

Technical and Bibliographic Notes / Notes techniques et bibliographiques

Canadiana.org has attempted to obtain the best copy available for scanning. Features of this copy which may be bibliographically unique, which may alter any of the images in the reproduction, or which may significantly change the usual method of scanning are checked below.

- Coloured covers /
Couverture de couleur
- Covers damaged /
Couverture endommagée
- Covers restored and/or laminated /
Couverture restaurée et/ou pelliculée
- Cover title missing /
Le titre de couverture manque
- Coloured maps /
Cartes géographiques en couleur
- Coloured ink (i.e. other than blue or black) /
Encre de couleur (i.e. autre que bleue ou noire)
- Coloured plates and/or illustrations /
Planches et/ou illustrations en couleur
- Bound with other material /
Relié avec d'autres documents
- Only edition available /
Seule édition disponible
- Tight binding may cause shadows or distortion
along interior margin / La reliure serrée peut
causer de l'ombre ou de la distorsion le long de la
marge intérieure.

- Additional comments /
Commentaires supplémentaires:

Canadiana.org a numérisé le meilleur exemplaire qu'il lui a été possible de se procurer. Les détails de cet exemplaire qui sont peut-être uniques du point de vue bibliographique, qui peuvent modifier une image reproduite, ou qui peuvent exiger une modification dans la méthode normale de numérisation sont indiqués ci-dessous.

- Coloured pages / Pages de couleur
- Pages damaged / Pages endommagées
- Pages restored and/or laminated /
Pages restaurées et/ou pelliculées
- Pages discoloured, stained or foxed /
Pages décolorées, tachetées ou piquées
- Pages detached / Pages détachées
- Showthrough / Transparence
- Quality of print varies /
Qualité inégale de l'impression

- Includes supplementary materials /
Comprend du matériel supplémentaire

- Blank leaves added during restorations may
appear within the text. Whenever possible, these
have been omitted from scanning / Il se peut que
certaines pages blanches ajoutées lors d'une
restauration apparaissent dans le texte, mais,
lorsque cela était possible, ces pages n'ont pas
été numérisées.

Father Catulle Passes Away.



THE LATE FATHER CATULLE, C.S.S.R.

As we go to press we received a telephone message from the Rev. Father Strubbe, C.S.S.R., pastor of St. Ann's Church, informing us that Rev. John Catulle, C.S.S.R., so well known in Montreal and particularly in St. Ann's Parish had passed away to his reward at Brussels, on Wednesday evening. This will, indeed, be sad news to the parishioners of St. Ann's Parish, where he discharged the duties of pastor for so many years. The following is a brief sketch which appeared in the "True Witness" at the time of his departure from this city, May last.

On September 22, 1884, Rev. John Catulle, who had been appointed Superior of the Redemptorist Order in Montreal, arrived from Belgium with Fathers Godts, Capel, Strubbe and Caron, and five lay Brothers of their Order, and at once the eloquence and deep piety of their pulpit discourses attracted large numbers to their church.

The sympathy and love of the Irish congregation was stirred to its innermost depths, and the Reverend Fathers from Belgium received its generous outpourings in the well-merited respect and devotion of their people.

Rev. John Catulle, Rector of St. Ann's, and Vice-Provincial of the Congregation of the Holy Redeemer for Canada and the West Indies, was born in Ingelbrouwer, Belgium, on the 22nd of August, 1835.

It would be useless to attempt a detailed account of the work accom-

plished during the pastorate of Rev. Father Catulle, for schools and homes and halls seemed to spring from the soil of St. Ann's as if by magic and with but a very delicate touch of the golden wand of the people. No special tax harassed the parishioners, and yet the work of improvement went steadily on, but the mysterious agent that accomplished such surprising results was the generous hand of the pastor, silently pouring his own ample fortune into the parish treasury. His occasional mild appeals for help and sympathy in his undertakings met with a generous response from his devoted people. Thus a considerable addition to St. Ann's Church was built, and the interior beautified and embellished with costly objects; the altars and sanctuaries provided with furnishings of the most exquisite workmanship; new schools were opened and existing ones enlarged; a new presbytery, and a commodious and well-equipped hall for the young men erected; a "home" for old people built, and placed in charge of the Little Sisters of the Poor.

In all these good works Rev. Father Catulle was the guiding spirit, and he was ably assisted by the other Fathers of the community.

A solemn Requiem Mass will be chanted for the repose of the soul of the venerable and beloved priest, at St. Ann's Church, on Monday morning at 9 o'clock, at which his Grace Archbishop Bruchesi will officiate. R. I. P.

NATIONAL FESTIVAL AT QUEBEC.

This year's celebration of St. Patrick's Day in Quebec, recalled much of the old-time enthusiasm which marked the honoring of the feast of Ireland's great national Apostle, in this time honored city, in by-gone days. For some years past the good old custom of a street procession had been partially abandoned, until last 17th, we mean of '98, when the various Irish Catholic societies decided to renew the demonstration which every true-hearted Celt looks for on the 17th of March.

The procession then was large and creditable and it relieved the spirit of pride which genuine Irishmen cherish for their glorious faith and fatherland. This present 17th, it was decided to outdo the efforts of last year and certainly that aim was accomplished. By 8.30 o'clock the different Irish societies had mustered at the Emmet Club rooms; on Champlain street, and headed by a detachment of police and bugle band, the procession moved under the direction of Mr. Thos. Delaney, Marshal-in-Chief. Passing under several arches erected for

the occasion, and swelling its ranks as it proceeded, it halted at the Archbishop's Palace, where a loyal and patriotic address was read to his Grace, by Mr. Felix Carbray, M.P.P., President of the Irish National Association, to which we refer elsewhere.

Resuming its march, the procession passed along Buade street, saluting as its route the "Daily Telegraph," which displayed a profusion of flags and banners, as did also "L'Evenement" and the newspaper buildings on the line of march. The Archbishop's Palace, the Basilica, and the City Hall and Court House, were especially noticeable by their generous decoration of flags and bunting. Along Champlain, Notre Dame, Mountain Hill and St. Stanislas streets, flags floated in the breeze by the score. Morin College, Chateau Frontenac, the Post Office, Parliament Buildings, Quebec Hotel, The Clarendon, Tara Hall, each had its quota, as did also numerous private houses along the line of parade. Arrived at St. Patrick's Presbytery, Dr. Brophy, President of the A. O. H., read a

beautifully worded address to Rev. Father Henning, C.S.S.R., the esteemed rector of St. Patrick's Parish, the devoted and eloquent pastor replied in tender, forcible and touching words.

A splendid arch spanned the main entrance to the Church; another stood opposite the Presbytery and the sanctuary, the main body of the sacred edifice and the organ gallery were tastefully decorated. The scene within the venerable temple was what might be expected from a faithful and devoted congregation who still cherish in their hearts undying love for the land of their ancestors and for the faith of St. Patrick, and who gather on this day of days to express their religious and national sentiments of gratitude for the precious inheritance bequeathed to them.

His Grace Archbishop Begin officiated at the solemn High Mass, Rev. Father Maguire, P.P., of Sillery, assisting as Arch-priest, Rev. Fathers Bruneau and Whalen as deacon and sub-deacon of honor, Rev. Father Garipey and Lortie as deacon and sub-deacon of office. Rev. Fathers Huot and Gagnon as Masters of Ceremonies. Among the distinguished clergy present in the sanctuary were: Mgrs. Tatu, Paquet, and Gagnon, Cure Fuguy of the Basilica, Cure Gauvreau of St. Roch's Church, Rev. Father Henning, C.S.S.R., Rector of St. Patrick's, Rev. Fathers Woods, McCarthy, Gutherlet, Delargy, and Bonia, C.S.S.R., Rev. Fathers Audet, Jolicoeur, Fahey, Filion, Godbout, Hunt, Garneau, Lindsay and Finn, of Newfoundland. The musical portion of the service was probably the finest ever heard in the venerable church. The organ was handled in the usual masterly style of Mr. Philias Roy, organist of St. Roch's church and an orchestra comprising the best local talent was under the direction of Mr. Jos. Vezina, the regular organist of St. Patrick's.

The noted singers of St. Patrick's choir were present in full force, and never appeared to better advantage, for they had caught the stimulating inspiration of the glorious festival day, and they delivered their harmonious notes with far more than ordinary vim and enthusiasm. The Mass rendered was Mozart's Twelfth, and the artists who executed so admirably their several parts were Miss Maria Maguire, Miss N. Mullins, Mr. J. Shields, Miss L. Vezina, Miss A. Mullins, Miss Ethel Colfer, Messrs. Richard and I. Timmons, Miss M. Cotter, Mr. Jos. Dugal. These accomplished musicians were assisted by a number of leading amateurs whose voices are well known in Quebec. The thrilling strains of "God Save Ireland," were the fitting conclusion of a musical service of which the Rev. Rector and Fathers of the church and the congregation have reason to be proud.

The sermon was preached by the Rev. Father Grogan, C.S.S.R., of St. Patrick's Church, Toronto, who is a young, zealous and eloquent priest of the Redemptorist Order, who is also a native born citizen of Quebec, within whose venerable precincts he received his education, and spent the earlier years of his life. His sermon yesterday was lucid, instructive and eloquent; we don't mean the rhetorical eloquence which pleases the fancy for a moment, but which leaves no profitable fruits behind. His clear review of the missionary life of St. Patrick was fervent, touching and elevating, and it was particularly gratifying to a congregation so Irish, so patriotic and devoted as St. Patrick's is to be addressed so ably and zealously by a priest sprung from their midst, and who but a few years ago was counted among the youths of the parish.

A pleasing social feature of the celebration was the dinner at the Presbytery, at which his Grace the Archbishop, accompanied by the clergy present, and the Hon. John Sharples, Mr. Felix Carbray, M.P.P., and Mr. D. O'Meara, trustees of St. Patrick's Church, were guests of Rev. Father Rector Henning, and the resident Fathers of the parish.

The matinee given in the afternoon at Tara Hall, was a most successful entertainment. It was chiefly intended for the delight of children and youths of the parish who have also a right to rejoice as well as their seniors on a festival day when the feelings overflow. Among those who took part and contributed to the pleasure of the audience, were Mr. Thos. McLaughlin, and his children, Master C. McDermott, Miss Stella Kirwin, Mr. C. O'Toole, J. McDermott, S. Kirwin,

T. Ryan, R. Timmons, Miss R. Rickaby, Masters Walsh and Knox, and Mr. Lawrence Gorman.

The concert was fully enjoyed by the immense audience, and credit is given for its marked success, to Mr. R. Timmons, and to his very able assistant Mr. Lawrence Gorman.

The annual soiree has long been regarded as one of the indispensable features of a St. Patrick's Day celebration in Quebec. This year it was marked by a spirit of enthusiasm in keeping with its time-honored traditions, and as a fitting climax to the splendor of the proceedings of the earlier part of the day. Mr. John E. Walsh, President of St. Patrick's Literary Institute, was in the chair, supported on either side by Rev. Father Grogan, and Messrs. Felix Carbray, M.P.P., President of the Irish National Association; P. Keenan, President of the C. M. B. A.; E. J. McKenna, President of the C. B. L.; and J. Collier, Chief Ranger, C. O. F. A selection of Irish airs having been rendered by the C. O. F. Band, Mr. Walsh made his introductory remarks felicitating the assemblage, and referring to the happenings of the past year, notably to the amalgamation of all the Irish Catholic Societies in Quebec. Mr. Walsh is a ready speaker, and his words were heartily applauded by the large audience. The popularity of the speaker of the occasion Reverend Father Grogan, was clear from the hearty rounds of applause which greeted his appearance on the platform. He had not given himself any set subject, but his address was appropriate for such an evening, and his genial style of delivery and pleasant witticisms kept the audience in laughter, and on his retirement, and later on his leaving the hall to board the train for Toronto, he got a warm ovation which must have caused him to regret his departure from the old city of his birth.

The musical part of the programme included "My Beautiful Girl of Killdare," rendered by Miss Maria Maguire, one of Quebec's noted vocalists. In response to an imperative encore she sang "Kathleen Mavourneen." Mrs. Edward Foley sang "I saw from the Beach," in her best style, and her thrilling tones went to the hearts of the audience, and she had to respond to an encore. Mr. Timmons sustained his fine vocal reputation in his singing of "Hail, Across the Sea," and he was recalled before the footlights. Mr. A. F. Ashmead took the comic role, and evoked the hilarity of the audience by his comic singing of "McGinty's Visit to the Opera." He received a hearty encore to which he responded.

The evening's entertainment was closed by the acting out of the popular Irish drama "Imisfail." Those bearing a part in the mirth-provoking play were Messrs. J. Timmons, P. H. Graham, J. Donnelly, F. Bolger, M. D. Donnelly, R. Timmons, J. Shields, Misses Jolly Maguire, E. Brady, E. Maguire. Some of the performers of larger experience and theatrical ability, did better than others, but where all did so well it was useless to make distinctions. The conception of the various characters in "Imisfail"

Continued on Fifth Page.

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

The members of St. Patrick's T. A. and B. Society, the oldest temperance society in America, will celebrate the 50th anniversary of their organization by a grand vocal and instrumental concert, to be held in St. Patrick's hall, 92 Alexander street, on Easter Tuesday evening, April 4th.

The committee having charge of the arrangements have spared no pains to make the concert worthy of the object for which it is intended. A select programme has been arranged which the members feel confident will be in keeping with the usual high standard of entertainments for which the society has always been noted. The address will be delivered by the Rev. President, J. A. McCallen, S.S. The programme will consist of vocal and instrumental music, recitations, comic sketches, dances, etc. The Society have also engaged the services of Prof. Coombs, ventriloquist, who has promised a rare treat for his audience on that evening. The members of the Society are working hard with the one object in view, to make the celebration of the 50th anniversary of the Society a success, as it is the oldest on the continent, and we sincerely trust they will be greeted by a bumper house on the evening of their entertainment.

RECENT HAPPENINGS IN EUROPE.

The instalments of justice which have been grudgingly given to Ireland of late years, especially in regard to the land question, are bearing good fruit—a fact which indicates how prosperous the country would be if it had a native legislature. The banking and railway statistics for last year show that the deposits and cash balances in the joint stock banks in December, 1898, stood at \$197,100,000, the highest yet reached—as compared with \$196,500,000, at the corresponding period in the year 1897, being an increase of \$600,000, and showing an advance of 32.5 per cent. on the amount for December, 1897. But it is in the returns of the savings banks that the truest indication of the national condition is to be found. At the close of last year the estimated balances in the Post Office Savings Banks in Ireland amounted to \$36,125,000, as compared with \$33,500,000 for the corresponding date in 1897, being an increase which is far above the highest increase in any other year since the establishment of these banks. The deposits in Trustee Savings Banks have also continually increased, reaching the highest figure last December.

Mr. Timothy Harrington, one of the members of parliament for Dublin, has written a letter cordially accepting the invitation of the Limerick committee to the proposed conference of Irish Nationalist members having for its object the restoration of unity. He accompanies his acceptance with a declaration of principle which will be endorsed by every genuine Nationalist in Ireland or Canada.

"The country," he declares, "is deeply indebted to the authors of the conference for the patriotic efforts they are making to restore unity and discipline in the ranks of the Nationalist representatives of Ireland. Mere co-operation among different sections of the National Party in Parliament is of little avail. Until the Nationalist representation from Ireland speaks again, with one voice in the House of Commons, and impresses Englishmen with their earnestness of purpose by some of the splendid discipline and dogged perseverance of former days the cause of Ireland can make no progress. All that is genuine in Irish Nationality sympathizes with your efforts. In your demand for one united party no lines of absolute independence of English control and influence

you speak the wish which is dearest to the Irish heart."

The letter is very encouraging. The remains of Lord Herschell were interred a few days ago. His death recalls a story told by Lord Russell of Killowen, the Lord Chief Justice of England, which will doubtless interest readers of the "True Witness." Shortly after he had been called to the English bar, Lord Russell invited two guests to dine with him and to discuss the very serious question as to whether the three should not emigrate to India or one of the colonies. Presumably the question was negatived, but it is remarkable that the three young men were destined to fill great offices. The host on that occasion is now Lord Chief Justice, one of the guests was the late Lord Chancellor, and the third is the present Speaker in the House of Commons.

Talking about Lord Russell suggests mention of an important bill that will go before the House of Commons for second reading on April 12. It is called the "Roman Catholic Disabilities Bill"; and it provides for the removal of the restriction which prevents Catholics from holding the offices of Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, and Lord Chancellor of England, and was strongly supported by Mr. Gladstone in the House of Commons in 1891. A quarter of a century ago, Mr. Gladstone brought in a similar Bill, but only that portion of it allowing a Catholic to be Lord Chancellor of Ireland was adopted. Mr. Gladstone immediately appointed Lord O'Hagan, Lord Chancellor of Ireland. Of course if the present Bill is passed—and it is difficult to believe that bigotry will again prevail against it—the present claim of Lord Russell of Killowen to the Lord Chancellorship in the next Liberal administration must be recognized.

Roman correspondents are busily engaged in concocting imaginary news respecting the health of His Holiness the Pope. Day after day he is represented as being on the very verge of death. "His life is ebbing away," was the latest message from one of these chroniclers. The fact is, however, that the supreme Pontiff enjoys as good health as any man of his great age and active habits could reasonably be expected to enjoy. Hundreds of millions of his spiritual children are praying that his valuable life may be prolonged.

THANKS OF THE GAELIC SOCIETY.

We have received a letter from Mr. Michael Bermingham, recording secretary of the Montreal Gaelic Society, accompanying a resolution of thanks which the Society considered the "True Witness," deserving of having on record in its annals. We fully appreciate the thoughtfulness and the spirit which dictated that resolution. If the "True Witness" has editorially or otherwise aided in the noble work so patriotically undertaken by the organizer of the Gaelic Society, it has done nothing more than its duty, it has simply fulfilled an obligation imposed upon it by the mission it has been established to carry out.

When a Catholic paper, especially an Irish Catholic one, is obliged to plod along, week in and week out, advocating the cause of Catholicity and the interests of Irishmen, and that it scarcely ever receives any open appreciation, much less of thankfulness, the resolution of the Gaelic Society comes like a bright ray of encouragement, a dawning of hopefulness in the future, and an assurance that thoughtlessness, or want of reflection is more to blame for so much apparent apathy, than any sentiment of indifference.

The officers and members of the Gaelic Society may rely upon the support, the assistance and the active participation, in their patriotic work of the "True Witness," and cordially invite all who are interested in the

good movement now so widespread, of reviving the glorious tongue of our ancestors, to contribute to our columns any items of importance that circumstances may suggest. Some day, perhaps, (if we are not too sanguine) we may be enabled to thank the Gaelic Society in the olden language.

LETTER.—To the Editor of the "True Witness,"—Dear Sir,—I am instructed to enclose you a copy of resolutions passed at the last regular meeting of the executive committee of the Montreal Gaelic Society, held on the 20th inst., and I am also requested to thank you on behalf of the Society for your efforts to establish a Gaelic Chair in the Catholic High School.

MICHAEL BERMINGHAM, Rec. Sec. Montreal Gaelic Society.

RESOLUTION.—Moved by Mr. Bermingham, seconded by Mr. James C. Mangin: That the members of the executive committee of the Montreal Gaelic Society tender their thanks to the Editor and Publishers of the "True Witness," for its kindly support in promulgating the language of our ancestors, and promise to support, and hereby call on all our countrymen and countrywomen who are interested in perpetuating the language of our fathers, to support the "True Witness," in this its glorious mission.

PERSONAL.

The Lenten sermons to the English-speaking parishioners of St. Henri,

were concluded Sunday evening. They were eloquently preached by the Rev. Dr. Luke Callaghan, assistant Chancellor of the diocese.

THE WHITE FATHERS IN CARTHAGE.

Writing from Tunis to the Freeman's Journal, Dublin, Mr. William O'Brien, who has been taking a brief holiday in the Levant, says in the course of a lengthy letter:—

"I have just enjoyed the famous Roman's luxury of moralizing amidst the ruins of Carthage. Rather, it should be said, amidst the ruins of at least four other powers and dominations as well, that in turn followed Marius by this blue Mediterranean gulf, and in their turn crumbled into bits of ruins and objects of interest for the museum of the White Fathers. A glance from the hill where Cardinal Lavignerie has planted his white cathedral, is a whole course of education in the mutability of human grandeur. Somewhere among the caverns of the old aqueducts and the baked-mud-pie villages of those dreary, yellow-skinned peasants in the ragged togas must be the descendants of those who crossed the Alps with Hannibal, and wrestled for the mastery of the world under the walls of Rome. The coins and grave-stones of these Punic men are now only to be found several strata down underneath the ruins of subsequent civilisations. Their writings, not at all too unlike our Gaelic remain a message from the dead which not even the ingenious Frenchman who is engaged in digging them out can make much of.

Some twenty-five years ago the French Republic picked a quarrel with the unfortunate Bey, on the pretence of some offence by a tribe of Kroumirs, whose every existence is in doubt, and with a disinclination worthy of John Bull in his most God-fearing mood, set up her "protectorate" over Tunis at the muzzles of her new Lebel rifles. Cardinal Lavignerie and his White Fathers retook possession of the magnificent see from which Cyprian and Augustine had thundered in the ears of the early Christian world. In the centre of the excavated amphitheatre he set up a simple cross above the rotting dungeons where the early Christian martyrs awaited their doom and the Numidian lion were stabled to eat them. Over the spot where Perpetua and Felicitus, invoked in our Litany of the saints, were torn limb from limb, amidst a joy of their own more entrancing than that of their Roman persecutors in the boxes overhead, he raised a chapel, where on the feast-day of the martyrs all Christian Tunis come to worship. On the height overhead, above the necropolis where the Carthaginian and Roman of two thousand years ago sleep side by side in their cemented catacombs and terra-cotta urns, perched high above the entrance to the gulf like a proud message to the European traveller that Christianity can still wave its flag over the Continent of Augustine, the great Cardinal built his spire-and-span Basilica, capped with mosaic-like cupolas, and decorated with Byzantine extravagance, gleaming white in the sun as the robes of his White Fathers, two hundred of whom are in training in the convent close by for the re-conquest of the dark continent. Finally, when we visited the place to-day, over all the ruins, Roman and Punic, and mediæval, heathen and Christian and Mussulman, peeping into the graves of the warriors who were almost as old as Troy, kneeling under the gilded arcades of the Cardinal's Cathedral, (which is also his grave), gazing with by no means un-intelligent eyes at the glass cases where they could see the Aboli of Hellogabalus and the nose-rings of Hannibal's legionaries, we found the swarming "petits marsouins" of the French Occupation, in their sky-blue overcoats and red breeches—the latest, and, truth to tell, most genial conquerors of the delicious land, suffused with sunshine, and watered by a sapphire sea which lay beneath the verandah of St. Louis Restaurant,

where we munched our oranges, fresh from the tree, whose green sprigs still cling to them, and sipped our black-purple Tunisian wine, and looked down upon the tiny port, where the fleets of two empires had their last encounter.

I have written latest conquerors—not last. Three months ago, when Salisbury presented his Fashoda ultimatum there were not above 500 French troops all told in the Protectorate, and there was a British squadron at Malta, over the way, only awaiting the declaration of war to pounce down upon the neighboring port of Biserta, which the French intend to turn into a second Malta, ready to sink its teeth like a bull-dog into the English merchantmen of the future that passes that way. The French got a very decided surprise and fright; but they were not long repairing the situation. Every steamer from France since has been pouring in line regiments, Zouaves, dragons, artillery, until now there are more than 30,000 troops in the Protectorate ready to give any English visitors from Malta a welcome somewhat different from their cheap experiences with naked Zulus and Derivish spearmen. As we passed under the guns of Goletta at day-break in the French boat from Malta, the farefare of a French regiment on the march came to us over the water like a gay assurance that they were not again to be caught napping, and the terraces of the cafes and the carnival crowds in the city of Tunis were sparkling with as many blue and silver hussar uniforms and Zouave breeches as the Parisian boulevards on the 14th of July.

Let me say at once that as long as there must be conquerors, the French are the pleasantest masters of the art "How do you get on with the English?" I asked a Maltese priest, who was one of our fellow-passengers on his way to Tunis to preach a Lenten retreat to his brother Maltese, who are as thick as figs-trees in Tunis. He shook his mild head, with an almost imperceptible gesture towards a typical Anglo-Saxon in tweed, who was prancing up and down the deck with the of one who was performing an act of national condescension by travelling in a French ship, not to talk of sharing his walk with mere Levantines whom he could kick overboard without ceremony if they forgot the dignity of the British consul. "Ah!" said the poor priest, "You are Irish and you can understand."

There was in a sentence a century of English rule in the little Italian island, hard as the walls of their English forts, and brutal as the growl of their guns. The French can make their guns growl as well, but they can also, if I may use the expression make them sing at times. They can make their conquering march at least to pleasant music.

I must in fairness, avow one disenchantment among the French. I asked a lay brother, in his red fez and white cotton robe, were there any Irishmen in the Order. "Hollandais?" "Mais non, Irlandais." "Ah,"—with a shrug of infinite distress—"comrais past!" It was withering in its sincerity of ignorance. It was some compensation to national vanity to learn from two Little Sisters of the Poor, who were perambulating the rooms of the Grand Hotel, begging for their poor that their Tunisian convent contains an Irish nun, who speaks of Ireland as enthusiastically as if a sprig of shamrock from an Irish glen were worth more than all the fig and pomegranate orchards that ripen in the golden sun of Tunis. Who knows if it is not recorded on the ivory tablets that the Irish girl has won more glory for her country than the Sirdar Kitchener and all his men mowers?

LORD DUFFERIN AND HIS TENANTS

A most remarkable piece of evidence was that given, by the Marquis of Dufferin and Ava, in the Belfast Court House, before Mr. Justice Meredith, in February last. As it throws a strong light upon certain "Ulster Customs," and also furnishes a fair idea of Lord Dufferin's opinions regarding tenant's rights, we will reproduce the main features of the examination:—

The Marquis of Dufferin was then examined, and in reply to Mr. Campbell said he came of age in 1847, and he did not think there was a farm or school on the estate that he did not visit. Almost the entire of the estate was held under leases of a very ancient date, the lives in some of them being the children of George III. The leases lasted to 60, 70, and even 80 years. When he visited the estate in that manner he found

two and sometimes three generations, descendants of the original tenants, occupying separate portions of the farm. There was the original leaseholder who had made certain improvements, and there were the sub-tenants who in their turn had erected dwelling-houses and farm steadings. In the eye of the landlord or of an agriculturist what they had done was undoubtedly detrimental to the farm. In the eye of the law they had no status as tenants, but in their own apprehension they considered they had made valuable improvements, so did what he imagined every sensible and benevolent man would have done—he entered into fresh contracts with them; he announced that while the buildings erected under the contract of the original lease holder were his property, he regarded the buildings erected by them as their property,

and when they quitted their holdings he would compensate them for their expenditure, so far as it was unexhausted and fairly advantageous. Almost the first thing he did on coming of age was to voluntarily reduce his income by £2,000 a year that the tenants might accumulate capital for a better system of agriculture. But it was obvious that no sensible man would allow the beneficial interest thus created to be sold by an outgoing tenant, and that the outgoing tenant should leave the sitting-tenant, instead of under a reduced rent, under a rack-rent. He therefore instructed his agent to see that the outgoing tenant should not receive from the incoming tenant more than the value of the improvements into the enjoyment of which he was about to enter, for it seemed to him abhorrent that A should be called upon to discharge debts which B had contracted. The agent valued the improvements the outgoing tenant was paid by the landlord, and the incoming tenant was charged by the landlord, either with the whole or a portion of the sum thus indicated, though in many cases the incoming tenant was asked to pay nothing. He had had occasion to resume farms for building and other purposes, and in these cases, in addition to the claim for improvements, he paid a further sum for disturbance. His right to resume was never disputed. No agent of his had ever authority to permit sales except on the basis he stated. From 1847 to 1877 he had spent £63,724 on his estate. Of that £18,000 was compensation to agricultural tenants, no part of which was recouped to him by the incoming tenant. He had spent £3,000 for buildings, £5,400 for drains, £800 for fences, £2,200 for general improvements, £1,000 estate cottages, £9,000 of special abatements in consideration of the tenant making certain improvements, and £2,500 for annuities to decayed tenants who had surrendered their farms. It was certainly the fact that by far the greater proportion of the buildings and the farm house and other improvements on the estate were made by the tenants. In 1857 he got the Ballysallagh property, but as he was not in a position to show or to know what had been the historical principles upon which the former owner managed the property he allowed it to pass under an unrestricted Ulster Tenant Right. The non-alienation clause in the old lease was taken advantage of to prevent extravagant competition. The Dufferin barony, which was the only

estate which he inherited direct from Lord Clandeboye of James I. time was not included in the Clandeboye grant, but was bought by Lord Clandeboye from a Norman family named Le Blanc, who had been in possession from the time of Henry II. Consequently the obligations incumbent upon representatives of the landlords of 1600 under the Clandeboye grant did not apply to the Dufferin estate. And, moreover, said the witness, in regard to my Clandeboye property, I am one of the tenants on behalf of whom these alleged reservations were made (laughter,) and to this day I pay rent to the representatives of that Lord Clandeboye.

