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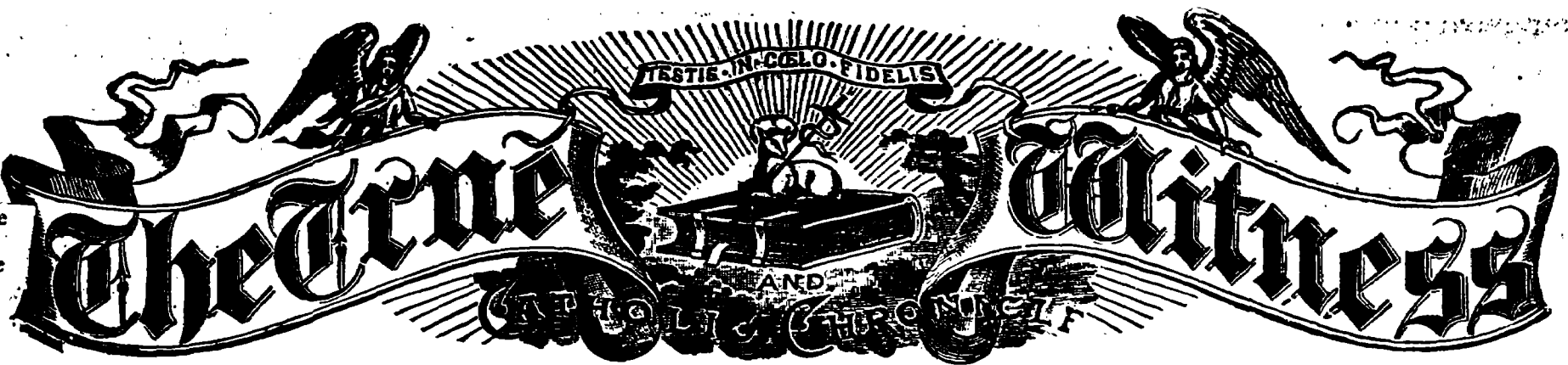
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VOL XLVI. NO. 3.

MONTREAL, WEDNESDAY, MARCH 17, 1897.

PRICE FIVE CENTS.

# 1847, A TWIN CELEBRATION, 1897

The National Festival and the Golden Jubilee of  
 St. Patrick's Church, Montreal.

Imposing Religious Ceremonies at Which Four Bishops Assist.

An Eloquent and Impressive Sermon by the Very Rev.  
 Dr. Lynch of Utica, N. Y.

PROF. J. A. FOWLER'S MASS PRONOUNCED A GRAND SUCCESS.

A Monster Parade of National Societies--The Decorations Along the Route--Notes of the  
 Day--The Celebrations of the Evening in the Various Public Halls.

O blessed little trefoil,  
 I love your smiling face;  
 Your simple form of beauty;  
 Your tender, clinging grace.  
 You twine about my heart-strings  
 And wake a yearning strong  
 For Erin's storied island,  
 The land of Love and Song.

The weather was charming, and at an early hour the main thoroughfares of the city were thronged by thousands of citizens wearing the dear little Shamrock, and hastening in the direction of St. Patrick's Church, where the imposing religious ceremony was to be performed in commemoration of the twin celebration of the National Festival and the Golden Jubilee of the Mother Church of the Irish People in Montreal. The occasion was one of the greatest significance to the sons and daughters of Erin, and right nobly did they so manifest their appreciation of it. Long before the appearance of the different national organizations at the sacred edifice it was filled by thousands of the faithful from all quarters of the city.

Seldom if ever did the grand old church present such a spectacle. The aisles and galleries were crowded, and it was with the utmost difficulty that the officers of the different societies could effect an entrance in order to reach the seats of honor set apart for them near the sanctuary.

On every side were heard exclamations of surprise and delight at the wonderful transformation which had taken place in the interior of the Church, and deservedly so, as it now occupies a rank in regard to its appointments and artistic features second to none on this continent.

The Sanctuary was a grand sight in its wealth of adornment. The altar, which was decorated in white silk, with cloth of gold trimmings, was resplendent with hundreds of candles and colored lights, the beautiful new Gothic Candelabra recently donated by a parishioner, with the magnificent Cross, standing out prominently in the midst of the ornamentation of banners of white and green, silk, palms and ferns and cut flowers.

Just as the Choir poured forth the first notes of the "Sanctus," the current of countless electric lights was turned on and illuminated the altar and the arches of the Sanctuary in a manner which was most inspiring.

Shortly after ten o'clock the clergy and Bishops entered the church in procession, passing up the centre aisle to the sanctuary, in the following order: The choristers, priests, Bishops Emard, Larocque and Decelles, the clergy of the Mass, and the officiating Bishop, Mgr. O'Connor, of Peterboro. On reaching the sanctuary Their Lordships of Valleyfield, Sherbrooke and St. Hyacinthe were assigned seats of honor on the gospel side of the altar, His Lordship Bishop O'Connor occupying the episcopal throne, which had been erected on the epistle side.

The boys of the Montreal College were seated just within the sanctuary rails. The following priests were also present: Very Rev. Dean O'Connor, of Kingston; Very Rev. M. Colin, S.S., superior of the Seminary of St. Sulpice; Rev. H. Hudson, S.J., Very Rev. Canon Bruchesi, Rev. Abbe Troie, curé of Notre Dame, Rev. Abbe Charrier, curé of St. James; Rev. James Lonergan, St. Anthony's; Rev. J. E. Donnelly, St. Bridget's; Rev. W. Casey, Rev. P. F. O'Donnell, St. Mary's; Rev. M. Leclair, St. Joseph's; Rev. P. Schelfaut, C.S.S.R., pastor, of St.

Ann's; Rev. E. Strubbe, C.S.S.R., Rev. E. Flynn, C.S.S.R., Rev. M. L. Shea, Rev. T. Heffernan, Rev. W. J. O'Sullivan, Montpelier, Vt.; Rev. T. B. Joynt, New London, Mass.; Rev. John P. McGrath, Montreal College; Rev. Father White, C.S.S.R.; Rev. Father Hogan, C.S.S.R.; Rev. Father Doyle, C.S.S.R.; Rev. I. J. Kavanagh, S.J.; Rev. Father Schlickling, Montreal College; Rev. Father Dupre, Montreal College; Rev. Father Decarries, Montreal College; Rev. Joseph Ruinn, Rev. George Corbett, Cornwall; Rev. Father Geoffrin, Superior of Cote des Neiges College; Rev. Father Kelly, Cote des Neiges College; Rev. Father Fitzpatrick, Alexandria; Rev. Father Worth, Cote des Neiges College; Rev. Canon Cloutier, Rev. Father Lonigan, Rev. L. D. Adams, of the Sacred Heart; Rev. S. E. L. Lee, Joliette; Rev. C. Larocque, Montreal; Rev. J. Jodoin, curé of St. Peter's Church; Rev. A. D. Turgeon, rector of St. Mary's College; Rev. Father Quinlivan, pastor of St. Patrick's; Rev. Father Martin Callaghan, Rev. Father McCallen, Rev. Father Lucien, Rev. Father Driscoll and the Rev. Father Fallon, of St. Patrick's parish; Rev. E. Schmidt, S.J., Rev. C. P. Beaubien, Sault au Recollet; Rev. Father O'Connell, Rev. G. M. Lepailleur, Maisonneuve.

His Lordship Bishop O'Connor, clad in full pontificals, sang the solemn High Mass, being assisted by the Rev. W. O'Meara, of St. Gabriel, as assistant priest; the Rev. M. W. Reilly, of Portland, Me., as deacon; Rev. Father F. W. O'Reilly, of Montreal, as sub-deacon; Rev. Fathers M. J. O'Brien, of Peterborough, and A. Martin, of Montreal, masters of ceremonies; Rev. Fathers J. A. McCovey, of Dover, N.H., J. J. McLaughlin, of Chatham, N.B., Acolytes; Rev. Fathers Freeman, of Springfield, McDermott, of Montreal; Flynn, of Portland; Abbott, of Springfield, and Burns, of Grand Rapids, Bishop's servers.

The Very Rev. Dr. Lynch, pastor of St. John's Church, Utica, N.Y., delivered the sermon, and when we say it was a masterly deliverance, and one fully worthy of the great occasion, we are simply voicing the opinions of the majority of the vast gathering who listened to the superb and gracefully delivered discourse. We present our readers with a *verbatim* report.

And thou shalt sanctify the fiftieth year and shalt proclaim remission to all the inhabitants of the land; for it is the year of jubilee.—Lev. XXV. 10.

Right Rev. Bishop, Very Rev. and Rev. Brethren of the Clergy,—Dearly Beloved Brethren:—

The world is a school—Life is the session—the Universe is the book—Mankind are the pupils—Nature is the teacher. In this school there is no vacation—day by day we are constantly learning new lessons from the soft zephyrs and the mad tornado—from the rumbling thunder and the lurid lightning—from the chirping songster and the murmuring brook—from the stary empyrean and the quaking earth—from the bright sunshine and the darkening clouds. Yes, nature is ever telling us in her own peculiar language the story of the bounty and the goodness of the Creator. Here the human mind is absolutely free—like the bird in the air, like the fish in the water, it is in its own native health and may roam at will throughout this vast domain of natural truth, studying the beauties and grandeur of the wonderful works of God.

BEHOLD THE GIGANTIC GENIUS OF MAN exercising this high prerogative of his being in this sphere in which he is king. See him now delving into the very bowels of the planet on which we live, making Mother Earth disgorge her hidden treasures, now taking wing, mounting to the very Heavens and speeding from star to star and mapping the chart of those myriad worlds, which the mighty hand of God has flung into space—now calling up from the shade of the past, men and manners that have long since gone and making the nations of

antiquity pass in solemn procession before him as the panorama of human events is unfolded scene by scene, and then with the mystic key to the labyrinth of History binding together these links in a common chain, now culling the choicest buds of literary thought as they spring up around him on every side, now transplanting sweet exotics from gardens where age has mellowed their fragrance and spreading out this feast of flowers upon the banquet table of the mind.

Grand, indeed, is this scope of intellectual development, but there is another region of Truth at whose threshold the giant intellect of man stands paralyzed. Yes, here is all darkness. A Divine light is needed to lead us through the maze of the supernatural world—and while the Holy Spirit of God is ever whispering to the faithful soul, and solving with ease problems which human reason vainly strives to grasp—yet there is a special school-room where, Sunday by Sunday, you are wont to assemble to study these secrets of another life, in so far as they have been revealed to us by the Almighty, a school-room where Divinely appointed teachers conduct these classes and Heavenly lights illumine the minds and descending grace disposes the hearts of the pupils.

It may be some grand cathedral whose massive columns and lofty arches and

altar, come up before you on this day. Yes, and those holy priests who spoke to you the word of God and broke to you the bread of life—all seem to live and move again in the vitascope of your imagination as they pass in review before your mental vision.

I am not familiar with the history of your parish, and I can hardly be expected to give expression to the thoughts which crowd upon you on this day of memories, as you look back on the work of half a century. But there is one form which stands out boldly in the picture which I have drawn, one name which comes unbidden to my lips—a name with which your church seems to have been always associated, a name that has made St. Patrick's Church of Montreal known throughout the length and breadth of America—the name of

THE SAINTLY FATHER DOWD.  
 But, thank God, the seed which he planted did not fall on barren ground, nor was it trodden down or devoured by the fowls of the air. Other faithful husbandmen were raised up by Providence to cultivate it and make it yield fruit a hundredfold, and we have only to reflect upon the wonders which have been accomplished in this parish within the last few years, to contemplate its remarkable development both in a material and spiritual point of view to realize that God continues to bless you and that you are under a debt of gratitude to Him for the prudent, pious, zealous and energetic pastor who now presides over your destinies, as well as to the faithful coadjutors who assist him in the administration of this parish. Oh! then, love your parish church.



VERY REV. DR. LYNCH, PASTOR OF ST. JOHN'S CHURCH, UTICA, N.Y.

vaulted ceilings and storied windows speak to us of the majesty and beauty of the Deity, or it may be some modest chapel with rude altar and rugged floor and homely pictures, so ill-befitting the Lord of glory—but to you, my beloved brethren, it is one of the most precious spots on earth—your own beloved parish church, the school where you are trained for Heaven. Around its hallowed walls cluster the

SWEETEST AND MOST SACRED MEMORIES

—here in the morning of life the spirit of God was breathed into your regenerated soul. Here, from those mysterious sacramental fountains of living waters, your supernatural life was springing up at the feet of the Crucifix, nourished and maintained, and here again at eventide, when the day is done, tender arms will bear you once again that your body, the temple of the Holy Ghost, may be blessed by Mother Church before it is returned to that dust from which it sprang.

Ah, my beloved brethren, when you look around on this splendid temple in which we are now assembled, so faultless in design, so solid in construction, so elegant beyond expression in artistic decoration, so harmonious in all its parts that the eye is delighted wheresoever it rests, methinks your heart goes out in loving gratitude to God as you sound the praises of this school room of your soul on this its Golden Jubilee.

My message to day is to deepen your affection, to hallow your love for this instrument which plays so important a part in the affair of your salvation. In fancy your thoughts float back to-day on the wings of memory through the

HALF CENTURY THAT HAS FLOWN,

you live over again in retrospect the trials and vicissitudes of long ago—the struggles and the successes, the joys and the sorrows that have met and blended in your history of fifty years.

Aye, the very faces of your forefathers in the faith, who once occupied these same seats and knelt before this same

Shout with joy on this its day of Jubilee, for here God lives and lives for you. It is true that God is everywhere. As a pure spirit, He fills by His immensity all space. Creation is His temple; nature, His altar, and all creatures His worshippers. His place is in Heaven. In that city with its streets of purest gold, transparent as glass and shining like jewels; with its walls of precious stones and its twelve gates of pearls, He lives and reigns. There is no temple in that new Jerusalem. For the Lord God Almighty is the temple thereof and the Lamb; and the city hath no need of the sun or the moon to shine on it. For the glory of God hath enlightened and the Lamb is the lamp thereof. Brilliant the crown, magnificent the retinue of Him "that sitteth on that flaming throne and thousands of angels minister unto Him" and ten thousand times a hundred thousand stand before Him. This is God's House. The world belongs to us. The Heaven of Heavens is the Lord's, but the earth He has given to the children of men.

Ah, my beloved brethren, as we gaze in spirit on the enchanting splendor of the Heavenly Jerusalem, a faint glimpse of which it was given the Blessed Apostle St. John to catch in prophetic vision, must we not exclaim with the wise man: "Is it then to be thought that God should indeed dwell upon earth; for if Heaven and the Heaven of Heavens cannot contain Him, how much less this house which I have built."

And yet, unathomable mystery, it is our happy privilege to give back to God a little of that earth with which he has so bountifully enriched us to consecrate to His worship a few favored spots—to build for Him here and there a House where He may come and dwell, a resting place typical of His Heavenly Mansion beyond the skies. Ah, wonder of wonders!

EVERYTHING BELONGS TO GOD,

The whole world is His and yet He has chosen to place Himself in utter dependence upon His creatures. Here His

home is what we make it, and, alas, how often it happens that the humblest hovels of the poor surpass in elegance and grandeur the tabernacle in which He deigns to dwell amongst us. How often is repeated in our churches the poverty of Bethlehem, the sad story of Christmas.

Dearly beloved brethren, thanks to your generosity and self-sacrifice which has made this day's celebration possible, thanks to your faithful co-operation with your beloved pastor, who so carefully planned and has carried to maturity these extensive improvements which have made your old church new, you are able to correct in some measure this strange anomaly, to repair in some degree this flagrant injustice, by presenting to the Almighty a habitation not altogether unworthy of His Infinite Majesty.

Oh! remember then that your church is a hallowed place—it is one of those bright oases in the desert of the world. The very ground upon which it stands is sacred and has been separated by solemn rite and prayer from all profane and secular uses—it is the dwelling place of the Omnipotent, the new Jerusalem coming down out of Heaven from God, prepared as a bride adorned for her husband.

Dearly beloved brethren, your work is not yet done, it will never be done while it is possible by any sacrifice of yours to enhance the splendor of this temple of the living and of all those objects within it that speak to the Catholic heart. Let the grandeur of its architecture, the silvery chimes that ring out from its towers, the richness of its decorations, the magnificence of its altars, the elegance and preciousness of its sanctuary, be for generations yet unborn living proof that you have loved the beauty of the Lord's House and the place where His glory dwelleth.

I have said that you ought to love this magnificent temple of religion, that you ought to rejoice on this Golden Jubilee, because it is your own beloved parish church.

And yet you do not call it yours—you call it St. Patrick's Church. Fifty years ago on this glorious Festival your parish was founded; fifty years ago the first Mass was said in this church. Happily was your titular patron chosen, and for fifty years the glorious Apostle of Ireland, from his bright throne in Heaven, has watched with a solicitude over your growth and progress. In sight of that magnificent statue which you have lately received from Rome, realizing at last the life-long wish of your former pastor, Father Dowd, accompanied too, by a most precious relic of your Patron Saint, your celebration to-day would certainly not be complete without a fitting tribute to that great Apostle, whose glory seems not to be dimmed by the march of time, but actually grows brighter and brighter as we recede farther from the age in which he lived. In studying

THE LIFE OF ST. PATRICK,

there are three things which especially strike us:

FIRST—His extraordinary vocation—the astounding mission to which he was chosen.

SECOND—His fidelity in accomplishing the work which God gave him to do.

THIRD—The wonderful results of his labor.

Let us examine in the first place the nature of his remarkable vocation. Go back with me, my dear friends, 1400 years and look at the condition of the Church of Christ. Emerging from the Catacombs, after three centuries of the most terrible persecution, enjoying a brief respite of peace, she is just beginning to lay hold on society in order to carry out her great mission of evangelizing the world. But she is fit to pass through another ordeal before she begins the work.

Pagan Rome, concentrating within herself all that was grand and beautiful in the mighty empires that lay prostrate at her feet, bearing in her bosom all the treasures of the ancient world—the Rome of the Caesars, venerable with the dust of centuries, yet covered with the leprosy of iniquity—is to fall forever—the once proud mistress of the world is to be blotted from the annals of history, and in the beautiful designs of Providence, Christian Rome is to rise triumphant on her ruins, and thus from the very centre of all the wickedness of the ancient world are to radiate henceforth the blessings of religion and true civilization.

But, how is this great revolution to be accomplished? History tells us: By the mysterious permission of God the fierce barbarians of the North are let loose, and they come pouring down in all their savage fury upon the fertile plains of the South, piercing the very heart of the Roman Empire, pressing even to the very gates of the Eternal City, spreading desolation and ruin in their track, and uprooting every vestige of the grandeur of Ancient Rome.

THE MISSION OF THE CHURCH.

Never was the Church called upon to perform a more important, and at the same time so difficult a task. She must meet the fierce onslaught of these barbaric hordes; she must, by her mild and potent influence, tame these ferocious wolves and change them into gentle lambs. She must bring them completely under her yoke, and then, gathering up the chaotic elements into which society has been disintegrated, she must mould them into new forms and lay the foundation of new kingdoms and dynasties which shall be the germ of all modern governments.

But, how is the Church to accomplish this great work? How is she to provide the means? Where is the nursery in

which her Apostles are to be trained—where that quiet solitude in the midst of the universal wrecks of barbaric invasion, in which her disciples will be able to spend long years in patient toil and careful preparation for their sublime ministry—where the torch of Faith may be kept burning in all its brilliancy, so that she may be able to infuse into their souls her own spirit before sending them forth on their glorious mission.

Ah! my dear friends, what seems impossible to us, is easy to an Omnipotent God. Beyond the seas, far from these scenes of desolation, there lies a beautiful island; four or five millions of people, kind, generous and hospitable, endowed with every natural virtue, enjoying a high degree of civilization, whilst most other nations are shrouded in darkness and ignorance, and so bold and warlike that the Roman Eagles have never yet been able to pass their borders. One thing only seems to be wanting to them—that Faith without which it is impossible to please God.

They are pagans; they adore the heavenly bodies; they transfer to imaginary Deities the worship which belongs to God alone. Oh, if the Church of Christ could only get possession of this beautiful isle of the sea; if she could only draw these pagan people into her fold; if she could only transform them into a Christian nation; if she could only turn their valor in the right direction and make them zealous for the cause of Christ; if she could only plant here in these troublous times the seminaries in which their future ministers could be trained, then, indeed, she might be able to withstand the shock of barbaric invasion which was so soon to burst upon her.

But who is the man that will undertake a work seemingly so impossible?

