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THE GRAND SEMINARY OF MONTREAL.

AN INTERESTING AND TOUCHING SKETCH OF AN ORDINATION CEREMONY.

BY REV. THOMAS A. MCCOVERY.

It was the morning of the 18th of December, '91, that a party of us chartered a special car on the Central Vermont Railroad from the Heart of the Commonwealth to the grand old city of Montreal.

It was a beautiful winter evening. The air was cold and dry, and the snow never seemed so pure and white.

Arrived at the hotel—there was a handshaking and greeting on all sides. The spacious parlor was comfortably filled. Strangers had been coming on every train during the day and careful preparations had been made to receive them.

At one side a dozen priests of different ages sat chatting in little groups of two and three. They had been classmates in seminary days.

In the midst of that joyful assembly I was strangely alone that night. I seldom spoke; I could not. Friends asked me, "Are you ill? Perhaps the journey has been too much for you."

I knew these people around me. I knew them all. I had grown up among them. Often had I listened to their strange stories of their own strange land; its green fields, its fertile soil, its mountains and its rivers.

enchanted house of the mountains and the terrible Coista-gann-konn. Many a time when a mere lad, it was in fear and trembling that I picked my way home at night from some neighbor's house and dodged imaginary ghosts and goblins on the road.

The boy among them who gave indications of a religious vocation was pointed out with pride. If a son went to college and then to the seminary, oh, how his parents would watch and wait and pray for his day to come.

At last the great day was at hand and these fathers and mothers who had waited and toiled and prayed for so many years were to receive their reward.

How they longed for the morning! But they were tired, and an early hour found them all in bed.

At four in the morning the hotel was in a glow of light. Fresh logs were burning in the fire-place. Busy girls were preparing the dining-room.

After a hot cup of coffee we took sleighs at the door, wrapped ourselves in the warm buffalo robes and were soon at the seminary gate.

It was intensely dark and cold as we walked in single-file up the narrow path between high banks of snow to the chapel door.

Up the winding stairs we went to the places reserved for us in the gallery of the warm, comfortable little chapel. We knelt some time in prayer, thanking God for His many blessings.

The gallery is situated at the end of the chapel, opposite the altar. The seats of the chapel are along the sides, leaving the floor an open space. The roof is a beautiful arch. The lights were low, but in the dimness I counted twelve figures, more than life-size, standing on high pedestals between the windows, where the arching roof begins.

The chapel is as silent as the tomb. After a while attentive ears catch the sound of some solemn chant. It is faint and far away. Hark! It is the "Veni Creator Spiritus." Slowly it grows louder and louder. The chanters are coming nearer. A faint light comes in through the chapel door, on the gospel side. It grows stronger and stronger. Suddenly, as if the gates of heaven had opened, a flood of light and song fills the place.

The people in the gallery have long been standing. The women are sobbing like little children and strong men slyly brush away a tear.

Two by two the clerics come, each carrying a candle and a small book, called the "Series ordinationum." They genuflect before the altar, then separate and march down the chapel floor still singing in heavenly voice the Veni Creator Spiritus.

Then those come who are to be raised to minor orders. They number about fifty and they wear the cassock and the surplice.

Next in the grand procession come forty young men who this day are to renounce the world to find Jesus Christ their heritage. These are dressed in long, white albs, bound with the cincture, and on their left arms they carry the maniple and the tunic, the vestment of the sub-deacon.

They who next enter the chapel door are to be ordained deacons. They too wear the long white albs, bound with the cincture. The maniple is pinned on the left arm and they carry the stole and dalmatic of the deacon.

Then come those young men upon whom all eyes are turned. They are dressed as deacons and they carry the vestments of the priest. They are as

pale as the snow-white robes they wear, but yet there is a look of heavenly joy about them. Their life's longing is satisfied. Soon they will ascend the altar of God to offer the eternal sacrifice. The people in the gallery lean over the low railing. Every eye is strained. The Archbishop attended by the Sulpician Fathers enters. His voice sounds out above the others in round, sweet notes, as soothing to the soul as they are pleasing to the ear.

Hear him now. His heart is in the words. O, he is a goodly man, tender as a woman—innocent as a child. Kindness is written in his beautiful countenance. To know him was to love him—good Archbishop Fabre, who since then has gone to his reward.

Taking his place before the high altar, he begins Mass. After the Kyrie Eleison, while the chanters are singing the 15th Psalm, "Conserve Domine quoniam speravi in te," the Tossurandi are presented to him. One by one they kneel at his feet and repeat in a clear, low voice "Domine fili David miserere mihi quia iniquus sum. Tu es qui restituis hereditatem meam mihi."

The Pontiff cuts five small locks of hair from the head of each and invests him with the surplice, saying, "May the Lord clothe thee with the new man, who was created according to God in the justice and the sanctity of truth."

A kindly advice is given them, and they depart.

Then those advance who are to receive the four minor orders of Porter, Reader, Exorcist and Acolyte.

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Now comes the important part of the ceremony. "Accedant qui ordinantur ad officium ostiarii," says the old Father Parent, the master of ceremonies. A venerable old man is one would think by his looks that he lived most of the time in another world. Perhaps he does. I have seen him before when his thoughts were far from earth. How undisturbed and resigned he always seems. The students say he went on with the "deuxième point" of the "examen particulier" during a terrible earthquake that shook the city a few years ago. The seminary building, a massive stone structure, trembled like a deserted house in a storm. The candlesticks were thrown from the altar; windows were broken; the students made a rush for the hallway. They

thought their hour had come, but old Father Parent, like a soldier, willing to die at his post, maintained the meditation "on the detachment from the world, which should characterize ecclesiastics." Every ordination gives new life to the good old priest.

"Let those who are to receive the order of portiership come forward," he says. They advance to the altar and the ordaining prelate gives to each the key of the church with the admonition, "So act as having to render to God an account of the things locked by the keys."

Then two by two they go out of the chapel in charge of the master of ceremonies, to open and shut the door of the church and ring the bell—the functions of their office. The duty of ostiarius or door-keeper was more important in ancient times, before the conversion of the Roman Empire. He had to prevent the heathen from entering the church, to keep the laity separate from the clergy, and to see generally that decorum was maintained. He had to guard the church and all that it contained, to open the doors at certain hours and to prepare the book for the preacher.

The procession winds around the large bell in the corridor, each one ringing it as he passes. Then back to the chapel they come, to receive in turn the three other minor orders, namely Lector, Exorcist and Acolyte, and an hour passes before this part of the ceremony is finished.

The grey light of the Canadian morning is now breaking through the varied colored chapel windows. It promises to be a beautiful day. The priests from the city and surrounding country begin to arrive. They have said their masses and hastened to be present at the ordination. As they walk down the order of floor they present a striking figure. There are Trappists and Franciscans and Anacostians and Jesuits and many others, dressed in the robes of their respective orders. One old priest has a long, white flowing beard. The weight of eighty years has bent his tall figure. He has just returned from the missions of the Northwest. He has come to die in the mother house of his order. His life's work is over, but he must bless the new priests this morning and wish them a God-speed on the mission which he began over half a century ago. Then come a Monsignor and a mitred Abbott. How different their dress and rule of life, and yet their faith is the same. How strange it all seems!

Now comes the important part of the ceremony. "Accedant qui ordinantur ad officium ostiarii," says the old Father Parent, the master of ceremonies. A venerable old man is one would think by his looks that he lived most of the time in another world. Perhaps he does. I have seen him before when his thoughts were far from earth. How undisturbed and resigned he always seems. The students say he went on with the "deuxième point" of the "examen particulier" during a terrible earthquake that shook the city a few years ago. The seminary building, a massive stone structure, trembled like a deserted house in a storm. The candlesticks were thrown from the altar; windows were broken; the students made a rush for the hallway. They

disunt subdiaconis." "Come forward all who are to be ordained subdeacons," and forty white-robed clerics stand upon the chapel floor. They are mainly looking youths. It was the love of souls that brought them here. Long ago, when other boys were saying, "Some day I will be a man, and I will be wealthy," these young men had whispered to their own hearts, "Some day I will be a priest and save souls." Since then the Church has watched them and trained them. For many a long year she has purified them in prayer and penance. Today she will mark them as her own forever.

It is an important step, the order of subdiaconship, and for this reason the pontiff tells them once more, as they stand before him, to consider again and again the promise they are about to make. "As yet you are boys," he says, "to go into the world and busy yourselves with the affairs thereof, but this step once taken, you belong to God and your life's work to His Church."

Every eye is on them. God Himself is looking down. There they stand between two worlds—will they step over into the latter one? Yes, when the pontiff asks the final question, "Si in sancto proposito perseverare placeat, in nomine Domini hoc accedite." Like soldiers of a mighty king they step across the line.

A signal is given and they who are to be ordained deacons and priests take their place upon the chapel floor. They stand in rows across the chapel, and the rows are about six feet apart. In an instant they are prostrate on the floor, lying face downward, as if dead—they are dead to the world.

A woman shrieked behind me and another at my right was carried out in a faint. I trembled like a child, and those about me looked pale. Had the roof of the chapel fallen in upon us the shock would not have been so great.

The choir in solemn, majestic measures chants the Litany of the saints over them, calling as it were upon the saints in heaven to bless them and pray for them at this awful hour.

I shall never forget the impression that moment made upon me, never as then did I realize the meaning of those divine words, "I am with you always." O, yes, dear Lord, especially at that solemn moment of prostration, I felt your presence then as I never did before. I saw your power, I knew your providence and I will serve you till I die a better man a true Catholic, because I was present at the ordination on that memorable December morning.

When the Litany is finished all arise. Those to be ordained deacons and priests retire to their places and the subdeacons remain.

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RECENT HAPPENINGS IN EUROPE.

The movement of having a Greater Dublin has at last been crowned with success. For many years the Irish capital has suffered financially in a way that finds no parallel in the history of any other great city, ancient or modern. During the past half century the pretty suburbs of the city, such as Rathmines, Pembroke, Drumcondra, have been rapidly increasing in population, owing to the fact that large numbers of wealthy and well-to-do men, earning their money in the city, have taken up their residence outside its boundaries, so as to avoid paying their just proportion of taxation. The loss which Dublin thus sustained, both through a diminution of taxes and through the general falling off in general lines of business, such as the provision, clothing, and dry goods trades, was very serious. Besides, while the population of the city has been decreasing, that of its numerous suburbs has been increasing. When Mr. Thomas Sexton was Lord Mayor, he repeatedly called attention to this anomalous state of affairs. No practical steps, however, were taken until recently, when it was resolved to extend the ancient boundaries so as to include within the city limits the large and thriving suburbs mentioned, along with several others. The question was submitted to the municipal voters; and, in spite of very determined efforts on the part

ing large fortunes in the city, and paying no taxes therein, the proposed extension has been carried by a vote of 17,382 against 3,116. Dublin, soon, therefore, will take the place to which it is entitled, in point of population, amongst the leading cities of the United Kingdom.

The United Irish League, with the wonderful progress of which every genuine Nationalist is delighted, is taking a very active interest in the selection of candidates for the forthcoming County and Rural Districts Councils. The success which is rewarding the efforts of Mr. William O'Brien M.P., and other leaders of the League may be judged from the fact that Mr. Gerald Balfour, the Chief Secretary has "proclaimed" several of its meetings. This is the best testimony that could be given to the popularity of the League. Every Home Ruler in the land heartily endorses the advice given by Mr. William O'Brien in a recent speech, which may be summarized as follows:—

The National cause is the first consideration for the Irish people and in these days there can be no paltering with its opponents—no truckling to its enemies. Those who are not with the Nationalist Party are against it—and those who are against it must not expect any party avowals of confidence until the fight is won. As will

expect an army in the field to place the enemy's generals in command of its vanguard, as to ask the Nationalists of Ireland to yield up positions of public trust to the leaders of the party whose guiding principle is that Irishmen are not fit for National self government. These landlords and grand jurors never thought for a moment in their days of pride and power of admitting any representative of the people, no matter how well qualified, into their exclusive circle. They shared neither the privileges nor the responsibilities of Local Government with the bulk of taxpayers. Had they not been heavily bribed they would have resisted even last year's inadequate measure to death, and their claims now are the essence of impudence, while the action of the so-called Nationalists who support them can only be regarded as the very acme of criminal folly.

Lord Dunraven is a candidate in one of the divisions of the county Limerick; but he stands little chance of being elected.

Scotch Catholics will be interested to learn that a new bishop has been appointed to the vacant see of Aberdeen. The choice of the Holy See fell upon Mgr. Chisholm, rector of Blair's College. His promotion to the episcopal dignity has given much satisfaction, not only to members of the Catholic body in Scotland, but to the public generally in Aberdeen and the North, by whom he is held in very high esteem. There was, therefore, a very large congregation in the Cathedral Huntley street, at his consecra-

tion, and many were present wholly unconnected with the Catholic Church. Prominent among these could be seen Mr. P. M. Cran, City Chamberlain, Chief-Constable Wyness, Rev. Dr. Sutherland, late of Turiff Free Church; Mr. J. Badenach Nielson of Glenbevie; Mr. J. Whyte, president of the Society of Advocates; and Prof. Dave Wilson. There was a large attendance of the clergy, practically all the clergy of the diocese being present, as also the students, about 80 in number, from Blair's College. The prelates who took part in the service were Archbishop Macdonald, Edinburgh (brother of the late Bishop); Bishop Smith, Dunkeld; Bishop Turner, Galloway; Bishop Smith, Argyll and the Isles; Bishop Maguire, Glasgow; Mgr. Lennon, the Lord Abbot of Fort Augustus; Mgr. Clapperton, Dundee; and Mgr. M'Grady, Edinburgh. The Archbishop was the consecrating Bishop, with Bishop Smith (Dunkeld) and Bishop Turner as assisting prelates. The sermon was preached by Bishop Maguire, of Glasgow, who spoke from Hebrews v. 1, "For every high priest taken from among men is ordained for men in things pertaining to God, that he may offer both gifts and sacrifices for sins." The ceremony of that day, he said, was one that they in Aberdeen had seen too often, and he was sure they all fervently prayed that it may be long before this ceremony is seen in that Cathedral again. They were there to welcome one, who, as they knew, was very worthy to succeed the three bishops who had gone before him, to all of whom were given zeal and charity

was given length of days. They prayed that as the elect had received the gifts that were given to the other three, so he might receive the special gift that was given to the best of his predecessors, and that he might be long spared to reign over that diocese. It was not fitting that he should say almost anything about the new Bishop in his passage, or theirs; they knew him better than he (the preacher) did, and when they thought of the parochial work he had done as a parish priest and of the administrative work he had done as head of the college, they might feel justified in expecting that if God did leave him with them, as they would pray that he might do, for many years to come—he would be a great Bishop of that diocese of Aberdeen.

Mademoiselle Lucie Faure, daughter of the late President of France, has decided to devote all her time to the promotion of the charitable work which is being performed by the Catholic young ladies of Paris, through an organization called La Ligue des Enfants de France. It is stated that she is also writing a life of her distinguished father. She is well known in literary and artistic circles, and is a clever writer.

The testimony in the embalmers' beef dispute at Washington has furnished the agrarian press of Germany with welcome material for the war on American meat. Some of the comments are very uncomplimentary to American packers. The Kreuz-Zeitung says:— "Since the testimony of General

Miles has proved that the packers are so conscienceless as to furnish unfit meat to their own soldiers at the front, they would certainly not scruple to sell similar meat to foreigners."

The Meat Inspection Bill will not be discussed until the middle of April. The chances of its passage as it stands have been diminished recently, owing partly to the revelations of General Miles.

A largely attended meeting of the priests and people of the County of Meath, has been held for the purpose of taking steps to erect a monument to the late Bishop Nulty. What form the memorial was to take was not decided upon, but nearly \$1,500 was immediately subscribed for the purpose. A committee was appointed to confer with the Bishop of the diocese as to the sort of monument to be decided upon.

American Horses in Germany

The news comes from Berlin, that the agricultural experts are endeavoring to discover some means to stem the importation of American and other horses into Germany. Count Bernstorff says that the price of 330 marks now paid for army horses, does not compensate the home breeders. Germany in 1890 was a great horse-exporting country, but in 1896, there were 103,260 horses imported, worth 73,600,000 marks, and 9,894, worth 10,800,000 marks, exported.

# CATHOLIC EDUCATION IN NEWFOUNDLAND.

Written for the True Witness, by R. J. Louis Cudihy.

In this interesting portion of Her Majesty's Dominions, the education of Catholic youth has made more progress (and I use the words advisedly) than in any other part of the vast Empire. The system is but a reflex of that now in vogue with the Christian Brothers of Ireland, with this very important difference, i.e., that the Brothers are circumscribed in their influence by subsidized National Schools—the very best in Ireland—whereas the Brothers in Newfoundland are backed by the Catholic population, lay and clerical, and that too, as the following will show, in a very effective manner.

In 1875, the Most Rev. Dr. Power, late Bishop of St. John's, backed by the Benevolent Irish Society, requested the Irish Christian Brothers, (who by the way are not under the same rule as the French Brothers of the Christian schools) to send some of their Order to take charge of a school which was to be established in the old Orphan Asylum, St. John's. The Irish Brothers were established by a Mr. Rice, and the French Brothers, by the Blessed John Baptist De La Salle. But to all its interests and purposes, both orders had the same object in view, viz: the Christian education of youth. They differ materially in minor matters which it is unnecessary and superfluous to relate.

The first Director was the Rev. F. L. Holland, now first assistant. On account of the great number of applicants who presented themselves for admission, being far beyond the capacity of the building, a great many had unfortunately to be refused admission as students.

To remedy this the people and clergy spiritedly resolved to build St. Patrick's Hall in 1877, at a cost of \$60,000. It was equipped with every appliance then used in connection with the most important educational institutions. It gave accommodation to 400 pupils, who received a sound practical and elementary education. After some time the good Brothers found that this second was inadequate to supply the demands of the people for more room, and having given merited proofs of their abilities the clergy and people were united in their expressions of satisfaction—so much so,—that it was resolved to build a second school. They did so, and Holy Cross School, a noble institution in the West End was erected. Though not so pretentious as St. Patrick's in appearance, it was put in as high a state of efficiency. It was built at a cost of \$10,000. There were 400 pupils received in this building.

It may be mentioned here that the results went far to show how well merited was the confidence which the bishop, clergy and people, reposed in these Irish Brothers.

I was nearly forgetting to state, that in the disastrous fire of 1892, the beautiful hall, St. Patrick's was among the ruins. It was immediately rebuilt at a cost of \$80,000, and for equipment as regards class appliances, etc., it is one of the finest buildings I have seen. Here some 600 boys go through their daily toil, which is made pleasant and easy by the manner in which the good Brothers of this School communicate their knowledge for the intellectual development of the rising generation of Terra Nova. The destinies of this establishment were presided over by Rev. A. P. Kennedy, who for many years held the position with honor to himself and his noble Order. The present superior is Rev. F. Fleming one of the pioneers of education in Newfoundland. His name is a household word in many parts of the Island, and everywhere are to be seen the good effects of his sound and practical teaching. In 1898, a much needed institution was opened, an industrial school. It was given in charge of the Brothers also, and gives great promise of success.

The leading Catholic college at this time was St. Bonaventure's which was founded by the Most Rev. Dr. Mullock, and formally opened in the year 1857.

Previous to the Irish Brothers taking charge it was managed by secular priests who were to a certain extent successful as the following graduates now laboring in other spheres more congenial to their aspirations. I might mention the names of the following Reverend gentlemen who graduated under the regime mentioned above:—

Revs. Drs. O'Reilly and Ryan; P. O'Brien, P. Browne, J. Hayden, (now pastor of a French parish in the States), M. Bonia, C.S.S.R., now stationed at St. Patrick's Church, Quebec; M. Maguire, now assistant in Green Bay Diocese; W. McCarthy, J. Kearney, J. Murphy, J. March, T.

Lynch, T. O'Donnell, pastor in Duquesne diocese, and the Rev. James Ryan lately deceased.

Occupying a splendid position in the suburbs of St. John's, the College while quite convenient to the city, enjoys all the advantages of a healthy country residence. Possessing extensive and well laid out grounds, it affords its students abundant means of out-door recreation and that quiet seclusion so necessary for a seat of learning.

Many extensive and useful improvements have been made, since the Brothers took charge in the year 1859. To the other sources of recreation a splendid ball court has been added, while more than two thousand ornamental trees have been planted outside the terrace surrounding the Cricket and foot-ball grounds. Within the college a fine series of baths has been erected, telephone connection has been made with the city, the electric light has been introduced in the study, chapel, music hall and other principal parts of the building, while two fire escapes afford abundant means of safety in case of accident. Most of the class rooms have been supplied with new and improved desks, while, at a heavy outlay, a complete set of apparatus for the study of magnetism and electricity, chemistry, mechanics, etc., has been purchased. Musical drill for the juniors and military drill for the seniors are now part of the daily exercise at the college. The college games and athletic sports are yearly becoming an interesting and prominent feature in the social life of St. John's.

The first president was the Rev. J. L. Slattery, who labored very successfully as the following record will show, especially at the London matriculation Examination for which the College was always noted. In 1892, four students presented themselves for this examination. Messrs. F. Conolly, now B. L.; Andrew B. Jordan, the lately deceased young priest; Wm. R. Howley, a promising young lawyer, and Ed. P. Roche, now a famous preacher in the ranks of the clergy. Of these, three passed in the first division, and one in the second. Mr. F. Conolly winning the Jubilee Scholarship, value \$960, in 1893, Mr. Sullivan, now a member of the Christian Brothers and laboring in Ireland, obtained a pass in the first division of Intermediate Arts, the only student from Newfoundland who has so far passed that examination direct from the schools of Ireland. In 1892, towards the end of June, a new condition of things and a very desirable and much wished for change took place, viz: "Higher Education." The first examination under the Higher Education Act, took place in twenty-five different places throughout the Colony. They are well connected as well as impartial towards all.

Examination papers in the various subjects, prepared, printed and sealed in England, are opened simultaneously at the various centres by the Superintending Committee. To each student is assigned a number, which he places on all answer papers which he works. The sealed Answer Books are sent to the various Examiners for inspection, and on them are marked the percentages obtained by each student.

On the total marks scored by each student of the prescribed age, in each grade, Scholarships and Aggregate Prizes are assigned according to merit. Special prizes are also given for excellence in particular subjects. The Superintending Committee at St. Bonaventure's consisted of:—Hon. T. Talbot, chairman, Messrs. Blackall, and James (Church of England College), Clancy, Devine, and Rev. Dr. O'Reilly (secretary.) The friends of St. Bonaventure's have every reason to feel a just pride in the position attained by its students in this first examination, in which all classes of students competed on perfectly equal and fair terms. In Junior Grade (for students under 15 years) the first five of the six scholarships, six of the aggregate prizes, and sixteen of the twenty-nine special prizes were carried off by our students. In the Senior Grade (under 17 years) the first three of the four scholarships two of the aggregate prizes, and sixteen of the twenty-four special prizes, also fell to their lot.

Thus the students of St. Bonaventure's have won:—In Junior Grade:—I. First, Second, Third, Fourth and Fifth Scholarships; II. Three Aggregate Prizes of \$10 each and three of \$5 each; III. First Prize in Algebra, in French, in Latin, in Greek, in Chemistry, in Physics, and in Music; IV. Second Prize in English, in Geometry, in French, in Latin, in Greek, in Chemistry, in Physics, and in Music.

In Senior Grade:—I. First and two other Scholarships; II Two aggregate

Prizes of \$1 each; III. First Prize: in Mechanics, in Mensuration, in Latin, in French, and in Light and Heat; IV. Second Prize: in English, in Mechanics, in Latin, in French, in Chemistry, in Magnetism and Electricity, in Light and Heat, and in Agriculture.

Taking both Grades: Of the fifty-six prizes awarded for excellence in special subjects, the students of St. Bonaventure's were awarded thirty; of ten scholarships open for competition, St. Bonaventure's won eight.

The year 1896 was signalized by the departure of the Rev. Bro. Slattery, the President of the College to Ireland. His career in connection with the College was a useful and distinguished one. On the transfer of St. Bonaventure's to the Christian Brothers, Rev. Bro. Slattery was appointed President. During his term of office the College obtained very brilliant honors. No less than ten having passed the London Matriculation. Kind and affable to the students, the Rev. Brother Slattery was at all times their best friend and faithful counsellor. He took a lively interest in all matters pertaining to their cultivation and comfort. Accordingly he provided spacious and suitable recreation grounds; obtained competent professors of music and physical drill; established the College Games; and, in fine, allowed no opportunity to pass that might be availed of to the advantage of those confided to his care.