Mr. Campbell—Then, Lord Dufferin it comes to this, that as regards a considerable portion of your property you are actually a tenant yourself who ought to be entitled to the benefits of the terms of the plantation? Yes.

And the way you have got it is, you have been compelled to pay the same rent ever since? Yes, I pay £1,000 a year.

In other words, you are the victim of those "cuttings and cosherings?" Yes.

Cross-examined by Mr. Greer—Am I right in saying, Lord Dufferin, that at one time prior to the Act of 1860 and the Act of 1870 your lordship entertained a very strong opinion as to the necessity for protecting the Tenant Right Custom of Ulster? Certainly.

I find in this book in your evidence in 1865 you were asked: "Are you of opinion that the tenant having that protection has more inducement to improve than a tenant in other parts of Ireland where no such custom or protection exists?" and you say "Yes I think so?" Certainly.

"Would you think it necessary to supply the same inducement in the other three provinces of Ireland in which the custom of tenant right gives a strength of security does not exist?" I said "Yes," probably.

You said, "If it could be managed I should be glad that every tenant in Ireland should feel assured when he makes a bona fide improvement that he would receive fair compensation?" Certainly.

And you entertain these opinions still? Still.

The rest of the cross-examination is merely a series of questions regarding speeches delivered from time to time, by Lord Dufferin, in the House of Lords, and adds nothing to the foregoing.

PUBLIC SCHOOL SAVINGS BANKS.

The news comes from Galt, Ont., that a few days ago the public school savings banks were practically inaugurated. In the three schools 251 scholars made deposits. The following are the results of the opening day, with the average attendance at each of the schools last month:—
Central School—\$33.53, deposited by 113 scholars; average attendance, 363.
Dickson School—\$22.50, deposited by 75 scholars; average attendance, 386.

Victoria School—\$18.32, deposited by 66 scholars; average attendance, 354.
The total deposit amounts to \$74.35, an average of about 30 cents per depositor. According to a Toronto exchange, the School Board anticipate that shortly there will be fully 400 school children in Galt, having bank accounts of their own, as they have taken hold of the idea with much enthusiasm. The money is deposited every Monday morning at nine o'clock.

THE GREAT PRIEST COMPOSER.

The New York Herald contains a lengthy criticism of the musical achievements of the young Italian priest—Father Perosi—whose wonderful oratorios are creating a general sensation throughout Italy. In the course of his review the critic says:—
Don Lorenzo Perosi, the young priest composer, "the Wagner of church music," as one of his enthusiastic admirers has called him, is still the sensation of the day in Italy. A few weeks ago his new oratorio, "The Resurrection," was produced in Milan, and, like its three predecessors, made a tremendous depression.
Not only musical Italy, but all musical Europe, is stirred up over the remarkable work of this youthful clerical musician who, for the time being at least, has thrown in the shade his fellow-countrymen, the opera composers of the new Italian school, the Mascagnis, the Leoncavallos, the Puccinis, and their associates. Unfortunately the American public may have to wait some time before it will have an opportunity of hearing any of Don Perosi's oratorios given in full, with adequate vocalists and orchestra, as it is said his publishers demand \$5,000 for the rights, a sum which no manager has thus far seen fit to pay.

At Venice the priest-composer found himself amid surroundings that brought him constant inspiration, and the flow of music from his pen became more and more rapid. As time went on, to a number of masses, motets and other church compositions, there came to be added the oratorios which first won the young musician a reputation outside his own immediate circle. Perosi conceived the idea of illustrating in twelve of these works the Gospel narratives of Christ's life on earth. In quick succession four of these oratorios have been produced, indeed, if I am not wrong, the last twelvemonth has given birth to all. To "La Passione di Cristo" succeeded "La Transfigurazione di Cristo," this was followed by "La Risurrezione di Lazzaro" while the latest of the series is "La Risurrezione di Cristo," to which Milan has just been listening.

These are works by which, thus far, we have to plumb the depths of Perosi's genius; these are the compositions which are fast pouring the riches of this world into the young priest's lap, and which have so far won him the Pope's patronage and good will that he stands to-day Maestro di Cappella at the Sistine Chapel. Perosi, I am told, accepts his

USE ONLY

Finlayson's Linen Thread.

IT IS THE BEST.

good fortune in a calm and modest spirit. In person he answers to a type not uncommon among the Italian priesthood. He has a clear and benignant eye, hair that curls upward from the forehead, and a downward twist to the corners of his mouth that would seem to betoken a determined, if not an obstinate spirit.

What then are the characteristics of these new oratorios?

Chiefly, one notes the absence of set recitatives and airs, and the preponderance of irregular phrases, either fluent or declamatory, designed to enforce the meaning and sentiment of the words delivered by the soloists. Sometimes these are supported for a while by a consistent instrumental figure; sometimes the accompaniment is more undecided in shape; sometimes it verges on the amorphous. The works are divided into parts, and each part shows an abundance of sections which, although "full closes" are frequent, are intended to follow one another without a break. The choruses, many of which have a Gregorian foundation, give the works their chief grandeur, and must needs be most moving in performance.

GRANDMOTHERS OLD AND NEW

No one can read the papers nowadays without being led to the conclusion that the subject of paramount interest to women is how to keep young. The advertising columns teem with laudations of creams and lotions, each of which is guaranteed to be a perennial fountain of perpetual youth, and the women's page is loaded to the guards with advice about massage to ward off wrinkles, and physical culture exercises to keep down fat or promote plumpness, until one wonders if this kind of thing goes on what we are going to do for grandmothers in the future—for women who are frankly and avowedly and contentedly old.

Of course, everybody is glad of the lengthening span of youth that modern ideas give women. It is good for the world that they should keep their bodies strong and supple with outdoor exercise, and their hearts and minds young with new thoughts and new interests, but when one sees an elderly woman pinning false frizzes on over her honest gray hair before she puts on a sailor hat and starts out on her wheel, one can but sigh for the good old days when a woman was content, when age had come to her, to wear caps and sit quietly at home in her corner.

Many of us cherish without hallowed memories such a picture. Other people might come and go. Domestic events might raise cyclones that swept over the other parts of the house, but grandmother's corner was like a shrine up to which the troubled waters might indeed creep, but from which they rolled back, calmed and stilled. She was never too busy to hear the story of childish woes, or to mend a broken toy or a broken heart. Grandmother, in all her life,



The descent is certain from weak lungs, lingering coughs, throat troubles or bronchial affections through bleeding lungs, to consumption, if the first stages are neglected. Thousands of people who are now in their graves would be alive and well to-day if they had heeded the first warnings of those troubles which lead to consumption and death.

The hacking cough, spitting of blood, weak lungs, and all similar troubles of the organs of breathing, will surely lead to consumption, if they are not already the signs of it. Then there are the other indications of the approach of consumption, such as night-sweats, emaciation, or wasting away of flesh from bad nutrition, which, if neglected, lead to certain death.

Ninety-eight per cent. of all the cases of weak lungs, bleeding lungs, lingering and obstinate coughs, and other bronchial and throat diseases, which have been treated with Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, have been cured by it. Do not wait until your throat trouble becomes serious. All bronchial and throat troubles are serious. The time to take the "Golden Medical Discovery" is right at the start.

Even if your throat trouble has been neglected until it has been pronounced pulmonary disease or consumption, do not hesitate to use the "Golden Medical Discovery," for thousands of letters from the sufferers themselves, who are now well, bear evidence that the "Golden Medical Discovery" will cure, even after good physicians have pronounced the disease pulmonary consumption.

"I had been troubled with bronchitis for several years," writes Mrs. Orin O'Hara, Box 112, Fergus Falls, Ottertail Co., Minn. "In the first place, I had sore throat. I doctored with different physicians and took various medicines, but got no relief. I raised from my throat a sticky substance like the white of an egg. Could not sleep, and had made up my mind that I would not live through the winter. I took Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery and Favorite Prescription alternately, and in a few days began to see that I was better. I took eight bottles. I have not felt as well in years as since using these medicines."

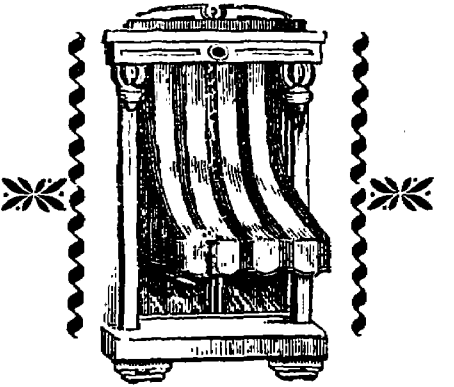
Unfailing—Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets for constipation and biliousness.

had never prayed in public and would have died of fright at the sound of her own voice in a woman's meeting, but long after the words of the most eloquent preachers turned to dust, the sermons she preached in the quiet dusks to the children at her knee came back to shape their lives for them. Grandma knew nothing of logic, but before the saintly light of the old face that had been turned so long towards the new Jerusalem it had caught some of its radiance, all the poor arguments of infidelity and agnosticism slunk back abashed.

It is hard to believe that the new grandmother is going to be any improvement on the old, and we can but feel a thrill of pity for the little people who will have no such gracious and tender memories, but instead will, in after years, recall a painted and powdered and frizzed woman making desperate efforts to hold on to a vanquished youth, and who even taught their baby lips to call her some silly name instead of grandmother, ashamed of the very title that time had brought her. Of course, the new grandmother is a far more learned woman than her predecessor, and knows things of which she never dreamed. She is progressive and up-to-date, and perfectly capable of entering into the details of her grandson's football game or her grand-daughters' flirtations, but it may be even doubted if in this hail-fellow-well-met companionship the influence for good is as strong as in the old days when there were things one could not have told grandmother any more than one could have violated a sanctuary. Modern times have brought about many improvements, but the old-fashioned grandmother was the best.—New Orleans Daily Picayune.

FOR Croisters, Reads, St. Anthony's Medals, Little Chaplet of St. Anthony and Cancelled Postage Stamps, write to Agency, Holy Cross, Apostolic School, 153 Shaw Street, Montreal. G-Va-98

Wm. Snow Feathers Cleaned Dyed and Curled 1913 Notre Dame Street, MONTREAL. 35-2



MONTREAL Awning, Tent and Tarpaulin Co. AND MANUFACTURERS OF Awnings, Tent, Tarpaulins, Horse and Wagon Covers, Flags of all Nations, and to any design. Coal Bags, etc. 249-51 Commissioners Street. For Awnings call up Main 2155. 35-2

Drink Habit Cured at Home.

We are treating and curing more patients than any other drink cure in the world. This is because we treat our patients at their home, saving the time, expense and publicity of an institute treatment; because we use no hypodermic injections with their bad effects, but give healthful tonics; because we not only antidote the drink crave, but cure the diseased conditions arising from the use of intoxicants.

By our system of correspondence, each patient receives individual care and instructions. We have received the highest and best endorsements of any cure in the world, from leaders among men whose commendation the whole world could not buy. Among those who vouch for our treatment are Rev. Father J. Quinivan, pastor of St. Patrick's; Rev. Father E. Strubbe, vicar of St. Ann's; Rev. Father J. A. McCallan, St. Patrick's; Rev. Canon Dixon, rector of St. Jude's; Rev. M. Taylor, pastor of Centenary Methodist Church. Particulars and treatise on Alcoholism sent free on application in plain sealed envelope. Address

T. E. DIXON CURE CO., 40 Park Ave., Mo. Ave. L.

CHRISTIAN MARRIAGE.

It is remarkable that the moment the sacramental nature of marriage is denied or disregarded the question becomes one of almost absurd commentary. The Catholic Church alone adheres to the sacrament of Matrimony; all others, on this subject, vary, hesitate, waver, and blunder. Not long since the Rev. Dr. Welch, provost of Trinity College, preached a sermon on marriage, in St. James Cathedral, Toronto. In the course of his remarks, the preacher made use of these words:—

"If the sacredness of the marriage tie are disregarded then the foundations of society are being tampered with, and the whole structure must inevitably collapse in irrecoverable and hopeless ruin. There is a danger of looking at marriage as a mere civil contract, or a physical and material connection, which practically reduces it to the basis of partnership, which may be dissolved at any time by the mutual consent of both parties concerned. When a man and maiden unite in marriage, having no end in view other than to gratify some passion or some fancy, then I say it is nothing better than sacrilegious profanity."

Now this is very true, and as Christian, much less a Catholic, will deny the exactness of the statement, yet Rev. Dr. Welch does not regard the sacrament of matrimony in the same light as it is understood by the Catholic Church. As far as his protest against "tampering with marriage" goes, and his considering the reduction of it to "a mere civil contract" as "nothing better than sacrilegious profanity," is concerned, we are in perfect harmony with him. But, even this sincere advocate of a worthy cause, finds himself in a peculiar dilemma. He cannot, according to his tenets, accept the sacramental idea of matrimony, and in rejecting it, he cannot avoid reducing marriage to a mere human or civil contract.

To illustrate how ignorant is the prejudice of some anti-Catholic reactioners, we will reproduce some characteristic expressions of the "Presbyterian Review." Under the heading "Marriage Limitations in Quebec," this publication says:—

"The prohibited degrees of relationship which form a canonical bar to marriage are more extensive in the Roman Catholic Church than in any other church in Quebec, and much more extensive than are demanded by the civil law. In addition to blood relationship they include such ecclesiastical relationships as god-fathers and god-mothers with their kin. So much so that in some communities it is almost impossible for the young people to find any one whom they may marry without a dispensation."

CHATS TO YOUNG MEN.

The young business or professional man who thinks he can afford to scoff at the ancient saw, "Clothes makes the man," is not on the main road to success. This may appear like an exaggeration, but let us consider the facts. As between a shabby, ill-clad man and one whose garb is neat and in the mode, which would receive your attention first?

Good clothes are the very best introduction. No man, young or old, can be at his best in ragged or even shabby attire. Do not doubt for an instant that the badge and sign of the real gentleman is his style of dressing. The poor, in business and out of it, the natural vulgarian, can never dress the part of a gentleman.

"Show me your clothes and I will read your character," says the philosopher of the commonplace. He knew how fully mental and moral values were revealed in the quality and adjustment of a coat. The testimony of every successful professional and business man in America will bear up the assertion that "clothes count." A shabby coat is really the harbinger of misfortune; it will prove more disconcerting than a boil on the neck, and dim the lustre of genius itself. To prove his right to advancement a young man must have the chance to exhibit his talents. This privilege will be denied him nine times out of ten if he appears on the scene of his intended demonstration badly clad.

Good clothes does not mean necessarily expensive clothes—bespeak for the wearer a well-balanced mind, a sense of order and the fitness of things, and according to the manner in which they are worn show to the fullest extent the calibre of the man within them. Dress constitutes a kind of weather-vane, showing the direction of a man's ideas and ambitions. It is the barometer of his tastes, indicating the rise and fall of his self-esteem and the attention he bestows upon his person. One cannot have fixed habits of cleanliness

of fashion which no man of good taste could be induced to wear. The highest possible compliment that can be paid to any man, so far as his apparel is concerned, is the inability of those who meet him casually to describe his dress. The most charming attribute in man or woman is modesty, and the modest person never affects a "flashy" costume. Clothing may be likened to a frame for the human picture, and therefore should be selected with the purpose of bringing out to advantage the subject it encases. So slight is the cost of good clothes in these days that the humblest clerk on a meagre salary cannot truthfully say he is unable to dress well.

After all, it is not so much a question of the cost of coat and trousers as it is a question of their best adjustment to the person. Money spent for a costly garment that hangs unbecomingly upon the wearer is money thrown away. There is a happy medium in the set of one's coat, as in all other things. To be well dressed is to be insured against any possible chance to rebuff from the prosperous or contempt from the ill-to-do. The modern knight, fighting in the tournament of commerce or entered in the jousts of professionalism, can wear no more impregnable armor than a suit of good clothes.

An eminent scientist once remarked:—Give a man a good deep chest and a stomach of which he never knew the existence, and he must succeed in any practical career." This is perhaps, going a little too far, for many a worthless man has a splendid physique, but it calls attention to the fact that too much emphasis has been placed on thrift, perseverance and industry as the first essentials of success. Behind the thrift behind the perseverance, behind the industry there must be a firm physical foundation. There must be a substantial fund of vitality stored up which will withstand the drain of worry.

The young man who takes an early morning walk in the bracing air, who inflates the lungs, who comes in with the body tingling, the blood pumping through every artery,—that young man is bound to make the day's work tell. The very superfluity of health, of vitality, will find its way into his business, will keep him working till the last moment, and infuse a healthy glow in all he does.

The man who devotes a certain time of the day to exercise, to a strolling of vitality, is wise. But he need not be an athlete,—preferably not. A brisk walk, a short wheel ride, a few games of tennis or polo,—these give the mind a holiday and are the richest kind of tonic for the body. The man without force in his body cannot put force in his work. And almost without exception, the men who are successful are men of strong body and sound mind.

But the majority of the young men of our day are strong and hearty. So much the better! With a fundamentally strong constitution they are on the high road to success; all they need is to learn to take care of their bodies, to husband their strength, to increase their vitality, and thus increase the joy of living and the chances of ultimate fame.—P. Maxwell, in the Philadelphia Saturday Post.

Knowledge from clear and pure wells is a richer treasure of wealth than mines of gold and silver. Worry is a blunder that blackens all around and makes life a regret.

and be content with a buttonless coat and trousers that bag at the knees. Ambition cannot be very keen under a headgear grown rusty through neglect, nor can personal energy make great progress in shoes that seldom feel the friction of the shoeblack's brush.

A man who has given a great deal of time to the compilation of social statistics declares very earnestly that one-half the failures in life are traceable to careless habits in living and dress. The common tramp ceases to deserve that opprobrious title the moment he dons a neat suit of clothes, and acquaints himself with the soothing touch of soap and water. We who would spurn him in his rags and dirt, would give ear readily enough to his appeal if his personal appearance was attractive.

What are the most helpful specific statements touching the value of clothes in this busy world to-day? The first consideration seems to be that a young man's clothing shall have the charm of neatness and modesty. Harmony is quite as desirable and pleasing in clothes as in music. Loud patterns in any part of one's apparel denotes a vulgar strain in the character. Unless it is the desire of the wearer to be classed with the "sporty" element of the community in which he lives, let him flee from wide-checked suitings, neckwear of violent hues, and all those extremes

of fashion which no man of good taste could be induced to wear.

The highest possible compliment that can be paid to any man, so far as his apparel is concerned, is the inability of those who meet him casually to describe his dress. The most charming attribute in man or woman is modesty, and the modest person never affects a "flashy" costume.

Clothing may be likened to a frame for the human picture, and therefore should be selected with the purpose of bringing out to advantage the subject it encases. So slight is the cost of good clothes in these days that the humblest clerk on a meagre salary cannot truthfully say he is unable to dress well.

After all, it is not so much a question of the cost of coat and trousers as it is a question of their best adjustment to the person. Money spent for a costly garment that hangs unbecomingly upon the wearer is money thrown away. There is a happy medium in the set of one's coat, as in all other things.

To be well dressed is to be insured against any possible chance to rebuff from the prosperous or contempt from the ill-to-do. The modern knight, fighting in the tournament of commerce or entered in the jousts of professionalism, can wear no more impregnable armor than a suit of good clothes.

An eminent scientist once remarked:—Give a man a good deep chest and a stomach of which he never knew the existence, and he must succeed in any practical career." This is perhaps, going a little too far, for many a worthless man has a splendid physique, but it calls attention to the fact that too much emphasis has been placed on thrift, perseverance and industry as the first essentials of success. Behind the thrift behind the perseverance, behind the industry there must be a firm physical foundation. There must be a substantial fund of vitality stored up which will withstand the drain of worry.

The young man who takes an early morning walk in the bracing air, who inflates the lungs, who comes in with the body tingling, the blood pumping through every artery,—that young man is bound to make the day's work tell. The very superfluity of health, of vitality, will find its way into his business, will keep him working till the last moment, and infuse a healthy glow in all he does.

The man who devotes a certain time of the day to exercise, to a strolling of vitality, is wise. But he need not be an athlete,—preferably not. A brisk walk, a short wheel ride, a few games of tennis or polo,—these give the mind a holiday and are the richest kind of tonic for the body. The man without force in his body cannot put force in his work. And almost without exception, the men who are successful are men of strong body and sound mind.

But the majority of the young men of our day are strong and hearty. So much the better! With a fundamentally strong constitution they are on the high road to success; all they need is to learn to take care of their bodies, to husband their strength, to increase their vitality, and thus increase the joy of living and the chances of ultimate fame.—P. Maxwell, in the Philadelphia Saturday Post.

Knowledge from clear and pure wells is a richer treasure of wealth than mines of gold and silver. Worry is a blunder that blackens all around and makes life a regret.

Perfectly Cured

Weak and Low Spirited—Nervous Prostration—Appetite Poor and Could Not Rest.

"I take great pleasure in recommending Hood's Sarsaparilla to others. It has been the means of restoring my wife to good health. She was stricken down with an attack of nervous prostration. She suffered with headaches and her nerves were under severe strain. She became very low spirited and so weak she could only do a little work without resting. Her appetite was poor, and being so weak she could not get the proper rest at night. She decided to try Hood's Sarsaparilla, as we had heard it highly praised, and I am glad to state that her ailments have been perfectly cured all her ailments." G. BELLAMY, 321 Hannah St., West, Hamilton, Ontario.

Hood's Sarsaparilla
Is the Best—in fact the One True Blood Purifier. All druggists. \$1.50 for 60. Get Hood's Hood's Pills are tasteless, mild, effective. All druggists. 25c.

FLOWERS

When you want

Flowering Plants

For your Garden, Window Boxes and Hanging Baskets filled. When you want a

Box of Nice Flowers

or a bunch for your best girl. When you want a

Bouquet

For any purpose. When you want the grave of your departed relatives

Decorated or Kept Green,

Leave your orders with us and you will just get what you want. If you live outside the city of Montreal, mail or wire your Orders and they will be attended to with promptness. We make no charge for packing and delivering goods on heat or train. We deliver all goods free of charge in Montreal and environs.

P. McKENNA & SON,

General Florists.

Cote Des Neiges, P.Q.

Bell Tel. 4197.

JOHN MURPHY & CO.

New Goods.

We are now showing a splendid importation of NEW GOODS, embracing:

- New Costumes, New Shirts.
- New Wrappers, New Jackets.
- New Blouses, New Gloves.
- New Hosiery, New Dress Goods.
- New Silks, New Vests.
- New Mouslins, New Prints.
- New Gingham and Organdies.

New Spring Hosiery and Underwear.

- Ladies' Black Cashmere Hose, Double Heels and Double Toes, special value, 25c pair.
- Ladies' Black Cashmere Hose in all weights and qualities, from 20c to \$1.10.
- Ladies' Black Ribbed Cashmere Hose in all weights and qualities from 25c up.
- Children's Black Cashmere Hose in all weights, spiced Knees, Heels and Toes, from 30c pair up.
- Ladies' Ribbed Wool Vests in all weights and qualities from 25c to \$1.25 each.
- Ladies' Ribbed Thread Vests in all Qualities—all marked at lowest prices.
- Ladies' Ribbed Silk Vests in all qualities at Rock Bottom Prices.
- Children's Ribbed Wool, Merino and Natural Wool in all Weights and Qualities.

Country Orders Filled With Care.

JOHN MURPHY & CO.,

2343 St. Catherine Street, Corner of Metcalfe Street.

TERMS Cash TELEPHONE UP 932.

NOTICE is hereby given that Albertine Prabant, wife of Edward Kiernan, of the City of Montreal, in the Province of Quebec, has applied to the Parliament of Canada, at the next session thereof, for a Bill of Divorce, from her husband, Edward Kiernan, of the City of Montreal, in the ground of cruelty, adultery, and desertion.

Dated at the City of Montreal, Province of Quebec, this ninth day of March, 1899.

WM. E. MOUNT, Solicitor for Applicant.

PATENTS PROMPTLY SECURED

Write today for a free copy of our interesting book "Inventors' Help" and "How you are awarded." We have extensive experience in the intricate patent laws of 50 foreign countries. Send sketch, model or photo for free advice. MARION & MARION, Experts, New York Life Building, Montreal, and Atlantic Building, Washington, D.C.

FOR SALE FOR THE MILLION

Kindling, \$2.00; Cut Maple, \$2.50; Tamarac Blocks, \$1.75; Mill Blocks, stove lengths, \$1.50. J. C. McDIARMID, Richmond Square, Phone 8335.

J. D. O'CONNOR,

Glasgow Fish and Game Market

- FISH,
- OYSTERS,
- LOBSTERS,
- GAME AND
- POULTRY.

Corner McKay and St. Catherine Streets.

MONTREAL

LA BANQUE VILLE-MARIE,

HEAD OFFICE, MONTREAL.

Authorized Capital, \$500,000.

Subscribed Capital, \$500,000.

Reserve, \$10,000.

DIRECTORS:

Messrs. Wm. Weir, President and Gen. Manager; E. Leitchman, Vice Pres.; A. G. N. Wardele, F. W. Smith and Goffrey Weir; F. Lomieux, Accountant.

BRANCHES:

Berthier—A. Garioux, Manager; Lachine—G. D. Stewart, Manager; LaSalle—J. H. Thibault, Manager; Nicolet—L. Belair, Manager; Ste. Therese—M. Bisson, Manager; Montreal, P.Q.—St. Charles—W. J. Mull, Manager; Hotel—G. P. Riopel, Manager; Rue St. Laurent—Nap. Dorval, Manager; L'Epiphanie—J. H. Dussault, Manager; Papineauville—J. Levesque, Manager; St. Laurent—J. W. Gagnon, Manager; L'Assommoir—J. J. Van den, Manager; Correspondents for New York: The National Bank of the Republic and Ladenburg, Thalmann & Co., London; Bank of Montreal, Paris; La Societe Generale, Chambly, P. Q.; O. Constantineau, Manager.

FOUNDED 1710.

SUN

Insurance Office,

(FIRE ONLY.)

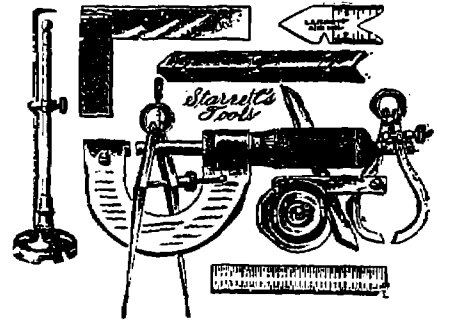
Capital and Assets

Exceed \$20,000,000.

JAMES P. BAMFORD, Agent,

143 St. James Street.

Paper used in this Number manufactured by Canada Paper Co., Montreal and Toronto.



Agent for STARRETT'S FINE TOOLS, BUILDERS' SUPPLIES & HARDWARE, D. DRYSDALE, 645 CRAIG STREET. 35-3

Cartage and Storage.

Superior accommodation for storing Furniture, Pianos and Household Effects.

Separate apartments, if desired. Charges moderate.

Pianos, Furniture and Fragile Goods Removed With Care.

KING'S

CARTAGE AND STORAGE,

Office: 380 St. James St. Storage Warehouse: 598 St. Henry St. Tel. 365. 35-2

The oldest and most reliable: MERRILL'S Carpet Store, 1661 Notre Dame Street. 35-2

THE IRISH NATIONAL STORE,

ESTABLISHED IN 1877.