The Irish are a proud and haughty people. Their religion, full of poetic imagery, has a strong hold upon their senses and their imagination, and they are deeply attached to its every tenet. The Druids—their priests—wield a strange influence over them. Who will ever be able to make them change the cherished rites of their fathers for the self-denial and severe discipline of Christianity? Many attempts, indeed, had already been made to convert the Irish people, but with little success. The very last missionary, a good and zealous man, after remaining in Ireland for a few months, and founding two or three churches, had just abandoned the work, deterred by so many difficulties and so much opposition, and had died in Britain, discouraged and disheartened.

Where is, then, the man to succeed in so arduous an undertaking? He must certainly be a man of indomitable energy and perseverance. One who will be appalled by no obstacles, who will shrink from no danger, and at the same time, be mild and gentle in disposition, kind and affable to all, and able to adapt himself to all classes of society. But above all things else, he must have a special mission from on High. Yes, my dear friends, looking at things from a human standpoint, there seemed to be little hope in the fifth century of bringing Ireland into the fold of Christ.

But God has promised never to forsake His Church. He is looking down from Heaven and watching her vicissitudes. He sees the lowering storm approaching, and in the hour of her need He decrees in His merciful Providence to take this beautiful island, rising out of the Western Sea, deck it

WITH BRIGHT ROSES OF CATHOLICITY

and present it to His beloved Spouse, that she may be the better able to accomplish her grand mission of spreading the true faith over the whole continent of Europe. Behold now, my dear brethren, how admirably Divine Providence brings about the mysterious and extraordinary vocation of Ireland's glorious Apostle.

Just at this time, in one of those frequent incursions of the Irish warriors, a youth of sixteen is taken captive on the northern shore of Gaul, brought into Ireland and sold into slavery. It seems to be but an ordinary occurrence of those warlike times, but in the mind of God it has a deep significance. Men are instruments in His hand, and in a thousand ways unknown to themselves he uses them to accomplish His hidden designs.

Little of old did the jealous brothers of Joseph think when they sold the youthful patriarch to the Ismaelite merchants that this was the very means which God had in mind to make him the deliverer of His people, and as little did the captors of St. Patrick believe that they were co-operating in the designs of Providence for the spread of the true religion. Yet so it was.

THE CAPTIVITY OF ST. PATRICK

was the very means which God employed to prepare him for his future labors as the Apostle of Ireland. During the six years of his captivity he acquires a thorough knowledge of the language and the customs of the people. Silently he broods over their miserable condition and petitions Heaven on their behalf. Poor, unfortunate creatures, distracted by intestine wars, how happy and prosperous might they be, had they but the light of the true Faith,—and why should the gift be denied them? Had not the Son of God died for them as well as for the rest of mankind? Were not the souls of these poor pagans as precious in His eyes as any others? Was there no way of dissipating the darkness in which they reined so hopelessly enshrouded? Was there no means of enlightening them without opposing too violently their superstitious practices to which they clung so tenaciously?

[CONTINUED ON PAGES FOUR AND FIVE]

# JULIE GADBOIS.

A Story of the Neighborhood of the Old Church of Notre Dame De Bonsecours, Montreal.

BY B. F. D. DUNN, MONTREAL.

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## CHAPTER VI.

It was a market day in the third week of May, and the little window was left open, for she loved to hear the babel of voices down in the street, and sniff the odour of thyme and savory herbs wafted to her from the waggons, drawn up in line facing the room. The street being so narrow she could hear the voices of the market women and catch their words. She thought she could distinguish some of the customers from the tones, and she repeated their names—Mme. Sentenne, H<sup>on</sup>orable Filiatrut and Mme. Allard—letting the picture of their appearance come before her in the recollection.

It was a happy day, for outward life had helped to calm her restlessness, and the violent coughing that left her gasping for breath had been less severe, so that the thought of life and the possibility of speedy recovery acted like a balm. As the day lengthened, a longing stole into her heart, an irresistible desire to look out of the window and see the country folk going home as of old. She heard the men at the waggons getting their horses ready, and then it seemed to her that the grandchild was out on the sidewalk talking to some one; perhaps to him!

The thought seemed to give her a miraculous strength, and with difficulty she raised herself, moving painfully, until her feet touched the floor of the room; but when she stood up she felt rooted to the spot, and it was only by repeated efforts, and with the aid of a chair pushed in front that she managed to reach the window. Here she paused for breath; her heart fluttering in her throat, and the heavy masses of hair escaping from their coil, fell about her shoulders. She knelt upon an old trunk covered with untanned cow hide and full of bright nails, standing beneath the window, then, drawing herself up, looked out.

A country girl going home with her father, started when she saw the wasted face, framed in the wildly flowing hair thinking some troubled spirit had returned to earth to crave prayers.

Julie who noticed the girl's startled look smiled sadly and whispered to herself: "Ah! I must be changed: it is all Monette does not know me!"

While these thoughts occupied her mind for a moment, a wagon had appeared at the turn of the hill, where the steps lead down to the fish market, and a sudden movement of the head made her notice it. It was a newly painted wagon drawn by two horses, and on the seat a man and woman. The man was arranging a gaily striped shawl about the woman's shoulders, and she wore a large hat decked with bright feathers and ribbon. She was a rosy-cheeked woman, with small eyes and white teeth, for she was laughing heartily at the way the man had placed the shawl. It was Clovis Bergeron and his wife.

She tried to lean further out to get a good look at them, for the horses had stopped. Then they came on and he was jesting with his wife. The truth flashed before her, and her eyes seemed hypnotized by the sight. As they came nearer she drew back, as one draws back from unlooked danger, and forgetting her weakness, she started violently as they passed before her, releasing her hold of the window sash and falling backward from the trunk upon the floor.

An hour later, when Mme. Plamondon came up with a cup of fresh milk, she found her where she had fallen. A purple froth had oozed from between her pale lips and trickled down, staining her white robe, the proof of the hemorrhage that stifled her young heart and eased its pain forever.

When the enfeebled woman succeeded in placing her upon the bed, she found it strewn with withered rose petals, for the odour of their dead loveliness had been to her as a reminder of a moment in life when her soul tasted of the bliss of cherubim.

Quickly the news spread, and one by one the neighbors dropped in to express sorrow for Mme. Plamondon in her affliction. And then it was that the perfect sympathy of the poor for the poor came out in a vivid way. Monique Contant brought her spare sheets to tuck upon the walls of the humble chamber, and Mme. Normandin her brass candle sticks, shining like guinea gold.

While these good souls went on with their sad work, M<sup>re</sup> Charette and Suzanne Decary went out to consult old man Lefevre as to the funeral arrangements, for Mme. Plamondon sat like one bereft of reason, the suddenness of her grandchild's death leaving her devoid of exertion even in a common way.

Pitiful, indeed, was the picture presented by M<sup>re</sup> Charette in the shop of Lefevre, and the contrasts made up a scene not uncommon in the tragedies of human life. All that day she had worked in one of the large warehouses of the rue St. Paul, scrubbing at dirty floors, until her hands had a parboiled look, the skin about the nails, torn to the quick, looking like proud flesh. An old, crape-covered bonnet served as a frame to her face, so worn and wrinkled that the furrows ran in shadowy lines across the sunken cheeks; but there was in her eyes so frank and patient a look, born of suffering and necessity, as would have moved the hardest heart with feelings of compassion. Yet her poverty, like that of Him who toiled in the carpenter's shop in Nazareth, was a divine thing, for she accepted the hardest trials with a sublime resignation, and could think of the woes of others to the forgetfulness of her own.

As she was turning to leave the shop, a thought delayed her steps. She loved the dead grandchild of her old friend, and while she hesitated to speak, her eyes rested longingly on a little tin cross

in the undertaker's showcase. She thought it would adorn the plain lid of the cheap coffin; it would be her parting gift. Her total wealth was a fifty cent piece, carried in an old leather purse thrust into her bosom, but she determined to drive a bargain. M. Lefevre was absent, but his factotum, in the person of Moise Robichaud, had been well trained as to his duties in the absence of his employer.

It has been said that there is something of an affinity between the workman and his work, and this supposition was borne out in the assistant of Lefevre, whose ghoul-like appearance seemed a fitting accompaniment to his gruesome labor. It was his boast that he had drawn some 18000 persons to their last resting place; and so familiar was his appearance in the populous neighborhood of the quarter that he was nicknamed "In Kermis." Perched upon the box of his one horse chariot, and enveloped in an old black coat and cape, trimmed with tattered velvet, and wearing a high hat of ancient date, from which the fur had fallen away in patches, giving to his face the look of a vulture that sniffs carrion, he believed himself a person of great consequence. Constant intercourse with the afflicted had made him look upon every kind of suffering with an indifference that was stoical, so that M<sup>re</sup> Charette's tender of fifty cents, as an addition to the price of the coffin, was received with some hesitation, and not before she had reached the door did he think it proper to express his willingness to accept it, doing so with mock humility and a pretended disdain of bartering, though his small, greenish eyes, with yellow and brown streaks running through the whites, examined the coin with some suspicion ere he thrust it into the pocket of his moth-eaten, red cloth jacket, glorious with brass buttons and once the property of a drum major in a military corps.

"That man," said M<sup>re</sup> Charette, when they got out of hearing, "would rob the dead of their shrouds!"

As the two women drew near the house of mourning, a faint murmuring of voices in unison came to their ears. "It is the chapel!" whispered Suzanne Decary; and when they looked into the shop, they saw the narrow stair crowded with kneeling figures, whilst now and again the response to a prayer being said in the room above would be taken up and repeated.

Some weeks later, in the afternoon of a Provincial holiday, two women climbed the crooked road leading to *Cote des Neiges*. The heat and dust compelled them to make pauses as they trudged along, for the weight of many years had left them with haltering steps. The arms of one held a small wooden cross, painted white with black lettering, while her companion carried some young shrubs. They were M<sup>re</sup> Plamondon and M<sup>re</sup> Charette. When they reached the cemetery of Notre Dame des Neiges, which takes its name from the adjoining village, they walked on until they came to the third station of the *chemin de la croix*, behind which, stretching to the north, the ground at a distance looks like the ridges of a potato field, so thick are the graves running in even rows in that section where the poor lie at rest. They picked their way through the close mounds until they came to one where a piece of wood with a number attached looked fresher than the others, and she who carried the cross stooped and thrust it into the place of the numbered stake, whilst M<sup>re</sup> Charette planted the shrubs at the foot of the new grave; and when they had finished their labor, both knelt down and prayed in silence.

The sun, sinking like a globe of blood in the waters of Ile Jesus, shot up beams of scarlet light that touched the white marble of the distant monuments until they seemed streaked with ruddy veins; and, as the fainter rays fell athwart the two silent figures, the lettering on the humble headpiece, a labour of love of *bonhomme* Contant, stood out in relief; a pathetic statement, that filled the hearts of the faithful ones with speechless misery as they read it through their tears:

"Ici repose le corps de JULIE GADBOIS. Decedee le 18. Mai 1894— age 17 ans et 6 mois Parents et amis prient pour elle."

THE END.

## OUR REVIEWER

The Ave Maria, for March, has a frontispiece—a picture of St. Joseph that will be welcomed wherever it goes. The mild, contemplative countenance seems to inspire devotion from the printed page, and gives us a clearer conception of the divine sanctity and benign character of the Just Man, Mary's spouse. Charles Warren Stoddard is the subject of the first prose article, and is not complete in this number "Some Props for University Extension" deals with the falsehoods that alien historians have planted in their histories of Catholicism, and is written by that able divine, Rev. Reuben Parsons, D. D. Dawne Graye contributes an interesting little story, "Shamrock" but we cannot help wishing her heroine a better fate. The special departments are capably handled and contain much interesting matter.

The first number of the second volume of The St. Vincent de Paul Quarterly devotes considerable space to an article by Rev. F. X. Mulry, S.J., "Where Mercy Dwells," which furnishes us with an idea of the work done by the Sisters of Mercy

in St. Claire's Orphanage, Jamaica, and the little black-faced orobins who are the Sisters' special charge are presented to us in their improved condition. "A Responsibility of Wealth" speaks forcibly to the rich for benevolence towards the poor to be bestowed with a pure intention. Right Rev. John T. Farley, V.G., is the writer. "A Catholic Boy's Club," by J. E. R., tells something of the work of the Catholic Boys' Association in New York City, and the remaining pages of the Quarterly give interesting information regarding the general work of the St. Vincent de Paul Society.

The April number of The Messenger of the Sacred Heart describes the famous Shrine and Abbey of Our Lady of the Hermita, in the Swiss valley of Emmenthal, "Mary's Shrine in the Alps," in an article from the pen of R. M. Taylor, and glimpses of the Abbey, its chapel, and Alpine scenery are given in the accompanying illustrations. D. A. Dever, in "The True Light of Asia," expresses an opinion of Edwin Arnold's well known work, and then passes on to a study of the probable reunion of Rome. Church to the communion of Rome.

"The Boy in the Blue Blouse" is a choice story by Rev. David Bearne, S.J. The subject of "Catholic Books in Public Libraries" is ably treated by J. F. O'Donovan, S. J. John A. Mooney's "Jeanne D'Arc," from Domremy to Chinon, gives an historical account of the Maid of Orleans, from which many interesting facts may be gleaned. It is amply illustrated, and the frontispiece of this number is devoted to the same remarkable heroine. Other articles are "Jubilee of the French National Yew," by Rev. E. Corunt, S.J. "The Relics of the Holy Cross," by Rev. H. Van Rensselaer, S.J., "The Story of Kirkistall Abbey," by J. Reader, and several poetic contributions that are in keeping with the general excellence of this Magazine.

Continued on sixth page.

## Note and Comment.

Rev. Father Fidelis, the eminent Passionist, who recently preached at Harvard University, his Alma Mater, has been called to Rome to become one of the consultants to the General Superior of the Passionists in Rome. Father Fidelis' name was James Kent Stone. He was born in Boston, 1840 and is the son of Dr. John S. Stone, headmaster of the Cambridge Theological Seminary. After graduating from Harvard he went to Germany and pursued a course of special studies at Göttingen, returning to America at the beginning of the civil war and taking his share in the struggle as a soldier in the Second Massachusetts Infantry. After the war he was ordained a minister in the Protestant Episcopal Church and served as president of Kenyon College, Ohio, and Hobart College, Geneva N. Y. In 1870, Father Fidelis became a Catholic and for six years served in the Order of St. Paul; then he became a Passionist, which he has now been 21 years. Father Fidelis is the second Catholic priest, in the history of Harvard University, that has been permitted to preach within its halls. His venerable mother, a daughter of James Kent, the author of "Commentaries on American Laws," still resides in Boston, and though over 90 years of age she still enjoys excellent health. Her distinguished son visited her on the occasion of his recent trip to Harvard. Father Fidelis will leave for Rome within a few weeks.

Michael Cudahy and John Cudahy, two of Chicago's shrewdest and most prominent speculators, are arranging their forces against the Standard Oil Trust, and a battle royal in the commercial arena is expected between the great Oil Trust and the two plucky Irishmen who have ventured to wrest its gigantic monopoly from its grasp.

In 1895 the Cudahys purchased the Indiana Oil fields, and recently they secured the patronage of the Yerkes Street Railway Company of Chicago, one of the largest oil consumers in the city. The Cudahys are two of four brothers, sons of an Irish immigrant, who settled in Milwaukee, and followed the trade of a butcher. Michael and John early made their mark in Chicago, one as the manager of the Armour shops, and John as a bold and successful speculator. Both are possessed of large fortunes which they have piled up by their own efforts in their different lines. Michael Cudahy is considered an invaluable assistant of Phil. Armour, the great pork packer, for since he became connected with this large business he has found means to utilize much that was hitherto considered waste material and so considerably increased the Armour profits.

"Round about the County of Limerick" is the title of a new volume from the pen of Rev. James Dowd, N.B., which will be of special interest to the men and women of that historic county.

The author in his preface announces that "the work is intended to be, as far as possible, a history of those places in the County of Limerick about which there is something to be told," and there are few spots in Limerick that are not entwined with historic or legendary associations from which a literary garland might be woven.

Kilmallock and its Dominican Abbey, of which the rev. author says "there are few ecclesiastical monuments that, for beauty of outline and gracefulness of construction, can compete with the Dominican Abbey of Kilmallock," Knocklong, Lough Gur, Adare, Croom, Uskeenon, Newcastle, are all given their due share of attention. "The Knights of Glin," the Geraldines, and the Ardagh cup or chalice, "the most beautiful example of Celtic art ever yet found," each find their place in this interesting Irish work.

A lecture in the Irish language will be one of the features of the St. Patrick's Day celebration of New York. In St. Alphonsus' Church, on the evening of the 17th Rev. Peter J. Cunniffe, a member of the Redemptionist Order, will tell of "The Fidelity of the Irish People to the Faith of St. Patrick" in the old Gaelic tongue of the Celtic race. For the

# Good Blood

Is essential to health. Every nook and corner of the system is reached by the blood, and on its quality the condition of every organ depends. Good blood means strong nerves, good digestion, robust health. Impure blood means scrofula, dyspepsia, rheumatism, catarrh or other diseases. The surest way to have good blood is to take Hood's Sarsaparilla. This medicine purifies, vitalizes, and enriches the blood, and sends the elements of health and strength to every nerve, organ and tissue. It creates a good appetite, gives refreshing sleep and cures that tired feeling. Remember,

## Hood's Sarsaparilla

Is the best—in fact the One True Blood Purifier. Hood's Pills cure Liver Ills; easy to take, easy to operate. 25c.

benefit of those who do not understand the ancient language. Father Cunniff will give an immediate repetition of his novel lecture in familiar English.

There is little fear from such evidences of interest as are frequently shown that Gaelic shall ever be numbered with the dead in languages.

The London Daily Chronicle contains a special article, devoted to the woolen industry, which has been revived in Ireland through the efforts made by the Sisters of Charity at Foxford, in the County Mayo. Five years ago these nuns established the Foxford woolen mills, which have proved a great boon to the people of the district and have made rapid progress during their brief period of existence. Referring to the good Sisters, the Chronicle writes as follows:—

"They are proud of the fine quality of goods they turn out, and aim at keeping up to the highest standard of production. Above all things they desire an English market, for the English have money to spend, and their people are so poor. What a Godsend the weekly mill wage is to their homes can scarcely be realized in prosperous countries, where paying work is abundant. Now the people occasionally eat meat. The superiors notes with pride that when they came to Foxford there was but one butcher—an amateur—in the neighborhood. Now there are three professional butchers, all making a small living. The enterprise of the sisters does not end with the factory. They teach girls cookery, dairy work, laundry work, etc., and encourage the people to rear poultry, superior breeds of fowls being given out to the peasantry by the congested districts board."

The Catholic World makes announcement of the great International Congress of Catholic Scientists that shall be held at Freiburg, Switzerland, in August next. These great gatherings of eminent Catholic scholars have been held at various periods and have steadily advanced in importance and each successive one commands the attention of a wider circle of scientific men. The prospects are bright for the coming convalescence, for already the most notable scientific men of the European universities have signified their determination of being present, if not personally, at least represented by their work.

A wide range of scientific thought will be discussed in the topics brought before the Congress, and much benefit is derived from a gathering such as this, which represents a great people's university from which the fruits of original and individual research flow into the general treasury of knowledge.

Rev. J. A. Zahm, C.S.C., the president of the International Scientific Catholic Congress for America.

Here is an interesting item which we find in the Dublin Freeman's Journal:—

"Dr. Whitley Stokes has paid a graceful compliment to the young Irish priest selected by the Board of the Catholic University of Washington to fill the Gaelic chair in that institution. Writing from Freiburg, Germany, where Father Henery is completing his preparation for the duties of the chair, he says that Dr. Stokes has presented him with a superb set of photographs, (123), a full reproduction of the Bodeian Life of Columbkille. Dr. Stokes has made this valuable present to his friend in the hope that Father Henery may some day edit the work. It was compiled in 1532 by command of a northern prince. The material is furnished by the various Irish lives, and the whole is reedited and written out fully and orderly in Irish of the period."

News comes to us from England that Lady Henry Somerset is erecting a heroic-sized statue of the Saviour in her temperance village in England.

Times are changing wonderfully in that once Catholic land, and we may yet hope for our local scoffers who could not tolerate the figure of their Redeemer within the Franciscan gates on Dorchester Street.

A remarkable man died recently at Darien City, Genesee County, N. Y. He was the father of 15 children, ten of whom are still living, and among the number were two sets of twins that remain unborn. The oldest of his family is a son aged 84 and the parent had a record of 104 years before leaving his mortal sphere.

Rev. Alexander P. Doyle, C.S.P., the eminent temperance advocate, is preaching a course of Lenten sermons in St. James' Pro-Cathedral, Brooklyn.

Gaston Paris, in an address on Pasteur before the French Academy, said the

PERFECT and permanent are the cures by Hood's Sarsaparilla, because it makes pure, rich, healthy, life and health-giving BLOOD.

USE ONLY . . .

