

ant Tailor,
atone Street,
ntreal.

ly sought to establish that Shakespeare is nothing, and that the nature of his writings is not a philosophy, as is the mark of English-ness. Theories, theories, theories, suit the stage to well for mimic life-ling lines are as a living of "The Op-erations" required to be of importance.

referred to the B- church in his last repeat, it mat- theologies have those to our infallible them we read the mighty truth. When tion of "an unal- how poor all the ions of the world's literate" become loft on the wings to circle about the great writers, epic, lyric, nor de- can replace, at the ple "Credo" and is true that the and sublime ex- great writers are d are conducive to eral existence on sense of that "un- there is no time the fancy to play a between, constitute and useful im- and abiding has been taught by His Church, alone ght.

ect upon this pass- sident from a re- y gifted men of the does its potential s upon us. The St. Paul comes in sistance every time ll upon the inevi- ask ourselves "To what pur- is the benefit?" and rarily of a nature at more seriously of all our tri- otherwise—even n the "Imitation."

ST BIRTHDAY y of His Holiness ebrated with the at the Vatican. Ac- espondent of the istic Times," the ived the congratu- ed College and the Hierarchy and rt in the Throne ented a most pic- suring appearance, ebrates in dowing ed ermine, Noble form, and Swiss The ed College, Cardi- and Stefano, read ictory address, ex- the Sacred tholics felt at be- in a dignified and of the Venerable coronation. Leo h ed vently much the king remarkably or a man in his in a dignified and anking the Cardi- tments of filial ily expressing the e longevity which e guide the Barque y a quarter of a rking manifesta- ful leniency rather n of any merit of y Father went on -growing activity the Church, alid- the machinery, as ects, as illustrat- country hitherto and the propen- ty and the un- heliness re- Against the un- which the Church e adding that the e even were he so e to renounce y of which he is faithful y concluded his s listened to in a silence, by re- s that he had ublish that last istic Democracy e necessity of a n of peace, order, ong the masses, e obeyed the d justice, disc- an barbarous per- ber boasted civi- less singled out e the dan- e systematic persec- ay expose even a country. Apost- imparted with to all present, sive ceremony to e retiring to his shortly after

er we will send for one year Canada (outside United States or

OH! SING THAT AIR AGAIN.

BY THOMAS M'CALLLEN.

Oh! maiden, sing that sweet old air,
"The harp of Tara's hall;"
"Twill drive away all thoughts of care,
And youthful joys recall,
The radiant hopes of early life
Rise softly on that strain,
For with fond memories it is rife—
Oh! sing that air again.

I'll listen to that heavenly sound
Swollen to my "raptured ear."
Whilst memories of the past glide round
In visions soft and clear,
And as the twilight shadows fall,
Sweet joy shall round me reign,
Each hope it will recall—
Oh! sing that air again.

Again I'll see with Fancy's eyes
My loved, my native land,
And youthful friends in love arise,
A well remembered band,
And as each fair young form I see,
I'll still all sense of pain,
For they were dearly loved by me—
Oh! sing that air again.

Yes, maiden, sing that loved old air!
Those memories of the past
Shall float around as phantoms fair,
Of joys too bright to last;
And mingling sweet each voice with thine
Will join in one refrain,
And breathe it soft as zephyrs sigh—
Oh! sing that air again.

ST. PATRICK'S DAY

AT JAMAICA, N. Y.

From our American exchanges we learn of the magnificent celebration of the National festival held at Jamaica, N.Y., where Rev. J. A. McCallen, S.S., so well known in Montreal, preached the sermon. The report says:—
On Sunday, March 17th, the Rev. J. A. McCallen, S.S., who had been giving a mission at St. Monica's Church, preached a most eloquent sermon on Ireland's Patron Saint, during the solemn High Mass, which was celebrated by the Rev. M. Fitzgerald, pastor, assisted by deacon and subdeacon. Father McCallen took for his text: "If you have ten thousand instructors in Christ, yet not many fathers. For in Christ Jesus, I have begotten you through the Gospel. Wherefore be ye followers of me, as I am of Christ" (1 Cor. 4: 15, 16).
He said in part: As the great apostle of nations was able to salute his beloved Corinthians, so could Ireland's apostle salute the children of the Irish race. You have had many instructors to break to you the bread of heavenly doctrine—many guides to lead you in the path of salvation—many defenders to protect you from the assaults of enemies, who would rob you, if they could, of your faith; but not many fathers. For I, Patrick, your Apostle, have begotten you through the Gospel. The learned and eloquent preacher spoke of the wonderful gift of Catholic Faith, of how Patrick received it from his old depository, the Catholic Church, just as he received the commission to preach it to others, from the visible head of that Church, in the person of Pope Celestine. He brought the gift to a nation that was indeed pagan, but to a nation not of barbarians, as were nearly all the nations of modern Europe. He brought the Faith to a civilized people, who for centuries had had their laws, their schools, their arts and sciences, their chronicles and their music.
"This faith with its doctrine, its mysteries, its moral code, and even its evangelical counsels, the Irish people received with such avidity, that even in the lifetime of its Apostle, the beautiful and verdant isles dotted with convents and monasteries. From these latter sprang the great Irish schools and universities, which made Ireland the home of scholars. The Rev. Father mentioned Lisamore with its four thousand students, and Armagh with its seven thousand pupils, and one hundred lecturers, who taught science, both secular and religious. So numerous were these learned teachers, that going abroad, they founded similar houses of education in France, Germany, Spain, and even in far off Italy. In these new homes of their choice, many of their number were called to the mire, illuminating the continent with their science, and sanctifying it by the virtues of their beautiful lives. They had evidently answered the prayer of their Apostle, and had become followers of him, as he had been of Christ.
The children of the race in this country ought to prove themselves worthy of their ancestors—love the Catholic Faith and be submissive to its teachings, and manifest in their daily lives the power of Divine grace. Nothing after God's grace would more conduce to this end, than a knowledge of Irish history, the history of a Catholic people. The typical Irishman, as painted by the slanderous caricaturist, and the no less clamorous stage actor have been so long before our eyes that the children of the race have almost come to believe that the Irish are what these caricatures make them. The sum total of information possessed by most people concerning Ireland and our race may be found in the one sentence: "Poor ignorant Irish. Those who read history might point to the time, when Ireland was the home of art and science and of scholars, among whom could be found the princes of many a royal house, can point to the time when Ireland was a rich and prosperous

nation. What ruthless hands have caused the change? Let the admirers of these are any, of Henry VIII., Elizabeth, Cromwell, and their successors answer. Let the law-makers of the present English Parliament in this the opening twentieth century, who still retard every movement looking towards the improvement of Catholic education and temporal prosperity, in Ireland, answer. Who robbed the Irish of their land and then taunted them with their poverty? Who tore down or confiscated the monasteries—closed their schools and universities, drove the teachers from the land, set a price upon the head of any Irish Catholic who should teach or be taught, unless in schools which his conscience forbade him to enter, and then taunted the victims of this unrelenting persecution with being poor and illiterate? The Irish illiterate? Yes, under English penal laws—the Irish, poor? Yes, under English conscription and unjust land laws. But in every country to which the Irish thus persecuted fled, or were banished, they have proved that they love learning, and at great sacrifice have educated their sons and daughters and given these the knowledge, the learning, and the culture of which they themselves had been robbed in the old land.

The Irish race has its faults, but it has its grand qualities. Its history, both before and after its acceptance of the Gospel of Christ, is something, of which we, the children of the race, may well be proud. Our fathers have answered the prayer of their apostle, and have indeed walked in his footsteps, and this in spite of hundreds of years of unrelenting persecution, of slanders, of contempt from enemies who glory in their own shame. The world, even the world of this fair, free, and so-called liberal America has not read our history aright. But the ruins of churches, monasteries, and schools in Ireland tell in clear and eloquent language the love of the Irish people for their God and their faith. The chastity of the Irish maiden still bears witness to the wholesome teachings of the Catholic Church. The professional man, who, in this land, with great odium against them, have risen to the highest positions of trust and honor; who shed the lustre of their genius, their science, their courage and their patriotism, in army and navy, in courts of law, in institutions of learning and in the higher walks of social and professional life, are the best answer we can give to the oft repeated calumny that the Irish race is poor and illiterate. The day will, must come, when Irish history will be better known, even by the children of the race. In that day every Irish child will bless God that he has flowing in his veins the blood of ancestors whose faith, whose honesty, whose pure lives, whose love of learning, whose generosity, patience and patriotism will be to him a strong incentive for joy, exultation and imitation. The day of Ireland's full redemption from calumnies so widely spread and so believed, must be near at hand. And therefore, O Erin, beautiful Isle of the sea, land of Faith, purity, generosity and patriotism, ancient home of schools and scholars, lift up thy tearful eyes, and behold the sunbeams of thy future glory. Behold the day of thy justification, which must soon come to Thee; when they who have robbed, and they who have persecuted, and they who have calumniated, shall, their own suns having set, behold Thee as great, as glorious, as renowned and as free as ever Thou hast been in the brightest day of thy ancient glory. Amen.

SONGS OF THE STAGE IRISHMAN.

In the letters of the several State and National officers, which appeared in our February issue, many valuable suggestions were made as to what might prove beneficial to our Order in the conduct of social features in Division meetings. None was more more pertinent, however, than the following, contained in the letter of Mr. Rossa F. Downing, the State President of the District of Columbia. He said on this important subject:—
In this connection, however, let me stop to say that I sincerely hope no Hibernian will ever permit to be produced before an audience under the auspices of our organization any of those ribald doggerels, parodies upon the Irish race—the very mention of which should be an insult to any man having Irish blood in his veins. Yet I have seen Irish audiences applaud and encore these vile effusions in which the intelligence of the Irish people is insulted and their character held up to ridicule and contempt. In my opinion any officer encouraging such performances in his Division should be expelled from the Order. Our Order aims at the highest and best. If our ideals are high, the means to their accomplishment should be free from all taint of the low and vile. If we seek to preserve the pure traditions of our race, let it be those traditions of which any man may be proud—the folk lore, and the ancient songs of the people the "authentic" of which is vouched for by good authority, descriptive of Ireland's past glory and years of patient suffering—but not the miserable productions of the nineteenth century written by some wretch without a drop of Irish blood in his veins, and for the purpose of holding the race up to obloquy and ridicule. There is plenty of good Irish comedy, Comic songs, written by authors such as Moore and Davis, which reflect the better qualities of the Irish people from a humorous point of view, and men whom we know do not strive to misrepresent

us. Let us trust, therefore, that while making our meetings attractive we will not make them degrading.

Mr. Downing's words are timely and well put. How any Irishman can contemplate without indignation and disgust the degrading parodies falsely styled "Irish comics" we are at a loss to understand. And yet in the Division meetings of our Order they are sung and applauded when they should be vigorously denounced and their rendition absolutely prohibited. They constitute nothing more than "asinine disparagement" of our people, attempting to exhibit us before our fellow-citizens in a light of misrepresentation. Division officers should see to it that in all entertainments conducted under A.O.H. auspices, at least none of those "vile effusions" which reflect upon our people will be hereafter tolerated. As an organization we must cherish and preserve the purity and sweetness of Ireland's poetry and song and uphold at all times in our gatherings the traditions of our race in all that constitutes the best type of Celtic manhood.

Mr. Downing's advice sink deep into the hearts of every Hibernian, so that those idiotic and insulting caricatures, the so-called "Irish comics," may never again be heard at an Irish entertainment of any kind.—The National Hibernian.

THE CATHOLIC JOURNALIST'S LESSON.

A well known scholarly and enthusiastic Catholic journalist, who has gone to his reward, in an interview with a friend shortly before his death, discussed some features of his life-work. Among other things, he said: "The most trying ordeal through which I had to pass was that of listening to the stories, which were recounted to me every week, of the criticism which fell from the lips of Catholic men and women for whose advancement and welfare I had braved many trials and dangers. These were the Catholic editors and hundreds in the theory path of Catholic journalism, said he, but there are also many pure souls, humble and true, whose voice is never raised except to give expression to the prayer "God Speed to You" when referring to Catholic editors and publishers. To these generous hearts and to my confidence in the power of the intercession of the Most Blessed Virgin Mary, to whom I address an appeal every morning in my humble little sanctum before entering upon my work, do I attribute the fact that I had the courage and strength to continue my task to the end. The experience of this humble and brave-hearted Catholic journalist is not less that of many of his profession to-day. Such are the ways of many Catholic men and women in all walks of life.

MISSIONS TO NON-CATHOLICS

One of the things that most deeply impresses the missionary who is engaged in giving missions to non-Catholics is the large number of people who are ripe for admission into the Church. They have been prepared for conversion by a multitude of agencies sometimes the most diverse. Last evening the mother of a family was received. She had been instructed in her children in the Catholic Catechism for ten years, and she knew it from cover to cover. She came with her husband to see the missionary and he, her husband, as though he were telling of a marvelous thing, said "that he had never tried to influence her one way or the other." The state of conscience which will permit a man to live with his Protestant wife for many years, and will never try to bring her to the knowledge of the truth will become impossible when the entire Catholic people are awakened to the missionary movement which is now stirring the Church. When the currents of conversions begin to set in more and more strongly towards the Church, they will carry with them all the people whose faces are turned to the light. In Baltimore the other day an entire family of nine were received. In Brooklyn, one priest has received 97 converts during the past year. In New York, one of the diocesan priests said that "his entire leisure was spent in instructing converts." In the inquiry class at the Church of the Paulists there are twenty-two on the way to the Church.
Great movements are not started in a day, and the traditional methods of work are not easily changed, yet, it is astonishing what the non-Catholic mission work has achieved in a few years—give it ten years more of such progress, and it will have transformed the face of things.
Although the non-Catholic mission

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is given for the benefit of grown men and women yet it often happens that thereby children are reached, and the words of the missionary which they hear spoken—though at the time they may make little impression on them—are remembered and bear fruit in after years.