While promoting the secular studies of the students the worthy President was ever careful to foster their vocations for the priesthood, or for the religious life. Some of these students are now completing their studies in Ireland, Rome and elsewhere.

This year Rev. Mr. Crehan, Mr. Slattery's successor, was also removed to Ireland. He had been connected with St. Bonaventure's from the first till his removal from Newfoundland.

Of Mr. Crehan as a teacher, it is quite unnecessary to indulge in any lengthened eulogium. His record lies in the brilliant work performed by his pupils each successive year at the London Matriculation and at the Council's Exams. Gifted with rare mental powers, no subject seemed too abstract for his grasp. Skilled in the ancient Classics, he still found time to dip deep into Physical Science, Astronomy, Navigation; and especially the mysteries of Electrical science were his recreation. He was equally at home in unravelling a mathematical difficulty, clearing up an involved passage from Homer or Virgil, or in expounding the laws of science to his pupils. The Rev. Mr. Crehan had long been a member of the Council of Higher Education. On hearing of his removal to Ireland, they unanimously agreed to present him with an address, in consideration of his energetic labors in aiding and promoting the cause in Newfoundland.

At the London University Exams of 1896, two students were presented for examination at the matriculation. Both succeeded; Master Wm. Kitchen obtaining a pass in the First Division, and Mr. Wm. A. Murphy a Pass in the Second Division.

For the Council's Higher Examinations, five pupils passed the Associate Grade. Master John Fenelon took first place in this Grade, outdistancing all his competitors by 400 marks. Out of the first six places in this Grade, St. Bonaventure's secured 3. In the Junior Grade three places were obtained out of the first six, including the second and third places. In the three Grades together, Junior, Senior and Associate, the students of St. Bonaventure's have merited more scholarships, and have secured more first and second places, than any other unmixt school.

At the University Examinations, 1897, no fewer than eleven students from the Colony presented themselves for matriculation that year. Of that number two succeeded in securing a Pass in the First Division—John Fenelon, of St. Bonaventure's, and Hubert Atkinson, of the Methodist College. On October 19th, the following letter was received from Mr. F. C. Berteau, pro Colonial Secretary:—

"I have the honor to enclose the Pass Lists of the June Matriculation Examination of the University of London. From the despatch received from the University, No. 3151 (John Fenelon) is first in order of merit. I have much pleasure in congratulating you upon the success of your College. I am," etc.

At the Higher Examinations, 1897, the work done by St. Bonaventure's students was exceptionally brilliant, whether the number of scholarships or the number of special prizes be considered. 79 were examined in all the grades; of these but 4 failed to pass. This gives a percentage of 96.8 Scholarships were obtained; one out of three in Associate, three out of five in senior, and four out of ten in junior. This gives St. Bonaventure's a greater number of Scholarships than any other college. This is all the

more remarkable when it is remembered that St. Bonaventure's presented only about half the number of pupils presented by some other schools.

The report of the Examiners on the papers sent in by the pupils of St. Bonaventure's in German is so flattering that we cannot refrain from publishing it. This was the only college that presented students for examination in this subject, and hence the report applies exclusively to them.

Report on Senior German, by J. Malins, M.A.: "The answers to this paper show some exceedingly good work. The translation from German to English, thought difficult, was creditably done by all the candidates. The grammar is well known and the composition very good. Two candidates have scored more than 80 per cent. on the whole paper."

The success of the Rev. B. Lavelle, who is the present president of the College, and who does so well in preserving its high reputation. From foregoing results we find that a total of seventy-one scholarships have been offered by the council since its inception. Of these, the boys of St. Bonaventure's have carried off twenty-nine, those of the next two Colleges, Church of England and Methodist being fifteen and nine to their credit. Of the 29 obtained, 11 were in the Senior Grade. In the Junior the successes obtained were splendid contrasting them with other Colleges. St. Bonaventure's lads with a total of 16 scholarships, the other two combine a total of eight.

Ex-students of St. Bonaventure's prosecuting higher studies:—

Middle Temple, London: John Fenelon, Faculty of Law, St. Sulpice, Paris; Wm. Kitchen, Ecclesiastical Student, Irish College, Rome; John Ashley, Ecclesiastical Student; Alexander Howley, Ecclesiastical Student, Propaganda College, Rome; Jas. Joy, Ecclesiastical Student. All Hallows College; Alfred Maher, Ecclesiastical Student; James Coady, Ecclesiastical Student, Mount Melleray, Waterford; James McNamee, Ecclesiastical Student, Clonliffe College, Dublin; Edward Curran, Ecclesiastical Student, St. Xavier's College, New York; Robert Culhane, Ecclesiastical Student, Royal Naval Engineer's College, Devonport; Richard Howley, Naval Engineering, McGill University, Montreal; Eric Mackay, Electrical Engineering.

Master Thomas O'Reilly, brother of Rev. Dr. O'Reilly, of Salmonier, has commenced his medical course at Laval University. During the last year of his course at St. Bonaventure's he secured honors in many subjects, obtaining a special prize for answering in German. I am sure that a successful course will mark his stay at the French-Canadian University.

By the Irish Catholic of December, we are pleased to observe the distinguished career, of Mr. Alexander Howley, a relative of the Bishop of St. John's. He obtained first prize in mathematical physics, distinctions in chemistry, metaphysics and ethics, and graduated Licentiate of Philosophy. Mr. John Ashley has followed up his Bachelor of Theology of last year by obtaining leading distinctions in Moral and Dogmatic Theology. Mr. James Joy has secured a place among the Laurati in Moral Theology.

The first three graduates of the college were: Revs. E. P. Roche, the late A. B. Jordan and J. C. White, whose photographs are copied in this issue. In 1889 all three began to prosecute their classical studies in this College. Here they continued to study together under Rev. Bro. J. J. Crehan their highly revered teacher, whose profound learning and great abilities they knew full well how to appreciate. While studying under the direction of one so ably gifted, they gain special distinctions in the different branches of learning, one excelling in mathematical subjects, another in the sciences—all be remarkable to a high degree for a knowledge of ancient and modern classics. In the college they endeared themselves to their teachers, and by their gentlemanly bearing, cheerful dispositions, nobility and integrity of character, they merited the highest respect and esteem of their class-fellows. Hence their influence for good must have had a very beneficial effect on their fellow-students. To their teachers 'this effect was manifest; and the good tone which they were mainly instrumental in establishing could be observed long after they had left the College. Doubtless, too, many of the students since their time have taken them as ideals, and have endeavored, by being strictly honorable, truthful, and virtuous, to arrive at the high standard which, a tradition of the college boys says, those predecessors had already marked out.

In the meantime, and as soon as possible it is designed to enlarge the college, and so carry on more effectually the work of education. A College Hall, is sadly needed, a gymnasium would be a long felt want supplied, and the other necessary things now which are the usual outfit of College life.

The chairman, His Lordship the

Most Rev. M. F. Howley, and the gentlemen of the Board of Directors, take a deep interest in the welfare of this noble institution.

The teaching staff of the Island is in great measure composed of graduates of this College, and if, as we are assured, their success as teachers is so well known, the credit is due to the thorough training they receive from the good and clever Christian Brothers who left home and country to devote themselves to a life of sacrifice and toil in an unknown land far away from the land they love so well.

What has been done for the rising generation of the boys of the Island, we feel assured has also been kept pace with those noble ladies, the Sisters of Mercy and the Presentation Nuns. The leading Academy for girls, being that of St. Brides, Littledale where the female teachers are trained.

The people of the Island never forget the grand and great work of these good Brothers, and they respond generously to the annual calls made on them in support of establishments which are not excelled by any others on this side of the Atlantic.

To cite an example, it suffices to state, that the new Monastery, Mt. St. Francis, which was erected in 1880, at a cost of \$24,000, was paid by the people of the Island. Thus we see that in this Island, a new epoch has opened for its people. Its educational advantages are of the best, thanks to the foresight of the Benevolent Irish Society, and the prompt acceptance of these holy and good brothers, whose influence will be felt in the future by the fame and greatness of the boys of the "Island by the Sea."

## FATHER "TOM" BURKE.

Editor Meehan, of the Irish-American, says that the lamented Father "Tom" Burke secured much of the material which he used in his famous exposure of Froude in New York City, where the eloquent Dominican delivered in 1872, a series of lectures on "Ireland's Case Stated" from the library of Mr. Michael Hennessy of Brooklyn, who was for many years the commercial editor of the New York Times. Fr. Burke also used the splendid Irish library of the late Bishop O'Farrell, who was then pastor of Rondout, N. Y.—Catholic Columbian.

## The Pope's Little Jest.

(From the London Pall Mall Gazette) The installation of the electric light in the Vatican was inaugurated today. It is on a very extensive scale, comprising six thousand lamps of sixteen candle power. The Pope said recently, in referring to this noteworthy event in the history of the apostolic palace, "People will no longer be able to reproach the Vatican with being the enemy of light."

Count Sollogub of Moscow, a Siberian convict, who was sentenced to the mines for forgery and fraud in 1894, has just inherited the fortune and estates of his brother. The convict's holdings amount to about 5,000 acres and his personal estate is about 3,000,000 rubles (\$1,470,000.)



Every woman should know that there is a great home medical book that tells all about the reproductive physiology of women, and all about the home-treatment of diseases peculiar to the sex. This book contains 1008 pages and over 700 illustrations. It is called Dr. Pierce's Common Sense Medical Adviser. It used to cost \$1.50. Over seven hundred thousand people purchased it at that price and over 1,200,000 people now own copies of it. For a limited time copies will be given away free.

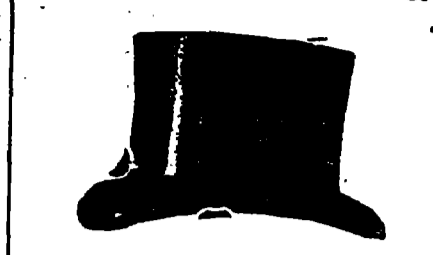
This great book contains the names, addresses, photographs and experiences of hundreds of women who were once hopeless invalids, but who have been restored to robust womanly health by the use of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. This marvelous medicine acts directly on the delicate organs distinctly feminine. It makes them strong, healthy, vigorous, virile and elastic. It fits for wifehood and motherhood. It banishes the usual suffering of the expectant months, and makes baby's advent easy and almost painless. It robs motherhood of its perils. It insures the robust health of the little new-comer and a beautiful supply of nature's nourishment. It transforms weak, sickly, nervous invalids into healthy, happy wives and mothers. For a paper-covered copy of Dr. Pierce's Common Sense Medical Adviser, send at once one cent stamp, to cover cost of postage and mailing only, to World's Dispensary Medical Association, Buffalo, N. Y. For elegant French cloth binding, 50 stamps.

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## Sons Excluded as Beneficiaries.

The will of Mrs. Agnes Gordon Soutter, widow of James T. Soutter, a banker, New York, was filed for probate recently. Mrs. Soutter died on February 22 last. In her will she says:—

"I desire to tell briefly the reasons which have led me to make no provision for my son William or for the children of my deceased son James. I feel sure that my son William will, and that my son James, if alive, would appreciate these reasons. They were both partners in the firm of Soutter & Co., of this city, and the failure of their firm was the cause of a very heavy pecuniary loss to me. Had this not occurred the shares of my other children in my estate, with my said two sons taking their shares as participants, would have been much larger than they will be under this will with my estate so diminished. I have therefore, with the idea of simple justice to my other heirs, and without any thought of casting the slightest reflection or blame on William or James, excluded them from sharing in my estate."

## Catholic Scientific Congress.

The Very Rev. Dr. Zahn, C.S.C., president for America, of the International Catholic Scientific Congress, has received a communication from the general president, Baron Von Herteling, to the effect, that the first meeting of the Congress will be held in Munich, in August, 1900.



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## EPISCOPAL APPROBATION.

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

PAUL, Archbishop of Montreal.

SATURDAY, March 18th, 1899.

## ST. PATRICK'S DAY.

While the feast of St. Patrick, Ireland's glorious apostle—is peculiarly a religious one, and as such is celebrated each year by the devout adherents of a faith that has survived the persecutions and terrible ordeal of centuries, it is none the less a national festival dear to the hearts of all the children of the "Ancient Race." On this day—and especially in this year—Irishmen, and their descendants, the world over, rejoice and hold jubilee. Unlike the sons of other lands, for the children of Erin the present is a period of transition; they recall the past with twilight feelings of mingled pride and sorrow; they contemplate the future with sentiments of hope, brighter and stronger than ever in the years that are gone.

We would love to dwell at this season and on this occasion upon the past story of Ireland; we would gladly take to ourselves imagination's wings and sweep back over the scene of centuries, to again descend the sky of the bygone, with the great ones whose deeds and whose names constitute the history of the Old Land; we would be happy to trace the record of that wonderful and long suffering race, from the days of Ireland's glory—when she was "the quiet home of sanctity and learning"—through succeeding centuries of misery, sorrow, de-olation, and almost death, until the struggles of more recent years forced the world to contemplate her sufferings, and the fidelity of her people checked the mad career of injustice, to turn it back coiling upon its perpetrators. But the pen would need to be inspired that could do justice to such a theme; and the subject is so vast that volumes could scarcely exhaust it.

But, in order that the cause for which thousands died, were imprisoned, suffered banishment or exile, for which hundreds wrote and sang and pleaded, preached and struggled, for which millions have prayed and hoped, may become a reality, there is something needed beyond a mere recalling of the traditions of our race, or the dwelling upon the sentiments that naturally swell up in the Irish heart on this glorious anniversary. It is not for us, on this occasion, to dictate lessons to those who are using their every endeavor at home, to bring about the final liberation of Ireland from the chains of ostracism that have replaced the fetters of slavery. But as all hearts beat in unison on this day, and as all thoughts, sentiments and aspirations of our people converge towards the one grand focus—the Isle of saints and martyrs—it may not be inappropriate to consider briefly what we as Irish Canadians can do to advance that sacred cause and to hasten the St. Patrick's Day that will dawn upon a land in the full enjoyment of political and national autonomy.

Living in a century where we enjoy to its fullest extent, the liberty that we demand for those who dwell in the Old Land, we have firstly to prove ourselves worthy of the great privileges we possess, competent to take part in every movement, political and otherwise, that may tend to the development of this Dominion

and the perfecting of her constitution, able to march side by side—and at times to lead—with our fellow-citizens of various origins along the great commercial, industrial, professional and above all educational branches of our progressive highway, and, finally, fitted to assume our share in the legislative, administrative and executive work that falls to the lot of the chief citizens in a free country. By so doing we imperceptibly wield a mighty influence in advancing the cause of Ireland and hastening the time when she too will be a self-governing nation. Our success, our example, our power in a new land, where the privileges granted by the constitution are equivalent to the broadest liberty, must of necessity prove to the powers that rule over Ireland, how successful, how prosperous, and how happy that land and her children would be under a Home Rule administration such as we enjoy.

To attain this end we must unite our societies must combine in a constant interchange of ideas and sentiments; our youth must be taught to appreciate the two-fold privilege of having an Irish origin—with all its cherished memories—and a Canadian freedom, with all the unlimited prospects which it unfolds for the future. The revival of the Gaelic tongue; the teaching of the national language; the preserving of traditions; the inculcation of patriotic ideas; the cultivation of national sentiment; are all so many means to attain that magnificent goal. Let us be true to ourselves, as men, as citizens in every sphere in which we live—be it humble or exalted—and inevitably the future of the Irish cause is secured, the hands of its advocates are strengthened, and the Gordian knot of Ireland's national disabilities is severed.

To Irishmen at home as well as abroad there is another reason why the double aspect—religious and national—of this feast day suggests, and which as a Catholic organ the "True Witness" may be allowed to give. That which saved the Irish race from annihilation, when almost any other people would long before have disappeared forever under the flood of persecutions that rolled for centuries over them, was the faith which St. Patrick planted in the very heart of the Island—in the very heart of the nation. It has been the heart of the nation. It has been the talisman that guided and protected a down-trodden, hunted, murdered—but ever faithful people, and imparted to them strength in their weakness, light in their darkness, hope in their despair, courage in their helplessness, and buoyancy, elasticity, even mirthfulness in the midst of a stucco gloom that gathered around them.

Let them guard that faith, it is the beacon-light from Tara that glitters along the vista of the past; it is the star of salvation indicating the Bethlehem of their mission; let them follow it through all the perils of their journey, and, "like the fiery pillar of captive Israel, it will cheer the desert of their bondage, and conduct one day to the promised land of their freedom."

Wisdom is knowledge, sound judgment, and good conduct, running together in harness and keeping step.

## MONTREAL'S CENSUS.

It has been decided to take a census of this city in the month of May next; and the task of making arrangements for compiling it has been entrusted to the assessors, of whom Mr. Dillon is the popular and capable chairman. Mayor Prefontaine has given instructions to the effect that no pains are to be spared to make the census as complete and reliable as possible.

In order to secure completeness, care should be taken to accede to the demand which has frequently been put forward on behalf of Catholics speaking the English language, and of Irish Catholics in particular, that they shall be classified separately. It is unnecessary to repeat again the cogent reasons which we have given from time to time in support of this reasonable demand. We believe that if the matter is brought to the attention of Mayor Prefontaine, who is in favor of doing justice to all sections of the community, he will give the necessary order to the assessors. Would it not be well to take immediate steps to select a delegation to put this important matter before the Mayor without delay, instead of waiting, as has been too often the case with our people, until it is too late? Is it not time that we should profit by the example shown in such matters by other sections of the community whose interests, by the way, are carefully watched and safeguarded, in a thoroughly practical and business like manner? The initiative in this matter, in our opinion, should be taken by the pastors of the five Irish parishes.

## SHAMROCKS' TRIUMPH.

The result of the hockey match between the invincible Shamrocks and the Queen's University team of Kingston, on Tuesday evening, must have brought sorrow to the hearts of the trustees of the Stanley Cup, and to those of many other people besides. The action of the trustees in insisting upon the Shamrocks playing such a match, and in deciding to give the champions' trophy to the Queen's team, if the former declined to play them, was, under the circumstances, unfair. The Shamrocks had won the Stanley Cup. The hockey season had closed on March 8th. The champions had just played three hard-won games against opponents not remarkable for their gentleness of play. They were about to take a little well-earned rest, and a brief holiday, when they received this notification from the trustees.

It is difficult to avoid arriving at the conclusion that many people entertained the hope that fatigued after their matches fought in rapid succession, and their long journey to and from the Atlantic coast, the Shamrocks might at last be defeated, and thus lose the trophy. But the hope was a vain one. The unfairness with which they were treated put the champion hockey team of Canada on their mettle; and they inflicted a crushing defeat upon the Queens, the score being 6 for Shamrocks, and only 2 for the Kingston team. If it were possible for them to do so, the Irishmen of Montreal should feel prouder than ever of the wing-footed boys in green.

In the Old Land, from which Irishmen inherit their prowess in the field of athletics as well as in the field of battle there is also rejoicing to-day over similar victories. The great Rugby football match between Ireland and Scotland, which was played at Edinburgh, has been won by the wearers of the Shamrock by 9 points to 4—just the same proportion of points as that by which our own Shamrock Hockey team beat the Ontario representatives—namely, three to one. In the hockey match between Ireland and Wales, the Irish team did still better. They defeated the Welshmen by 4 goals to none.

In refusing to allow the Shamrocks to enter the field against them, the local Rugby Football managers display a good deal of discretion—that species of discretion, which has been especially defined as the better part of valor.

## THE LÆTARE MEDAL, 1899.

Our readers are familiar with the now universally known "Laetare Medal," which, since 1883, the Faculty of the University of Notre Dame, Indiana, has accorded to some lay person in recognition of distinguished services rendered for religious education, or morals. The late John Gilmory Shea was the first to receive it. This year, it has been accorded to Mary Gwendolen Caldwell, the chief founder of the Catholic University of America. This lady is now the Marquise de Meriville. The "Notre Dame Scholastic," in announcing this fact, says:—

"The third woman to receive the Laetare Medal is Mary Gwendolen Caldwell." The first woman according to that publication, was Eliza

Allan Starr; and the second was Anna Hanson Dorsey—in 1889. We regret that an organ published in the university which grants the Laetare Medal should have inadvertently made a mistake in the list of recipients, because their list may be taken as authentic. Madame Caldwell is the fourth, and not the third woman to receive the medal. Many of our readers will remember the imposing ceremony which took place a few years ago in the archiepiscopal palace, at Montreal, at which the late lamented Mgr. Fabre presided, and on which occasion the "Laetare Medal" was presented in the name of the University to the venerable and gifted Mrs. Sadlier. On that occasion Sir William Hingston delivered a beautiful address (in Mrs. Sadlier's name) an acknowledgement of the honor received. In the long list of deserving recipients we know of none more worthy of every distinction that a Catholic university could bestow, than the grand old lady whose facile pen had been for long years, like the woodsman's axe, the cleaver of a highway for Catholic literature in the New World.

## ORDINATIONS AT THE SEMINARY.

Through the courtesy of the "Rosary Magazine," we are enabled this week to reproduce a very beautiful and graphic article, with the accompanying cuts. This contribution is from the pen of a talented priest, Rev. Thos. A. McGovern, and his own words tell better than any expressions of ours could convey, how he was impressed with Montreal, with the Grand Seminary, and with the sublime ceremony of Catholic ordination. We will not attempt any appreciation of the minute, exact, and touching manner in which the writer brings before us every detail of that grand ceremonial: a perusal of the article will furnish each reader with a standard of his own whereby to judge of its merits. No more will we strive to add to the sincere tribute paid to the great Catholic Seminary of Canada. We merely draw attention to the contribution in order that our readers may carefully study its contents.

But apart from the pleasure we feel in being able to reproduce this fine piece of literary work, there is something about it that comes home to all of us. All over this vast continent the Grand Seminary of Montreal is recognized as one of the leading and oldest ecclesiastical institutions of the new world. The Irish Catholics from ocean to ocean, and from the Gulf of St. Lawrence to the Gulf of Mexico, owe a large debt of gratitude to that splendid establishment. We do not exaggerate when we say that thousands of Irish priests have studied beneath its roof, and certainly hundreds of them—scattered all over America—have completed their theological studies and have received the sacrament of Holy Orders within its walls. Many of them have long since closed their earthly missions and have entered upon the enjoyment of the reward promised to the "good and faithful servant"; scores of them still linger in this valley of strife and tears, and later on, untiringly, unremittingly, for the salvation of souls; not a few have reached positions of great eminence in the Church; some even have been raised to the episcopal dignity; but, one and all, they have ever testified their love and veneration for the gray, old edifice which, with its historic towers in front, and the purple slopes of Mount Royal in rear, looks down benignly upon the city of Churches, the Rome of America, the commercial metropolis of Canada.

When we find the glories of the grand seminary of Montreal—grand in more senses than one—related by one whose heart had been touched with sympathies, at once noble and pathetic, we cannot refrain from joining in his tribute and, in spirit, grasping the friendly hand that wielded that graphic pen. We know of no institution in Canada that has done more for the cause of Catholicity—through the formation and moulding of our priesthood—than the Seminary up by the mountain. And while grateful to the author for the article in question, and desirous of expressing our appreciation of his kindly sentiments, we feel prompted to address the institution, its professors, its faculty, its glorious work in the language of one who cried out, from the fulness of his heart, "Esto perpetua."

## BUTLER'S CATECHISM.

For some time a species of controversy has been going on; in the columns of Catholic papers of this country, about the advisability of changing, improving, or replacing the old familiar Catechism known as "Butler's Catechism." We have no desire to take part in the discussion of the question, nor of commenting either favorably or unfavorably upon the many suggestions and criticisms that have recently occupied considerable space, in the press. While we are

perfectly aware that from a literary as well as a text-book standpoint, "Butler's Catechism" is open to considerable amendment and improvement, still we cannot lose sight of the fact that for generations it has been the basis of religious instruction in thousands of homes and in thousands of schools, that it has been the source of blessings and benefits that are to-day incalculable, and that it seems ever like an old friend, a long-remembered benefactor, whose day may be gone past, but whose good deeds should not be forgotten.

But, however all this may be, we simply desire to express an humble opinion regarding a phase of the matter that appears to be wholly overlooked by those engaged in the crusade against imperfections of this now antiquated work. We publish elsewhere a letter from a correspondent who gives some very interesting and instructive information concerning the method adopted by the Archbishop of Dublin, and the Clergy of Ireland, in the construction of a suitable catechism. We believe this is a matter for the consideration, study, consultation and decision of the hierarchy and clergy, and that the quieter and more carefully it is done, the better the results that must follow. While there can be no harm in the press commenting upon any work of the kind, yet we feel that the discussing, the criticising, and even the censuring in the press, is calculated to bring about more confusion than anything else. In the first place the press, nor its correspondents—nor even its clergymen—will not assume the task of providing a more suitable work; that labor must in any case fall to the share of the episcopate and the assisting clergy. Consequently, we do not see how matters are to be improved by herding to the world—that is to the anti-Catholic world—statements and criticisms that may give apparent ground for reflections upon the religious knowledge or ignorance of the millions who learned their rudiments of catechism from the pages of Butler's book.