Importer of Books, Stationery, and Fancy Goods, Pictures, Frames, and Mirrors. Large assortment of W. H. papers, B. by Carriers, etc. The only place where you can secure the best selection of Irish publications, books, pictures, etc. at low prices and with prompt delivery of sale orders taken.

JAMES McARAN, 2080 Notre Dame St. 35-2



BRUNSWICK LIVERY, BOARDING AND SALE STABLE. Fine Carriages and Horses for hire. Special attention given to Boarders. 63 and 69, St. Alexander Street, Montreal. Bell Telephone 4328. B. McDONNELL, Proprietor.

G. J. LUNN & CO.,

Machinists, Toolmakers and Blacksmiths,

487 ST. JAMES ST., MONTREAL.

BIKE REPAIRING A SPECIALTY.

LUNN'S

Laminated Hockey Skates, Etc.

THE BEST IN THE WORLD.

Shimrock Hockey Club use our Skates. 35-2

Special Discounts to Religious Institutions, at MERRILL'S Carpet Store, 1661 Notre Dame Street. 35-2

BELL TELEPHONE 732.

J. W. Stewart & Co.

Paints, Oils, Varnishes, Window Glass, Brushes, Bronzes, Sponges, Chamolis, Cotton Waste, Etc. . . .

23 BLEURY STREET.

Montreal.

Paper used in this Number manufactured by Canada Paper Co., Montreal and Toronto. 35-2

P. PEGNEM,

Wholesale and Retail Dealer in all kinds of Fresh & Pickled Fish, Fresh Salmon, Lobsters, etc. Stalls, Nos. 3 and 4 ST. ANN'S MARKET, MONTREAL. 35-2

All orders promptly attended to. Hotels, steamboats and boarding houses supplied at reduced prices.

Full assortment of Carpets and Oilcloths at MERRILL'S Carpet Store, 1661 Notre Dame Street. 35-2

Simpson, Hall, Miller & Co.,

MANUFACTURERS OF

Sterling Silver and Fine Electro Plate in Table Ware.

Presentation Prizes.

SHOW ROOMS: - - 1794 Notre Dame Street, - - MONTREAL.

The True Witness and Catholic Chronicle.

Printed and Published by the True Witness P. & P. Co., Limited,
253 St. James Street Montreal, Canada.

P. O. BOX 1138.

SUBSCRIPTION PRICE

| | |
|--|--------|
| CITY OF MONTREAL, Delivered, | \$1 50 |
| OTHER PARTS OF CANADA, | 1.00 |
| UNITED STATES, | 1.00 |
| NEWFOUNDLAND, | 1.00 |
| GREAT BRITAIN, IRELAND and FRANCE, | 1.50 |
| BELGIUM, ITALY, GERMANY and AUSTRALIA, | 2.00 |

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

TERMS, PAYABLE IN ADVANCE.

EPISCOPAL APPROBATION.

If the English Speaking Catholics of Montreal and of this Province consulted their best interests, they would soon make of the TRUE WITNESS one of the most prosperous and powerful Catholic papers in this country. I heartily bless those who encourage this excellent work.

PAUL, Archbishop of Montreal.

SATURDAY,.....March 25th, 1899.

THE CENSUS WE WANT.

We are glad to observe that Ald. Ames, with whom we have not always been able to agree, has embodied our idea regarding nationality and religion in the forthcoming census of Montreal. In this valuable suggestion to the Mayor on this subject he includes the desirability of securing accurate information on these two points. No reasonable objections can be offered to this classification, since the aim of those who have decided that a census of the city shall be taken, is to obtain the fullest and most reliable information on all the subjects with which a census should properly deal. To some other of Ald. Ames' suggestions, we are, however, entirely opposed. One is the proposal to obtain a statement of the income of each family. To say nothing of the difficulty that would naturally be experienced in getting accurate information on this point, it is manifest that the city council has no authority to obtrude itself so far into the private affairs of our citizens; and it is equally manifest that no useful purpose whatever could be served by the publication of such a detail. The salary of \$10 a month which he suggests for the enumerators would be too small, and the work which he would exact of them would be too hard. The city can well afford to pay a man a fair salary for efficient work of so important a character.

A CANADIAN MANGAN.

We clip the following from the "Catholic Union and Times," Buffalo:—
"It seems that Montreal has a James Clarence Mangan who is a poet, too, and an Irish one at that, for he has just translated into that paradisaic tongue Moore's "Minstrel Boy." We salute Montreal's Mangan; but he is cursed by the shadow of a great name. For the world will never know but one Clarence Mangan, the poignant bard of giant genius who is proudly throned among the immortals."
We might say that Montreal's James Clarence Mangan is of the 4th generation of that family, which gave Ireland the famous Mangan. We do not quite agree with our contemporary when it says, "he is cursed by the shadow of a great name;" rather do we think that "he is blessed with the light of an inherited genius." Mangan of fifty years ago translated Irish ballads into English—thus making the English-speaking people familiar with the ideas, sentiments and harmony of Celtic poetry; Mangan of today reverses the system, and translates English poems into the Irish language—thus adding to their ideas, their sentiments and harmony, the magic perfection of Celtic expression. The former sought to revive Irish thoughts through the medium of the English tongue; the latter seeks to revive the Irish tongue by means of thoughts originally conveyed in English; they both had a patriotic end in view, but they approach it from opposite directions. It remains to be told by the critic of fifty years hence which of the two shall have rendered material services to the cause of Ireland.

AN ODISIOUS COMPARISON.

It was stated a few days ago that a deputation of 500 Finlanders who went to St. Petersburg to present to the Czar a petition with half a million signatures asking him to revoke his recent decree upsetting their constitution, had been summarily ordered to return to their country, without being allowed to forward the petition to the Russian autocrat. A later cablegram states that the Russian authorities displayed no displeasure at the action of the deputation, but merely informed them that the statement of their grievances should reach the Czar, not by way of a direct petition, but through the ordinary official channels. As the Finlanders regard this action as implying that there is no chance of inducing the Czar to revoke his edict, and they are determined not to submit to compulsory military service, and other unconstitutional provisions contained in the imperial decree, they are, it is stated, making arrangements for the emigration of large numbers of their countrymen to distant lands, their choice being said to be between Canada and the Argentine Republic. Commenting upon this, the Ottawa Free Press says that several Canadian papers "do not seem to be quite certain as to who and what the intending emigrants are. The Montreal Gazette, and some other papers, call them Swedes, or "practically" Swedes. They are no more Swedes than the descendants of the Irish, sent by Oliver Cromwell as slaves to the West Indies are Caribs."
Now, we object to the mention of Irish people for the purpose of instituting such a comparison. Why should the Irish be constantly singled out in this way for pointless and insulting illustration? Newspapers like the Ottawa Free Press should be made to feel that this habit of heaping ridicule on the Irish is one that cannot long be indulged in with impunity.

CONGRESSMAN FITZGERALD IN THE BREACH.

It is in moments of unexpected attacks upon our institutions, our nationality, our religion, or upon aught that we hold sacred, that we discover the absolute necessity of being represented by men of knowledge, erudition and education. Not an hour passes over the heads of legislators, in this country or elsewhere, that there may not be need for a champion of Catholic rights; a man capable, in the spur of the moment, to seize any question of vital importance, and handle it in such a manner that it becomes a weapon of distinction, to those who would have used it against the interests he is expected to defend. Recently we had a striking example of this contention, in a speech delivered in the United States Congress, by Mr. Fitzgerald of Massachusetts. In the last hours of Congress a bill was before the House granting usual appropriations to the charitable institutions of the District of Columbia. Some opposition was offered to the report of the committee which ordered the so-called "sectarian appropriations" to be stricken out. It was at this point that Congressman Fitzgerald arose and said:—
"What a noble spectacle to present

to the world! Just think of a body within the last few hours of a session during which there has been appropriated a billion and a half dollars, refusing a mere pittance of \$12,000 to provide for the orphans in the District of Columbia.

"Shame upon the man or men or party that will weaken the hand of the noble sisters who devote their lives to the sick and suffering, the homeless and the orphan. No man upon this floor will dare impugn or criticise the manner in which these charitable institutions are conducted. They are open to public inspection and they speak for themselves. Many a young man is living to-day in a happy home through the instrumentality of these institutions in taking him off the street when homeless, fatherless and motherless.

The objection is raised by the gentleman from Vermont that these institutions are sectarian. I do not deny the fact that these institutions are run under the auspices of the Catholic and Episcopal Churches.

"Where is the harm in the inculcation of religious truths and practices in the minds and hearts of these young waifs? Would the gentleman of Vermont have them grow up without any knowledge of God and the Bible?"

"In my judgment you cannot have too much religion of the kind that is practiced by these noble bands of women, and I thank God as a Catholic that the Catholic Church has banded among its members thousands of these brave souls. The gentleman from Vermont makes the claim that no public money should be appropriated for sectarian purposes. If he is consistent, why does he not do away with the preachers who daily offer prayer in this Capitol, and who are paid from the public treasury? Why does he not abolish the chaplains in the Army and Navy, who are paid out of the public treasury? I do not remember that the gentleman from Vermont objected very strongly when a bill appropriating a couple of hundred thousand dollars for the Methodist Episcopal Church South passed this House in the beginning of the present Congress. No, Mr. Speaker; he seeks smaller game and vents his small, narrow bigotry on the Sisters and the orphans.

"This is the thanks for the noble and heroic deeds of these women during the recent war.

"Nobody that saw them, as I did at Montauk Point, nursing the sick and dying soldiers, would ever refuse a single request they wished from us. They were everywhere in the hospital and on the field in the recent war, and hundreds of poor fellows have said in the press and other places that they owed their lives to the noble and self-sacrificing labors of these brave women.

I would like the people of this country to know how their Representative will vote on this question. The action of this House to-day in voting down this appropriation is nothing else than a mean, low truckling to the religious and fanatical bigotry of a very small section of the American people, and I think the men who will stoop so low should be marked men, I cannot, however, in deference to my friend from Iowa (Mr. Henderson), who made a personal request of me to withdraw the call for the yeas and nays, insist upon the call.

"The Sisters and orphans have always had a loyal and faithful friend in him, and in the present fight, as in the past, he has worked nobly in their interests. At his request, then, Mr. Speaker, I withdraw the request for the yeas and nays.

"In conclusion, Mr. Speaker, I wish to observe that but two gentlemen on the Democratic side of the House stood up against this appropriation—the gentleman from Delaware (Mr. Handy) and the gentleman from Georgia (Mr. Tate).

"The deeds of the Sisters of Charity, the Sisters of Mercy, the Sisters of the Holy Cross, the Sisters of St. Joseph, the Sisters of American Congregation will ever live in the heart of the American soldier and will illumine the bright pages of history of the Spanish-American war."

The Speaker. The yeas have it, and the conference report is agreed to.

On motion of Mr. Grout, a motion to reconsider the vote was laid on the table.

CRIME IN IRELAND AND ENGLAND.

It is the custom with many anti-Irish writers and speakers to attempt to hold Catholic Ireland up to the execration of Protestants as a land where drunkenness and crime are rampant. These prejudiced people never try to find out whether their charges are true or false. They have read in the newspapers that during the period of the land agitation, some landlords and some landlords' agents were killed; and they have heard that Irishmen are fond of whiskey. And on this foundation they proceed to

base their contention, as to the alleged drunkenness and criminality of the people of that country.

Here are some figures taken from statistics compiled by Mulhall, the most eminent statistician in England to-day, which bear directly upon this point, and which, as will be seen, cover a period when the land agitation in Ireland was at its acutest phase. From 1876 to 1884, the number of cases of murder, wounding, robbery, and other grave crimes in England was 44,376. In Ireland, during the same period the total number was 3,832. This proves that according to population, Protestant England has a very much darker criminal record than Catholic Ireland. The figures for 1885 showed that "death sentences are eight times greater in England than in Ireland to equal numbers of population. London, equal in population to that of all Ireland, has double the number of indictable offences. Rural crime is also shown to be greater in England than in Ireland." Since then London's population has increased to 6,200,000; and murders have increased in similar ratio. As to deaths from drunkenness, Mulhall gives the following figures, the proportion being 1 to every 10,000 of population:—
Protestant cities: London 12, Berlin 13; Berne, 35; Copenhagen, 70; Stockholm, 90; Catholic Dublin had 12.

In his book entitled "Short Stories on Great Subjects" Froude, that bitter reviler of the Irish people, felt constrained to make this admission:—"Ireland is one of the poorest countries in Europe, yet there is less theft there, less cheating of all kinds than in any country of the same size in the civilized world. In the last hundred years at least impurity has been almost unknown in Ireland. This absence of vulgar crime and this exceptional delicacy and modesty of character are due to their everlasting honor to the influence of the Catholic clergy."

HOME RULE AND UNIVERSITY EDUCATION.
Two important pronouncements have been made within the past few days regarding measures in which Ireland is deeply interested.

One was made by the Duke of Devonshire in a public speech delivered at a gathering of fellow-Liberal Unionists; and was a categorical statement that the Salisbury Government of which the Duke is a member, will not bring in a bill this session to create a Catholic University in Ireland. This decision on the part of the Government will naturally be received with bitter disappointment by the Catholics of Ireland, who were led by Mr. Balfour to believe that the bill would be introduced and passed during the coming session. The opposition to the measure must be very strong amongst the Conservative Party; for with a majority of over 140 in the House of Commons, which would be increased by 80 Irish Nationalists votes, the Government could have no fear of any adversaries outside its own supporters. The Government has yielded to Orange and Protestant clamor, which has, temporarily at least, stifled the voice of justice.

The other is contained in a speech delivered by Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman, the new leader of the Liberal Party. Discussing the question of the position of Liberals towards Home Rule, he said:—"We are confronted by the demand for self-government constitutionally put forward by the Irish people in 1885—expressed by a majority of four-fifths of their members in the House of Commons, repeated in 1886, again in 1892, and again in 1895. Never let us lose sight in this question, of the change that took place in 1885. Down to that date, through all the years of this century the established mode of governing Ireland was by an alternate policy of bribes and Coercion Acts, and I do not know which is the more demoralizing to a free people. The old system had the support in Parliament of the majority of the members from Ireland, but in 1885, for the first time the franchise was extended, the people could speak their full voice, and they immediately demanded the abolition of the old system, and the grant of self-government. How can we, how can any man who has imbibed and assimilated true Liberal doctrine, ignore a demand so put forward, provided it be a solid demand, maintained year after year and not a mere caprice of the moment; and provided also it be not hurtful to Ireland or dangerous to the empire? Hurtful to Ireland? That is an allegation of which we can hear no more now, because the Unionist Party last year passed a Bill for the better government of Ireland in local affairs, which involved and conceded the fitness of the Irish people to manage them."

The Liberal leader proceeded to make this significant declaration:—"We will remain true to the Irish people as long as the Irish people are true to themselves."
This means that so long as the Ir-

ish Nationalists are disunited they need not expect anything from the Liberal Party in the shape of Home Rule. Of course, Irish Nationalists do not care from which party they get Home Rule. But they need not expect Home Rule from either party, so long as they allow individuals to keep alive the spirit of faction and discord amongst them. If they are true to themselves they cannot be false to their country. Every Irishman who places an obstacle in the path of progress towards national unity is false to his motherland.

RIDICULING THE IRISH.

Not many weeks ago we published a somewhat severe criticism upon those writers of the "Mr. Dooley" stamp, who make it a point to cast perpetual slurs upon Irishmen and all that pertains to Ireland. We feel the more strongly on this subject because, unfortunately, many of our fellow-countrymen contribute to the perpetuation of this injustice. They would not miss a bit of humor, or a questionable piece of wit, even were it to cause their own nationality the gravest humiliation. They are to be pitied for they give to others—always too anxious to aim a blow at Irish people—an excuse for their miserable attempts to belittle our race, and to keep it before the world in the guise of the stage Irishman. A subscriber enclosed us the following despatch, from Reading, Pa., dated, 18th March; while we do not feel inclined to pay attention to the numerous items of this class that are brought to our notice, still we reproduce this one, as a fair sample of the mean and masked methods of the anti-Irish element:—
"The first anniversary of the death of Thomas C. Hannahoe, former Mayor of Irishtown, was celebrated in the cemetery last night at midnight. Hannahoe's last request was that on each night of St. Patrick's Day four of his friends should come to his grave at 12 o'clock, and, with bugle, cornet and clarinet, play a number of Irish airs. He also wanted a clay pipe stuck into the turf at the head of his grave and a pouch of tobacco placed beside it.

Hannahoe was proprietor of a saloon known as the Stars and Stripes, which, after his death, went out of business for the want of a license. To-night four old friends went to the grave, and when the clock struck 12, they played the following tunes:—"Trumpet Call," "Lakes of Killarney," "Ireland is my Home," "Lass of Galway," and "Irish National Hymn."

This is somewhat on a par with the article, purporting to be historical and descriptive, which appeared in the Montreal "Gazette," on the 17th March. After giving a fair enough account of the object and origin of St. Patrick's Day celebrations, the writer of that article had the bad taste, the lack of judgment, and the absence of all delicacy sufficient to mar his production, with a quotation, and the application of that quotation, both calculated to humiliate and insult the Irishmen of Canada. It may be true that Lover, Lever, Carleton and others have seen fit to introduce into their works songs and rhymes after the style of
"St. Patrick was a gentleman," but, indelicate and often unjust, and injurious as these might be, they were never intended to be read apart from the context of their works, or the association of the characters therein. Some people, of narrow mind and shallow sentiment, imagine that they display a cleverness in this species of journalism; but, in reality, they only exhibit an ignorance that prejudice has engendered.

Take the leading dailies of this province, and of this city, on the occasion of St. Patrick's Day this year; they nearly all confined their historical account of St. Patrick, to the reproduction, from the New York "Post," of a letter that a female correspondent had concocted for the occasion. There was just sufficient truth in it to render it apparently exact, and sufficient invention to make it worthless. When journalists have to rely on such matter and such writers for their information, at least, they would do well not to attempt anything original—they are liable to fall into the pit they seek to avoid.

All this does not surprise us, and is, to a certain degree, to be expected; but does cause us vexation of spirit to find prominent Irish Catholic organs dealing in the "Dooley Meditation" literature, quoting from it, and holding it up as an example of cleverness, wit, or talent. It may chime in with the political ideas of a paper to have President McKinley, or Senator "Hinnery Cabin Lodge" ridiculed and criticised; but we cannot understand why such should be done at the expense of honest Irish feeling and through the medium of a worse ridicule aimed at our race. It may be said that we are "too thin-skinned"; but we do not feel that such a retort excuses the "thick-skinned" patriotism of some, through which the

shafts of envy and hatred cannot penetrate sufficiently for to stir the heart into noble pulsations. We may be told that we cannot deny the existence of the "brogue." That is true, nor do we seek to deny; rather are we proud of it, as are thousands of educated and eminent Irishmen. But, the "brogue," is a soft and mellow intonation that imparts a peculiar charm to the accent and expression; it is not a written text of bad English, or barbarisms. No Irishman, no matter how rich or pronounced his "brogue" may be, is ever found writing English in the style of "Mr. Dooley," or any of that class of national belittlers. In a word, we are absolutely opposed to all that may tend, directly or indirectly, to lower our race in the estimation of other peoples, and we feel confident that we have the sympathy of every true Irishman, and every lover of the glorious traditions of that old land of our fathers.

A TRUE IRISHMAN.

Elsewhere, in this issue, we publish a contribution from the pen of Dr. W. H. Drummond, the author of the "Habitant," and various other poems that have awakened a keen interest in Canadian literature. Dr. Drummond is the sterling type of a true and high-minded Irishman, and his communication in another column is a splendid index of his character, abilities and patriotic fervor. He has an analytical mind, and his grasp of the genuine and elevating in the realm of Irish letters is manifest in the very first paragraphs of his article. He is a literary deliver; he goes down into the rich mine of Celtic literature, and extracts from the very deepest strata the choicest nuggets and the most sparkling gems. These he presents to the world and, in the setting of his own finished style, they challenge the admiration of all true lovers of the beautiful and the grand in a people's literary treasures. By such a means, men like Dr. Drummond, labor to elevate the standard whereby Irishmen are estimated, and to purify and ennoble the literature of the race.

In this very issue we somewhat severely criticise those writers whose aim—ever of a selfish character—seems to be the obtaining of popularity at the expense of their national pride, and their obvious duty towards their fellow-countrymen. We gave some examples of this class of anti-Irishmen, and a few samples of their productions. At the time of writing that article, we were not aware that we would be favored this week with an illustration of exactly the opposite type of Irish literature. We are, therefore, doubly pleased with Dr. Drummond's timely contribution; it serves a threefold purpose. It imparts considerable information to our readers regarding the "hidden-genius" of Celtic poetry; it exemplifies exactly what we have been seeking to inculcate, that is the propagation of all that might reflect credit upon Irishmen and elevate them and their literature in the estimation of the world.

It is such men who keep alive the spirit of the Gael; it is men of this calibre that aid materially in bringing the scattered Celts together, and in awakening sentiments of sympathy, in the breast of the stranger, and of admiration in the minds of even Ireland's opponents. Success to his pen!

CATHOLIC ORDER OF FORESTERS.

During last week the High Secretary of the Catholic Order of Foresters, Mr. Thos. B. Thiele of Chicago paid a visit to our city on business in connection with the Order and the approaching international convention which will be held in the city of Burlington, Vermont, in June next. This convention will be the most important ever held by the C. O. F., now numbering 70,000 members and increasing at the rate of 1,500 per month, makes necessary new amendments to the working of the order, more particularly in regard to securing the fulfillment of the obligations promised to its members. This is the object at the present time engaging the brightest minds of the Order. Today the Catholic Order of Foresters has an excellent record and reputation and is considered the greatest Catholic insurance organization in the world, and is in a most flourishing condition. Organized in 1883, it is only in its sixteenth year, since which time it has paid out in death claims \$2,500,000, besides an enormous sum in death claims and funeral expenses. Notwithstanding that no attempt until now has been made to build up a reserve fund. The High Treasurer has at the present time over \$100,000 of a surplus and the order does not owe a cent. At the next convention it is proposed to take this surplus and make it the basis of a reserve fund, this amount to be increased by a slight addition to the monthly assessment of its members, which will make the Order and its thousands of members secure for all time to come.
The High Secretary while here had a conference with the Montreal delegates to the approaching convention and much information was gained through the discussions socially. Mr. Thiele was entertained by Prov. Chief Reagen Gibeau, Prov. Secretary Bilo-deau, and Treasurer John P. Jackson, delegates J. J. Ryan and John Pierson.

TALKS TO GAELIC STUDENTS.

GO SAORHAY DIA EIRE.

"God Save Ireland," transcribed by Mr. James C. Mangan, of the Montreal Gaelic Society.

Go hard air chran na sgalan Chroichu an thrir. bvi grashtan lan. Le namhaid doiltha bolbha nmbloch. Agh ead der suas go teann. Les an inchean o' gach clann. Agus ead der gam aegla dian d n crad.

Go saorhay Dia Eire ghair na laochra. Go saorhay Dia Eire ghair siad aroan. Bvi ar mbas air sgalan ard. No i g-cath air wagh an air. O; i s cuma mas dum Eireann titim duinn.

Giy aneasg a namhad cruinn D: cirigh suas a misneach du. Mar bvi cuimvin air cairdiv vfad s a' ngar. Air na millium fior is teann. Thar byfairge voir na d-teann. As in Eirinn namv, air cairdiv ta is fearr.

Go saorhay Dia Eire ghair siad go h-uivreach. Go saorhay Dia Eire ghair siad aroan. Bvi ar mbas air sgalan ard. No i g-cath air wagh an air. O; i s cuma mas dum Eireann titim duinn.

Grapaid suas an staighre garv. Lavair a n gulye go h-ard is goirid. Nuair bvi curtha teud na sacsan uim a mulln. A-g-cois sgalain na bpiann. Do plogadar le cion. Do chreideav thir is saoine fior do n bofuin.

Go saorhay Dia Eire ghuid siad le aird guth. Go saorhay Dia Eire ghuid siad aroan. Bvi ar mbas air sgalan ard. No i g-cath air wagh an air. O; i s cuma mas dum Eireann titim duinn.

Tré gach am a ta le teachd. Beiv meawair ghium is ceart. Air io-bhairt na vfear g-calma dum ar tir. S caithly dul air aghaly an troid. Hi a h-imthus no grad. Go n-deun famuid ar n-oilean aird is saor.

Go saorhay Dia Eire dermid go h-uivreach. Go saorhay Dia Eire dermid aroan. Bvi ar mbas air sgalan ard. No i g-cath air wagh an air. O; i s cuma mas dum Eireann titim duinn.

The regular weekly meeting of the Montreal Gaelic Society was held in their rooms on Monday evening, the attendance being very large, the progress made since the class was organized, is something phenomenal. This is notably true of the Irish-Canadian pupils, who seem to make more progress than the Old Country element.

Mr. John P. O'Brien, 149 St. Georges street, is at present leading the class, and was highly complimented by President Lavelle, on the earnestness manifested by him to learn the language of his fathers. Mr. J. S. Fitzpatrick is a good second, while Mr. B. Feeney, unquestionably holds third place.

On Monday evening a juvenile class was organized, it was an absolute necessity, because the teachers do not want to retard the progress of pupils who are already well under way, by keeping them in the same class as beginners.

The Knights of Columbus' class will in the course of a few months be fully competent to compete with any class in America. The Sir Knights are making rapid progress with the Hon. Justice Doherty leading. Mr. J. C. Mangan is to be congratulated on the success of this class.

The ladies' class must not be forgotten. They are hard and sincere workers in the great Gaelic revival just now taking place all over the world, and the Montreal ladies should feel proud of having such an able executive at their head. Miss Stafford deserves great credit and though the number of pupils attending is small, these classes are always attended with a vim and determination worthy of the daughters of the Gael.

The project of establishing a Gaelic chair in the Catholic High School should meet with the approbation of every sincere lover of Ireland. This is the day dream of the members of the Montreal Gaelic Society, and should meet with the warm sympathy of every member of the A. O. H. in the Province. It is an old Irish motto. Those who are not with us are against us. And the action which the County Board will take on the matter will be watched with interest. So far they have been very lukewarm in support of the local classes. Now is the time to prove their sincerity on this very important matter, and show their devotion to the cause.

CONNAUGHT RANGER

The usual weekly meeting of the Ladies' Gaelic class took place on Thursday evening. In a very short time a larger class room will be needed, as so many are profiting by

Kelly, Burke and Shea.

With introductory Notes by DR. WILLIAM HENRY DRUMMOND, MONTREAL.

WRITTEN FOR THE "TRUE WITNESS" BY SPECIAL REQUEST.

Here and there, in the great mass of Irish literature, will occasionally occur one line, one passage, or even an entire verse; simple, perhaps, in thought and language, but so "true to type," and "racy of the soil," or people, that it will at once arrest attention, and command the admiration of every student and lover of Irish character. To illustrate my meaning, I may be pardoned if I quote from Davis in the "Lament for Eoghan Ruadh":

"Sure we never won a battle; 'twas Owen won them all!"

And Duffy in "The Rapparees":

"O! never fear for Ireland, for she has soldiers still; While Rory's boys are in the wood, and Remy's on the hill; And never had poor Ireland more loyal hearts than these— May God be kind and good to them, the faithful Rapparees! The fearless Rapparees! The jewel were you, Rory, with your Irish Rapparees!"

Note how deliciously Irish is the terminal line. Again: McGee, when he says:

"Where'er I turned, some emblem still Roused consciousness upon my track; Some hill was like an Irish hill; Some wild bird's whistle called me back."

Lavelle also shows the Celtic master hand in "The County of Mayo," when he exclaims;

"'Tis my grief that Patrick Loughlin is not Earl of Irrul still, And that Brian Duff no longer rules as Lord upon the hill, And that Colonel Hugh MacGrady should be lying dead and low, And I sailing, sailing swiftly from the County of Mayo!"

Boyle O'Reilly, too, in "My Native Land," when he utters with all the fervor of his strong soul these words:

"My first dear love, all dearer for thy grief! My land that has no peer in all the sea For verdure, vale, or river, flower, or leaf— If first to no man else, thou'rt first to me."