It was in a small town in Western New York that a non-Catholic missionary was given some years ago, and among the attendants was a devout young Irish girl who brought a friend with her every evening. The girl was employed as a nurse, and as she could not well leave her little charge behind she brought with her the little boy for whom she was responsible. She thought the child would come to no harm, while the nights and music and excitement would keep him interested. The little boy, however, was a wide-awake child, and though he did not understand half that was said, yet some words fixed themselves in his mind, and he used often to ponder them over when alone.

The boy's parents were Protestants, and he was brought up by them in their belief, and apparently never thought of any other sort of religion. As he grew to manhood, religion of any sort fell away from him in the stress and excitement of youth. One day, however, he happened to go to a Catholic Church; called there by some business. The interior looked to him strangely familiar—the altar with its ornaments, the crucifix, the pictures on the walls—but he could not tell why it should be so. Suddenly his mind went back to his childhood; he remembered his nurse and the lectures he had attended with her. Soon after that a non-Catholic mission was given in the place, and through curiosity he went to one of the meetings. The intelligent explanation of Catholic doctrines, the considerate and sympathetic answers given to questions, moved him strangely, and he felt a great desire to look into the teachings of the Church more carefully. He sought an interview with the missionary and procured from him some books on the subject of the Catholic Church.

These he read with so much profit, that he joined an inquiry class, and very soon declared himself a candidate for baptism. He was received into the Church, and is now a good practical Catholic.
Such a case illustrates how many there are who would embrace the faith if only they had a knowledge of it. Lack of opportunity is sometimes also an obstacle to conversion and shows how much there is for missionaries to do in out-of-the-way places. A missionary in a small town where there was no Catholic Church and where no mission had

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New Goods arrive in our Dress Goods section daily. To-day we announce a fine assortment of Home-spuns, and a large variety of Golf Cloths, also the newest in Cashmere. New Cloths for Rainy Day Skirts. Ladies are cordially invited to visit this department and inspect the new arrivals.
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Ladies' Blouses in Foulard Silks, white and blue effects, were \$4.50 each, now clearing at \$2.00 each, while they last.
FELT HATS.
Ladies' Trimmed and Untrimmed all shapes and colorings. Were \$1.00 to \$2.50, now clearing at 25c each.

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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 23, 1901.

Notes of the Week.

OUR JUDICIARY.—It seems as if at last the Parliament of Canada was about to do justice in the matter of judicial salaries. For years past the press of Canada has been advocating proper treatment for our judiciary. Let us hope that the scale fixed over thirty years ago will be revised immediately, and placed on a footing commensurate with the requirements of the present enhanced cost of living.

A LASTING SOUVENIR.—The numerous friends of Rev. Father James Callaghan, who died on the 7th of last February, will be pleased to learn that a monument is to be erected to his memory in Saint-James' Cathedral. The memorial will take the form of a marble sanctuary railing. His Grace Archbishop Bruchesi cordially endorses the idea, not only in as much as the monument will serve to perpetuate the name of the universally loved and respected priest, but also contribute towards the completion of the Cathedral, of which His Grace is so justly proud.

BISHOP SALVADO'S EXPERIMENT.—The recent death of the Right Rev. Dr. Salvado, O.S.B., Bishop of New Norcia, in Western Australia, brings back to mind the wonderful success that attended his missionary experiment with the aborigines of Australia. Had it been any other than a Catholic Bishop who performed the wonderful work of Mr. Salvado, his name and fame would ring round the world, he would be held up to the contemplation of future generations as the greatest civilizer and Christianizer of modern times, and the abundant fruits of his unceasing labors would be considered as surpassing, in importance, all the discoveries and inventions of the great century that has just expired.

THE WORLD'S WAR CLOUDS.—In 1842, T. Irwin, the Irish poet, who wrote "The Fairies' Child," "The Mountain Forge," "The Art of Song," and many other admirable poems and ballads, penned a prophetic ode on "War." In this he foreshadowed a great and universal war, commencing in the Far East, and dragging into the vortex of conflict, Russia, France and England. The last despatches from China, which tell of the hostile attitude of Russia and England at Tien-Tsin, and the apparent anxiety of France to take a hand in impending conflict over Manchurian possessions, would almost indicate that Irwin had beheld, with the eye of a poetic seer, down the space of nearly sixty years, the very position that the world contemplates to-day. Russia with her riots at home, and England with her Boer war destined to continue to

charge of the Government post and telegraph offices. The colony increases and improves every year and will remain a splendid monument to its founder who has for ever dispelled the nonsensical assertions of writers with no real knowledge of the language of the races they tried hard to degrade to the level of monkeys. Bishop Salvado's work will follow him and many a dusky lip will pray that his soul may rest in peace.

THE CORONATION OATH.—What to our mind is one of the most important despatches of the week, came on Wednesday, and found an obscure corner, on a sixth page, among a lot of advertisements, in our up-to-date daily press. We reproduce the despatch, as an evidence of the effects already produced by the activity of Catholics in seeking to have the insulting and unjust language of the Coronation Oath removed. We comment upon it in order to impress upon our readers how little consideration is given by the secular press, to subjects of highest importance for Catholics. We have dwelt more than once upon this subject, and yet little attention seems to have been paid to our contentions. In the present instance we will content ourselves with giving all the publicity we can to a piece of information that others do not seem to be over anxious to spread abroad. The despatch in question reads:—

"In the House of Lords on Tuesday, Lord Salisbury, referring to the question raised by the 'No Popery' oath, taken by the King, said he must regret very much that language of such indecent violence had ever been placed in the King's anti-Roman Catholic oath, but, if it was modified or repealed, a great many people, perfectly sincere, though not very wise, would say that such action meant supporting transubstantiation. He proposed, on behalf of the Government, that a committee be appointed to consider the declaration required from the sovereign on his accession, and whether its language could be modified advantageously without diminishing its efficiency as security for the maintenance of the Protestant succession. The matter will be considered again."

The last line is not exact; the original despatch reads "the matter will be considered on Thursday." There is a difference between a fixed day and an indefinite period.

THE WORLD'S WAR CLOUDS.—In 1842, T. Irwin, the Irish poet, who wrote "The Fairies' Child," "The Mountain Forge," "The Art of Song," and many other admirable poems and ballads, penned a prophetic ode on "War." In this he foreshadowed a great and universal war, commencing in the Far East, and dragging into the vortex of conflict, Russia, France and England. The last despatches from China, which tell of the hostile attitude of Russia and England at Tien-Tsin, and the apparent anxiety of France to take a hand in impending conflict over Manchurian possessions, would almost indicate that Irwin had beheld, with the eye of a poetic seer, down the space of nearly sixty years, the very position that the world contemplates to-day. Russia with her riots at home, and England with her Boer war destined to continue to

the end, seem anxious to come at each other out in China; and France appears to await a favorable moment to join in the struggle. What the next few weeks will bring about is beyond the power of man to tell; but certainly if some understanding is not soon reached, a conflict will be precipitated that will convulse Europe and revolutionize the present state of affairs between the great Powers.

ST. PATRICK'S DAY.

Continued From Page One.

Brave Horatius, who kept the bridge against the fierce legions of Lars Porsena in the Roman history, beautifully voices this truth when, offering himself to the danger he says to the despondent consul and distracted citizens:—

"To every man upon the earth Death cometh soon or late, And how can man die better Than facing fearful odds, For the ashes of his fathers, And the temples of his gods."

If we should but glance at the history of the different peoples from the beginning we would see this sentiment ever present. The three hundred Greeks who repelled the Persian tyrant from that freedom blest land—Switzerland's hero, and Hungary's Kossuth,—then the long line of noble men who have fought and bled to keep alive the faith in Poland's breast—patriots, all, and martyrs too. All these have faced death for the land they loved. And because of this heroic love, history weaves its laurel crown for their brow—calls them heroes—and bids the children of the world not only to-day, but of to-morrow to keep their enshrined halls of fame as an example for others to imitate when the hour arrives. If history has done this for other lands, what should be said of Ireland, that land in whose bosom sleep so many brave sons. And if we should ask you Erin, with her long dismal past, with her present—though seemingly happier yet not much more encouraging,—if we should speak to that despondent nation, that people with the signs of their awful agony still there, if they still cling to those noble ideals, and yet hope for a nation's freedom, Erin will gaze at us pityingly, with sorrowful, though not despairing look, and then point to her grand array of martyrs, patriots, and bid us speak to them. She will tell us to answer not in words, but in better and stronger by their deeds, their great sacrifices, and the people, what would you answer? Rather what would you answer? For you speak to them in the future, she has suffered and dared much. She will suffer and dare more; knowing that her past pains and sorrows have not been in vain, but are preparing her children for greater efforts with full assurance that the hour of triumph must come.

AFTER MASS.—At the conclusion of the service, the various societies re-formed, in the order given below, on Alexander and Laquechiere streets, proceeding by way of Radegonde, St. James, Notre Dame, St. Lawrence, St. Catherine and St. Alexander streets, to St. Patrick's Hall, adjoining St. Patrick's Church, where speeches were delivered. The order of the procession was as follows:—

- Marshal-in-chief and aides. Band—Flag. The Ancient Order of Hibernians. The Congregation of St. Gabriel. (Not members of any society.) The St. Gabriel '98 Literary and Benefit Society. The St. Gabriel Total Abstinence and Benefit Society. Band—Banner. Congregation of St. Anthony. The Congregation of St. Mary's. (Not members of any society.) Holy Name Society. Band—Banner. St. Mary's Young Men's Society. The Congregation of St. Ann's. (Not members of any society.) Band—Banner. St. Ann's Cadets, in uniform. Band—Flag. The St. Ann's Young Men's Society. Band—Banner. St. Ann's Total Abstinence and Benefit Society. Band—Banner. Congregation of St. Patrick's. (Not members of any society.) Boys of St. Patrick's Christian Brothers' Schools. Band—Flag. The Young Irishmen's Literary and Benefit Association. Band—Flag. Irish Catholic Benefit Society. Band—Father Mathew Banner. St. Patrick's Total Abstinence and Benefit Society. Band—Banner. The St. Patrick's Society. The Mayor and invited guests and the Clergy.

St. Patrick Society's Banquet

That the annual banquet of the members of St. Patrick's Society is growing more popular every year was plainly evidenced by the large number who attended it on Monday

at the Windsor Hotel. It was a splendid gathering of the representative Irish Catholics of Montreal, there being only a few absent from illness, prior engagements or other circumstances. No other nationality of the city could have shown so fine an assemblage, either intellectually, or socially; and nearly every phase of society was represented. The speeches were of a high order, being marked by that mental brilliancy which is one of the special gifts of the Irish race.

Three letters regretting the inability of the writers to be present were read. One was from His Grace Archbishop Bruchesi, in which he stated that he was sorry that he would not be able to be with them that evening. The pleasant evening, he said, that he had spent with them last year was still fresh in his memory, and he hoped the friends of Ireland would enjoy themselves on the present occasion. The second letter was from the Hon. Mr. Tarte, Minister of Public Works; and the last, was from Mr. E. B. Devlin, B.C.L., from Aylmer, enclosing a note from his physician certifying to his serious illness.

Mr. W. E. Doran, President of St. Patrick's Society, occupied the chair; and amongst those also present were: Sir William Hingston, M.D., the Hon. Mr. Justice Curran, the Hon. Dr. J. J. Guerin, United States Consul Bittinger, J. X. Perreault, representing the St. Jean Baptiste Society; Col. Gardner, representing St. Andrew's Society; J. Hamilton Ferns, representing the Irish Protestant Benevolent Society; Dr. W. H. Drummond, and A. W. O'Brien, representing St. George's Society; J. C. Macdonald, representing the Caledonian Society; Frank J. Curran, vice-president; M. J. Morrison, B.C.L.; F. J. Laverty, B.C.L., Captain Loye, Rev. Father Spellman, Robt. H. Craig, F. B. McNamee, John Birmingham, Frank Langran, John A. Rafter, E. P. Conway, Thomas Conroy, W. J. Graham, Jno. Quinlan, F. McManis, P. Wright, S. Cross, P. C. Shannon, John P. Curran, Thomas J. J. Curran, M.D., A. J. Hales-Sanders, Principal Catholic High School; J. O'Brien, E. Mooney, J. G. McAnally, Edward J. Quinn, William H. Cox, N.P., Frank E. Donohue, E. P. Wright, Daniel J. O'Leary, Robt. T. Mullin, B.C.L., Daniel Furlong, C. O'Brien, Thos. W. Wright, Walter J. Shea, M. E. O'Brien, D. A. Kearns, and E. Hewitt, John J. Milloy, H. O. C. FitzGibbon, F. E. Ryan, Wm. Gleason, Bernard Tansey, William MacHugh, J. O'Brien, and many others.

The chairman, in proposing the toast of "The King," remarked that such a toast sounded strange on their ears, so especially in the light of the fact that the King had just died, and he was sure, they all sincerely regretted. He coupled with "The King," "Prosperity to Ireland."