We are of the opinion that the text-books of religion—from the first catechism up to the authors of theology used in our seminaries—should constitute a matter of ecclesiastical concern and not of journalistic controversy. We trust, however, that when the Bishops deem it well to provide our people with a Catechism in accordance with the requirements of the times, we will not be treated to such a "flourish of trumpets" from the Catholic press, as that which recently heralded in the recent "wonderful" Catechism of the Evangelical Churches. It is something permanent that is needed; and like all else in the Church of Christ, the most lasting and effective instruments in the propagation of our faith are those that have been shaped and constructed with the least amount of haste and noise.

## THE WRECKED "CASTILIAN."

On that broad and vast Atlantic which Byron sang, "the wrecks are all Thy deeds," yearly catastrophes occur which send a thrill through the civilized world. In that "wilderness of waves" many a stout vessel, with its human freight, has gone down unseen and unrecorded; many a loss has happened involving scores of lives; many a hopeful, happy, contented man being suddenly

"Sunk into thy depths with bubbling groan,  
Unkenned, unroofed and unknown."

While, happily, we have not to record any such soul-stirring calamity in the present instance, and it is a matter of congratulation that all the passengers and crew were free from danger of death, yet we cannot reflect upon the unfortunate occurrence without feeling a great sense of the importance of the loss, both to the enterprising owners of the vessel and to the Dominion of Canada in general.

The "Castilian" was the first of the three new Allan liners to be launched, and she had only crossed the Atlantic once. In January last she was completed, and on the 17th of Clyde she first touched the water. These steamers were intended to meet the ever increasing demands of Canadian trade, and were calculated to vie with the fastest and best equipped steamers afloat. The shorter mileage of the Canadian route to Europe was considered as an equivalent for the possibly more rapid locomotion of certain ocean greyhounds. No doubt the enterprise manifested by the Allan Line in building such splendid vessels must become a boon to Canada and particularly to the port of Montreal. The "Castilian," though somewhat smaller than the other two now in course of construction, was yet a magnificent specimen of marine architecture. It would be difficult to convey an idea of the perfect accommodations that she possessed. It is to be hoped that the wreck may yet be saved from total destruction, for even in her battered and

shattered form, she contains the framework and the accessories of a first-class steamer.

We certainly feel great sympathy for the owners of the "Castilian," and we hope that this unfortunate accident—great as it may be—will in no way serve to discourage them in their truly patriotic efforts to place our Canadian trade in as favorable a situation, in this age of strife and competition, as is proportionate to its ever increasing volume and augmenting importance. Rather do we expect that this sad and untimely beginning may only serve to stimulate them to greater endeavors, for all of which they have both the sympathy and gratitude of the Canadian people.

## THEATRE GOING IN LENT.

Some people allege that the largest proportion of patronage which the theatres of Montreal receive comes from Catholics. Of course we have no means of ascertaining whether this is true or not; but we are of the opinion that the statement is not very much exaggerated. The "True Witness" has often referred in terms of condemnation, to the character of some of the plays which are presented in our local theatres. Our readers know the kind of dramas to which we allude; and it is therefore unnecessary to go into the matter here. What we are immediately concerned about is the frequency with which the theatres in Montreal present to us that Catholics should not permit themselves a little relaxation during and other similar respect to the short period of six weeks of Lent by the Church as a special season of penitence and devotion. The plays of the pastors of the various churches have repeatedly been raised to the stage and expostulation on the subject; and it is a source of regret that in many cases little heed has been paid to them.

For ages the Church has exhorted her children to refrain from indulging in theatricals and other profane amusements during Lenten days of Lent, which, as everybody knows, are commemorated during the forty days during which our Saviour prayed and fasted in the desert. Before He began His public ministry, in England, in the United States, and here in Canada, many Protestants abstain from such pleasures in Lent; and surely the children of the True Church, those to whom the pillars of the Faith have been vouchsafed, should at the very least, not allow themselves to be glibly misled in showing their love for our Blessed Redeemer. If Catholics kept away from the theatres during Lent, those establishments would soon be closed up during that season, as some of them are during Holy Week.

## AN IRISH CATHOLIC RECORDER.

Under the new charter, which has been in force since Saturday last, the city is empowered to appoint an additional Recorder, who, it is generally understood is to be an English-speaking Canadian. For too long a time this phrase has been interpreted to mean "English-speaking Protestant," and Irish Catholics have consequently been deprived of their fair share of public positions. A glance at the names of the occupants of the local bench will enable our readers to realize how great is the injustice from which we are suffering in this respect. There are as many Irish Catholic citizens in Montreal as there are Protestants; and yet there are no Protestant judges and only five Irish Catholic judges—namely, Messrs. Tait, Wurtelle, Davidson, H. and Archibald, Protestants, and Messrs. Curran and Doherty, Irish Catholics. The French Canadians, of course, have more than their fair share—namely, fourteen: Justices Fossé, Mathieu, Loranger, Pagnuelo, Lesbreaux, Gill, Bosse, Blandin, Hebert, Charland, A. Oumet, J. A. Gagné, Langellier, and Choquette. The Court Court Judges are Messrs. Poiré, Irish Catholic, who succeeded the late Judge Barry; and Champagne, French Canadian. The three police Magistrates are French-Canadians—are other unfair proportion.

Irish Catholics then, are clearly entitled to have one Recordership. In addition to the disproportion of Protestant and Irish Catholic judges mentioned, there is also the fact that an Irish Catholic—Mr. Sexton—was Recorder of Montreal for many years, when the Irish Catholic population was only one-half what it is now.

In the article entitled "Catholic Education in Newfoundland," the sentence: "They are well connected as well as impartial to all," should read "They are well conducted, as well as impartial to all."  
The Christian Brothers took charge of the College in the year 1889, and not in 1899, as incorrectly stated.  
The sentence, "The success of the Rev. B. Lavelle, who is the President of the College and who does so well in preserving its high reputation," should read, "The success of the Rev. B. Lavelle, who is the present President of the College, and who does so well in preserving its high reputation is well known."  
In reference to the photos, in a future issue of the "True Witness," we will publish photos of the Catholic educational establishments in Terra Nova, with a few explanatory notes.

NOTES OF LOCAL INTEREST.

St. Anthony's Catholic Young Men's Society held their semi-annual meeting on Sunday last, in their hall, No. 329 St. Antoine Street, for the purpose of electing the executive for the ensuing year.

On Sunday evening, 19th instant, Rev. Father McPhail, C.S.S.R., will commence a retreat in the Redemptorist Chapel, Hochelaga.

St. Joseph's Union of the municipality of St. Henry, celebrated its annual feast day on last Sunday.

The choir of St. James Cathedral held its second annual concert Thursday evening, the 19th inst., in the Wilson Hall, under the special patronage of His Grace Mgr. Bruchesi.

The Orphans of St. Patrick's Assylum gave a grand entertainment in St. Mary's Parish Hall, on Thursday, the 9th inst., in aid of the new Catholic High School.

The French Catholic Union held an interesting meeting in the hall underneath the Jesuits' Church, Bleby street, on Sunday afternoon.

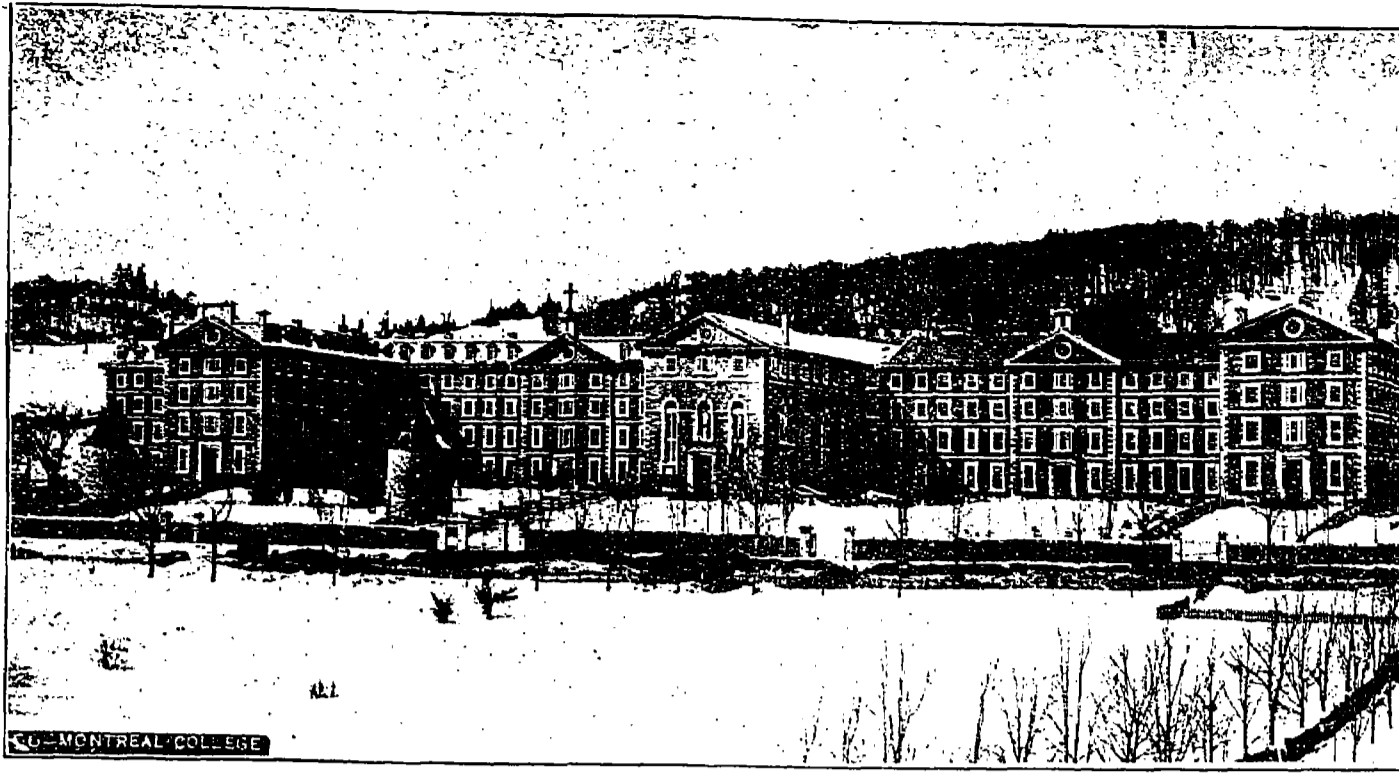
The Irish parishioners of St. Jean Baptiste Parish will honor the feast of Ireland's patron saint on the 20th inst. Under the direction of the Rev. Father Casey, they will hold a grand entertainment on Monday evening.

The new chapel at the De La Salle Novitiate of the Brothers of the Christian Schools, Maisonneuve, was blessed by His Grace Archbishop Bruchesi, on last Monday morning.

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THE GRAND SEMINARY, MONTREAL.

er Filiatrault, S.J., and over forty clergy belonging to the various parishes of the city. A large number of the Christian Brothers was also present.

On Thursday evening the students of St. Mary's College produced "The Rogueries of Scapin," a comedy in three acts by Moliere.

Branch 26, C. M. B. A. held a largely attended meeting on Wednesday evening, in their hall, 92 Alexander street.

The Orphans of St. Patrick's Assylum gave a grand entertainment in St. Mary's Parish Hall, on Thursday, the 9th inst., in aid of the new Catholic High School.

The entertainment will be repeated in the afternoon of St. Patrick's Day for the benefit of the same good work, in St. Patrick's Hall, 92 Alexander street.

A grand concert in aid of the Decoration Fund of St. Mary's Church

store at present occupied by Mr. Lyons, the druggist. Allan's establishment is one of the most complete of its kind in this city.

ENTERTAINMENT AT MOUNT ST LOUIS.

The members of the English Literary Society, of Mt. St. Louis College, Sherbrooke street, celebrated the festival anniversary of Ireland's patron saint on Wednesday evening by the production, in a most artistic manner, of Shakespeare's famous historical drama, "Julius Caesar."

Mgr. Gravel presided, and among those seated beside him were Rev. Father Therien, Chaplain of the Institute, Rev. Bro. Synchroium, Director, Rev. Bro. Jerom, Sub-Director, Rev. Bros. Pradeur and Tobias, of St. Ann's School, Rev. Bros. Hayward and James, of St. Patrick's School, Rev. Father Donnelly, P.P., of St. Ann's School, Rev. Father Gossy, of St. Jean Baptiste, Rev. Father Heffernan, of Montreal College, Rev. Father McDermott, of St. Patrick's Church, Mr. Justice Curran, and Mr. Kincaid.

The stage was most beautifully decorated with green flags and other emblems. A harp surrounded by numerous natural flowers and plants came in for a good deal of admiration.

ings was excellent as Mark Antony. His Antony's oration was a masterpiece of elocution. William Kearney gave entire satisfaction as Octavius Caesar.



THE OLD TOWERS, GRAND SEMINARY OF MONTREAL.

me and Jos. O'Brien, as a servant to Brutus, one and all, interpreted their parts in a clever manner.

At the lecture given by Prof. de Labroche at the Laval University, on Wednesday evening His Grace Archbishop Bruchesi informed the audience that it was his pleasing duty to

V. CAR-GENERAL RACICOT HONORED.

At the lecture given by Prof. de Labroche at the Laval University, on Wednesday evening His Grace Archbishop Bruchesi informed the audience that it was his pleasing duty to

thanked the Archbishop for having secured these honors for him, and also thanked the audience for the manner in which they greeted the announcement.

Henceforth the Canon will be known as Monsignor Racicot, and on official occasions will wear the purple like a bishop.

Monsignor Zoticus Racicot, was born at Sault au Roccollet, on Oct. 13, 1845. His father was the late F. N. Racicot, notary, and he is the



THE OLD TOWERS, GRAND SEMINARY OF MONTREAL.

uncle of Archbishop Langlois, of St. Boniface, and the brother of Ernest Racicot, advocate, of Sweetburg, ex-M.P.P. for Missisquoi.

PAPAL RIGHTS AND THE PEACE CONFERENCE.

Under the heading, "Salisbury's Intimation," the "Daily Witness" has published a lengthy despatch purporting to come from Rome, but by what correspondent, writer, or to what journal sent, it does not indicate.

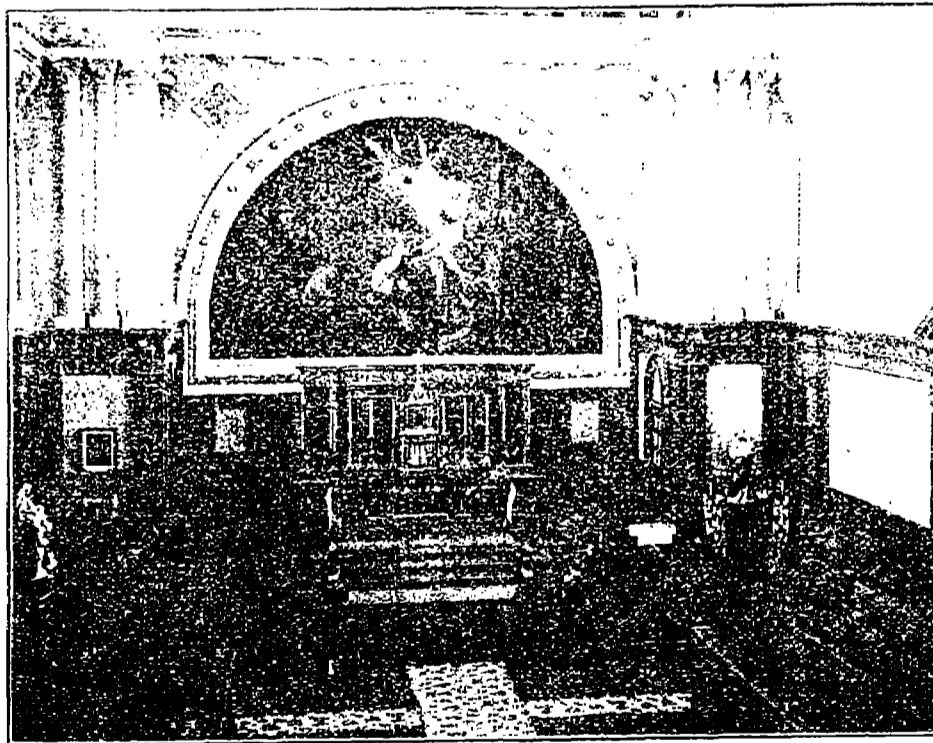
The correspondent then openly displays the "cloven foot," he attempts to wipe out with one stroke of his pen, all the claims that the Sovereign Pontiff has to the recognition of the world, in consequence of his pacific policy, and he strives to place the question of the Temporal Power in a false light before his readers.

"In the present case it is a favorite argument that the Pope, as the head of a Christian body, has an eminently pacific mission, which constitutes a signal qualification for any peace congress. This specious view turns a blind eye to a modifying fact far more to the purpose at this moment.

"It is the deep concern of those who have in charge the interests of Italian unity to guard against any possible resurrection of the claims of this superseded rule."

Now, here is a text for a small pamphlet on the perpetual and undying "Roman Question." In the first place it is sought to construct a militant policy out of an eminently pacific one. The distortion is too plain to escape detection, even in the eyes of the most anti-Catholic. He would have it understood that Leo XIII's benign and fatherly efforts to preserve peace in the world, and to bring about an amicable understanding between all conflicting interests, must be considered as a well-acted piece of hypocrisy, and that the real undercurrent of all his endeavors has been to secure a reconquest of lost territory.

We have no intention of taking up all the questions suggested by these stinging, unjust, and totally illogical and, in great part, false assertions. One expression, however, we cannot allow to pass untouched. This correspondent, whoever he may be, states that the Pope has a "self-imposed" mission of peace. Common



CHAPEL OF THE PHILOSOPHY HOUSE, GRAND SEMINARY OF MONTREAL.

is to be held in the parish hall, corner Craig and Panet Streets, on Easter Monday evening. A splendid programme has been prepared and some of Montreal's best amateur and professional talent have been secured for the occasion.

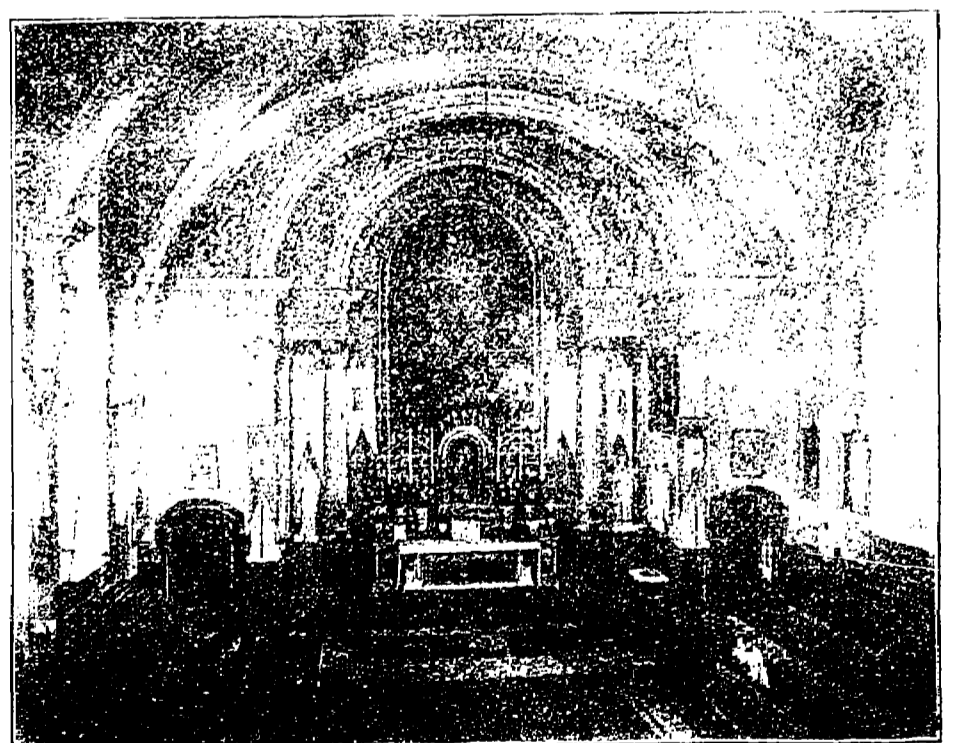
JOHN ALLAN'S NEW MOVE

One of the enterprising merchants of Montreal, is Mr. John Allan, of Craig Street. For years he has been slowly but surely making progress.

St. Louis Symphony, which sustained its reputation of being one of the finest bands in Canada. The tableaux of Robert Emmet were magnificent. There were four in all, viz. His vision of Ireland past and present; his arrest; his speech before the judges; and his grave.

make the public announcement that his worthy Vicar-General, the Very Rev. Canon Racicot, vice-rector of Laval University, had just been raised to the dignity of a Roman prelate, and made an Apostolic Prothonotary, with the title of Monsignor.

The applause which greeted the announcement fully demonstrated that the appointment was a most popular one.



CHAPEL OF THE GRAND SEMINARY OF MONTREAL.

ed in the words of the opening paragraph— "The vexed question of the Vatican's possible representation at the Car's Peace Conference seems to be brought to a decisive close by Lord Salisbury's intimation to the Russian Government that Great Britain will not participate in case of Italy's exclusion."

Its principal object, however, is expressed in the next few lines:—"Those who are not thoroughly conversant with the diplomatic history of the Italian Kingdom and its abnormal relations with the Holy See can scarcely appreciate why admittance of a papal delegate to any conference of European powers would necessitate the protest and withdrawal of Italy and constitute a peril and embarrassment to her status quo."

sense, not to say the history of the Church and of Christianity, therefore, render this statement absurd. The Pope of Rome—be he Leo XIII., or any other individual—at all times has had his special mission of peace. He received that mission from the One who founded the Church, who gave to Peter the "Keys of the Kingdom of Heaven, and who promised to perpetually remain with His establishment and with His Vicar upon earth.

At various epochs in the long history of nineteen centuries, that mission had to be carried out in a variety of manners; but never, since the day of the Last Supper, down to the issuing of the last manifesto of peace by Leo XIII., has the Church been unfaithful to that mission.

Continued on Page Eight.

RUINED ABBEYS OF THE SHANNON.

Lecture Delivered by Rev. Dr. More Madden at Dublin, Ireland, Recently.

In the course of his address, Rev. Dr. Madden said:—

The history of the ruined shrines of Ireland is too frequently buried in an obscurity traceable to the repeated invasions, racial wars, and confiscations of which this country had been the theatre from the period of the Anglo-Norman landing in 1170 down to that of the Cromwellian and Williamite settlements. The result of these conflicts was the destruction of most of the records, as well as of the material fabrics of the time honored sacred edifices and monuments, with the relics of which almost every part of this island is strewn. In no part of Ireland are the ecclesiastical and collegiate remains that attest our country's claim to her olden title of "the island of saints and scholars" (insula sanctorum et doctorum) more numerous than along the now semi-populated banks of the Shannon from Athlone to Portumna. In that region may be still seen the fast decaying walls of not a few stately castles overhanging the ruins of the once famed Celt abbeys, monasteries, and colleges over which their long forgotten lords kept watch and ward in those distant days of old of which Erin's poets speak, "Ere her faithless sons betrayed her."

Of these ancient monasteries of the Shannon Valley, one of the most interesting in these historic and archaeological associations are Athlone, Clonmacnoise, Portumna, Meelick, and further from its banks Loughrea.