# Finlayson's Linen Thread

. . . IT IS THE BEST.

scientist often left the table in the middle of dinner, and his bed at night in order to pursue an idea fermenting in his brain. Pasteur rose from a humble place in a village drug store, but even in his youth he astonished his companions by his eagerness to soar beyond the limits of known science, by attacking problems which the greatest savants had not attended to solve, and by extraordinary audacity in the choice of subjects for investigation.

At Philadelphia, recently, 800 couples assembled and played euche for prizes, the proceeds of the affair going to clear off the debt on the handsome Philadelphia cottage which has been erected on the grounds of the Catholic Summer School at Plattaburg.

At a meeting of the Irishmen of San Francisco, Cal., to perfect arrangements for celebrating St. Patrick's Day, the following denunciation of the Corbett-Fitzsimmons fight was adopted—Resolved, that we appeal to our people, to the many among them who are lovers of true athletic games and sports, to discountenance the coming fight, to keep away from it, and to repeal authoritatively that it has the support or approval of reputable Irishmen.

## ERIN.

Fairest isle of the ocean of you I will sing,  
While the thoughts of your struggle round memory  
I will tell of the grandeur that fled with years,  
And the sorrow that bathed your fair visage with  
tears;  
Of the exiles whose lives brighten history's page;  
Of the warrior, statesman, the bard and the sage;  
And as fancy weaves visions of days that are o'er,  
In my misty I hear the wild-sons as of yore,  
And the lullaby's wisest melody swells on my ears,  
As I gaze down again through the depths of the  
years;  
But a sadness like nightfall creeps slowly o'er all,  
While I think of the sorrows that come with your  
fall;  
And the grim forms of famine, and darkest despair,  
Conceal that bright picture,—that vision so fair;  
And my heart throbs with sympathy, Erin, for  
thee,  
And I must write the thoughts which your grief  
gives to me.  
Just come back, I will ask you, to dim distant  
years,  
And behold Erin's people on trial and tears:  
Every arrest who by faith gave his life to the  
Lord,  
Was an object of hatred and fell by the sword;  
And the peasants were crushed by the law's harsh  
deed;  
Till they died by the famine the stranger to  
please—  
O! to think of the tears in those dark bitter  
days,  
Even birds ceased their warblings and hushed all  
their lays,  
And the wild-vested ocean its sympathy sobbed,  
For that land and its people of liberty robbed;  
And the flowers in bloom drooped and withered in  
pain,  
For the bitterest days that a nation can know,  
Filled that bright happy land with destruction  
and woe,  
And the people still held to the faith of their love,  
And we're thankful and bless them as God will  
above.

There was one—O, how different this Erin was  
When her knights and her nobles were first among  
men,  
When fair liberty's flag waved above Tara's hall,  
And behold the contentment and joy among all,  
It was little it thought that one day it should see,  
The green land that it cherished subdued and  
free;  
And the people that loved should be exiled and lone,  
Far away from their country—away from their  
home—  
But enough! Let us close up that chamber of war,  
And around that remnant oblivion throw:  
For the deeds of her children in lands where'er  
they roam,  
Have endeared to all hearts their own dear Erin's  
name,  
And have given a motto on purity's gold,  
In the hearts of the hero, the brave and the bold:  
By the sword they have won that title of the sea,  
And the land that received him, America—free;  
And we've thousands like him from the ocean's  
green sea,  
Who have given their thoughts and examples to  
men—  
Turn to France, and you'll find on her history's  
page,  
Some patriots grand to the true Irish hero,  
And McMahon, who stormed the wild Malakoff  
height,  
Thrilled the hearts of a nation with pride and  
delight;  
And the Frenchman still tell how the brave Celtic  
boy,  
Made the fair Lily bloom on the field of  
Fontenoy;  
And McEee hung his picture on memory's walls,  
That statesman who graced once our Canada's  
halls.

But aside from this fame that comes over the sea,  
You have still held our love and endearment to  
this:  
For as storm's violent fury lifts high ocean's wave,  
And in an anger's control its wild passion obeys:  
When its fury is past it returns to its former  
state,  
And the self-same resplendent calm ocean lies  
there;  
So with Erin disturbed by wild tyrannic's storm,  
Has withstood all its fury, its anger and scorn:  
But its fury is past, it has gone to its lair,  
And that bright smiling island remains just as  
before.

As in days when grand castles were filled with gay  
throngs,  
And the birds sang with ecstasy liberty's songs;  
And her people are still styled the cheerful and  
gay,  
But they wish themselves back to the bright happy  
days,  
When the harp's strings were roused by the bard's  
willing hands,  
And the freedom they loved was dispersed through  
the land.  
But delights will return again, sweet sunny Isle,  
Then be patient and bear your refusal awhile,  
For there's no heart so hard that it will not be  
moved,  
By a calm perseverance in suffering proved,  
And the prayers of your heroes across the blue sea  
Are sure to appeal to high heaven for thee:  
And I see in the future, oh bright happy land,  
An island by freedom's winds lovingly fanned;  
And discern from the ruins of Tara of yore,  
Rising up a grand castle to live evermore;  
And the daylight is dawning for Erin's fair form,  
And with day shall have vanished each sign of the  
storm.  
And like a fond mother who sorrows through  
years,  
When that sorrow's uplifted she smiles through  
despair,  
So will Erin the day, when with liberty crowned,  
Her face touched with sorrow in smiles shall  
abound;  
And the ocean shall lay her fair brow in its gleam,  
And its music shall blend with the songs of the  
free;  
And at nightfall each star will be flushed with  
delight,  
And with love's brilliant rays shall illumine the  
night;  
And over the ocean on every wave,  
Shall be wafted the songs of the free and the  
brave;  
Then the harp shall awake from its dream of  
despair,  
To rejoice once again with the brave and the fair;  
And the green flag of Erin shall toll to the world,  
That its free as the breeze on whose breast 'tis  
unfurled.

J. L. HAYES.

## DIED.

McMullen—At Lucille, P.Q., March 9, 1897, Mary E., eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. T. H. McMullen, aged 12 years. [Boston papers please copy.]

## JUDAH, BRANCHAUD & KAVANAGH, ADVOCATES, 3 PLACE D'ARMES HILL.

F. T. JUDAH, Q.C. A. BRANCHAUD, Q.C. H. J. KAVANAGH, Q.C.

## Facts About Greece.

The kingdom has a population of 2,187,206.

The flag of Greece is a white cross on a blue ground.

About one-half of the people are farmers and shepherds.

The area of the country is about 24,977 square miles, or half the size of Pennsylvania.

No part of Greece is 40 miles from the sea nor 10 miles from the hills.

About 70,000 of the inhabitants speak the Greek language only, and but 20,000 profess the Christian religion.

The chief characteristics of the average Greek are his inquisitiveness, fondness for excitement, love of discussion, desire for knowledge, an aptitude for learning and aggressive patriotism.

There are three distinct races within its confines, speaking different languages, wearing different costumes and holding little social intercourse with each other—the Greek, the Albanian and the Wallachian or Roumanian.

The present King, George I., came to the throne in 1863, in his 18th year. He draws an income of \$260,000 annually, including \$20,000 from Great Britain, France and Russia. He is the son of the present King of Denmark, Charles IX, and brother of the Princess of Wales and the dowager Empress of Russia. He married in 1867 the Grand Duchess Olga, eldest daughter of the grand-uncle to the present Emperor of Russia. She has six living children—five sons and one daughter.

The King has a palace at Athens, built by Otto, at a cost of \$2,500,000, and a summer residence at Corfu. He shares the legislation with a single chamber, called the Boule, the members of which are elected by the people every four years.

There are seven ministers of administration, whose salary is \$210 a year each.

For purposes of local government, Greece is divided into 13 nomarchies, under officers called nomarchs. It has an excellent legal system, based upon the old Roman law.

Its regular standing army consists of 16,280 inantry, 3120 cavalry, 3842 artillery, 1080 engineers and transportation men, 3400 officers and men, making a total of 28,470 troops in the land forces.

Anamia means "want of blood," a deficiency in the red corpuscles of the blood.

Its cause is found in want of sufficient food, dyspepsia, lack of exercise or breathing impure air. With it is a natural repugnance to all fat foods. Scott's Emulsion is an easy food to get fat from and the easiest way of taking fat. It makes the blood rich in just those elements necessary to robust health, by supplying it with red corpuscles.

For sale at 50 cents and \$1.00 by all druggists.

SCOTT & BOWNE, Belleville, Ont.

## Patent Report.

Below will be found the only complete up to date record of patents granted to Canadian inventors in the following countries, which is specially prepared for this paper by Messrs. Marion & Marion, solicitors of patents and experts, head office, Temple Building, Montreal, from whom all information may be readily obtained:—

- 55,053—Isaie Fréchetle, Montreal hand lasting tool.
- 55,052—Isaie Fréchetle, Montreal, last holders for boots and shoes.
- 55,058—Alex. N. Carman, Perth, Ont., quilt coupling.
- 55,060—Frank K. Bell, St. Georges, Ont., feeding cutting machine.
- 55,065—Wm. H. Smith, Penetanguishene, Ont., window.
- 55,071—F. Brown and Chs. W. Jarvis, Fort William, Ont., nut lock.
- 55,124—J. B. E. Rouseau and Joseph Boutet, Quebec, leather measuring machine.
- 55,133—F. R. Edwards, Thurso, Que., improvements in ball bearing rockers.

Avoiding a Delicate Matter.—Assistant Tailor (of Pizen Creek tailor shop, in whisper to proprietor)—Say, shall I seek the person if he wants a back pocket in these new trousers? Proprietor (settling these new trousers)—He likely wants one, but he's temperance, an' he might get touchy if you asked him that. Ask him if he wants a pistol-pocket in 'em.—Judge.

THE BARDS OF IRELAND.

Who were the bards of Ireland, Whose strains in elder time, Awaked the spirit of the land...

THE IRISH COLLEGE IN PARIS.

An Interesting Sketch of Its Organization. Some of the Features of Progress Which Marked its Administration.

The Dublin Freeman, in a recent issue, published the following interesting outline of the rise and progress of the early home of so many Irish ecclesiastics...

The Rue des Irlandais, formerly known as the Rue du Cheval Vert, or Green Horse Street, is a short, narrow thoroughfare...

Inside this door or gate are the portals of the college, and, on the right, a small mosaic or conventional-looking parlor...

in the Pantheon district of Paris, who, like his predecessor, is a true son of St. Vincent de Paul, gave the facts in this article.

In the year 1571 the Rev. John Lee arrived in Paris with a band of Irish students. They were flying from the Elizabethan persecutions...

The Irish subsequently went to the College of Navarre, a wealthier institution on the place where the Polytechnic School...

lived in the place for a time. The priests who took over the Lombard College were, as has been said, Fathers Kelly and Maginn...

The Irish, as may be seen from this digression, had some claims on the gratitude of the French kings...

who was then Prefect of Studies, purchased the property in the Rue de Cheval Vert, now Rue des Irlandais...

The property of the Irish Church in Paris was managed in the Revolutionary period by Dr. Walsh, who had been appointed Superior of the Irish College of Nantes...

refused to give anything to the Irish foundations on the ground that they were controlled by the French Government.

After the Revolution the Irish College underwent SOME STRANGE CHANGES.

Abbé McDermott, who had an academy at St. Germain on Laye, was allowed to take possession of the building in the Rue des Irlandais...

DR. PAUL LONG OF MAYNOOTH.

He was appointed Controller of the Irish College by Louis XVIII, but he was temporarily ousted from his office by Mr. Ferris when Napoleon returned from Elba...

AT THE SIEGE OF PARIS.

It was under the management of Father McNamara that the Irish College became an ambulance for the wounded during the siege of Paris by the Prussians...

St. Patrick's Bazaar.

A preliminary meeting of the Ladies of Charity was held at St. Patrick's Presbytery, on Wednesday, March 10, to arrange for a Bazaar...

St. Gabriel's Glee Club.

Not very long ago I noticed in the columns of the True Witness that St. Gabriel's choir had formed a Glee Club under the able direction of Mr. J. S. Shea...

them on to accomplish great things which have taken place within such a short time. I cannot refrain from expressing the wish that all our Catholic young men of Montreal may see their way clear to follow the grand example set by the young men of Point St. Charles...

FATHER FELIX MARTIN, S. J.

Sketch of the Life of the Architect of St. Patrick's Church.

The twenty-fifth of November, 1855, was the last day of the long and laborious life of Father Felix Martin, S. J., the architect of St. Patrick's Church and founder of St. Mary's College, this city.

Before his ordination he taught classics in several of the Jesuit colleges in France, Switzerland, Spain and Belgium. This severe formation and frequent change of scene broke him in completely to climate, character and customs...

The following year, Father Martin, with five other Jesuit Fathers, Chazelle, Hannipaux, duRanquet, Feller and Luiset, reached Montreal. Of the six only the aged missionary, Father duRanquet, survives...

The work on the college had been begun in 1846, but the typhus fever, in the following year, put off the execution of the project.

THE CENTENARY OF '98.

To the Editor of the True Witness:

DEAR SIR,—Next year being the centenary anniversary of the last great struggle made by the Irish people towards securing the independence of their country...

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Schionecki were received with open arms by the Gentlemen of St. Sulpice and immediately set to work. Father DuMerle was the only one of the number who succumbed to the typhus. The zeal of the Jesuit Fathers during the plague was recognized by the Sulpicians and they solicited the aid of four English-speaking Jesuits to help them in St. Patrick's Church.

nationality, who never believed in the suicide theory put forth by the paid butchers of England; and recent events in regard to the treatment of the Irish political prisoners confirm those opinions.

In 1852 he translated from the original Italian and published the life of Father Bresciani, a work of surpassing interest.

In 1857, he was sent to Europe by the Government to hunt among the archives of Paris and Rome for documents relative to the history of Canada. This mission was also successful.

After his return to France he held rectorships at Vannes, and Roen. He spent the last years of his life in the College of Vaugirard, in Paris, and died there at the advanced age of eighty-one.

It is to be hoped that the Irish national societies of this city will take the matter in hand, and that the Irish blood of this broad Dominion will not be behind that of the United States in doing honor to the memory of one that bled and died for Ireland.

MICHAEL BERRINGHAM, 71 Logan Street, 4th March, '97.

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WEDNESDAY.....MARCH 17, 1897

ST. PATRICK'S DAY.

For the Irish race throughout the world the festival of St. Patrick has a significance which, though easy to understand, is not easy to express. It is at once religious and national, and in both these relations it represents an intensity of devotion for which it would be difficult to find a parallel. The mission and work of St. Patrick are associated with a renaissance, not only spiritual but literary and artistic, among the Irish people; and the fruit of this regeneration was an age the glory of which has never faded from the national memory. Whereas, on the continent of Europe, "the empire of barbarism succeeded the empire of Polytheism," the conversion of Ireland was the signal for improvement in all the arts of life. The extinction of the Druidic fires at Tara was followed not as the heathen ritual prescribed, by their instantaneous rekindling from magical sources, but by the lighting of the lamp of faith that was destined to become more and more effulgent until the darkness of heathen superstition was utterly quenched within the entire circumference of the island. And from that lamp were lit torches of science and literature and art, so that, as more than one writer has remarked, the sun of civilization and culture was seen ascending in the west just when it seemed to have set in the east.

How often has the story of those illustrious ages at followed the illumination of Ireland by the gospel refreshed the souls of the weary and despondent waiters for the new day! In all sorrows, in the hour of defeat, of humiliation, of anguish, when the heart of Ireland seemed to throb with a pain that no medicine could relieve, has remembered tradition of her ancient glory brought balm and hope until the forgotten past seemed a still brighter future, like some strange mirage, an airy vision, born of reality! That Ireland was for nine hundred years a normal school, training the saintly teachers of half Europe in things divine and things secular—could there be a historic fact more solid in the substance, more inspiring in its effects, more fruitful of great resolves in the minds of a people. While some of the nations that to-day wield the firmest sceptre and whose sway embraces many millions of diverse names were mere barbarians, idolaters, unlettered and lawless, the descendants of the disciples of St. Patrick were as the very salt of the earth, preserving for generations to come whatever was precious in the heritage of universal Christendom.

To Britain, Roman culture had come in the garb of a conqueror, haughty, supercilious, at times cruel; more cruel still when, through fear of savage foes, it fled, leaving its wards a prey to swarms of invaders from across the sea. To Ireland, Roman culture came arrayed in the garb of peace, bearing Christ's Evangel, and meeting the scorn of pagans, who had a strange knowledge and a weird genius of their own, with mildness and patience and enduring charity. The bards of later times liked to bring St. Patrick and Ossian together in spirited converse, typifying as it were the confluence of the two great streams of knowledge, thought and invention—the sacred and the profane, the classical and the Celtic, and their interaction on each other. The day was—and not so long ago—when the cherished traditions of Ireland's glorious past were by most writers deemed a product of fond imagination. To-day the scholars who speak with authority have but one regret—that those traditions and the stores of hidden learning on which they were vaguely based should through blind prejudice have been so long doomed to neglect. "Christianity gave the

Irish that cohesive organization which their political system lacked and the great schools took new vigor and vitality. Their rapid and widely extended reputation shows that this must have been a pre-entured people who could thus throw themselves so alertly into new study and so quickly conquer time. The island became the university of Europe, whither students came from many foreign lands and where they were warmly welcomed, supplied with food and books and all gratuitously." Then from Armagh and Bangor, from Clonmacnoise and Clonard, from Lismore and Limerick and Mayo, sped forth the eager hosts of adventurous scholars, to carry the harvests of thoughtful and laborious years to mart and palace, to tropic lands and arctic islands, evangelizers, explorers, discoverers, as well as lovers of wisdom and men of God.

In letters some of those erant scholars anticipated new forms of poetry and the themes of immortal poets. Of renown they thought not, and the works of some survive whose names have perished. From the Levant and far beyond it to the Pillars of Hercules they left their traces, and the outer ocean they did not fear to traverse. Iceland knew them well, and though one may not always be sure where voyage ends and vision begins, the vision was the parent of discovery.

Of the centuries that separate the ages of faith and achievement from the times of conflict and turmoil that ended in alien occupation, confiscation, the Pale, feud and vendetta, enough to say that the spirit of the nation lived through that long torture. And, as in her brightest period Ireland sent forth teachers of religion, of arts and letters to the ends of the earth, so in her darker period, Irish exiles carried their memories, their loyalty, their faith, to every land in both hemispheres and added lustre to her name in camp, in court, in science, in letters, in trade, and in the service of the altar. There is no section of Europe, Asia, Africa, Australia and the New World in which Irish names have not been ennobled by actions worthy of Ireland's old repute. As she passes through the dreadful strife of the 16th and 17th centuries, fighting chivalrously at the latter's close for a hopeless cause; she finds herself face to face with the final ordeal of the penal laws, an outrage on humanity against which humanity at last revolted. Then came the Union, more unendurable from a brief foretaste of independence and the several phases of the Home Rule movement, the goal of which is still awaited.

So much and a great deal more does the holy day suggest to the Irish mind wherever on the earth's old furrowed face or on the pathless waters it is lovingly commemorated. The shamrock still recalls the faith St. Patrick preached and it is still the

"Chosen leaf Of hard and chief, Old Erin's native shamrock"

But here in Montreal the day has for the readers of this paper—also nearing its jubilee—a special and peculiarly sacred significance to which abundant reference is made in our special Souvenir Number. For us more than others, on this St. Patrick's Day, the 50th anniversary of the dedication of our St. Patrick's Church, the aspiration meet for the occasion is Sursum Corda! Gratitude and joy and hope and brotherly love impel us to observe this feast of our Patron Saint and the Patron Saint of our Church in a manner becoming Irishmen and Catholics, Catholics and Irishmen. That is the least honor we can pay the day, and yet, if we do that in the fullest sense, we shall have done all that is required of us.

OUR BROTHERS OF QUEBEC CITY.

On this, our special anniversary, when every Irish Catholic heart in Montreal is filled with joy and gratitude, we owe a thought of peculiar kindness and sympathy to our brethren of the Ancient Capital, whose records antedate our own by some eventful generations. That there were Irishmen in the Maritime Provinces before the taking of Quebec by Wolfe there is no reason to doubt—the city of Halifax being ten years old when that event took place and colonization had been going on for more than a quarter century previously. But Irish immigration to the Province of Quebec goes back to the 17th century, as may be seen in the great work of Mgr. Tanguay; and from that rich store of knowledge and other sources of information the late John O'Farrell, Esq., advocate, gathered together a mass of data relating to the Irish element in the population under the Old Regime, and the Irish contingent in the French forces serving in Canada, that are of the utmost value and interest. Some of the names that Mgr. Tanguay has collected from countless scattered registers, and that pass for French, are in reality Irish, as the reverend genealogist has taken praiseworthy pains to make clear. Thus we know that Aubry was originally O'Brennan, that Sylvain stood for O'Sullivan, and Pierre Lehait and Jean Lehays were, before leaving their native land, Peter and John Leahy respectively; and many other examples could be cited of

French Canadian family names that were originally Irish.