Mr. Doran then proposed the toast of "Our Free Institutions." It was his words of mine, he said, to ask you to receive it with enthusiasm. The one great reason for you to receive it with enthusiasm is that it is Ireland. (Cheers.) There is a magic in that name to which we are all susceptible. Ireland is in this right, Ireland is more than the geographical land described as the emerald isle. Her sons are in almost every land. To us who are Irish by blood the name revives in us the traditions of the land of our ancestors. There is something in the history of Ireland that appeals to all hearts; particularly those of Irish birth and descent. How well the music of Ireland, a mingling of sadness and joy, is described by the poet—"Behold the tear and the smile in thine eye!" No other people cling more tenaciously to the traditions of their race than the Irish. It is hard to get the Irish to assimilate with other races, but other races easily assimilated with the Irish. The Normans conquered other nations in Europe and assimilated with them. In Ireland they became more Irish than the Irish themselves. It is said that the Irish dwell too much on their past, and think more of the old land than the lands in which they live. The answer to that is that we are Irish, and we cannot help it. (Cheers.) It is said to think that while the population of other lands emigrated either to conquer or through being too numerous, half the population of Ireland has emigrated during the present century. That emigration was an incalculable loss to Ireland. Her sons are found fighting the battles of other countries, for they are always true and loyal to the lands of their adoption. (Applause.) Thank God! there is some compensation for the loss of the old land suffered through so many of her people being obliged to leave her. A greater Ireland has been built up on this side of the Atlantic, particularly in Canada (cheers), where her name is prominent in civil and social life, and where they reflect credit upon the old land. Their love for the old land never interferes with their loyalty to the land of their adoption, for which they have often fought for France and even for England, as the valor of the Dublin Fusiliers in South Africa last year proved. There is no parallel to the devotion of Irishmen to their native land except that of the people of Israel. The Jews look forward to return to the Holy Land. Very few of us expect to return to Ireland; but all are true to our faith and fatherland. "Peace hath her victories as well as war." We have all read of the glorious victory of O'Connell through moral force, and later on the approach to victory of Parnell through peaceful agita-

tion. (Applause.) Parnell, indeed, had converted the greatest of Englishmen to Home Rule. While the Irish people are united the cause of justice is certain to triumph there. (Cheers.) In the coming great competition of the British Empire, or rather the Anglo-Celtic Empire, Ireland will occupy a very prominent part. (Cheers.) Ireland's dark night is past, and freedom already dawns for her. It is our duty to subscribe generously to the funds for the support of the Irish members of the British House of Commons who are carrying on a peaceful agitation for Ireland's rights. (Applause.)

Dr. Drummond, in responding to the toast, said that John Boyle O'Reilly's poem "My Own Dear Land," expressed his own feelings. He read several poetical extracts from a book written by Molla O'Reilly, the Irish poetographer, as well as an original poem entitled "O Memory take my hand to-day!"

Mr. M. J. Morrison, B.C.L., proposed the toast of "Canada." In doing so, he said that at a dinner given by Irishmen on St. Patrick's night no toast could be more acceptable than that of "Canada, our Country." To those born in the old country Canada was endeared, because their children were growing up here. To those born here Canada was doubly dear, because they recognized that this country had been a haven of rest for a great many of their race. (Cheers.) The history of Canada is replete with the names of men of noble aims and actions, spreading the light of the Gospel and of civilization, as well as of men who were heroic warriors. (Cheers.) We love Canada's grand scenery, he said. We love her lofty mountains and her rivers and broad prairies. We love Canada because it is the land of freedom, and has the best constitution on earth. (Cheers.) It is because Irishmen love freedom that they love Canada, as the land of freedom and progress. (Cheers.) Canada has a great future before her, and it is the duty of young Irishmen to take part in bringing out that great future, co-operating with those of other nationalities.

Mr. J. C. Walsh, in replying, spoke of the domestic virtues of Irishmen and the famed purity of Irishwomen, which were recognized all over the world. It was pathetic to reflect that the beginnings of the history of Irishmen in Canada, started from the immigrants who left Ireland during the terrible famine, and so many of whom died of ship fever at the very gate of the new world. He referred to the Shamrock Amateur Athletic Association as an organization of which all Irishmen might well be proud, because what Irishmen did in the field of athletics they were able to achieve also in other arenas. (Cheers.)

Mr. F. J. Laverty, B.C.L., proposed "Our Free Institutions." Scotchmen, he said, were deeply attached to the land of their birth, its poetry, its dialect, its traditions. The French-Canadians cherished a love for France. After the defeat of Montcalm the few of his followers who were left were faithful to their institutions, their laws, and their language. They remained also faithful to their religion, which they kept it unswayed in the new world as they did in the land of their ancestors. It was the same with the descendants of the Irish race, of whose devotion to their religion and their fatherland, perhaps one of the reasons for this was that the priests and people of Ireland had suffered so much for both. That great Irishman Wellington had stated that the battle of Waterloo was won on the playgrounds of Eton. Many a British victory such as that of the Crimea was won at Donnybrook fair. (Cheers and laughter.) The Irish had had the lead in athletics both in Ireland and in Canada, and the United States. It was said that an Irishman would rather fight than eat his breakfast. He was glad that for it was the fighting men who succeeded in life, and it was the fighting men who ruled. It was said by the opponents of Home Rule for Ireland that Irishmen were not fit to govern themselves. Yet England was continually sending Irishmen to govern her colonies in different parts of the Empire, and to fight her battles. Look at "Bobs" in South Africa. (Applause.) One of the greatest fathers of Canadian Confederation was D'Arcy McGee, (cheers); and another great Irishman was the late Sir John Thompson.

The Hon. Dr. Guerin, who was also called upon to reply, said: He agreed with all that had been said about the prowess of Irishmen in athletics. The institution, par excellence, was the freedom that prevailed in this Canada of ours. Although our hearts were with the old land, still our first allegiance was to our own home. Irishmen all the world over ought to feel justly proud that after ten years of disunion, their countrymen in Ireland were now thoroughly united. (Cheers.) Ireland should feel proud, after all, that, scattered as her sons were, they were in the front rank of those who governed other countries. Better laws were now passed for Irish tenant farmers by the British Parliament, particularly that which advanced money to the farmer to enable him to procure the owner of the soil he tilled. He hoped and believed that the triumph of the cause of justice for Ireland was near. (Applause.) It was significant that

the British Parliament was passing legislation to win back the goodwill of the Irish. (Applause.)

Sir William Hingston also responded. He had just recovered from an indisposition which had obliged him to give up his practice for a few weeks, and they all knew how serious it must have been when it made him do that. It touches a chord in my heart, Sir William went on to say, to see so many bright young men around me whose motive was, and whose grandmothers I have professionally attended. Irishmen occupy good positions in this country; but there they seem to stop. They reach a certain point, and they rise no higher, not as high as they might reach. They can find out the cause themselves. Life itself is a struggle against external influences; and as Mr. Laverty has stated, the fighting man, he who fights his way in the social scale, is the man who will succeed. The weapons by which Irishmen should carry on this fight should be uprightness, honesty, virtue, truthfulness and manliness; and every Irishman has these qualities if he will only use them. (Loud applause.)

Mr. Frank J. Curran, B.C.L., proposed "Our Guests" in an eloquent speech. He thought it only right that those of other nationalities who had come to help them to celebrate fitly their national anniversary should be duly thanked. (Cheers.) It was fitting that those representatives of other nationalities should be present, for, in this country, where the Irish were in the minority, numerically and financially, they had received favors which they should not forget. Poor and sick immigrants received the succor they needed in the French-Canadian institutions, and Irishmen should feel gratitude to that race which had given a Lafontaine, a Cartier, and last but not least a Sir Wilfrid Laurier. (Cheers.) Nor should we forget the Scotch Protestants, who had erected splendid institutions which Irish Catholics were free to enter; nor the magnificent gift to the Shamrock Association, nor the still more magnificent gift to the Catholic High School by Canada's grand old man whom they all knew best as Sir Donald Smith. (Applause.) With the help of the Irish, other nationalities would build up a great nation of this country.

Mr. J. X. Perreault, Mr. J. H. Ferns and the representatives of the other societies responded. Mr. Ferns said he hoped that on all future toast lists of Irish societies there would be one to "Our Irish Mothers, God bless them!" He yielded to no one in his allegiance to the King; but the first person in this world to whom he would bend his knee would be his Irish mother. (Loud applause.)

The toast of "The Ladies" was proposed in a witty speech by Mr. Robert Mullin, B.C.L., advocate. Leaving the beaten track, he launched out into the debt we owe to the ladies. He spoke of the poets they had inspired. One poet spoke of woman's lips, another of her smile, but the great Irish poet Moore seemed to revel in woman's eyes. Lovely woman! he exclaimed, "you make you mar, and you marry us," and may God bless you.

Doctor Thos. J. J. Curran replied as follows: Many men have puzzled their brains to account for the fact, that in all programmes of toasts, the Press and the Ladies are invariably at the foot of the list. One explanation is that they are the greatest factors for civilization, and are kept in reserve for the supreme moment. Another reason, which I cannot regard as plausible is, that married men who attend banquets, when they get home late, or rather early in the morning, offer it as an excuse to their wives that they could not possibly tear themselves away until the health of the ladies had been duly honored.

On behalf of the Ladies I may say that it is pleasant to find that as civilization reaches a higher plane, this toast is dealt with in a more worthy manner. In the old days it was customary to refer to Mother Eve and the miseries her little slip brought upon mankind. All jokes on that subject are now at a discount. Then again, those who desired to air their scholarship, instead of doing their duty manfully to the fair sex, used to refer to Helen of Troy and the sad fate of the unfortunate Prince and his fellow-countrymen generally. Others favored their hearers with what they remembered of the victims of Cleopatra, but all that has made room for the utterance of sentiments more worthy the Meeting, as we now are, around the festive board, to honor the national festival of Old Ireland, it would be strange indeed, if the descendants of that ancient race should not manifest their appreciation of the noble woman, beneath whose skirts the freaks of fortune may have driven them.

"The spirit of a nation never dieth" is a motto we inscribe upon our banners, but the best evidence that the spirit of our race is neither dead nor dying, is that we preserve in our hearts that admiration for true womanhood so beautifully I may so gloriously exemplified in the lives of Irish women the world over, where their purity of heart and modesty of demeanor is so universally acknowledged as to have become proverbial. One is almost tempted to speak of the types of womanhood, that have figured so prominently in the pages of Irish history, of those who have graced the literature of the Empire from Spensza

and Maria Edgeworth and Madam de Mottomherod of what language mother's love of... Whatever she... in the annals... to the hospitable ministrations at... ferring humani... most beautiful... "Sister of Char... lives of those... themselves to t... Most High, thr... in alleviating th... human and true m... good and true m... them on whose... so weak and im... this St. Patrick's

Young Irish

The members of organization were celebration in honor festival in this t... the century and they acquit them... The programme v... ly national, and history of the a... during its twenty... endeavor, has been... noble acts that h... grees served to p... ories of the old... polis of Canada... tional, where the... was crowned... gathering. Short... pointed hour M... zealous and ale... dent of the asso... proceedings in a... during the cours... ferred to the glo... made to enlist... young Irish Cana... of the organizati... of the many undert... been successfully... varied circumstan... advantages to be... and, which would... young fellow-coun... roll themselves... the association... deservedly applau... The dramatic se... ization staged w... Irish drama, en... ing. It recounts... sary of injustic... ment in Ireland... thrilling scenes... and is replete wit... or which portr... manner this grea... of the associa... The cast of cha... Squire Arden, C... Jas. H. Reynolds... Philip Carroll... er, Mr. A. P. Ph... Mr. J. C. Creag... Lad, Mr. J. J. M... Owen McShane... Mr. M. J. Power... Maurice Arden... (in love with Ger... Cummingham... Mr. Jno. E. Sla... Larry Mooney, R... Robt. J. Love... Marv Carroll, I... wronged woman... Norah Maguire... heart, Miss Tina... Mr. Bobo, the... er, Miss Alice J... Geraldine (2nd... O'Brien... Geraldine (10 y... K. Peacock...

difficult and unpow... upheld his patri... tation as a disc... He is most painst... and, in consequ... great success by t... terpretation he g... signed to him. M... occasion of his p... actor of His por... fied. Mr. J. J. M... cal son of the "Em... heared and free... natural talent in... His presentation... much amusement... tery played his p... which surprised... His make-up was... look and action h... ture of the real o... that won him man... P. Cunningham a... vious efforts, and Reynolds and Rob... excellent. Of the... cannot be said in... the part of Geralt... trying stages, w... She has a sweet a... voice, which is v... vantage. Miss Tina... charming colle... the O'Brien, Annie... Jones acquitted... to bring some... ettes and dance... during several o... play... Song and chorus... Machree," Mr. J... "Pat and His Pip... E. Slattery, quar... Emmet Guards," J... Morgan, Jas. P. S... McLean; sprited w... Lass I Love,"—Sol... Peacock, Double I... Act III.—Song an... Freedom, and for... John McLean...

Parliament was passing...

Hington also recovered...

Curran, B.C.L., pro-...

representatives of the...

reality, Mr. J. H. H.

replied to the fact that...

the ladies I may say...

now are around...

a nation never...

freedom and...

and Marin Edgeworth to Mrs. Sad...

Ald. D. Tansey proposed the...

Young Irishmen's...

The members of this patriotic or-...

The dramatic section of the or-...

The cast of characters was as fol-...

Mr. M. J. Power, who assumed the...

Some idea may be had from the...

VOCAL—"The Wearing of the...

DANCES—"Irish Jigs and Reels,"...

Song and chorus, "Ireland Agra...

freedom and...

Shamrock," by Miss G. Wilson...

St. Ann's Young...

The parishioners of St. Ann's—...

Maurice O'Donnell, "The Pride of...

At St. Mary's Parish.

St. Patrick's Day celebration in...

"St. Patrick's Day," he said, "was...

"Ireland has gained much, she...

