjustifiable indiscretion, demanded explanations. Cardinal Merry del Val, Secretary of State, declared himself ready to give them, but, seeing the gravity of the affair and the notorious deafness of the Ambassador, he requested that the questions should be put in writing, promising a reply equally in writing, in the space of an hour, or even half an hour.

Then came the dolorous incidents of Laval and Dijon. Grave accusations weighed upon the two prelates, which in course of time had not passed away, but rather became aggravated. What was more natural than that they should be called by the Holy Father to Rome to give explanations on these things? Was not this a sacrosanct duty of Him who was constituted by the Divine Redeemer, pastor of pastors in His Church? Is it not, indeed, thus that he is accustomed to do every time analogous cases—fortunately most rare—present themselves even in nations bound to the Holy See by Concordat treaties? Assuredly a Government, animated by pacific intentions, would have considered the matter under this aspect, and would itself have desired, even in the interests of the national honor, that the two prelates might justify themselves before the sole competent authority.

The initiative then and the responsibility belongs entirely to the French Government; against this indisputable fact the affirmation of M. Rouvier avails nothing; on the part of the Holy See there was nothing but the fulfillment of a strict duty. The two Bishops finally obeyed the voice of conscience; and they spontaneously remitted—whatever M. Morlot may say to the contrary—the renunciation of their dioceses into the hands of the Holy Father, who accepted it. Their Metropolitan gave notice of this to the Government; the which thing is also conformable to the "Organic Articles," always defended by the Government and never recognized by the Holy See. At the same time the two Bishops sent their renunciation also to M. Combes, who refused to accept it, constraining them to be Bishops in spite of themselves. In such a most delicate situation the Holy See, in order to avoid conflicts and to provide in the best possible way for the regular administration of the two dioceses, conferred spiritual powers on the Vicars-General, nominated formerly by the Bishops and recognized by the Government. Could the Holy See act in a more conciliatory manner? If to all this be added the law against religious congregations; the refusal to even take into examination—notwithstanding the desire of the great majority of Municipal Councils—the demands of authorization presented by them to the public powers, in conformity with the same law; the violent expulsion of thousands and thousands of religious, men and women, from their peaceful dwellings, often reducing them to the severest misery and constraining them to seek an asylum and liberty in a foreign land; the closing of innumerable schools kept by Congregations who were also authorized; the numerous suppressions of ecclesiastical incomes justly due to the Bishops and to the parish priests; and each one may judge for himself if it was really the attitude of the Vatican which rendered necessary the separation between the Church and the State.

Government whatsoever as, during his Parliamentary life, M. Combes has attacked the Holy See; and that, notwithstanding the fact that the Pontifical Nuncio in Paris was still the Dean of the Diplomatic Corps. This is a fact quite unique, rather than rare, in the political and diplomatic history of civilized nations. To this continued torrent of abuse the Holy See replied with silence, contenting itself only with contradicting in the Osservatore Romano the principal erroneous statements of fact in which the speeches of M. Combes were scarcely ever wanting.

Another means, besides defamation, used by M. Combes was to create, to maintain, and to exasperate the religious conflicts, attributing the blame for them to the Holy See in order that the French people should be persuaded that the Holy See provoked the separation; and that the maintenance of the ancient union between the two Powers had become henceforth impossible. In addition to this one may allude to the irritating manner with which M. Combes was accustomed to treat religious affairs, to the proposals, often unacceptable, made by him, in providing for vacant dioceses and in his obstinacy in maintaining them, excluding every negotiation in reference to them. The Holy See, without at all heeding his irritating manners, has never failed to take into benevolent examination the proposals made, and being inspired solely by canonical motives, has accepted those which it could accept, and has refused those which it ought to refuse. What more? In the same Chamber it was called to mind that the Holy See, as a final attempt at adjustment, gave orders in the past year to Monsignor Lorenzelli, then Nuncio Apostolic in Paris, to put himself in direct and personal relations with M. Combes, and giving him all possible explanations, thereby manage to remove existing difficulties, especially for the providing of Bishops for the dioceses. The Pontifical Nuncio requested on two distinct occasions audience of the President of the Council, M. Combes, which on both occasions was not granted to him. And the Holy See having insisted meanwhile that the dioceses should be provided, upon which there was an accord between the two Powers, M. Combes replied with a principle heretofore unknown in any public administration and much less in ecclesiastical discipline—viz., that a diocese vacated later provision should not be made before another, vacated earlier, should be filled up.