Not by any means the least curious feature in Mr. O'Farrell's researches is the light he has succeeded in throwing on the exploits in New France of members of the Irish Brigade. The names of these valiant soldiers, however disguised they may have been, soon resumed their old familiar orthography beneath the touch of learned and patriotic investigation. Such names as Doreil, Degannes, Boilan, Léret, Lanan, Moreau, Mainguy, Deniou, proved to be adaptations to French lips and ears of such well known patronymics as O'Reilly, Duggan, Boylan, Leary, Lannan, Morrrough, McGe, Donohue, and many other instances of like transformation and decipherment might be mentioned if space permitted. At the time of the Conquest there was among the soldiers of the Irish Brigade or other corps serving under the French crown a good deal of uneasiness as to the attitude that the victors might assume towards them. Some of them, and some civilians also, thought it wise to retain the French forms of their names until after the Treaty of Peace. Several of them, who had recourse to this expedient for some years, became Irish again in name as well as descent, and their descendants are to-day as Irish as their neighbors. Others had already been absorbed by the larger population, to which they had become attached by the ties of intermarriage, and retained both their Gallicized names and their French speech. It is noteworthy that Mgr. Tanguay's first *œuvre généalogique* was compiled in honor of the sacerdotal jubilee of a reverend professor, to whom he owed the groundwork of his remarkable knowledge.

Among the names that appear on the Registers just after the conquest are Finegan, Martin, Denelan, Jordan, MacLure, Daly, and others of no less definite Celtic affinity. As the years passed, we find the Irish circle in the ancient metropolis growing in number and importance, some members of it being in the professions, others in the ranks of industry and trade. Although, like the majority of the Canadians of Revolutionary times, the Irish citizens of Quebec and Montreal declined to listen to the promises of the American Congress, it is not surprising that some Irish veteran soldiers and civilians were influenced by the appeals of their compatriots, General Montgomery and the Carrolls, of whom Father Charles became afterwards the first English-speaking prelate on this continent.

After the Revolution, on the introduction of Parliamentary Government in this province, we find Irishmen taking positions in public life corresponding to the importance that they had acquired. It was, however, with the foundation and early history of St. Patrick's Church in Quebec that the Irish Catholic community of that venerable city began to send its roots downwards and its branches all around with a fulness of vitality un-felt before.

As the records of our Souvenir Number show it to have been in the Maritime Provinces, in Western Canada and especially in Montreal, so in dear old Quebec it is with the foundation of its Mother Church, its dedication to the patron saint of our nation, and the upgrowth of a congregation, the destined centre of other organized parishes, each tended by its own *Soggarth Aroon*, and all knit together by the tenderest charity and good will, that the most memorable associations of our kinsmen in the ancient capital may be seen and felt. Mr. James O'Leary, of Ottawa, in a recent communication to the Quebec *Telegraph*, recalls, with characteristic love of all that does honor to his race, an incident that happily synchronizes with the starting point of our own jubilee, and reflects undying credit on the Irish citizens of Quebec. But it is linked with a previous incident that does no less honor to the Irish people on whom in that sad year, 1847, the famine fell like a heavy scourge. Mr. O'Leary vividly depicts the two visitations that touched the heart, in the one case, of Ireland, in the other, of Quebec's Irish inhabitants. On the 25th of May, 1845, there broke out at 11 in the forenoon one of those desolating fires that have so often left the old fortress city in smoking ruins. From morn till midnight the fire raged, sparing in its fury nothing that was inflammable, and beneath the stars were huddled groups of houseless men, women and children. Nor was that all. Some had greeted each other on the fateful morning who should never meet again till earth and sea gave up their dead. As the faithful clergy passed through the stricken multitude, hoary grand sires and bereaved mothers fell at their feet imploring a blessing in the season of their terrible affliction.

But the most woeful calamities is not all unrelieved blackness. The cry of anguish was by God's sleepless angels carried to the ears and hearts of well-to-do and generous Irish people in the old land, who gave of their abundance; those who had less gave of their competency knowing that God would repay them the loan, if not in kind, in better than kind; while those who had least gave their mite and those who had nothing but their prayers gave them with a full

heart. But even then, in that summer of 1845, the mysterious germ of that widespread death to the root-plant that for centuries had been the sustenance of Ireland was acquiring the murderous vitality that was to breed its harvest of death. What followed all know, yet who can contemplate that result, even through the haze of years without shuddering deprecation? But the Irish people of Quebec bethought them of their benefactors of two years before, and resolved to help the sufferers so far as lay in their power.

Action was first taken on Sunday, January 1st, 1847, at a meeting of the congregation of St. Patrick's Church, and the example thus set to Irish charity elsewhere elicited from Monsignor Bernard O'Reilly the exclamation that Quebec was a noble city, when out of their own desolation and suffering her Irish citizens could rise to so grand a height of christian and brotherly charity. These are the triumphs that cause in the retrospect a satisfaction that has no tinge of bitterness.

A TALENTED IRISH-CANADIAN.

Our talented young Irish-Canadian fellow-citizen, Mr. James Martin, having given such excellent proof of his ability as a playwright in the two historical dramas of "Lamb Dearg Aboo," which treats of the time of Owen Roe O'Neill and the Great Irish Rebellion of 1641, and "The Siege of Limerick," which records the heroic exploits of the gallant Sarsfield, that we trust he will continue the good work and give us a drama dealing with the heroes of '98, in commemoration of the Centennial celebration of this stirring period in Irish history, which occurs next year. As the success of Mr. Martin's plays is not confined to his native city, but in several other cities of the United States and Canada they have been equally successful, we have no doubt if he sees his way to adopt our suggestion, and the fact is duly made known to our fellow-countrymen in this country, as well as in the neighboring Republic, there will be quite a demand for copies of the play, his reputation as a dramatic author being now well established and assured.

HENRY AUSTIN ADAMS, M.A.,

Will Deliver a Second Lecture Under the Auspices of the Montreal Free Library on Friday Next.

The illness of Professor Maurice Francis Egan—a serious throat affection, prevented him giving the fourth of the Winter Course of Lectures at the Free Library hall, but he hopes to give our public the rare treat of hearing him in April. Meanwhile, by urgent request, the Library Committee invited the brilliant Henry Austin Adams, M.A., of New York, to give a second lecture in this city. It will take place on Friday, March 19th, at 8 p.m. The subject will be "The Oxford Movement." It is a topic upon which something fresh and interesting can always be said, and Mr. Adams will have an opportunity of looking at it from the inside, having occupied an exceptional position in the Ritualistic church of the United States. To those who heard Mr. Adams' first lecture in the Library Hall, it is unnecessary to say a word. They will be sure to want to hear him again. But it may be well to remind those who have not heard him that an exceptional power of oratory he has, what grace of delivery, what magnetism, which wins his audience from the first and holds it till the end. Mr. Adams' polished wit, keen satire, delicate humor and sympathy with his hearers make him the most popular man on the American lecture platform to-day.

"During a recent session of Parliament," says William Harcourt found himself," Sir William in the Leeds Mercury, "unexpectedly in view of an important speech, and having no notes, went into the stenographers' room to prepare some. He procured a lady typist, and dictated to her for some time. As he wound up a glowing peroration, the lady typist suddenly gasped and burst into tears. "Would you mind saying all that again?" she said plaintively: "I've forgotten to put any paper in the machine!"

The olden abbey that were homes of sanctity, culture and learning before the rapacious Reformers ransacked their sacred cloisters and despoiled them of the treasures of knowledge that had been preserved from the days of Rome's Imperial power—only to satiate a spirit of plunder and destruction, and to win the unstable favor of a brutal king—shall yet be restored to the soil of Catholic England.

Pope Leo XIII., in a recent decree, authorized the establishment of an abbey in England, and we should rejoice that our day and generation has seen the first of these ancient shrines sanctioned in a land that was once redolent with the fame of their hospitality and charity. Many of the olden abbey still stand with a little of their old time dignity, but the hallowed associations are gone and they echo the courtier's tread and the Established Articles instead of the mendicant's halting step and the monks' reverent chant.

One of Omagh's oldest and most respected residents, Mrs. Gallagher, of George street, was called away to her eternal reward, at the advanced age of 84 years. Mrs. Gallagher was the widow of William Gallagher, at one time a successful merchant in Omagh, County Tyrone, and one of her daughters is Mother Stanislaus, of Strabane Convent. Her sons were William Gallagher, a solicitor in Armagh, and Joseph, who succeeded to his father's business, and with whom she resided up to the time of her death.—Tyrone Constitution.

1847-A TWIN CELEBRATION-1897.

CONTINUED FROM FIRST PAGE.

As in all pagan religions, were not many of their errors but the progressive corruptions of primitive traditions, and was it not possible to eliminate the falsehood from the truth and show them wherein they erred—and thus, by the very aid of their false doctrines, demonstrate the solid foundations of the true religion? They believed that the elements, lashed into fury, was the voice of the Deity and is not this in some sense true, and could our Saint, not going a step further, speak to them of the One who commanded the winds and the waves, and there came a great calm? They adored the sun and moon as their gods—could he not tell them of a great Creator, who, by one act of His will, called these mighty orbs into existence, and of whose glory they were but the faint images. In place of the beautiful goddesses that inhabited their groves and lakes and rivers and glens, could he not speak to them of those bright angelic spirits that hover ever at our side, whispering into our ears good thoughts and holy inspirations? What was their Heaven, where the good and brave enjoy endless blessings, and live in perennial youth, but a faint idea of what eye hath not seen, ear hath not heard, nor hath it entered into the heart of man to conceive, what God hath prepared for those who love Him. Could he not therefore make this pagan religion the very basis on which to build for them the edifice of Christian faith?

All this St. Patrick ponders over and over again, as he watches the flocks of his Master in that strange country, far away from all he loves, and his heart yearns to sacrifice the rest of his life for the salvation of this pagan people. Returning to his own country, after six years of bondage, his resolution grows stronger and stronger, and besides, an interior voice seems to whisper to him that he should undertake the conversion of the Irish people.

But God manifested His will even more clearly to our great Apostle, as he did of old, on a similar occasion, to the Apostle of the Gentiles. We read in the Act of the Apostles that St. Paul had a vision on a certain night. He saw a man from Macedonia who besought him, saying: "Pass over into Macedonia and help us." And St. Luke tells us that the Apostle sought to go immediately into Macedonia, being assured that God had called him to preach the Gospel there.

In like manner St. Patrick, at this period, had a vision. He heard in a dream the voices of many persons from a wood near the Western sea, crying as if with one voice: "We entreat thee, O holy youth, come and walk still among us."

"IT WAS THE VOICE OF THE IRISH,"

says St. Patrick, in his Confessions, "and I was greatly affected in my heart." From that moment his mind was made up. Weeping relatives strove in vain to dissuade him from what seemed a rash and foolish enterprise. Putting his whole trust in God he bids farewell to home and kindred, and begins to prepare himself for the Apostleship to which he felt he had a Divine call. For four years he takes lessons in the spiritual life from that great master of asceticism, St. Martin of Tours, the Apostle of Gaul, who was a near relative of his on his mother's side. He assists at the death-bed of that holy Bishop, and witnesses that memorable scene when, with the gates of Heaven already open, the dying saint consents to prolong his life, if he was still necessary to his people. Then, by prayer and pious pilgrimage, for thirty-five long years, does our Apostle patiently wait until God thinks fit to give him the sign.

Ah! my dear brethren, can we realize the weight of this heavy cross placed upon the shoulders of our young Apostle—a cross which Almighty God seems to reserve for His favorite saints? The project of St. Patrick for the conversion of the Irish people is laughed at—he is treated with scorn and derision for his seeming folly—he is looked upon as a visionary—from no human quarter does he receive the least particle of encouragement. Aye, even Providence seems to have abandoned him. His ecclesiastical superiors, whose voice to him was the voice of God, are opposed to his ideas. He is obliged to drink, to the very dregs, the chalice of humiliation. But he never falters for a moment in his determination—he never loses faith in

HIS DIVINE VOCATION.

He lived in what might be called the age of the Doctors of the Church. He was contemporary with St. Jerome, St. John Chrysostom, St. Ambrose and St. Augustine. But these great champions of the Church thought only of spreading the faith within the limits of the Roman Empire, whose vast territory had been handed over to her by Constantine, fifty years before the birth of St. Patrick. But our Apostle looked beyond the seas. His eyes were ever fixed on that little island. His thoughts by day and his dreams by night were that he might bring salvation to the Irish people. His youth was fleeting fast—his manhood passing away—gray hairs were silvering his locks—old age was creeping upon him, and his life-work was not yet begun.

Day by day he followed the setting sun as it sank in the far-off west, and his longing eyes seemed to pierce the thick forests of that little Isle rising out of the Western sea. Years rolled on—it seemed as if the time would never come—and yet St. Patrick never doubted his Divine mission. Like Abraham, about to sacrifice his only son, and yet believing that the Messiah would surely spring from his seed; like Joseph, seeing Mary with child and ignorant of the mystery of the Incarnation, perplexed yet never doubting for a moment the chastity of his immaculate spouse,—so St. Patrick, whilst the sanos of life were seemingly ebbing away, always believed that God would in some way, albeit mysterious and unknown, enable him to accomplish the task which he so implicitly believed was imposed upon him.

Ah! My beloved brethren, the ways of God are not the ways of men. Thus passed forty long years of preparation

and the dream of his life was not yet a reality, the mission which he knew that God had given him to do was not even begun. But he never doubted—he knew that God was the author of life and death and would protract his life if necessary that that mission might be accomplished. And so at the age of sixty years he is consecrated a Bishop, receives his mission from the hands of Pope Celestine, and sets forth, with a light heart and full of faith, to begin his gigantic task—the conversion of Ireland. He thought only of bringing salvation to the Irish people; he did not see the ulterior designs which God had in view. Ah! could he have drawn aside the veil and peered into the distant future, and seen

THE WONDERFUL DESTINY OF IRELAND, in his humility he would have shrunk from the singular honor of being the instrument of its conversion.

When we reflect on the extraordinary mission for which St. Patrick was chosen—when we study in its every detail the mysterious character of his high vocation, when we consider the marvellous graces which must have been lavished on his soul to prepare him for a work so important, and at the same time so difficult, we begin to realize in some measure the sanctity of Ireland's Apostle.

With reason, then, do we honor the memory of St. Patrick. With reason do we invoke his powerful intercession on this glorious feast. We come now to the labors of St. Patrick in the conversion of Ireland. For twenty years he spent himself in the active work of the episcopate, and then for forty years more watched in solitude and retirement, but with tender solicitude, over the infant church which he had founded, and kept ablaze the fire of faith which he had kindled. What he was able to do in a single lifetime is simply incredible.

Think of him, like another St. Paul, weighed down by constant solicitude for all the churches, traveling constantly, and almost always on foot, over rough roads and in all kinds of weather; visiting the king in his palace, the poor in their hovels, now destroying idols and images and Druidical arts; now converting thousands and strengthening the faith of those already converted; building temporary churches, often of mud and with his own hands; consecrating Bishops, ordaining priests, passing from one end of the island to the other again and again, from North to South and from East to West, and all this with scarcely any intermission, busily proclaiming the Word of God everywhere, and in such a manner that kings are so struck by his burning eloquence that they either embrace the new religion themselves or freely tolerate it amongst their subjects and allow their sons and daughters to publicly profess it.

I shall not attempt, my dear friends, to describe to you in detail the labors of our Apostle. So prodigious were they that his biographers tell us that St. Patrick founded upwards of 700 churches, consecrated 300 bishops and ordained 1,000 priests. Such was the vocation—such the life and labors of St. Patrick. Add to these superhuman labors the sincerity of his personal mortification. Think of him wearing constantly a rough and coarse hair shirt; in beating his body even in sleep; spending a great part of the night in prayer and meditation, often immersed in the water of some cold spring, observing the most rigid fasts, retiring to a mountain to spend the holy season of Lent, keeping in his company several lepers and washing with his own hands their sores and ulcers. He seemed to be one of those saints raised up by God to humble the human mind by confounding all its rules and calculations.

Seven hundred years after a man appeared in the world with a character somewhat similar to St. Patrick—I mean St. Francis of Assisi. The illustrious Bossuet, his eloquent panegyrist, could not find better words to explain the mystery of his life than those of Tertullian: "It is credible because it is foolish; it is certain because it is impossible." Here, too, lies the only interpretation of the strange and extraordinary life of St. Patrick.

THE FRUITS OF HIS APOSTLESHP.

A few words now on the result of his Apostleship: It is often said that Irishmen are carried away by a kind of enthusiasm on St. Patrick's Day, and are apt to exaggerate the work of our glorious Apostle, and that there is nothing so very wonderful after all in the conversion of Ireland. Ah! my dear friends, no one who has read history will make such an objection. Nothing wonderful in the extraordinary conversion of Ireland and its preservation of the Faith for so many centuries in the midst of the severest trials and bitterest persecutions? Four or five millions of brave warlike people, at the voice of one man, without a struggle, submissively place themselves under the yoke of Christ, and become devout children of the Church. Is there nothing wonderful in this? Other nations met with fire and sword the messengers sent them to announce the glad tidings of Redemption, and Christianity was sown only in the blood of martyrs. But Ireland presents the

UNIQUE EXAMPLE IN HISTORY

of a nation in which the shedding of a drop of blood. Is there nothing wonderful in this? Other countries usually receive the faith from a corps of well-tried missionaries from old Ireland single-handed, but St. Patrick comes to Ireland single-handed, and takes his coadjutors from the very ranks of a pagan people, and builds up from the converts whom he has baptized with his own hand a devoted priesthood, and his infuses into their souls his own burning zeal. Is there nothing wonderful, I ask, in this? Other Apostles have had to leave their work to be finished by inferior men, but, almost by a miracle, the life of St. Patrick was lengthened out to the extraordinary term of one hundred and twenty years, and for 60 years after the power of paganism had been broken in Tara our

MONTREAL, MARCH 17, 1897.

## OUR SOUVENIR

In Commemoration of the Golden Jubilee of St. Patrick's Church, Montreal.

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Press Opinions and an Appreciation From a Well-known Writer.

A SECOND EDITION ISSUED.

To those who have seen our Souvenir Number in commemoration of the Golden Jubilee of St. Patrick's Church we need add nothing to what we have already said as to our desire and pains (not to speak of outlay) to make it worthy of the occasion. We tried also to make it a memorial of one of the greatest celebrations, religious and social, that the Irish community in this city has undertaken; as well as to be interesting to the people in Canada—in Toronto, in Kingston and Ottawa, and other cities, towns, villages and rural districts of Ontario. As to the Maritime Provinces also we desired that it should be as praiseworthy in its records of the past "Down by the Sea" as here, at the head of ocean navigation. But we would call special attention to the mass of rare and precious information gleaned from the hitherto unpublished minutes of St. Patrick's Parish, as well as to the records of St. Ann's, St. Gabriel's, St. Mary's and St. Anthony's parishes.

The local press and a well-known writer speak of our Souvenir in the following terms:—

Miss Annie Sadler.

The Souvenir Number of THE TRUE WITNESS is deserving of the highest praise. Its mechanical details are perfect; it is admirable in design and execution; its type is clear and delightful to the eye. The richly-colored cover has representations of St. Patrick's, the senior Irish Church of Montreal, as well as of the Apostle of Ireland, and of Erin, who stands crowned with shamrocks and a harp in her hand. In the background is a Celtic Cross and the sun of Ireland rising above the horizon. The hand some supplement, also highly colored, has St. Patrick's Church, with her various offshoots, the other Irish churches of Montreal. It has also the arms of the four provinces of Ireland, and a harp, a Celtic cross, and a vignette of St. Patrick, all delicately wreathed with shamrocks, green and gold. Turning the leaves of the journal, the pictures are, again, most interesting and finely executed. The old Recollet Church, the interior and exterior of St. Patrick's with the new statue of St. Patrick, sent from Rome with accompanying relic, the Pastors, old and new, of St. Patrick's, Fathers Connolly and O'Brien and Dowd, and Quinlivan. There are also pictures of St. Ann's, St. Mary's, St. Gabriel's, St. Anthony's, St. Bridget's, with their respective pastors, St. Ann's carries the reader back to the time of Father O'Farrell's pastorate, he becoming afterwards Bishop of Trenton, and Father Hogan, who was a typical Synodical Atoner of a bygone day. There are also portraits of Archbishop Walsh, Clergy and O'Brien, accompanying interesting details of Irish Catholic progress in Ontario and the cities by the sea. The letter-press, of course, this Souvenir Number being that of the Golden Jubilee of St. Patrick's, dwells much on the first beginnings of the Irish congregation, when it met at the Recollet Church or Bonsecours Chapel, and its subsequent development, with accounts of many notable citizens of Montreal, who were also parishioners of St. Patrick's Church or its early benefactors. The various charitable institutions and societies, with total abstinence or benevolent, are also noticed. Many of these are sleeping on the mountain side, during the fifty years in which their parish church and the people of their race have progressed and grown to maturity. It makes a most interesting chronicle of priests and laymen. Altogether this Golden Jubilee Number is a splendid success, reflecting credit not only on its editors and publishers, THE TRUE WITNESS Publishing Co., but on the Irish Catholics of Montreal. It is deserving of widespread patronage, selling at the moderate price of 25 cents.