But for an absolutely perfect study of the Irishman transplanted to the United States, I have never yet seen anything to surpass the verses entitled "Kelly, Burke and Shea," written by Joseph I. C. Clarke, an Irish-American journalist, and which poem first appeared in the New York Sun. We can imagine the scene. Three Irishmen, Kelly, Burke and Shea, have met for the purpose of having a drink and smoke together, and Shea, who is known as "the scholar," has begun to read from a newspaper the account of the Maine disaster, which has just occurred in the harbor of Havana. Shea is evidently an Irishman of the calm, studious and careful type, and apparently begins at the beginning, namely, the head-lines, but, with true Irish anxiety, his companions wish at once to ascertain whether any of their friends or countrymen have suffered death or injury by the explosion, for both men cry aloud with one voice: "Read out the names," and when Shea has gone over the list, they learn that among the dead are clansmen of their own—Kelly, Burke and Shea—and this disc very leads to many interesting reminiscences of the "fighting race."

Every incident and recollection is in ensely Irish. Witness for instance, in the second verse: "Wherever there's Kellys there's trouble," said Burke; the former gentleman accepts the implied compliment, and adds a little more on his own account and that of the Kelly family in question, which, Hibernian-like, offends Burke, who exclaims "and do we fall short?" Then Shea, unwilling to allow the Kellys and Burkes the entire monopoly of the subject, takes a hand in the game, and recalls memories of the American civil war and the charge up Mary's heights. The scene is then changed to Vinegar Hill, where the poet very delicately dyes the insurgents' pike with Hessian instead of Saxon or yeoman blood. And soon the effect of three or four good "stiff" toasts become apparent, for now Shea, who is well versed in the history of "The Brigade," sees passing before his mental vision, as in a haze, the fields of Fontenoy, Ramilies, Cremona, Lille and Ghent, where Celtic steel hewed down the ranks of many a brave array, but his voice sinks as he tells of Waterloo and Dargai. However, Irish-Americans tho' they be, they cannot refuse a tribute of admiration for the gallant soldiers of their race, no matter upon what field, or for what cause their blood is spilt. "Well, here's to good, honest fightin' blood,"

"O! the fightin' races don't die out, For love is first in their hearts no doubt."

Primarily they fall in love, this being the first instinct; get married; another generation; then "off to the wars," leaving the young Kellys et al to grow up and follow in the footsteps of their fathers. The name of the Archangel is Michael, and he wears a sword; two good proofs of his nationality, and proud he must be when the battle-dead are mustered from every land, for there they stand, the Kellys, Burkes and Sheas, three deep, extending from

this grand opportunity of learning the dearly loved language of our ancestors.

The rapid progress of those already in the class proves they are in earnest, and to determine to avail themselves of the kindness of those gentlemen, who are sparing neither time nor trouble in teaching all those who have any desire to study Irish. Mr. Lavelle, President of the Gaelic Society, conducted the class this week and Mr. J. C. Mangan the previous week. Mary A. Harding, secretary.

DEATH OF D. W. DONAHUE.

The death is announced of Mr. Daniel W. Donahue, late of Oakland, Cal. This sad event occurred on Thursday the 16th inst., at the residence of his brother-in-law, Mr. John O'Leary, 600 St. Urbain street.

The deceased had been ailing for a number of years, and bore his illness with true Christian fortitude. His untimely demise will be sincerely regretted by his many friends and acquaintances. The funeral which took place on Saturday, the 18th inst. was very largely attended.—R.I.P.

Character is the blossom and fruit which tells the nature of the tree—the super-eminent in man.

Jehosaphat, and all headed, of course, in the right direction, (thigun thu) namely, the Golden Gate, and the final toast is a general paean of rejoicing, which is most fervently Celtic, and characteristic to an Irish degree: "Well, here's thank God for the race and the sod," said Kelly and Burke and Shea.

KELLY, BURKE AND SHEA.

BY JOSEPH I. C. CLARKE.

"Read out the names!" and Burke sat back, And Kelly drooped his head, While Shea—they call him scholar Jack— Went down the list of the dead, Officers, seamen, gunners, marines, The crew of the gig and the yawl, The bearded man, and the lad in his teens, Carpenters, coal-passers, all. Then, shaking the ashes from out of his pipe, Said Burke in an off-hand way, "We're all in the dead-man's list, by cripes! Kelly and Burke and Shea!" "Well, here's to the Maine, And I'm sorry for Spain," Said Kelly and Burke and Shea.

"Wherever there's Kellys, there's trouble," said Burke, "Wherever fightin' the game," "Or a spice of danger in grown-man's work," Said Kelly, "You'll find my name." "And do we fall short?" said Burke, getting mad, "When its touch and go for life?" "Its thirty odd years," said Shea, "bedad, Since I charged to drum and oife Up Mary's heights, and my ould canteen Stopt a rebel ball on its way! There were blossoms of blood on our sprigs of green, Kelly, and Burke and Shea, But the dead don't brag. Well, here's to the flag," Said Kelly and Burke and Shea.

"I wish 'twas in Ireland, for there's the place," Said Burke, "that we'd die by right In the cradle of our soldier's race, Af'er one good stand up fight. My grandfater fell at Vinegar Hill, And fight in' was not his trade. But his rusty pike's in the cabin still, With Hessian blood on the blade." Aye! aye! said Kelly, the pikes were great When the word was clear the way. We were thick on the roll in ninety-eight, Kelly and Burke and Shea." Well, here's to the pike, and the sword, and the like, Said Kelly and Burke and Shea.

And Shea, the scholar, with rising joy, Said, "We were at Ramilies, We left our bones at Fontenoy. And up in the Pyrenees, Before Dunkirk, on Lauden's plain, Cremona, Lille, and Ghent, We're all over Austria, France and Spain, Wherever they pitched a tent. We've died for England from Waterloo To Egypt and Dargai, And still there's enough of a corps or crew, Or Kelly and Burke and Shea." Well! "He e's to good honest fightin' blood," Said Kelly and Burke and Shea.

"Oh! the fightin' races don't die out, If they seldom die in bed, For love is first in their hearts, no doubt, Said Burke; then Kelly said; "When Michael, the Irish Archangel, stands— The angel with the sword. And the battle dead from a hundred lands Are ranged in one big horde, Our line, that for Gabriel's trumpet waits, Will stretch three deep that day, From Jehosaphat to the golden gates, Kelly and Burke and Shea." Well! "Here's thank God for the race and the sod!" Said Kelly and Burke and Shea.

NATIONAL FESTIVAL AT QUEBEC

Continued From First Page

was well interpreted and expressed last night by the different actors, and the best test of the outcome of the play was found in the evident pleasure of the vast audience which gave marked tokens of approval.

Viewed in its entirety the celebration appears to have made a strong impression upon the community. "The Daily Telegraph," "The Chronicle," "Le Soleil," "L'Evenement," and "Le Courier du Canada," respectively gave long and glowing accounts of the way the day was honored, and both "The Telegraph" and "Le Soleil" made very complimentary editorial comments on the importance of the celebration "Le Soleil" congratulating the Irish race upon their patriotism and on the brighter prospects for Home Rule. There seems to be an instinctive perception and feeling that the time is approaching when Ireland's right to freedom and self-government must be conceded by England, and the thought strengthens on an occasion like the present, when men's minds dwell up-

on the fidelity of the Celtic Irish race in their prolonged struggle in defence of faith and fatherland.

On hundreds of French-Canadian breasts were hung the mystic Shamrock, or bunch of green ribbon in testimony of their sympathy with their fellow Irish citizens. Among the auspicious arches should be mentioned that erected by Deputy Chief Walsh, and the one made by the officers of the Emmet Club. It would however take a column to specify all the erections and displays made for the occasion.

The bells of St. Patrick, which had received their baptismal rites the Sunday previous, rang out their joyous notes for the first time on the 17th, and gladdened all Irish hearts by their sweet peals.

St. Patrick's Day of '99 has come and gone and has left pleasant and fruitful memories behind it in Quebec.

WM. ELLISON.

DEATH OF MATHEW WALSH.

It is with sincere regret that we chronicle the death of Mr. Matthew Walsh, who was for many years a prominent parishioner of St. Mary's parish, and well and favorably known

in commercial and society circles of this city. The sad event occurred on Friday, the 17th inst. at his residence, 298 Logan's Park, West.

Deceased was born in Rosecommon, Ireland, 71 years ago, and was for over forty years engaged in the furniture business in Montreal, retiring from active life five years ago. He was connected with the principal societies of St. Mary's Parish, and was for many years president of St. Vincent de Paul Society. A widow, six sons and three daughters survive him, amongst whom are Mr. J. C. Walsh, secretary of the Bar of Montreal, and Rev. Sister St. Joseph, of Cleveland, Ohio.

The funeral took place on Sunday afternoon, and was attended by a very large number of sympathizing friends. The solemn Requiem service which had to be deferred on account of the exercises of the Forty Hours Devotion, then being held in St. Patrick's Church, was chanted on Wednesday morning at 8 o'clock.—R.I.P.

At a regular meeting of the St. Ann's T. A. and B. Society, a vote of condolence was passed to the family of the late Brother member Patrick Campbell.

A WORD ABOUT THE PROTESTANT PRESS.

Below we give two communications which contain striking lessons for thoughtful and self-respecting Irish Catholic. The Gazette is one of the Protestant newspapers of Montreal which has done some service in the way of chronicling events that have taken place in the circles of Irish Catholics with that measure of impartiality, which could be expected from a Protestant newspaper. The "True Witness" has endeavored to show the necessity there is for Irish Catholics and Catholics speaking the English language, in this city, and in the Province of Quebec, to support it, in its endeavor to champion their cause.

It has also appealed to Irishmen, both in office and in the ranks of our Catholic societies, national, benevolent, temperance and quasi-insurance, to give it the exclusive right of publishing notes of their proceedings, instead of giving them to the Protestant press, which have no sympathy with their aims and objects.

For some reason we cannot perhaps appreciate there are a few members of our Catholic societies who seem inclined to give these notes to the Protestant press. The position of our correspondent whose communication was refused publication should be a warning to them. The Irish Catholics of Montreal should realize, even at this late day, that the "True Witness" is the only newspaper upon which they can rely when their interests are at stake; and we say, without any fear of being charged with egotism that were it not for the "True Witness" weekly issue the path of the Irish Catholics in Montreal would be a more difficult one to tread.

We speak thus plainly because the present management is earnestly desirous to extend the usefulness of the "True Witness," to further increase its size, which is now 12 pages, and also if possible to make it a daily visitor to Irish Catholic homes.

The subscription price is lower than any other Catholic newspaper on this continent, and there can be no excuse for Irish Catholics from a financial point of view not to support it.

The following are the communications referred to:— To the Editor of the Gazette: Sir,—In reference to the remarks in this morning's Gazette, regarding St. Patrick's Day and Irishmen, I write to deny the insinuation it contained.

The Irish of to-day have a great reverence for St. Patrick as their ancestors had; not as an exterminator of reptiles, as you say, but as the Holy Apostle of Christianity; and they consider the shamrock not as an interesting weed, but as the symbol St. Patrick made use of to explain the mystery of the Trinity.

There was a time in Montreal, when, to cast a slur as you have done on Irishmen, would not be allowed. It is a contemptible calumny on St. Patrick to put him down as a whiskey drinker, and to say that the secret of the average Irishman's veneration for him is to be found in that fact. I think the author of that article is a fanatic and not fit to be on the staff of a journal calling itself respectable.

To the Editor of the "True Witness":

Dear Sir,—This is a copy of a letter which was sent to the Gazette last Friday noon, in reference to an article which appeared in that journal on St. Patrick's Day, which very likely you have seen. They were to publish the letter but they did not. I appeal to you as the only Catholic paper in Montreal. I thought you would have referred to it in last week's "True Witness." The Gazette had no excuse to say I had written on both sides of the paper, as my letter was in regular form. The letter was sent by a messenger to the Gazette office, and he saw Mr. White, who promised to explain how the article in question appeared, and also to discharge the man who wrote it. J. E. M.

We would remind J. E. M., that the "True Witness" is printed on Thursday evening, each week. It was therefore impossible to refer to the Gazette's article in the last issue.

ST. ANTHONY'S YOUNG MEN.

St. Anthony's Catholic Young Men's Society, will hold a progressive Euchre Party on Friday, April 7th, in St. Anthony's Hall. Special prizes will be presented to the winners.

Toothache stopped in two minutes with Dr Adams' Toothache Gum. 10 cents.

Prudence is common sense well trained in the art of manner, of discrimination, and of address.

RANDOM NOTES For Busy Households.

A writer in the Toronto "Globe," in an interesting article refers to the list of scientific fads and fashions in food which have prevailed during the last few years.

breeds of farmyard ducks and geese have remarkably beautiful feathers, shimmering with gold, green and blue, and tinged with a metallic lustre of unusual beauty.

Boston has started a school for the proper training of nurse-maids. No girl under eighteen or more than thirty years old is received as a pupil.

Bedrooms should receive a supply of fresh air every day, no matter what the temperature; cold air is not necessarily pure air.

The demand for feathers for millinery purposes has caused an inventor to experiment in this field, and he has succeeded so well that many of our most fashionable bird plumes and feathers are artificially manufactured.

The Washington correspondent of the Catholic Columbian writes:—A friend rather surprised me the other day by declaring that, in his opinion, very few of our Catholic brethren, comparatively, even kept the mild Lenten obligations of abstinence or fasting.

THE PLAGUE OF DEBASING SONGS.

C. E. Elliott, in the N. Y. Sun, of Feb. 26th, protests against a "public evil" which ought to be rooted out, it is "the songs which our mothers,

wives, and sisters are obliged to listen to in our places of public amusement. Songs absolutely vile are displayed in store windows, warbled in our theatres, and in devious ways soon are found in homes to pollute

our daughters and sons. The many pretty little love songs and old-time ballads, are seldom heard where formerly they exerted such an influence for good.

AMERICAN CATHOLIC YOUNG MEN'S UNION.

Members of the Catholic Young Men's National Union from Baltimore, Philadelphia, Albany, Newark, Trenton, Boston, Providence and New York, held a meeting at Brooklyn, N. Y., recently, at which the national president, Rev. Wm. T. McGuire, presided.

INDICATIONS OF CHARACTER IN HEADGEAR.

Show me how a man wears his hat, and I will tell you what manner of man he is, writes a modern philosopher. Notice yourself how he wears his head gear, and you can make a fair estimate of his character.

Men whose hats are always too large for them are of reflective habits. They are careless of externals and given to introspection.

Men whose hats are always too small for them are vain and finical. The man who wears his hat drawn over his eyes may not be a "crook," but he is undoubtedly a schemer.

What is Scott's Emulsion? It is the best cod-liver oil, partly digested, and combined with the hypophosphites and glycerine.

= New = Spring Goods. If you want a Nobby Hat... TRY... LORGE & Co., 21 St. Lawrence Street. SPRING STOCK Just arrived by latest mail steamer from England.

self-centered, which is only another phase for selfish. He is not cheerful. He is, in fact, given to gloomy meditations. He may be a Machiavelli, or he may be only a business promoter.

The man who wears his hat tilted on his forehead is always an optimist. The man whose hat slopes at the back has unusual brain power.

AN IRISH CENTENARIAN.

Mr. Timothy Curley, senior, says the Sydney "Freeman's Journal," is one of the good old Irish stock. He was born at Killew, Co. Clara, 12 miles from the famous old city of the Violated Treaty.

Mr. Curley made an effort to go to California, but was wrecked on the way, and had to return. Then he finally left Ireland in 1880, and came out to New South Wales to live with his sons and their children.

CHURCH STRUCK BY LIGHTNING.

The congregation of St. Ann's Church, Greenport, N. Y., during an evening service last week, was startled, when a bolt of lightning shattered the roof, and plaster rained upon the heads of the worshippers.

tearing in its exit a ragged hole in the wall. Miss Tessie Harrett, the organist, was buried in plaster.

WHO BUILT THE PYRAMIDS? Hard to tell in some instances. But we know who are the great nerve builders. They are Scott and Bowne. Their Scott's Emulsion feeds and strengthens brain and nerve.

Roofing We Do A Good Business In Roofing. Because we do good work, we sometimes make mistakes, but when we do we make things right.

THOMAS O'CONNELL Dealer in general Household Hardware, Paints and Oils. 137 McCORD STREET, Cor. Ottawa

LORGE & CO., HATTER - AND - FURRIER 21 ST. LAWRENCE STREET, MONTREAL.

CARROLL BROS., Registered Practical Sanitarians, Plumbers, Steam Fitters, Metal and Slate Roofers.

J. P. CONROY (Late with Paddon & Nicholson) 228 Centre Street, Practical Plumber, Gas and Steam Fitter.

SPECIALTIES OF GRAY'S PHARMACY. FOR THE HAIR: CASTOR FLUID... 25 cents

THE Society of Arts, OF CANADA, 1666 NOTRE DAME STREET, MONTREAL. Drawing Every Wednesday. PAINTINGS Valued from \$2 to \$1800.

FRED'S LITTLE DAUGHTER.

From "Our Boys' and Girls' Own," by permission of Bousiger Bros.

CHAPTER XII.

Brightmar in June and Brightmar in November are two different places. To a city child Brightmar in November might seem gloomy and dull on a first arrival, for the terrace is gray and bleak, the gardens are stripped of their blossoms, the arbors and shaded nooks are bare of their rustic seats and tables, and the leaves are scattered over walks and benches. But, within doors all is so warm and cheerful, the great fires are so ruddy and lively, the hall and its gallery echo so with the gay voices and the coming and going of the little feet, that the outside world is forgotten, and no city home, however elegant, is so stately and so spacious as this fine old country home. A few days in it will bring to the surface more pleasures than these, and the child who looks and learns will see beautiful things in winter as well as in summer. The leafless trees show like fine gray lace against the winter skies, and the ruddy light of a winter sunset makes a glorious glow in the woods by which to walk. Then walking and riding are both pleasanter in cool weather than in warm days—that is, before "the bitter winds do blow"—and things unexpected are always "cropping out." The Brightmar children say so, at any rate.

The summer had passed, the time for lessons had come again, they had all been hard at work for two months and now they had reached another holiday—the first days of November. At Brightmar it had long been the custom to keep as real holidays All Saints' Day and All Souls' Day. Old Mr. Morris had called home his children from far and wide for those days so long as it was possible, but of late Dr. Morris and Mrs. Johnstone had been far away at that season, the eldest son—father of Jeff and Agnes—and the widowed mother of Stanislaus and his brothers were dead, and Miss Sara alone remained. No holiday was thought of, but a reverent keeping of the feasts. The three elders resolved this year to renew the old fashion, and show the children what had been the custom of their childhood. It seemed all the more desirable that they should be together, now that there were so many dear ones missing from earth whom they might hopefully pray for as among the holy souls.

It was Katharine's first experience of cold weather. She had been born in the far south and had never left it, except in the middle of summer, until she came to Brightmar in the spring. She had become accustomed to all Northern weather and ways so far, and had grown so rosy and tall and plump that she looked as though she had faced many a crisp morning and many a fresh evening frost among the mountains and the woods. Lessons were coming on finely with Miss Althea, and Gretta was finding it rather a struggle to get through the "old lessons" they were now dealing with, for Katharine read as well as she did herself, and was far more attentive to every lesson than Gretta had ever been to anything but poetry. She had caught up to Freddie, and would soon pass him, for Freddie was not ambitious and was satisfied to be quite happy and at peace. He dreaded a scolding, though, and worked tolerably well to escape one, so he was not troublesome. There went quietly on always; Francis had not yet come into the schoolroom for regular lessons—he kept Gertrude company in very short and simple lessons at their mother's side, for Gertrude was too delicate and backward to be counted more than a very little one, although she was nearly seven. She and Johnny were coupled together even oftener than she and Francis, while Freddie who looked her twin, was far beyond her in mental gifts. But the doctors insisted she only needed time and no pressure to restore all she had lost through a long illness two years before.

"What is the matter, my darling?" It was Miss Sara who asked the question and it was to Katharine she spoke. She had noticed the little girl's increasing quiet and shrinking from others for the last day or two, and coming into her room on a bright afternoon, had found her standing, idle and sad, at the window.

"I am only thinking, Aunt Sara. Nothing else."

"But of what? Have you not something to think of all the time, little maid?"

"Yes, always. But not—like—this."

Her voice sank to a whisper, and she pressed her face against the encircling arm Miss Sara had folded round her shoulders with a gentle caress.

"And what is 'this'?" persisted her kind questioner.

"Don't you know, Aunt Sara? To-

morrow will be All Saints' Day. And—the next day—it will be All Souls' Day."

"Well, darling?"

"I heard you and Aunt Pen talking yesterday of feasts, and of the flowers and the graves and—the prayers, and—I—I have more to pray for than all the others, and—mine have—only me!"

It was the very saddest little voice Miss Sara had ever heard that spoke the last two words, and at first she could not answer it. She could only hold her little niece in silence for a minute or two.

"Oh, Katharine, little Katharine," she said at last, "what a patient little girl you are to have borne with your careless aunt all this time without a word! Did you think we had forgotten them because we did not speak of them?"

Katharine nodded timidly.

"Never, my darling! We would have spoken long ago, but I dreaded it. It is very, very sad to us to have lost them in that way—to have lost all our dear mother's sweet wisdom and goodness without ever knowing her. Every day you have been with us you have taught us more and more of your father and your mother, and have made us feel more and more how much we would have loved her—as much as we loved him, our own dear brother. I have wanted to talk with you about them so often! But I really did not know—forgive me, dear!—how much you remembered, how much you cared."

"Oh, Aunt Sara! I remember everything, and I think, think, think all the time—indeed I do! But I must not cry, you know. Mrs. Ramsey said they would be pleased if I was good, and I am good—mostly good! Oh, I do want to be!"

"You are, darling. Our dear Lord and His dear Mother know that you try, that you show to all of us you wish to honor them and glorify Him."

"I do try hard. And I stop many a time to think just what mother told me I must do to be good. She always used to tell me, and then father used to kiss me when I did it."

She hid her face again and Miss Sara felt her tremble. But the pouring out of her grief and loneliness—which she had felt for the first time—was a relief to her little heart, and they had a long, long talk which neither of them ever forgot. After such a beginning it was easy for Miss Sara to ask, and wonderful how clearly Katharine could answer. She must indeed have stopped many times to think over her mother's teachings, and she must have tried—far harder than she ever seemed to be trying—to do as she was taught. They had thought she was "naturally a good child," but Miss Sara saw there had been many a struggle and many a silent victory. It was not all done, either, to please the dear father and mother. There was a child's innocent and reverent trust in God the Father, a child's wisely simple understanding of the story of our Blessed Lord and His dear Mother, a child's looking to the strength of the mighty, a child's turning to the Hope of the hopeless, in a child's troubles and perplexities. That talk brought them very near to each other, and gave the little girl a friend in her aunt who had not only loved her for her father's sake and as "a good little thing" who gave no trouble, but as a thinking, earnest little soul, with a mind and heart far in advance of her years.

The feasts were beautiful days indeed. They were kept in the old fashion of the Morris family—not sorrowfully, not solemnly, but nursed with a tender reverence for the holy departed and the unknown dead. No lessons, of course, and every one at Mass, and the graves all beautiful with flower and wreath and cross and branch, gathered by the children and shaped by the skillful fingers of the elders. The neighborhood around Brightmar was Catholic—there were but thirteen Protestants in it, the Dutch miller, his wife, and their eleven children—and the customs of the Morris family were only those of the place, except in the greater degree because of the ease with which wealth overcomes any difficulty in the keeping of a holiday.

The week after the two feasts was also without lessons, and it closed with a family party, where more than "the Brightmars"—as Katharine, by a happy thought, had named their own party—were added to the number. Every one they could gather in, who "belonged" to them, or was connected by marriage, they had invited, and all except Stanislaus Donne, who had entered the novitiate at Frederic at midsummer, came during the day or the evening. The only one present who was neither relative nor connection was Mr. Courtney, and

"who ever heard of anything at Brightmar without him?" as Polly commented when some far-off cousin, after vainly trying to trace his pedigree in the Morris line, remarked upon his presence with wonder."

Katharine, of course, attracted no little attention, for all had heard of her, and nearly all had known her father. "And this is Fred's little daughter?" she heard so often that the question seemed to adapt itself to every face turned kindly towards her. In the reminiscences exchanged around her and over her small head she seemed to find a new father—a gay, bright, father she had never seen. It was many years before she learned of the shadow that fell from Brightmar on that sunny nature, and softened it to the exquisite tenderness of the father of her memory.

"I never saw him after he entered the navy," many of them said, and only one—a tall, grave, dark-faced man who had married a cousin—had ever "been South" and visited him in the yard, before Katharine's time.

"He was the right man in the right place," he said. "Never was a nobler fellow, and he had a splendid wife. Splendid and lovely both, in her beauty, and I fancy, as much in character. It just about a year, since—some one touched his arm with a look at Katharine—since you came to Brightmar, isn't it?"

"Not quite."

But she could not explain, for she knew he meant to say "since they died," and she understood the ready kindness which so quickly changed the sentence to spare her the reference.

"Everybody is good to me, Aunt Sara," she said, when telling her of the occurrence that night. "I think they are very, very good. They always remember I have no father or mother, and they all try to help me forget it, don't they?"

She had been talking it all over, and asking who was this and how that one came to be a cousin, and many little things had come up of the same kind, where consideration had been shown "Fred's little daughter."

"Even when they don't call me that and don't love my father, people are good to me. They are better to me than to the others—Jeff, you know, and Agnes and Polly and Stanislaus and his brothers—because I am left all alone. I believe, Aunt Sara," speaking in a lowered, reverent voice, and lifting earnest eyes to the listening face bent over her—"I really do believe our Lady told our Lord she was so sorry for me that dreadful time—when I woke up, you know, and was so frightened because there was nobody there—and ever since he has told all the other people to be sorry for me, too. And they are sorry, and that makes them good to me. And I love them, every one."

"My darling, the whole world will be good to you if you go as you began, loving every one, and trying to help every one, and trying not to give any one pain or trouble of any kind. But, like you, I believe our Lady told her Son she was sorry for you that day, and that He remembers it, too. He is sorry for those who are lonely and sad Himself, you know. And I believe he is specially sorry for the lonely little children, and remembers how sweet and loving His own Mother was to Him when he was a little child. Depend

SURPRISE SOAP

MAKES CHILD'S PLAY OF WASH DAY

A pure hard Soap
Last long—lathers freely.
5 cents a cake.

upon it, there is a very special Providence for the orphans. And, oh, may it always keep Fred's little daughter!"

And thus was answered the question every one was asking just one before: "What is to be done with little Katharine Morris?" How dark to those who asked stretched out the future of the little maid, how sad to every one the lonely lot of the once tenderly cherished child! Kind hearts were moved with sympathy, kind and generous hands were ready to minister to her, the best there was to give was given without stint from the first moment she was found—and yet no one seemed to remember that love more generous, sympathy more tender, care more unceasing, and protection more efficient than any were surely hers. "When they father and thy mother forsake thee," who is it that has promised to "take thee up?" He whose promises never fail. And he well knew what was to be done with the dear little girl whose gifts and talents, whose strong and loving heart he had fashioned for the life that was to fall to her lot.

Innocently, trustfully, patiently—as a child can so often be patient—doing all that she knew of right, and "stopping many times" to remember what she had been taught so that she might do it, Katharine had passed as by an angel guidance through the first year of orphanage. And it left her "in pleasant places" to grow into the sweetest reminder of her lovely, lost mother and her faithful, duty-honoring father. Enspelled, because unconscious, generous, grateful, asking nothing, yet receiving all she most desired, no tenderly cherished darling of the most anxious parents was ever happier or more beloved than "Fred's little daughter." Miss Sara's prayer for her was surely heard and answered.

THE PASSION FOR WEALTH.

It is an observed fact that the more money a man gets the more he wants. Multi-millionaires—who have more than they can spend or use—are usually among the hardest working in the community. In their eagerness to get more they frequently deny themselves the enjoyment of what they have. Men whose interest revenues are greater than their possibilities of expenditure still wear out their lives in as eager a struggle for

gain as if the poor house were looming up before their gaze.

We all ask "Why?" and the usual answer that the desire of possession is a passion which like other passions, grows by what it feeds upon.

That answer is incomplete and unsatisfactory, and in a very philosophical book on "The Theory of the Leisure Class," just published by the Macmillans, Mr. Thorstein Veblen undertakes to furnish a better one.