Notwithstanding all this, even in the sitting of Friday, 10th February, it was again affirmed that the vacancy of Episcopal Sees in France is solely owing to the act of the Holy See, which systematically refuses, for no other than political motives, all the candidates presented by the Government; and this was one of the principal reasons with which an attempt was made to show the violation of the Concordat on the part of the Holy See and the inevitableness of separation.

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Government whatsoever as, during his Parliamentary life, M. Combes has attacked the Holy See; and that, notwithstanding the fact that the Pontifical Nuncio in Paris was still the Dean of the Diplomatic Corps. This is a fact quite unique, rather than rare, in the political and diplomatic history of civilized nations. To this continued torrent of abuse the Holy See replied with silence, contenting itself only with contradicting in the Osservatore Romano the principal erroneous statements of fact in which the speeches of M. Combes were scarcely ever wanting.

Another means, besides defamation, used by M. Combes was to create, to maintain, and to exasperate the religious conflicts, attributing the blame for them to the Holy See in order that the French people should be persuaded that the Holy See provoked the separation; and that the maintenance of the ancient union between the two Powers had become henceforth impossible. In addition to this one may allude to the irritating manner with which M. Combes was accustomed to treat religious affairs, to the proposals, often unacceptable, made by him, in providing for vacant dioceses and in his obstinacy in maintaining them, excluding every negotiation in reference to them. The Holy See, without at all heeding his irritating manners, has never failed to take into benevolent examination the proposals made, and being inspired solely by canonical motives, has accepted those which it could accept, and has refused those which it ought to refuse. What more? In the same Chamber it was called to mind that the Holy See, as a final attempt at adjustment, gave orders in the past year to Monsignor Lorenzelli, then Nuncio Apostolic in Paris, to put himself in direct and personal relations with M. Combes, and giving him all possible explanations, thereby manage to remove existing difficulties, especially for the providing of Bishops for the dioceses. The Pontifical Nuncio requested on two distinct occasions audience of the President of the Council, M. Combes, which on both occasions was not granted to him. And the Holy See having insisted meanwhile that the dioceses should be provided, upon which there was an accord between the two Powers, M. Combes replied with a principle heretofore unknown in any public administration and much less in ecclesiastical discipline—viz., that a diocese vacated later provision should not be made before another, vacated earlier, should be filled up.

Notwithstanding all this, even in the sitting of Friday, 10th February, it was again affirmed that the vacancy of Episcopal Sees in France is solely owing to the act of the Holy See, which systematically refuses, for no other than political motives, all the candidates presented by the Government; and this was one of the principal reasons with which an attempt was made to show the violation of the Concordat on the part of the Holy See and the inevitableness of separation.

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OSLERIAN THEORY DOES NOT APPLY IN THIS CASE.

"Too old at forty" certainly does not apply to Irish-Australian barristers. The Hon. Townsend McDermott has just entered on his eighty-seventh year, and is still actively practicing his profession in Ballarat, where he has lived for half a century. He is the oldest practicing member of the Irish bar, to which he was called in 1840. He also believes himself to be the only man now alive who was with Daniel O'Connell as junior counsel.

A Love Story from the African Missions.