Montreal Daily Witness.

In honor of its being the fiftieth anniversary of the opening of St. Patrick's Church the TRUE WITNESS has brought out a special souvenir number which is exceedingly well got up. The cover is a very pretty one, consisting of a golden panel pictures of Hibernia with her traditional harp, a view of St. Patrick's Church from the corner of Alexander and Leguacheiere streets and a medallion portrait in colors of St. Patrick himself, all of which rest on a gold ground. The contents of the number

comprise a history of St. Patrick's parish in length and also shorter ones of the parishes of St. Ann's, St. Gabriel's, St. Mary's and St. Anthony's respectively, all of which are written in such a manner as to be deeply interesting to all citizens of Montreal, irrespective of creed. The history of St. Patrick's Parish also includes to a certain extent that of the old Bonsecours Church and the Recollet Church, in both of which services used to be held for the English-speaking Catholics in the city before they had any special place of their own for the purpose of worship. A full report is given of the steps that were taken which finally resulted in the building of the present St. Patrick's Church, including an account of the laying of the corner stone on Sept. 25th, 1843.

A supplement is also published with the number consisting of excellent views of the five English-speaking Catholic churches, St. Patrick's being in the centre; they are all on a pale green ground surrounded with a gold border.

Montreal Herald.

The jubilee of St. Patrick's Church gives the TRUE WITNESS an opportunity to issue one of the best souvenir numbers it has yet presented to the public. It is splendidly gotten up, profusely illustrated, and full of interesting matter, not only about the church, but about the growth of Irish Catholicism in Montreal. The early history of the congregation from 1817, when it was ministered to by Father Richards—a convert to the faith—in Bonsecours Church, up to 1843, during which period the present edifice was erected, is traced minutely. The minutes of the several meetings held in connection with the project are given and are worth reading. A detailed description is given of the church and its pastors, accompanied by fine views and portraits. St. Ann's, St. Gabriel's, St. Mary's and St. Anthony's each receive mention, with portraits of past and present pastors. There are two excellent articles on "Irish Catholic progress in Ontario," and "The Sway of the Celt down by the sea," with portraits of Archbishops O'Brien, Cleary, and Walsh. In a handsome supplement, printed in green and gold, are given views of the five churches, intermingled with Irish and Canadian emblems.

Montreal Star.

One of the finest memorial publications issued for many a day in Montreal is the Golden Jubilee number of the TRUE WITNESS. The occasion is the fiftieth anniversary of St. Patrick's Church. The beautiful number is worthy of the celebration.

The TRUE WITNESS Jubilee number consists of thirty-two pages of most interesting reading matter and beautiful illustrations. One of the leading articles is a history of English speaking Catholics in Montreal, with pictures of old Bonsecours Church, a page illustration of St. Patrick's Church in 1857, and portraits of some of its most distinguished priests. This article is a valuable contribution to Montreal's history. Two full page illustrations show the interior of the church, and besides these there are large cuts of St. Patrick's Presbytery, the boys' school, the girls' school, the orphan asylum, and St. Bridget's House of Refuge. Another interesting illustration is that showing the figure and relic of St. Patrick. The number also contains historical sketches of St. Ann's, St. Gabriel's, St. Mary's and St. Anthony's parishes, with portraits of their clergy. The progress of the Irish Catholics in different parts of Canada is discussed in separate articles. A large sheet suitable for framing is enclosed. It contains fine illustrations of the Irish Catholic Churches of the city, the whole beautifully ornamented in green and gold.

The TRUE WITNESS Jubilee Number is worth keeping.

Montreal Gazette.

The occasion of the fiftieth anniversary of the opening of St. Patrick's Church has been utilized by the TRUE WITNESS to publish a souvenir number, which is very interesting, both in its appearance and its contents. The cover is nicely designed, green and gold predominating. A Gothic panel carries St. Patrick's Church, while the Apostle of Ireland, with the traditional crozier, occupies a medallion space, under which is an allegorical figure of Hibernia and the harp, with a background of sunset. The supplement, which is evidently intended to be framed, consists of a Celtic cross, the centre of which is filled with a picture of the church, flanked by the harp and cross, while the provincial arms round out the curves. Other accurately drawn pictures of St. Ann's, St. Mary's, St. Anthony's and St. Gabriel's adorn the page. The contents of the paper form is, however, the most interesting feature. The history of the foundation and growth of St. Patrick's Church is given with a minuteness of detail that makes it valuable at this late day, and shows that away back fifty years ago there was a very generous spirit existing in religious matters. A touching story is told of Father Richards, who was a martyr to the ship fever plague in 1847, and then, as far away as 1841, we find names of prominent Protestants on the subscription list that helped to build the church. The first name on the list is the Bunk of Montreal, £125; then follow Hon. Joseph Masson, Michael Tobin, Albert Furniss, £100 each; the Bank of the People, Hon. Dominic D'Jy and Miss Berthelot gave £50 each. Then follows a long list of 225 each, among the names being Hon. Peter McGill, Hon. George Moffatt, John Holmes, Attorney-General Ogden, John D'Amour, Wm. Ritchie & Co., Oliver Berthelot, John Molson, John Collins, Peter Dunn, Peter Devins, Thos. Ryan, Sir Charles Sydenham, Sir Charles Bagot, Sir Charles Metcalfe and others. Short histories are also given of St. Ann's, St. Gabriel's, St. Mary's and St. Anthony's parishes. Irish Catholic progress in On-

tario is dealt with in a retrospective and prospective way. The Souvenir number is profusely illustrated with well printed portraits in half tone. Altogether it is a very valuable and creditable issue from the press and will serve the purpose for which it was intended.

La Presse.

We have just received a handsome Souvenir, published by THE TRUE WITNESS, in connection with the Golden Jubilee of St. Patrick's Church. It reflects the highest credit on the publishers, and is worthy of the great occasion.

## THE ANCIENT FLAG OF IRELAND.

A LETTER BY MR. KAVANAGH, Q.C.

DEAR SIR.—The statement is made by M. H., in his "Notes and Comments," in this week's TRUE WITNESS, that the ancient flag of Ireland was a golden harp on a dark blue ground, and that it was not till the Rebellion of 1798 that green was adopted as the national colour, because it came of the fusion of orange and blue, and thus represented the union of Catholic and Protestant Irishmen of that time.

This theory is probably new to many of your readers, and therefore in asking M. H. to be kind enough to state the grounds on which he bases it, I feel I am asking for information that will not be interesting to myself alone.

I have seen it stated elsewhere, but on what authority I know not, that the flags of the Irish Brigades in the service of France were not green, but light blue. The very strong presumption is, that if they did not carry the national colors of the French army in which they served it was because these exiled Irish soldiers had stipulated for leave to carry the colors then recognized to be those of their own country, and proof of the fact, perhaps, would be the most convincing that could be offered on the subject. And besides this, the enquiry might turn out to be of special interest to Irish Canadians, since evidence has been already gathered to show that Irish troops, carrying an Irish flag, served under M. de Montcalm in Canada and were present at the battle of Carillon, as well as at the second battle of the Plains of Abraham. *L'Esprit de Carillon* is still preserved, and I believe, in the possession of the relatives of the late Mr. Baillarge, Q.C. of Quebec. My brother, Rev. Father Kavanagh, S.J., of Loyola College, has seen this old flag, and tells me that it has the appearance of having once been of a "light blue colour." Had it been a distinctively French flag, its colour must have been white, since the flag of the Bourbon Kings of France was the four-deeply-deepened blue.

But, to come back from this digression,—there is probably much to be said in favor of green as the national colour of the ancient Irish flag. Moore was evidently of this opinion, and, though it is not usual to quote poets as authority on historical subjects, it must be admitted that Moore was deeply versed in Irish history. Moreover, Moore was eighteen years of age in 1798, and if the green flag was then adopted for the first time it is difficult to imagine that he could have been ignorant of it. However, from more than one of his melodies his opinion is apparent that green was in ancient times the colour of the Irish flag. For instance, his lines:—

"Let Erin remember the days of old,  
When her kings, with standard of a harp,  
Led the Red Branch Knights to danger."

And, in the last lines of "The Song of O'Rourke, Prince of Breffny":—

"But onward! the green banner bearing  
Go, flash every sword to the hilt."

Referring, again, to your paragraph and the statement there made, that the flag of ancient Ireland was "a golden harp," it is not rather "the Sunburst"? In a note to the melody,

Moore says: "The Sunburst" was the "fanciful name given by the ancient Irish to the Royal Banner." But the device on the flag is of less importance than its colour. There can be little doubt that green is the color generally accepted now by Irishmen all over the world as the national colour. If, however, it were proved that previously some other had been the national colour, and that green came to be adopted for the first time when the Catholics and Protestants of Ireland united in 1798, it is worthy of remark, that, throughout the century to be completed next year, the Catholic Irish have stuck to the bargain and been true to the green.

Recent events give reason for the hope that the Protestants of Ireland will all of them soon return to "the wearing of the green," the colour symbolical of Hope. —For Ireland's hope lies in the union of her sons, in the fusion of orange and of blue, which, as your correspondent reminds us, results in the colour of "the chosen leaf of Bard and Chief, old Erin's native shamrock."

Yours truly,  
HENRY J. KAVANAGH.

Montreal, 14th March, 1897.

"Now," said the lawyer, "I cannot take your case unless you tell me the whole truth."

"What shall I tell first?" asked the client, peering between the bars.

"Well, you might let me know fully how much money you've got.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Loverly—Miss Deary, I can conceal my thoughts no longer—  
Miss Deary—Why, Mr. Loverly! how you really had thought all along? Have perfectly you have concealed them, to be sure. Oh, what a capital actor you are!—Philadelphia North America.

Candied cherries or dried ginger find a place on the five o'clock tea-table.

## THE IRISH BARD.

An Interesting Outline of History of Irish Song.

By Dr. Hyde, President of the Gaelic League.

Dr. Douglas Hyde, President of the Gaelic League, lectured in the Leinster Lecture Hall, Dublin, choosing as his subject, "The Evolution of the Irish Bard." The lecture was under the auspices of the Gaelic League, and was well attended. We take the following extracts of the lecture from the Dublin Freeman:—

Dr. Hyde, who was received with applause, said that in attempting to trace the evolution of the Irish bard he was standing upon the only ground in Europe except one in which the history of song could be traced back with certainty for twelve hundred years, and in all probability as far back as two thousand years. He came before them to a certain extent under false pretences, for, although his lecture was entitled "The Evolution of the Irish Bard," unfortunately it turned out to be only a history—a history of something that was not, that had started and had become enormously great and had died away. Before proceeding further he should like to address a few words in Gaelic to the members of the Gaelic League, who in the teeth of coldness, apathy, and even open opposition had for the last three years been working night and day on behalf of one of the most noble things for which any set of men on this earth could work, namely, the language of their ancestors.

Dr. Hyde then spoke in the Irish language urging the members of the Gaelic League to continue their fight, notwithstanding apathy and depression, for the spread of their native tongue. Proceeding with his lecture, he said that verse in some form was in all countries an early development in the direction of literature. The ancient poetry of Ireland seemed to have conformed to metrical system what we, but appeared to have been a kind of chant. A great deal of the Brehon Laws which seemed to consist of prose really consisted of a rude rhythmic chant which supplied proof, if it were needed, of their antiquity. Although overwhelming losses had overtaken their literature, which suffered more persecution than any except that of the Armenians, they had preserved four tracts, one as early as the twelfth century, which contained large accounts of the Bardic system as it existed before the foot of a foreigner ever polluted these shores. By comparing together these tracts they were enabled to arrive at some idea as to the Bardic system of Ireland. He asserted, without fear of contradiction, that there was no country on the face of the earth, now or at any other period of the world's history, where the

ART OF POETRY WAS SO CULTIVATED

or revered, and better still for the little poets, so remunerative as it was in Ireland. Soon after St. Patrick's time they left the crude chanting verse, and then followed the regular rhythmic metre, although the unrhymed form remained as relics of the past centuries afterwards. Having referred to the distinctions which prevailed among the bards, classified as freed bards and unfreed bards, he proceeded to say that the greatest danger that ever threatened the bards was when King Aedh Mac Ainmire attempted to get rid of them altogether, owing to their audacity and the difficulty of satisfying their demands. A convention was held which lasted over a year, and the result was the reduction in the number of the bards that were maintained. If, however, they lost in numbers, the bards were compensated in another way; for, if their wanderings through the land received a check, they obtained a greater status in the country. Certain lands were conferred on the bards, and they were obliged to give poetic instruction on the lines of universities. This was in the year 630, and for nearly a thousand years afterwards these lands which had been settled on the bards remained hereditary, and went down to bardic families. A belief seemed to prevail to the effect that the bards could kill people with their satire, and this was one of the few Irish beliefs that had found a foothold in English literature. Reginald Scott, in a book on witchery published in 1665, said of the Irish, "They do not even stick at affirming that these bards can rhyme any man or beast to death."

Whether the bards possessed that power was a matter on which they might entertain philosophic doubts, but one thing they could be sure of, and that was that the bards succeeded very well in getting themselves killed—they were excellent in doing that. The advent of the Danes led to great suppression of the bards. They were not allowed to give instruction, and at about this time the distinctions of different classes of bards died out and became forgotten. After the battle of Clontarf, bardic literature received another impetus which lasted until the coming of the Normans again brought confusion. The statement as to the slaying of the Welsh bards by one of the Edwards was now looked upon as a fiction, and their mind revolted at the idea of it. Most audacious acts were passed against the Irish bards in Elizabeth's reign, and the reasons which were given to justify them were as false as the usual English habit of eponymy of the period could ever attain. One of the reasons given was that the ditties and rhymes of the bards were in commendation of rebellion and rapine, and encouraged the nobles to follow all kinds of vices. The bardic colleges remained as civilizing centres for the cultivation of art from

the time of Cormac M'Art down to the 17th century. About that time they died out, and it was doubted if one of them existed in the 18th century. People often confounded the bards with the harpists, but the real bards did not carry harps; they were verse makers, and were no more musicians than the Poet Laureate was. If the Irish language must go, which, please God, would not happen as long as the Gaelic League was in existence, let them transplant into the English what they had to give and what was worth giving to check that blighting spectre, the Anglicisation of the Irish poets.

## St. Patrick's Day

[CONTINUED.]

Rev. M. Callaghan's Concert.

There is no feature of the celebration of St. Patrick's Day which awakens greater enthusiasm amongst the rising generation than the admirably planned and highly entertaining afternoon concert for the boys and girls of St. Patrick's parish which the Rev. M. Callaghan holds annually at the Victoria Armory. Every available space of the main hall and adjoining corridors was occupied. Long before the hour for the opening number of the programme standing room was at a premium.

The programme which we give below was carried out under the supervision of Rev. Father Callaghan, who has a method peculiar to himself of urging the children to excel in their little tasks.

Address.....Rev. M. Callaghan  
Piano Duets....."St. Patrick's Day"  
Lilly and Floesie Costigan  
Comedy....."The Hypochondriac"  
M. Fitzgibbon, J. Powers, J. White  
F. J. Chambers, J. Stevens  
Song....."The Ship I Love"  
Mirth and Mystery.....  
Paulina Nueli  
Prof. Dalvino, the Magician  
Song....."Only Me"  
Thos. Cowan

Umbrella Drill.....  
Kindergarten class of St. Patrick's School  
Farce....."The Academy of Stars"  
J. Stevens, Jas. O'Loughlin, Eog.  
Finn, J. Raville, J. DeLaney,  
Fr. Finn, Will Fleming,  
J. Lynch

Xylophone Solo.....  
Ben Danning  
Play....."My Uncle the Captain"  
A. O'Leary, J. Nolan, T. Hogan, J.  
Murray, O. O'Neil, G. Gummere  
Piano loaned by Willis & Co. Accom-  
panist, Miss M. McAnally

The entertainment was a grand success both financially and artistically, and Rev. Father Callaghan is deserving of the highest praise for his worthy efforts to instill into young minds a spirit of love for the land of their parents.

Mount St. Louis College.

In keeping with the past custom of the Mount St. Louis College, the pupils held their annual celebration of the National Festival, on Monday afternoon. There was a large attendance of the parents and friends of the students.

The programme consisted of a six-act drama, entitled Pizzaro, and a number of instrumental and vocal selections.

St. Gabriel's Parish.

The entertainment given under the auspices of the St. Gabriel's Total Abstinence and Benefit Society, on St. Patrick's Night, was a delightful treat to those fortunate enough to be present. The Stereoscopic Views of Ireland were very beautiful and realistic, bringing the most romantic and picturesque spots in the Counties of Cork and Kerry into the midst of the audience.

It was not merely a series of Irish pictures thrown upon a canvas to be admired, but a complete transition from present surroundings into the very heart and centre of Ireland's life and Ireland's beauty, and the audience was put in touch with the throbbing pulse of Erin and brought into close communion with the spirit and genius of the Isle. From the opening scene until the last the interest was unabated, for the Rev. lecturer captivated his audience with his rich power of expression.

The final picture of Valentia Island, the Irish terminus of the Atlantic Cable, was briefly described, and then Father McCallan, in a brilliant peroration, expressed his sentiments of veneration and respect for the land of Erin, that had so long been travestied, slandered, and calumniated, and he appealed to the younger generation to lift up their voices in defence of the land of their fathers, to acknowledge with pride their Irish origin, and to study more closely the features and history of a land that had been the early school of nations, the teacher of mankind, and the evangelizer of the world. Ireland was the seat of wisdom at which scholars from all lands knelt until the days of the Reformation came, when the gleaming crown of knowledge was rudely torn from her brow and trampled in the dust and all but the priceless jewel of Faith snatched from out her grasp. Miss Herbert, a number of beautiful Irish songs rendered with exquisite taste at intervals during the presentation of the views.

A novel addition to the evening's pleasures was the presentation of an illuminated address to the genial pastor of St. Gabriel's, Rev. Father O'Meara, which was written in Gaelic. Mr. Moran, who read and interprete it, performed the feat in a very satisfactory and enjoyable fashion and also contributed a bit of folk-lore and legend relative to the heraldic devices displayed on the shields of the four Irish Provinces, and a brief de-

scription of that land of perpetual youth and joy—the favored Tier-na-oge.

Rev. Father O'Meara, in a few well-chosen words, voiced the gratification of the audience, and of St. Gabriel's T. A. & B. Society and his own hearty thanks, to the Rev. Father McCallan, Miss Herbert, Miss O'Byrne, who presided at the piano, and Mr. Moran, for the pleasure and instruction they had bestowed on all present.

St. Mary's Parish.

The parishioners of St. Mary's upheld their reputation this evening by the splendid and enthusiastic manner in which they closed the day's celebration at their charming hall on Craig street. The entertainment which was held under the auspices of the Holy Name Society.

Rev. P. F. O'Donnell, the pastor, presided, and promptly at 8 o'clock introduced the president of the Society, Mr. Thomas Jones, who, in a neat speech, thanked the patrons of the organization for the splendid measure of enthusiasm they evinced in its work.

The first part of a very interesting programme, which we give below, was then performed.

Then came the feature of the evening, an address by the Rev. P. Fallon, S.S., of St. Patrick's. The Rev. Father took for his subject "The Faith of Ireland and the Source of Her Glory." During the course of an able and scholarly review of the past history of Ireland, he dwelt upon the spirit of devotion and self-sacrifice displayed by the Irish people during centuries to uphold the Faith. In an eloquent and striking manner he portrayed the principal characteristics which marked the efforts of the Irish race not only in the Old Land, but also in every clime.

Rev. Father Fallon's splendid effort was listened to with wrapt attention, and as he resumed his seat the applause was most enthusiastic. The pastor, Rev. Father O'Donnell, then arose and moved a vote of thanks to the Rev. lecturer, and thanked him for the rich treat which he had given them. Ald. Charpentier seconded the pastor in well merited words of praise to Rev. Father Fallon for his instructive address.