He says that in all stages of human existence, leisure—or exemption from the necessity of work—is regarded as a distinction. The aristocratic savage devotes himself to war and the chase, proudly leaving work to women, as something degrading and unworthy of him. In a more advanced stage of culture war and the chase still occupy the "upper" or leisure class, while the necessity to work is the accepted badge of inferiority among men. Still later, professional employments and other means of gain not involving work with the hands come to be included in the list of activities proper to men able to afford leisure and therefore belonging to the superior order.

As the age grows more and more industrial and commercial the mere possession of wealth comes to be the test of social superiority, and so the desire of possession grows. Then arises the feeling that the more wealth a man has the higher he stands—that even among men of very great wealth those who have the most are superior to those who have less.

Thus it comes about, Mr. Veblen thinks, that wealth, at first valued as marking its possessor's ability to afford leisure, comes to be itself so great a badge of distinction that men already possessed of it in lavish abundance deny themselves all leisure in their endeavor to get more.

It is certainly an ingenious and interesting pedigree of avarice, although like human pedigrees, its accuracy may be open to doubt and question.—New York World.

AMONG IN DESPAIR.

"My wife suffered with pain and distress from an affection of the throat caused by impure blood. She was almost in despair of ever obtaining a cure, but finally procured a bottle of Hood's Sarsaparilla and after taking six bottles of this medicine she was completely cured." John Weikner, Galt, Ontario.

That distress after eating is prevented by one or two of Hood's Pills. They don't gripe.

Eloquence is the speech of man in his loftiest hour.

STEEL SIDING

STONE BRICK, CLAPBOARD, CORRUGATED, ETC.

For Stores, Houses, Halls, Barns, Sheds, Churches. Entirely water, wind, storm and fire proof. Will last years and always look well. Cheaper than matched lumber. Shipped from factory all ready to apply. Sold by leading dealers, or write direct stating requirements. Pedlar Metal Roofing Co. OSHTAWA, CANADA.

Society Meetings.

Young Men's Societies.

Young Irishmen's L. & B. Association.

Organized April 1874. Incorporated, Dec. 1875. Regular monthly meeting held in its hall, 18 Durois street, first Wednesday of every month at 8 o'clock, p.m. Committee of Management meets every second and fourth Wednesday of each month. President: R. O. BARRIS; Secretary: M. J. POWER; all communications to be addressed to the Hall. Delegates to St. Patrick's League: W. J. Hinchey, D. Gallery, Jas. McMahon.

St. Ann's Young Men's Society.

Organized 1885. Meets in its hall, 157 Ottawa Street, on the first Sunday of each month at 8:30 p.m. Spiritual Advisor: REV. R. STUBBS, C.S.S.R.; President: JOHN WHITTY; Secretary: D. J. O'NEILL; Delegates to St. Patrick's League: J. Whitty, D. J. O'Neill and M. Casoy.

Ancient Order of Hibernians.

DIVISION NO. 9.

Meets in lower vestry of St. Gabriel New Church corner Centre and Laurier streets, on the 2nd and 4th Friday of each month at 8 p.m. President: ANDREW DUNN; Recording Secretary: THOMAS SMITH, 81 Richmond street; to whom all communications should be sent. Delegates to St. Patrick's League: A. Dunn, M. Lynch and B. Connaught.

A.O.H.—Division No. 3.

Meets the 2nd and 4th Mondays of each month at Hibernia Hall, No. 242 Notre Dame St. Officers: P. J. Boyle, President; P. Carroll, Vice-President; John Hughes, Fin. Secretary; Wm. Rawley, Rec. Secretary; W. P. Stanton, Treas.; Marshal, J. H. Kennedy; T. Ewing, Chairman of Standing Committee. Hall is open every evening (except regular meeting nights) for members of the Order and their friends, where they will find Irish and other leading news—access on file.

A.O.H.—Division No. 4.

President: H. T. Kearns, No. 32 Delorimier av. Vice President: J. P. O'Hara; Recording Secretary: P. J. Finn, 15 Kent street; Financial Secretary: P. J. Boyle; Treasurer: John Traynor; Sergeant-at-Arms: D. Matheson, Sentinel, D. White; Marshal: J. Cochran; Delegates to St. Patrick's League: T. Donovan, J. P. O'Hara; Rec. Secretary: JOHN WALSH, 1st Vice-President; A. O'H. Division No. 4 meets every 2nd and 4th Monday of each month, at 1113 Notre Dame street.

C.M.B.A. of Canada, Branch 26

(ORGANIZED, 13th November, 1883.)

Branch 26 meets at St. Patrick's Hall, 91 St. Alexander Street, on every Monday of each month. The regular meetings for the transaction of business are held on the 2nd and 4th Mondays of each month, at 8 p.m.

Applicants for membership or any other details of information regarding the Branch may communicate with the following officers: D. J. McGillivray, President, 156 Manoe street; John M. Kennedy, Treasurer, 32 St. Philip street; Robert Warren, Financial Secretary, 23 Beausoleil street; Recording Secretary, JOHN PATRICKSON, 197 Ottawa street.

Catholic Order of Foresters

St. Gabriel's Court, 185.

Meets every alternate Monday, commencing Jan 31, in St. Gabriel's Hall, cor. Centre and Laurier streets.

M. P. McGOULDRIK, Chief Ranger.
M. J. HEALBY, Rec. Sec'y, 48 Laurier St.

St. Patrick's Court, No. 95, C.O.F.

Meets in St. Ann's Hall, 157 Ottawa street, every first and third Monday, at 8 p.m. Chief Ranger, ALEX. F. FOSBERG, Recording Secretary, JOHN PATRICKSON, 197 Ottawa street.

Catholic Benevolent Legion

Shamrock Council, No. 320, C.B.L.

Meets in St. Ann's Young Men's Hall, 157 Ottawa Street, on the second and fourth Tuesday of each month, at 8 p.m. M. SHERA, President; T. W. LESAGE, Secretary, 447 Berri Street.

Total Abstinence Societies.

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

ESTABLISHED 1841. Meets on the second Sunday of every month in St. Patrick's Hall, 92 St. Alexander street, immediately after Vespers. Committee of Management meets in same hall the first Tuesday of every month at 8 p.m. REV. J. A. McCALLLEN, Rev. President; JOHN WALSH, 1st Vice-President; W. P. DOYLE, Sec. etary, 24 St. Martin Street. Delegates to St. Patrick's League: Messrs J. Walsh; M. Sharkey, J. H. Kelly.

St. Ann's T. A. & B. Society.

ESTABLISHED 1848. Rev. Director: REV. FREDERICK FLYNN, P.O. Box 100, 115 Killfeather; Secretary: JAS. BRADY, 119 Chateaufort Street. Meets on the second Sunday of every month, in St. Ann's Hall, corner Centre and Ottawa streets at 8:30 p.m. Delegates to St. Patrick's League: Messrs J. Killfeather, T. Rogers and Andrew Galtier.

BRODIE & HARVIE'S

PANCAKE FLOUR

For PANCAKES, MUFFINS, Etc.

Ask your Grocer for it; 3lb and 6lb packages.

MRS. JOSEPHINE WHITE!

How She Cured Herself of Female Weakness—Her Complexion Makes Her Look Ten Years Younger Than She Really Is.

The things that make women look old are weakness and sickness. Ill health robs the face of its beauty and the figure of its charms. When a woman or girl is dragged down by leucorrhoea, falling of the womb, nervousness, headache, backache and poor digestion, her ailments show in her face. She "ages" fast. She looks far older than she really is. Nothing makes a woman look young except vigor, strength and health in the distinctly feminine organs. Here lies her youth. Women seem to overlook this fact. They resort to all sorts of powders, paints and cosmetics, but the ravages of disease cannot be covered up. You have got to go down to the roots of the trouble and restore health there.

Mrs. Josephine White, Tower Spring, Lincoln Co., Kan., writes as follows: "I had terrible backache and female weakness, and was so dizzy at times that I had to sit down to prevent myself from falling on the floor. I saw Dr. Coderre's Red Pills advertised, and wrote your physician for advice. Then I used Dr. Coderre's Red Pills faithfully and followed your specialist's advice. I since gained ten pounds, and am perfectly healthy, and my present complexion makes me look ten years younger than I am. My appetite is very good. I sleep well at night, and am ever so thankful to your specialist for giving me such valuable advice. I am pleased to testify in order that all sick women may follow my example and cure themselves." (Signed.)

Mrs. JOSEPHINE WHITE,
Tower Spring, Lincoln Co., Kan.
You see from Mrs. White's letter



seem to be ten years younger than her actual age.

This is the plain truth. Mrs. White's letter is convincing proof. We have hundreds of testimonials that say the same thing. Better write us today about your case. It won't cost anything for the best advice. Those who wish personal treatment can visit Montreal, and call at our Dispensary, 274 St. Denis street. While you are about it, you might as well send for a free copy of our famous doctor book, entitled "Pale and Weak Women." It is the most valuable publication of the kind ever issued.

Dr. Coderre's Red Pills for Pale and Weak Women are such a wonderful remedy that dishonest dealers have imitated them. They sometimes offer worthless red pills by the dozen or by the hundred or in 25-cent boxes. Don't take them. Insist upon Dr. Coderre's Red Pills, which are always sold in boxes containing fifty Red Pills for 50 cents. These pills act so much longer and are easier to take than liquid medicines costing \$7. Besides the low price, they are a certain cure.

Dr. Coderre's Red Pills are sold by all reliable druggists at 50 cents a box, or six boxes for \$2.50. If you cannot get them in your neighborhood, send the price to us in stamps, by registered letter, money order or express order. We mail them all over the world. There is no duty to pay. We pay all costs of delivery. Address all letters, whether for the Red Pills or for professional advice, to The Franco-American Chemical Co., Medical Department, Montreal, Canada.

how she cured herself of female weakness, dizziness and backache. You see how she wrote our physician for advice, which was given absolutely free. We never make a charge for consultation, and invite all women to write us when they are sick. Dr. Coderre's Red Pills for Pale and Weak Women, if taken according to directions and according to the advice of our celebrated specialist in female diseases, will cure any woman or girl. They will make her complexion fair to look upon, and they will restore her youthful looks—make her

For Boys and Girls.

CONDUCTED BY T. W.

HALLO, JACK FROST.

Hallo, Jack Frost!
We thought you were lost
Way off in the polar regions,
Mid the big ice floes,
And the Eskimos,
And the sturdy and stout Norwegians.

All covered with rust,
And thick with dust,
Our skates and our sleds have rested,
And no use had a chap
For a sealskin cap,
Or a coat that was double-breasted.

Above there are crowns
Of angry clouds;
The storm will be fierce in a minute—
And oh! what joy
To the girl and boy
If jolly Jack Frost is in it!

Bring out your skates
And sleds, my mates,
And hie to the place of meeting;
Far out of the North
He's sailed forth,
And we'll give him a royal greeting!

Hallo, Jack Frost!
We thought you were lost—
We felt uneasy about you;
For tho' you were rough,
It's plain enough
We can't get along without you.

The Cigarette Habit.

The habit of smoking cigarettes is one that has taken a firm hold upon the rising generation, especially upon boys of tender years; and it is not a rare occurrence to see, in the streets of Montreal as well as elsewhere, a small boy demonstrating to his companions how to master various ways of inhaling, exhaling and other "ailings" that can be had from a mouthful of cigarette smoke. It seems to be the delight of the average youngster to master the intricacies of the cigarette. When he can obtain a cent or two from his parents or others, he runs off immediately to invest it in a cherished cigarette instead of expending it in candies or the like, as the boys of other days used to do. The cigarette habit is responsible for the many pale and sallow-faced youths that we everywhere meet and many of the diseases so prevalent among our young men can also be traced to the deadly nicotine poisoning.

To such an extent has this vile habit increased that parliamentary legislation has been enacted in many places to limit the sale and manufacture of cigarettes and it would be of immense benefit if such legislation were introduced in this province. Parents may have a suspicion of symptoms of the habit manifested by headaches, but they do not always see the evil working in the boy's disposition as well as school masters. It is especially among our school-boys that the most disastrous effects are noticed and it is only the teacher that can see the almost universal dis-

ST. MARY'S CONCERT.

The grand annual concert of St. Mary's Parish in aid of the decoration fund of the Church of Our Lady of Good Counsel was held in St. Mary's Hall, corner Craig and Panet streets, on St. Patrick's night. It was a grand success from every point of view. The large hall was crowded to the doors, and the long and select programme of vocal and instrumental music was an intellectual treat. Among those present were Rev. Father O'Donnell, P.P., Rev. Father Shea, and many of the local clergy, together with a large number of prominent parishioners. It would be unjust to mention any one in particular as those that took part acquitted themselves in a most creditable manner; and one and all deserve great praise for the excellent talent they displayed. They had to respond to repeated encores. After a few appropriate remarks by Rev. Father O'Donnell, who thanked the audience for their large attendance, the following programme was rendered:—

Piano Solo, Miss Lawlor; Song, "The Dear Little Shamrock," St. Mary's Convent Pupils; Recitation, Master Wm. O'Hara; Song, by Little Tootsie; Song, "I Love You in the Same Old Way," Mr. J. Gallagher; Bugle song, Tennyson, Misses J. Croke, N. Kelly, Ag. Phelan, K. Logan, M. Toohy, A. Phelan, R. Lee, W. McGue, A. Goldsmith, A. McDonagh, A. Chevalier; Song, (duet), Mrs. Durand and Little Tootsie; Recitation, (comic), Mr. N. J. McIlhorne; Song, Mr. J. Bennett.

Second part.—Song, "Killarney," Miss M. Croke; Recitation, Master S. Murdock; Song, "The Harp," Pupils of St. Mary's Boys' School; Song,

inclination for brain work, the assumption of a loafish demeanor and the resentment of discipline. It is certainly of great importance that the sale of tobacco to the young should be restricted; or that some measure should be devised to stay this alarmingly increasing evil, and the sooner it is done the better. We've got the smokeless powder, And the painless dentistry; Also the clamless chowder, And the workless Weary Willie; We have the chainless bicycle, And a horseless rig to let,— But a thing we want for the little lad, Is a smokeless cigarette.

Respect Your Parents.

There are many of our boys and girls of fifteen to-day, who imagine that they know considerably more than their father or mother. Because their loving parents have made sacrifices perhaps, in order to give them a better education than they themselves received when young, these children show their ingratitude by repeatedly interfering in their parents' conversation, and by watching an opportunity to display their small amount of learning by contradicting their parents in the presence of others.

I do not want to be looked upon as one of those who are constantly bewailing the degeneracy of the present age. I believe that every age has its own particular weakness; and that this is a period when children do not pay enough attention to manners and when many are greatly wanting in respect towards their parents. The children of to-day may love their father and mother fully as well as the boys and girls of former years, but they are not so polite and respectful towards them. How many children when called by their parents, come to hear what they are wanted for, instead of shouting "Eh," or "What?" How many when asked a question pay attention to answer respectfully? I fear there are not as many as there should be. They are too busy mastering geometry, latin, algebra, music and the many other branches that are crammed into the heads of the young folks of to-day, before they have been taught manners and how to be respectful towards their parents and elders. They seem to forget that the acquirement of good manners and politeness is a necessary adjunct to their education and that without it every other accomplishment is lessened.

Be respectful then, my dear young readers towards your parents and remember that they have learned more by experience during the course of their lives, than you will ever learn from books. The boys and girls who day be rewarded by the respect of others are careful in this regard will some their children; while on the other hand those who have never shown deference must not be surprised if they never receive it.

FATHER CASEY'S ENTERTAINMENT.

The Irish parishioners of St. Jean Baptiste Ward are not less patriotic than those of other sections of the city. The ever zealous Father Casey was fully as successful in this St. Patrick's Day celebration as in former years. The spacious hall of the St. Jean Baptiste Academy was filled to overflowing. The programme which we give below was carried out in a most artistic manner in all its items. When the curtain rose Prof. Paterson opened the proceedings with an address, eminently fitted for the occasion, in which he dwelt upon the best characteristics of the Irish race. His remarks couched in beautiful and poetic language, were loudly applauded.

The following is the programme:— Part I.—Chorus, Boys of St. J. B. A.; Violin Solo, Master Shea; Song, Miss Hollinshead; Dialogue, Girls of S. H. A.; Song, Mr. E. Duquette; Calisthenics, Boys of St. J. B. A.; Song, Mr. Hickey.

Part II.—Chorus, Girls of the S. H. A.; Recitation, Lulu Lavoisier; Song, Miss Hollinshead; Song, Mr. E. Duquette; Calisthenics, Boys of St. J. B.

YOU MUST have pure blood for good health. Hood's Sarsaparilla purifies the blood. Take Hood's Sarsaparilla if you would **BE WELL.**

A.; Song, Mr. Hickey; God Save Ireland, Chorus.

Dr. Curran's lecture fulfilled the expectations of all present. He spoke of the old land and briefly but vigorously pointed out, the leading landmarks in its history. Passing from Ireland to Canada, he followed the footsteps of the early Irish pioneers, and dwelt upon the part played by the Irish exiles in securing constitutional government.

His Honor Judge Purcell, in proposing a vote of thanks, said that he considered the Doctor's address a perfect little gem.

OLD QUEBEC'S HISTORIC BATTLE-GROUND.

(From an occasional Contributor.)

The press of last Tuesday published the following despatch from Quebec: "The Plains of Abraham, sacred in the history of Canada, have been surveyed into eight hundred building lots, each thirty by one hundred feet. Nine streets have been mapped out. Up till to-day Canada paid a nominal rental of \$100 a year to preserve the most momentous battle-field British America has ever known. For two years, failing a new arrangement, the historical plains will begin to be converted into a closely settled suburb of Quebec. Every historical association in Canada has declared against the desecration."

The last sentence announces exactly what we would have expected. We do not feel able to express ourselves with sufficient force—always keeping within the bounds of propriety of language—to characterize such an attempt as that announced in the above paragraph. On reading it we were forcibly reminded of an article that Thomas Davis wrote, in 1843, for the Dublin "Nation," and a few lines of which might be inapplicable.

"There is," wrote Davis, "on the north (the left) bank of the Boyne, between Drogheda and Slane, a pile compared to which, in age, the Old-bridge obelisk is a thing of yesterday, and compared to which, in lasting interest, the Cathedrals of Dublin are trivial. It is the Temple of Grange. History is too young to have noticed its origin—archaeology knows not its time. It is a legacy from a forgotten ancestor, to prove that he, too, had not art and religion. It may have marked the tomb of a hero who, freed, or an invader who subdued—a Brian or a Strongbow. But whether or not a hero's or a saint's bones consecrated it at first, this is plain, it is a temple of high two thousand years, perfect as when the last Pagan sacrificed within it.

"What then will be the reader's surprise and anger to hear that some

The big, hearty, healthy man is a continual irritant to his dyspeptic friend. Constipation is the root of nine-tenths of the sickness of men, and of a large proportion of the sickness of women. It can be cured easily, naturally and quickly. Nature is continually working as hard as she can to throw off impurities, and to force out poisonous refuse matter. When there is an impediment, Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets set the wheels working again without any trouble. They assist nature in a gentle, healthful, efficient way. There is nothing violent about their action, and yet it is just as certain as if it were twice as violent. "You do not become a slave to their use." They are different and better than any other pill for the cure of constipation, headache and kindred derangements. Almost all druggists understand this, and are conscientious enough to tell you so. The druggist who tries to sell you a substitute is not a safe man from whom to buy medicine. Send 31 cents in one cent stamps to World's Dispensary Medical Association, Buffalo, N.Y., and receive Dr. Pierce's 1008 page "Common Sense Medical Adviser," profusely illustrated.

people, having legal power or corrupt influence in Meath, are getting or have got, a presentment for a road to run right through the Temple of Grange!"

"We do not know their names, nor, if the design be at once given up, as in deference to public opinion it finally must be, shall we take the trouble to find them out. But if they persist in this brutal outrage against so precious a landmark of Irish history and civilization, then we frankly say that if the law will not reach them public opinion shall, and they shall bitterly repent the desecration. These men who design, and those who consent to act, may be Liberals or Tories, Protestants or Catholics, but beyond a doubt they are tasteless blockheads—poor devils without reverence or education—men who as Wordsworth says:—

"Would peep and botanize Upon their mothers graves."

The best medicine money can buy for impure blood, nervousness, and all stomach and kidney troubles is Hood's Sarsaparilla.

JAMES A. OGILVY & SONS

LINENS!

Salvage Sale of Linens from the McIntyre Sale.

SOME PLUMS.

72 inch Bleached Linen Damask up to our standard for quality really given away at 75c and 90c per yard.

2 x 3 Yard TABLE CLOTHS. Cheap at \$3.25. Salvage Price, \$2.25. " " 84.25. " " 82.75. 21 x 21 TABLE NAPKINS. Worth \$1.40. Salvage Price, \$1.00 doz. " 81.50. " 81.10 doz.

SPECIAL! SPECIAL! 20 x 20 Double Damask Table Napkins, cannot be duplicated under \$3.00. Sale Price \$2.00 per dozen.

See our Loom Huckaback, 26 inches wide, at 23c per yard.

JAMES A. OGILVY & SONS, CORNER ST. CATHERINE AND MOUNTAIN STREETS.

A Special Offer

For \$10.00 we will make you a fine hair mattress—made in 2 pieces by practical mattress makers—finished strongly and well. We will return you your money in full if you are not satisfied with your bargain after you have slept on it for 30 days.

Remember that this is a pure hair double bed mattress.

Renaud, King & Patterson, 652 CRAIG STREET, (Near Bligny.)



Business Established in 1843.

J. Sloan & Sons,

FINE FOOT-WEAR.

Long and practical experience enables them to buy with every care as to style, fit and quality. The business has their constant personal attention. Customers are assured of prompt and courteous treatment.

Prices will be found to be the lowest in the market—quality considered. All goods guaranteed as represented. Spring goods now arriving have been selected with great care.

Men's Goodyear Work in Black, Tan and Chocote, from \$3.00 up.

Men's Working Boots solid Leather, from \$1.00 up.

Ladies' and Misses' Goods in special value.

Children's Spring Heel Work SCHOOL BOOTS.

Solid Leather, Strong and Neat, for Boys and Girls, from 75c up.

Cor. St. Antoine & Mountain Sts. BELL TEL. Main 2652.

What Piano to Buy.

— IN A — STEINWAY NORDHEIMER HEINTZMAN HOWARD OR WILLIAMS

You have the certainty of a good instrument. Reputation, value, guarantee, everything is at your disposal. It will surely be worth your while to see us, should you desire to exchange, purchase, or rent a piano.

LINDSAY-NORDHEIMER COMPANY, 2366 St. Catherine St.

Dyspepsia? TRY



The Ideal French Tonic FOR BODY AND BRAIN. Since 1863. Endorsed by Medical Faculty.

immediate lasting efficacious agreeable

Edouard Leclerc

COR. NOTRE DAME & SEIGNEURS STS.

Hardware

OILS, PAINTS, COAL Etc

2547 to 2553 Notre Dame Street, COR. SEIGNEURS ST.,

MONTREAL.

Professional Cards.

FRANK J. CURRAN, B.A., B.C.L.

ADVOCATE,

BANQUE NATIONALE BUILDING,

Corner St. James Street and Place d'Armes,

MONTREAL.

C.A. McDonnell

Accountant and Liquidator.

180 St. James st., Montreal.

Fifteen years experience in connection with the liquidation of Private and Insolvent Estates. Auditing Books and preparing Annual Reports for private firms and public corporations a specialty.

Loans negotiated on Real Estate. Superintendence of Real Estate, such as Renting, Collection of Rents, and Repairs. Fire and Life Insurance. Valuations made of Real Estate. Personal supervision given to all matters.

TELEPHONE 1182.

Surgeon Dentists.

Volcanite & Aluminum Plate Bridge & Crown Work Gold, Silver & Enamel Filling PAINLESS EXTRACTION
Dr. J. G. A. GENDREAU
Surgeon, Dentist
20 St. Lawrence St.
MONTREAL

DR. BROUSSEAU, L.D.S., SURGICAL DENTIST, No. 7 St. Lawrence St., MONTREAL.

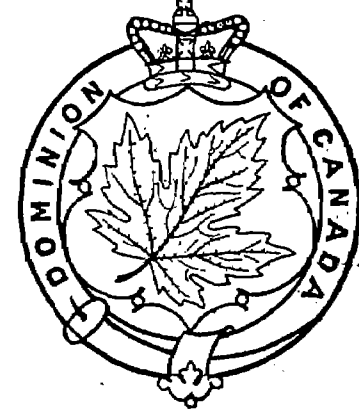
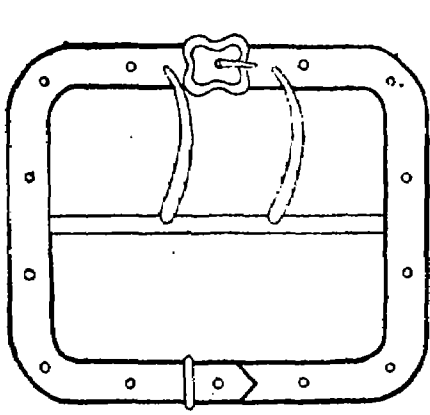
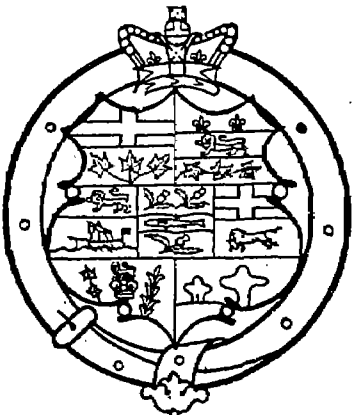
Your impression in the morning. Teeth in the afternoon. Elegant full gum sets. Rose Pearl (desh colored.) Weighted lower set for shallow jaws. Upper sets for wasted faces. Gold crown plate and bridge work, painless extracting without charge if sets are inserted. Teeth filed & teeth repaired in 50 minutes; sets in three hours if required.

BOARDING SCHOOL AND ACADEMY.

CONGREGATION DE NOTRE DAME, Corner Bagot and Johnston Streets, KINGSTON, ONTARIO.

For terms, etc., apply to MOTHER SUPERIOR

Enamelled Belt Buckles for Easter



Belts for Easter. : Nothing more attractive than Hemsley's Enamel Belts with the newest Sash Ribbons.

PRICES: \$1.75 to \$4.50.

R. HEMSLEY, 255 & 257 St. James Street 1915 Notre Dame Street.

Since the year of Parnell's now historic visit to Montreal, the weather on the 17th of March has seldom been so propitious as it was on Friday in last week. In the year of the great leader's visit the procession had to move along its appointed route while a snowstorm was raging, the Irishmen participating in it being obliged to trudge through two or three feet of snow. This year St. Patrick's weather prevailed during the celebration, snowstorms occurring, strange to say, on the preceding and following days. A notable feature of the day was the unusually large number of Irishmen and Irishwomen, and Irish boys and girls, who were seen either wearing Shamrocks, or green bows, or green rosettes, in thoroughfares through which the procession passed, as well as in the principal streets throughout the city. The processionists were frequently applauded along the line of march, the favorite air played by the bands being "The Wearing of the Green." The inspiring memories of '98 were recalled by one band, which played "The Boys of Wexford," the well known chorus of which is so expressive of well-warranted exultation over a patriotic struggle heroically carried on:—

"We are the boys of Wexford,
Who fought with heart and hand
To burst in twain the galling
chain,
And free our native land."

The procession compared favorably with those of any previous St. Patrick's Day. What was noticeable about it was the magnificent turnout of the Ancient Order of Hibernians, whose membership is rapidly increasing in Montreal, in much the same way as it is in the United States. The prominent part they took in the procession bore ample testimony to the patriotic enthusiasm which prevails in the ranks of the organization. There are few national societies of any kind in Canada which could number 1500 members under one banner. The five Irish parishes of the city were well and ably represented, and the various other national and benevolent societies presented a very good showing, as was expected from a perusal of the list published in a previous issue. An innovation was made this year in the arrangements for the procession. The societies marched to St. Patrick's Church direct from their halls, instead of as in the past, assembling on Craig street, and then marching in a body to the church.

Long before High Mass began, St. Patrick's Church was crowded. Every available seat was occupied, and when the service commenced standing room could not be had, and hundreds were consequently unable to gain admittance. The sanctuary was resplendent with electric light and tapers, and was beautifully decorated with gorgeous banners of green and gold, bearing religious and patriotic mottoes. Very solemn and impressive was the spectacle it presented, with two members of Hierarchy, and archbishop and a bishop; a large number of clergymen from parishes in the city and the outlying districts, and of seminarians and altar boys. The utmost decorum prevailed, mainly through the executive of St. Patrick's T. A. S., to whom was entrusted the task of securing this result.