We quote the following beautiful true story from the current issue of the Annals of the Propagation of the Faith:

When the Sisters of the Immaculate Conception of Castres came to open our girls' school in 1894, their first pupil was a little Pahouine about twelve years old, who came from the village of Foula, near by. Her father was dead, and so, according to the prevailing custom, she belonged to her uncle, Esong Ayong, an obstinate pagan. He followed the custom so closely to the letter that for several years he had already promised her, for value received, to a man named Nzong. Under the name of Medard, Nzong had been brought up and baptized at the Mission but he had practically been an apostate for a number of years.

The little girl lived with the sisters and was very docile and pious. When she was baptized under the name of Flavia, the Mother Superior stood sponsor for her.

As she grew up, her uncle demanded an exorbitant payment for her in consideration of the instruction and care which she had received from us. Medard, from time to time, brought him the required goods, guns, sacks of salt, bars of soap, pots, etc., always avoiding a payment in full, in true Pahouin fashion.

In the meantime Flavia continued living with the Sisters; when, at the end of the year 1897, she understood how she was to be disposed of, she suffered cruelly from the injury done to her liberty and Christian feeling. After Medard's first visit to her, she told the Sisters that she could never marry such a man. Her firm resolution gave rise to much trouble.

The Mission decided to stand by her and give her every moral assistance to protect her rights. The enemies in line were her guardian, whose pride was wounded that a woman, worth no more than a goat among the Pahouins, should dare to resist him; Flavia's mother, the old Nzama; the repulsed suitor, who made costly fetiches to gain his purpose; and finally, the loud-mouthed crowd of old pagans in the neighborhood.

In this locality personal matters are public affairs, and the council of the village met every day to decide upon them. For weeks and weeks the young girl suffered annoyances from her uncle, curses from her mother and temptations of all kinds. She persisted in her course, positive in her resolution that she would never leave the Sisters but for a Christian husband.

In the meantime, Charles Elyong, a young Christian who had withstood repeated temptations against his faith, came to the village. Having heard of Flavia, he asked her hand in marriage. They met and were mutually pleased. Knowing Charles to be rich and the son of a chief, Esong Ayong, Flavia's mother and the members of the council agreed that he should marry her. Nothing remained to be done but for him to deliver the merchandise equal in value to what had been given by Medard, who was to be repaid by Esong Ayong.

This arrangement was too simple to be final. While Charles was making his first payments, Medard, far from being discouraged by the robbery of his once prospective father-in-law, renewed his charge, outbidding his rival. After new gifts of all kinds of wares, the uncle's heart wavered lamentably. Without retracting his word to Charles, he renewed his promise to Medard and used every means to break Flavia's will.

The unfortunate experience of the young girl can well be imagined; at all times she was obliged to receive her family's hated visits, to suffer the threats of her uncle, the curses of her mother and the inhuman annoyances of the pagans who took part against her.

At other times she was called to the village, filial obedience requiring that she should spend her afternoon leisure with her relatives. She often ran home across the banana fields to escape her persecutors, and entrenched herself within the Mission until after their next attack.

Flavia spent her time between work and prayer, begging her companions to join their petitions to hers that Heaven might grant her prayer. Here, in fine, was a nature firm as a rock in well doing and rich in strength, refreshed by persecution.

On October 30, 1900, the administrator of the district came to the Mission for the feast of All Saints. Medard had succeeded in accompanying him as interpreter. Lacking all sense of shame, he complained to the Superior of the shabby treatment which he had received, of the unjust accusations of his fiancée.

The Father accordingly arranged another interview between him and her before himself, the Sisters, and the inevitable family. Flavia denied his assertions successively, disclosed his lies, and repeated that she never wanted to see him again. Esong Ayong, enraged, threatened to shoot her at the first opportunity. "Go," said she to him, "get your gun and cease tormenting me."

The interview had taken place at noon. In the evening, about seven o'clock, while the Fathers were making their visit to the Blessed Sacrament, steps were heard in the Sisters' yard. Some one had been seen prying about the dormitories, and the poor children were crying for fear. Medard had gained access to the yard and was meditating seduction. That was his ruin.