Dealing with Athlone and its sieges during the Jacobite wars, the lecturer said the two last and most important of these sieges were those of 1690 and 1691, after the Williamite forces had defeated the Jacobites at the disastrous battle of the Boyne. On the first of these occasions, Athlone was ably and gallantly defended by the gallant and unpurchasable Governor, Colonel Richard Grace, that the attacking forces, amounting to ten regiments of infantry, three of horse and two of dragoons, or, in all 2,000 men, with fourteen pieces of heavy artillery, after a siege of seven days, were compelled to retire. Bribes of the most tempting description in money, lands, and titles were prodigally offered to this noble officer, who spurned them with scorn, and, subsequently, died in the trenches just a year afterwards when the enemy renewed the attack. On the second occasion, in 1691, the Williamite forces, amounting to 26,000 men, with 70 pieces of artillery, under the Dutch general, De Ginkle, assailed the stronghold, and this struggle was one of which there can scarcely be found a parallel in the annals of the war. The Jacobite garrison consisted of less than four hundred men, with only half a dozen old brass cannon. After a stubborn resistance they were forced to abandon the Leinster quarter of the town and retired to the western side across the bridge, breaking down two of the arches and leaving four hundred of the enemy on the field. There they continued the unequal struggle for nine days, during which the fortifications were leveled to the ground by incessant fire, night and day, of the Williamite artillery. On one occasion De Ginkle under the protection of his 70 cannon, succeeded in laying beams across the broken arches. Then a little band of thirteen of Ireland's bravest soldiers dashed down upon the bridge and tore away those beams and timbers, which were flung into the Shannon. They were shot down in a few moments; but their places were taken immediately by eleven others, who continued their work until their numbers were reduced to two, by whom finally the bridge was again destroyed. Nor, as long as the deathless fame of "The Roman Three" who kept the Tiber's Bridge and saved the Eternal City "in the brave days of old," is justly celebrated by bards and by historians, should the no less heroic deed be forgotten of the handful of gallant men who thus went forth to certain death, and facing the fire of 20,000 enemies, ere they fell at their post destroyed the Shannon's bridge, and so, for a short time, saved the gate of Connaught from the advancing foe. These brave Irish Jacobites may well have been sustained by the very sentiments which the poet ascribes to Horatius under similar circumstances:—

To every man upon this earth Death cometh soon or late. And how can man die better Than facing fearful odds, For the country of his fathers And the temples of his gods. Eventually, however, after nine days' ceaseless fighting, and after De Ginkle had exhausted his store of 20,000 cannon balls, 600 bombs, and many tons of stone shot from the mortars, together with 50 tons of powder, which laid the entire place in ruins, then, and then only by the merest mischance, as the old Irish-dramatist-poet tells us:—

Athlone was lost, that lovely seat! The pride of empire and the throne of state.

Dr. Madden then proceeded to describe Clonmacnoise. He said, seven miles below Athlone on a hill overlooking the Shannon are the remains of Clonmacnoise, founded by St. Kiarran, A.D. 548, the history of which dates its destruction by the English garrison of Athlone covers an epoch of a thousand years. During the long period Clonmacnoise became the seat of seven noble churches with two lofty round towers encircled by a long collegiate city crowded with students, attracted there from every part of Western Europe by the fame of the teachers of this great school of sanctity and learning. The lecturer next referred to the ancient schools, scholars, and travellers of Clonmacnoise, and said the latter included amongst others Colan, whose piety was only equalled by the erudition of his works; Alcuin, the founder of the University of Pisa; Johannes Septus Erigena, the most learned scholar of the ninth century and the earliest teacher of philosophy at Oxford; Tighearnach, the celebrated Irish annalist; and Dicuil, the geographer, who in the year 825, proved that the wild waters of the North Atlantic had been sailed over and the ice-bound regions of the Arctic Circle explored by Irish monastic travellers. Nor is it uninteresting now to note that divers pilgrims from this remote isle of the West had reached the upper regions of the Nile, had measured and described the Pyramids of Egypt, and had passed along the long-forgotten waterway of Ptolemy, which from the Pelusiac branch of the Nile traversed the Isthmus of Suez, and the Arabian desert to the Red Sea, a thousand years before the work of Lesseps had connected its waters with those of the Mediterranean, or to recall the ancient Irish monastic legions of the sixth century recording the voyages of St. Brendan and others across the Western Sea to some of the fair islands of the Azores that are clad in the fertility of a tropical climate, and of their further course thence to the shores of America, nine hundred ages before the days of Columbus. Thus from the schools of Clonmacnoise and other centres of Celtic piety and culture in the sixth century the light of Christianity was diffused throughout the world. The Apennines were blessed by Columbanus, the Hebrides by Columkill, Switzerland by St. Gall; Donatus planted the cross in Tuscany. The plains of Franconia were consecrated with the blood of Killian. Clemens shed the light of knowledge on France, and Albinus on Italy. The desert and the city; mankind of every race and of every condition, from the hamlet to the palace; the North with its eternal snows, and the South with its burning sun, were each and all, then as now, embraced in the Catholicity of the world-wide ministrations of Irish missionaries.

The history of Portumna Abbey was then described from the date of its foundation as a Dominican Priory by Murchadh O'Madden, one of the dynasts of chieftains of Silanchia, in the year 1426, down to that of its spoliation and confiscation in the reign of Queen Elizabeth. Continuing the lecturer said in the year 1774 the monastery of Meelick was founded for Franciscan Friars by Eognan O'Madden, the 119th of the Dynasts of Silanchia. The same site had, however, previously been occupied by

another church which was sacked and desecrated by William De Burgo, one of the founders of the Clanricarde family, in the year 1208. Not long, however, were the Franciscan Fathers of Meelick permitted to continue their sacred mission in peace. From the 21st year of Elizabeth, the storm of persecution which had been turned against the monasteries of England and her father Henry VIII., was once more lashed into fury, and especially directed against the abbeys and churches that had as yet escaped its force in the remote districts of Connaught. From that period down to the end of the 16th century this province was the theatre of an almost incessant and sanguinary warfare. The pretex for this were the introduction of the religion together with the government and laws into the west of Ireland. But the true objects were the destruction of the power of the native princes and the confiscation of their property together with that of the Church of which they were the protectors. Nevertheless, for several years after the commencement of the Elizabethan confiscations of Connaught, the O'Madden's territory Silanchia still remained unconquered and its monasteries un-suppressed. Finally, however, this fell work was accomplished in the year 1595 by the Lord Deputy, Sir William Russell, who at the head of a large force invaded Siof Annachadha, and after an obstinate resistance in which nearly all the chieftains of his sept were slain, O'Madden's castle of Lusmagh was taken by storm March 12th, 1595, and its brave garrison put to the sword or thrown over the battlements into the Shannon. Thus deprived of their only protectors, the Monks of Meelick became an easy prey to the vandal hands by whom their abbey was pillaged, desecrated, and almost completely destroyed, whilst the monks were slain at the altars they had served, or only escaped with life to wander or die in exile or on the hillsides of their own land.

A quarter of a century later—on the 4th of June, 1620—the survivors of the exiled Franciscan community of Meelick again reassembled by stealth in the ruins of their spoliated abbey, where, on the feast of Corpus Christi High Mass was once more celebrated by the Rev. John Madden, O.S.F. Henceforth even in the worst days

of Penal Law persecution, the sacred ministrations of religion continued there down to the middle of the present century, when, consequent on the depopulation of the district during the famine period the Franciscan Convent was finally abandoned. The long history of Meelick Abbey, was not, however, destined to close in the period of decay and abandonment just referred to. Happily, within the last few years, by the zealous and self-sacrificing labors of a worthy scion of the race of its founders—viz: the Very Rev. James Madden, formerly P.P. of Lusmagh, and now V. G. of Clonfert, the restoration of this time honored sanctuary to its hallowed uses has been accomplished. In that wide district, which was formerly the O'Madden territory of "Siof Annachadha," little other vestige of its ancient dynasts now remains. Their castles, with one exception, are crumbling to the dust; their broad acres are the inheritance of the stranger; and of their descendants many sleep in the forgotten graves far away from the Shannon's banks. But, nevertheless, the old Franciscan shrine which that race erected in the days of their power has, like the faith to which it was consecrated, once more arisen from the ruin to which the sacrilegious hands of the alien despoiler would fain forever have consigned it. And, thus, from Meelick's altars the sacred liturgy of the religion implanted in Hy-Many by St. Grellan in the fifth century still ascends to heaven, in triumphant evidence of the indestructible recuperative vitality of Irish Catholicity and nationality.

Much has been written, told, and sung in honor of our Irish heroes of one hundred years ago,—a word or two about Irish heroines.

We will first tell the story of Betsy Gray, says a writer in the Derry Journal, the peasant girl of Antrim. On the eve of the battle of Ballynahinch, a small country cart, led by a young girl, was seen wending its way towards the little hill outside the town of which the Irish army was encamped. Arrived at the outposts she asked if Edward Gray had survived all his dangers. She was his sister, come to aid him if necessary, and she had brought some provisions with her. Soon she was welcomed by Edward himself, and at last won from him a half reluctant consent to allow her to remain with him on the hill, as she would be safer there than at home in her lonely cottage, many women and children having been driven from their homes by the soldiers. Next morning everything being ready, the men were placed in order for the attack. The word to march was given, and we find Betsy Gray mounted on her grey mare, a sword by her side, and bearing Erin's green flag high on head to cheer her brave comrades on to victory. She refused to remain in shelter of the woods with the other women and children. She could not watch a fight for her country's freedom from afar. The courage of the brave girl roused that of her comrades. With a loud cheer they charged right up to the very muzzles of the English guns, forced back the enemy, and gained the centre of the town. Suddenly a trumpet call rang high above the din: 'twas the signal for retreat, but the Irish, who did not understand this, mistaking it as a signal for British reinforcements, and knowing how few in number they really were, turned and fled in the very moment of their hard won victory.

And now a dreadful scene of carnage commenced. The yeomanry on horseback easily overtook the fugitives and relentlessly cut them down. With difficulty our friends succeeded in halting (as they thought) their pursuers, and had escaped about 3 miles from the scene of battle, to a little sheltered spot likely to afford them refuge. Betsy—who was on a little ahead, wondered why her comrades "Edward and one of whom she loved better than a brother, her lover, Willie Boal," were retreating behind so long—turned round, and to her horror beheld them in the midst of

yeomen, surrounded and defenceless, about to be slain by the enemy's swords. Reckless of her own danger, the brave girl, rushing back, flung herself before her captors and implored for mercy for those whom she loved. With a cruel laugh they savagely cut her down, and then slew her brother and Willie Boal. The dead body of the lovely girl was carried by her sorrowing friends to the centre of a rock hollow, and there buried along with her loved companions. Their grave has recently been raised in a monument erected above, bearing the names of the heroic girl and her brave companions—Elizabeth Gray, Edward Gray, and Willie Boal.

The name of Ulster's great leader, Henry Joy McCracken, is not cherished or loved more deeply than that of his sister Mary. She was a devoted sister to Henry, and a true friend to all who loved and suffered for Erin. Whenever consultation in suffering or help was needed 'twas there one would find Mary McCracken, and now though one hundred years have come and gone, one still hears the people of her native town speaking with loving remembrance of the brave girl who helped and encouraged them in the sad "year of the troubles." When Henry Joy McCracken was betrayed he was first imprisoned in Carrickfergus Castle for a week and then taken to Belfast to stand his trial. Here the formalities of a court martial had to be gone through, and base means adopted by the authorities to obtain a conviction. We are told that the prisoner himself was offered freedom if he would but name the man who was now to lead in Antrim, and when he answered in these brave words: "How can you suppose me to be such a villain," they tried to wring the words from his aged father. Here, too, their base attempts were foiled; the old man nobly answered, "I would rather my son should die than act dishonorably."

However, the Government would not consent to lose their prey; they could easily find perjured witnesses, and perjured witnesses they did find. Henry Joy McCracken's only plea in court was his brave sister Mary. It was she who defended him, and brought to light flaw after flaw in the false testimony of the witnesses with the clearness born of truth. 'Twas of no avail; his life was wanted, and the bright truth of heaven itself could not win him freedom from the base hands into which he had fall-



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hope of many an aching heart— hearts that longed to throw off the bitter yoke of oppression and tyranny—was condemned to death. Alas! how many bright hopes died with him? A few hours after his cruel sentence was pronounced he was ordered out to execution. He was accompanied by his heart-broken sister, who walked hand-in-hand with him from the barracks to the scaffold, which she entreated to be allowed to mount but the orders of General Nugent that she was to withdraw were not to be gainsaid. The last dreadful moment had come, and brother and sister clung to each other in the wild agony of despair in this last awful parting, till Mary seeing her own bitter sorrow could but increase that of her beloved brother, with one last kiss of farewell, they tore themselves apart, and Mary, casting one look back, sped away from the crowd and soon the gallant heart of him she loved best on earth was stilled forever.

There is another sister whose name will never be forgotten as long as self-sacrifice can win sympathy and admiration. This is Margaret, the sister of another Antrim leader, Harry Monroe. One cannot help feeling admiration for this brave young general, who on one occasion, word having been brought to him by his scouts that the enemy in the town had been rioting and could easily be surprised and defeated, scornfully said:— "We will not avail ourselves of the ungenerous advantage which night affords, but fight them like men beneath the first rays of the morrow's sun." These brave words can never be forgotten. It was a noble, though a foolish, resolution, and clearly proves what noble principles of honesty and sincerity he possessed. How would his enemies have acted under the circumstances?

Like Henry Joy McCracken, Monroe was betrayed, and after a short trial was sentenced to death. With a haughty and daring step he ascended the dark scaffold, and almost before "England's fatal cord was round him cast," with a wild bound forward he swung out into space. A deep groan of sorrow, mingled with admiration, arose from the assembled multitude. But the saddest sight of all, in the opposite house, behind drawn curtains stood his aged mother weeping for her last hope now lost forever. But there was another, one who had deeply sympathized with, and encouraged him in all his sorrows, and shared his happiness in his joys; 'twas his companion from childhood, his sister Margaret. She could notice on her pale upturned face, despite the heartbroken grief depicted thereon, and expression of pride, almost gladness. She was standing on the threshold of her home, a home now broken, and made to witness the dreadful death of one of its rarest inmates. No other sight could be chosen. Suddenly she cried out in a clear, ringing voice, her eyes resting now on the lifeless form of her young and gallant brother— "Ah, Henry, lad, I'm proud to see you there."

Many dreary hours afterwards she pined away in Carrickfergus jail for the dreadful crime of sacrificing all for her loved oppressed country. "And in Lisburn town you know How they hanged our brave Antrim-roe, Whilst his sister near the scaffold looking on, For a man into her prayer Said, 'I'm proud to see you there,' And her eyes with patriot courage brightly shone, Into prison she was cast when he was gone."

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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 Adviser, REV. J. E. F. O'NEILL, O.S.F.; President, JOHN WHITTY; Secretary, D. J. O'NEILL; Delegates to St. Patrick's League: J. White, D. J. O'Neill and M. Caser. Ancient Order of Hibernians. Division No. 2. Meets in lower vestry of St. Gabriel New Church, corner Centre and Laprairie streets, on the 2nd and 4th Friday of each month, at 8 p.m. President, ANDREW DUNN; Recording Secretary, THOMAS SMITH, 63 Richmond street, to whom all communications should be addressed. Delegates to St. Patrick's League: A. Dunn, M. Lynch and F. Connaughton. A.O.H.—Division No. 3. Meets the 2nd and 4th Mondays of each month, at 8 p.m. in the hall, 2042 Notre Dame St., Montreal. President, J. P. O'Hara; Vice-President, John Hughes; Secretary, Wm. Van Rans; Treasurer, J. Kennedy; P. Stanton, Treas.; Marshal, John Kennedy; P. Ervine, 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 newspapers for sale.

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# FRED'S LITTLE DAUGHTER.

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

"Oh, Stephen, the old well!"

It was Miss Morris who spoke, and it was Mr. Courtney she called by his first name as she sprang off like a deer in the direction of the cry. Mr. Courtney was on her track in an instant, calling as he ran:—"Jeff, ring the great bell! Tell what has happened!" And Miss Sara's voice came back imploringly:—"Come, oh, come!"

Mrs. Johnstone ran on in terror that almost palsied her. Her sister's words had recalled the long-forgotten words they were never allowed to approach when they, as children themselves, had spent days at Shirley. Rapidly the whole story swept through her mind—the change in its sparkling, ice-cold water to a dingy, tainted fluid utterly useless, no one knew why; the search for a new well, so hard to find, the abandonment of the old well, and as every one supposed, the filling in and soddening over forever of the once beautiful waters. Oh, could it indeed be the well?

Yes, too surely it was the well! In every stage of terror the children came flying to her, trembling and crying, trembling and speechless, throwing themselves upon her, and clinging to her with little frail hands that were iron in their hold at that moment.

"Oh, thank God! Oh, my darlings! You are safe, safe, safe!"

"Oh, not all!" wailed Freddie.

"Oh, the dreadful hole! They went right down—in a minute!"

"Who?" she asked in a whisper, her voice failing her.

"Tessie—and—Katharine."

It was Polly who answered her. Then Mrs. Johnstone loosed herself from the clinging hands and left them.

The first stars were out above the gaping blackness and the swirling dust around which had already gathered more people than seemed possible in so short a time. Miss Sara and Agnes stood a little to one side, looked in each other's arms.

"Is it—death?" gasped the poor mother.

"No, no, Pen! They—speak. Everything is being done. The men are all here. They have all gone down for them. Oh, poor Pen!"

They loosed their clasp to take her into it, as the great fire balloon struck another current of air, and, chilling off, sank earthward, throwing a helpful glare upon the spot where all the interest centred. Mr. Johnstone came to them in strange agitation.

"Pen—Pen, dear!" he said, and tapped suddenly.

"Oh, my husband! Our dear little, little girl!"

"They have found Katharine," he said slowly. "She is conscious—does not seem much hurt—they will have her up in a little while. But—Tessie—"

"My child is dead!"

She said it very quietly. Her husband kissed her reverently without a word.

For a minute she stood with her face before she moved forward to the edge of the black gap where they laid the slender little form in its white dress, so awfully white and cold against the dew-damp grass. Silently her husband and Miss Sara stood over her as she knelt beside it, a protection to her sorrows and partners in her prayers.

The work around the well went on rapidly and skillfully, for Mr. Courtney and his men were too nearly like sailors not to be able to "rig" the necessary "tackle" for descent very easily. In a surprisingly short time another small white burden came to the surface in strong, friendly arms. Miss Sara stepped noiselessly away to receive it.

"Oh, Aunt Sara!" whispered the weak little voice. "They said down there Tessie was dead! Where is she?"

"With her father and mother, darling. Are you much hurt, you poor baby?"

"Only my arm and my foot—and I am so sleepy."

The little voice trailed off into silence, as Mr. Courtney lifted the little girl to carry her to the house. Miss Sara walked beside them up the steep slope to the porch, her eyes dimmed by tears. It was now a bright night, and the children's "great day" at Shirley was over at last.

wonderful escape. A few bruises and possibly a sprain or two were all her injuries. She had fallen in the very centre of the well, slipping down with the surface-earth upon the crumbling remains of old branches and tree cuttings with which the well had been fraudulently filled, unknown to Mr. Courtney. A light platform had been laid upon this frail foundation, and the earth heaped over it to level off the sod. Gradually decaying with time and weather, even the light touch of the seeping water— it lay out of any beaten track— had caused the cave in. Katharine and Tessie, less fleet of foot than the older and heavier ones, were the victims of the trap.

Tessie had been borne to the house and laid upon the stately bed of the great chamber, where they left her alone with her mother. The sweet little face was scarcely colorless and the happy look still upon it, with only a pathetic touch of wonder to disturb the perfect peace of its innocence. Her soiled and torn dress—the light showed it—was not yet removed, and her mother's tender fingers smoothed and folded it around her in the longing to do something for her.

She had insisted on them taking the three doctors at once to Katharine, begging to be left alone with her child. Mr. Johnstone, however, could not rest without the doctors' word before he yielded everything, lifeless as Tessie certainly appeared, and he was just about to leave the more fortunate Katharine with the one doctor, who could do all she required, and take the others to his child's bedside, when he heard his wife call him, hurriedly, eagerly, tremulously.

"Come, doctor!" he cried, and ran quickly up the stairs.

"She moved—oh, I am sure she moved! The lamp does not flicker, does it?"

The doctors bent over the bed from the other side as Mrs. Johnstone spoke. The one looked doubtful, the other hopeful. Equally, they began all efforts to revive the child.

"She is still living," said the doubtful one to the trembling mother.

"She will live—she is all right!" exclaimed the younger and more hopeful man. It was a hard struggle to restore consciousness, although it was evident before many minutes that she breathed freely. She had been a little in advance of Katharine or, rather, to one side, and the fall had thrown her against a stout beam less mouldering than the thinner planks, and her head had struck the stones on the walled side of the well. But when the morning dawned, even Tessie was saved, and the sunlight glorified the earth for every heart under Shirley roof.

"Well, mother," said Mr. Johnstone—and he had never called her that before—"Courtney has about all there is in Brightmar by this time, young and old, joy and sorrow, mourning and thanksgiving. I think I shall gather up the tribe and go to Mass on our way home. They can stand that much more, although they are rather a seedy-looking family. God knows every one of us have double and treble reason for going this morning!"

He spoke with deep emotion, and Mrs. Johnstone could only look her answer.

She and Miss Sara remained with Katharine and Tessie, but in the course of the day they, too, took their departure for home. The ambulance was put to its first use, and the two invalids were snugly placed on its long leather mattresses, where they managed to get not a little pleasure out of "driving out in bed."

Katharine could turn and twist among her pillows quite nimbly, protecting her sprained wrist and ankle very skillfully, but Tessie was very languid, and her head was heavy and sore to the touch, or at the jarring of the wheels over the rough places in the road. But she was always a quiet little thing, and her wordless smile was a placid indication that "it was well with her."

"Oh, how glad I am to see Brightmar once more in such happiness!" exclaimed Sara, as they drove up to the door.

"I am more than happy," said Mrs. Johnstone, "I am content."

"Thank you ever so much, Mr. Courtney, for the best day I ever had," was heard in Katharine's voice, as she "made her manners" in Charlotte's most approved style. Mr. Courtney had ridden over with them, and was waiting to lift her out when Mr. Johnstone took Tessie.

"My dear little girl!" he said tenderly. "And I have to thank you for the greatest relief from sorrow I have ever known—you and Tessie. I should never have forgiven myself if you—had not come home from Shirley."

"It was 'innocent ignorance' on

your part that time, but it did quite enough mischief, did it not?" said Miss Morris, giving him the kindest and brightest of all smiles she had ever given him.

It was a glad, glad home-coming. And the gladness was heart-deep and enduring.

It quite lifted Terese on its tide of rejoicing into a braver and more confident spirit, because it showed her in ways she could not misunderstand that she was greatly loved and valued. It carried off every trace of Katharine's newness. After that, she was always one of the Brightmar children indeed, and sure of it. For a long time she and Terese reckoned every event from "the time we fell down the well at Shirley," and every mention of it was made with a solemnity and earnestness that proved the impression it had left. The others, too, were never inclined to treat it lightly, with the exception of Polly, who was heard to say that, since it did not hurt very much, she wished it had been her instead of Katharine, because it made one of so much importance, and was "so nice and romantic." It had been a serious affair to all of them.

CHAPTER XI.

Not alone at Brightmar was it a matter of serious import. The Yard had not by any means resigned interest in "little Katharine Morris," and when Miss Morris wrote the very next day to Mrs. Ramsey, with a very particular reference to the Captain's interests in the "dear little thing," there was quite a stir in the Captain's quarters, and an influx of callers until a late hour to renew all their memories of the child and her parents, Miss Morris wrote this time in a strain much different from her first letters that Captain Ramsey was at once convinced he had entirely "misunderstood" the whole state of things. This grateful remembrance of Mrs. Ramsey's kindness, this warm and affectionate interest which detailed so minutely Katharine's escape and her position in her home—neither of them belonged to the Miss Sara Bronson Morris he had connected with that dashing, iron-lined signature.

"I tell you what!" he exclaimed, when they were taking it over. "I believe—I have more than a mind to stop over at Brightmar when I go up North. I did think I would never go near them—not even for the child's sake. I thought they were a kind of people I did not like anywhere—a foreign graft, you know, on American stock. But—I would like to see for myself."

"I am glad the thought occurred to you," said Mrs. Ramsey. "I have all ways intended to go and see Katharine if I had the chance, for I want to know exactly how she is situated. And you never know what people are until you see them in their own home. You will certainly be near them when you go to Washington on that business. You must go over to Brightmar. Over, indeed! I have an idea where the place is, but it cannot be far from Washington."

So it was settled.

The Captain, with his methodical ways, had replied to Miss Sara's letter as soon as it was received, but several times after their talk he began another letter to her in which he mentioned the possibility of call-

ing at Brightmar before long. But when he told Mrs. Ramsey, she said she thought it best not to write.

"A dozen things might happen to prevent, and then the child would have the disappointment instead of the pleasure. And they would write, of course, and set a time, and the time would be sure not to suit with the business—it never does—and you would not get there at all, or get there in a stiff horrid way you would not like. Just go, and the first day that suits your duties and yourself, go to Brightmar and surprise Katharine. Surprises are not pleasant things for all people, but they are delightful to children."