The episcopal throne was occupied by His Grace Archbishop Bruchesi, who was attended by the Rev. Dr. Luke Callaghan, assistant chancellor, and Rev. Father O'Donnell, pastor of St. Mary's Church.

Pontifical High Mass was celebrated by Mgr. Emard, Bishop of Valleyfield, with the Rev. Thos. Flynn as deacon, the Rev. Thos. O'Donnell as sub-deacon, and the Rev. Father Desjardins as master of ceremonies. Among the clergy occupying seats in the sanctuary were the Rev. Abbe Colin, superior of the Seminary of St. Sulpice; Rev. Wm. O'Meara, pastor of St. Gabriel's; Rev. J. E. Donnelly, pastor of St. Anthony's; Rev. E. Strubbe, C.S.S.R., pastor of St. Ann's; Rev. Father Casey, of St. Jean Baptiste; Rev. Father Schekling, Montreal College; Rev. John Quinlivan, pastor of St. Patrick's; Rev. J. A. McCallen, Rev. M. Callaghan, Rev. Father Driscoll, Rev. Father McPerrin, pastor of St. Patrick's; Rev. Father Heffernan, of Montreal College; Rev. P. McDonald, St. Gabriel's; Rev. M. Shea, St. Mary's; Rev. Abbe Troie, P. P., Notre Dame; Rev. Fathers Bastien Brault, Lecours and others.

The following seminarists were also present:—Messrs. Egan, Kelly, Sullivan, Kussey, Fey, R. O'Leary, L. O'Leary, Kinney, Murthak, Donnelly, Nolan and Quinn. The St. Ann's Cadets in connection with St. Ann's Christian Brothers' School acted as a guard of honor, and occupied seats just inside the altar railing.

Rev. Father Fallon, of St. Patrick's was the preacher; and his eloquent discourse on the life and life-work of Ireland's patron saint, was worthy of the best traditions of the pulpit of St. Patrick's Church, the

parent of the Irish Catholic churches in Montreal. Rev. Father Fallon took for his text:—

THE SERMON.

The memory of him shall not depart away, and his name shall be in request from generation to generation, Nations shall declare His wisdom, and the Church shall show forth His praise. Eccli. xxxix, 13, 14.

The nations of the earth are proud of their heroes. There is something in heroic acts that awakens our admiration. Our hearts are carried away with enthusiasm, and in our inborn sense of justice we give recognition to those who have attained to the splendid and the sublime in their efforts to sustain a noble principle, or promote a just and holy cause. In the supernatural order the Church has her heroes. They have suffered and bled to give testimony to the world of the reality of that which does not appear, and of the faith in Him whose Kingdom was not of this world, and who died to vindicate upon the cross, the truth which He had come to make known to mankind. We honor to-day a hero whose life of sacrifice has raised up for God for the Church and for the world a nation of heroes. These have given testimony to God in the bright days of prosperity, and have given more valuable testimony still during centuries of struggle, adversity and persecution.

"The memory of him shall not depart away and his name shall be in request from generation to generation." At the age of sixteen St. Patrick was carried a captive to Ireland. He was obliged to herd cattle on the hills and in the forests of the land of his slavery. Here it was that while reflecting on his past life he began to realize that he had not lived entirely for God. And divine grace urging him on, he devoted his time, in this strange land to fasting and prayer and vigils, in a word, to a life of union with God. He began to receive the heavenly inspirations of the Spirit of God, whilst deprived of all human consolation. The love of humility, penance and prayer, for which he was henceforth to be distinguished, grew apace with his privations. Thus with his soul emptied of all worldly things, and his spirit purified by mortification, he entered into the realms of the supernatural; his Faith deepened and became his life. After six years of captivity he was miraculously admonished to seek his freedom, and the means were providentially given him to return once more to his native land. But he did not forget God's goodness. Faithful to the divine light he prepared himself by years of study, for the priesthood. He heard in his dreams the children of Ireland calling to him, "Come blessed youth and walk among us." He hearkened to the divine call, and receiving his mission from the Vicar of Christ, he returned to the land of his former captivity to undertake the work he was sent to accomplish. Here, again, his life was one of toil and suffering almost incredible. Besides the constant care of his churches, he never relaxed in prayer. He daily recited the Psalms of David, with other prayers and hymns.

Is it surprising then with such labor and sacrifices for God, that this vessel of election should be the means chosen by the Lord to produce a deep lasting faith in the favored nation he came to evangelize? And indeed it is wonderful with what success our holy Apostle instilled into his people a lively faith and an intense love of the great mysteries of our holy religion. It requires a new ear to appreciate its melody, a new eye to consider its beauty, a new mind to be enlightened by its truth, a new heart to beat in unison with its love. Blessed are the clean of heart for they shall see God. All these have been given to the Irish people and in a remarkable degree. They took upon themselves the yoke of the Lord and found it light. They hankered not after the flesh pots of Egypt. They examined all things spiritually, and placed no obstacles to the supernatural life of God in their souls.

St. Patrick was not content with enlightening the minds of the Irish on the great mysteries of religion; he made these exercise an influence upon their hearts and lives as well. Thus in the case of two young virgins whose direction he undertook. He required a change in their whole being, that it might be spiritualized. He made them look on Christ as their spouse, and excited in them a desire to receive Him in the Holy Eucharist at the ex-

pense even of their temporal life. He led them on till they actually asked to die. "And they received the Eucharist of God and they slept in death." He brings the thought of God into every circumstance of life. This is noticed in that great prayer of Tara where the name of God or of Christ occurs at every alternate word. "At Tara to-day may the strength of God pilot me, may the power of God preserve me," * * * * and at the end, "Christ in the mouth of each person who speaks to me, Christ in each eye which sees me, Christ in each ear which hears me."

The faith preached by St. Patrick was received with joy by the Irish people. It sank deeply into their souls and almost immediately produced its wonderful effects. Their devotion to the supernatural character of the Christian religion made them rush with eagerness into its highest paths.

they love the glad tidings he brings them of the other world. They see the diamond though roughly incased. They see virtue surrounding the priest because he is the chosen of God, the Lord's anointed. They believe he is the favored of God, because the Lord hath done great things in him. Is this unreasonable? Should this not be the case with all Catholics? It was said of our Lord: Can anything good come from Nazareth? Catholics who have not deep and humble faith will say: Is that ordinary looking man anything extraordinary? He is; but you look at him with your human eye and perceive not; the eye of Faith is required to see what he is. Naaman the leper was angry at the prophet for telling him to wash himself seven times in the Jordan; but his pride had to submit, because it was the man of God who had given this order.

They had no security in their possessions. They could not devote themselves to intellectual pursuits; they had not the legal right to worship God according to their conscience; the child was encouraged to dispossess his father; and all this could be done by apostasy. These enactments aimed a deadly blow at the rights of the Irish. All this they suffered for conscience sake. They would have been secure in these rights, if their conscience had allowed them to subscribe to the thirty-nine articles, as in the time of Elizabeth; or if they could have imitated others who changed their religious convictions four times in twelve years as under Henry the VIII.; or, in a word, if they could have given up their religion at any time, it being the main cause of all this injustice. Such treatment would have made barbarians of many people. Some have taken it for granted that it has done so with the Irish. But their glorious records on other lands do away with such a calumny. We might say with one of the Georges, who heard of Irish valor on a foreign battlefield: "Cursed be the laws that deprive me of such subjects." Let us here quote a few words of the great Bishop Dupanloup, who in a magnificent discourse for suffering Ireland said:—

"They have suffered everything for the faith, everything. But what energetic vitality must this nation not have had, not to have been crushed! I do not recall the past; neither those bloody proscriptions nor wholesale confiscations; nor those atrocious laws to which nothing on earth could be likened, not even under Diocletian; those laws of which the celebrated Burke has said:—

"It was a machine of wise and elaborate contrivance, and as well fitted for the oppression, impoverishment and degradation of the people and the debasement in them of human nature itself, as ever proceeded from the perverted ingenuity of man. Well they didn't give away under this frightful pressure; they have not been ground under this awful machine. Their souls have not been touched. They have come out a people ever generous, simple and good, and their nationality remains with all the qualities of their character. * * * They have kept better still with trial fidelity, the faith of their fathers; nothing has been able to separate them from it; unconquerable in suffering, unconquerable in faith.

It remains for us to draw some salutary lessons from the life the virtues and works of Ireland's great Apostle, and to put them into constant practice in our every day lives. From him do we learn the grandeur of our Catholic faith, the glory of our national morality, the sublime mission of our priesthood, and the rewards that inevitably are the compensation for adherence to the principles of Faith, Hope and Charity which he inculcated. That Faith has guided our forefathers through untold perils and unnumbered sufferings in dreary years of persecution; it has shielded our ancestors even as did the angel that guided of old the good men through fiery furnace of persecution, quenching the flames and nullifying their destructive and death-dealing effect. That morality has been the most brilliant gem in the diadem of Erin's glory; it has been the theme of poet and of historian, of philosopher and of orator. Its conservation and perpetuation must ever be the safeguard of our national honor and a heritage of inestimable value for the children of the future. The honoring of our priesthood must be in the years to come, as it has been in the ages gone past, the guarantee of our fidelity to the teachings of St. Patrick.

From the highest heavens, to-day, from the realm of unending glory, where the saints of God congregate around the throne of the Eternal, the eyes of Ireland's wonderful Apostle contemplate with exultation such a scene as the present one. He beholds in your fidelity to the traditions of your race and to the faith of your fathers, the fruition of his many labors and sacrifices, cheerfully undergone for the salvation of the Irish people. And while we unite around the altar to make open profession of that inalienable attachment to our Holy Church, and our unshaken devotion to the great patron saint of our fatherland, we can appropriately unite in a fervent prayer to God, for the future happiness of the old land and for the coming of that glorious



REV. P. FALLON,
ST. PATRICK'S CHURCH, MONTREAL.

This was the rule. Monasteries sprang up with magic rapidity to satisfy the eager thirst of this people for the practice of the evangelical counsels. Nor was this arduous ephemeral. This mode of life continued for centuries; it was still in full flame at the time of Columbus; it grew into a vast conflagration in the seventh and eighth centuries, when their missionaries filled with holy zeal, went forth to spread the sacred fire throughout Europe.

Among the striking features of Catholicity which may be remarked in the Irish people are; first, a deep reverence for the Triune God and the Incarnate Son; secondly, great love and loyalty to the See of Rome. Ireland always clung to the successor of Peter. One of the supreme Pontiffs gave them unstinted praise on this account, in a letter which he wrote to console them in one of their saddest hours. A third feature of Ireland's Catholicity is their tender love and devotion to the Mother of God. This purity-loving race could appreciate the Mother of Purity and Immaculate Queen. The daughters of Erin, proverbial for their purity, made of Mary the model of their imitation. And thank God they are still a glory to their land in this respect. But Mary was also the Mother of Sorrows. She was able to console a nation whose afflictions like hers have not been equalled here below. In the fourth place the Irish must be praised for their love for the dead. They have always shown the strong and sanctified affections of their heart, by remembering their departed ones. They hold familiar intercourse with the loved ones who have gone before. Christian honor and loyalty make them do their utmost to open heaven quickly to these poor souls by good works, and by offering up of the Holy Sacrifice for the release of their deceased relatives and friends. Lastly, the Irish are distinguished by their great faith in the august character of the priesthood. With them the character of the priesthood so shines out that the man is eclipsed. They see in him the messenger of God; they look at the messenger with favor because

All glory then to the confidence of the Irish people in the priesthood. They love the priest for his priestly character. They want him near them at all times, because he has all the good things of God for them. Their confidence in the priest makes the priest loyal to them. In their loneliness he is their only comfort. At the Mass-Rock he offered up the Holy Sacrifice with the starry heaven for a canopy. At the cross roads, in the bogs, or in the mountain caves he waited for his flock to come and to receive the divine treasures. Oh! what bonds of love have welded the people and priests of Ireland in their common distress. Their priests came from foreign lands to suffer and die for such a noble and faithful race. No wonder the people were generous to them. No wonder that the priest was to the people their "Soggarth Aroon," the sweet pulse of their heart. No wonder, also, that God has blessed this mutual love and confidence, which should ever be characteristic of all Catholic priests and peoples.

Ireland has been the faithful child of the Church, during 1500 years of strange vicissitudes. The first 300 years were her glorious ones. The Catholic world flocked to her, and she sent Apostolic men to evangelize many countries. She received from the Catholic world the proud title of the "Island of Saints and Doctors." To these three centuries of glory succeeded three others of war to repel the pagan invaders, who tried to force their vile idolatry upon her. Brian Boiroimhe, with the crucifix in one hand and a battle axe in the other clove down the Haveln of the North and drove its barbaric warriors into the sea. Then, for four hundred years had this troubled land to fight for her national existence. She could never be entirely subdued, or forced to give up hope, for her spirit of faith in God was undying. Lastly came three hundred years of unparalleled gloom and misery. The Irish were deprived of their most sacred rights. An oath of apostasy was required, for the holding of any position of influence, which practically excluded them from political power,

day when "the dark night of sorrow" will pass away forever and the patience, earnestness, and faithfulness of the Irish race shall receive their reward.

After the ceremony the procession formed on Beaver Hall Hill in the following order:—

- Mr. Patrick J. O'Brien, Marshal-in-Chief, and aids, leading,
- Hibernian Knights, Captain Patrick Kane, commanding.
- Band and Four Flags.
- Ancient Order of Hibernians, John Dundon, County Marshal, Divisions No. 7, 6, 5, 4, 3, 2, 1.
- Band and Banner.
- St. Anthony's C. Y. M. Society, Parishioners of St. Anthony's, Band and Flag.
- St. Gabriel's Literary and Debating Club, Band and Banner.
- St. Gabriel's T. A. & B. Society, Parishioners of St. Gabriel's, Band and Banner.
- St. Mary's C. Y. M. Society, Band and Banner.
- Holy Name Society of St. Mary's, Parishioners of St. Mary's, Band and Flag.
- St. Ann's Catholic Y. M. Society, Band and Banner.
- St. Ann's T. A. & B. Society, Band and Banner.
- Boys of St. Ann's Christian Brothers' School, Band and Flag.
- Parishioners of St. Ann's, Band and Flag.
- The Young Irishmen's Literary and Benefit Association, Mr. William P. Stanton, Marshal, Band and Banner.
- St. Patrick's T. A. & B. Society, Band and Banner.
- Irish Catholic Benefit Society, Boys of St. Lawrence Christian Brothers' School, Band and Banner.
- Catholic Young Men's Society, Band and Flag.
- St. Patrick's Society, Mr. Wm. Davis, Marshal.
- Holy Name Society of St. Mary's.

Mr. Patrick O'Brien, one of the famous Shamrock Lacrosse team, discharged the duties of marshal-in-chief in a most satisfactory manner. There was no delay in starting the parade, and the regularity in the line of march kept up by the various organizations in the procession was due in no small measure to the enthusiasm displayed by Mr. O'Brien and the various marshals of the different organizations.

NOTES BY THE WAY.

The priests of St. Ann's Parish had erected a noble arch of green on McCord Street, near the church.

St. Gabriel's also had a fine arch to welcome the sons of St. Patrick to the Parish of Rev. Father O'Meara.

St. Ann's Academy, McCord street, was a dream of beautiful bunting.

Mr. Thomas Donnelly, McCord st., testified his loyalty to St. Patrick, by a profuse display of flags.

Mr. Thomas O'Connell, corner of McCord and Ottawa streets, had his store front wrapped in green flags and bright bunting.

Mr. Thomas Moore, No. 96 Ottawa, was not behind his neighbors in doing honor to the day. He had some tasteful decorations.

Mr. J. Kenny, Ottawa and Murray streets, showed what he thought of St. Patrick by the beautiful display of flags which hung from his residence.

Mr. John Meehan, No. 175 Ottawa street, deserves special mention for his decorations.

It cost the St. Ann's Young Men's Society a snug sum of money to decorate the inside and outside of their hall on Ottawa street, but the day was one which had to be properly honored.

The Brothers of St. Patrick's School did not forget St. Patrick's Day. It was beautifully decorated.

Mr. John Slatery and Mrs. Karmon, corner Colborne and Ottawa streets, made profuse displays of flags and bunting.

Mr. J. Hart, Colborne Street, had his residence hung with flags.

Mr. T. McMahon, Colborne street, showed by the colors of the decorations of his house that his heart was in the right place.

Mr. J. Sullivan, Colborne street, had some pretty decorations.

The Jones House Wellington street, was a mass of evergreens and flags.

Mr. James McCarry, corner of Seigneurs and St. James streets, had numerous flags out.

Mr. T. Lynch, the St. Elmo, McGill street, had a fine display of flags and mottoes.

continued on Page 10 and 11.

IRELAND'S NATIONAL DAY.

It was estimated by an old Irish citizen of Montreal, that between 4,000 and 5,000 people assisted at the service at St. Patrick's Church.

It was a pleasing sight to see the Cadets of St. Ann's and the Cadets of Mount St. Louis marching grandly along animated with the same spirit.

County Marshal, John Dundon, of the A. O. H., is a splendid type of an Irishman. He is a clever horseman.

The Hibernian Knights were admired by the thousands of spectators. Captain Kane, and Lieutenants P. Doyle and H. A. McCracken, as well as the veteran Col. Feeney, deserve great credit for the enthusiasm they displayed.

The Young Irishmen's societies of all the parishes made a creditable showing.

The pupils of St. Patrick's and St. Ann's Christian Brothers School, were out in force, and were frequently cheered along the route.

The jaunting car was a feature of St. Ann's parade which roused up many pleasant old memories.

The line of march embraced the whole west end, and along the entire route almost every house was gay with bright colored bunting the beloved green.

It was a subject of general comment, that there were so many young men and youths in the parade, making it apparent that every succeeding St. Patrick's Day, bound the hearts of our people into still closer ties.

NATIONAL ENTERTAINMENTS IN THE EVENING.

If the celebration of St. Patrick's Day, 1899, in Montreal was an unqualified success, it can be said, with equal truth, that the evening was marked by more than ordinary enthusiasm. Time was, within even the memory of many yet alive, when the St. Patrick's concert was considered a rare and glorious treat; in those days one hall sufficed to accommodate the children of Erin, and a single concert was deemed sufficient.

But those times have changed: the Irish population has increased in a remarkable degree; variety has become the characteristic of the new era; and, as a consequence, not one, but nearly a dozen entertainments scarce suffice to give enjoyment to the Irish population of our city on St. Patrick's night. The St. Patrick Society's dinner at the Windsor Hotel; the A. O. H. concert in the Windsor Hall; the Young Irishmen's L. and B. Association's dramatic representation at Her Majesty's Theatre; the St. Ann's Young Men's Society's double representation of an original Irish drama, at the Monument National; the various parochial concerts given by the associations connected with the different Irish parishes; and a number of minor entertainments—all of which were most freely patronized—show that there is a very strong Irish element in Montreal, and that the enthusiasm of former years has been transmitted with increased fervor to the men of the present generation.

While we purpose giving our readers a detailed account of each entertainment, it may not be inopportune to here pass a few comments upon some of the principal features of that evening's celebration.

We have heard it remarked that a few took exception to the dinner, given by St. Patrick's Society, at the Windsor, being styled the "first annual dinner." As a matter of fact it was not the first dinner ever given by the Society; but it has been so long a custom to hold a concert on that night, that very few of the present generation—belonging to St. Patrick's Society—can associate the celebration of the 17th of March with a dinner. For so many years has it been the custom to hold an annual concert, that the inauguration of a dinner, to replace the concert, may be fairly considered a new departure; and, as far as the present is concerned, this year's dinner was certainly the first of the annual dinners commenced and intended to be held in the future. However, so old is the Society, and so far back can its history be traced, that we could almost say that it has celebrated St. Patrick's night at one time or another, in almost every imaginable manner. One thing certain; the idea of the dinner, when so many other associations are holding concerts, or literary and dramatic soirees, seems to have been a happy one, and met with favor and well-deserved success.

The popularity of the A. O. H., and the appreciation of its magnificent in the interest of the Irish

cause, as well as the enthusiasm always created by the splendid body of the Young Irishmen's Literary and Benefit Association, may be evidenced in the fact that from the doors of both their entertainment halls hundreds had to be turned away, on account of lack of accommodation. The same may be said of St. Ann's Young Men's Society; the afternoon and evening performances of "O'Rourke's Triumph"—one of Mr. James Martin's beautiful Irish dramas—drew full houses to the Monument National. In St. Anthony's, St. Gabriel's, St. Mary's parishes, the concerts were successful beyond all anticipations; and even the dramatic representations, given on the eve, by different institutions—such as St. Mary's College, and Mount St. Louis Institute—were patronized, just as if no other form of celebration were taking place in the city. It will be long before a more thoroughly and universally enjoyable St. Patrick's Night comes to Montreal; and while heartily congratulating all who took part, in any form, in the commemoration of Ireland's patron saint, we will give the details of each particular entertainment.

Though the dinner with which St. Patrick's Society celebrated the evening of Ireland's festival day was not as largely attended as expected, it was nevertheless, a marked success. The successful manner in which it passed off, will undoubtedly do much to add to the popularity of like occasions in the future. The speeches—the main feature of such gatherings—were bright and enjoyable, those made in proposing and responding to the two principal toasts, "Ireland" and "Canada," breathing sentiments of brotherly affection towards all speaking of the great achievements of Irishmen in the past and the present, and holding up these as examples worthy of the emulation of the younger generation of to-day.

The dinner took place in the ladies' ordinary of the Windsor Hotel, which had been made bright with bunting, among which the green flag of St. Patrick's Society, with its lettering of gold, was accorded a prominent place, whilst the soft light of many fairy candelabra cast a pleasant glow across the tables, bright with the sheen of glittering ware. About 120 persons attended the dinner, and led by the President of the Society, Dr. E. J. C. Kennedy, (wearing his chain office) and the guests of the evening, they took their seats to strains of "Day We Celebrate," rendered by an efficient orchestra under the direction of Prof. James Wilson.

The president of the society presided, and on his left and right were the invited guests, including representatives of the different national societies, who wore their official chains. Immediately on his right was seated Mayor Prefontaine, then Messrs. E. Goff Pomy, M.P., president of St. George's Society; A. F. Riddell, second vice-president of St. Andrew's Society; Hon. Judge Curran, Mr. M. J. F. Quinn, Q.C., M.P., Charles F. Smith, president of the Board of the Board of Trade; F. J. Hart and Rev. Father Kavanagh, S.J. On the president's left were Messrs. Damase Parizeau, president of St. Jean Baptiste Society; J. Hamilton Ferns, president of the Irish Protestant Benevolent Society; William Seath, president of the Caledonian Society; Dr. Drummond, Hon. J. L. Bittinger, consul-general of the United States; Sir William Hingston and Hon. Dr. Guerin, M.L.A. The vice-chairs were occupied by Messrs. P. F. McCaffrey, S. Cross and F. J. Curran, and among the general company present were:—E. P. Ronayne, Michael Guerin, M. Fitzgibbon, D. McEntyre, W. J. Crowe, A. Hewitt, J. P. Kavanagh, M. H. O'Connor, H. L. Sait, Frank J. Green, M. J. Morrison, F. M. Feron, R. B. Devlin, Edward Cavanagh, B. Tansey, Ald. Lareau, Robert Bickerdike, M.L.A., Ald. Stevenson, John Foley, W. J. White, James Wilson, B. McNally, John Ferns, Felix Casey, Michael Sharkey, Dr. F. J. Hackett, F. J. Laverty, J. A. Rowan, Thos. Wright, T. P. Tansey, P. J. Gordon, John Dupuis, W. G. Kennedy, W. H. Kennedy, W. H. Cox, James Lonergan, Henry J. Kavanagh, Michael Burke, D. A. McCaskill, C. A. McDonnell, Prof. J. A. Fowler, G. A. Carpenter, Hon. Jas. McShane, F. B. McNamee, Chief of Police Hughes, Jas. Dillon, B. J. Coughlin, T. W. McAnulty, W. E. Durack, Dr. E. J. O'Connor, John A. Rafferty, J. Coyle, P. C. Shannon, John P. Curran, H. J. Cloran, Capt. Frank Loyal, Edward O'Brien, Gerald C. Egan, T. A. Lynch, S. Harris, P. Wright, P. F. McKenna, D. C. Brosseau, W. T. Burgess, James Davis, A. C. H. St. Denis and James C. Mangano.

The following was the musical programme rendered during the dinner:— March "Day We Celebrate." Overture "Donnybrook Fair." Irish Melody, "My Little Irish Queen." Fantasia "Gems of Ireland." March "Knights of Columbus."

Valse "Circus Girl." Selection "Moore's Centennial." March "Charlatan." Jubilee "Hannah's Promenade." Irish Medley "Royal Irish."

After the menu had been discussed and the toothsome delicacies done full justice to, the chairman rose to propose the first toast, that of "The Queen," and in doing so he took occasion to speak of the excellent turnout that had marked the procession in the morning, and remarked that it showed that the bonds which connected the Irish Canadians, or the Irishmen who had made their homes in this country, with Ireland were very strong. The majority of Irish Canadians in Montreal had never seen Ireland, but, nevertheless, they always looked back to the old land, the old sod, and always exhibited the utmost enthusiasm at every thing that concerned its welfare. St. Patrick's Society, he then went on to say, while in a measure it bound the Irishmen of Montreal together by its national character, was essentially a charitable association. The funds at the disposal of the Society were invested in securities, and the interest thereon was used for the benefit of the poor in Montreal. Of late years this money had not been used for any other purpose than that of charity. The Society did their best with the means at their disposal, and tried to alleviate the wants of their suffering fellow-countrymen in this city. The Committee, of course, would very much like to see more money coming in, so that its sphere of work could be enlarged. In conclusion he mentioned that it was the intention this year to make some amendments to the constitution, which had not been altered for nearly half a century. He likewise said that in former years the society had held a concert, but this time they concluded that they would make a change and hold a dinner, and so give all an opportunity of gathering round the festive board and recalling reminiscences and recollections of Old Ireland. Mr. Frank Ferns then contributed the "Cruiskeen Lawn" in good style.

The chairman in rising to propose the toast, "Ireland," was enthusiastically cheered. He said in part:—

It is not without trepidation that I rise to propose the toast of Ireland. Whether we consider the antiquity and perfection of its ancient civilization, the influence of its sons in modern times in nearly every country in the world, we find the subject so vast, so extensive, that it would require many volumes to narrate it. When other countries were in the depth of barbarism, she was in the sunshine of civilization. Her sons were to be found in Germany, in France, in Italy, and in every land where the civilizing influence of education had made its way. In a later period, this superiority, in a measure, was lost when the English kings attempted to subdue its inhabitants. Persecution against principles was then the law of the land. Those were the days in referring to which Sir Jonah Barrington said:—"The persons of men may be coerced, but it is beyond the reach of human power to subdue the rooted hereditary passions and prejudices of a persevering, ardent and patriotic people."

But justice made its way, and from the penal days we may pass to the days of Grattan and Flood, immortal names in the history of Ireland. The work they founded vanished with the disappearance of the Irish Parliament and was transferred to the British House of Commons, and there the complex questions of vital interest to the nation have been threshed out, until we see Ireland getting the benefit of better laws, and, as at the present time, a measure of local Home Government. I say to-night, that there are British statesmen who are striving hard to give to Ireland that measure of justice which will make it a happy and prosperous country, and we ardently hope that there efforts may be crowned with success.

The influence of Ireland on the progress of civilization has been immense. There is not a country in Europe but has felt it. Her children have found their way to all parts of the earth, and wherever they have gone they have become enthusiastic subjects of their adopted land, without forgetting the land of their birth. The historian of the future will trace out the beneficent effects of Celtic influence on nations.

It is for us gathered around this banquet table, to drink to the toast of Ireland, the land of our fathers, the land of our sires. May prosperity and progress be hers, and may she be blessed with that measure of liberty which we in Canada enjoy.