The misdemeanor of trespassing is punishable by law; so the Mission entered complaint and Medard returned to Ningué-Ningué with manacles on his wrists to spend two months in the prison of Libreville.

The city council of Foula presented a sight of complete disorder. Their first act was one of angry folly. Esong Ayong played his last trump by taking Flavia away from the Sisters.

The poor girl was forced to live in the village, where she was compelled to work with the other women, though she dared not eat with them for fear of poison. She succeeded in returning to the Sisters every night to sleep. So much did she suffer during this time that she said to one of her friends: "If I were a pagan I would drown myself."

However, the family were not so angry but that they might become a prey to avarice; and, as Medard's cause seemed to be sufficiently hopeless, they bethought themselves of Charles.

Negotiations were opened with him. He left the Mission one evening during November, while the Fathers were absent, and carried new offerings to Esong Ayong, who was always ready to receive more. No one was advised of the issue of his errand and the next morning nothing was seen of Charles, his boat, or Flavia.

Great consternation prevailed at the Mission. Only one thing was known positively. Before leaving Flavia had sent a message to the Sisters by one of her friends saying that "she felt herself obliged to flee from her village, where there was no security for her and where she could not save her purity and be assured of making a Christian marriage."

Having left his bride-elect with his old father Esone at Mekonangha on the other side of the river, Charles returned to the Mission. This he had a perfect right to do; but no sooner was his presence known than we were besieged by a furious mob, ready to kill and devour him. One old, white-headed pagan persisted in exciting the others to lay hold of their guns, which they had concealed in our own banana fields.

"Do not do that," said the Father Superior to them; "Charles is our guest and the muskets of the Mission speak more potently than the blunderbusses of Esong Ayong." At these words the crowd dispersed with threats of death.

Charles retired to rest in the children's school-room; about ten o'clock in the evening the Father Superior, accompanied by a Brother, went with him to his boat, never leaving the shore until he was out of sight; the pagans had been prowling about and might have seized him had he not been under our protection.

Suffering greater and greater humiliation, the wrath of Esong Ayong was not appeased. In December, 1900, he crossed the river to regain possession of his adopted daughter. The missionary was not a witness to any of the ensuing scenes, but he understood that Flavia was subjected to new trials. She continued to hold fast to her resolution that she did not want a marriage which would interfere with her religion, and otherwise maintained a rigid silence. At the end of several days' heated discussion, her uncle left with anger in his heart.

Flavia was as good a child as her mother was a wicked parent, and when she saw her relative's boat

pulling for the shore, she ran a short distance to a bend in the river, so as to bid her mother a last farewell. Seeing that she was alone on a jutting rock, Esong Ayong and his men made an attempt to seize her. Screaming at the top of her voice, she resisted them until the men of Mekonangha came to her aid. One instant more and she would have been gagged and in the hands of her enemies.

Esone, the chief of the district, took her by the hand as a sign of his protection, and the boat with her relatives disappeared amid demonstrations of diabolical hatred. Undoubtedly there were final quarrels and stormy scenes; but Medard behind the bars could do nothing, and Charles was prepared to lay down the required sum for his wife. As usual, interest silenced hatred.

On December 27, the Father Superior and myself went to Mekonangha; John Ono, the chief of Donghilla, had been chosen judge to control the question of payment, and accompanied us. Nzama also went with us; she was still a little sulky, but quite a different creature from the vixen that two days before had been swearing before our doors to get possession of her daughter.

On December 28 we celebrated Mass in the hut of Felix, the catechist of the post. The birds of the neighboring forest furnished the music. Charles and Flavia received their Christmas Communion and a few moments afterwards the nuptial benediction. They are now living good Christian lives. By her desire for a Christian union Flavia proved herself to be a woman of strong principles.