During the course of his remarks...

There is design in introducing the...

The Young Irishmen's L. and B.

Rag-time music" was eliminated...

The A.O.H. captured the honors of...

well-earned testimonial to the en-...

Ancient Order of Hibernians

The members of the Ancient Order...

At St. Mary's Parish.

St. Patrick's Day celebration in...

"St. Patrick's Day," he said, "was...

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During the course of his remarks...

There is design in introducing the...

The Young Irishmen's L. and B.

Rag-time music" was eliminated...

The A.O.H. captured the honors of...

mustered. Their marching was much...

The Hibernian life and drum band...

The members of St. Ann's Young...

The stalwarts of temperance—St...

Rev. Father Brady, P.P., St. Ma-...

St. Anthony's parish was nobly...

The Hibernian Knights, forty...

We are unable to present our read-...

Crowds lined the sidewalks. In-...

The streets along the route of the...

Among the guests of St. Patrick's...

St. Jean Baptiste parish—Irish...

The celebration of St. Patrick's...

The marching and soldiery bearing...

The Cadets are all pupils of that...

The pupils of St. Patrick's School...

The "Daily Witness" says: In-...

There is design in introducing the...

The Young Irishmen's L. and B.

Rag-time music" was eliminated...

The A.O.H. captured the honors of...

while the interest which Irishmen...

IRELAND'S LEADER...

A few notes by an old friend:

Mr. John E. Redmond, M.P., the...

His father was member of Parlia-...

Mr. John E. Redmond is a gentle-...

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and the welfare of her people, but...

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CATHOLIC EDITORS On Many Themes

THE BEST SERMONS.—We have recently read much nonsense about the best sermons and extempore preaching, says the "Sunday Democrat." Now, as far as our experience goes, the best sermons are neither read from a book nor repeated, parrot-like, by rote, nor preached extempore; they are carefully prepared and studied, so that, without excluding those happy inspirations which may be compared to the sunlight, the speaker can at any moment, by a glance at his notes or manuscript, recover not only the train of ideas he intended to follow, but also the words which he had selected as most appropriate to convey his meaning. The faculty of preaching extempore is one of the rarest and most enviable of gifts. To extemporize is, to a theologian, what to improvise is to a musician. Ask the musician for an impromptu once a week, at a fixed hour; how many of his productions would be worth preservation? An occasional impromptu speech is one thing, a periodical extempore sermon another. Few preachers have this rare faculty, and yet too many act as if they had it. The breakdown comes, and being inevitable, it is a relief when it comes early.

LEN'TEN READING.—On this subject the "Catholic Columbian" remarks:— A little extra spiritual reading would not hurt any of us during this Lenten season. We are afraid that the number of business men who amid the anxieties and perplexities of their various avocations, find time to devote to spiritual reading is not large. Indeed, if we all take time to say our prayers in a serious and becoming manner we are disappointing the devil more than we fear most of us do. Now, think for a moment, how can we expect to have our hearts and heads attuned to the society and employment of heaven if we are so stingy of our time in its exercise here? Do we really believe in heaven and hell after all? One implies the other—no hell, no heaven. Oh, yes, we have faith in these great verities of our holy religion. We expect or hope to go to heaven of course, but somehow we do not bring the same good sense and logical principles into our spiritual interests that we adopt in our ordinary worldly affairs. If we expect to gain a great worldly prize we labor and prepare ourselves diligently to secure it. Let us do the same for the prize of heaven.

THE IRISH PARTY.—Discussing the magnificent endeavor of the Irish Parliamentary Party in the British House of Commons, the London "Universe" says:— Men of all parties in the House of Commons are wondering at the present moment at the marked capacity for Parliamentary work displayed by even the youngest recruit in the re-united Irish party. Night after night during the last week or ten days the Government found the task of voting away millions of the money of the British taxpayer anything but an easy one. Each separate vote was carefully scrutinized, and whenever the amount demanded seemed to be excessive, this fact

was fully demonstrated to the House. This was—and a more laborious and distasteful work can with difficulty be imagined—has been performed mainly by the members of the Irish party, who are always to be found at their posts, and who shrink no duty, be it never so disagreeable or unpopular. It is clear (writes Mr. Massingham in the "Daily News") that the Irish factor is going to be formidable. The same writer instanced the wonderful good fortune of the Irish members who, when the time for business arrived, secured commanding positions with regard to the three divisions of Supply—the Army, the Navy, and the Civil Service Estimates. Mr. Massingham, who, by the way, is a very shrewd observer, is very much struck by the recent growth of Mr. Dillon's influence in the House. He acts (we read) as a kind of link between his own people and English Radicalism. He examines his subjects with care, and is a contributory valuable and suggestive points to them. He has dignity, character, and fine appearance; he is loyally supported by his chief, and he has sympathetic relationship with the English opposition.

Most thoughtful men recognize in all this the plain fact that the Irish nation is at the present moment possessed of a Parliamentary Party of sterling worth, cohesion, and conspicuous ability. It remains to-day for the Irish people at home and abroad to decide whether that party is to be maintained in a state of efficiency in St. Stephen's. In all probability sixty out of the eighty Nationalist members are poor men, and consequently unable to leave their business or profession for nine months of the year without they receive some pecuniary assistance. Will this help be provided by the people? We think it will; and, if for no other reason, because the Irish people clearly recognize the fact that they will never obtain the redress of their heavy grievances except through the action of a solid, active, pushful body of representatives in the House of Commons.

MR. BALFOUR REBUKED.—The Liverpool "Catholic Times" thus reports an incident which occurred in the Imperial Parliament:—

So varied are the shades of doctrinal belief among the Parliamentary representatives of the people of this country, that the House of Commons has grown to be one of the very worst places in which to discuss matters of religion. No minister can answer a question concerning creed without giving offence to some member of the House. So Mr. Balfour found out last week. In replying as to certain alleged illegal practices now carried on here and there in the established Church, the leader of the House, in speaking of "Confession" called it "a most unfortunate practice." Whereupon Mr. Dillon very properly rebuked him, declaring his speech to be "a very offensive one." Of course, Mr. Balfour excused himself by saying that his words had reference to Confession only so far as it was practised by ministers of the Anglican Church. But all the same, it is just as well that Mr. Dillon called the attention of the House to the matter. Catholics have been publicly insulted by the Royal Declaration, and the Government have pocketed the money of the British taxpayer anything but an easy one. Each separate vote was carefully scrutinized, and whenever the amount demanded seemed to be excessive, this fact

IRISH WOMEN IN MANY LANDS.

Were there saintly women who bore their share along with St. Patrick in the conversion of their fair island to Christianity? There were indeed, and of those not a few. One was St. Bridget, the most beautiful woman in all the world, the legend says. She was so zealous and devout that St. Patrick himself gave her a veil, and so wise that he invited her to become a member of his council. Irresistible was St. Bridget. An attempt was made to defraud her of her inheritance. She contended for her rights and won, as all ways. "How much land do you want?" the judges asked her. "So much as my cloak will cover," modestly replied the gentle woman saint. This was granted to her, when lo, a miracle! The cloak spread out, and covered the whole county of Kildare, which became her property forthwith, she thenceforward being known as St. Bridget of Kildare. Thus was woman, though a saint, rewarded for standing up for her rights.

Physically the women of Ireland have rounder figures and smaller hands and feet, with higher instep, than English women. Cultivated Irish women are noted even in England for their sweet voices. In London itself the saying is common that if you want to hear the best English in the world spoken go and listen to the talk of the ladies of Dublin. Not only have Irish women sweet voices; they have also, whether for love or for hate, the most effective power of tongue of anything in the shape of woman on this planet. From Nell Gwynn down to Maud Gonne. To-day among the very cream of the cream of the American "swell" set are two fashionable leaders that owe their success, after their dollars, to the rare social qualities inherited from a jolly old soul of an Irish woman ancestor who was fond of both her joke and her tea and who never appeared in society circles.

Upon every plane in American life the Irish woman has impressed herself. One whose memory should be kept green by American journalists is the late Mady Morgan, for twenty years live stock market reporter on the "New York Tribune and Times." She was so striking a figure that persons who knew her and those who did not know her alike turned to look after her upon the street. Over

six feet high, lowering like a giantess, she had regular, beautiful features and one of the most highly cultivated human lips. Her knowledge of live stock was so thorough that she was said to be the best judge of the weight of a live beef animal of any one in the New York market. It was told of her, too, that in her youth there was not a colt in all Ireland she could not break and ride. A lady of distinguished family and the highest culture, she chose for reasons of her own, which she never explained, to come to the United States and accept the unique place of cattle market reporter.

An Irish-American woman journalist no less distinguished is Miss Ellen A. Ford, of the editorial staff of the "Irish World" and the "New York Freeman's Journal." Louise Guiney, the poet, is of pure Irish descent, and Kate Field's father was a Dublin Irishman, from whom she inherited her trenchant power of tongue and pen. That Irish element which gives life and sparkle to American journalism is as manifest among our women writers as among the men.

Over the water sweet Ellen Terry, the Irish woman, stands at the head of the dramatic art in England. Edna Lyall, the novelist, is Irish, loving her native land passionately. So is Katherine Tynan, as well known as Mrs. Lyall. Miss Redmond, the sculptress, of Dublin, modeled the most acceptable bust of Gladstone, the one now in the British House of Commons. Finally, if you would behold with your own eyes a gathering of as beautiful women and lovely girls as adorn this fair earth to-day, cross the Irish sea in the season and attend the yacht races in Dublin bay. —Eliza Archard Conner, in the Vermont Catholic.

PATRICK DONAHOE.

Death of the Veteran Irish Catholic Journalist.

The oldest Irish Catholic journalist and publisher on this continent —Mr. Patrick Donahoe, proprietor of "The Pilot"—passed to his eternal reward one hour after the close of St. Patrick's Day, the ninetieth anniversary of his birthday, in Boston, where he had resided for a period of seventy-five years.

Grouped about his bed-side were his wife, his three sons, J. Frank Donahoe, Patrick M. Donahoe and Joseph V. Donahoe, his daughter, Mrs. N. D. Drumme, and her husband, Father Muller of the Cathedral and Dr. Ryder, the family physician.

The end came most peacefully. Without a tremor or sigh, he closed his eyes and passed away. Mr. Donahoe had been unconscious nearly all day. At 5.30 o'clock he rallied slightly and spoke a few encouraging words to the saddened members of his household who so tenderly watched at his side. He then relapsed into his former condition from which he did not rally.

Patrick Donahoe was born March 17, 1811, in the parish of Kilmore, County Cavan, Ireland. When a lad of 14, in 1825, he came to Boston with his parents. His family was among the first of the Irish families to settle in that city. In the printing office, where he laid the foundation of his newspaper career, he had to withstand persecution because he was Irish. Race feeling ran high, but young Donahoe held his own, and soon mastered the men who sneered at him.

He continued in the printing business until he saw the opportunity for establishing a purely Irish paper was a ripe one, and with the earnings he had saved he started "The Pilot." This was in 1836.

He made a personal canvass, not only of the New England and the Middle States, but of the ten far West. He secured a national circulation, and had expanded his paper from a small four-page affair to a large and handsomely printed eight-page weekly. One of its most effective features was the department of news from Ireland, each week, covering many columns. Mr. James Jeffrey Roche, editor of the "Pilot," in an interview with a representative of the Boston "Post" in referring to the death of the grand old patriot, said: "Patrick was the best known living Irish-American, not only to the people of his own race, but to all others.

"He had been before the public for nearly three-quarters of a century, conspicuously identified with the Irish race and Catholic faith, yet I do not believe that there is a human being, whatever his prejudices, who, having known Patrick Donahoe, was capable of saying an unkind word about that most kind and gentle and good old man.

"I know that he himself has never cherished hatred or ill-will toward any of God's creatures, notwithstanding the fact that he has lived through three periods of proscription and persecution directed against his own people.

"He founded the "Pilot" sixty-five years ago, when its readers were few and far between. He travelled throughout the country getting patrons for it and making friends everywhere, so that to this day the children and grandchildren of those early subscribers still take it and read it from one end of the country to the other, and the roll of fifty years' subscribers and some even older, makes a very respectable roster, from Maine to Texas and from New York to San Francisco.

"It will give a better idea, perhaps, if I say that one of those States, Texas, where it has hun-

dreds of subscribers, is almost of the same age as the "Pilot," yet in its lifetime it has been under five flags—the Mexican, the Texan, the United States, the Confederate and the "Old Gridiron" again.

"Mr. Donahoe's memory went back of all those events to the time of Andrew Jackson in America and Daniel O'Connell in Ireland, and he had known the leading Americans and Irishmen for much more than half a century past.

"His life has been long and useful. His religion, which has been the ruling influence always, was evidenced in countless deeds and words of charity to all mankind, and the cheerful, sunny disposition with which he was blessed was as much the outward sign of a happy conscience within as it was the Irishman's inheritance to console him for all the ills of life.

"Seldom is it given to any man to attain such a remarkable old age, and of the few who do there are very few indeed who can look back upon such a blameless, upright, honorable life as that with which God blessed Patrick Donahoe."

May his soul rest in peace.

WHY IS THE SHAMROCK SO LOVINGLY CHERISHED.

The following lines, so patriotic and so full of religious sentiment, are from the pen of a lady who now counts seventy-five years of life. It is with exceeding pleasure that we publish them, not only on account of the anniversary of Ireland's Patron Saint, but also because they illustrate the depth of sentiment and the unchangeable attachment to faith and fatherland that the surviving members of the older generation possess.

Why is the shamrock so lovingly cherished, By Ireland's true-hearted where they are they?