Mr. Justice Curran, who was called upon to respond was greeted with cheers. His speech was a masterly one and awakened the greatest enthusiasm. Not a few of those gathered around the festive board, citizens prominent in every walk of life, de-

clared that it was the effort of his life. The following is a synopsis:— He said:—This is an unexpected honor and an apology is due. I am taking the place of the Hon. M. Hackett, one of the most brilliant young Irish Canadians in our country, then, as you are aware, my usual atmosphere for some years past is one from which sentiment is of necessity excluded. My right this toast belongs to one of Irish birth, and I cannot claim to be of the manor born; but if to have been a member of St. Patrick's society for 37 years; if to have filled every office in the association from the lowest to that of president, if to have been identified with every Irish movement, as the associate of my lamented friend Senator Edward Murphy, if to have been rocked in my cradle with the "Irish Emigrant's Lament" as my lullaby, give me a right to respond to this toast, then indeed I may claim the privilege. I felt like addressing the two presidents, for I not only see the president of St. Patrick's Society, but the president of the Irish Protestant Benevolent Society as well, we are all brother Irishmen, or descendants of the same Celtic stock. This morning the Irish Catholic knelt before the altar of God and adored Him according to the ancient rite.

He attended Mass and marched in procession, as in testimony of his faith as well as of his love of the Old Land. To-night we are assembled here as it is to be hoped we shall always meet around the social board, without creed differences. No country less than Ireland can afford to see her sons divided upon such lines. Our national glories in the field and forum, in every art and in every science, in all that goes to make a nation great, are too closely bound together to permit a suzerainty. May St. Patrick's night ever find the sons of St. Patrick united in heart and hand as are the Irishmen of Montreal around this table. You ask me to respond to the toast of Ireland, so gracefully proposed by you, Mr. Chairman. It would require the eloquence of an O'Connell, the patriotism of an Emmet, the faith of a St. Patrick, to do it justice. Let me ask you to stand with me, in unification beneath one of the old round towers, whose solidity and symmetry attest the ancient civilization of which you have spoken. Fifteen hundred years ago, St. Patrick won the bloodless victory of Christianity over Paganism. What is the panorama that unrolls itself before our view? We witness a phenomenon that has never been seen in the history of any other race. During those fifteen hundred years nations, kingdoms and empires have come and gone. Statesmen and heroes have appeared upon the scene; men who seemed to hold the destinies of mankind in the hollow of their hands. To those men monuments of brass and stone were erected, but those monuments have crumbled into dust, the very names of those men are unknown except to the students of history, but the name and the fame of St. Patrick are engraven upon the hearts of a grateful people. The early monuments erected to his honor, may be but a few crumbling stones, but in the old world, and in the new, Catholics are standing and others are being built bearing the name of the Apostle of Ireland. In Canada from Cape Breton to Vancouver, in every city of the United States at the Antipodes, as well as in the old world, his name is revered, and his deeds proclaimed from tens of thousands of pulpits and platforms to-day. Hundreds of thousands of men in lands unknown and undreamt of in his time, march in procession with the symbolic shamrock, that he exhibited to the king and his nobles at Tara, pinned to their breasts, the ancient airs that the bards struck from their harps resound in every quarter of the colonized world, the language he spoke is being revived in great universities, and from every land under the sun, the waves that break upon the shores of Ireland to-day carry on their crests, the blessings, the praises, the prayers and patriotic devotion of Ireland's exiled sons and daughters and of those who are proud to proclaim themselves the descendants of the race. We cannot tarry to follow the panorama of those fifteen centuries. One striking spectacle may be too harrowing for your contemplation. If so close your eyes upon the famine scene. The stricken figures may be more than you can bear, the old women and children falling by the wayside. The march of the hundreds of thousands to the emigrant ships has taken place, and sail has been set for the land of the free. Now look across the Atlantic. What is the transformation scene that has taken place? You no longer see the down-trodden famishing creatures, but their children have taken their places. Can it be that in one generation so great a change has taken place? You see amongst the highest in the land the descendants of these same exiles. Here is the red hat of the cardinal, again an army of archbishops, bish-

ops and distinguished priests. In the councils of the nation, in the army, and in the navy, in every learned profession and honorable calling, the descendants of the exiles have achieved distinction. And how did they repay the hospitality thus extended to them. When a fratricidal war broke out, that threatened the institutions of the great republic, were the Irish exiles wanting in their duty? Upon a hundred battle fields did they not pour out their blood, lay down their lives for the flag that gave them a home and a citizenship; and in the supreme moment, when the destinies of the Union were trembling in the balance, who was the emissary that hastened to Europe to avert misfortune and was successful in the mission but Archbishop Hughes. Then a son of Ireland did noble work, just as to-day an Irishman, the Chief Justice of England, Lord Russell of Killowen, has been chosen to settle the long standing difficulties, between the Empire and the United States of America. Time flies and others have to speak, we must needs turn our eyes from such contemplation. The Ireland we have toasted is the Ireland of yesterday, of to-day, and of a glorious to-morrow. The Ireland of to-day is full of promise. Its new institutions will be the nurseries of the statesman of the future. To-day the Scottish Celt, aided by Irish Generals and Admirals, governs the empire. The turn of the Irish Celt must come. Not merely to govern his own country, through Home Rule, but to govern the undimmed destinies of the empire at large. Then shall we see the triumph of idealism over materialism. Ireland shall be the leading partner in the combination. Let me in conclusion thank you for the enthusiasm with which you have received this toast. I thank you in the name of this Ireland of Brian Borhne, of Columbkille of Aidan, and of that long list of saints and sages, scholars and soldiers who made her a distinguished nation centuries ago. In the name of the Ireland of Grattan, Flood, Plunket, and Bushe, in the name of the Ireland of Emmet, of O'Connell, and of Shiel, the Ireland of Butt, of Justin McCarthy, and of Charles Stewart Parnell. As we are assembled here to-night, so may our children and their great grand children assemble around the festive board of years to come and may their proud anthem be Erin Mavourneen, Erin Go Bragh."

Mr. G. A. Carpenter then gave with fine effect, the popular ballad, "O, Promise Me."

Hon. Dr. Guerin was called upon to propose the toast of "Canada," and in doing so he said:—"I think, Mr. President, you are to be congratulated upon the success of this our first step towards having an annual dinner on St. Patrick's night. It was with a little trepidation that the society undertook this task, but we felt that once the Irishmen of Montreal, irrespective of creed, had an opportunity of coming in contact with each other, within a very short time the largest room in the Windsor Hotel would not be spacious enough to contain those attending the banquet. We have seen in the other cities the success that has crowned efforts of this description. We know well that in New York City the sons of St. Patrick meet every St. Patrick's night and celebrate by one of the grandest banquets of the year the patron feast of the Irish people. I hope, therefore, that our people will see the advisability of taking up this movement and bringing our fellow-citizens into friendly contact in order that we may become better known and become better friends."

"In rising to propose the toast of 'Canada,' I feel that I am called upon to touch, perhaps, one of the most sympathetic chords in the heart of every gentleman here present. We all feel, notwithstanding the veneration we entertain towards the land of our forefathers, such sentiments towards the land of our birth or of our adoption as should thrill every right-thinking citizen, for we have every reason indeed to feel proud of Canada which, although perhaps to-day is not known throughout the universe as it should be, is nevertheless one of the grandest territories on the face of God's earth, a territory with an extent from an imaginary line, line 45, to practically the North Pole; a land the riches of which are still undeveloped and unknown; a land which, for health and every comfort, is, I am sure, superior to anything that is known in creation."

And whilst speaking of Canada, as an Irishman I may say it is our duty to entertain the most sympathetic feeling towards our Canadian fellow-citizens; for, as Irishmen, when we came more outcasts from our own land, were we not received as brothers? Were we not made happy, independent of language, independent of creed; and are we not received here as brothers? Gentlemen, it is the duty of every Irishman to be loyal to the country of his adoption; and I am sure that the Irishmen of Canada will be as true to their country as the Ir-

ishmen of others parts of the Empire. Is it not to our credit to point to every position, we may say, in the British Empire that is worth attaining and to see that it has been attained by Irishmen? The very highest post, as Judge Curran very ably mentioned, that of the Chief Justice of England, is at present occupied by an Irish Roman Catholic; and while the winds are ringing with the victories of the British forces in Egypt, to whom whom is it due but to Lord Kitchener, and Irishman? And at the present day, who is at the head of the British forces but Lord Wolseley, an Irishman? And who is at the head of the British navy? Lord Beresford, and Irishman. In fact, gentlemen, when we awake to the situation we practically govern Great Britain. There is one thing to be said about Canada, and that is that we should all be proud and happy on account of the liberty that exists in this country. I don't believe there is any country in the world where there is such true liberty as is found here in Canada. Every man is on the same footing, every man has the same opportunities; and if the Irishmen don't reach the top rung of the ladder, it is the fault of the Irishmen, and not the fault of the country.

I remember so well, when visiting the Centennial Exhibition in Chicago, a few years ago, that I saw the bull signed by the Pope, authorizing Father Boyle to accompany Columbus; and the first man who offered Mass on the shores of America was Father Boyle, an Irishman.

Therefore, should we concede anything to the English, French, Scotch, or anybody else? This country is ours gentlemen. We are the pioneers of this country; we have no reason to ask any consideration from anybody. We were the first to arrive, and as the great Irishman, Malahide, said: "J'y suis, j'y reste" (I am here, I remain). We have come here this day, and we are intending to establish ourselves on a firm footing—to make our influence felt—and we intend to do it in no aggressive way but in the most brotherly manner possible. In conclusion, gentlemen, I may use the words of the poet, and apply them to Canada:—

Lives there a man with soul so dead,
Who never to himself hath said,
This is my own, my native land?

"I therefore ask you to fill your glasses and drink to 'The Health and Prosperity of Canada.'"

Mr. J. B. Dupuis then sang, with much acceptance, "O Canada, mon pays, mon amour," which was encored, and afterwards Mr. W. J. White, by request, sang "The Brigadiers," in good style.

Then, Mr. M. J. F. Quinn, amid considerable applause, rose to reply to the toast, and spoke as follows:—"I thank the president and officers of St. Patrick's Society for having given me an opportunity of responding to the toast of 'Canada,' so eloquently proposed by my friend Dr. Guerin, Canada! What sentiments of love the very name awakens in the heart of every man belonging to this country! My friend Dr. Guerin has taken to our race the credit of having discovered and of having first said Mass in America. But certainly he would not claim too much if he said the Irish were among the first settlers of this country; because it is historically correct that amongst those who came in the middle of the eighteenth century to settle in Canada, from France, were many soldiers of that country who had been ex-patriated from Ireland.

"Irishmen in Canada! To what position can we look, that is an exalted one, where we will not find the name of a Canadian. Beginning with the names of those who came about 1750 to this country, we have shortly after the conquest of the country by England, in the person of Col. Guy Carlton, a representative Irishman as the Lieut.-Governor of what was then Province of Quebec. Within a very short time of his attaining that high dignity, we have a struggle with the then new-born United States of America—an attack made upon this country by the people of the United States, headed by Gen. Montgomery, who consecrated with his noble blood the field of old Quebec. He was an Irishman. So that going back in the history of this country for one hundred years, we find two Irishmen struggling under two different flags, for ascendancy in Canada. In 1791 when this country was united, we find that Edward O'Hara, a son of Hibernia, was returned as member for Gaspe in the then Legislative Assembly. Even before that time we have visiting our country as a British officer, a man who afterwards laid down his life in the cause of Ireland for the principles, possibly, of liberty that he had learned in his travels through this country. I refer to Lord Edward Fitzgerald. Shortly after the dawn of the present century our shores were graced by the presence of one who was not content alone to be the poet of Ireland,

but associated with the wreath worn for Ireland, a sprig from Canada—the immortal Tom Moore—and added to his poems some of the most beautiful written in Canada.

"I could go on, gentlemen, as you know, and enumerate persons belonging to our race, who occupied positions of high distinction in the country between that and the formation of the union of the upper and lower provinces. During the struggle of 1837-8, the Irishmen of this country sought to maintain the rights and privileges of the people and were foremost in the ranks of those who fought on that occasion. In 1841, when we first enjoyed constitutional government, the first Prime Minister of Canada was Robert Baldwin, and the first president of the council was Robert Baldwin Sullivan, his nephew. In 1820, before Catholic emancipation was granted, we find Irish Catholic members elected in the different provinces which now form the great confederation of Canada, and see them taking their places in the Legislative halls of the country. So that if there is any country Irishmen have a right to call their own, it is Canada. Coming to the confederation of the provinces, we have on the roll of honor the names of such men as McGee, Bishop Connolly, Edward Whelan, of Prince Edward Island, and other men who sacrificed their lives and fortunes; for it is quite true that Whelan did sacrifice his life in battling for the cause of confederation against terrible odds, he had to meet in his island province. Since that time we have had in the Legislative Halls of Canada, from the Province of New Brunswick, which was populated to the extent of one-half by a large exodus from Ireland, beginning in 1749, such men as Hon. John Costigan and Hon. T. W. Anglin; from Prince Edward Island, Hon. Edward Whelan, and Hon. Mr. Howland, Hon. Mr. Sullivan, now Chief Justice of that province. We have from the Province of Quebec, the names of McGee, of our Curran, of our Sir William Hingston, Mr. McShane—and many others, who, by their industry by their intelligence and by that indomitable perseverance which is characteristic of our race, have attained high positions in the councils of the country generally. We have in our local Legislature the Hon. E. J. Flynn, Hon. M. P. Hackett, Hon. Dr. Guerin. And this is speaking of the men of to-day. In the Province of Ontario we have had such men as Archbishop Lynch, Archbishop Walsh, Bishop Horan, of Kingston, the late Archbishop Cleary, and innumerable statesmen, as James O'Reilly, of Kingston; Hon. Anthony Monaghan, the first representative of Kingston under the Constitutional Government, an Irishman and a Catholic, and a host of others.

"But why is it necessary to mention them all? I have here through the kindness of Mr. Morgan, editor of 'Canadian Men and Women of our Time,' a list of eminent Irishmen, who have occupied positions in the councils of our country, in commerce, in the arts, in the sciences, in medicine, in law, and in all the walks of life, and they exceed those of any other nationality. If such be the case, there must be some reason for it. We must take to ourselves or attribute to the inherent characteristics of the people all credit for having done this; it is because our fathers have cast their lots where every man, Irish, English or Scotch, no matter what his nationality, may be recognized and may achieve the highest honors under our system of government. We have done much to advance the system, and have done a great deal to bring our constitution up to its present state of perfection. If to the young men of to-day and those around this board this evening are only true to the principles of Irishmen and true to the dictates of their own conscience, following the examples of such men as Baldwin and others who have taken a leading part in the councils of the country, they will take an interest in public affairs, will recognize truth and justice, and trifle with nothing dishonest or dishonorable, and the Irish name will go down to posterity as not alone occupying high positions, but as the one nationality ruling the Canadian Government. I see some of my friends smiling at this; it is because possibly during the last twenty or thirty years Irishmen have not occupied the positions they did before. This is, perhaps, not so much due to their own fault as to a combination of circumstances that have sent such men as my friend of St. Andrew's Society and my friend Col. Stevenson to the front. I think we might take a leaf out of the books of these gentlemen and look into the histories of the great Scotchmen who have ruled this country during the last thirty or thirty-five years, and we shall see that their first cardinal principle of success has been that it was never a question of Catholic or Protestant—they hung together as Scotchmen, Scotchmen first, last and always. I ask all the Irishmen here present to keep that example before them, and if they do, the time will

come when, if we don't altogether rule the country, we will be a very close second to the Scotchmen.

I don't intend to weary you with a long speech, but we all know what the beauties of Canada are; the healthy faces I see around me are the strongest proofs in the world of the benefits to be derived from the climate and from the healthy association of Canadian sports. We have a climate suited to all conditions of men. We have the richest mineral fields, untold wealth in our province and in the Yukon, which is sufficient to enrich every citizen in Canada. We want to take advantage of this, and to do so, let us be united, let us see every year gathering round this board, as we see to-night, Irishmen of both creeds, Protestant and Catholic. When I came into this hall this evening it carried me back to a time when, in the old Ottawa Hotel, the Irish Canadian Association, of which my friend Hon. Judge Curran, was chairman, and Mr. Coyle, a prominent officer, held its last dinner on March 17th, 1870. Some of the faces have grown a little older, but there is a remarkable thing about them: wherever there is anything Irish to be done or said, you will see the same Irish faces that you do here to-night. On that occasion we had the benefit of having associated with us, not only the then president of the Irish Protestant Benevolent Society and the other national societies of the city, but we also had the Mayor of Montreal, as we have to-night. And I am sure if we don't have these gentlemen on every occasion we give a benefit or other entertainment in the name of the Irish people of Montreal, it will not be through any fault of ours.

"Gentlemen, I thank you for having listened to me with such patience, and I thank you Mr. Chairman and the officers of the Society, for having selected me to honor this toast with a response."

Dr. W. H. Drummond was then called upon by the chairman to recite one of his poems. He gave with much feeling "De little Cure of Calumette," for which he was enthusiastically applauded. In response to repeated requests he gave Kelly and Burke and Shea in capital style.

The president submitted the toasts of "Our Guests," and in doing so paid a few words of neat compliment to each—His Worship the Mayor, the President of St. Jean Baptiste Society, the President of the Irish Protestant Benevolent Society, the President of the Caledonian Society, the second Vice-President of St. Andrew's Society, the President of St. George's Society, the Consul-General of the United States and Sir William Hingston.

on the success of its first annual dinner.

Mr. D. Parizeau made a neat speech in French, and Mr. J. Hamilton Ferns, having alluded to the chain of brotherly love that should bind Irishmen closely together, and touched on the desirableness of our increased membership in national societies. The young men, however, did not seem to realize the importance of belonging to a national society, and thus filling up the gaps that occurred in the ranks each year. Indeed, he remarked, he had sometimes, when speaking to young Irishmen on the matter, been met with the reply:—"I'm not Irish; I'm a Canadian." The man who could claim to be a Canadian had just reason to be proud, but while he (Mr. Ferns), would bow the knee to none in his loyalty to, and love for, Canada, the land of his birth, he considered that the man who repudiated his nationality was not worthy the name. As Canadians, we had a heritage, and let us not forget that Canada was not always what she is to-day—"a land flowing with milk and honey"—but was a gift to us from our ancestors, who left their homes in the old lands of England, Scotland, Ireland and France, labored early and late to make a home and a living for themselves and families, and laid broad and deep the foundations upon which we had the honor to build the superstructure. We would be unworthy of such ancestors if we failed to love the land which give them birth."

Hon. John L. Bittinger, also responded to the toast, and said in part:—"At the last dinner I ate before I left my country to come to Canada, I had as a companion an old Christian Brother, who had no time to write letters of introduction as I was leaving, but he scratched off a list of men whom he said I ought to get acquainted with in Montreal. I see some of them present to-night. Among them were Sir William Hingston, Hon. Judge Curran, Mr. M. J. F. Quinn, Ex-Mayor McShane, whom he called the 'People's Jimmy,' and P. B. McNamee. I have had the pleasure of making their acquaintance, and I am glad I have met them."

"In my country where the main stock is British, there is a mixture of many nations, and we feel under obligations to them all, for the reason they have all made good citizens and been loyal to our country. If you recall history, the first man who commanded an American warship, that flew the American flag was a Scotchman, and he raised the very devil as soon as he was on the sea. The first nation to salute that flag was France. Irishmen we have in our country everywhere; they are as evident in that nation as they are all over the world. The fact is, in some municipalities they dominate us—they are the rulers. Another fact is, that the President of the United States—a statesman good and great—is of Irish descent. The prominent trait of our race is organization and government. We govern so well that we govern ourselves. We organize by instinct, and sometimes we have our men carry civilization to heathen lands. We are nation builders; we teach the ignorant savage how to till the land and find a home. The British Empire has awakened India from the sleep of ages, and she is calling back to Egypt a civilization long vanished. She is also carrying light into darkest Africa. Wherever her flag is planted development and enlightenment follow. Following as she has taught, the people of the United States will sweep from the sun-kissed isles of the seas ignorance, debasement and corruption; and before long, we hope the banner of freedom will float over a people contented, prosperous, happy, and God-fearing."

"But, Mr. Chairman, let me turn for a moment to the day we are observing. It is but little I know of the peerless saint whose memory is honored at annual meetings by the sons of St. Patrick. History tells but little of him, and it is almost entangled in the debris of legend and tradition; but we know that he lifted Ireland out of Paganism; he gave her enlightenment by establishing schools, and the rich fruit of his labor was the establishment of a Church which, under the men who followed after him, became the most zealous and active in all Christendom. He was, in fact, the redeemer of Ireland. Stop and think what wonderful men that land has produced. It has given to the world some of the greatest historians, some of the most gifted statesmen, many of the most brilliant orators, some of the most devout priests, some of the sweetest poets that ever sang on earth, and many of the bravest and most renowned warriors that ever tented on battle's red field. But if the old saint taught his people their religion, which through all the ages has confronted the hearts and brought, as I believe, salvation to the souls of millions of the human race, I trust that his memory may be cherished

and revered through all coming time."

Sir William Hingston was next called upon to respond, but as he was suffering from a cold which had affected his voice, he was unable to do so, and merely stood up whilst Hon. Dr. Guerin, who was next to him, expressed on his behalf, the kindly sentiments he felt towards St. Patrick's Society.

This brought forth the chorus, "For he's a jolly good fellow," after which Mr. E. Goff Penny acknowledged the toast, speaking of the harmony that prevails among the different nationalities residing in Canada. He referred in the most sympathetic manner to the grand demonstration which he had witnessed during the day, which he said was a credit to Irish Canadians.

Mr. A. F. Riddell, regretted the absence of Mr. Paton, president of St. Andrew's Society, whose place he had been called upon to fill, and in the course of what was a nice little after dinner speech, he paid a well-timed compliment to the Shamrock Hockey team, whose play, he said, he had witnessed with a great deal of pleasure. He could not say too much in praise of them. They deserved all their victories, and he was satisfied that they would go on to more and more. They had retained the championship each year, and as long as they played together as they were doing this winter, it would be hard work for any one to wrest it from them.

Mr. William Seath, likewise acknowledged the toast, and then Mr. F. Green contributed "The Minstrel Boy," very acceptably, after which came the last toast, "The Ladies," felicitously proposed by Mr. M. J. Morrison, and as felicitously replied to by Mr. Frank J. Curran, advocate. Mr. J. Hamilton Ferns followed with a recitation, "The Green Grass of Old Ireland," and the annual banquet of St. Patrick's Society was then brought to a close.

YOUNG IRISHMEN'S L. & B. ASSOCIATION.

The audience which crowded Her Majesty's Theatre in the evening—even the six boxes being occupied—were afforded a rare dramatic and vocal treat, their hearty enjoyment of which they frequently expressed by their unstinted applause. The historical Irish drama "Robert Emmet," the Martyr of Irish Liberty, was presented by the Dramatic Club of the Young Irishmen's Literary and Benefit Association, the cast of characters being as follows:—

- Robert Emmet.....Mr. J. P. O'Connor.
Mr. M. J. Power.
A Sprig of the Emerald Isle
Mr. J. J. McLean.
An Old Soldier
Mr. C. P. Hamelin.
Friend to Emmet
Mr. J. P. O'Connor.
Traitor
Mr. Frank J. Gallagher.
Sergeant Topfall.....Mr. J. P. Smythe.
General Thomas.....Mr. J. P. Smythe.
Lord Norbury.....Mr. J. P. Smythe.
Baron George.....Mr. R. J. Love.
Barn Duke.....Mr. M. Carragher.
Foreman of Jury.....Mr. R. Baird.
Constable.....Mr. E. Ward.
Little Gerlie O'Brien
Judy O'Dougherty.....Mr. H. E. Codd.
Emmet's Wife
Miss Julia Lynch.

Posants, Soldiers, Colleagues of Emmet, Constables, Jury, Etc., Etc. Before the curtain rose Mr. Richard Burke, president of the Association, delivered a short, well-worded address, in which he explained the objects of the Association and the advantages obtained by membership of it. It was founded, he said to secure the mutual benefit of its members, to promote their moral and intellectual advancement, and to celebrate fitly St. Patrick's Day—a day sacred to God and Ireland. The premises of the Association were equipped with a library and reading room, where not only the leading Irish nationalist newspapers but the leading magazines of the day, were always on hand. There was also a gymnasium; and last, but not least, there was a Dramatic Club, of whose ability they were about to be afforded an opportunity of judging.

This year the association would celebrate the twenty-fifth anniversary of its organization. Its record during that period was well known. It was one of which its members had reason to be proud. The membership fee was trivial; and he urged all young Irishmen of Montreal, to become members, either of that or of some to further the cause of Irish nationality.

So admirably were the players suited to the parts allotted to them, and so excellently did they portray the characters which they assumed, that no one would have suspected for a moment that the "company" was composed of amateurs. Mr. M. J. Power, as Robert Emmet, proved that he had thoroughly imbibed the spirit of the heroic young patriot of 1803, who loved his oppressed country with a passionate enthusiasm, which inspired the hearts and minds of millions of Irishmen, and will ever continue to inspire the hearts and minds of millions of Irishmen, all

over the globe, with a fervent devotion to Ireland's cause; which has cheered the Irish political prisoner in his dark and solitary British cell, and given hope and courage to the lonely Irish exile, wherever his lot may be cast. The famous speech from the dock, the delivery of which is the most exacting demand made upon the dramatic ability of the player filling the title role, was faultlessly declaimed by Mr. Power, who was deservedly remembered by repeated plaudits. As Maria, wife of Emmet, Miss Julia Lynch, was all that could be desired. Mr. J. J. McLean was, as usual, a genuine "Sprig of the Emerald Isle"; his acting as "Darby O'Gaff," could not be improved upon, any more than could Mr. Slattery's impersonation of the hapless and bibulous red-coat, "Sergeant Topfall." Mr. Hamelin, Mr. J. P. O'Connor, and Mr. Gallagher acted their parts with great credit, as did the remainder of the cast; while Mrs. H. E. Codd, as "Judy O'Dougherty," Darby's sweetheart, merited high praise for her very able presentation of the part of a sweet and mirthful colleen.

Song and dance were introduced at an appropriate interval, this portion of the programme being efficiently carried out by the following:—"Kathleen Mavourneen".....Miss Bessie Kelly.
"The Emmet Guards".....Y.L.L. & B.A. Quartette.
"Come Back to Erin".....Mr. J. P. Smythe.
"Tell Them That You're Irish".....Little Gerlie O'Brien.
"The Boys of Wexford".....Mr. C. P. Hamelin.
"The Girl so Dear to My Heart".....Mr. J. P. O'Connor.
"Sweet Innisearra".....Mr. Jno. E. Slattery.
"Double Irish Jig".....Messrs. J. J. and J. L. McLean.

Our notice of this performance would be incomplete if it did not mention the following, who acquitted themselves of their respective tasks in a very capable manner:—

- Stage Director, Mr. H. E. Codd;
Master of Properties, Mr. E. L. Tobin;
Leader of Orchestra, Prof. O. Zimmerman;
Musical Director, Mr. T. J. Grant;
Costumer, Mr. Jos. Penton.

ANCIENT ORDER OF HIBERNIANS.

The A. O. H. were organized a few years ago in this city by a number of Irishmen. The charter membership was not large, but since that time the roll has increased to such an extent as to make the A. O. H., the strongest Irish Catholic organization on the Island of Montreal. At present there are seven different divisions throughout the city, including a well-armed company of uniformed knights and numbering in all over 1500 members. The whole is under the control of the Hochelaga County Board. The principal object of the organization, is to be of benefit to its members when in distress, to care for their dead, and to foster a love for faith and country. These noble aims which cannot but appeal to the hearts of the Olds of Canada, readily account for the rapid increase in membership, and are the causes why so many well-known names in all walks of life are enrolled under its banner.

The annual entertainment which it is customary to hold on St. Patrick's night, under the auspices of the County Board, was held this year in the Windsor Hall; and the principal feature of the evening was the performance of Brannigan's Celtic Concert and Comedie Company, which was brought on from New York specially for the occasion. The entertainment as a whole was in the opinion of many, the best attraction of the evening. At any rate the immense audience that filled the large hall to overflowing, had no reason to regret their attendance; for they received a real treat that surpassed anything of the kind ever seen upon a similar occasion in Montreal. That all present thoroughly enjoyed the performance was amply evidenced by the many recalls to which the various performers so generously responded and by the loud and prolonged applause that greeted their response.