As for the people of Foula, Esong Ayong and the rest are now rejoicing; Medard, who was to have been Flavia's husband, has been stricken with a severe illness. When Charles paid her a visit at Easter Nzama was so happy to see him that she cooked him a fine dinner.

I have related a true story. It has a happy ending, but how many others have concluded differently. Many, many women bear the burden of years of servitude.

We missionaries fight single-handed against this horrible pagan crime. The government has as yet no thought of instituting a reform, for others besides the blacks support the custom. Nevertheless, Jesus has said: "From the beginning it was not so." Upon His word we hope to re-establish the normal union between man and woman, giving the latter her liberty and true position.

Curative Forces in Nature.

Dr. Berthenson has a curious article on a by-path of medical lore. The most enlightened of modern scientists are not disposed to reject without examination even the most astonishing popular remedies for human ills; for they know, better than any of us, how limited our knowledge is of the marvellous forces of nature. The tendency of modern medicine is, on the whole, in favor of what may be called preventive hygiene. Although in our day a number of specific preparations for specific diseases have been discovered, yet on the whole the use of drugs has diminished, and has given place more and more to treatment, the object of which is to prevent rather than to cure disease. The value of air and sun has been known ever since the days of Aristotle, but only now in our day have they been recognized as an ordinary prescription of the physician. Pliny the Younger tells us of a Roman citizen who derived great benefit from sun baths, and the houses of wealthy Romans seem to have been often built with a view to enjoying this remedy. A Danish scientist discovered that babies grow more rapidly at the seasons of the year when light and warmth are most intense, and another learned man found out that the light of the sun accelerated the process of digestion in the case of young children. On the hygienic value of air it is scarcely necessary nowadays to dilate. It may be sufficient to say that the combination of air and light is generally fatal to the existence of the most dangerous microbes, and it is significant that in all the states of Western Europe the death-rate is markedly higher in towns than in villages or hamlets. Dr. Berthenson concludes by a detailed description of the benefits of sea-air and sea-bathing in the treatment of certain pulmonary and skin diseases.

"Well," said Wymat, as he vainly tried to get into a number 12 shoe with the aid of four shoe horns, "the clerk that sold me those shoes was right. I should have worn the box."

PIUS X. TO THE CZAR.

Pius X. is the only sovereign of the world who has sent a protest, no matter how mild, to the Russian Czar, because of the recent bloodshed in Russia and Poland. His protest took the form of a personal letter to the Czar, advising him to consider the wishes of his people for liberty and to remember his own wishes for peace, as expressed by him when he summoned the peace conference at The Hague. The letter was sent by special messenger, and is already in the Czar's hands.

Some think the letter may cause diplomatic troubles, as the Pope is known by the Russians to be in sympathy with Polish Catholics, and he has already had some difficulty in the matter with Germany and Austria. But Pius X. considers it his duty to seek the welfare of the Catholics in Poland, and diplomatic considerations will not prevent his uttering his convictions.

New Translation of A Kempis

Sir Francis Cruise, one of the most eminent physicians of Ireland, has rendered a splendid service to the cause of Christian literature. In the midst of a busy life he has found time to devote to the study of "The Imitation of Christ" and of the author of that immortal work. The Irish Catholic layman has become an authority on the subject and in his writings he has vindicated the claims of Thomas a Kempis to the authorship of "The Imitation." Eight years ago he wrote a learned and exhaustive "Life of Thomas a Kempis" which was soon translated into French and German. In gratitude for his services to the people of Kempten, in Germany, the birthplace of Thomas, named a street in his honor.

Several monograms and sketches on his favorite subject have come from the pen of Sir Francis. Now he has concluded the more ambitious task of translating "The Imitation" into idiomatic English. With the exception of the Sacred Scriptures no book has ever enjoyed greater popularity than "The Imitation." Fontenelle, a famous Frenchman, did not overstep the truth when he said that it was the most beautiful book that ever came from the hand of man. It has been translated into over fifty languages and it would be impossible to enumerate the number of editions it has passed through.