Our glorious St. Patrick saw in it an emblem, Of the Three Divine Persons in the Trinity.

That is the reason we ever shall cherish, This neat little shamrock wherever we be;

May the true Faith thus taught us ne'er perish From the hearts of Erin's children, be they bond, or free!

It matters not in what clime or what nation, A stem of the shamrock there ever shall be;

"We can ne'er be a change in the color or nature, Of this little emblem of the Blessed Trinity!

And is the reason we ever shall cherish, This neat little shamrock while on earth we be;

From the heart of Erin's children the Faith cannot perish, Although we be far now beyond the deep sea.

—HONORA HOLMES.

A FATHER'S STORY.

HE TELLS HOW HIS SON REGAINED HEALTH AND STRENGTH.

Had His Spine Injured and for Two Years Was Unable to do Any Work, And for Most of the Time Was Confined to the House.

Mr. D. D'Entremont, a well known farmer living at West Pubnico, N. S., writes:—"I believe it is only right that I should let you know the benefit your medicine—Dr. Williams' Pink Pills—have been to my son, Constant, sixteen years of age. For several years he has almost a constant invalid, the result of an injury to his spine while working with his brothers on the farm. He grew weak and listless, had no appetite, and for two years was unable to work and was for the most of the time confined to the house, and he suffered considerably from pains in the back; his legs were weak; and he had frequent headaches. At different times he was attended by two doctors, but got no benefit from the treatment. Then I procured an electric belt for him, but it was simply money wasted as it did not do him a particle of good. One day while my son was reading a newspaper he came across an article telling of a cure in a somewhat similar case through the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and he thought he would give them a trial. After the second box was taken there was a marked improvement in his condition. He continued the use of the pills until he had taken eight boxes, and they have restored him to health. His appetite has returned; the pain has left his back; he has gained flesh; is able to ride a bicycle, enjoy his life and is able to do a day's work as well as any one of his age. This letter is given gladly so that others may learn the merits of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and find a cure if ailing."

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills cure such cases as the one noted above because they create new rich, red blood, thus strengthening weak and shattered nerves. They do not purge and weaken like other medicines, but strengthen from the first dose to the last. Sold by all dealers in medicine or sent post paid at 50 cents a box or six boxes for \$2.50 by addressing the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

The "True Witness" is mailed to any address outside the city for One Dollar. Send us your address and we will mail sample copy. No better paper for the Catholic family.

BUTTERICK'S Patterns and Publications on sale at THE S. CARSLY CO. LIMITED.

Notre Dame Street, Montreal's Greatest Store. St. James Street SATURDAY, March 23

NEW CARPETS.

New Spring Carpets keep tumbling in on us with a rapidity that's astounding, but the great output keeps pace with the great incoming store news-to-day treats of New Tapestry and New Brussels Carpets, in such a variety of designs and styles that mark The Big Store as the Carpet Market of Canada Read to-day; you'll buy o-morrow.

New Tapestry Carpets suitable for bedrooms in pretty patterns. Special 32c. New Tapestry Carpets for Dining and Sitting Rooms, good quality, new designs. Special 48c. New Tapestry Carpets with 3 borders to match, for parlors and drawing rooms in all the newest colorings. Special 68c. New Tapestry Carpets in best quality with 3 borders to match in all the newest and latest patterns. Special 75c. New Tapestry Hall and Stair Carpets 2 wide, 48c, 68c, 75c. 4-4 wide, 80c, 90c, \$1.25. New Brussels Carpets with 3 borders to match in latest spring colorings. Special 89c. New Brussels Carpets, extra quality, special new designs for parlor, dining rooms and bedrooms, with 3 borders to match. Special 97c. New Brussels Carpets in best 5 frame quality, they come in handsome Turkish and Persian designs, specially adapted for drawing rooms, libraries and sitting rooms, with 2-4 borders to match. Special \$1.25. New Brussels Hall and Stair Carpets to match above, 3-4 wide, special \$1.25. 4-4 wide, special \$2.00.

NEW WALL PAPERS.

This season's Wall Papers far surpass anything we have ever shown in variety, coloring and newness of design. Prices fully 20 per cent lower than other stores.

Spring Wall Papers. For the Kitchen, hundreds of new, neat and dainty patterns. Prices from 34c to 7c. For the Bedroom, very pretty designs in new colorings. Prices from 45c to 10c. For the Sitting Room, a host of new and pretty designs in art colors, from 7c to 15c.

New Wall Papers. For the Dining Room, handsome patterns, in art, gilt borders to match, from 8c to 15c. For the Drawing Room, new designs, in all the new Spring Colorings, from 10c to 32c. For the Hall, exquisite designs, new colorings, special for halls, from 6c to 20c.

Bedroom Furniture. Bureau and Wash Stand Set, made in elm golden finish, white maple and mahogany finish, fitted with 18x20 in. bevel mirror, the set. Special \$10.85.

Dressing Tables. Ladies' Dressing Tables in Curly Birch, natural finish, fitted with one drawer, fancy shaped British Bevel Mirror, highly polished and nicely carved. Special \$7.90.

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1765 to 1783 Notre Dame Street, 184 to 194 St. James Street, Montreal.

DANIEL FURLONG 54 Prince Arthur St., Montreal. Wholesale and Retail Dealer in Choice Beef, Veal, Mutton and Pork. Fruits, Vegetables, Game, Poultry and Fish in Season. BELL TELEPHONE 6174.

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ESTABLISHED 1846

Capital Subscribed \$2,000,000 Capital paid up 600,000 Reserve and Undivided Profits 694,000 Number of Depositors 58,000 | Amount of Deposits \$12,000,000

DIRECTORS: Hon. Sir W. H. HINGSTON, M.D., Senator, President. R. BELLEWARR, Vice-President. Hon. James O'Brien, Senator, Hon. J. J. BARRAGE, Hon. J. JUDAH, K.C., Hon. MICHAEL BURNES, Hon. ROY. MACLAY, Senator, Hon. H. MARLAND MOLSON, CHAS. P. HERBERT, HENRY BARRAGE, Manager, A. P. LESPERANCE, Asst. Manager.

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The Montreal City and District Savings Bank has for its chief object the receiving and safe investment of the savings, however moderate, of the working and industrial classes, and its Act of Incorporation is so framed as to afford all possible protection to depositors. The Bank distributes annually among the charitable institutions of the city, the interest on \$180,000 in debentures, which have been put aside for the purpose.

E. & J. BURKE'S THREE STAR IRISH WHISKEY.

The Cream of Ireland's Production. For sale by all leading Grocers and Wine Merchants.

A TALK

A slight, girlish and fro to the m... an old-fashioned s... was a pretty ph... made, from the n... curls crowning h... tiny feet pacing... sweep floor of the... But, the sunny s... looked out of the... eyes, and lurid b... the delicately-cut... there. In its place... of sadness, out... of winsome young fa... with an impatient... ed away a tear w... hung, like a drop... long, shadily las... suddenly, an em... emotion was merg... feeling of asto... vision had come t... and pursued up... zling too belong... It was the... tall and stately... face. She was dre... shimmering, pale... mewed with shini... wavy, yellow hair... gleaming spots, d... of the drooping white... ed over its wide b... After one sta... glance at the ap... made her escape... scattering, in her... snow piles of car... near the wheel. The intruder look... a moment, with a... ry light in her bri... entered and quiet... to await the retur... and, soon, Eileen... sound, stole soft... peeped in, meetin... may, a glance from... eyes of the respie... who beckoned to... Much as the girl... this evidently sup... probably, she sh... of the fairy real... disobey the call; so... forward, and sig... hind, for Brian was... "Why did you run... sweet, ringing voi... Eileen dropped a... asy as she stammer... "I'm not used to... ladyship, and—... With an amused... and the girl's... made clear to her... "How do you kno... 'good people?'" With an awed, ca... into the lovely... down over her ric... answered: "Sure it is easy... but on of that s... kirtle sprang over... a feather on her h... seemed dotted with... —I thought before... of them was no hi... thumb; and you ar... am." "Why were you o... calle in?" "Everythin' has... answered Eileen, with... in her voice. "Fath... bitten to death by... cows took sick and... O'Connell says Bri... Kathleen, the rich n... —and Brian was in... why I was cryin'... "If a lover is, fals... of him." "But Brian's not... me to run away wit... ica. But I'll not br... and his disobedien... a death! I don't ne... again unless his mo... do so." "That is the right... can only carry it... you'll take up wit... led, and so punish... making the son un... Eileen turned on... nant look upon her... she recollected her... ed, humbly: "I'd not have th... that I'd sooner be... than have Brian in... "How rich is the... you tell me?" "Oh, he's as rich... Let me see," pausin... on her fingers, untill... herself that she was... are six cows and... are six of hens and... patch of land. Oh I... "And you—what h... "I've just my two... more!" and Eileen l... spised members wit... gesture, the rosy, di... wards. "Well, if your han... them back again?" "Yes," said Eileen... fully. "So, then, you, to... you have you; don't... Then, with a glanc... room, the inquisitiv... nued: "Do you live... "No, my father is... cuttings from the b... of the winter's bring... Then the lady said... "I think you are a... I will give you a sov... dress with." Eileen watched her... eyes, as she pursu... from a dainty purs... goodly number of co... as she could see thr... meshes. "Dense," she said... "if you've no object... take it for a cow; t... milk for the father's... "But, one gold pie... a cow." The eager face clo... to brighten again at... "Still, as a fairy's

A TALE OF IRISH COURTSHIP.

BY MARY E. MOFFAT.

A slight, girlish form moved to and fro to the monotonous whirr of an old-fashioned spinning-wheel. It was a pretty picture that Eileen was a young girl of about sixteen...

Lady Winifred's heart was brimful of romance, and although her life had been spent amid the frivolities of fashionable society, she was passionately fond and proud of her native land—of "Erin's Green Isle."

After a moment, with a surprised and merry light in her bright eyes, then she waited quietly seated herself, to await the return of the fugitive; and, soon, Eileen, not hearing any sound, stole softly to the door and peeped in, meeting, to her great dismay, a glance from the great violet eyes of the respondent being inside...

A few miles from Eileen's home stood a fine old castle, the property of the hereditary lord of the soil, from a time dating back far into the past. It had been unoccupied for several years, the present owner being a man who loved scenes of brilliancy and splendor, and so had preferred to reside abroad, leaving his ancestral domain to the care of his steward.

"Why did you run away?" asked a sweet, ringing voice. Eileen dropped a frightened courtsey as she stammered: "I'm not used to fairy folk, your ladyship, and—"

"I would like to signalize my coming to the dear old Castle by making a pair of true hearts happy. I will give this girl to your lover. Come in, and I will furnish what your son has; and I will furnish her house, and give her a store of linen which will make her the envy of every farmer's wife around."

"That is the right spirit, if you can only carry it out. I suppose you'll take up with some other fine lad, and so punish the mother by making the son unhappy?" Eileen turned one flashing, indignant look upon her questioner. Then she recollected herself, and answered, humbly:

"Do not refuse to make my lad happy," she said, humbly. "He's after breaking his heart this many a day for a look from the girl he loves; and many's the time I've sorely repented the share I've had in makin' his trouble."

"How rich is the young man? Can you tell me?" "Oh, he's as rich as—anything! Let me see," pausing, and counting on her fingers, until she had assured herself that she was right. "There are six cows and twelve goats, and no end of hens and chickens, and a patch of land. Oh! Brian is rich!"

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"I think you are a good girl; and I will give you a sovereign to buy a dress with." Eileen watched her, with dazzled eyes, as she drew a shining coin from a gaudy number of companion pieces, as she could see through its silken meshes.

"I think you are a good girl; and I will give you a sovereign to buy a dress with." Eileen watched her, with dazzled eyes, as she drew a shining coin from a gaudy number of companion pieces, as she could see through its silken meshes.

injury to the milk. It is certain that milk produced from ensilage-fed cattle has caused serious intestinal troubles in young children. A case known to the writer was that of a young child attacked with dysentery...

BEUF SUET. — A correspondent writes to an exchange some useful suggestions concerning the use of beef suet for frying. In her farm the methods which she recommends have been in use for twenty-five years.

NOTES FOR FARMERS. Although pruning trees may be successfully done at any time of year, says the Ottawa "Free Press," the present month seems to be the best season for several reasons.

Household Notes. PURE MILK.—The last word seems never to be said about the care needed in the purchase of milk. For cleanliness, only milk that has been run through a separator should be used.

First-Class Coaches With Well Posted and Competent Drivers for Weddings, Christenings, Drives, etc.

One Dollar. If you will send us ONE DOLLAR we will send the "True Witness" for one year to any part of Canada (outside the city), the United States or Newfoundland.

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1381 NOTRE DAME STREET.

keep their trees growing with trunks four or five feet high. Many trees at present on the farm have such trunks, but those now being propagated are made low. By this method it is thought that the trees get more protection and are able to bear the crop better and are not so much influenced by winds.

Professor Macoun recommends March or April as the best season for pruning, the reason being that the farmer has most time then. He asserts also that he believes, having the knowledge of experiments carried out in the United States and in Canada, that it does not matter much when the pruning is done so far as the health of the tree is concerned.

An area of 21 acres, known as the forest belt, which surrounds a portion of the Central Experimental Farm, is kept under cultivation with the object of aiding and interesting the farming community of Canada. Observations are made to find out how long it takes trees to reach a certain height, the rapidity of growth of each variety, the proper distance apart to plant to get the best results, and their value for breaking the wind off crops grown in their vicinity.

Ask the girl who has tested it. Ask any one who has used Surprise Soap if it is not a pure hard soap; the most satisfactory soap and most economical. Those who try Surprise always continue to use it. SURPRISE is a pure hard Soap.