The Captain tore up the last letter he had written that day, and followed Mrs. Ramsey's advice.

Thus it was that one bright day, about a month later, the Captain stood on the steps at Brightmar, dusty and heated from his walk, but filled with an admiring sense of Brightmar's loveliness. It seemed to fit in, after all, with his first idea of Miss Sara Bronson Morris and her grandeur, and he gave his card to the servant in his staidest "officer's way" and "walked in on his heels." But the next minute there was the swift patter of little feet as he had so often heard them, and there was Katharine. A rosy and happy Katharine indeed, of whom no one could doubt that she was loving and beloved, cared for and carefully trained to fulfil a destiny her mother and father would have rejoiced to see.

"Oh, Captain, my Captain!" she cried out, flying to his arms. "Oh, I didn't think you could come now! I thought it would be a whole long, long while—a year, you know. Where is she? Did you leave her at the station? With Johnny? I must go tell Aunt Sara to send for them this very minute. She won't like it one bit if I let them wait. Nor Aunt Pen—I haven't any Aunt Mary, don't you know. She's dead, but there's Aunt Mary's boys. They're very nice boys, too. And Uncle John—he's the child's father. But he's away today or he'd go for them himself."

She poured it all out in that delighted excitement of a child taken by a happy surprise, and now was running off when he stopped her, laughing.

"Wait a minute—wait a minute, girlie! There is no one at the station. She could not come, for I had to hurry off and hurry back on business for the Yard. And Johnny could not come without her. But I have brought you lots of love from both of them."

"Whole lots?"

"Yes, indeed!"

"Johnny, too?"

"Johnny, of course. He can talk now almost as fast as yourself."

"As fast?"—laughing towards him and speaking softly—"as I could talk—that day you carried me home. Can he talk like that?"

"Well—not quite like that. But he is learning very fast, and—"

But here the Captain had a great surprise himself, and a very happy one. He rose—the beautiful lady that was coming towards him with outstretched hand and smiling eyes and a most charming manner altogether. Was this indeed Miss Sara Bronson Morris, of whom he had been half afraid because she wrote such a dashing letter with such a big, black sig-

nature? But even the best and wisest people are sometimes influenced by trifles such as these.

"I am very glad to have an opportunity of thanking you as we should—if we can, that is!—for all the kindness you and Mrs. Ramsey showed to our dear little girl."

"This is my Aunt Sara," explained Katharine. "And she's good like Mrs. Ramsey only different."

The laugh which greeted this introduction was the "parting peal" of the last remnant of stiffness between two strangers.

"You are all different, but just as good," stoutly protested Katharine, with flaming cheeks.

"And we all thank you for your good opinion, my darling, and for telling us of it just as you have told it," said Miss Sara. "I only wish Mrs. Ramsey was with you to enjoy it with us," she continued, turning to the Captain, "but I am sure she is not, for I saw you 'a long way off,' crossing the brook, and you were alone. I knew the uniform, but not the wearer. If you had but sent us word, we would have been so glad to spare you the warm and dusty walk."

Then the Captain again explained it all.

"When we learned how nearly she had slipped from us," he concluded, with his arm around Katharine on the sofa, "we felt that it would be a great satisfaction to see her once more. So I was commissioned to come and look at her for both Mrs. Ramsey and myself."

"And now that you are here, we shall claim you until the very utmost limit of our powers."

It was said with the tone and manner which satisfied the Captain perfectly that he was welcome, and that welcome was as high as the roof and as wide as any of the four walls in Christendom.

The Captain had a week at Brightmar, and left it thoroughly satisfied with all he had seen and heard—with Katharine, with her family, and with her home. He wrote as much to Mrs. Ramsey, but it did not all come out until he was back in the Yard, at ease in his own quarters.

"Yes, I am perfectly satisfied," he said. "Perfectly! I used to be a little anxious—I am ashamed of it now. It was the right thing in every way. She is better provided for than she could possibly have been otherwise, she is surrounded with as much love and as good care as even you could have given her—but with no more of them than there are of us,—and she is with her own people. They have a very good idea that God knows where He means a child to go when He sends it, and He sends it to those among whom its duties lie, where it shall get and give all that it needs to help and glorify Him. Katharine is at home in the best sense of the word. And I must own that I am all the better satisfied we have not lost her, but have gained with her new friends any one might be proud of anywhere. Katharine will be a close-forged link between us. She is grateful and faithful. She will never forget."

And she will never forget.

(To be continued.)

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She Publishes This Letter So That Others Suffering From Female Weakness Can Benefit by Her Experience—A Story Telling Things All Women Ought to Know.

Have you ever noticed how quickly a woman loses her good looks and attractiveness? She will have a fair face, beautiful complexion and well-rounded figure. Before you know it, she is all run-down, pale and weak. Her skin will have an ugly yellow appearance. Then there will be pimples and blotches on her face. The flesh will shrink upon the bones, and the whole system will be racked with aches and pains. The cause is hidden, but everybody knows what it is. Female weakness is the cause. Women who are on the down-grade hill of diseases peculiar to their sex ought to read the following letter. It is published for their benefit. Read every word of it, and remember it is true.

Mrs. A. Scott, Chard, Ont., writes to the Franco-American Chemical Co., Montreal, Canada: "I am sending you \$5 for one dozen boxes of Dr. Coderre's Red Pills. They have cured me, and the rest are for my friends. I was suffering from female weakness, and was very weak. I had backache, side-ache and terrible headache. My sister-in-law recommended the Red Pills to me. After taking the second box I felt much relieved. I am recommending them to a great many of my friends, who knew how sick I was, and how much better I am now. My brother is a merchant here and is going to keep your pills in stock all the time. I do not object to the publishing of this letter, because I will be glad if it will induce sick women to cure themselves by taking Dr. Coderre's Red Pills."

(Signed.) Mrs. A. Scott, Chard, Ont.



and mother well and strong. It helps the girl go through the narrow gate of womanhood in perfect safety. Nothing equals it for prospective mothers. It makes the ordeal of child-bearing free of dread and almost painless.

Dr. Coderre's Red Pills are a scientific certainty. They are the prescription of one of the greatest specialists of Paris. The number of women cured by them are numbered by the thousand.

Some druggists put up worthless pills and give them a red color. When a customer asks for Dr. Coderre's Red Pills, these dealers say their red pills are "just as good" or "just the same" as Dr. Coderre's. Do not believe it. Insist upon getting Dr. Coderre's Red Pills, for they are sure to cure you. They are sold in boxes of fifty red pills for 50 cents, or six boxes for \$2.50. Get them at honest druggists, or send the price to us in stamps, or by registered letter, money order or express order. We send them all over the world; no duty to pay. A 50-cent box lasts longer and does far more good than a liquid medicine selling at \$1.

Women can consult our French specialists by mail free of cost. Write us all about your sickness, and a valuable letter of advice will be sent you free. For personal treatment and consultation, call at our dispensary, 274 St. Denis street, Montreal, Canada.

If you will send your name and address, we will mail you a free copy of our famous doctor book, "Pale and Weak Women." Address all letters to the Franco-American Chemical Co., Medical Dept., Montreal, Canada.



SING A SONG FOR THE SHAMROCKS.

Within the grand Arena, where the lights were burning bright, The spectators sat spell-bound, 'twas a most eventful night.

deceased, the three brothers, Dr. J. Phelan, Rev. Brother Oderick of the Archbishop's Academy and formerly of Mt. St. Louis, Mr. Wm. Phelan, and Mr. William McLaughlin, brother-in-law.—R.I.P.

PAPAL RIGHTS AND THE PEACE CONFERENCE.

"Times change, and we change with them," wrote Horace; when the northern barbarians knocked at the gates of Rome, and threatened to devastate civilization and wipe out Christianity, the Pope was forced by circumstances to resist the deluge, that the future of humanity might be saved from destruction.

Leo XIII., living under circumstances of a more favorable kind— although in some senses equally oppressive— has had ample opportunity to push forward that peace-creating mission which has come to him from the days of Christ.

Who can see worse days than he that, yet living, doth follow at the funeral of his own reputation?

NEW CHIMES FOR ST. PATRICK'S, QUEBEC.

In connection with our report of the ceremony of the blessing of the new chimes of St. Patrick's Church, Quebec, which appears elsewhere in this issue, Mr. William Ellison writes: "Please insert the following as list of clergy present:— Mgr. Begin officiated, and was assisted by Rev. Father Allard, Rector of Ste. Anne de Beaupre, and Rev. Eustace Maguire, P.P., Sillery. Rev. Father Garneau, of the palace, and Rev. Father Guthule, C.S.S.R., of St. Patrick's, acted as masters of ceremonies.

"To the list of sponsors, please add: Mrs. Edward Lennon, and Mrs. Thomas Donohue."

WORDS OF APPROVAL.

(From W. E. N., P. Q.) Having received a copy of your excellent Catholic paper, I cannot but see the necessity of it in every Catholic home. In nearly every family there is one or more newspapers subscribed for, and as the country is overrun with Protestant publications, many are not aware of the existence of a Catholic newspaper.

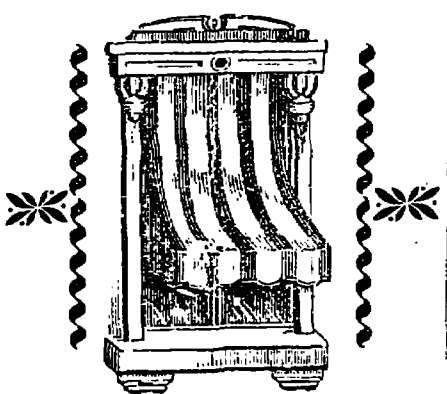
(From William O'Brien, P. E. I.) Allow me to compliment you on the present style of your paper.

DIED.

MALONE.—At Three Rivers, on the 14th instant, the eve of her third birthday, of scarlet fever, Mary Marie, only daughter of Mr. Thomas Malone, and granddaughter of Mr. M. F. Walsh, Ottawa.

TO CATHOLIC MEN AND WOMEN WANTED.

AGENTS in every district in Canada, to solicit Subscriptions and Advertisements for the TRUE WITNESS. All applications should be accompanied by letters of recommendation from the parish priest where the applicants reside. This is a good opportunity to secure profitable employment.



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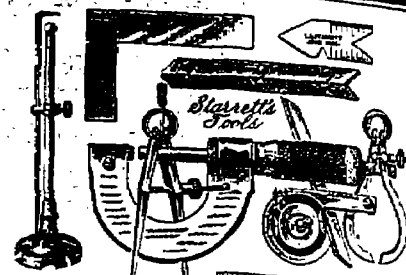
"I would give," said a man the other day "a thousand dollars, plus wages, to a capable servant who would agree to remain in my employ for ten years." The man who spoke lives in a college town in a neighboring state, and he went on to say that the problem of securing assistance to carry on the work of a house was becoming about as important as the matter of university education.

BACHELORS DIE YOUNG.

Marriage is not a failure, for the man, at least, if a German investigator may be believed. He has been interviewing insurance companies, and visiting hospitals and insane asylums, and he has promulgated the pleasing result of his labors. He finds that of the men who die, commit suicide, or become insane or seriously ill in early life, the greater number are bachelors. He says that diseases of the digestive organs are the ones which cause the most trouble to unmarried men. This is a distinct compliment to the good cooking of the average wife. Among matrimonial statistics the following French ones are interesting:—

DON'T GET HOT.

Never give way to temper, it only lowers one in his own estimation as well as in the eye of older business men, who always have their eyes open for a cool head and a clear eye for positions of trust.



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

Our next Issue will contain Special Reports of St. Patrick's Day Celebration in Montreal and other leading centres in Canada, as well as of the Demonstrations in other parts of the world.

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AUTHORIZED BOTTLER DOW'S ALES AND PORTER. Bottled and Packed for Exportation. BELL TELEPHONE 8431.

THOS. KINSELLA, PROPRIETOR.

PROVINCE OF QUEBEC, DISTRICT OF MONTREAL, No. 140. SUPERIOR COURT. Dame Emelie R. endeur, of the Parish of St. Hubert, District of Montreal, wife of Jean Baptiste Charbon, farmer, of the same Parish, duly authorized a trustee in bankruptcy. vs. The said Jean Baptiste Charbon, Debtor. An action in separation as to property has been instituted this day against the defendant. Montreal, 15th March, 1899. GLOBENSKY & LAMARIE, Attorneys for Plaintiff.

THE ONLY

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PROPOSED GAELIC CHAIR

FOR THE CATHOLIC HIGH SCHOOL.

For some time past a very commendable desire has manifested itself amongst the Irish of Montreal to resuscitate a knowledge of the Old and beautiful language of the Old Land.

When the matter was brought to the knowledge of the Rev. Father Quinlivan, and he was asked if such a class might be taught in the High School, he answered that it was evidently the proper place for it, and that he would only feel too honored to see it established in connection with the first and only High School in the Province of Quebec.

The Pronunciation of Irish

In consideration of the fact that the Gaelic Language Society of Montreal, has already evidenced the practical phase of its enterprise by establishing regular classes for the study of the Irish tongue, we think that the following contribution to the "Catholic University Bulletin," from the pen of Rev. Eugene O'Growney, of Phoenix, Arizona, must prove both useful and interesting.

Father O'Growney writes:— "A good deal of attention has been paid of late to the phonology of modern Irish. A French, a German and a Danish scholar have in turned studied the Gaelic of the South Islands of Aran, a place that bids fair to become a school of modern Irish. In the present pages we have the first thorough account yet published of the pronunciation of Irish in what has always been, and still is, the literary province. As the work of one who has been from his childhood familiar with the language, this study has a special value, and it has already received a warm welcome in Gaelic circles. Dr. Henery gives his little book the modest sub-title of "Introduction to the Metrical System of Munster Poetry"—a body of literature fairly familiar to English readers through the translations of Mangan, Edward Walsh, Furlong, and others—but we believe that students of language generally will find the work very suggestive and valuable. Few spoken tongues of the present day have such a long record as Gaelic possesses of the changes in pronunciation as reflected in MSS. extending over eleven centuries. The phonetic scheme adopted, while full and adequate for all practical purposes, is also natural, and presents no unnecessary difficulty. The vowel sounds are carefully indicated, and each consonant has its full share of symbols.

Lengthening of vowel sounds from position, and removal of certain vowel sounds in favor of others are the chief phenomena studied under the head of vowels. The first phenomena is not peculiar to Gaelic, as we have it in lowland Scotch and Western English (and for old, etc.). In Gaelic, however, it is the chief feature of Munster pronunciation, and also, curiously enough, of the Gaelic of the Northern Highlands of Scotland. Under the second head we find that the vowel a has, outside Ulster, lost its natural sound, and taken on the sounds of a in what, fail. The cases in which the original sounds are retained are carefully classified, and some curious details are given of the changing pronunciation of personal names. We notice that in the Desi the verbal ending—fa has the modified sound. In the West it retains the original sound. In words beginning with f, the original sound returns on aspiration, as noted in the case of than.

In English we have had a change of sound in words like meal, steal, meat where the original e sound is retained yet in the Anglo-Irish. In Gaelic there is a similar tendency to the ee or i sound. Thus from clorus we have nom,

The diphthongal sound given to i in such words as im, ian, etc., and the analogous sound given to ai, oi, ui, in certain positions is perhaps the most striking peculiarity of Desi-Irish, and enables one to identify a Desian after a few moment's conversation. No doubt the Munster Gaelic has retained the original pronunciation of the diphthongs better than the Western or the Northern Irish, where the i is assimilated by either the following consonant or the preceding vowel. The strongly nasal sound is another well-marked note of the Desi-Gaelic. Elsewhere nasal tones are restricted to vowel sound followed by mh, except, perhaps, in one word, ait, which, for some reason or other, is always nasalized. We find some remarkable interchanges between e and t, ch and th, d and g, and, indeed, we may add dh and gh, as these last are pronounced identically everywhere. In the midland counties of Ireland e and t have the same sound before u in English; thus cute, Tuite are exactly identical in sound. Similarly d and g; dew is pronounced as if gue. There are indications of the same interchange in Desi-Irish; thus, p. 41, cliamhian as if cl—; p. 54, tsleibhe as if el—; p. 13, dlighthead as if gli—. Then there is a regular use of ch for th in leath, thrath, rath, riath. Also the opposite is fitted for fíche—the Western and Northern speakers go into the other extreme and say—ich for —ith in maith, faith. Compare also Munster —ithe for ighthe, Ulster —iste for —ichte.

Questions of Gaelic phonology have special actuality just now, when the movement to extend the use and knowledge of the old tongue is meeting with such success, that the proposal has been made of adopting a phonetic spelling, so as to make the learning of Gaelic easier. Evidently, any improvement in spelling, and still more a phonetic spelling, must be based on a uniform pronunciation. We must know what are abnormal and erratic growths, and separate them from the normal pronunciation.

Dr. Henery's book, although not written for this specific purpose, is a most valuable help to study of these points. Thus some things that at present only burden the memory under the title of exceptional words, are shown to be simply wrong, such as eagmais, p. 64, amns gach, arsa, si, p. 76, and many others. On the other hand many phrases and words which at first sight one would declare wrong are shown to have developed in a normal manner, such as de luain, '3, dada, 20, san, for tasben, tara, etc. The author is not inclined to do any innovations in orthography; to us, indeed, he seems rather too conservative in writing rachad for the Munster pronunciation raghad, glaise for glaise, p. 33, and a few others. We venture to say that this little book will form the starting point of many interesting discussions among Gaelic scholars. The equation of a bhailie with an baile, where an represent a compound of the article with the preposition in, will probably arouse a discussion affecting a large class of common phrases. The Ulster phrase is na bhailie, and hitherto the note has been given as the genitive case after eum, fallen away to un. Thus the Donegal ag'ul na geath, "going to Killybegs," and the Kerry a cu go dtí sna ceallaibh going to Keils, represent the same noun in genitive and dative. Stach in ti, which occurs immediately after an bhailie, pp. 69-70, is in the West a tighie ghuin (a tighie) and sn' teach. Very interesting are the notes on mearach, p. 28, tafann, p. 51; fauidh, p. 46; siur and siur, 51.

We have found this first publication of the A. O. H. chair most instructive and suggestive, and we hope that Dr. Henery may follow it up with other studies of similar character dealing with the Gaelic of Connaught, Desmond and West Munster."

AN CRUIT DO SCAP THRI HALLAIDH 'N RIGH.

The Harp that once thro' Tara's Hall, Transcribed by Mr. J. C. Mangan, of the Montreal Gaelic Society.

An cruit do scap tri Hallaidh 'n righ Na geatha cealta bin, Ta'r bvaliah Teamhair 'nois 'an luidhe, Gan fearsad ceoil no rium, Mar sud iah i'am ehuaid thart faoi cheo, Tha chail 's a chisfuaio suian, Is croiythe santuigh molta teo, Ni airighean iad go wuan.

C. M. B. A., BRANCH 2.

The following resolutions were unanimously adopted by Branch 2, at a recent meeting:—

Whereas, it has pleased Almighty God, to call from our midst our worthy brother, John Long, Branch 2, C. M. B. A., has long a most respected member, and his family a loving father and husband.

Therefore, be it resolved; that while we bow in humble submission to the will of our heavenly Father, we sincerely pray to Him, for the repose of the soul of our beloved brother and heartily condole with his family in their sad bereavement. Be it further resolved, that our charter be draped for thirty days, and these resolutions be recorded in the minutes, and sent to the "press" for publication, and a copy sent to the bereaved family.

FROM THE OLD SOD.

Several thousand packages of shamrocks, sent through the mails, arrived at New York a few days ago, on the steamship Eurymia. The clerks in the Post office were busy last night pasting up torn envelopes that contained damp earth and fresh moss from the Emerald Isle.

THE WILL MAINTAINED.

Judgment was given at Osgoode Hall, Toronto, a few days ago, by Mr. Justice Ferguson, in an action brought by Thomas Jones, of Hamilton, against Rev. R. E. M. Brady, rector of St. Lawrence Catholic church Hamilton, to have set aside a certain will, made by the wife of the plaintiff, shortly before her death, alleging that undue influence had been used, and that she was not in a proper state of mind on the day in question to make a will. The case was tried in the non-jury court. The facts were that Mrs. Jones died in June last in a Hamilton hospital. She made three wills, on May 16, 18, and 19, before her death. By the first will her estate, which is valued at

\$8,700, was left almost entirely to her husband, but by the will of the 19th the order of things was reversed, the church getting the lion's share and Rev. Mr. Brady being appointed sole executor.

His Lordship found that no undue influence was used, that the deceased was of a sound mind when she made the will, and that it legally revoked all others of a previous date. In deciding in favor of Rev. Mr. Brady, his Lordship said that it would be a gracious act on the part of the rector to allow costs to the plaintiff.

The Day . . We Celebrate.

NATIONAL ENTERTAINMENTS

The late Father Dowd, the venerated pastor of St. Patrick's Church, in this city, often exhorted the Irish Catholics of Montreal to endeavor to make the annual St. Patrick's Day procession as large and imposing as they possibly could; and besought those who from one cause or another were prevented from taking part in the parade to make an effort to assist at the services in St. Patrick's. For St. Patrick's Day, as the great and good pastor was wont to remind them, is not only a patriotic festival, but a religious festival as well.

It is gratifying to observe that his worthy successor is exhibiting no less earnest solicitude for the success of the dual celebration of the anniversary of Ireland's famous patron saint. The Rev. Father Quinlivan has been urging, with his usual forcefulness of utterance, the Irish Catholics of the city, to leave nothing undone that can enhance the success of the demonstration. It is a fact, he says, which is recognized all the world over, that so long as Irishmen and Irishwomen are true to the memory of St. Patrick they remain true to the Catholic Church, of which he was one of the brightest ornaments. It is to St. Patrick that they owe their fervent faith, which centuries of the most cruel persecution could not weaken, and of which offers of riches and worldly honors could not procure the betrayal. It is to their love for St. Patrick, and their devotion to the faith which he was first to bring to them from the centre of religious truth, Rome, that they owe the marvellous preservation of their national identity and their ardent patriotism. In fact, the ardor of their patriotism has always lent sublimity to their faith; and it is for this reason that, with the Irish people, the cause of faith is ever linked with that of Fatherland. Wherever there have been cases of falling away by Irishmen or Irishwomen from their religion, there has always been, as the principal cause of a lukewarmness in regard to St. Patrick, and consequently to the religion which he taught and the land which he loved and blessed. The St. Patrick's Day procession is a profession of faith and of nationality; and those who take part in it, or who otherwise help to make it a success, stand in no danger of lapsing from membership of the Church, or of growing lukewarm in their affection for the dear old land which is the cradle of their race. The various Irish national organizations will hold entertainments as follows:—

St. Patrick's choir will sing Prof. Fowler's Mass of the Sacred Heart for St. Patrick's Day. Messrs. J. J. Rowan, F. Cahill, J. Gallegue and G. A. Carpenter singing the solos. Mr. E. du Domaine, the celebrated violinist, will play "Andante Religioso" by Thome, during the offertory and Prof. Fowler will play the most beautiful Irish melodies on the organ, during the service. Mr. G. A. Carpenter, conductor, Prof. Fowler organist and musical director.

APPOINTMENTS.

- St. Patrick's Society. Dinner, Windsor Hotel, 7.30 p. m.
Young Irishmen's L. & B. Association. "Robert Emmet" at Her Majesty's Theatre, 8 p. m.
St. Ann's Young Men's Society. "O'Rourke's Triumph," at the Mouvement National, 2 and 8 p. m.
St. Anthony's Young Men's Society. Grand Concert, St. Anthony's Hall, 8 p. m.
St. Gabriel's T. A. & B. Society. Concert in Church Hall, 8 p. m.
Ancient Order of Hibernians. National Entertainment, Windsor Hall, 8 p. m.
St. Mary's Parish. Grand Concert at St. Mary's Hall, 8 p. m.
The duty and office of rhetoric is to apply reason to imagination, for the better moving of the will.

NOTES FROM OTTAWA.

March 15. The present is the third mission which the Paulist Fathers have given in this parish within the past seven years, and it has been decidedly the most successful, said the rector of St. Patrick's at the close of the mission of two weeks' duration. And the words met a response in the hearts of all the twelve hundred men who crowded the sacred edifice, during the continuance the fathers heard the confessions of sixteen hundred women, twelve hundred men, and three hundred children. The fathers also circulated a green printed card bearing the following words:— "For the love of God and for the good of my soul, I promise to abstain from intoxicating drinks for — years." These cards, the blanks filled in for different periods (from six weeks up), were obtained by six hundred women and eight hundred men.