Above the centre of the platform hung the green banner of the organization, with their motto, "Friendship, Unity and Christian Charity," embossed in gold upon it. Among those present were noticed the following:—

- Rev. Fathers Fallon, McCallen, and Driscoll of St. Patrick's Church;
Messrs. Wm. Rawley, M. J. Helan, A. Dunn, Thos. Smith, M. Lynch, ex-Ald. B. Connaughton, B. Wall, P. Carroll, J. Hughes, W. P. Stanton, J. Kennedy, T. Erwin, H. T. Kearns, J. P. O'Hara, P. J. Finn, P. J. Tomlity, J. Traynor, T. J. Donovan, J. C. Meaney, J. Lavelle, P. Logue, B. Feenan, J. O'Neill and J. Dundon.

Prof. Wallace opened the programme with selections of Irish airs on the piano; and was succeeded by the charming vocalist Miss Nellie Wallace whose excellent rendering of "Wearing of the Green," greatly pleased the audience. A grand military fancy drill was executed by the Hibernia Knights under the command of Capt. P. Kane. They looked well with waving green and white plumes in their costumes of green and gold, and were decidedly favorites. The various intricate movements of the drill were

performed with wonderful precision, and called forth repeated applause. The Brannigan Celtic Concert and Comedie Company, which did much to enhance the attractiveness of Lady Aberdeen's Irish Village, at the Chicago World's Fair, were then introduced, and they contributed the rest of the programme. The Coughlan sisters, juveniles attired in Highland costume, delighted everybody with their selections on the banjo, mandolin and guitar, as well as by their clever dancing. They were followed by the two elder Brannigans in Irish jigs, reels and hornpipe dancing which were greatly appreciated. Mr. James W. Reagan, whose sweet tenor voice delighted Montreal audiences on the occasion of his visit to this city with the "Bells of Shandon" company, sang some of his original Irish songs and had to respond to repeated encores. Some clever tambourine juggling by Mr. T. McCarthy was a feature of the entertainment. The performance of Mr. James T. Touhey the champion Irish piper of the World, and Master James the juvenile dancing wonder received loud and prolonged applause. The Maeks in their Irish and American vocal selections were also very good. Mr. Brannigan's great Celtic troupe, four in number executed some clever Irish character dancing to the music of the Irish bag pipes and literally brought down the house. After the rendition of some Irish descriptive ballads, by Mr. Jas. W. Reagan, the entertainment was brought to a close by the singing of "God Save Ireland," by all present. The A. O. H. are to be congratulated upon their successful concert and we think that a repetition of a similar entertainment upon another occasion would be very popular.

ST. ANN'S YOUNG MEN.

The spacious hall of the Monument National was crowded to its utmost capacity, both in the afternoon and evening, with the friends and admirers of St. Ann's Young Men's Society who had come to witness the production of "O'Rourke's Triumph," by the dramatic section of the Association.

The St. Ann's Young Men have a historic reputation second to none of any other society in or out of the city. Under the clever tuition of Mr. Edward Varney, they have attained such a high degree of excellence in dramatic art, that at present and for the past few years their performances have rivaled and have even surpassed the productions of many professional companies who visit our city. It is not strange then, that such a large audience should be present at this year's entertainment, knowing as they did the great ability of the players. That they were not disappointed is evident by the many who have since expressed the wish that "O'Rourke's Triumph" be repeated on Easter Monday. As our readers are already aware, the drama "O'Rourke's Triumph," or Irish Honor Vindicated" was written for the St. Ann's Young Men's Society, by Mr. J. Martin, one of its members and is one of his best compositions. It is cleverly written, and the plot is interesting from the very beginning. There are four acts which abound in stirring incidents and striking climaxes. The costumes, stage settings and scenic effects were most complete. New music especially arranged by the popular and talented organist of St. Ann's Church, Prof. P. J. Shea, was artistically rendered throughout the evening, by a select orchestra composed of well-known local musicians, with Prof. Sullivan as leading violinist. Several orchestral pieces especially written in connection with the popular Irish play and American success, "The Romance of Athlone," were also rendered for the first time in Montreal.

Incidental to the play several specialties were introduced and most cleverly executed by Mr. J. Pierson, Montreal's favorite soft shoe dancer; Mr. T. C. Emblem, the well known vocalist in Irish songs; and the Orpheus Vocal Quartette of St. Ann's, which is composed of Messrs. W. Mullarkey, J. Penfold, J. Murphy, and E. Quinn. In the selection of the cast of characters, great taste was exhibited as, everybody seemed to be suited to his role. Mr. W. E. Finn was undoubtedly the greatest success as the scheming villain, Ralph Belgrave. The scene where he robs the key of the iron chest was especially a fine piece of acting. Mr. T. M. Jones, as Dan Snyder, Belgrave's accomplice, was up to his usual form. Mr. P. McKeown as Gerald O'Rourke, a young Irish gentleman and the falsely accused hero, was a great success. Mr. (Frank Drew) J. Penfold as Terry McCann, a true Irish boy, kept the audience in laughter, and he was ably seconded by Messrs. J. Shanahan as Barney O'Callaghan; Mr. Ed. Quinn in the dual role of Regan the blacksmith and M. Lebeau a son of "la bella France"; and Mr. P. O'Rourke as Tom Clifford, a jolly sailor. Mr. J. J. Gettings as Philip O'Rourke, the hero's brother, displayed much dramatic talent, as did also Mr. W. J. Co. (continued on Page Twelve.)

Continued From Page Eleven.

IRELAND'S National Day.

Liston as Sir Arthur Fairfax, and Mr. N. W. Power as Mr. O'Dwyer. The other roles were also well filled by Mr. T. McArthur as Capt. Lawless; Messrs. G. Gummersell and A. Jones as Dick and Tom, sailors of the "Sea Bird"; Messrs. F. Kavanagh and D. Curran as Warbles and Wiggins companions in distress; Mr. J. O'Donnell as Sergeant Maxwell and Mr. M. Doyle as Perkins the jailor. The stage manager was Mr. Ed. Quinn, the musical director, Prof. P. J. Shea; Manager of properties, Mr. C. C. Conway, and the costumer Mr. Jos. Ponton.

The whole entertainment was a complete success both from a financial and an artistic point of view, and it should certainly be reproduced. Rev. Father Strubbe, their indefatigable spiritual director has every reason to feel proud of his young men.

The full cast of characters was as follows:-

- Gerald O'Rourke, a young Irish gentleman, suitor for the hand of Rose O'Dwyer. Mr. J. P. McKeown. Mr. O'Dwyer, father of Rose. Mr. N. W. Power. Philip O'Rourke, Gerald's brother. Mr. J. J. Gethings. Sir Arthur Fairfax, an English baronet. Mr. W. J. Liston. Ralph Belgrave, Sir Arthur's stepson. Mr. W. E. Finn. Dan Snyder, Belgrave's accomplice. Mr. T. M. Jones. M. Lebeau, a son of "La Belle France." Mr. Ed. Quinn. Terry McCann, a true Irish boy. Mr. Frank Drew. Barney O'Callaghan, Terry's friend. Mr. T. Shanahan. Tom Clifford, a jolly sailor. Mr. P. O'Rourke. Corney Regan, a blacksmith. Mr. M. Hanrick. Captain Lawless, master of the "Sea Bird." Mr. T. McArthur. Dick, sailor of the "Sea Bird." Mr. G. Gummersell. Tom, sailor of the "Sea-Bird." Mr. A. Jones. Warbles, a companion in distress. Mr. F. Kavanagh. Wiggins, companion in distress. Mr. D. O'C. Curran. Sergeant Maxwell, of the R. I. Constabulary. Mr. M. J. O'Donnell. Perkins, gaoler. Mr. M. Doyle.

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

The St. Gabriel's T. A. and B. Society, held their evening's entertainment in the St. Gabriel's Hall, Centre street, and it was a great success. Considering the many counter attractions that were being held the same evening, the attendance was very good. A select programme of vocal and instrumental music had been prepared by the St. Gabriel's Glee Club, and an eloquent address by the gifted orator, Mr. M. J. F. Quinn, Q.C., M.P., was also a feature of the evening. The concert was fully equal to any gotten up in the past and the audience spent a most enjoyable evening.

Rev. William O'Meara, P.P., occupied the chair. In opening the proceedings he congratulated the societies of the parish for the enthusiasm they displayed in mustering in such large numbers to take part in the parade that morning. Father O'Meara closed his remarks with an eloquent reference to the principal characteristics of the Irish race. The members of the now famous St. Gabriel's Glee Club, were very much in evidence in the various items of the splendid programme, and they proved themselves well worthy of the occasion. The first chorus which they rendered "Come back to Erin" was excellent. A duet and chorus by Miss K. Haddelsey and Mr. T. O'Connor, received great applause. A song and chorus "O'Donnell Aboo," by Mr. J. Deegan was much appreciated. Messrs. J. Shea and J. Kelly executed a cornet duet with much ability and were recalled. A coon song and a cake walk by members of the Glee Club, came in for much applause. The St. Gabriel's Quartette, which is composed of Messrs. Monahan, Kelly, Orton and Deegan, was a favorite with the audience and were repeatedly recalled. Master J. J. Shea displayed wonderful musical talent in his rendering of a violin solo and was much applauded. A trio "Love's Young Dream," by Miss K. Haddelsey, Mr. J. Rennie and Mr. Charles McMonamin was very well given. The coon songs and cake walk executed by Messrs. Jos. McLean and Wm. Hennessy delighted the audience. After an excellent rendition of "The Old Oaken Bucket," by the quartette, composed of Messrs. Rennie, Kelly, Orton and Deegan, the orator of the evening Mr. M. J. F. Quinn, Q.C., M.P., was introduced. He spoke on Ireland, and treated his subject in a masterly manner. He again displayed on this occasion the fluency of diction and a thorough knowledge of his subject which combined with his personal magnetism, has made him so popular as an orator.

Throughout his discourse he was interrupted by loud applause.

At the close of the programme the second part of the programme was proceeded with. An overture on the piano by Miss K. McArthur, was rendered in an excellent manner as was a song by Mr. E. Geary. An Irish jig by the well known step dancer, Mr. J. Mines was much appreciated. Miss Alma Pitts in a clever recitation displayed great elocutionary powers. A comic song by Mr. W. Ford, and an Irish jig by Mr. T. Sullivan came in for much applause. Mr. Geo. Holland the inimitable comic singer was a particular favorite and he was repeatedly recalled. A flute solo, selections of Irish airs by Mr. H. J. Barrie, was very well received. A song by Miss Gertrude Haddelsey, was given in a melodious voice and was greatly applauded. A whistling solo by Miss A. Moore, and a song by Mr. W. F. Ford, were also very good.

The Vice-President, Mr. P. O'Brien, and the Sec., Mr. Chas. Feeney, jr., and members of the Committee of the stalwart temperance organization of St. Gabriel's parish deserve great praise for the patriotic manner in which they celebrated the day. St. Gabriel's Parish is forging its way to a front rank for the number of its enthusiastic Irishmen, and for the excellence of its musical talent, as evidenced by the programme which was so successfully and so artistically carried out on this occasion. Bravo old St. Gabriel's.

ST. ANTHONY'S YOUNG MEN.

The evening celebration in the West End was held under the auspices of St. Anthony's Young Men's Society, and like all the other entertainments held under the administration of this popular organization it was a great success. Mr. W. L. Ferrigo, jr., the president of the society presided and opened the proceedings in a capital address. He outlined the aims and objects of the society and made an appeal to the young Catholics of St. Anthony's Parish to come into their ranks.

Miss Donovan, the talented organist of St. Anthony's Church then rendered selections of Irish airs on the piano, and was loudly applauded. "Kathleen Mavourneen" by the charming vocalist, Mrs. (Dr.) Schmidt, was next given in an excellent manner. A coronet solo by Mr. H. Rheume, was much appreciated and that gentleman was compelled to respond to an encore. A song by Mr. A. Hamilton was also well received. Miss M. Moriarity, next gave a song in her rich melodious voice, and was greatly applauded. Mr. F. S. Hickey, the well known comic singer rendered some of his specialties and was repeatedly recalled. His songs were a feature of the evening's entertainment. Mr. W. Kearney, jr., in his recitation of "Fontenoy," displayed great histrionic ability and he merited the recall. This closed the first part of the programme. Miss M. Perego opened the second part with a piano solo which was executed in a very artistic manner. A song by Mr. A. J. Smith, was then given and received much applause. Mrs. (Dr.) Schmidt's rendering of "The Holy City," was much appreciated. An instrumental duet on the mandolin and guitar, by Messrs. Cole and Crane showed that these two gentlemen possess much musical ability. Another song by Miss M. Moriarity, more selections by Mr. F. S. Hickey, and a coronet solo by Mr. H. Rheume brought a most enjoyable evening to a close. Miss Donovan was piano accompanist of the evening and deserves great praise for her share in the success of the evening's entertainment.

STE. THERESE COLLEGE.

Among the many creditable educational institutions in the Dominion of Canada, Ste. Therese College occupies no inferior rank. It is now attended by over 300 students.

Many Canadians and Americans holding prominent positions in every walk in life are proud to claim old Ste. Therese as their beloved Alma Mater. It will please many of them to learn that this institution is now more than ever devoting special attention to a thorough study of the English language.

Mr. William Lee, formerly professor of English in Ottawa University, who is now associated with Ste. Therese College, is untiring in his efforts to bring English literature up to a high standard. That he is meeting with great success is evident from the fact, that on the eve of St. Patrick's Day the students rendered Richard Brinsley Sheridan's powerful artistic drama, "Pizarro" in such a finished manner as to elicit abundance of well-merited praise from a highly intellectual audience.

Ste. Therese has a beautiful new theatre with a stage capacity of 60 feet by 30 deep, the various scenes are the work of the students, proving that they are quite proficient in artistic talent.

Although every actor did his part in a satisfactory manner, a few deserve special mention as more than ordinary amateurs.

A. Boire as Elviro, a young prince, has all the grace of a professional, and will yet make a mark. F. Duval, as Pizarro was true to his role. R. Labrosse as Rolla and H. E. Doryal as Alonzo are also worthy of mention. Master D. J. Howard as Topaz, a boy, did nicely, and Master A. Arbour, a child, Alonzo's son, was a beautiful picture of innocence and truth. The orchestra under the skilled leadership of Prof. A. Arbour, N.P., was all that could be desired. The entr'actes were enlivened by numerous popular Irish airs.

Much credit is due to the able HOOD'S Sarsaparilla is the One True Blood Purifier, Great Nerve Tonic, Stomach Regulator. Thousands its great merit is KNOWN.

ganizer of a feast so prolific of the innocent pleasure that contributes to human happiness. It was, indeed, an intellectual treat enjoyed by all present, amongst whom were several old students of the College, whose heart-strings no doubt vibrated to the same emotion as that experienced in the happy days long gone by. For the day and its enjoyments, the heartiest congratulations should be extended to the Rev. Faculty of the house, devoted men, ever true and zealous in the noble work in which they are engaged.

PALMISTRY IN BUSINESS.

A sculptor who believed that the character could be read from the hand once declined an important commission for a statue solely because he did not trust the hand of the man who gave the order. At the time the artist was considered little less than an idiot for his caution, but his hand judgment turned out correct after all for another sculptor, having undertaken the statue, had to carry his case into the courts in order to get payment.

Another of these hand readers fell in love with a young and beautiful girl. He became betrothed to her, although there was some peculiar characteristics in the shape and touch of her fingers that he disliked. The matter weighed on his mind. He was a queer sort of a fellow and plain spoken.

"My dear," he said to her one day, "you are a very lovely, estimable girl, and I hold you in the highest affection, but the more I study your hand the less I like it. I am afraid we cannot be happy together. Let us break off the engagement?" "They did. She married another man and eloped with a third in less than four years.

A DYSPEPTIC'S RELEASE.

Suffered From This Distressing Malady for Many Months—Found Only one Medicine to Help Him.

The farming community at Port Robinson, and many miles around, are intimately acquainted with Mr. Harvey Horton. He is a young man, only 23 years of age, who farms in summer and follows a steam thrasher in autumn and winter. While yet so young he has had his share of pains and sickness. One reporter hearing of Mr. Horton's affliction sought an interview with him. When he learned the reporter's errand he readily consented to impart full details, which are given practically in his own words: "I do not court newspaper notoriety," said he, "yet I am not afraid to say a kind word for Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. In the summer of 1897, I was sadly afflicted with stomach trouble, a deranged liver and general debility. My entire system was in a morbid condition. I felt as though I had an oppressive weight on my stomach and eating was sometimes followed by nausea. My nights were made hideous by unpleasant dreams. I tried a good physician. He doctored me for liver trouble and dyspepsia, but without avail and for a year I could find no remedy that would cure me. I felt perfectly worn out had no strength, appetite or energy. I was prevailed by a friend from a distance to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. I purchased two boxes in June, 1898. Although I thought myself beyond cure, yet the first box had such a surprising effect that I took courage as my strength began to gradually return. I continued taking the pills and now after taking nine boxes I feel as good a man as ever and am in splendid flesh. I can eat, digest and sleep well, while before all food soured on my stomach and caused awful distress. I can now enjoy life and am satisfied that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills have saved me from untold suffering.

ABOUT BRITISH PATENTS.

After three months travel in Great Britain and on the European Continent, a representative of the firm of Marion and Marion, Patent Attorneys Mr. Singer submits the following report of conditions affecting foreign patent interests in Great Britain.

In Great Britain the opportunities for disposing of meritorious American inventions are exceptionally frequent and favorable at this time. The Hooley patent promoting scandal of last year, instead of discouraging British investors, has had the effect of attracting wide attention to the large fortunes realized from successful inventions and has thus greatly increased the number of patent promoters and speculators. Outlet is now sought in patents and enterprises based on patent rights, for capital which is no longer able to earn a fair rate of interest in the common forms of investment. The inventions must be practical, of a substantial character and the price reasonable, to attract the English investor or manufacturer. The patent promoters of London, are, as a rule, substantial and influential citizens, and the business of financing industrial enterprises based on patents is generally considered eminently respectable and high-toned.

Dr. Adams' Toothache Gum is sold by all druggists; 10 cts a bottle.

Avarice is a lean old man, dry and shrivelled to his bones, and whose soul is an unmelting sea of snow.

Mantels Hardwood Brick and Tile. Bathrooms, Fireplaces, Vestibules, Etc. ANDREW F. MURRAY & CO. CONTRACTORS and IMPORTERS. 40 BLEURY STREET MONTREAL, Que. Gas Logs, Gas Pipes, Gas and Coal Grates. Designs and Estimates Submitted.

GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY SYSTEM IMPROVED Train Service BETWEEN Montreal and Ottawa, Taking Effect Mar. 12. Leave Montreal 8 20 a.m., 3 30 p.m., 5 50 p.m. Arr. Ottawa 11 40 a.m., 8 05 p.m., 9 30 p.m. Leave Ottawa 7 25 a.m., 4 10 p.m., 6 35 p.m. Arr. Montreal 11 30 a.m., 8 45 p.m., 9 45 p.m. *Signifies daily. All other trains run daily except Sunday.

SECOND CLASS FARE From MONTREAL

\$47.95

To Victoria, B.C.; Vancouver, B.C.; New Westminster, B.C.; Portland, Ore.; Seattle, Wash.; Tacoma, Wash., and all other points in the Kootenay District.

City Ticket Offices: - 137 St. James Street, and Bonaventure Station.

SUPERIOR COURT, DISTRICT OF MONTREAL, No. 1295. Dame Marie A. Normandin has to say sued her husband, Joseph A. Martin, for separation as to property. Montreal, March 18, 1899. BERARD & BRODEUR, Attorneys for Plaintiff.

The ONLY Incorporated Society, CAPITAL \$30,000.

Telephone: Bell, East, 1235; Merchants', 563.

THE CO-OPERATIVE FUNERAL EXPENSE SOCIETY.

W. A. WAYLAND, Manager. 1725, St Catherine Street, NEAR ST. DENIS STREET.

For a small annual fee we give a first-class funeral. Here are our terms of subscription.

A Burial Outfit, without distinction—the poor and the rich treated alike, and for the smallest possible sum; within the reach of all classes.

The following is what we agree to do in the event of death during the year's subscription: To beautifully Decorate the Mortuary Room.

To furnish a Rose Wood Finish or Cloth covered Coffin, and a Hearse with two Horses to convey the Body from the House to the Church and then to the Cemetery. All this is covered by the following yearly payments:

The only Burial Society Incorporated offering a Solid Guarantee.

\$1.00 YEARLY, from birth to 5 years of age. 75 CENTS YEARLY, from 5 to 30 years of age. 1.00 YEARLY, from 30 to 45 years of age. 1.50 YEARLY, from 45 to 55 years of age. 2.00 YEARLY, from 55 to 65 years of age.

Our outfit is so large and complete, that we are prepared on the shortest notice, to undertake all Classes of Funerals, outside of our Subscribers, at moderate prices. Please visit our offices and you can judge of our organization.

First Class Embalming

PROVINCE OF QUEBEC, DISTRICT OF MONTREAL, No. 769.

IN THE SUPERIOR COURT.

Dame Emma Dufresne, of the City and District of Montreal, has this day instituted an action in separation as to property against Albert St. Martin, of the same place.

Montreal, 23rd February, 1899.

BEAUDIN, CARDINAL, LORANGER & ST. GERMAIN, Attorneys for Plaintiff.

PROVINCE OF QUEBEC, DISTRICT OF MONTREAL, No. 5202.

IN THE SUPERIOR COURT.

Dame Alphonsine Chouinard, of the City and District of Montreal, has this day instituted an action in separation as to property against Louis Honore Dassyva dit Portugais, of the same place.

Montreal, 28th February, 1899.

BEAUDIN, CARDINAL, LORANGER & ST. GERMAIN, Attorneys for Plaintiff.

SCHOOL BOOKS.

During the coming School Term of 1898-99 we respectfully solicit the order of your orders for the supply of Catholic Educational and other Text Books, both in English and French; also School Stationery and School requisites.

SADLER'S DOMINION SERIES.

Sadler's Dominion Reading Charts, 26 Reading Charts and one Chart of Colours, mounted on 14 boards, size 2 1/2 x 3 1/2 inches. Sadler's Dominion Speller, complete. Sadler's Dominion First Reader, Part I. Sadler's Dominion First Reader, Part II. Sadler's Dominion Second Reader. Sadler's Dominion Third Reader. Sadler's Dominion Fourth Reader. Sadler's Outline of Canadian History. Sadler's Grande Ligne de l'Histoire du Canada. Sadler's Outline of English History. Sadler's School History of England, with 500 colored maps. Sadler's Ancient and Modern History, with Illustrations and 25 colored maps. Sadler's Edition of Butler's Catechism. Sadler's Child's Catechism of Sacred History, Old Testament, Part I. Sadler's Child's Catechism of Sacred History, New Testament, Part I. Sadler's Catechism of Sacred History, large edition. Sadler's Bible History (Schuster) Illustrated. Sadler's Elementary Grammar, Blackboard Exercises. Sadler's Edition of Grammaire Elementaire par E. Robert. Sadler's Edition of Nugent's French and English and English and French Dictionary, with pronunciation. Sadler's D. & S. Copy Books, A and B, with tracing.

D. & J. SADLER & CO., Catholic Educational Publishers and Stationers.

1669 Notre Dame Street, Montreal, Que., 123 Church Street, Toronto, Ont.

Extra copies of this edition, ready for mailing, supplied by Newsdealers or at the office of publication, 253 St. James street.

The S. CARSLLEY CO., Limited. Notre Dame Street. Montreal's Greatest Store. Mar. 25, 1899. ORDERS BY MAIL.



The most perfect mail order system in Canada. All orders by mail receive prompt and careful attention. The mail order department of the Big Store has reached a high state of efficiency, and out-of-town customers can shop easily by mail and with the assurance of receiving perfect satisfaction. The store's best service is gone to the mail order system, and all orders are attended to the same day as received.

DIRECT FROM PARIS.

This is to announce the arrival of three cases Parisian Novelties in Ladies' Jackets and Capes. They are of assured excellence, direct from the Avenue de la Paix in Paris. These exquisite things are not likely to rest long at The Big Store, so that an early visit is necessary if you wish to see them.

LADIES' NEW JACKETS. STYLISH CAPES.

These Jackets are beautifully conceived, artistically made, and extra well finished. Ladies' Plain Amazone Cloth Jackets lined fancy checked satin, double breasted, and step collar, \$8.25. Ladies' Box Cloth Jackets, in fawn, drab and black, trimmed fine mohair braid, plain velvet collar and lined fancy satin, Special, \$13.25. Ladies' Double-breasted Box Cloth Jackets, trimmed self applique, turned seams and lined striped satin. Special \$17.05. 'The Cape' is chief among all the wraps for spring, but followed very closely by The New Jacket. The offerings will obtain your recognition. New Amazone Cloth Capes, 20 in. long, handsomely embroidered with mohair braid and jets. Special, \$2.25. A very elegant Cape in fawn and drab, trimmed self applique and slashed collar. Special \$4.80. An Exquisite Cape in new box cloth very richly trimmed, self-applique, in fawn, drab, new blue and black, full satin faced. Special \$10.00.

Rich New Silks and Dress Goods.

These two collections are unrivalled for beauty and excellence. The world's leading looms are sending their best and newest weaves here, exclusive, yes, to the weaving of a web of loveliness, in the handsome silks of elegant dress fabrics. The question of a new dress is settled, the selection of your own particular fabric is an easy matter at the Big Store.

NEW DRESS FABRICS RICH NEW SILKS.

The Dress Goods section is thronged daily with hundreds of ladies choosing from the richest collection of Dress Goods in Canada. New Tweed Effects in a choice variety of stripe effects, blue and green, black and blue, drab and grey, white and black combinations. Special 85c. It will be worth your while to visit the silk department to see the magnificent new arrivals in handsome silks. New Figured Silks in dainty shades of cream, pink, violet, royal, pale blue, turquoise, cardinal, mauve, salmon pink, Nile green, in pretty figured designs, 50c.

GENERAL KLONDIKE OUTFITTERS.

The S. CARSLLEY CO. Limited. 1765 to 1783 Notre Dame St. 184 to 194 St. James St., Montreal

ESTABLISHED 1826. DANIEL FURLONG, 64 Prince Arthur Street, MONTREAL. Wholesale and Retail Dealer in Choice Beef, Veal, Mutton and Pork. Fruits, Vegetables, Game, Poultry and Fish in season. BELL TELEPHONE 6474.

Charles Lavallee, (SUCCESSOR TO A. LAVALLEE.) 35 St. Lambert Hill, IMPORTER AND DEALER IN ALL KINDS OF Musical Instruments. Agents for F. BESSON & Co., London, England, celebrated Band Instruments. Also PELLISON, GUINOT & Co. of Lyon, France. A complete stock of Orchestral and Band Instruments at reduced prices. Repairs of all kinds done at short notice. Artists' Violins made to order. American Mandolins guaranteed from \$4.00 up.

THOMAS LIGGET, is showing this Spring an exceptionally large range of Novel Effects in CARPETS AND CURTAINS, ALSO AN IMMENSE STOCK OF Rugs, Linoleums and Oilcloths. THOMAS LIGGET, 1884 NOTRE DAME STREET. 2446 ST. CATHERINE STREET, MONTREAL. 175 to 179 SPARKS STREET, OTTAWA.

PROVINCE OF QUEBEC, DISTRICT OF MONTREAL, No. 1401. SUPERIOR COURT. Dame Emelle Riendeau, of the Parish of St. Hubert, District of Montreal, wife of Jean Baptiste Charroin, former of the same place, duly authorized a ceter en justice. Plaintiff. vs. The said Jean Baptiste Charroin, Defendant. An action in separation as to property has been instituted this day against the Defendant. Montreal, 15th March, 1899. GLOBESKY & LAMARRE, Attorneys for Plaintiff. PROVINCE OF QUEBEC, DISTRICT OF MONTREAL, No. 1833. IN THE SUPERIOR COURT. Dame Aurore Bouthillier, of the city and district of Montreal, wife common as to property of Fernand Paradis, typewriter, of the same place, duly authorized a ceter en justice aux fins de presentes, Plaintiff. vs. The said Fernand Paradis, Defendant. An action in separation as to property has been instituted this day against the defendant. Montreal, 8 March, 1899. CHARBONNEAU & PELLIETIER, Attorneys for Plaintiff.