The second part of the programme was then proceeded with, and one of the best social gatherings ever held in St. Mary's was brought to a close. The following is the programme:—

FIRST PART.  
Opening remarks.....Mr. T. Jones, President  
Selection of Irish airs.....  
Prof. James Wilson  
Chorus.....St. Mary's Choir  
Mr. T. Emblem  
Oration—"Labor Question"  
Mr. N. J. McIlhorne  
Song.....Master John Phelan  
Comic Song.....Mr. Jas. Doherty  
St. Cecilia Mandolin Club  
Half hour with Prof. Chas. Coombs.....  
Ventriloquist and Humorist.

SECOND PART.  
Song.....Mr. F. Harkins  
Comic song.....Mr. Jas. Doherty  
Song.....Mr. Wm. Clarke  
St. Cecilia Mandolin Club  
Song.....Master Jas. Flynn  
Prof. Chas. Coombs.....  
Ventriloquist and Humorist  
Accompanist, Prof. Jas. Wilson.

At Mount St. Mary.

The pupils of Mount St. Mary Convent also observed the Feast of St. Patrick. The Very Rev. Canon Bruchesi invited Rev. Martin Callaghan, S.S., of St. Patrick's, to say Mass in the Chapel of the institution, and to address the Nuns and pupils afterwards. At the close of the Mass, Rev. Father Callaghan delivered an eloquent discourse, during the course of which he emphasized the importance of the day, which most strikingly asserted the union of faith and patriotism. He sketched in the most telling language the spirit of prayer and zeal which marked the apostolate of the Irish Apostle. The singing of the special choir was appropriate and exquisite.

Cornwall's Celts Celebrate.

[FROM OUR SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT.]

CORNWALL, Ont., March 17.—The principal celebration of the National Festival here took place to-night in the Music Hall, under the auspices of St. Columban's Court of the Catholic Order of Foresters, when the romantic Irish drama, "Kathleen Mavourneen," was produced before a crowded house and was quite an artistic success. The leading role of Kathleen was assumed by Mrs. A. S. McDonnell, and her interpretation of it was most favorably commented upon, while Mr. W. V. Boyd as Terence O'Moore was received with enthusiasm. The several other characters in the play were very creditably represented by Misses Cassie O'Neill and Maud Cameron, Messrs. A. J. McDougall, J. E. MacPhee, W. R. Fairman, H. Brown, R. D. Mulcahy, J. P. Kerwin and E. Snettinger. Dr. G. H. Weagant, under whose supervision the play was produced, is to be congratulated on the success which attended his efforts.

Master Curran, of Mount St. Louis College, acted as accompanist for Master J. J. Shea at the entertainment given by the Ancient Order of Hibernians in the Windsor Hall, on St. Patrick's night.

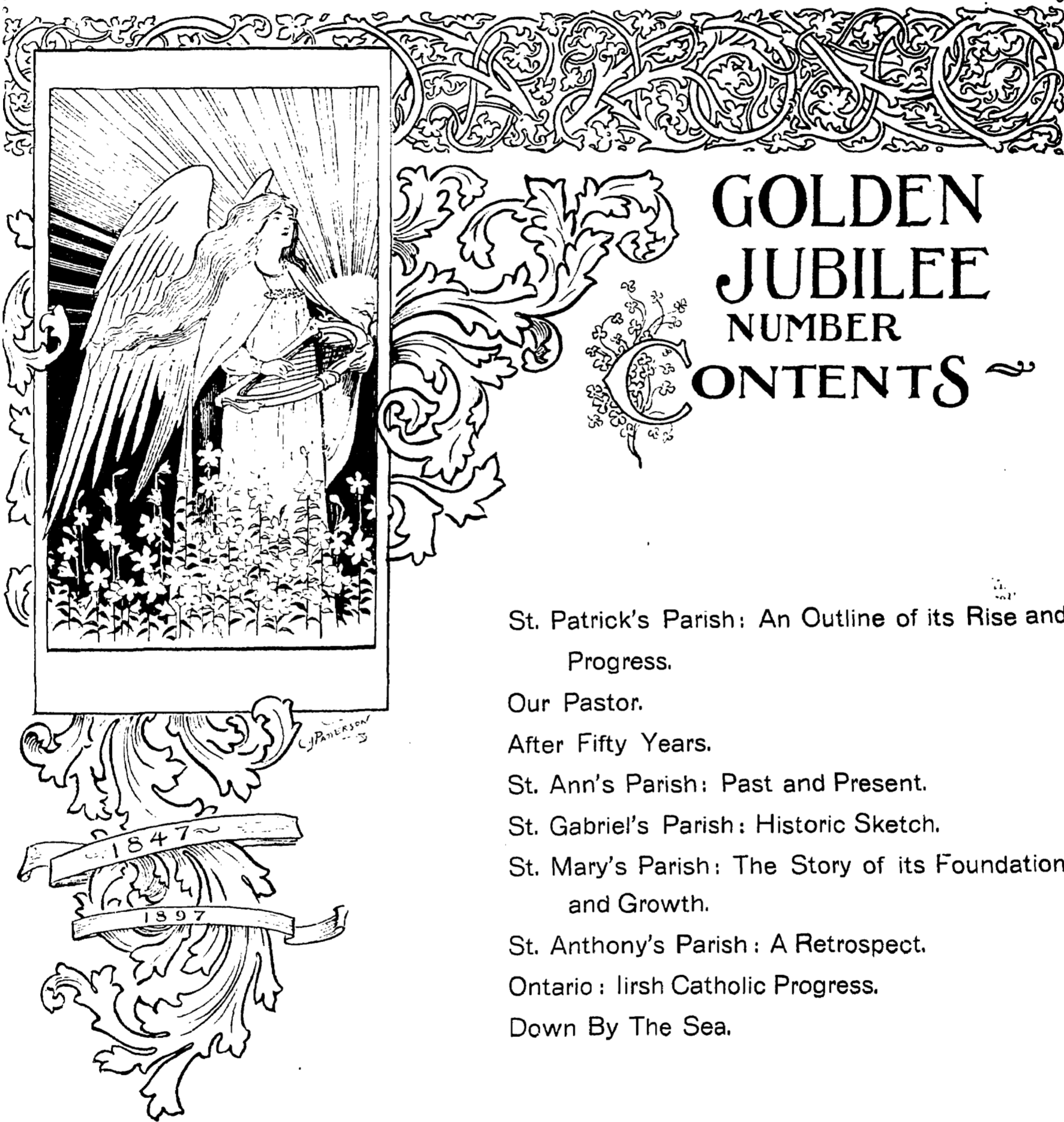
PERSONAL.

"There are six necessities, you know, for a happy marriage."  
"What are they?"  
"First, a good husband."  
"And the others?"  
"The other five are money."

To remove ink stains from the fingers wet them and then rub the ink marks with the sulphur end of a match and the stains will quickly disappear.

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## THE TRUE WITNESS



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IN TUBES READY FOR MAILING.

great Apostle, like a father, guided his loving children. Four Bishops, one after another, succeeded him in the See of Armagh, but St. Patrick was always the first Bishop and Apostle, and until his death he was the undisputed TEACHER OF THE FAITH IN IRELAND.

Most nations after the Gospel has been preached to them pass through several stages of gradual development, and it is only after long years that they become fully matured in the faith, but in Ireland there was no such period of transition.

RE-FOUND WITH THE PRAISES OF GOD. The newly converted Christians not only give freely their substance to maintain the new religion, but sacrifice, what is dearest of all to them, their sons and daughters, whom they cheerfully consecrate to the service of God.

There was no desert," says Jocelin, the ancient writer, "no spot or hiding place on the island, however remote, which was not peopled with perfect monks and nuns, so that throughout the world Ireland was justly distinguished by the extraordinary title of the "Island of Saints."

YAMOUS SCHOOLS AND UNIVERSITIES. She sends her missionaries forth into the whole of Europe, either to preserve from the ravages of the barbarians the conquests which the Church has already made after the peace of Constantine, or to plant the faith in every country of Europe which has not yet received the precious seed; and so wide was the scope of her evangelization during this golden period, and it is a remarkable fact, and a fact which is sometimes overlooked in the study of Irish history, that even at this very day there are few towns in France, Belgium, Germany, Switzerland or Italy, in which some Irish Saint is not held in veneration for having lived there as an Apostle or died there in the odor of sanctity.

No wonder that devotion to St. Patrick is not confined to that little island which was the field of his labors, nor circumscribed by that nationality which glories in his name. As a proof of this, I might tell you the story of the "Flowers of St. Patrick."

Away in the heart of sunny France, a few miles from the celebrated city of Tours, a very remarkable phenomenon is repeated year by year, one concerning which science, as yet, has given no satisfactory explanation. This phenomenon, too little known, consists in the blossoming, in the midst of the rigors of winter, of the blackthorn, *prunus spinosa*, commonly called the *slie*. This remarkable shrub is to be found at St. Patrice, upon the slope of a hill not far from the Chateau de Rochechotte. The buds swell, the flowers expand, as in the month of April, and cover the boughs with odorous and snow-like flowers. This singular growth of flowers has been repeated every year from time immemorial. The oldest inhabitants of St. Patrice have always seen it take place at a fixed period of the year, no matter how severe the season may be, and such has always been the ancient tradition of their forefathers. However, this phenomenon is limited to the locality and to the shrub in question. Cuttings transplanted elsewhere have only blossomed in the spring.

The incredulous will object that, after all, the circumstance is not more extraordinary than the flowers of the lilac in November, when the buds, by an unwary mistake, suppose that in the still, mild temperature they have found the soft breath of spring. But the blackthorn of St. Patrice grows, develops, and bears fruit in the most icy temperature, even when the thermometer is away below the freezing point.

beautifully meet and blend devotion to the Apostle of Gaul and devotion to the Apostle of Ireland. Ah, my dear friends, where can we find anything in the whole history of the Church to parallel the fruits of our saint's apostleship? No wonder, then, that Irishmen are proud of Saint Patrick and glory in being the children of such a saint, and natives of a country with such a glorious history.

In concluding, my dear friends, there is one thought which is uppermost in my mind and that is, will the children of St. Patrick be faithful in the future as they have been in the past? It is related that a little before his death the Saint, filled with apprehension for the new-born Church which he had founded, composed what may be fittingly called his last will and testament. In the document which he has left us in his Confessions the language shows us how he was conscious that he was restoring to God a nation which he had held in trust for his Master. Wherefore, he says, in that beautiful prayer, "may my Lord avert that it should ever come to pass that I should lose His people which He has gained at the ends of the earth."

And must we not believe that a little later, when his pure soul winged its flight to his home beyond the skies, that he ceased not to repeat before the throne of God this self-same prayer: "May my Lord avert that it should ever come to pass that I shall lose His people which He has gained at the ends of the earth." Yes, for 1400 years this prayer has echoed through the vaults of Heaven, and for 1400 years has it not been most marvelously answered? No wonder, then, that your hearts glow with holy joy on this two-fold feast at once—the Golden Jubilee of your church and St. Patrick's Day.

And now, as I say the last word, methinks a spell comes over me; my eyes rise heavenward, and I see another congregation looking down from above and joining in the celebration of this festival. I see the souls of the just made perfect; the spirits of your departed ones, all those who through this gate of Heaven, your beloved church, have passed into life everlasting. There are the little ones whom a loving Providence called home while yet wearing the spotless robe of their baptism—there is that grand procession of loyal, faithful Catholics, who in this sacred temple heard the Word of God and were fed on the Bread of Life, and persevered to the end in the practice of our holy religion—there is that long line of prodigal children, who within these hallowed walls heard the loving voice of the Master and returned with sorrow to their father's home—there are those heroic souls who were here inspired to do and dare great things for God, to climb the rugged heights of sanctity, to consecrate their lives forever to His service. Oh yes, even as the beloved Apostle St. John saw a great multitude which no man could number, of all nations and tribes and people and tongues, standing before the Throne, and in sight of the Lamb, clothed with white robes and palms in their hands, so too I fancy I see this other assembly of the elect, linked to you by that sweet bond of the Communion of Saints, coming out this morning to greet you in triumphal jubilation and to share in your rejoicing on this your festival day. Yes, I see them pleading for you before the Great White Throne, beseeching the Father of Lights to open your eyes to the treasure which you possess in this House of God, that it may be for you also, as it was for them, the Gate of Heaven.

All hail, then, House of God, Gate of Heaven—dear old St. Patrick's of Montreal—go on with thy divine work, glorify God in saving immortal souls, glorify thy children pass in unbroken ranks through thy portals into the mansions of life eternal. And when we shall have passed away from earth and another generation will have taken our places on this stage of life—when other lips will sound thy praises and another congregation will gather round this altar to celebrate a brighter anniversary, the centenary of thy birth—oh, may the swelling chorus of thy progeny in the Church Triumphant rise higher—may the glad psalms of thanksgiving of thy children in the Church Militant ring out louder, and be echoed and re-echoed through the vaults of space until the music of the blended song falls upon our ears with soothing sweetness, as we stand before the face of the Omnipotent.

THE MUSIC. As we announced in our last issue, Prof. J. A. Fowler, the talented and enthusiastic organist of St. Patrick's, had composed a Mass specially for the occasion.

St. Patrick's Choir has achieved many victories in the past, but on this occasion the members, under the direction of their efficient organist and director, simply surpassed themselves by the clever manner in which they interpreted the several parts of the Mass. Prof. Fowler is to be congratulated for his triumph he has achieved in his last composition in honor of the Jubilee. The solos, which were written for the different singers, were given in a very finished manner by Messrs. J. J. Rowan, G. A. Carpenter, C. E. Smith, J. Murray and F. Cahill. The "Benedictus," a charming part selection, was effectively rendered by Messrs. D. McAndrew, J. Legault, J. Kennedy, O. Brennan, T. Wright, M. Corcoran, W. J. Crowe and R. Cherry. At the Offertory, Professor Gruenwald played Beethoven's "Romanza in G" as a violin solo.

The orchestra of the Mass was also very beautiful. Mr. G. A. Carpenter acted as conductor and performed his duties with ability. At the conclusion of the religious ceremonies the procession reformed in the following order: Ald. Thos. Kinsella, marshal-in-chief, The Congregation of St. Anthony, not members of any society. Band and Banner. The St. Anthony's Young Men's Society, The Congregation of St. Gabriel, not members of any society. The St. Gabriel Total Abstinence and Benefit Society. Band and Banner. The Congregation of St. Mary, not members of any society. Band and Banner. Holy Name Society. Band and Banner.

St. Mary's Young Men's Society. The Congregation of St. Ann, not members of any society. Band and Banner. The St. Ann's Young Men's Society. Band and Banner. The St. Ann's Total Abstinence and Benefit Society. Band and Banner. Congregation of St. Patrick, not members of any society. Boys of St. Patrick's School. Band and Flag. The Ancient Order of Hibernians. Band and Flag. The Young Irishmen's Literary and Benefit Association. Band and Flag. Irish Catholic Benefit Society. Band and Banner. Catholic Young Men's Society. Band and the Father Mathew Banner. The St. Patrick's Total Abstinence and Benefit Society. The St. Bridget's Banner. Band and Banner. The St. Patrick's Society. The Mayor and invited Guests. The Clergy.

The procession was not a vision in green. It was a reality, a substantial testimonial of the Irishman's love of faith and country. Every Irish Catholic society was represented and every Irishman that could possibly join in the ranks was there. The line of march was well arranged and the gathering was most representative, and altogether it was a most successful procession and a fitting announcement of our patriotism.

At the close of the procession Dr. Guerin, M.L.A., president of St. Patrick's Society, and Mr. C. R. Devlin, ex-M.P., delivered brief addresses, congratulating the members of the various societies on the patriotic manner in which they assisted in celebrating the day.

St. Patrick's Society. The members of the parent Irish organization of Montreal, St. Patrick's Society, have every reason to feel proud of the manner in which they celebrated the evening of St. Patrick's day at the Monument National. Dr. Guerin, M.L.A., the president, occupied the chair, and on the platform were the prominent representatives of the different national and benefit societies, including Mr. S. S. Bain, President of the Caledonian Society; Mr. J. H. McKeown, President of the Irish Protestant Benevolent Society; Mr. Joseph Richards, President of



PROF. J. A. FOWLER, ORGANIST AND DIRECTOR OF ST. PATRICK'S, COMPOSER OF JUBILEE MASS.

the St. George's Society; Ald. E. G. Penny, M.P.; Mr. W. A. Anderson, United States Consul; M. Cieczkowski, French Consul General; Mr. M. F. J. Quinn, M.P.; Ald. Kinsella, president of the Irish Catholic Benefit Society; Mr. M. Sharkey, president of the St. Patrick's T. A. & B. Society; Mr. J. Killefer, president of the St. Ann's T. A. & B. Society; Mr. J. Heffernan, president of the St. Mary's Young Men's Catholic Association; and Mr. C. R. Devlin, ex-M.P.

The chairman, in opening the proceedings, referred to the double celebration of the National Festival and the Golden Jubilee of the dedication of St. Patrick's Church, as well as pointing out the necessity for all Irishmen and sons of Irishmen to become associated with the Society over which he had the honor to preside. A splendid programme of music followed, participated in by some of the leading amateurs of this city, the opening numbers being a quartette, "The Last Rose of Summer," excellently rendered by Miss Louise Daly, Mrs. Kellond, and Messrs. Lebel and Chambers. This was followed by a vocal selection by Miss Louise Morrison, "The Emigrants," who gave a charming rendition of this old favorite air. Miss Morrison, who was formerly well known in Montreal, has just returned from New York, where her well cultivated and rich soprano voice was favorably criticized by the local press. Her singing of "The Vales of Arlow" was most artistic and calculated to place her in the front rank of vocalists in Canada. Miss Louise M. Daly was delightful in her rendition of "Tadgy O'Flynn" and "The Kerry Dance," and received a well merited encore. A little bird whispers that Miss Daly will soon be lost to the amateur concert stage. Miss Jennie Hoyle, violinist, played some appropriate selections, which were greatly admired, and this young lady will probably not be heard for some time, as she intends leaving at an early date for New York to

further pursue her studies. Ernest J. Chambers, whose fine bass voice was in excellent condition last night, sang "O'Donnell Abo" and "Ashore," a plaintive old Irish melody in finished style, and was warmly applauded. Mrs. Kellond's songs were nicely sung, and Messrs. Lebel and Rouleau sang a couple of Irish songs most artistically rendered. Miss Mamie Stafford, the well known and clever young elocutionist, was accorded a royal reception as she came forward to deliver one of her spirited declamations. This talented performer manifested great fervor and ability in her performance and it was fully appreciated by the large gathering. The Mines brothers danced. Prof. Saucier was the accompanist of the evening. The Mount St. Louis Cadets, the winners of the Duke of Connaught Banner appeared in the second part of the programme and gave one of their splendid exhibitions of drill, every movement of which was enthusiastically cheered. As they retired from the stage the spectators again renewed their applause, testifying in a marked manner how highly they appreciated the artistic and clever performance of the gallant little contingent.

Mr. C. R. Devlin, ex-M.P., was introduced during the second part of the proceedings and delivered an able and patriotic address in which he complimented the Irishmen of Montreal for the magnificent celebration which had taken place. Continuing, he said that on this occasion he found himself in a role to which he had not become quite accustomed, that of making a speech to his fellow citizens in which he had to be careful not to touch Canadian politics. He was now no longer in the parliamentary arena and could no longer be an active partisan except in the broad sense of advocating his country's interests and making known to the best of his humble ability his great resources and future possibilities, a duty which had always been congenial to him and in which he hoped he would never be found wanting. (Applause.) He then drew a short but forcible contrast between the position of the Irish nationality in this city to-day and that which it occupied fifty years ago and in so doing he made no distinction between Catholic and Protestant. They were all sprung from the same root, and if they were not always united that was the one thing and the only thing which clogged their progress and prevented their completely outdistancing their competitors.



PROF. J. A. FOWLER, ORGANIST AND DIRECTOR OF ST. PATRICK'S, COMPOSER OF JUBILEE MASS.