The renewal of the Baptismal vows when fully twelve hundred men responded as with one voice, and in a tone that could easily be heard a good distance away: "I do believe!" "I do renounce!" At the conclusion of the services which closed with Benediction, the Rev. Father Monlon thanked the parishioners for their great zeal and attendance in all weathers.

"We have conducted you to the summit of the mountain, to remain there we hope, while we go to comfort others to the same goal in another city," said the reverend speaker. He also thanked the pastor and his assistant for the brotherly kindness and he asked the prayers of all for the missionaries, especially when they should hear of the death of any of them. Father Whelan also said a few words as stated above, and as to the missionaries themselves he had left it a privilege to be under the same gaze with them, even for a few days. They were zealous young men who had been trained by men who understood human nature.

On Sunday, 13th inst., the Easter duty will be complied with in a body by Branch 91, C. M. B. A., Court 170 C. O. F., and the Parish Conference of St. Vincent de Paul, in St. Bridgid's Church, St. Jean Baptiste Branch, No. 58, C. M. B. A., will similarly act on the same day.

On the feast of the Angelic Doctor, St. Thomas Aquinas, the Rev. Vicar Rector of the University assisted by Rev. Messrs. Chartrand and Browne, O. M. U., sang High Mass in the University Chapel. The sermon was preached by his Grace the Archbishop, Apostolic Visitor of the University.

The erection of the museum in connection with the University will cost \$38,000—a contract for that amount having been entered into.

Rev. Father Alexis, Capuchin, opened a retreat for the young men of Hull, on Sunday last.

The Bayswater Court, C. O. F., of St. Mary's, Bayswater, approached the Holy Table in a body, Sunday week.

Rev. Father Cornell, O. M. U., was the preacher in St. Joseph's on Sunday week.

day week. It was the Rev. gentleman's first appearance in the pulpit.

The deceased parishioners were remembered in a solemn Mass of Requiem in the parish church of Hull, on Friday, Father Alexis of the Capuchin Priory preached an appropriate sermon.

The Olive League of St. Bridgid's Parish, announce a forthcoming Lazarus, in aid of church funds.

The collection in the Basilica on Sunday was for colonization purposes.

Rev. Father Caouet, preaches every Tuesday and Thursday in the Dominican Church of St. Jean Baptiste.

The Rev. Father Casey, Peterboro', and Rev. Father Dallas of Perth, were in the city last week.

Rev. Father McNeil, C.S.S.R., will preach in Osgoode on St. Patrick's day.

The tenders for completion of the Sacre Coeur Church will not be decided for some weeks.

St. Dominick Association in connection with St. Jean Baptiste Church held a numerously attended meeting on Sunday of last week.

"Philosophy in a sea of trouble," was very successfully presented to a very crowded and appreciative audience in the dramatic hall of the University on the evening of the 7th instant, the first day of the great Doctor.

A sermon on the "Nature of Retreats, and the manner of performing them fruitfully" was preached by the Very Rev. Vicar General in St. Anne's Church on Sunday, preparatory to the retreat for the women of the parish.

Rev. Father Kavanaugh will be the preacher in St. Joseph's Church on St. Patrick's Day.

The married women of the Basilica parish (Immaculate Conception) held their Easter duty during the past week.

The afflicted ones—the deaf and dumb—were attended to last week by the Vicar General, who preached a Retreat to them by the aid of an interpreter. There were some twenty of them.

Rev. Father Valiquette, O.M.I., rector of Hull, was presented with an address and a costly bouquet of flowers by the children of the parish schools on his birthday, 6th inst.

Rev. Father Guay, of Gracefield, is lying ill in the Water Street Hospital.

The officers elected to conduct the "McNeil Total Abstinence Society," of St. Mary's, Bayswater, are:—

Chaplain and Spiritual Director, Rev. Father Gobe; Pres., F. Goe; Sec., James Lunny; Treas., John Hogan; Committee, Messrs. McKain, Malloy, Moylan, Gilchrist and Hatterall.

Very Rev. Canon Campan, is preaching every evening in the Basilica on the Commandments.

The celebration of St. Patrick's day, promises to be very general in the Irish parishes of the diocese this year.

NEW YORK IRISH ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION.

A meeting preliminary to permanent organization, was held last week, by ladies representing various counties of Ireland, at the Clubhouse of the Greater New York Athletic Association, 207 East Fifty-eighth street. For some time past the female relatives of the men who have established Celtic Park have been anxious to take some part in the adornment of this splendid athletic ground. They have realized that it is an institution that every lover of Ireland should be proud of and take an interest in. Without any flourish of horns or any ostentation, the park, which has not its peer in the city, sprang mushroom like, into existence, through the indefatigable efforts of a few disinterested lovers of Irish sports and pastimes, chief among them being Wm. Prendergast, P. J. Conway, Thos. Cummings, Joseph McKone, John J. Curayne, Dr. McLaughlin, M. J. Jennings, Dennis Keenan and M. J. O'Sullivan. They desired to see a thoroughly equipped athletic and picnic grounds in New York, built and controlled exclusively by the people of their race, where Irish organizations could hold their social events in the summer, and where Irish athletics would be fostered and encouraged. The project was carried out to the letter, and it has met with the support of the male members of the Irish race in New York.

The projectors are not quite satisfied yet, but with the co-operation of the Irish women of New York they are confident of making the park a credit to the Celtic race. A new \$20,000 pavilion will be erected before Decoration Day, and a landscape gardener will lay out and beautify the grounds. It is the intention of the ladies to plant trees around the park for its further adornment, and the idea is to have each of the thirty-two counties of Ireland represented by a tree, that ladies may feel that they have a warm personal interest in the park.

Many counties were represented last night at the meeting and assurances of co-operation were given the directors by those present. Mr. Prendergast will have charge of the beautifying of the park, and the ladies will work with him. Another meeting will be held at the clubhouse in the near future to form a permanent organization, and every woman interested is invited to attend. President Conway, Secretary Prendergast, ex-Justice M. J. McCann and M. J. Jennings, each said a word to the ladies last night in explanation of the design of the association, and there was much enthusiasm manifested in the tree-planting project.

To dispense with ceremony is the most delicate mode of conferring a compliment.





# NEW CHIMES FOR ST. PATRICK'S, QUEBEC

Quebec, March 13. The impressive ceremonial, of blessing the chimes of St. Patrick's which was performed last Sunday afternoon by Archbishop Begin, and his attendant staff of distinguished clergymen, was the climax to the recent improvements effected in the venerable church.

Under the management of the present able and esteemed Rector, Rev. Father Henning, C.S.S.R., who returned about a year ago to take charge of the parish, a great many improvements have been made in and around the church.

A complete new floor has been laid, new steps in front of the church have been relaid; the drainage and sewage mended around the sacred edifice, and the sanitary conditions generally have been improved. The belfry has been reconstructed and put in shape to receive the splendid chimes, which arrived here a few days ago from the Buckeye Bell Foundry, Cincinnati, and which have received from his Grace's venerable hands the consecration and christening which constitute them auxiliaries in calling the congregation to its religious devotions. The Rev. Father Rector and the clergy of St. Patrick's and the parishioners at large are much gratified at this new acquisition to their church. Heretofore, the faithful flock had to be contented with a single bell of very ordinary mould and capacity. The new bells, which are four in number weigh over 5,000 pounds, and form a complete octave, harmonious and musical and capable of giving forth peals that cannot fail to quicken the religious fervor of the devoted congregation.

The ceremony began about 3 o'clock p.m. The church was packed to the doors, a large number of French Canadians and non-Catholics being present, all of whom paid close attention to the solemn function. Under the leadership of the veteran musical director, Mr. Joseph Večina, organist of St. Patrick's; the musical part of the service was rendered in a manner that did honor to the well-trained choir of St. Patrick's Church. The bells are named as follows:—

St. Patrick, Immaculate Conception, St. Alphonsus, and St. Joseph.

The sponsors being Hon. Charles and Mrs. Fitzpatrick, Hon. John and Mrs. Sharples, Dr. and Mrs. P. Conte, James Leonard and Miss Annie Lennon, Edward Lennon, Mr. and Mrs. John J. Boyce, James J. Timmins, Felix Carbray, M.P., and Miss Carbray, Mr. and Mrs. Thos. Delaney, Mr. and Mrs. Edward Foley, Patrick Hogan, Owen McNally, Mr. and Mrs. Richard Barden, L. J. Gilmartin, A. Cleary, Mr. and Mrs. Bernard Leonard, John G. Hearn, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Duggan, Germain Lepine, Jos. Archer, sr., Mr. and Mrs. Dominick O'Meara, Patrick Doyle, Thos. Dono-

hue, and Catherine Burke. The names of the sponsors are engraved on the largest bell, St. Patrick, induring letters, so that in future generations members of St. Patrick's can recall the identity of ancestors or benefactors who were prominently connected with the notable event of Sunday, the 12th of March, 1889.

The Rev. Father Delargy, C.S.S.R., delivered a powerful discourse befitting the occasion, dwelling, mainly, of course, upon the significance of the bell in its association with the devotional services of the Holy Mother Church, especially the ringing of the bell in its solemn call to the faithful to come and assist at the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass.

It was a learned and eloquent deliverance, which should be reproduced word for word if space permitted. He heartily thanked the sponsors for their liberal response to the suggestion of their rector. It may be incidentally remarked that St. Patrick's Parish is maintaining its position and prestige among the city churches, a fact which the readers of the "True Witness" will be glad to know for it is the old pioneer Irish Catholic Church of the Ancient Capital, and it has an honorable and beneficent history which reflects the highest credit upon the memory of its venerated founder, the late lamented Father McMahon, whose name will always be mentioned with love and gratitude as long as the Catholic Celtic race exists in Quebec, as also shall the names of the staunch Irishmen who nobly assisted him in his early struggles in welding the faithful but scattered bands of Irish toilers into a compact body. For the past quarter of a century the parish has been in charge of the Redemptorist Fathers, an order noted for the clerical and missionary zeal of its members. Under their pastoral guidance St. Patrick's congregation has thriven spiritually and morally and educationally. The present much respected Rector, Rev. Joseph Henning, C.S.S.R., who returned to Quebec about 12 months ago, had been for many years previously connected with the parish. He is an eminent preacher, learned, clear and forcible, and he naturally exercises great influence for good over his parishioners. On the 5th of April, he is to lecture in the Academy of music, here, taking the "Patrician in History" for his subject. Citizens are looking forward to it with much interest, for they are sure that it will be a masterpiece in historic value.

On the Emmet Anniversary just past, Rev. Father Delargy delighted his audience at Tara Hall, in his discourse of Robert Emmet's Life and Times. All the resident priests of St. Patrick's are hardworking and devoted and are good preachers.

W.M. ELLISON.

## Letters to the Editor.

Montreal, March 15th, 1899.

Dear Mr. Editor.—I notice that for several weeks past our Catholics newspapers, especially those of Ontario, have been discussing the merits and shortcomings of Butler's Catechism. It seems to be the general opinion, both of these journals themselves and of their various correspondents, that whilst the standard old work has much to recommend it, and has scarcely been superseded by more recent and more pretentious summaries, yet it has many stilted, antiquated, and unsuitable expressions, which should be replaced by simpler and clearer language, more adapted to the capacity of children. In this connection it may be interesting to know that for several years past, Archbishop Walsh of Dublin, and a committee of his clergy, with the co-operation, I think, of some of the other Irish bishops, have been engaged at precisely this task, of improving and correcting Butler's Catechism. Sharing the apparently common belief, that Butler's, taken all in all, was the best Catechism that had yet appeared in English, they decided to take it as a basis and by the introduction of certain changes and additions, bring it as near perfection as they possibly could. The manner proposed by the Archbishop of obtaining the clearest, simplest, and

most suitable wording was very ingenious, and if carried out, must have brought about the happiest results. Briefly it was substantially as follows:—

"After a select committee of priests had made the best improvements they could in Butler's Catechism, a copy of the amended text was sent to each priest of the archdiocese with a request to naturally look into the matter, and suggest something better if he could; these various suggestions were to be collated by the committee, those which appeared to be the most suitable chosen from amongst them, and, finally, to be passed upon by the Archbishop and his colleagues. The apparent thoroughness of this method seemed to inspire general confidence in the proposed new edition of Butler, but I am not aware whether the work has been yet finished or not. I wrote some time ago, on this matter to Browne and Nolan, the Dublin publishers, but received no answer. A priest from the city of Dublin, who passed through Montreal last summer, informed me that the new Catechism was about to be published. If this be true, would we not be likely to have exactly what we want, and what so many have long been anxiously hoping and praying for.

Faithfully yours, SUBSCRIBER.

## CONGRESS OF CATHOLIC FORESTERS

The international congress of the Catholic Order of Foresters will meet in Burlington, Vt., June 6th, the sessions to continue for three days, and preliminaries were begun last night for the entertainment of the largest

crowd of visitors ever brought together in Burlington.

Committees are to arrange through rates from all western, southern and Canadian railroads for the international delegates and rates on all railroads and steamboat lines running in Burlington for the accommodation of visiting Foresters and their friends

many of whom have already secured rooms and other accommodations. The convention which is held semi-annually, was convened at Columbus, O., 2 years ago. An elaborate preparation will be carried out for entertainment, including a boat-ride on the lake, a carriage drive through the city a mammoth procession and banquet.

## THE GRAND SEMINARY OF MONTREAL.

Continued From Page One.

The pontiff is sitting on the faldstool holds the chalice and paten in his hand. Two by two they kneel before him and touch the sacred vessel with the right hand. The amice, maniple and tunic are given to them. They receive the book of Epistles with permission to read the same in the Church of God, and depart bound to the Lord forever.

Then follows the ordination of deacons which is simple but impressive. The deacon is ordained chiefly in order that he may assist the priest in the celebration of solemn Mass and on certain occasions to preach and baptize. The ordaining prelate places his right hand on the head of each with the words, "Receive the Holy Ghost for strength and to resist the devil and all his temptations in the name of the Lord." The stole and the book of the Gospels are given to them.

Now the great hour has come. The greatest hour of all the years. An hour of supreme happiness for these young clerics who have spent their whole lives in preparation for it.

"Accedant qui ordinandi sunt ad ordinem presbyteratus." "Let all come forward who are to be ordained to the order of the priesthood."

Oh, the joy that fills a mother's heart when she looks at her boy through the mist of tears at this solemn moment, and oh, the gratitude and thanksgiving of the father's stronger nature. What matter the heartaches of a lifetime? This scene is a compensation for them all. Hark! some one speaks. The most Reverend Father, the Archdeacon, says, "Holy Mother the Catholic Church begs that these deacons present be ordained to the order of the priesthood."

"Do you know them—Are they worthy?" the pontiff asks. "As far as a man can know I know and testify that they are worthy."

Thanks be to God! The good Archbishop turns to the candidates before him and his thoughts go down the years, then far into the future. "Will they be faithful? Will they be true?"

With his eyes raised up to heaven he places both hands upon the head of each and as the clerics leave him, they form a circle kneeling on the chapel floor. The visiting priests, a hundred or more, leave their places, stoles are handed to them, and one by one they impose hands on the ordinandi and stand around in an outer circle with their right hands stretched over those to be ordained.

The Archbishop turns to the altar and reads a long prayer for the missal, after which he turns again to the ordinandi.

The priests who have assisted at the imposition of hands return to their places. The Pontiff sitting before the altar receives the ordinandi again and adjusts the stole in the form of a cross on the breast of each.

"Receive the yoke of the Lord, for His yoke is sweet and His burden is light."

He then invests them with the chasuble which is pinned up so as to rest upon the shoulders.

"Receive the priestly vestment," he says, "by which charity is symbolized, for God is powerful to increase thy charity," and with the priestly garments on which they kneel before the altar in fervent, silent prayer.

The Pontiff on bended knees intones the "Veni Creator Spiritus" and the little chapel resounds again with the notes of solemn music as the choir takes up the beautiful hymn.

While the chant goes on the pontiff sits on the faldstool and the ordinandi one by one kneel before him and present both hands to him, palms upward. In the form of a cross he anoints the forefinger, thumb and palm of each hand with holy oil, saying at the same time, "O Lord, may you deem worthy to consecrate and sanctify these hands through this anointing and our blessing, that whatever they bless may be blessed, and whatever they consecrate may be consecrated and sanctified in the Name of Our Lord Jesus Christ. Amen."

One of the assistant priests then binds the index fingers and thumbs of both hands together, with white linen, and each candidate returns to his place thus bound. This ceremony finished, they again come to the pontiff who holds a chalice containing wine and water and covered with the paten upon which is a large bread. With his hands bound each ordinandus touches these.

"Receive the power," the pontiff says, "to offer sacrifice to God and to celebrate masses for the living and the dead, in the Name of the Lord."

They are priests forever. The Archbishop as celebrant of the Mass proceeds with the Holy Sacrifice and as soon as he has said the "Munda cor meum" before the gospel one of the newly ordained deacons approaches the altar, carrying the book of gospels.

He too says the prayer "Munda cor meum" and chants the gospel.

One of the assisting priests now prepares a number of small hosts upon the altar, for the newly ordained will receive Holy Communion from the ordaining prelate.

While the offertory is being chanted they wash the sacred oil from their hands and dry them with the white linen with which they were bound.

The Pontiff having read the offertory sits on the faldstool and two by two the newly ordained genuflect before and give as an offering the lighted candles which they brought to the chapel.

The pontiff goes on with the Mass, but not alone. The new priests celebrate the holy sacrifice with him. Together they say the prayers, together they repeat the solemn words of consecration. What a grand sight! Those fervent young priests gathered around the venerable pontiff offering with him to Almighty God the great sacrifice of the new law.

After all have received Holy Communion the pontiff says, "I no longer call you servants but friends, because you know the things I have done in your midst," thus borrowing the words of Christ to His Apostles. The young priests standing before the altar recite the creed in solemn chorus, and then kneel before the pontiff who, imposing his hands on the head of each says, "Receive the Holy Ghost; whose sins you shall forgive they are forgiven them; whose sins you shall retain, they are retained." The chasuble which until now has been pinned up is let down.

Again they kneel before the altar and the Archbishop taking the joined hands of each within his own, asks them a solemn question, "Do you promise," he says slowly, "to me and to my successors, reverence and obedience?"

"I promise." Giving each of them the kiss of peace, he says, "May the peace of the Lord be always with you. May the blessing of Almighty God, of the Father and the Son and the Holy Ghost descend upon you, that you may be blessed in the priesthood and that you may offer acceptable sacrifices to the omnipotent God for the sins and offences of the people."

The mass is soon finished. The grand ceremony is over. When the procession is formed to leave the chapel the Archbishop intones the "Te Deum." The grand hymn of thanksgiving is taken up by all present. It is soul-stirring, inspiring.

"Pleni sunt caeli et terra maiestatis gloriae tuae." "The heavens and earth are full of the majesty of thy glory." Those words still ring in my ears and in my heart. I will never forget them.

Coming down from the balcony and up through the chapel, I followed the procession at a distance. Down the long corridor it went, down, away, down into a large hall. When the "Te Deum" was finished they began to invest. The vestments were laid upon long tables and they were used.

Immediately there was a rush from the corridor to the newly ordained priests to get their blessing. Fellow-students who for many long years had called them by familiar names addressed them now as "Father" and knelt for their blessing.

By this time the relatives who had witnessed the ordination from the gallery had arrived in the parlor and the priests went out to give their blessing to them. It was a touching sight, to behold aged fathers and mothers kneeling to receive their son's blessing and to note the expression of holy joy upon their faces, but I was most deeply impressed when I saw white-haired old priests asking the young priests for their blessing and kneeling to receive it.

It was noon and we left for dinner at the hotel. Our train would not leave until evening, so we spent the afternoon visiting some of the interesting places about the city. The Grey Nunnery—no tourist ever stopping at Montreal ever fails to see it.—The Church of Notre Dame, and the Gesu.

In the evening and it was Saturday evening too, we started for our old New England home. Our party numbered twenty-one, with four newly ordained priests among the number. On we went through the night, every hour bringing us nearer home where we knew anxious ones were watching for the morning and for us. Thanks be to God, we arrived at our journey's end in time to hear Mass.

Though tired from the long ride I never assisted at the Holy Sacrifice with such devotion. I felt a new life within me—perhaps it was the life of grace—whatever it was it made me a happier and a better man, and every day of my life I thank God for my trip to Montreal.

= New =

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## A DISHONEST CHURCH OFFICIAL.

Charged with robbing St. Cecelia's Catholic Church, of Boston, of \$1,000 taken from the Sunday collections, the police inspectors yesterday morning arrested William A. Doucette, alias Summers, an usher in the church.

The arrest of Doucette is the result of a year's watchful work by the pastor, the Rev. Father Barry, who has long been aware that some one was stealing the church money. Marked money was found on Doucette, and to the police he has partly admitted that he was the thief. He is 22 yrs. old.

His arrest was made during the last of the morning services yesterday. The inspectors were at all the services, and after they were convinced that the bait they had set had been snapped up by the right man they took Doucette into custody, while the devout parishioners ended their worship and departed for their homes ignorant of the arrest. They did not know of the presence of the police or that part of their contribution had been pilfered.

It is said to be the biggest church robbery that this city has known. The taking of \$1,000 from a church within a year is something that has surprised the police. But the pastor says the church is that much out of pocket.

In the Catholic churches of this diocese, to meet the expenses of heating, lighting and repairing the edifice, a small contribution is requested of those attending the several masses Sunday mornings. In Cecelia's this contribution does not exceed 10 cts. each, and the money is deposited by the worshippers as they enter the church. In many instances the usher has to make change, bills of \$1 denomination being most frequently offered.

The method, according to the police, adopted by "Summers," as the church people know him, was that when a person gave him a bill he would cleverly crumple the bill in his hand while making the change and then slip it into his overcoat pocket instead of the drawer intended for the money. In this way the sexton could not see how the money was disappearing.

There are three masses at the church, at 9, 9.30 and 10.30 o'clock. Summers at each mass handled all the money. Shortly after the appearance of Summers as an usher and col-

lector of contributions Father Barry noticed a decrease in the amount of his usual weekly contributions. He set to work to find out the reason, but his investigation went for naught. He did not know whom to suspect, and rather than accuse anyone without being positively sure of his accusation he said nothing.

A few weeks ago, however, several of the parishioners who had heard of the thieving noticed Doucette crumple the bills up in the palm of his hand and put them in his overcoat pocket. They informed the pastor, and, he, too, after putting men on the watch was convinced that the faultlessly dressed young man was taking the money.

The latter part of last week Father Barry called on chief Watts for assistance. The chief detailed Inspectors Cleary and McGarr to watch Summers, and they set a trap for him. At headquarters they marked six two dollar bills, registering their numbers. Then they went to the services yesterday and handed in the bills at the three masses to Summers.

In each case, say the inspectors, he fell right into the trap, rolling the money up into a small ball and putting it in his outside coat pocket. The inspectors took up a position where they could watch the collecting of the contributions. They saw a bill now and then go where it was intended into the money drawer, but most of them especially the larger bills, went into his pocket.

After all the people had entered the church at the 10.30 services, the inspectors tapped the young man on the shoulder and asked him to step into the rectory, as Father Barry wanted to see him. He evidently knew what he was wanted for, and very casually said he would leave his coat behind. The inspectors said it might be needed, and knowing that they had read his thoughts obeyed.

When searched in the rectory \$15 in bills was found in the overcoat pocket. This the police say was taken from the last service alone. He admitted that this money belonged to the church, but at first said that he intended giving it over to the sexton later in the service.

He was taken to Chief Watt's office and there he maintained a stolid indifference to the charge. His people are in Nova Scotia, and he lived with a Mrs. Summers. On account of his previous connection with the police, she allowed him to use her name, and as such he was known to everyone. —Boston Post.

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# ST. PATRICK'S CHOIR CONCERT AT THE WINDSOR.

The grand concert given in the Windsor Hall on Friday evening last, was a distinguished success artistically as well as financially. This is hardly to be wondered at when the noble object for which the concert was given is taken into consideration. It was in aid of the Catholic High School, and it was under the patronage of the English-speaking Catholic ladies and gentlemen of Montreal. Prof. J. A. Fowler was the musical director, and with this fact in mind it seems superfluous to refer to the quality of the musical entertainment provided. Few men have labored as hard or achieved better success in the line of work which Prof. Fowler has marked out for himself in the musical world, and certainly to no man in the city of Montreal do the English-speaking Catholic musical circles owe more, not only in his capacity of musical director of St. Patrick's, but also for his own excellent compositions, which are always marked by a deeply religious feeling and the simplicity of style that goes to make for the best in church music. In Mr. Geo. Carpenter Prof. Fowler has an able assistant, as conductor both in church and concert work, and gives a choir in which harmony prevails and where every one works conscientiously to the great end of singing the praises of God, it can be readily understood how the grand concert at the Windsor Hall, was such an artistic success.