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so that if smoking is long continued, without the use of stimulants, the deadening effect on the brain and nervous system is apparent, as the smoke is condensed and absorbed by the saliva.

Even when frequent expectoration takes place the blood is more or less poisoned, and the brain, which should, under normal conditions, be very susceptible, becomes deadened and inactive for a time, but may be partially restored by a stimulant containing phosphates.

I am of the opinion that the effects of tobacco and cigarette smoking are far more serious during the last thirty-five years of one's life than during any previous period for the simple reason that the people have been deprived of their nerve and brain forming phosphates by the modern miller.

I have positive proof of the fact, in numerous instances, that where excessive smoking and drinking has been the daily habit that by the simple change from an innutritious to a more nutritious and brain sustaining diet the patent has gradually and almost unconsciously been enabled to reduce the number of cigars or cigarettes and the number of glasses of whiskey per day, and that without any prescription of prohibition, for the simple reason that the increased strength of body and brain enabled him to so employ his time that he forgot all about the smoking or drinking.

Ask the girl who has tested it. Ask any one who has used Surprise Soap if it is not a pure hard soap; the most satisfactory soap and most economical. Those who try Surprise always continue to use it. SURPRISE is a pure hard Soap.

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March 23, 1901. Limited. St. James Street. Y. March 23. Carpets. Carpets keep tumbling rapidly that's a great output. Great incoming. Carpets of New Tausseles Carpets. Designs and Big Store as Canada Read. Carpets. Carpets. Carpets.

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PRESENTATION To Father Strubbe.

When, on Monday night, at the Monument National, Mr. M. J. F. Quinn, K.C., as an honorary member of St. Ann's Young Men's Society, read a warm and elegant address to the Rev. Father Strubbe, C.S.S.R., the tribute of Thomas Francis Meagher to the chivalry of the Belgian priesthood, and his eloquent declaration of love, respect, and veneration for Belgium and its people; came back most forcibly upon us. The address was on behalf of the parishioners of St. Ann's, and was accompanied by a purse containing nearly two thousand dollars. This most pleasant incident took place between the second and third acts of the drama, and was one of the happiest inter-acts that could possibly be imagined.

Long before the Redemptorist Father took charge of St. Ann's parish, the parishioners were familiar with the grand work, as missionaries, that they constantly carry on. But since their advent as pastors and spiritual directors of the parish, it may be said, as of the Geraldines, that "they have become more Irish than the Irish themselves." The monuments which they have either built, completed, or developed in the district of St. Ann's, are there forever, to tell of all the sacrifices made, privations endured, and labors undergone for the sake of the people they have been directed to guide and whose temporal as well as spiritual welfare they have especially at heart. By the wording of the address it will be seen that the progress made in the parish has been phenomenal, and that a greater share of all these prosperous undertakings must be given to Father Strubbe. The following is the text of the address—which was signed by over three thousand parishioners:—

Rev. E. Strubbe, C.S.S.R., Parish Priest, St. Ann's, Montreal.

Rev. and Dear Father,— Love for our pastor is the strongest sentiment in our hearts on this, the feast of our Patron Saint. Gratitude for the many blessings which through Divine Providence you and your co-workers have obtained for our parish during the sixteen years of ministry prompts us to facilitate you on this one great national festival.

We do not forget that coming to us over sixteen years ago, foreigners, you quickly won your way to our hearts and became as strongly Irish in your sentiments as we are.

During the comparatively short time that you have been with us, our church has been enlarged and embellished by an expenditure of fifty thousand dollars, our St. Ann's School has been improved to the extent of thirty thousand dollars, St. Ann's Academy has been re-built and enlarged, our St. Ann's Young Men's Society, springing into existence under your fostering care, has become a numerous and powerful body, many of its members occupying positions of trust, confidence and emolument in the commercial institutions of our city, and the society is established in a flourishing condition in a home valued at thirty thousand dollars; our school of the Holy Angels has been considerably enlarged, and our St. Alphonse School has been constructed. Added to those, our church still possesses, through your labor, vestments and altar plate unequalled for rare beauty, richness and value by parishes having much greater pretensions to wealth and importance. And yet, we are proud to say that you have accomplished all these good works without levying any special tax on us, and almost without our feeling that we have contributed.

Not only has our parish benefited by your industry, the aged and infirm of the city bless you for the share you had in establishing the Little Sisters of the Poor in Montreal.

Our St. Vincent de Paul Society has become an active and energetic organization distributing regularly amongst the poor of our parish the money supplied through your exertions by our people.

Our religious societies, the St. Ann's Ladies' Society, the Children of Mary, the Men's Sodality and the League of the Sacred Heart, having membership numbering three thousand persons, all owe their present prosperous condition to your efforts. By your unremitting zeal, the cause of temperance has so advanced, that we hope soon the name of St. Ann's parish will be synonymous throughout the city with sobriety and temperance.

We boast that there is no room for immorality or debauchery in our

parish. We bless you for the religious instruction afforded us by the regular course of sermons provided for us by your wisdom and forethought, and we feel that we testify by the enormous increase in the number of our communicants our appreciation of your own and your rev. colleagues' labors.

We, the poor, pray for you for the tender solicitude that you have always shown us, and we ask Almighty God the grace that you will be long spared to us as our pastor, and when, in his Divine Will, you are called to Him, we hope that your body will find its last resting place under the altar of St. Ann's, where we may offer up our prayers for your eternal welfare.

Montreal, 17th March, 1901.

FATHER STRUBBE'S REPLY.— While there is no more eloquent and effective speaker in Montreal, still, on this occasion the Rev. Father was so deeply moved that the most eloquent part of his reply was what he left to the imaginations of his auditors.

In opening the Rev. Father said that his kind friends should be aware that there is a secret about the workings of religious orders. No matter how much an individual member may be esteemed by the public—and he is esteemed in proportion to the influence of his good works—still the real dynamo of action, the mainspring of everything, may not be recognized at all. It is frequently a fact that the one who is most seen by the people is only an instrument of his superiors in carrying out that which they desire to have effected. We see the wheels of a clock, but were it not for the invisible spring behind, these wheels would remain stationary. So it is that in a religious order there is no individualizing, but all the good done belongs to the community. In regard to St. Ann's parish, for years that power-generating spring was the late Father Catulle, and of recent years, the active and zealous Vice-Provincial, Father Lemieux.

The address, he said, refers to love and gratitude, the two grand characteristics of the Irish people, especially in regard to their clergy. He dwelt at considerable length upon these delightful national qualities, instancing the loving memory with which, even to this day, the name of Father Hogan is kept as a household word in the homes of the people. Proud of their priests, the sentiment is reciprocated, and the priests are proud of their flock, and with admiration have the Fathers ever watched the spirit of devotion that marks even the humblest member of the congregation. Much of the good work done amongst them may be traced to many priests now gone from their midst, such as Fathers Caron, Capel and Savard; much of to-day's success is to be traced to the zeal and labors of such priests as Fathers Flynn, Fortier and Saucier and others, whose names are familiar in the parish.

Referring to the portion of the address that speaks of his love for the Irish people, he could assure them that if by the accident of birth he was not Irish, at least in heart he was a son of St. Patrick and a child of Erin. Illustrating this sentiment he recalled an incident of the morning, when the pupils of the Academy—the young girls, under the care of the good Sisters of the Congregation de Notre Dame—sent him a bunch of shamrocks with the words:—"Father, wear this over your heart, you have the right to it by conquest." Then, turning to a more practical question, the Rev. Father dwelt upon the material, as well as the moral progress made in the parish, and he said that the future was secure since the younger generation was being trained in such schools as those over which preside the talented and worthy Mother Alphonse and the indefatigable Brother Prudent. They had expressed the hope that he might end his days in their midst, and sleep his last sleep 'neath the altar of their Church. "God grant it!" was his prayer; but, in this as in every other case, all depended upon his superiors to whom, as a religious, he owed obedience, and at whose command he was prepared to go or stay just as they thought well and just as God willed it.

Vouchsafe, O Jesus, during the whole course of my life, and especially at the awful moment of my death, to open for me a secure asylum in the wound of Thy Sacred Heart.

The amiable Heart of Jesus has an infinite desire to be known and loved by His creatures, in which it wishes to establish its reign as the source of every good, in order to provide what it wants.

We must strive in all earnestness to fix the abode of our hearts in the Heart of the Immortal King of Ages and live only for Him. O my God, how great a consolation do I find in the assurance that my heart shall be eternally absorbed in loving the Heart of Jesus!

AN HOUR With Irish Authors.

During the course of last week a most delightful entertainment, in honor of Ireland's Patron Feast, was given by the Reading Circle, and pupils generally of St. Patrick's Academy, under the direction of the good Sisters of the Congregation de Notre Dame. The chair was occupied by the Rev. Father McGrath, and amongst the guests of the occasion were His Honor, Mr. Justice Curran, Mr. M. Eagan, Mr. C. A. McDonnell, and Mr. A. J. Hales-Saunders, Principal of the Catholic High School. The programme, which we give, is in itself an eloquent tribute to the care with which the pupils of that time-honored institution are trained for the world's battle. Truly, there is patriotism of the practical and the effective kind.

Take alone the title of the programme: "An Hour with Favorite Irish Authors." We have read of "Half-hours with the Poets," and such like entertainments that prevail in Protestant circles. But this is the first time that we find an institution in our city inviting the public to spend an hour with Irish authors. We know of no more effective means of instilling into young minds a knowledge of and an admiration for all that is best, grandest, and most to be cherished in the story of the Irish race. We have here the younger generation setting an example to the older ones. And we do not believe that any more lasting or more glorious monument could be erected to the honor and memory of the great poets of Ireland, than to have their names, their lives and their works stamped upon the hearts of the young.

It will be seen by the programme that Moore, Griffin, McGee and Boyle O'Reilly are the four Irish authors selected for the occasion. A better and more appropriate choice could never have been made. Griffin belongs to a school peculiarly his own. Moore holds a most unique position in the annals of Irish literature. He sang his way into the hearts of Erin's enemies; he penetrated with his music into circles where anything Irish could find no place before his time, and he made known the wrongs of the land. And, for Irish Canadians, the poems of McGee have a special interest. While the greater part of his wonderful work was done in the cause of the Old Land, still the closing years of his life were specially dedicated to Canada, and his muse sang most lovingly of this new land. The revival of his noble poems is a tribute to his memory that he would have most prized were he able to give expression to any wish on the subject.

What applies to McGee, in Canada, has also its application to Boyle O'Reilly in the United States. He, too, was a many-sided genius, a wonderfully patriotic worker, and one whose renown shall last as long as his poems are read and appreciated by the Irish race.

Thus it is that Irish poets, and Irish-Canadian, and Irish-American bards are honored to-day. And this is the effective means taken by the good Sisters of St. Patrick's Academy to awaken sentiments of national pride and religious fervor in the breasts of the young children placed under their care. The programme now speaks for itself.

PROGRAMME. Music—St. Patrick's Day, welcome chorus. Prologue—From "Boyle O'Reilly." Minutes—The Secretary. ROLL CALL. Quotations from Irish authors. Paper—Biographical sketch of Boyle O'Reilly interspersed with songs and recitations, the literature class. Song and Chorus—"There's Where My Thoughts Are," music, Irish girls. Paper—"McGee," a member. Lullaby—"The Choir." Paper—"Moore," a member. Finale—Double chorus.

Rev. Father McGrath, in bringing the proceedings to a close, said he was delighted with the manner in which the programme had been carried out, and that it was a source of very much pleasure, for him, to assist at the splendid entertainment and witness the excellent efforts of the pupils of the Academy. He then called upon Hon. Mr. Justice Curran.

Hon. Mr. Justice Curran delivered an earnest address to the young ladies. He said he wished to compliment, not to flatter them. Compliment had been defined a pleasant truth, flattery, a pleasant untruth. He spoke nothing but the truth,

when he stated that this was the most interesting entertainment he had ever had the pleasure of being present at, in a convent school. No dramatic performance could be compared with it, and the usual exercises, for such occasions, could not produce such results, as must flow from so ennobling, so inspiring, so instructive an exhibition, as they had just given. The plan adopted by this reading circle was admirable. The selections they had made from Griffin, Moore, McGee and Boyle O'Reilly, evinced taste and culture; and the practice of committing those gems to memory, would enable them to carry through life, precious thoughts felicitously expressed, sentiments that would raise both mind and heart, and make them appreciate how sweet it is to do one's whole duty to God, to country and to home. They had done well; their success was due to earnest toil. Nothing worth realizing, could be achieved without hard study. So far, they had peeped into the works of a few great sons of the old race, from which they had the honor to be descended. They must push forward, and in a few years, they would know what an inexhaustible mine, of all that is pure and true and elevating, lies in the poems and prose writings of the sons and daughters of Ireland. Their circle would fill a long felt want. They could supply that want by adhering to the circle after the close of their school days. By keeping up those studies and criticisms they would not only improve their minds by forming them on excellent models, but they would do an act of justice to, at least, one who was, not only a poet, but an orator and historian as well. McGee had no monument to his memory either in the land of his birth, or in that of his adoption. By a study of his works as they were doing, they were erecting in their affections, a monument far more enduring than one of metal or of stone. They would perpetuate his fame, and the name he was so anxious to have "remembered in Ireland" would thus live in Irish hearts, not only there, but in the greater Ireland beyond the seas. Speaking of the difficulties, under which the children of Irish parents had labored, until very recently, in our schools and colleges, the learned judge stated, that the obstacles to the appreciation of the beauties and excellencies of Irish authors who had embellished the English language were being removed. Irish history was now being taught, after having been a closed book for years and years. One feature of the entertainment he wished to refer to. The selections of Irish music had been rendered, not merely with fine and precise execution, but with that sympathy that gives it life and arouses in those who enjoy it, sentiments too strong for utterance. He would not speak to them of the charms of Irish music, nor of the superiority of its strains over the ephemeral productions of the day. They must cultivate beyond doubt the highest grades of music, the works of the great composers of every land, to become thoroughly proficient, but there was at least one irresistible reason why they should cherish and practise the immortal airs of fatherland. They all, or nearly all realized, that it was by dint of great sacrifices that their parents were procuring for them the benefits of a sound and higher education. When they returned to their homes at the end of the scholastic year, could they but look into the hearts of their devoted and self-sacrificing fathers and mothers, and see there the pleasure it gave them to find their daughters able to render effectively the soul stirring melodies of the old land, they would

pride themselves upon having preserved as far as within their power those links with a past, oftentimes sorrowful but never inglorious, those airs that echoed the trials and triumphs of a nation. The speaker concluded by thanking Rev. Mother Aloysius and her devoted Sisters of the Congregation of Notre Dame, for the good work they were doing, and more especially for keeping St. Patrick's School in the first place, for the education of our Irish Canadian girls.