All our English versions are based on a translation made at Douai at the beginning of the seventeenth century by a Jesuit, Rev. Anthony Hoskins. Bishop Challoner, whose translation is the one in general use amongst Catholics followed Hoskins. Challoner's English is now antiquated, and the arrangement of the books is not according to the plan of the author. Thomas a Kempis intended that the book on Holy Communion should precede that on Interior Consolation. Such is the logical order, but for Centuries the other order has been followed.

Sir Francis Cruise, in his new translation, has not only corrected the antiquated English of Bishop Challoner, but he has rearranged the books according to the intention of Thomas a Kempis. His translation is pronounced the most correct yet made. It has been published by the Catholic Truth Society of San Francisco at the popular price of 25 cents. It is bound in artistic cloth and sells at cost price. The Truth Society wishes to give it the widest circulation possible, as it should be in the hands of every Christian.

WANTED—CHARITY.

If, as Swift was wont to say, censure is the tax a man pays to the public for being eminent, it would clearly be futile to expect that so exalted a personage as the Pope should escape such payment. One may be pardoned, nevertheless, for deploring that, in the case of the Holy Father, the collector of this special sort of tax should often be a self-styled "good Catholic." Without unduly, we hope, distrusting the honesty of newspaper letter-writers, we are inclined to question the genuineness and goodness of the Catholicity that is continually flooding the columns of the secular press with carping criticisms of ecclesiastical action and ecclesiastical personages, from "Peter's pence" to the Vatican's attitude toward France, and from the parish priest to the sovereign Pontiff. Fault-finding is a perennially easy proceeding; grumbling requires neither brains nor manners; but it is a radically contemptible act to publish in vague general terms insinuations against the honesty or honor of prelate or priest.

Contributions for the year 1905 (50 cents) may be addressed to: REV. JOHN P. NIEMAN, P. P., 1809 St. Denis Street, Ave. Maria.

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BUILDING ASSOCIATION
IN AID OF
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MONTREAL.

By a resolution passed at a meeting of the Fabrique of St. Michael's, dated the 3rd of January, 1904, and with the approval of His Grace the Archbishop, the Fabrique binds itself to cause to have said in St. Michael's during four years two masses a month according to the intention of those who contribute 50 cents yearly. Help yourselves, help your deceased friends and help the new church by joining this Association.

The two masses in favor of contributors to St. Michael's Building Association, are said towards the end of every month. They are said with the intentions of those who contribute fifty cents a year. Contributors may have any intentions they please, they alone need know what their intentions are, they may change their intentions from month to month—they may have a different intention for each of the two masses in every month, they may have several intentions for the same mass, they may apply the benefit of the contribution to the soul of a deceased friend.

Contributions for the year 1905 (50 cents) may be addressed to: REV. JOHN P. NIEMAN, P. P., 1809 St. Denis Street, Ave. Maria.

SOCIETY DIRECTORY.

ST. PATRICK'S SOCIETY—Established March 6th, 1856; incorporated 1863, revised 1840. Meets in St. Patrick's Hall, 92 St. Alexander street, first Monday of the month. Committee meets last Wednesday. Officers: Rev. Director, Rev. M. Callaghan, P.P.; President, Hon. Mr. Justice C. J. Doherty; 1st Vice, J. E. Devlin, M.D.; 2nd Vice, F. J. Curran, B.C.L.; Treasurer, Frank J. Green; corresponding Secretary, J. Kahala; Recording Secretary, T. P. Tansy.

ST. PATRICK'S T. A. AND B. SOCIETY—Meets on the second Sunday of every month in St. Patrick's Hall, 92 St. Alexander street, at 8.30 p.m. Committee of Management meets in same hall on the first Tuesday of every month, at 8 p.m. Rev. Director, Rev. J. M. Killoran; President, W. P. Doyle; Rec. Sec., J. D'Arcy Kelly, 13 Vallee street.