The programme was of such a lengthy and diversified character that it would occupy too much space to enter upon a criticism of it, or give it its due measure of praise. The soloists were most happy in their selections and they had a responsive audience, one not easily pleased, but one that was appreciative in the fact that the rendering well of good music should be encouraged. If the applause which greeted almost every number might be taken as a criterion, there certainly, never was a more acceptable entertainment given in the city. The programme appealed more to the heart than to the head.

It did not run to the extremes of classicism and was devoid of the incomprehensibility of Wagnerism.

Songs are scathed by simplicity in music as in other things, and men are moved by melody oftener than by the intricacies of a fugitive or tremendous effect of technically difficult harmonies. The programme selected was thus remarkably pleasing, three of the numbers being selected from the immortal bard of Erin. The choral effect of the opening number, "The Masque Boy," almost startled the house, so well was it rendered, and so beautifully was the effect of vocal bell and shade worked in. It was a promise of better things to come, and the promise was kept. The next number for the chorus was Carlisle's "The Away." This was even more brilliantly rendered, than the previous arrangement of Moore's re-learned melody. There was no hesitation in the attack, and the way a crescendo was worked out was a masterly piece of artistic work. "Abhey's Land of my Home," was another number very successfully sung, and the programme was brought to a close with a delightful rendering of Moore's "The May Moon."

The playing of Mr. du Domaine finds a fitting interpretation of his exquisite style if we take the title of his second number "La Reve." He opened with Ten Have's "Allegro Brillante," a work that gave every opportunity for the exploitation of difficult bowing and rapidity of treatment. His technique is about as near perfection as mortal may hope to arrive at, and this was only accentuated when a comparison was made in the playing of Golgermann's "Dream" where brilliancy gave way to pathos, and the sensitiveness of sympathetic sound made one forget somewhat the pyrotechnic effect of the allegro.

The singing of Miss McAndrew was cultured and tasteful in the extreme. Her two numbers on the programme were deliciously given, and it is needless to say, rapturously applauded, Moore's "The last glimpse of

Erin," was a dainty morceau, and in "Love's Dreaming" (by Spence) the singer was particularly happy.

Mr. Edouard Le Bel's splendid voice was heard to excellent advantage in "L'Adieu," a song by Dubois. It is unnecessary to touch on his artistic method, which embraces a great depth of natural feeling with a thoroughly artistic mode of rendition.

The Schubert Octett sang Ingall's part song, "Her Laugh" in charming style. They were very thorough exponents of how to overcome the difficulties which arise in these part songs, and the result attained was delightfully pleasing.

Mr. G. A. Carpenter's number "The songs we used to sing," (Mascaroni) was splendidly sung. The number just suited his fine baritone voice, and added effect was got by the violin obligato played by Mr. du Domaine. The recall was imperative and Mr. Carpenter had to sing it over again.

Mr. J. J. Rowan, the sweet leading tenor soloist of the choir, in Prof. Fowler's "Benedictus" was one of the beautiful features of the concert. Mr. Rowan holds a foremost rank in choral circles in this city, and on this occasion his interpretation of the selection from the Christmas Mass was a masterly one.

Last but not least were the recitations of Mr. Jas. S. McCarey. He struck a happy thought when he selected Dr. Drummond's French-Canadian poems for a subject, and the manner in which he read "De Little Cure of Calumette" and "De Stove Pipe Hole," would have delighted the heart of Dr. Drummond himself.

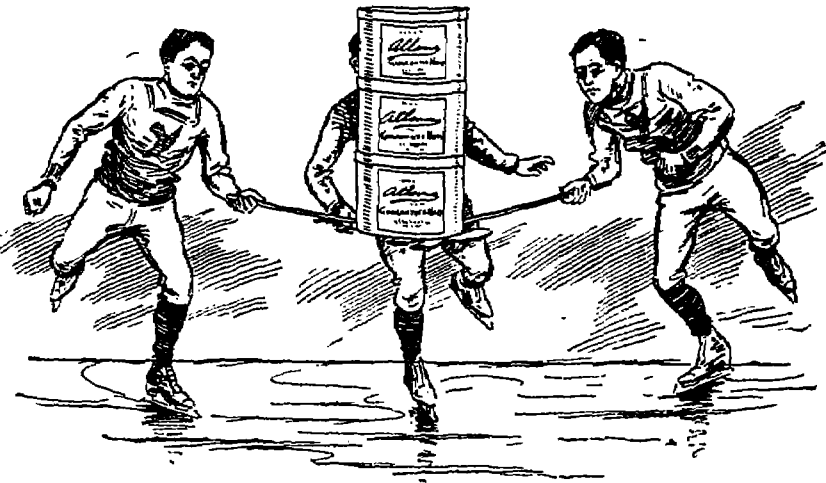
A word as to the stage grouping of the different sections of the chorus of 150 voices. It was superb. The ladies in their handsome gowns looked the fairest that ever occupied the Windsor Hall stage; while the young men in their immaculate white and deep black formed a very striking background. The chorus, for the most part, was made up of ladies from the five Irish parishes of Montreal. Altogether the concert was a grand success.

During the intermission the Rev. Father Quinlivan addressed the audience. It made his heart glad to see so much enthusiasm displayed, for he knew that it was not the magnificent concert alone which had brought them there, but rather practical sympathy with the most laudable object, the Catholic High School. It was unnecessary for him to dwell on this subject at this date, because all Catholics in Montreal, speaking the English language had had ample opportunity of knowing what the aims of the school would be and how necessary an institution it was. The spirit of the age and educational advancement required that nothing should be left undone in early youth which would fit the coming man for the struggle of life. In Montreal the conditions were different and more complicated than in any other city on the Continent. There were three well-defined elements—French-Canadian, English-speaking Protestants, and Irish Catholics. The two former elements have distinctive educational establishments of their own, which are supported in a most generous manner, and such an institution it was intended the Catholic High School should be.

The establishment Father Quinlivan said, would cost \$90,000. Referring to the magnificent gift of \$5,000, by Lord Stratheona, the Rev. speaker said that the donor was well known, and although a Protestant he was broad-minded enough to appreciate the need of a Catholic High School and generous enough to express his appreciation in a very tangible manner. His was an example that could well be followed by all Catholics according to their means. Father Quinlivan then complimented the choir and the other artists on the splendid programme provided, and thanked them for their services. The reverend gentleman had a pleasant word to say for every one, including the ladies who had so enthusiastically supported Prof. Fowler in his laudable undertaking.

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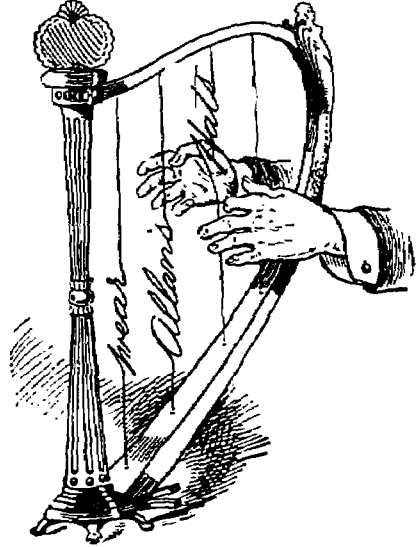
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### GRACEFUL SPEECH.

In a model school of New York, it is a practice in one class to have the pupils slowly increase their speaking vocabulary by learning three new words a week. An effort is made to have these words suggested by some difficulty of expression that is experienced during the week. This practice could be admirably applied in any family of children. Much graceless speech heard is the result of uncorrected carelessness in early life. In the school referred to the qualities of the different words are shown. The interest taken by the pupils when they find that Saxon words are strong and simple, that Roman words are apt to express brutality, and that

the Greek derivatives are dramatic, leads them out of philology into geography and history. While the home teacher need not go so far as this, it is worth some effort to put children in the way of giving up sloverly careless speech, and acquiring the knowledge and use of good, expressive words.

### CANDOR.

Candor is a disposition to form a fair and impartial judgment on the opinions and actions of others; or a temper of mind unshowered by envy, puffed by malice, or seduced by prejudice, sweet without weakness, and impartial without rigor.

### Lord Russell for the Commission.

The London Times says:— "The Government will probably appoint Baron Russell of Killowen (Lord Chief Justice of England) to succeed the late Baron Herschell on the Joint High Commission. This would be a highly advantageous selection. Though it would be difficult to spare him from his important functions at home, it would not be easy to suggest an alternative appointment."

### Ex-Comptroller Wood Dead.

The Hon. J. F. Wood, M.P. for Brockville, and ex-Comptroller of Inland Revenue, was found dead in bed on Thursday, in his room at the Queen's Hotel, where he had been staying for several days. Heart failure is supposed to have been the cause of death.

### Irish Exhibits at the Paris Exposition.

The Irish Committee, at Dublin, appointed to organize the Irish exhibits at the Paris Exposition has been dissolved by the Central Committee at London, which has withdrawn its subsidy and directed that Irish exhibitors correspond directly with London committee. This action is regarded in Dublin as false economy.

Our next Issue will contain Special Reports of St. Patrick's Day Celebration in Montreal and other leading centres in Canada, as well as of the Demonstrations in other parts of the world.

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## RANDOM NOTES

### For Busy Households.

On a recent Sunday, Rev. Father Quinlivan, pastor of St. Patrick's, in making the announcements at High Mass, referred to the great labor and expense entailed in cleaning the Church, a work which he said occupied several weeks. As a general rule, said the esteemed pastor, parishioners have shown that respect becoming them, in Church; but there are some amongst us, he proceeded to say, who indulge in habits that are far from being respectful. He exhorted his hearers to be mindful of that spirit of reverence which is always characteristic of the devout Catholic.

A writer in a contemporary, in dealing with some phases of the subject says:—

Reverence in the Church is required of every one because of the presence of our Lord in the Blessed Sacrament. He is there, in His Divine Majesty, in the Adorable Sacrament of the Holy Eucharist, and as no subject can be unmindful of this King of Glory, our Lord, there should be no talking in the church or whispering either in the pews or in the aisles, in the front of the church, in the choir, or in the back of the church, or any gossiping in the vestibule. The church is not a market place or a news stand, but a place to adore our Lord, to pray, to receive the sacraments. "The church," to quote the sentiments of a Paulist Father, "is the best place to show good manners." A fact which few persons seem to overlook. For the sake of the minority a few hints are given:—

If there is a crowd going into the church don't try your utmost to elbow everybody else and increase the general discomfort. Take it easy. Don't aim a blow at the holy water font and immerse the hold hand. Dip the finger lightly and then sprinkle yourself alone, not the ones standing around you. Walk quietly down the aisle to your pew, and take the most convenient seat therein. Don't lay siege to the seat and hold it against all comers. We should like to see that "don't" printed in very large and black letters. Never disturb your neighbors by your prayers. Be attentive to the priest at the altar. A silent good example is most telling and most edifying. Never spit on the floor; it is exceedingly bad taste. In going out, after at least a short prayer of thanksgiving, take your time. Don't leave God's house in a hurry. Try to postpone any prolonged meeting with friends until you are outside.

During confession hours never deprive anyone of his or her place. It shows but a poor spirit in which to receive the Sacrament of Penance to rob one of what belongs to him. It is not at all forbidden to allow another, who for some necessary reason must hurry, to go ahead of yourself. Marriages or baptisms are not occasions on which to satisfy your curiosity. In all things use common sense. You would not forget yourself in visiting the house of a friend; do not do so in the house of God. Carry yourself modestly, becomingly, without affectation, without prominence. Look to the comforts of others. If inconvenience must be borne, let it be yourself who will be willing to bear it.

Home-made bread is always a luxury to men whose preferences are for the home cuisine.

It is always interesting to me to note the enthusiasm of a young housewife. I saw one lately with face aglow, who told me delightedly of her great success in bread-making, remarks a writer in an exchange recently. "I have never made any bread, you know—thought I couldn't but lately I learned how. The first batch was delicious, and, of course, I was more than pleased. I feared, however, that it was merely a piece of good luck, so, rather doubting my skill, I made the second attempt with equally good results. I was so delighted that I took a loaf to show at my father's home, and all the way as I walked with the loaf clasped carefully in hand I kept saying happily to myself, 'I made this bread; I made it myself.' Do you think I was foolish?"

Foolish? No, indeed, no young wife or mother may deem the acquiring of any household or culinary art as anything but commendable. Every woman has the right to be proud of each new domestic accomplishment she acquires, and in which she excels. Whatever tends to increase the happiness and comfort of the home is noble.

A contemporary suggests as a means of preserving good health, to drink three quarts of cold water

daily between meals, none during meals, and to walk from one to five miles daily according to strength.

The growth of a baby is most rapid in the first few weeks of its life. The child should gain in height from six to seven inches, and proportionately in breadth, during the first year; and from the fourth to the sixteenth year it should gain two inches every year. There are certain diseases, such as rickets and scrofula, which retard growth; and the mother should notice the development of the child in this direction most carefully, in order that some inherited malady may not gain a great deal of headway and so cause fatal results long before she knows anything about it.

Too much perspiration about the head when sleeping; a coldness in the feet and hands; an abnormal growth of the head, and slow closing of the fontanelles—all point to some chronic malady; and unless change of food or habits in exercise make a radical change the mother had best ask advice.

A mother or nurse should be especially careful in putting the child upon its feet too soon. The bones of a young child who is still nursing are deficient in lime and other earthly substances, which go to make up their strength; and many a case of how legs or distorted knees or ankles has been the result of a mother's pride in showing that her baby is smart enough to stand alone.

A baby under a year should never be encouraged to show its physical strength in any way, except in lying flat upon its back or stomach, and in kicking and thrusting about the arms, or, when left alone on the floor, making its own experiment in creeping. The natural restlessness of an infant will cause it to do its best to move about.

According to the last census 47.8 per cent. of the 12,700,000 families in the United States are home owners. Of the whole number of families 4,800,000 live on farms and 66 per cent. of them are owners. It is further stated that of the 4,200,000 families in the towns and villages, 44 per cent are home owners, while of the 3,600,000 families dwelling in cities of over 8,000 population, 20 per cent. are such. But the value of these homes is very small, and sometimes farms held by some of the negroes do not exceed over two or three hundred dollars in value, while mortgages are abundant on the buildings of the white population. That so few residents of New York city are home owners is largely due to the fact that real estate is far too expensive even for the man engaged in fairly profitable business, who must use his capital in his business. In New York the average house and lot—or at least the average mortgaged house and lot—is worth \$19,000. In no other city is it half so much; but the average for all cities towns and villages is \$3,250.

The instant a German fraulein accepts a young man's hand and heart, everybody who takes the least interest in the family is made aware of the important fact, and she is regarded as already half married. There is no more flirting, skating or dancing with other men; they look upon her as entirely appropriated, and she would be guilty of a serious faux pas if she continued to encourage in the smallest degree any other man than her fiance. She loves him with a faithful devotion, rarely seen in any other country, and all she asks is to have him sitting close beside her, holding her hand whether others are present or no. There is no question of "leading him on," "exciting his jealousy" or "pretending not to care for him," and this characteristic devotion for the most part continues during her married life until the end.

If the elixir of life was ever discovered, certainly the summer shirt waist has been dipped into it. Every season is predicted as its last, and each successive season sees it resurrected in brighter hues and greater variety than ever before. The woman said, when it was hinted that large sleeves would be discarded and tight ones the mode. "That kills the shirt waist. As soon as you put tight sleeves in it then it begins to break away at the armholes and becomes useless."

Last year's medium sized sleeves proved satisfactory, and this year's first display looked as though they might be proof against any ripping or giving away process.

White promises to be prime favorite in the summer shirt waist. This may be accounted for by the terrible experience in pale violets, blues and

pinks, that have returned from the laundry a muddy white and utterly unfit for wear in street or house.

The washable silk waist, which gave such satisfaction last year, promises to be greatly in demand for the coming season.

## CAREERS OF NOBLE WOMEN.

A good woman never grows old for her virtues shine as diamonds, and her years pass over slowly and gently. When benevolence and virtue dwell in her heart, she is as cheerful as when the spring of life first opened to her view. When we look upon a good woman the thought of her age never bothers us, for she is like a rose that will never fade. In her neighborhood she is the friend and benefactor. She is always foremost when deeds of kindness and mercy are required. She is one of those who endeavors to make the world happier and better by her example. She is ever ready to dispel the dark clouds which hover round many a good family, and to bring consolation to the afflicted. She may be compared to a shining light which illumines the darksome path of many a poor creature, and brings the down trodden to a place which they are justly entitled to hold.

Our Divine Saviour became poor and lowly, and thus made poverty a sacred thing, and He exalted it in human estimation, and gave it a dignity in the eyes of the whole world, and moreover a power of merit in the eyes of God. How much goodness may be done by showing such kindness as little acts of charity to God's afflicted poor. In the "good old days" while England was yet Catholic, the kings and princes of that country were wont to look for virtue and piety in their queens rather than for mere worldly qualifications. This, it was, no doubt, that prompted Edward Third, to choose for his wife Philippa of Hainault, whose acts of charity and of justice, prompted by her pious heart, shed more glory on the English name than the most brilliant victories of her husband. When the tower of Calais in France, was forced to surrender to the English monarch, Edward stipulated that six of the principal citizens of the town should be delivered up for execution. The patriotic self-sacrifice of the noble-hearted men who volunteered to offer themselves, each eager to show his devotion for his native place, is a matter of history. When they reached the English camp, they were met by the soldiers that were gathered to behold and admire them, and were greeted with applause of that virtue which brave men cannot but revere in their enemies. They were on their way to the place of execution, when the good Queen Philippa arrived at the head of powerful reinforcements, with which she was hurrying to her husband's aid. Hearing of what was about to take place Philippa pleaded so earnestly and so tenderly for the lives of the captives that Edward relented, and ordered the men to be brought before him. There, the Queen addressed them saying:—

"You noble burghers! You excellent citizens! Though you were tenfold the enemies of our person and our throne, we can feel nothing for your part, save respect and affection. You have been sufficiently tested. We loose your chains; we snatch you from the scaffold; and we thank you for that lesson of humiliation which you teach us when you show us that excellence is not of blood, of title, or of station, that virtue gives a dignity superior to that of kings; and that those whom the Almighty informs with feelings like yours, are justly eminently raised above all human distinctions. You are now free to depart to your kinsfolk, to your countrymen, to all those whose lives and liberties you have so nobly redeemed, provided you refuse not the tokens our esteem. Yet we would rather bind you to ourselves by every endearing obligation; and for this purpose we offer to you your choice of the gifts and honors that Edward has to bestow. Rivals for fame, but always friends to virtue, we wish that England were entitled to call you her sons.

"Ah, my country!" exclaimed Eustace St. Pierre, who had been the first to offer himself, "it is now that I tremble for you. Edward only wins our cities, but Philippa conquers our hearts." The pious Queen then loaded them with presents, and hastened to relieve the suffering people of Calais.

On another occasion, while Philippa was resting after a weary day spent in relieving the inhabitants of another conquered city, she seemed to her a voice calling to her, "Come if you be a true mother." The night was dark, the wind whistled through

**NERVES** must be fed on pure, rich blood. Hood's Sarsaparilla is the best nerve tonic. By enriching the blood it makes the nerves **STRONG**.

the castle's parapets and the Queen was tired. What wonder then, if she tried to shake off the impression and to attribute it to her imagination? But it was in vain. Again and again did the plaintive cry come to her. Believing it to be a call from Heaven, Philippa wrapped herself in a cloak, and accompanied by two ladies of her household, hastened out into the winter night.

Through narrow streets and the squalid quarters of the poor—already familiar to her—the good Queen made her way, listening eagerly for the cry that still lingered in her ear. More than once she turned aside to look at some shivering creature but not finding the object of her search continued on. Finally the wailing of a child was heard, and hurrying to the lane, whence the cry issued she found a weeping woman, poorly clad, bending over a basket in which lay a tiny babe, whose piteous cries pierced the night. Lifting the little creature in her arms, Philippa wrapped it tenderly in the ample folds of her cloak, saying: "Here indeed, I am needed, for am I not the mother of just a little one? The companions of the Queen roused the exhausted woman and led her to Philippa's palace, where she and her child were cared for, and ever afterwards remained under the Queen's protection. Not long afterwards Philippa's little son fell dangerously ill, and his afflicted mother powerless to save him, could only pray Almighty God to spare her child. One night while thus appealing to the merciful, she seemed to find herself in heaven, where she heard the dread decision that her boy must die. When lo! a stately lady appeared before our Lord, and said: "Mercy O Lord! mercy! Take not her child away, for she is a good mother." And then the Queen found herself again in her own chamber. Hurrying to the side of the little one she found him sleeping calmly, the fever gone, and knew that he was saved. In every age and in every clime are such noble and generous examples to be found, thus shedding forth those virtues which are the honor of womanhood, the glory of that Church whose Divine Founder inculcated by word and example during His life on earth, and left them as sacred deposits to be known, loved and practised; and the joy and admiration of thousands. Happiness marks the path of those noble souls, and when death claims them, their deeds are spoken of for years afterwards. It is no wonder that the poet cries out:—

"Lives of virtue oft remind us  
We can make our lives sublime,  
And departing leave behind us,  
Footprints on the sands of time.

Footprints that perhaps another,  
Sailing o'er life's solemn main,  
A forlorn and shipwrecked person,  
Seeing shall take heart again.

Let us then be up and doing,  
With a heart for any fate,  
Still achieving, still pursuing,  
Learn to labor and to wait."

## Value of Newspaper Advertising.

A business man in Philadelphia said the other day that Mr. Wanamaker's profits from his Philadelphia store last year were over \$1,700,000, and that those from his New York establishment will run close to that figure. The Saturday before Christmas the receipts in New York were even greater than those of Philadelphia, and exceeded \$500,000. The New York store has paid a profit from the very day it was opened, although two firms which occupied the establishment since A. T. Stewart's death have failed. The reason of Mr. Wanamaker's great success, both in New York and Philadelphia, is his skillful and extensive advertising in newspapers and magazines, on which he has spent annually more than \$300,000 in Philadelphia. The advertising bills of his New York establishment exceeded even that sum last year.

## HOUSEKEEPING.

If a woman is in good health there is no more healthful employment than housework. Generally speaking, there is no happier woman in the world. But how different when every breath is pain, every step torture! This state of health, in nine cases out of ten comes from derangements of the delicate feminine organs of generation. He most usually insists upon an "examination." From this the modest woman naturally shrinks. She is right. Except in very usual cases of "feminine weakness" examinations are unnecessary. Dr. Pierce's favorite Prescription is a simple, natural remedy for these ills. It cures safely, permanently.

Send 31 one-cent stamps to cover cost of mailing only, and receive free a copy of Dr. Pierce's Medical Adviser. Address, World's Dispensary Medical Association, Buffalo, N.Y.

For Crostern, Bands, St. Anthony's Medical, Little Chapel of St. Anthony and Canceled Postage Stamps, write to Agency Bethelheim Apostolic School, 155 Shaw Street, Montreal, G-N-08.

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

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General Florists,

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We publish below another of our famous **bona fide** real bargain lists of used Pianos. Every instrument offered is in perfect order, and in several cases would be good value at double the price we ask. Out of town customers can have Pianos packed free of charge, they only paying the freight. Write or call on **Lindsay-Nordheimer Co., 2366 St. Catherine street.**

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NORDHEIMER,	" " 450.00 " 175.00 " 6.00 "
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LINDSAY,	" " 300.00 " 200.00 " 4.00 "
HEINTZMAN & CO.,	" " 350.00 " 200.00 " 6.00 "
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### SQUARES.

BROWN & MUNRO,	Price was \$200.00 now \$ 40.00 at \$3.00 monthly—
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STANLEY & SONS,	" " 350.00 " 125.00 " 5.00 "
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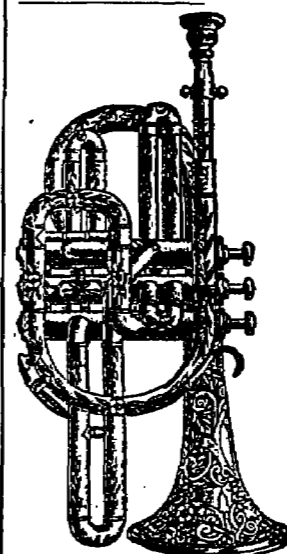
Also magnificent stock of Steinway, Nordheimer, Heintzman & Co., Howard, and Williams Pianos now in warehouses for spring trade.