Mr. C. A. McDonnell was next called upon to address a few words to the members of the Reading Circle. After having feelingly referred to the tender associations, the grand old educational establishment in which they were assembled, recalled to his mind, he paid a tribute to teachers and pupils for the high standard of

patriotism and culture they had displayed in selecting the works of such noble Irish authors as Moore, Griffin, McGee and Boyle O'Reilly, as subjects of their study.

He complimented the members of the circle upon the talented manner in which they had performed their allotted parts, and closed by expressing his admiration of the artistic and skillful way in which they had interpreted the sweet music of Gid Erin.

Mr. Martin Eagan, in an enthusiastic speech, eulogized the literary work of the pupils, and spoke in high terms of praise of the musical features of the programme.

The sweet and tuneful voices of Messrs. P. F. Mc Caffrey, F. E. Donovan and W. J. Crowe were heard to good advantage at St. Patrick's Society banquet.

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Having before sketches of the Irish Catholic knowing that the carefully prepared all possibility of giving more than thought I would some of the most graphs in each, one treatise. As St. Patrick's Day know of no substitute for the present per. In the following tend to any origin do I deem it need upon the extract any remarks that would serve to ther than to emb a word, here and necessary in order gaps formed by be omitted. I will venture to scarcely any episode world that counts men than does Ireland to-day. Theing a bishop is pman must be poss ordinary talents for more than or this sense every I is an eminent pe have more occasi display the gifts has favored them cially the case in bishops and archbishops of a number I have selected for purpose; they are Walsh, Archbishop Primate of Ireland MacEvilly, Archb Most Rev. Dr. Cr Cashel; and Most Bishop of Limeric From Tuam's a North, to Cashel in the South, from Shannon-Dublin Limerick in the W Ireland is repres members of the land. I would, that the portions which I am fo much more num as important, as tain. We will co great Archbishop also Primate of I

The Most Re If the greatest on the arbor and he devotes himself and the unhesitant great talent to the life. Then, indeed, of Dublin entitled amongst the great The steadfast de which he has stry spiritual condition to elevate the int of his country, a has brought to be ment of these en the wonder and a who have watched Dr. Walsh was b 1841, and received tion at the Semin rence O'Toole in this school he par ole University wh recently inaugurat man, where he soo high talent and ability. He had maintaining the was already his w later he entered I in order to prosec the sacred priesth career could ac more brilliant, fo excel in every bra which he applied "Theology, Physica ern Languages. Ev the Irish tongue I mastered his subje hesitate to compo from the Western known and spoken uage from their c carried off the fir In 1878 Dr. Wal vice-president of M Soon after he set task of soliciting the principals of th in Ireland for th in the best mean fullest possible ter ment. Educatio purpose he soug the bishops of Ire ference in Maynoo was warmly approv gated conference which Dr. Drake, Cashel, and Emly p In this first publ ture Archbishop o olic education in said to have struc note of that migh vibrated througho the questi one with he insep Walsh will be inse as long as the str people for the righ cation continues to Catholics and Prot equal advantages

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THE MITRED HIERARCHY OF IRELAND.

A REVIEW BY "CRUX."

Having before me some very able sketches of the leading members of the Irish Catholic hierarchy, and knowing that the length of these carefully prepared papers precludes all possibility of the "True Witness" giving more than one at a time, I thought I would weave together some of the most important paragraphs in each, and present them as one treatise. As the atmosphere of St. Patrick's Day is still with us, I know of no subject more appropriate for the present issue of the paper. In the following I do not pretend to any originality; not even do I deem it necessary to comment upon the extracts given. In fact, any remarks that I could make would serve to mar the work rather than to embellish it. However, a word here and there, will be necessary in order to close up the gaps formed by matter which must be omitted.

I will venture to say that there is scarcely any episcopal body in the world that counts more eminent men than does the episcopacy of Ireland to-day. The very fact of being a bishop is proof positive that a man must be possessed of more than ordinary talents and be remarkable for more than ordinary virtue; in this sense every bishop in the world is an eminent personage. But some have more occasion than others to display the gifts with which God has favored them, and this is especially the case in regard to the archbishops and bishops of Ireland.

Of a number of these sketches I have selected four for my present purpose: they are the Most Rev. Dr. Walsh, Archbishop of Dublin and Primate of Ireland; Most Rev. Dr. MacEvilly, Archbishop of Tuam; Most Rev. Dr. Croke, Archbishop of Cashel; and Most Rev. Dr. O'Dwyer, Bishop of Limerick. From Tuam's ancient See, in the North, to Cashel's historic diocese, in the South, from the Liffey to the Shannon—Dublin in the East and Limerick in the West—the whole of Ireland is represented by these four members of the hierarchy of the land. I would, however, remark that the portions of these sketches which I am forced to omit are much more numerous and equally as important, as those which I reproduce. We will commence with the great Archbishop of Dublin, who is also Primate of Ireland.

The Most Rev. Dr. Walsh

If the greatness of a man depends on the ardor and energy with which he devotes himself to a worthy cause and the unhesitating consecration of great talent to the purpose of his life, then, indeed, the Archbishop of Dublin entitles to a high position amongst the great men of our time. The steadfast determination with which he has striven to improve the spiritual condition of his people and to elevate the intellectual standard of his country, and the genius he has brought to bear on the achievement of these ends has challenged the wonder and admiration of those who have watched his career.

Dr. Walsh was born in Dublin in 1841, and received his early education at the Seminary of St. Laurence O'Toole in that city. From this school he passed to the Catholic University which had then been recently inaugurated by Dr. Newman, where he soon gave evidence of high talent and powerful mental ability. He had no difficulty in maintaining the reputation which was already his when a few years later he entered Maynooth College in order to prosecute his studies for the sacred priesthood. His scholastic career could scarcely have been more brilliant, for he seemed to excel in every branch of study to which he applied himself, whether Theology, Physical Science or Modern Languages. Even in the study of the Irish tongue he so completely mastered his subject that he did not hesitate to compete with students from the Western provinces who had known and spoken the native language from their childhood, when he carried off the first prize.

In 1878 Dr. Walsh was appointed vice-president of Maynooth College. Soon after he set before himself the task of soliciting the co-operation of the principals of the Catholic schools in Ireland for the purpose of devising the best means of deriving the fullest possible benefit from the Intermediate Education Act. For this purpose he sought the sanction of the bishops of Ireland to hold a conference in Maynooth. His project was warmly approved and the suggested conference took place, at which Dr. Drake, Archbishop of Cashel and Emly presided.

In this first public effort of the future Archbishop on behalf of Catholic education in Ireland, he may be said to have struck the dominant note of that mighty chord that has vibrated throughout his whole career. The question of education is one with which the name of Dr. Walsh will be inseparably connected as long as the struggle of the Irish people for the rights of higher education continues to be told. That Catholics and Protestants had not equal advantages in educational

matters was a flagrant injustice, and to redressing this injustice he fearlessly devoted himself with all the energy and perseverance of his character. On the elevation of Dr. Macabe, afterwards Cardinal, to the Archiepiscopal See of Dublin, the dignity of Canon in the diocesan Chapter was conferred on Dr. Walsh. A few years later in February, 1885, on the death of the Cardinal Archbishop he was chosen Vice-Capitular of the vacant See, and in the following July he was appointed by the Holy See Archbishop of Dublin to the great joy of priests and people. The intellectual gifts possessed by the president of Maynooth had long attracted the admiration of Leo XIII, who invited the Archbishop elect to proceed to Rome for his consecration. This ceremony was performed in the historic Church of St. Agatha, the National Church of Ireland in the Eternal City, and on that auspicious occasion the Cardinal Archbishop of Sydney who had lately filled the See of Ossory, acted as consecrating Prelate. The arrival of the new Archbishop in Dublin was made the occasion of an enthusiastic outburst of popular veneration and welcome, showing beyond doubt that the choice of the Holy Father had been also the choice of the Irish Nation.

During the year '95, a series of articles on the law in its relation to religious interests and the legal position of charitable bequests in Ireland appeared over his name in several successive numbers of the "Irish Ecclesiastical Record." Cases had occurred in the author's own experience in which serious losses had been sustained by religious institutions as a result of wills having been drawn up either with inadvertence to or ignorance of points of practical importance involved in them. These lucid articles have since been accepted as standard authorities on the points discussed, being judged superior to works written on the same subject by the most eminent legal practitioners of the day. Dr. Walsh has also compiled a treatise on bimetalism, one of the most explicit works on the subject which has yet been contributed to the literature of political economy.

Bearing on the educational claims of Ireland—of which we have already stated, he has ever been the foremost champion—he has prefaced, in a most able manner, a compilation of his own speeches and various statements made from time to time by members of the Irish Episcopal body. This valuable work also includes important pronouncements of English statesmen and other public men on the same engrossing subject, regarding which it constitutes a most valuable reference.

The limits of this sketch preclude our dwelling as extensively as we might wish, on the many-sidedness of the Archbishop's versatile genius. In the world of culture and the domain of art his appreciation of merit is of the highest order. A lover of music, amid his many cares he has found time to write a work on the subtleties of harmony—with relation to its uses in the services of the Church, while there is none more keen in his estimate of the perfection of form and proportion in the builder's craft and the lineaments of the artist's pencil.

The Most Rev. Dr. MacEvilly

The ancient archiepiscopal See of Tuam owes its foundation to St. Jarlath, a disciple of St. Patrick, and the present prelate is a direct descendant of that distinguished and holy man, who also established at Cluainfois (Cloonfoos), two miles west of the town, a famous school, which for centuries rivaled the other educational establishments of that age. In the long roll of illustrious bishops were many men of international fame all of them illustrious and worthy followers of the sainted and erudite founder.

John MacEvilly was, in April, a.d. 1817, born at Louisburgh, in the County of Mayo, a small picturesque village not far distant from Westport, and within a few miles of the famous mountain, Croagh Patrick. Going to St. Jarlath's College, at Tuam, John MacEvilly went thence to Maynooth, and after a distinguished collegiate course there, he was ordained on the Dumbornois establishment in 1840. On his return to his native diocese he was appointed, first as a professor, and next as president, of St. Jarlath's College. While there, in 1854, he attended, with quasi-episcopal powers (so far as voting and taking part in the deliberations) the Synod of Thurles. In 1857 Dr. MacEvilly was appointed by the Holy See Bishop of Galway, and subsequently, in 1866, Apostolic Delegate for Kilmacduagh and Kilmora, at that time a separate See, but now annexed to, and forming part of the diocese of Galway. In 1876 the Bishop of Galway was selected by the Tuam priests and appointed by Rome Conductor to Dr. MacFale, Archbishop of Tuam, "with right of succession," and on the death of that prelate, in 1881, he became his successor.

Dr. MacEvilly stands first among living Churchmen who write in English as a profound, prolific and scholarly writer. All through his long and active life he made the

Holy Scriptures his special and earnest study and there is no student of those inspired pages of light and leading who is more thoroughly familiar with them. The record of his written and published labors alone is as creditable to his industry and learning as it is to his great zeal. Thus we find six large volumes from his pen all marked by deep and accurate research and characterized by a remarkable knowledge of patristic literature and comparative Biblical knowledge. There are four volumes of commentaries, on the Gospels of—(1) St. Matthew and St. Mark, (2) St. Luke, (3) St. John, (4) the Acts, and two equally comprehensive volumes on "An Exposition of the Epistles of St. Paul and the Catholic Epistles." The Exposition of the Gospels of St. Matthew and St. Mark has run into four editions and that of St. Luke and St. John into two, while the Exposition of the Epistles has already seen five editions—a tolling



MR. JOHN E. REDMOND, M.P.
CHAIRMAN IRISH PARLIAMENTARY PARTY, 1901. (SEE PAGE 5).

proof of their value and popularity and of the demand which they have by their merits created. His, it may be stated, is the only full Catholic commentary in the English language on the entire New Testament except the Apocalypse. Detached portions of it have been ably treated by some learned ecclesiastics, but those alone treat of the entire in the English language.

Few prelates in a Church, especially remarkable for its self-sacrificing and untiring workers, have led so active a life as Dr. MacEvilly. We have seen what he has done as an author and an administrator, but his vigor in the management of probably, in extent of area, the largest diocese in Ireland is marvellous. Dr. MacEvilly is the oldest Irish Bishop, dating his years from his consecration. He attended the Synod of Thurles, and is the only living Irish Churchman who took part in its deliberations. He attended the Vatican Council, and is now the only Irish Bishop alive who was there at its opening. He not only attended the historic conclave, but spoke on the Dogma, and his speech on the occasion, delivered in polished and classic Latin, was considered by judges a marvel of close reasoning and vast learning. He has been for many years one of the governing body of Maynooth College, and one of the most constant attendants at its board's meetings.