ST. ANN'S T. A. & B. SOCIETY—established 1868.—Rev. Director, Rev. Father McPhail; President, D. Gallery, M.P.; Sec., J. F. Quinn, 625 St. Dominique street; treasurer, M. J. Ryan, 18 St. Augustin street. Meets on the second Sunday of every month, in St. Ann's Hall, corner Young and Ottawa streets, at 8.30 p.m.

C.M.B.A. OF CANADA, BRANCH 26.—Organized 18th November, 1878.—Branch 26 meets at St. Patrick's Hall, 92 St. Alexander St., 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. Spiritual Adviser, Rev. M. Callaghan; Chancellor, F. J. Darcy; President, W. F. Wall; Recording Secretary, P. C. McDonagh, 189 Visitation street; Financial Secretary, Jas. J. Costigan, 825 St. Urban street; Treasurer, J. H. Kelly; Medical Advisers, Drs. H. J. Harrison, E. J. O'Connor and G. H. Merrill.

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The C. M. B. A. is Sanctioned by Pope Pius X., and Approved by Cardinal Bishops and Priests, several of whom are Officers.

FOR INFORMATION ADDRESS:
P. E. EMILE BELANGER, Supreme Deputy, Secretary, Quebec Grand Council, 55 D'ARIGLON STREET, QUEBEC, Q.C.

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St. Patrick's Society

LARGE GATHERING

The banquet given Patrick's night by the Windsor Hotel was largely by the members of the Society, representatives of kindred and numerous other guests.

Amongst those at table with him were Sir Kingston, Sir Thomas Sherrin, Judge Curran, Hon. Rodolphe, Father Kavanagh, Cloran, Dr. Guerin, Mr. G. Alderman Bumbury, Wilson-Smith and a number of others.

The vice-chairmen were Curran, W. P. Kearney, F. name and T. T. Tansy.

After full justice had been done to the menu, the chairman proposed the health of the King.

Following the loyal toasts of the evening, "Ireland Proposed by the Hon. Rodolphe, it was responded to by G. E. Drummond, Father M. and Judge Curran.

In rising to propose the Hon. Mr. Lemieux remarked history of Ireland was a history of oppression, but the same had not blotted out the patriotism and the love of which was exhibited by every man. To-day by their side the Empire—to Great Britain land claims their gratitude; demands Home Rule, not more.

Continuing, he justified this ground that it was not anation, but rather a restoration which Ireland had once possessed and which it now demands. A number of statesmen were quoted. The Union was a mockery. The only glory in the history of Ireland was during the period of its parliament, between the years 1714 and 1796.

Personally speaking as a subject his great aim was to see colonies prosper. To see forge ahead and yet still retain present relations to Great Britain was this possible, he when every year there were thousands of Irishmen coming to Canada and to the republic to the their hearts filled with rancor the old land.

In Canada, in spite of the national arguments which might adduced from the presence of race, as well as two religious rule had proved a success. The Hon. General traced the growth of Canadian colonial privileges. In 1839, Durham had impressed upon the British Premier that Canada must have home rule. In 1867, a great man and a great statesman, John A. Macdonald, gave Confederation.

"Gentlemen," said Mr. Lemieux, "I see a statue of Sir John Macdonald is erected upon the Hill, that of Sir George is also there, but gentlemen fall to see the statue of D'Arcy. One of the authors of Confederation."

In continuing, Mr. Lemieux, referring to the Canadian Confederation, stated that it was "as a human fabric could be for a British Colony."

He did not believe in Imperialism for Canada. He thought that distance would prove an insurmountable barrier. He believed in Imperialism for Wales, Ireland, England and Scotland, but local parliament to manage education in these countries, to enact civil laws. Should Great Britain give Home Rule to Ireland, it would be a great saving to her; it would benefit her in many ways. She would have a considerable amount of money to her at the present day.