Give the Irishman a chance and he was bound to come to the front. Englishmen were splendid soldiers, but it was a noteworthy fact that their grandest generals were Irishmen, and to-day they were led by a soldier of that nationality. In parliamentary life many of England's most distinguished statesmen and orators were Irishmen. He cited the official criminal statistics to show that Ireland was freer from crime than any other country in Europe. All that was required to obtain for Ireland home rule, national independence and the position and prosperity which she ought to have, was unity among her children both at home and abroad (applause). He turned his attention to his mission as Immigration Commissioner. His object was not to bring out laborers to compete with our own laboring classes in our cities, but to direct to the fertile lands of Canada both in the East and West, those people who had determined to emigrate, who had some means, and whose object it was to take up farming in this country and secure for themselves happy and prosperous homes, which they could not do under the existing conditions and circumstances in the old land. Far from him was the desire to bring out people who would take the bread out of the mouths of our working classes, but we had vast tracts of fertile lands crying out for settlement, and the settlement of which by a hardy and industrious and law-abiding class would bring prosperity to our cities and work to our laborers and it was to supply to some extent this want that he intended devoting his efforts. He was not going to encourage Irishmen to leave who were content to remain at home, but only proposed directing to this country those who had made up their minds to try their fortunes in the New World. As an instance of what could be done by a hard thrifty peasantry in Canada, he pointed to the Gattineau Valley which fifty years ago was uninhabited, but in which to-day, forty miles above the

Capital, you could find a township populated entirely by Irish Catholics, and as prosperous and happy a township as you would find in the country, and fifty years ago these people or their sons had gone there without means save the axe with which they hewed their way to independence and comfort, and the stout heart and strong arms behind it. He closed an interesting address by speaking feelingly of his exit from political life.

Young Irishmen's T. A. & B. Ass'n.

The Young Irishmen's Literary and Benefit Association produced "Shaun Aroon" at the Academy of Music, as their contribution to the end of the day's festivities. "Shaun Aroon," according to the programme, is a sparkling Irish Comedy-Drama and the audience fully concurred in all that the programme said and even more. The house was filled from orchestra to the upper gallery and the success of the entertainment was well deserved.

During a period of nearly a quarter of a century this patriotic organization has occupied a leading place in the ranks of national societies. Its efforts to promote the good cause, whether they took the form of a handsome subscription in aid of Home Rule, to awaken a spirit of enthusiasm for a study of the Irish language, or, as on this occasion, to present a sterling drama reflecting the traits of character of the Irish people, it has always been successful. The performance was a splendid one. The parts were well chosen and the production was creditably staged and every person in the audience was in sympathy with every line, and so failure was impossible. The plot of "Shaun Aroon" is out of common with the usual run of so-called Irish plays, but the characters were about the same. The happy, rollicking Shaun, the rascally agent, the unfortunate farmer, the gentlemanly hero, the brave heroine and the joyous colon. All were there and welcomed as old friends.

The cast of characters was as follows:— Shaun Aroon, a roving fellow with a light purse and a lighter heart..... Mr. Jas. J. McLean. Lord Fernoy, "disguise as Bad Andy," a good hearted landlord..... Mr. J. Smith. Fergus Riordan, Fernoy's rascally agent, Mr. F. J. Gallagher. Dan O'Grady, a sturdy old farmer..... Mr. J. P. O'Grady. Tom O'Grady, his son..... Mr. Jno. P. McLean. Old Hennings, a money lender..... Mr. J. S. McCarrey. Nipper, a detective..... Mr. John E. Stattery. Patrick, a servant..... Mr. Geo. Morgan. Mrs. O'Grady, Dan's wife..... Miss Ada Brossard. Molly, his daughter..... Mr. Maggie Talbot. Maggie, a maid servant..... Miss Sadie Dowling.

As Shaun, Mr. McLean was very good, and as Maggie, his sweetheart, Miss Dowling was charming. Mr. Gallagher's rendition of *Foans Tiordan* was very acceptable. A very unusual piece of character work was that of Mr. J. S. McCarrey as the old money lender. Miss Maggie Talbot was well received as Molly O'Grady.

Incidental to the play several songs and dances were introduced and were all well rendered. Previous to the opening of the performance, Mr. W. J. Murphy, president of the association, addressed the audience, thanking those present for their appreciation and outlining the work and objects of the Association.

St. Patrick's Academy.

The pupils of St. Patrick's Academy, under the direction of their kind teachers, the Rev. Sisters of the Congregation of Notre Dame, held a charming festival of their own on the afternoon of March 16, in honor of the Golden Jubilee of St. Patrick's, and it was marked by a rare tone of exquisite taste, deep feeling and graceful expression, that was, after all, but an echo of the culture daily instilled into their young minds in this well-known educational establishment.

Their pretty hall had been completely transformed into a bower of beauty by festoons of evergreens and roses. Around the beautiful shrine of the Blessed Virgin were grouped the invited guests, Rev. Father Quinnivan, Pastor of St. Patrick's; Very Rev. Dean O'Connor, the Rev. Fathers White, Hogan, Wiswell, Doyle, C.S.R., Rev. J. McCallen, S.S., Rev. Father Fallon, Rev. Father Driscoll, Rev. M. Lusier, S.S., several *Sœur Grises* and a large number of the former pupils of the Academy. The story of those "fifty fruitful years" was charmingly told in music, poetry and song; and the pupils, one and all, seemed filled with the joyful spirit of the glorious festival. There were the little "lots" of the Kindergarten class who so gracefully presented baskets of flowers or bunches of "Erin's shamrocks" to the favored guests; the intermediates, who in glowing language proclaimed to all that "Ireland's hero is her priest"; the seniors, who personified her priest; the Guardian Angel of Time, Memory, the Guardian Angel of St. Patrick's, and the years eighteen, forty-seven and eighteen ninety-seven, relating in dignified terms the various events that marked each period, and paying feeling tributes to the memory of their beloved Father Dowd, their kind Father Toupin, with delicate allusion to the zeal and devotedness of their present pastor and his associates. Then came Joy, with her many sprits, claiming allegiance from all and ruling the hour with undisputed sway, as was proved by the outburst of applause accorded them. The instrumental music was of a high order, the selections being chiefly "Irish Melodies" rendered on pianos, violins, and mandolins. There was a grand

chorus, "Golden Bells," and one or two solos in which the bird-like notes delighted the listeners. Altogether, the celebration was an additional proof of the varied and distinguished talents of the pupils of St. Patrick's Academy as well as of the tact and devotedness of their cultured instructors.

Ancient Order of Hibernians.

The large audience which filled the Windsor Hall to fittingly close celebrating the National Feast, must be accepted as proof of the esteem in which the Ancient Order of Hibernians is held. The programme provided was one of special interest to all Irishmen. This organization made a splendid showing in the procession in the morning and their success was continued in the evening. The entertainment was a brilliant affair and reflected great credit on the Order. The opening remarks, delivered by County President Geo. Clarke, dealt with the aims and objects of the Society, and the benefits offered to members. The Ladies' Auxiliary, of which two branches have been organized recently, was also intended to aid young women in instilling into their minds the leading features of the history of the Irish Race, and their duties as daughters of Erin. The speaker then enlarged on the special advantages to be derived through being associated with this branch, and closed his able speech by an earnest appeal to all women to join in the good work.

Mr. E. Halley, recently a delegate to the Dublin Convention, then entertained the audience to some very interesting glimpses of Ireland's scenery and historic spots, during the course of which St. Gabriel's Choir, under the able direction of Mr. John S. Shea, rendered a number of national songs and choruses. The exhibition drill, by the uniformed Hibernian Knights, was greeted with rounds of applause. The execution of the various movements would have made some of our militia corps feel that they will have to look to their laurels if they intend to retain their position in the field. The success achieved by the Hibernian Knights is largely due to the untiring energy of their youthful Captain, Mr. Francis Thomas Rowley.

The feature of the evening however was the address of the Rev. W. J. O'Sullivan, of Montpellier, Vt. The Rev. lecturer chose for his theme, "The Heritage of the Sons of Erin." After expressing the deep sense of pride he felt in addressing such a magnificent assemblage of Irishmen in the metropolis of Canada, the Rome of America, he expressed especial delight in being honored by the invitation, as Montreal was the scene of his early days and preliminary preparation for the position which he now occupied. The speaker then proceeded to dwell upon the remarkable progress of the Irish people the world over, and referred to their dauntless courage in the struggle to maintain allegiance to their Faith. "It is," he said "well for the rising generation to study and contemplate the story of the past and appreciate the inheritance, and strive to be worthy of the record. In witnessing the celebration to-day, it seemed to him as an observer, what a splendid race of men the Irish were; strong, vigorous and martial like. Join courage, said he, with a spirit of chivalry to these external qualities, and what might not these men perform. The history of every civilized country on earth bears the truth of this assertion. On the battlefield, in America and Europe, the Irish have illumined every page of history with glory, and to-day they are considered the grandest, strongest and bravest race on the face of the earth, and the secret of their vitality and energy is found in their morality and faith of St. Patrick.

The lecturer then paid a glowing tribute to the Irish women for their true virtue, which is proverbial; being good they are also fair and beautiful. The statue, made of solid silver, which was on exhibition at the World's fair in Chicago, was a representation of grace and beauty, and the person after whom it was modeled was a Limerick girl. Speaking of the education of the Irish, he said: "By nature the Irish boys are endowed with richer and superior intellect to many others, and it was due to this fact that St. Patrick was so successful in his work. To-day the Irish language was being taught in the Universities in Europe, and to the generosity of the Ancient Order of Hibernians a chair has been endowed in the Catholic University at Washington.

The reverend lecturer then turned his attention to many other phases of the progress achieved by Irishmen, and closed with a brilliant and patriotic expression of hope that the representatives of the Old Land in the British Parliament would, ere the dawn of another St. Patrick's Day, have solved the great problems of which unity of sentiment can alone achieve. After a vote of thanks to Rev. Father O'Sullivan, which the immense audience arose to emphasize in their appreciation of his splendid effort, Master J. J. O'Shea rendered a beautiful violin solo. The entertainment was then brought to a close.

For other reports of the day's proceedings see eighth page and supplement.

THE Best Yet Offered IN REED ROCKERS \$4.95 Only. Regular value \$8.75. We have 5 different patterns equally as good which we will close out at \$4.95 each. Special values in all lines of Furniture for the balance of this month. We will store your purchases free till wanted. PHILIP SHERIDAN, B.G.L. ADVOCATE, BARRISTER & SOLICITOR MONTREAL, P.Q. OFFICE: New York Life Building Room 706. Bell Telephone 1233. RENAUD, KING & PATTERSON 652 Craig Street.

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AUNT NORA'S CORNER.

"Such a long procession, and what a number of neat, bright, intelligent looking boys," remarked a friend, as band after band of young patriots marched by in honor of good St. Patrick.

Perhaps some of Aunt Nora's young friends will ask what is enthusiasm. Well, it's just taking an interest in whatever you are doing, with a determination of doing it well.

When the famous Emperor Napoleon said, "there shall be no Alps," he meant in his enthusiasm that he would allow no mountain, however high, to retard his progress.

DEAR AUNT NORA.—In reading the lives of great and brave men, where can we find as brave men as Dollard and his followers? They saved the colony from ruin by the Indians, their enemies.

Dear young friends, be sure you possess the right kind of enthusiasm. Many good and clever people have been wrecked on the rock of misdirected zeal.

Now do not forget, young people, that even if you do possess the right kind of enthusiasm it is not so much what you do as what you mean by it that counts.

half a second, a pace which nearly equals that of the fastest racing horse.

The monks of St. Bernard use the St. Bernard dog to find lost travellers in the snow on the mountains of Switzerland.

Dogs are useful in many ways. It is not uncommon to see them trudging along in villages and cities, carrying in their mouths baskets of meat, vegetables and fruits.

I read an account once of a drover, who had left his dog to mind his jacket while he went across a railway track to look after some cattle.

[Well, Hugh, you seem to know a great deal about the dog. Aunt Nora is certain you have one of these faithful animals that you so much admire for your own particular pet, and you might write again and tell us about the dog.

MONTREAL, March 8, 1897.

DEAR AUNT NORA.—In reading the lives of great and brave men, where can we find as brave men as Dollard and his followers? They saved the colony from ruin by the Indians, their enemies.

[Aunt Nora is glad to find you so interested in the early history and associations of your own beautiful land. Write again but only on one side of the paper.]

POETRY AND MATHEMATICS.

[From Tid-Bits.]

It is often the case that great mathematical minds are incapable of appreciating poetry. There was once a mathematical tutor in one of our great universities who was in the habit of boasting that he neither knew nor cared to know anything about poets or poetry, and considered it all "a lot of unpractical rot."

A certain brother tutor was very anxious to convert him to the admiration of fine poetry, and by way of accomplishing this gave him the famous "Charge of the Light Brigade" to read.

"Half a league, half a league, half a league," then he banged the book down, exclaiming impatiently: "Well, if the fool meant a league and a half, why on earth didn't he say so?"

FUN AT A PARTY.

"Who's Got the Whistle? is a game with no end of fun in it. Most of the party—at least all who do not know the game—should be excluded from the room where the fun is going on.

A satisfactory classification of the different kinds of dogs has not yet been arrived at. Colonel Hamilton Smith classifies the domestic dogs as follows: Siberian, Iceland, Equimaux, Newfoundland, Nootka, Sheep, Great Wolf, St. Bernard, German hound, Danish, Maitain, Irish hound, Lurcher, Greyhound, Egyptian, Bloodhound, Southernhound, Stag-hound, Foxhound, Pointer, Setter, Spaniel, Waterdog, Foxterrier, Collie, Mæciff Bulldog and the Pugdog, etc.

The shepherd dog, called the sheep dog, a variety which was probably one of the first that civilized and settled, man called to aid him to preserve his flocks from beasts and birds of prey, is remarkable for its great brain and sagacity.

The foxhound is noted for hunting foxes. Its height is about twenty-two inches. It is very quick and able to scent the fox's trail as it goes along.

ply. The Emperor then asked if he was disappointed in love? At this the corporal found his tongue, and replied that he wished to marry Marguerite, the daughter of his sergeant major, but that her father would not give his consent until he became a sergeant.

THE BIBLE AMONG THE "HEATHEN."

Some Queer Uses Made of the Sacred Book Distributed So Lavishly by Protestant Missionaries.

We have been spending millions upon so-called translations of the Bible, which have been spread broadcast throughout the world. Here are a few additional uses to which English Bibles are turned:

They have been used, says Dr. Wells Williams, "The Middle Kingdom," vol. ii., c. 19, p. 343, "on the counters of shops in Macao, cut in two for wrapping up medicines and fruits, which the shopman would not do with the worst of his own books."

There are many ways in which people may prove benefactors of the human race. There are those who of their abundance spend large sums in erecting public buildings and beautifying public parks.

St. Gabriel's.

LIST OF PUPILS ON ROLL OF HONOR OF ST. JOHN EVANGELIST ACADEMY.

Graduating Class.—Misses Annie J. Skelly, Katie Flood, Julia Robert, Katie Finn, Annie Polan, Lucy Hayes, Alice Byrne, Laura Robert, Cassie O'Brien, Annie E. Skelly, Mary O'Brien, Ella McMillwaine.

Second Class.—Misses Florence Dunn, Annie E. Colligan, Katie Armstrong, Bertha Pigeon, Annie Broden, Winifred Kelly, Ethel Butler, Gertrude Gleason, M. Killeather, R. McCullough.

Third Class.—Misses Annie Donnelly, Beatrice Fennell, Mary McCaffrey.

Fourth Class.—Misses M. B. Duffey, Ellen Cartier, Mary E. Sullivan, A. O'Connor, Bernedette Rennie, Ellen Polan, L. Walsh, E. Wright, A. Pigeon.

Fifth Class.—Misses M. Armstrong, E. Foley, E. Dunberry, E. Harrison, C. Waldron, N. McMenamin, D. Cartier, W. Boyle, Florence Faquette, Lena Edmunds, Kathleen Quinn.

People buy Hood's Sarsaparilla year after year because it does them good. It will do you good to take it now.

Mabel (studying her lesson)—Papa, what is the definition of volubility? Mabel's father—My child, volubility is a distinguishing feature of your mother when, on account of urgent business affairs, I don't happen to reach home until after 2 o'clock in the morning.—Baltimore News.

"Jones is a sly dog," remarked Aiken. "He always has something up his sleeve." "Has, eh, what is it?" "The seam."—St. Paul Dispatch.

For Indigestion Horsford's Acid Phosphate Helps digest the food.

LUBBY'S PARISIAN HAIR RENEWER. RESTORES GRAY HAIR TO ITS NATURAL COLOR. STRENGTHENS AND BEAUTIFIES THE HAIR. CURES DANDRUFF AND ITCHING OF THE SCALP.

POVERTY OF THE BLOOD.

A TROUBLE THAT IS MAKING THE LIVES OF THOUSANDS MISERABLE.

IT BRINGS IN ITS TRAIN, NERVOUSNESS, PAINS IN THE BACK AND SIDE, HEAD-ACHES, HEATACHES, HEART PALPITATION AND RESULTS FATALLY WHERE EFFICACIOUS TREATMENT IS NOT RESORTED TO.

From the Sarsaparilla, N.B., Record.

There are many ways in which people may prove benefactors of the human race. There are those who of their abundance spend large sums in erecting public buildings and beautifying public parks.

The Tobacco Question.

The Rev. Lewis Edwin Pease, of the Church of Our Father, Grand avenue and Lefferts place, Brooklyn, recently preached a sermon especially for young men upon "Two Sides of the Tobacco Question."

Of special interest to Irishmen is the symposium, "What is best for Ireland?" which opens with a statement from the pen of the distinguished prelate of Raphoe, Rt. Rev. Patrick O'Donnell, from which we take the following extracts:

What is best for every nation is the blessing of God. In the wide sphere of national well-being what is best for Ireland is Home Rule or government and administration of Irish affairs from within the country and not from without.

those who are addicted to it. There was a sense of companionship in a cigar or pipe after a meal, or in a social gathering, which was indeed delightful, and they were both consoling and refreshing when a man was tired after a day's labor.

OUR REVIEWER.

DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE.

Donahoe's Magazine, always a welcome visitor, has surpassed its usual excellence in the March number, which is a credit to the Irish race in America.

"In the Crescent City in '62," William Peard tells the story of the capture of New Orleans by the naval forces of the Federal Government, as an eye-witness of the event.

Of special interest to Irishmen is the symposium, "What is best for Ireland?" which opens with a statement from the pen of the distinguished prelate of Raphoe, Rt. Rev. Patrick O'Donnell, from which we take the following extracts:

What is best for every nation is the blessing of God. In the wide sphere of national well-being what is best for Ireland is Home Rule or government and administration of Irish affairs from within the country and not from without.

Michael Davitt considers "two things essential to the future welfare and prosperity of our country, namely, the destruction of Irish landlordism and the abolition of alien rule."

character (referring to over-taxation, should have the effect of uniting all Irishmen, of all creeds and parties, in a determined effort to emancipate the country.)

William O'Brien voices the answer that occurs to most Irishmen,—"some sensible settlement of the difference among Irish Nationalists,"—and he advises Irishmen abroad to shake off their lazy theory, that the best way of arbitrating between Irish parties is by condemning them all alike, and desiring them to be more vigilant and less indifferent as tending to a quicker and more enduring union at home.

P. O'Neill Larkin puts the blame on the masses in Ireland, "who have failed to stick to the great common sense principle which is absolutely essential to national success, viz: unity of object and harmony of action to attain the object."

From the field of politics we are taken to the study of "The Franciscans in the United States," in which Martin McGillicuddy gives us a collection of valuable facts about the growth of the Order in the Republic.

"Patsy-Boy," an Irish tale, by Mary Markwell, is continued, and Pierce Humbert contributes an article on "Senator Wolcott's European Mission."

"England's Robbery of Ireland," by George McSweeney, B.L., Dublin, deals with the Royal Commission on the Financial Relations between Great Britain and Ireland, and the overtaxation of the latter country.

The poetry of the number is very good, and varied in subject. Henry Coyne contributes lines entitled "Sweet Isle of Dreams," P. B. Mellish a "Sonnet," and J. T. Gallagher, M.D., lines on "Emmet," which were to be read at the Emmet Anniversary celebration, in Monument Hall, Chateaufort, March 4th.

Donahoe's deserves the support of every Irish Catholic family, for it is a creditable reflex of the talent and genius of our race.

Montreal, Can., Feb. 22, 1897.—We have received the Paper Dolls sent for one trade mark from Hood's Pills and 10 cents in stamps, and we are much pleased with them.

Hood's Sarsaparilla is the best spring medicine.

J. B. DEVLIN, B.C.L. JOSEPH BRISSET, LL.B.

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# WOMAN'S WORLD.

BY OUR OWN REPORTER.

**T**HERE is a lull in the world of Fashion. The new millinery has been displayed, inspected and criticized; the played, inspected and criticized; the first instalment of summer goods has been laid out on the dry goods counters and received its due share of admiration. Feminine curiosity has been satisfied. Undergo a careful pruning and nipping that will tone them down to the level of a quieter and more refined taste. The Lenten season is not the time for lavish display in dress, a quiet, unassuming garb in sober tints is deemed appropriate to the penitential time, and even the leaders of Fashion recognize this and provide themselves with special costumes for that period.

Dress, however, has little to do with the true spirit of penance, and the majority of women, instead of disturbing themselves with the preparation of a Lenten toilette, are content to add a few accessories to their winter gown and await the coming of Easter before donning their spring finery.