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Our next issue will contain Special Reports of St. Patrick's Day Celebration in Montreal and other leading centres in Canada, as well the Demonstration in other parts of the world.

# ORATORS IN THE IRISH PARLIAMENT.

Few nations have been so blessed in its orators as Ireland. Other nations have had great orators, but in nearly all instances they have been the product of generations of culture and prosperity, or else were of the rugged uncultured sort that spring up suddenly in cases of necessity, when appeals to the lower or animal element of feeling may be eloquent in their simplicity or their passion. In Ireland the conditions have been very different. What in the lowest scale of comparison is irresistibly called "gift of the gab," (by people who do not like anything Irish, who cannot think rapidly enough to talk quickly and are consequently envious) rises by natural gradation to the sublimest oratorical flights. It seems a heaven sent gift and it is all the more striking in its application when it is considered that never did Irish eloquence shine so brilliantly as in the heavy days of the 18th century, when a few noble men set their faces against tyranny and strove to stop the traitorous iniquity which culminated in the act of Union. Of the previous Catholic Parliament under King James we know comparatively little as to the abilities of the members. We do not know that at the present time it would be characterized as a strictly business-like body, who had the power to act and did act for the country's good. There were no marble hearts to be moved by floods of eloquence, but there were evils to be remedied as far as could be done in one short session, many remedies were applied. But the defeat of King James in the following year, 1690, precluded all possibility of a Catholic Parliament in Ireland. One motion made in the House at this time has been the keynote of nearly all agitations for Irish liberty. It was moved "that the Parliament of England cannot bind Ireland," and nearly a century afterwards Henry Grattan was fighting along the same lines. Taxing the property of absent landlords was one of the measures passed by the Parliament of 1689. Even in our day absenteeism has been a source of financial trouble in Ireland; but two hundred years ago the situation was much more acute. We have a record of the deeds of this Parliament, but comparatively nothing about its words, more is the pity.

With the Irish Parliament which was betrayed out of existence in 1800, the world is better acquainted. Perhaps never in the history of legislative bodies, has there been one which in brilliancy, eloquence, wit, repartee, sarcasm, and withal sound logical reasoning, which compared with the Irish Parliament of which such men as Grattan, Curran, Flood, Hussey, Burgh, Conyngham, Plunket were members. Fired with spirit of patriotic zeal, they have left behind them the echo of words that thundered in invective against the political corruption of the day and the sycophancy of place hunters. When it is considered that the Irish Parliament in 1782, was exclusively Protestant that a Catholic could not vote, much less become a member, that all, or nearly all the political offices were filled by Englishmen, that an oppressed peasantry groaning under the yoke of bigotry and penal laws was afraid even of being suspected of complaining—when all these things are to be considered it is almost to be wondered at that a band of brave men dared stand up in their places in Parliament and boldly tell the whole truth to a tyrannical and corrupt government. Pure patriotism was the only stimulant these men had; the very cause they took was potent a bar to all political ambition; but with the courage of conviction they fought as would a forlorn hope and left behind them memories that men will revere for ever more.

Among this grand band of patriots none stand forward more prominently than Henry Grattan. A born leader of men, he was gifted with all the attributes of head and heart that make a friend love and an enemy fear. His eloquence was at the same time impassioned and convincing and even in the face of that flood of corruption that was eventually to swamp all semblance of legislative liberty in Ireland, he fought to the last ditch and did fighting for the political and religious freedom of his native land. Had there been a few more men like Grattan what a different history Ireland's might have been during the past century. The temptations offered to members of Parliament were great. Bribery seems to small a word to characterize the stupendous corruption fund that the English government used to wipe out the Parliament in Dublin. A sum equivalent to six and a half million dollars was spent in pocket boroughs; twenty Irish peers were promoted; twenty-two Irish peerages were created and five in the peerage of England. It was so

thoroughly bad that even Lord Cornwallis was heartily ashamed of the part he was forced to play.

Writing in the Freeman, Mr. Thos. E. Mayne, of Belfast, makes a somewhat elaborate study of the prominent orators of the Irish Parliament. Speaking of Grattan he says—

"He has already done a great work. He had, with the help of a small party of noble-minded men, rescued the Irish House of Commons from a position of the utmost servility to the English government and made it for a time an independent house of legislature. Very early in his political career he had moved the unopposed resolution—'That the King with the Lords and Commons of Ireland, are the only power on the earth competent to enact laws to bind Ireland.' The oration in which he supported this resolution is of a very lofty character. In the course of this speech he said—'Sir, we may hope to dazzle with illumination and we may sicken with addresses, but the public imagination will never rest, nor will her heart be well at ease—never! so long as the Parliament of England exercises or claims a legislation over this country. So long, as this will be the case, that very free trade, otherwise a perpetual attachment, will be the cause of new discontent; it will create a pride to feel the indignity of bondage; it will furnish a strength to bite your chain, and the liberty withheld will poison the good communicated.'"

Grattan possessed a national sympathy wide enough to embrace people of all creeds and classes in Ireland. Many a time he sternly rebuked the spirit of religious intolerance so rife in his day; his idea of an Irish Parliament was not that of a select body of men legislating for a party; petty intriguing for the predominance of religious faction he abhorred. The Catholic people of Ireland had never a better advocate for their claims than he proved himself to be. He made some very beautiful appeals for a wider spirit of charity among the different denominations. "Prayer is adoration, not service; by serving one another you become a part of His creation, an auxiliary member of His system; for this the Redeemer came among you." In condemnation of bigots he said trenchantly—"As far as anything is personal to the Almighty, they are ready to obey; but further they beg to decline, and they make a compromise with their Maker; they praise God, and damn one another."

The enemies of the Roman Catholics have confined the universal benevolence of the Gospel to their own sect, and have deprived their fellow-Christians of one great attribute of the Almighty; they have not only taken from the Deity His attributes, but they have given Him their own, and made him a partial and penal God, the minister of their ambition."

In speaking Grattan's symbols were generally great and noble. Here is a specimen:—

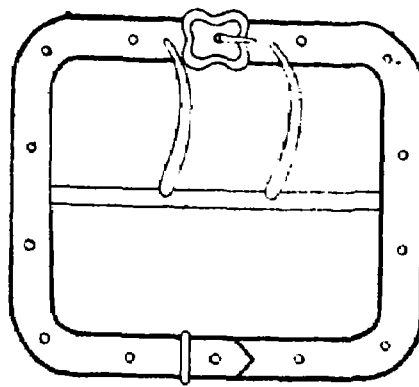
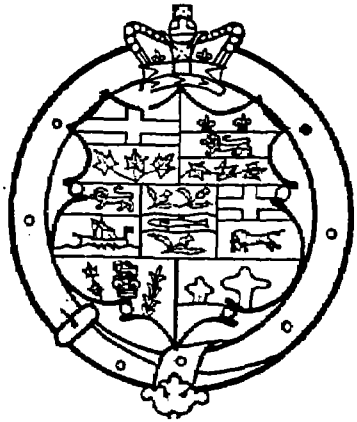
"There was a time when the vault of liberty could hardly contain the flight of your pinions; some of you went forth like a giant rejoicing in his strength, and now you stand like elves at the door of your pandemonium. The armed youth of the country like a thousand streams thundered from a thousand hills and filled the plain with congregated waters, in whose mirror was seen for a moment the watery image of the British Constitution; the waters subside, the torrents cease, the rill ripples within its own bed, and the boys and children of the village paddle in the brook."

At the opening of the session of 1880, Grattan, rising from his sick-bed, made his last speech against the Union in the Irish House of Commons. It was characterized by all his old fiery earnestness. Dublin was full of English soldiery. After a short, sharp struggle, the suborned Court Party prevailed, and the Bill was carried. The Act came in force on 1st January, 1801.

After the Union Grattan entered the English Commons, and continued to plead for Catholic Emancipation. In 1820 he left his residence at Timinehinch with shattered health to make one more effort. He never reached the Imperial Parliament, the physical and mental strain, the consciousness of defeat, were too much for human strength to support. He died in London with the name of Ireland on his lips. Thus perished, perhaps, the noblest, certainly the most gifted, of the orators of the Irish Parliament.

Perhaps the second in the brilliant galaxy of Irish Parliamentarians was John Philip Curran. It was at the Irish Bar, however, that this great orator principally made his reputation, and always was he on the side of the patriots. Few forensic rival his great achievements, in defence of Wolfe Tone and the Sheares brothers. He was vigorous even to audacity,

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and unmerciful in his onslaughts. His reasoning was acute, his language polished, even if his delivery at times was fiery and impetuous. "His career in the House of Commons," says Mr. Mayne, was brilliant if brief.

His speeches against the prevailing evils of the Legislature were as outspoken and almost as effective as those of Grattan. His remarks on the Catholic question are characterized by great boldness and penetration; when at his best he let fall sentence after sentence like the strokes of a sword, keen, easy, heavy and well aimed. "Against the union he directed some of his most powerful diatribes, it was in his eyes 'the annihilation of Ireland.'"

At another period he said: "If any one desires to know what a union with Great Britain would be I will tell him. It would be the emigration of every man of consequence from Ireland; it would be the participation of British taxes, without British trade; it would be the extinction of the Irish name as a people. We should become a wretched colony, perhaps leased out to a company of Jews, as was formerly in contemplation, and governed by a few tax-gatherers and excise men, unless, possibly, you may add fifteen or twelve couple of Irish members, who may be found every session sleeping in their collars under the wing of the British ministry."

Curran's fate was a sad one. Many misfortunes, some of a painful nature fell upon him, his mental powers gradually failed, and his rare and bright gifts at length utterly deserted him. The story of the love of the ill-fated Robert Emmet for his daughter, and of her subsequent death is well known. Such misfortunes as these crushed the buoyant spirit, patriotic advocate to earth. He survived the extinction of his intellectual powers for some years, and at length expired in London, 11th October, 1817. His body now sleeps in Glasnevin Cemetery, where so many of Ireland's noble sons are laid to rest, held in proud and enduring remembrance by their countrymen.

During part of his Parliamentary career, Henry Flood was a very much misunderstood man. Up to 1774 Flood, who had entered the House in 1759, had been considered the leader of the Patriotic Party. His acceptance of office under the Crown lost him the confidence of the Irish people, who transferred their allegiance to Grattan. He defended his action eloquently, however, and declared that a man in office could do as much for his country as any one standing solely as a representative of the people; that indeed, an influential position was necessary to enable a statesman to make his actions widely felt and thoroughly effective. There is every reason to think that these were his honest opinions, and that he had persuaded himself that he was following the course best calculated to benefit the nation. Flood's pretences were of the calculating reasoning kind. He never was impetuous, but he could be extremely caustic when occasion demanded. Of him it is said—

"His speech bespoke the character of the man. It was entirely free from rhetorical flourishes. It was always plain and to the point. He condensed his meaning into the smallest bounds possible. His sentences were terse and nervous, and his statements clear and lucid. His imagination was kept in subservience to his reasoning powers; he strove to convince rather than to dazzle or overwhelm with brilliant eloquence. Flashes of imaginative oratory did brighten his speeches; fanciful and quaint passages lit up his address to the House, but calm reason prevailed over all other attributes. His appeal was often to the head than to the heart, thus placing him in marked contrast to

his great compatriot Grattan; and he refused to allow himself to be carried away by the passion or excitement of the moment."

In 1780, finding himself hampered by his position as a paid servant of the British Government, he threw up his post with all its privileges and emoluments, the better to follow out his own ideas with regard to right and justice. In all his movements we can see that he was strictly guided by the dictates of conscience. It is to be remembered that it was mainly due to his uncompromising attitude of demand that the Act of Renunciation—the largest and most important concession ever won for Ireland—was wrung from the British Parliament. Only a narrow and partial judgment can refuse to Henry Flood the title of a truly patriotic Irish orator.

1783 Flood left the Irish House of Commons, where he was able in company with Edmund Burke to watch over, to some extent, the interests of his native country.

Not so well remembered as Grattan, Flood or Curran, but still an able man and a true patriot was Hussey Burgh. Like Flood he bore office under the Government, but he never lost his independence. The ministerial party had relied on him to support any measure no matter how corrupt, which they might introduce, and great was their chagrin when they discovered that Hussey Burgh was not made of such plastic material as to sacrifice his honor and his country for personal advancement.

Upon the question of Free Trade, the question as to whether Ireland was to be bound hand and foot for the benefit of English merchants, his patriotism overcame his feeling as a parliamentary official. He rose to move that—"We beg to represent to His Majesty (George III.) that it is not by temporary expedients, but by free trade alone, that this nation is now to be saved from impending ruin." And from that time forth he became one of the staunchest and most useful supporters of Grattan.

The following extract from one of his speeches will serve to illustrate Hussey Burgh's style of oratory:—

"The usurped authority of a foreign Parliament has kept the most wicked laws that a zealous, monopolizing, ungrateful spirit could devise, to restrain the bounty of Providence and enslave a nation whose inhabitants are regarded to be brave, loyal, and generous people; by the English code of laws, to answer the most sordid views, they have been treated with a savage cruelty, the words penalty, punishment, and Ireland, are synonymous, they are marked in blood on the margin of their statutes; and though time may have softened the calamities of the nation, the beneficial and destructive influences of these laws have borne her down to a state of Egyptian bondage. The English have sowed their laws like serpent's teeth, and they have sprung up in armed men."

"The gates of preferment are shut," cried Grattan, springing to his feet after this speech. "But the gates of glory are opened."

The gates of preferment were indeed shut, Hussey Burgh lost his place and emoluments; but he rose at once high in popular estimation. At meetings held over all the country he was presented with addresses of thanks. The freedom of the corporation of many towns was given to him. An address from the Corporation of Carrickfergus was presented to him in a gold box by Barry Yelverton, who was then Recorder of the town.

William Conyngham Plunket, who afterwards became Lord Chancellor, made many striking and eloquent protests against the Act of Union.

Mr. Bushe, who rose subsequently to the position of chief justice for Ireland, denounced the measure in no conciliatory terms. Mr. Saurin, afterwards a Privy Councillor and an Attorney General, bitterly condemned this deliberately planned robbery of a country's liberties. Many other orators took this side of the question; indeed it may be said that it had a monopoly of the highest talent and the uncorrupted conscience of the House.

Certain it is that at no time before or since in Ireland was such a galaxy of oratorical talent displayed as in the Irish House of Commons. The Parliament seemed to call great and mellifluous-tongued men into existence. They sprang up on every side to uphold the honor of their country, and to make this epoch in its history a glorious, if, as it must ever be considered a sad one. They battled with corruption, they fought for truth and purity in the land, they attempted to cope with the forces of evil which were ranged in serried and solid ranks before them. In that great and hopeless fight they stand out as heroes to all times, and as examples for the emulation of those who were and are to follow.

## IRELAND'S FUTURE.

I look toward a land both old and young—old in its Christianity, young in its promise of the future; a nation which received grace before the Saxon came to Britain, and which has never questioned it; a Church which comprehends in its history the rise and fall of Canterbury and York, which Augustin and Paulinus found and Pole and Fisher left behind them. I contemplate a people which has had a long night and will have an ineffectual day. I am turning my eyes towards a hundred years to come, and I duly see the Ireland I am gazing on become the road of passage, and union between the two hemispheres, and the centre of the world. I see its inhabitants rival Belgium in populousness, France in vigor, and Spain in enthusiasm.—Cardinal Newman.

## HOME LONGINGS.

D. A. McCarthy, in the Cork Herald.

When I feel the breezes blowing, strongly blowing from the west, An' I mark the steamers sailin' back across the ocean's breast, Then my heart is sick within me to be goin' with the rest

To Ireland.

For the weary years are long An' I'm longin' for the sight of Ire- An' I'm longin' for the sight of Ire- land.

Oh, happy are the people who with streamin' eyes behold, In the blessed light of mornin' once again her headlands hold,

And happy thrice are they who tread the scenes beloved of old, In Ireland.

For the exiled years of grief In their present joy is brief, An' they're happy to be back in Ire- land.

Let me come again to Ireland ere my days be all forepast,

Though my hair be white as ashes an' my body weak and bent,

Let me only come to die there, an' O God, I'll die content,

In Ireland.

For 'tis sweet when life is past, To lie down to rest at last With the friends of our youth in Ire- land.

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## UNDER THE BONDAGE OF THE CLOCK.

No mechanism is more widely used, none more indispensable than the clock. It times little daily tasks; it marks the beginnings of great undertakings. It is consulted constantly. A successful man recently gave as the safest, the surest rule for success, "Keep your eye on the clock."

The advice is ambiguous. There is a watching of the clock that is harmful. Promptness has been over-lauded as a quality of success. The average young man of to-day prides himself that he is at the bank or in the office at the stroke of nine, and to be consistent in his promptness he lays down his work at the stroke of six. He keeps his eye on the clock all day long; he watches the moving hands much too closely. He wastes time that is his employer's in thinking how the day drags, in wondering how he will spend the evening, in dreaming of the golden future when he will be an employer and need only come to his office when inclination prompts. The young man is punctual with his employer; he is not punctual with himself.

There is another type of man who keeps his eye on the clock from an entirely different motive. He times all his work; he arranges his tasks so that each minute is full. Ten minutes in which to do a certain thing means steady work. It is done, and keeping his eye on the clock, he maps out and limits some other line of work. At the stroke of six he does not stop unless what he is doing is finished. There is a watching that saves time, and what more satisfactory balance-sheet than that kept with the clock? When the day closes the eight hours' work represents eight hours' work. There comes the satisfaction from work faithfully done, the realization that the possibilities of every moment have been utilized. The man is punctual with his employer; he is punctual with himself. He is storing for his future use a reserve fund of power; he is working under high pressure, but the higher the pressure the greater his confidence in his own ability.

The young man who would succeed in any line must learn the science of making every moment tell. Ten minutes earlier to work, half an hour later at the store, are not minutes wasted. They are man's investment in time, and the returns may be incalculable. When the great books are balanced men will be faced with the enormous debit of minutes wasted, and it will be seen that the length of that column will be commensurate with the shortness of the credit column of work accomplished.

We all keep our eyes on the clock, but we should watch it to conserve time, not to waste it; to increase, not to decrease our power of work. We should be masters, not servants of time.—In the Saturday Evening Post.

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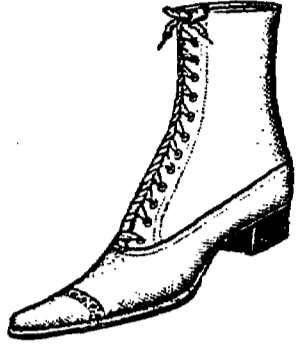


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### IRISH MAGISTRATES.

Here are some statistics which we take from the "Irish Catholic," and which speak eloquently for themselves. These figures were gathered in 1896, and we are pleased to note that the recent enactments affecting Irish municipal matters are calculated, if taken advantage of, to lead to some material change in this regard.

"The statistics on the subject of the Irish Magistracy, which we owe to the industry of Lieut.-Col. Lynam, J.P., brings out in a most vivid and striking manner the extent to which a violent and aggressive partisanship has rigged the bench of justice with representatives of a pampered and arrogant section.

Colonel Lynam shows by figures, the accuracy of which is unquestionable, that if Catholic magistrates were appointed in anything like the same proportion to the numerical strength of the Catholic population, as Protestant magistrates have been to the Protestant population, the result would be to create nearly as many Justices of the Peace as there are Constabulary in the country. We do not understand Col. Lynam to argue exactly in favor of the adoption of such a policy; but we certainly do think that he makes out an excellent case for the refusal by the Lord Chancellor to pass any more nominations of persons belonging to the favored creed until a gross and scandalous disproportion has been brought to an end, either by the falling in of existing commissions of the Peace or the calling to the Bench of qualified Catholics.

We cannot help saying that we think much credit is due to Col. Lynam for the large amount of labor which he must have devoted to the exhaustive table which he has prepared, and which exhibits in a light never before cast on it the grave and wholesome nature of the intolerance which has rigged the Magisterial Bench of our counties with men the vast majority of whom are destitute of all sympathy with their fellow-countrymen or of even a gleam of patriotism. Col. Lynam's table brings out, in a manner which it is impossible to misunderstand, the results of a policy which it is time to bring to an end. The full force of the argument which lies in Col. Lynam's figures

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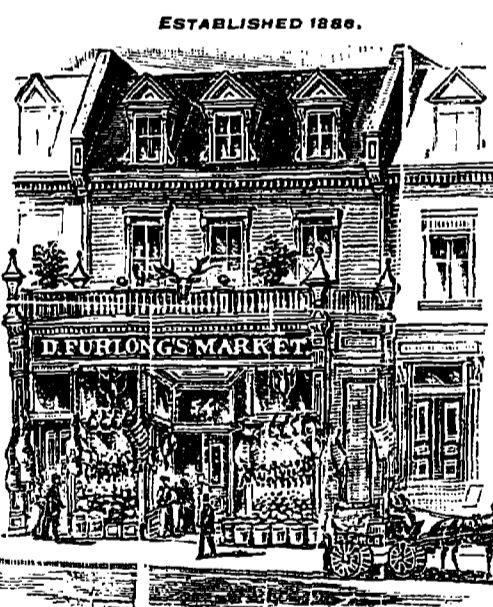
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### THE DAIRY COW.

At a meeting of the County of Carleton Farmers' Institute held last week, Mr. Grisdale of the Experimental farm, gave an illustrated address, on "Dairying and the Dairy Cow." The first thing required in a dairyman is that he be a first class man, generous to his cattle in the matter of feed and treatment, and interested in his work. He must also be able to control himself. A great deal depends on the choice of a good dairy cow. She should have a long fine head, broad across the forehead, slightly dished between the eyes, and having a large muzzle. The eyes should be large, the ears soft and silky, with the inside of a deep waxy color. She should have a long neck, and well developed breast, the latter because good lung power is necessary. She should be fine over the shoulders, and along the back. The parts of the backbone should be large and well apart. This will necessarily mean that the ribs are far apart, and this latter is one of the best indications of a good milkier. She should be broad across the hip bones. The tail should be long and fine.

### Peach Crop Destroyed.

(From the Baltimore American.) Replies received at Maryland Agricultural College from all the prominent peach growers in the state indicate that even the hardiest varieties of the fruit were unable to withstand the recent cold. Prof. Johnson of the college has sectioned many thousand buds during the last week, and has found all dead. The loss will be the greatest along the Blue Ridge Belt, where many thousand young trees were just coming into bearing this year for the first time, in addition

tion to the older orchards, all of which were well set with fruit buds. Some reports from Eastern shore indicate that there may be a slight sprouting of fruit yet. All the buds examined are injured beyond recovery. It is yet too early to say what effect the freeze will have upon the trees.

### A DIET KITCHEN.

A diet kitchen in connection with the Mercy Hospital, Pittsburgh, will soon be established as the ladies interested in the work are meeting with success. The kitchen is, primarily, for the preparation of invalid dishes by an expert cook for the hospital, in which it is established, and a mastery of the science of this form of cooking by the nurses graduating from its training school.

### Natural and Moral Fruit.

At a meeting of Georgia Fruit Growers, I observe that one member stated that he had saved his trees from rabbit gnawing, by a smear of animal blood procured from a butcher pen. The rabbits not only did not injure the trees thus treated but disappeared from the orchard. As an illustrative of the reverent spirit among many of the rural population of the South, I quote the language of a venerable Georgia farmer at the meeting, and his remarks were declared "the event of the day." He said:— "I am afraid that our fruit is dead

but the visitation is from the hand of God, and we may trust to Him for next year. Our bodies and our brains need rest. Our animals must be given time to graze and to strengthen up. Even our ground must be turned over to grass occasionally. Then nature restores herself. I have made enough out of my trees to let them have the rest which this event will give them. The man who complains at frost or snow or rain, complains of his Creator, who always knows what is best for us. What we do is not for ourselves but for posterity. We plant trees for people yet unborn. It is our duty to cultivate our minds, to till the earth and to leave it to posterity even better than it was left to us. We are but tenants, here for a season to succeed tenants dead, and in time to give way to others. I believe that God will hold us to an account for the use which we have made of the earth while in it. If we all do our duty in our day and generation, we will merit the approbation of divine providence."

This submission to the Divine will, in a completely child-like spirit, reminds one of the beggar found by Blessed Toler on the church steps who rejoiced when the weather was unpropitious because it was God's weather. The Protestants of the South are not easily converted to the Catholic faith, but, when they do enter the true fold, most of them are beautiful in holiness and loyalty. — Washington Correspondence of the Catholic Columbian.

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