## The Embroidery Season.

**F**ROM Paris comes the news that everything is embroidered this year. Cashmeres, tulle, velvets, muslins and satins are all decorated with exquisite hand embroideries. So the young lady with plenty of leisure may employ her time in embellishing a summer gown with her own needlework that will be the envy of her less fortunate sisters. So heavily embroidered with gold and silver threads are some of the latest French creations that they look like tissues prepared for church uses.

Jane Harding's latest tea gown is of white crepe de chine, embroidered all over in bouquets of honeysuckle in their natural colors. Another gown of yellow silk muslin has scattered Parma violets embroidered on it. Gray cashmere is greatly worn in Paris.

## Summer Dresses

**O**NE of the favorite materials for summer dresses will be cashmere. Not the cashmere, however, of past seasons, but a new and improved light-weight weave, showing the most delicate and subdued tints, and of a texture as soft but more buoyant than silk materials. The inevitable strips of satin or moire that is the chief pattern in the goods of this season is seen in the cashmeres also, running through the flowers and leaves that lavishly bestrew the surface. For delicate afternoon gowns, cashmeres are to be bought in green, lilac, and a dusty yellow, figured over with knots of heliotrope and its grey-green leaves, maiden-hair fern, and primulas, white violets, clematis, and pigmy tulips.

## The New Millinery.

**P**ED is among the favorite colors of the present weeks. It is seen in the early Spring millinery, and neckties of vivid scarlet are worn by many as a touch of color in a sombre gown.

Some of the new French millinery show very oddly shaped hats formed of gilt straw tulle and green, violet, or brilliant red Milan braid. Light, airy tulle will be greatly favored on Easter hats as well as for models for the entire summer, and the most suitable and satisfactory qualities are the tulle laces, with applique patterns, which are well adapted for the effects now required by fashion. Old and very striking colors are still used on all fashionable headwear, and flowers, ribbons, laces, tulle pom-poms and fancy clasps and slides are heaped in bewildering profusion on the latest French creations.

Chiffon or crepe-lisse frills, accordion-pleated in ivory, white, cream, butter color or black, will be one of the trimmings of the dressy Easter hat or bonnet. Some of the shapes are literally covered with the pleatings and a number are lace-edged and prove most becoming to the wearer.

Tiny toques in solid scarlet—straw, ribbon bows, wings and all, are considered smart for morning wear.

Flower bonnets are very pretty and most becoming, and with the present floral fad at its height, they will be eagerly sought. Some of these bright little creations are provided with triple strings of the narrowest velvet ribbon, which are tied under the wearer's chin in an immense bow like the fashionable chrysanthemum.

**N**ew Styles of Hairdressing.

**T**HE Post, N.Y., says: There is no one "style of hairdressing" that prevails in the world of fashion, for it has finally come to pass that in the matter of the coiffure few intelligent cultivated women follow any universal mode or iron rule in the arrangement of their hair, but they are governed solely by their own particular cast of countenance and their individual fancy. As a result, a medley of graceful and becoming styles of coiffure is noticed at any fashionable evening gathering that is not infrequently quite an artistic study. The compact, austere braided coil at the back of the head is popular with many women, especially those who elect for the trim princess bonnet shapes. The very fashionable styles for evening are the high-rolled Pompadour, Josephine, and Medici coiffures, with or without the full pulls above the roll; the Empire arrangement, with the hair in a large bow-knot effect at the top of the head. In the back, with glittering diamond or paste pins thrust in here and there. The low broad Russian coiffure, with hair in deep waves over the brow and sides of the head, is a special style; so is the arrangement of Greek knots with classic bands of gold or silver set with small precious stones, to bend down the ripples of hair, which must be most luxuriant—a style seldom to be ventured upon. There is also the coiffure with braids in a chateleine, caught up with a large Alsatian bow or hair ornament; the Clys style, with three or four very short curls bound with a soft braid of hair in

the centre of the head; or, instead of a braid, three or five light puffs are mingled with the curls. This is a very chic and pretty coiffure for a blonde. The Naomi coiffure shows a length of very abundant hair, lightly braided, and wound round and round the crown of the head, like a fluffy aureole, and fixed with tiny gem-set pins. Other very elaborate arrangements combine tresses knotted, puffed, braided, and waved, giving the effect, when done, of a great wealth of woman's crowning glory. Its opposite is a severe coiffure, adjusted with plain rich tortoise-shell pins. Then come the Spanish styles, with the inevitable high back comb, and coiffures in the unique modes of the ultra-English order—the hair parted in the centre, and minus wave, puff, or ornament; and, lastly and latest, the new mode copying the coiffure of Mrs. McKinley—the hair short, curling all over the head, with jewelled side-combs holding the rings in place above the temples.

## The Streamers Will Wave

**T**HERE is no limit to the variety of bodice decoration, but among the leading modes are surprise effects, many of the folded corseages ending in graceful scarf ends that are finished with lace and insertion when of delicate textures. Smart little jacket bodices and boleros are also as popular as if this was the initial season of their vogue.

Ribbons will be used profusely by modistes in the construction of summer toilettes, and the rich and beautiful ribbons in plain and fancy patterns and colors provide effective and dainty decorative materials for maid or matron, and they will be used in a greater variety of ways,—in pulls, bands, girdles, braces, bow-knots, plastrons, rouches, stripes, etc.—than ever before. It is very fashionable to wear a sash going over one shoulder from the belt. The sash disappears under the folded waistband, but a very large butterfly bow with upstanding loops marks its introduction. The ribbon reappears below the belt, and then falls low on the skirt under the huge bow. The so-called "Tribby" bow covers the shoulder for several inches front and back; and in many cases, on full-dress evening toilettes, the satin or moire ribbon falls in three ends on each side, nearly to the waist.

Sterling silver earrings and medallions have disappeared from the fashionable purses and card-cases, which are richly plain and of choice quality.

## About Sleeves.

The new small sleeves are so varied that all tastes may be pleased. Very little stiffening is used, and that little is confined to the top of the puff. All sleeves are made long over the hand.

A frill of lace, silk or chiffon is added to those of sufficient length of themselves.

By remodelling your old large style sleeves, you can make your dress look quite up to date.

## Hints for the Household.

Jet trimmings and passementeries often become dull and rusty. They may be cleaned and freshened by wetting a piece of soft black cloth in alcohol diluted with a little water and rubbing it over the trimmings. Portions of the passementeries that have become browned from wear may be greatly improved by brushing with shoe polish.

When preparing sandwiches for a large company they frequently have to be made a number of hours before they are needed. If a napkin is rinsed in hot water and wrapped around the sandwiches, which should then be placed in a cool place, when used they will be found as fresh as if just made.

A successful palm grower says he has found that these plants thrive best when they are often treated to a milk and water sponge bath instead of one of clear water. The leaves then are not so likely to become defaced by withered brown spots, but will keep glossy and fresh.

Often when most needed it is found impossible to heat an oven in sufficient time for baking potatoes for the early breakfast. If the potatoes are first boiled from ten to fifteen minutes, then taken from the water and put into the heated oven, they can be quickly finished, and are as good as when the cooking is done in the oven.

An attractive way of preparing fried bread, or croutons, as they are called, for serving with soups, is to cut the slices of bread in small circles the size of a silver quarter; place them upon a tin with a little soup stock. Put the tin in the oven and cook the bread until it is crisp and brown. While hot dip them in melted butter and quickly roll in grated cheese.

A nice favor may be given to a broiled steak by cutting an onion in halves and rubbing the cut edges over the heated platter intended for the steak. The platter should contain a little melted butter.

When having occasion to hang out clothes in winter where a frost is likely to stiffen them and injure the fabric, this can be obviated by putting a handful of coarse salt in the last rinsing water and letting it dissolve before putting in the articles under treatment.

To polish brass kettles or anything brass that is very much tarnished, first rub it with a solution of oxalic acid and then dry and polish with rotten stone or very fine emery dust.

## FATAL RESULTS OF DELAY.

Sickness generally follows in the path of neglect. Don't be reckless! but prudently take a few doses of Scott's Emulsion immediately following exposure to cold. It will save you many painful days and sleepless nights.

**BEST FOR WASH DAY USE SURPRISE SOAP BEST FOR EVERY DAY.**

## Lenten Dishes.

### PLANKED FISH.

Mrs. S. T. Rorer, in the March Ladies' Home Journal, tells how planked fish may be served in the most modest home as well as in the high-class hotels and clubs:

"The peculiar flavor imparted by the heating plank makes the fish more delicious than when cooked in any other way. If one has a gas stove, the method is quite simple, but the oven of a coal range may also be used with success. Secure a two-inch plank the size of the oven, made from hard wood, oak or hickory; when ready to use put it in the oven until it is so hot that you cannot bear your hand on it for an instant. Have the fish split down the back; put it, skin down, on the hot plank; dust with salt and pepper and haste with melted butter. In an ordinary coal stove, put it on the oven bottom, close the oven door and bake for thirty minutes, basting two or three times. When the fish is done take it from the oven, garnish with parsley and lemon, and send it to the table on the plank, placed on a Japanese lacquer tray just a little larger than the plank. Whitefish may be planked in the same way."

### ESTALLOPED FISH.

As an especial fish dainty Miss Parloa gives the following recipe in her cooking classes:

From one pint of cooked fish, free from bones and skin, one teaspoonful of salt, one quarter teaspoonful of pepper, one tablespoonful of butter one-half teaspoonful of flour, one and one-half gills of milk (this is a little less than a cupful), and four tablespoonfuls of grated bread-crumbs. Season the fish with half the salt and pepper. Put a generous half of the butter in a small saucepan on the fire; when it is hot add the flour and stir till mixture is smooth and frothy. Boil up one and stir in the rest of the sauce. Put a layer of the sauce in a small baking-dish, alternating with the fish, having a sauce on top. Sprinkle over with the bread-crumbs, and dot with the rest of the butter. Bake in a moderately hot oven twenty minutes. The caution was added that any dish made with sauce and crumbs needs that the heat should be moderate at the bottom and strong at the top. The difference between dried bread-crumbs and stale bread grated was also commented. In this dish the latter is obligatory.

### CORNMEAL MUFFINS.

Beat two eggs in a bowl, sift in a quart of cornmeal, add half a teaspoonful of salt, a small teaspoonful of soda a tablespoonful of lard, with buttermilk sufficient to make a thick batter. Beat well, bake in greased muffin tins and serve hot.

### JELLY ROLL.

Three eggs, one cup of sugar, one cup of flour, one teaspoonful of baking powder, a little salt and flavor to taste, mix in order given, beat up quickly and bake in a long shallow pan. Spread quickly with jelly, and roll in towel till cold.

### FRENCH TOAST.

Beat four eggs very light and stir with them a pint of milk; slice some baker's bread dip the pieces into the egg, then lay them in a pan of hot lard, and fry brown; sprinkle a little powdered sugar and cinnamon on each piece and serve hot.

## A Cure for Colds.

Since it seems established that an epidemic, mild but still pronounced, of grip is again upon us, it may be of value to repeat the French method of checking a cold with cologne, which two or three years ago was rather generally exploited. On the appearance of the first symptoms of the cold some good cologne should be poured on a handkerchief and freely inhaled through nose or mouth, according as one seeks to control a head or chest cold, several times a day. The best effects are secured when the upper throat is affected rather than the nasal membrane. In twenty-four hours, according to the treatment, astonishing results have been achieved. The superficial inflammation is relieved and the spread of the cold prevented.—N.Y. Evening Post.

Hair shows the innate disposition of a man or woman more than any part of the person—when the disposition is cheerful, the hair is bright, and vice versa. But as attention will improve the one, so will a few weeks application of Luby's Parisian Hair Renewer help the other. Sold by all chemists at 50 cts. each bottle.

Miss Parloa advises that warmed-over meat is best served at the next day's luncheon on a purée of some vegetable—mashed potato or spinach, chopped and mixed with a little butter and milk, the meat laid on it, and warmed in the oven, the heated sauce or gravy then poured over it. In this way the meat is not re-cooked, a condition to be avoided.

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**Legal Notices.**

PROVINCE OF QUEBEC,  
DISTRICT OF MONTREAL,  
No. 2179.

Dame Albina, alias Malvine Demers, of the City and District of Montreal, has, this day, instituted an action in separation as to property against her husband, Ferdinand Houchard dit Lavallée, of the same place.

Montreal, 5th March, 1897.  
SAINT-PIERRE, PELLISSIER & WILSON,  
31-5 Attorneys for Plaintiff.

PROVINCE OF QUEBEC,  
DISTRICT OF MONTREAL,  
No. 1888.

IN THE SUPERIOR COURT.  
Dame Flavie Raymond dit LaJoussure, of the parish of St. Vincent de Paul, in the district of Montreal, wife, common as to property, of Louis Prevost, of the same place, and duly authorized by a Judge, has taken, this day, an action before this court in separation as to property from her said husband.

Montreal, 12th February, 1897.  
BEAUDIN, GARDINAL  
LORANGER & ST. GERMAIN,  
35-5 Attorneys for Plaintiff.

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THE SIEGE OF LIMERICK.

The Initial Performance of the New Irish Military Drama by St. Ann's Young Men a Great Success.

It is no exaggeration to state that there could not be found anywhere a more enthusiastic audience on St. Patrick's night than that which gathered in St. Ann's Hall to witness the first presentation of the patriotic and soul-inspiring drama, "The Siege of Limerick," by the Dramatic Section of St. Ann's Young Men's Society.

The plot of the play is as follows: Dermot O'Gorman resolves on joining the Irish forces under Sarsfield, notwithstanding the fierce opposition of his father, who has espoused the cause of King William, and who has sworn eternal hatred against everything Irish and Catholic, going so far even, in his wrath, as to endeavor to effect the death of his own son.

The hero, Dermot O'Gorman, who had been wounded in a previous engagement with the enemy, was unable to participate in this last struggle, but his father, who, by an extraordinary intervention of Divine Providence, had become reconciled to his son, had been converted to the patriot's side and valiantly took Dermot's place, and through his heroic efforts was the means of winning the day at the fight on the bridge, which assured the ensuing victory for Ireland.

The author of the drama, Mr. James Martin (who is a member of the Society) deserves the heartiest congratulations on his latest contribution to Irish National literature, and Irish Canadians should feel proud of having such a talented and successful dramatic author in their midst.

- At St. Anthony's Parish. The parishioners of the thriving and prosperous parish of the West End, St. Anthony's, upheld their reputation this year by the measure of enthusiasm they displayed in assisting at the splendid entertainment prepared for them by the members of the Young Men's Society of the parish.

- At Bourget College. As was to have been expected from such a capable body as the dramatic section of the St. Ann's Young Men, the various characters in the play were admirably portrayed, but, without doing injustice to the others in the cast, special mention should be made of Mr. T. F. Sullivan, whose impersonation of the hero, Dermot O'Gorman, could not be surpassed.

We understand that the Society, with its usual generosity, intends to repeat the performance in Easter week, for the benefit of the St. Vincent de Paul Society, in aid of the poor of St. Ann's parish, when we trust another bumper house will greet the St. Ann's Young Men, there being a two-fold incentive for such a desirable result, viz, the laudable object for which the entertainment is given, and the intrinsic merit of both the play and the performers.

- Stan slaus—King of Sarmatia..... Mr. F. Durocher. Edmond—The Blind Boy..... Mr. C. Thivierge. Prince Rodolph—The Presumptive Heir to the Throne..... Mr. C. McKay. Oberto—A Farmer..... Mr. J. Leehy. Elvino—Son of Oberto..... Mr. M. Gorman. Starow—A Villainous Confidant of Prince Rodolph..... Mr. M. Decaire. Kalig—A Reduced Gentleman..... Mr. L. Lapointe. McIlino—A Villager..... Mr. J. McIntyre. High Priest—Bishop of Warsaw..... Mr. H. Murphy. Lida—Duchess of Lithuania..... Mr. P. Deguire. Frank, Raymond, Mr. E. Murray, Mr. W. McGreevy, Guards, Attendants, etc.

- At St. Anthony's Parish. The parishioners of the thriving and prosperous parish of the West End, St. Anthony's, upheld their reputation this year by the measure of enthusiasm they displayed in assisting at the splendid entertainment prepared for them by the members of the Young Men's Society of the parish.

- At St. Mary's College. The members of St. Patrick's Society, of St. Mary's College had their usual St. Patrick's day entertainment in the Academie Hall last evening. The entertainment was most successful and the large audience present was highly pleased. The programme presented follows: Overture..... Piano Solo Prof. Ed. Clark. Sleight of Hand..... Mr. F. J. Bernier. Mandolin Solo..... Prof. A. C. Lachance. Song..... "Killarney" Mr. A. I. Rice. Recitation..... "Une lecon d'Orthographe" Masters J. Matte and A. Raymond. Sword Feats..... Serg. Hawker. Banjo Solo..... Mr. Kenneth Miller. Song..... "Then you'll remember me" Mr. Raoul Masson. Recitation..... "David's Lament" Mr. J. Meagher. Sleight of Hand..... Mr. F. J. Bernier. Finale..... Piano Solo Prof. Ed. Clark.

- At St. Anthony's Parish. The parishioners of the thriving and prosperous parish of the West End, St. Anthony's, upheld their reputation this year by the measure of enthusiasm they displayed in assisting at the splendid entertainment prepared for them by the members of the Young Men's Society of the parish.

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ALONG THE ROUTE. Almost every house along the line of march displayed its token of patriotism or sympathy—an Irish flag or a bit of green bunting—as a tribute of honor and respect to the procession that passed their doors. Not only the residents native to the soil of Erin, or of Irish extraction, but those of other origin and belief put a festive air upon their dwellings by decorating them in a manner befitting the occasion, and the result was a picturesque and harmonious line of passage.

Long streamers of various hues, but green predominant, and bright flags and banners, fluttered a caed mille failthe to the marching ranks, and the portraits of men eminent in the history of their faith and nation were conspicuous among the numerous devices and decorations emblematic of the day, that lined the entire route.

At St. Gabriel's Church an arch of evergreens turreted and cross crowned offered its incense of resinous odors to the sons of St. Patrick as they passed beneath its green boughs and again at St. Ann's Church, on McCord street, another imposing structure of evergreens expressed the patriotism of the parish and its honor for the great festival day.

The residence of the Grand Marshal, Alderman Kineella, on St. Antoine street, was profusely and tastefully draped with Irish flags and banners and line on line of bright streamers and bunting were carried over the street and waved their salutation to the hosts below. The Hibernian Knights won golden opinions from the onlookers as they marched steadily past in a compact body like well-drilled soldiers, and at several points in the line of march they were enthusiastically applauded. This spontaneous outburst of gratification was also offered the young St. Louis cadets, who in their neat and bright uniforms made a very creditable and attractive addition to the parade.

St. Ann's Young men and their Irish jaunting car received their due share of admiration, and the little boys from St. Patrick's Orphanage, in their comfortable gray suits and red tuques, were an interesting group. St. Mary's "Home Rulers" are a promising lot of bright-faced boys and they seemed to enjoy the day immensely. The Young Irishmen's L. & B. A. made a splendid showing, under President W. J. Hinchy, who is, by the way, one of the veteran members of the organization. Rev. Father O'Meara rode in a carriage behind a quartette of high-spirited animals. St. Gabriel's parish is always enthusiastic. Rev. Father P. Sheffault, pastor, and Rev. Father Strubbe, of St. Ann's, occupied a carriage of honor, and the latter was as enthusiastic as usual in his efforts to place the stalwarts of St. Ann's in the front rank.

NOTES. The order maintained at St. Patrick's Church during the Mass was excellent, under the able direction of Marshal James Milloy, of St. Patrick's T. A. & B. Society, and his 25 trained assistants. Stephen Kerrigan, a stonemason who did the mechanical work in connection with the laying of the principal corner stone of St. Patrick's more than 50 years ago, assisted at the ceremonies to-day. The venerable Father O'Connell, whose name figures in the early records published in our Jubilee number, was present in the Sanctuary. Immediately after the conclusion of the Mass the visiting bishops and priests were entertained to a dinner in St. Patrick's Hall. The Very Rev. Father Colin, Superior of the Seminary of St. Sulpice, presided. Gold pins made exactly like the common every-day pin are used by smart young women for fastening laces and ribbons.

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Men's Clothing. Men's Fancy Tweed Sac Suits, good serge lining. Stylish Cut, \$4.75. Men's Best Navy Cheviot Serge Suits, double breasted, Italian Cloth, lined, stylish cut and well finished, \$10.50. Men's Dark Grey Worsted Serge Spring Overcoats, well made and finished, \$5.25. Men's Extra Quality Worsted Serge Spring Overcoats, silk faced, very best trimmings, full back and seamed, \$10.25. THE S. CARSLY CO., Ltd.

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