Dr. MacEvilly is, and always throughout his long career was a great advocate and encourager of temperance, and he practically carried out its principles by being himself for forty years a total abstainer, and by endeavoring to recommend its practice by inducing children in thousands at Confirmation to take the pledge. It may be mentioned that, with the exception of Dr. Vaughan, Bishop of Plymouth, Dr. MacEvilly, who is his junior by only two years, is the oldest bishop in the British Empire, and despite his eighty-two years he is to-day one of the most intellectually and physically active men in the Episcopate.

The Most Rev. Dr. Croke

When this generation shall have crossed the threshold of the twentieth century and looking back reviews the scenes of the eventful drama on which the curtain of time has fallen, few characters will be found to possess so remarkable a

place in the recollections of Irishmen as the great Archbishop of Cashel. In saying so we must not be understood as perhaps speaking in a partial sense of the illustrious subject of this sketch for we yield to none in sharing the anxious prayer and longings of Irishmen that he may be with us not only to welcome the dawn of the coming era, but that he may be spared for many decades of its years to guide devotedly, as in the past, the destinies of the Irish Church and the Irish people. But it seems to us the personality of Dr. Croke has become so fixed a portrait in the hearts and homes of his countrymen that it must remain focussed within a certain period, and set, so to speak, within the framework of the events which belong to the closing quarter of the nineteenth century. When the history of that period comes to be impartially written and the motives and actions of those who played the principal parts—for Ireland's sake—on its stage are justly estimated, no more noble character, we venture to assert, than the Archbishop of Cashel will be found in the groupings that must necessarily occupy the foreground of the historian's canvas.

Thomas Croke was born near the southern Irish town of Mallow, on May 19, 1824.

Facilities for education among Catholics were then very limited indeed. Thus we learn that the advantages of which the young Irishman had to avail at first were supplied chiefly in his own home. Later he attended the school of Charleville, an institution endowed by the

spend the remaining years of his life in the homeland of his love and in the service of his faith and country. But this dream of his devoted Irish heart was not in the ways of God to be fulfilled for yet a while. In the year 1870 he was appointed by the Holy See to the bishopric of Auckland, New Zealand.

New Zealand presented a broad field for the exercise of the bishop's zeal and energy; the establishment of a Catholic organization on a practical basis was necessary, and a heavy debt under which the Cathedral of Auckland lay, had to be cleared off—tasks which required powerful administrative capacity as well as great activity.

Through the death of the Most Rev. Dr. Leahy in 1875, the Archbishopric of Cashel fell vacant. This archdiocese is one of the most important in Ireland, alike from its position and its traditional associations. Dr. Croke was appointed Archbishop of Cashel by the Pope by the special desire of His Holiness the Pope he personally attended in the Eternal City to demand the Pallium which was granted in Consistory July 5, 1875.

Within a few years after his nomination to the Archbishopric of Cashel, Dr. Croke was called on to give proof of those qualifications for which he had been chosen to fill so responsible a position. The great economical evil of Ireland—though now each year less felt—was the small number of its productive industries, which compelled the population to depend on the soil as their sole means of subsistence. In 1879 the crops failed, and the Irish peasant found himself face to face with all the horrors of impending famine.

The year 1895 witnessed one of the most impressive demonstrations of which a faithful people had ever before sought to give proof of their loyalty and devotedness to a faithful pastor. In the July of that year, the celebration of the episcopal silver jubilee of the Archbishop of Cashel took place.

On that memorable day the pulpit of Thurles Cathedral was occupied by His Eminence the Cardinal Primate of all Ireland. In the course of his magnificent oration, the illustrious speaker said, "The considerations will suffice to justify the feelings which animate us on this occasion, and show that they are founded on sound, solid religious sentiment—on sentiment which has ever done honor to the Faith and consecrated the patriotism of our people. One is the dignity and sanctity of the office to which the Archbishop of Cashel has devoted twenty-five years of zealous, unselfish, fruitful service. The other is his unserving fidelity to the glorious traditions of the Irish priesthood. In him we have his people ever found a kind father, a sterling friend, a trusted guide. His sympathy was never wanting to the suffering and afflicted, his compassion was never denied even to the erring and the fallen, the poor were never driven from his gate. Neither have his compassion and active sympathy been confined to the members of his own flock, as I, and I am sure, some of my colleagues in the episcopate, have good reason to know. When we were surrounded by a people on the verge of famine, one of the first hands extended to us was that of the Archbishop of Cashel, and it was never an empty or a biggish hand." Addressing the Archbishop of Cashel His Eminence continued: "I might still dwell, My Lord Archbishop, in more minute detail on the many other circumstances which conspire to give a deep and absorbing interest to the religious ceremonies of to-day and to the occasion which they are meant to sanctify. The cherished memories of the past arise before us, and we are reminded of the sorrows, which like light and shade, vary without marring the beauty of the prospect; and I am reminded that you are the inheritor of the glorious traditions which they give to view. I cannot forget that the crozier which you wield descends to you through a long line of predecessors. It comes from Cormac, patriot and scholar, prince and pontiff. It dropped from the hand of O'Hurly only when he had sealed with his blood the testament of fidelity to faith and country which he has left to his successors. In your hand, My Lord Archbishop, it has lost none of the hallowed associations which cling to it."

Though now advanced in years, Dr. Croke is still full of physical vitality and takes the greatest interest in the affairs and pursuits of the outer world. From his early education in foreign countries and his later residence in New Zealand, as well as his intimate associations with his own country, the Archbishop possesses a certain degree of cosmopolitanism which must ever be attractive and particularly when combined with his genial, hospitable temperament, which is so peculiarly Irish. He has filled every position in the Catholic Church, from curate to archbishop, often discharging duties more educational than ecclesiastical which must have endowed him with a wealth of experience of inestimable value in the exercise of the onerous duties of his exalted position.

The Most Rev. Dr. O'Dwyer. Thirteen years ago when the pastors of Limerick met together to elect a new bishop to fill the vacant See they departed from the usual custom in choosing not one who, so to speak, had ranked among the elders of their diocese, but by the almost unanimous nomination of Father O'Dwyer, then curate of St. Michael's, Limerick, as worthy to fill the episcopal See of St. Munchin. Though in later centuries this procedure has had but few precedents in the history of the Irish Church, the choice of the clergy of Limerick received the approval of the Holy See, and Father O'Dwyer was consecrated bishop in the Cathedral of St. John on June 29, 1886. The solemn function was marked by a display of enthusiasm, which showed the ap-

pointment was one which had the approval of the laity as well as of the clergy.

Father O'Dwyer was born and baptized in 1837 in the historic parish of Holy Cross, both his parents being inland descendants of ancient Irish families. For the name of O'Dwyer figures conspicuously in both the civil and religious annals of the country. At an early period of his life his parents moved to Limerick with which city his scholastic years and much of his religious ministry have been identified. His preliminary studies were prosecuted principally under the care of the Jesuit Fathers who then presided over the principal Catholic Seminary in Limerick.

In reviewing the history of the "City of the Violated Treaty" the reader can never fail to realize the closeness of the ties that existed between priests and people through all the phases of humiliation and triumph through which that city passed, ties cemented by centuries of common sympathy with the causes they had mutually at heart.

To-day it might be said that no member of the Irish hierarchy can boast of ruling over a more faithful or devoted flock or of possessing a more splendidly equipped Cathedral city.

In the vast array of churches for which Catholic Limerick is peculiar, several religious orders are represented, among which we may name the Franciscans, the Dominicans, the Augustinians, the Jesuits, and the Redemptorists. In the last-named organization of the Holy Family of the Holy Family is said to be one of the most successfully worked associations attached to any church in the world. The number of men whose names are inscribed on its rolls exceeds five thousand.

In watching over the temporal welfare of his spiritual children, Dr. O'Dwyer has spent much thought and labor on that most important factor—the education of the young. The splendid schools with which the city and diocese are endowed testify strongly to his energy in this direction. Recently, too, in the press and otherwise, he has given many most valuable pronouncements on the question of the establishment of an Irish Catholic University. In spite of the multiplicity of his occupations, he has given deep thought to the subject, and with characteristic perception of the situation he has given an excellent statement of the extent of Irish Catholic claims in the matter of higher education. In writing recently on the subject in the pages of the "Nineteenth Century," he says: "What the Irish want is a democratic university, that is an intellectual democracy in which the thought of the nation will find its centre and its expression, and this is the ideal to be aimed at."

His zeal in promoting the cause of education finds ample evidence in the large number of schools and colleges throughout his diocese. St. Munchin's Diocesan College, Limerick, is one of the most flourishing colleges of its kind in Ireland, while the Munster, close to the city, the Jesuit Fathers carry on the work to which their Order is so peculiarly devoted, that of education, where they also compass in their labors another special task, that of propagating and sending out missionaries to spread the Gospel faith in far-off lands. The Christian Brothers, too, at Limerick, in the recent results have secured high awards in the general work of their schools, giving ample proof that that system of education in which the religious and moral element is blended with secular teaching is the most useful and most successful for Christian youth.

There are also many convents in which the education of girls is provided for, the convent of the Faithful Companions of Jesus being the most prominent since as an institution it stands in the very foremost rank of high-class Irish schools. The Sisters of Mercy are numerous throughout the diocese where their multiplied works of charity are bearing golden fruits. The convent of the Good Shepherd in Limerick continues one of the noblest institutions in its Magdalen Asylum, whilst the work of reparation and devotion to the Blessed Sacrament is carried on by the Sisters of Marie Reparatrice, an institution which owes its existence especially to the patronage of His Lordship the Bishop of Limerick.

One of the most remarkable events in Dr. O'Dwyer's career and one which shows his zeal for the welfare of the sick and dying, his flock was that of securing for Catholics a share of the advantages afforded by the endowed Hospital of St. John's—an institution which for many years was vested under the control of a non-Catholic Board of Governors and patrons. A community of nuns at present administer to the spiritual and temporal wants of those who seek admission within its walls.

In addition to all these eminent-ly useful institutions in the diocese of Limerick, which owe their initiative to the keen foresight of the Most Rev. Dr. O'Dwyer, may be lastly mentioned the college which is just now being established in Limerick by His Lordship, in conjunction with the Commissioners of National Education. The object aimed at is the training of the female teachers of primary schools in improved methods of instruction and general industrial work. This is a fitting crown to the educational arrangements that prevail in the diocese. Happily also, its usefulness will not be confined to Limerick, but will extend to other places in the south of Ireland.

Thus we see that the Bishop of Limerick has left nothing undone to secure the social, as well as religious, welfare of those who have been entrusted to his care. In conclusion we must sum up all which we would wish to say in detail by stating that a more earnest, energetic, fearless, and out-spoken bishop has seldom ruled a diocese than the present occupant of the episcopal throne of St. Munchin, patron and first Bishop of Limerick.

DEVOUT PRACTICES AND CUSTOMS.

BY OUR CURBSTONE OBSERVER.

As I stand, these Sundays, upon the Curbstone and watch the throngs of pious, silent, and devout citizens go past, I am strongly impressed with the grand evidences of a living Faith that arise upon all sides.

I am told, now hang in a back bedroom; I would not have been surprised had they told me that they were out in the shed, or else that they had been traded off for their artistic monstrosities that now replaced them.

This open and edifying adherence to a practice prescribed by the Church or the occasion is an evidence that our people are as truly Catholic at heart as were their forefathers for generations back.

I will just state what I saw in a somewhat wealthy Irish Catholic home in this city. Having a few moments there to wait while the persons I had called to see were getting ready to come to the parlor, I noticed two magnificent Irish scenes.

Tim was, and not long ago, when every Catholic home, and especially every Irish Catholic home, had a number of pictures that were universally in use. In almost every house you found a crucifix, a picture of the Blessed Virgin, and then one of St. Joseph, or some other pious saint.

Al! the olden customs! the olden manners! the olden spirit! They are rapidly going down into that yawning abyss which has swallowed up the long line of Ireland's great ones.

The other day I visited the house of a fellow-countryman and co-religionist, and I found that his parlor was decorated in a most untasteful and meaningless style.

In another home, not many months ago, I saw an allegorical picture; it depicted a ship about to weigh anchor in an Irish port, a young Celt was standing, satchel in hand, on the gang-way, and inviting a young girl to come with him to America.

FATHER BRANNAN AND THE METHODIST MINISTER.

In his report of last month, Rev. P. F. Brannan, of the Catholic Missionary Union, tells of some very strange and even amusing adventures that he has had in the course of his missions to Protestants, along the Rio Grande.

own church, it being Sunday night, so I sent him an acceptance of his challenge by a young man after I finished my lecture at 10 o'clock at night.

"The night before I was to leave I got a document challenging me to meet him in debate. I read the challenge to the audience, and told them that I would stay over Monday night especially to accommodate the preacher, who thought I would have to go next day and could not meet him.

"Well, what subject do you choose?" "Confession," he said. "Very well, I have the opening and conclusion, you know, having the affirmative of the proposition." He then said, "We will use no book except the Protestant Bible." He is a young man about thirty years of age. He wrote an answer stating he would call to see me next morning.

He must have been laboring under great excitement, as his note appeared to have been written by a palsied hand. He came next morning in his wheel. I met him at the door. He was pale, and in a tremor of excitement. I greeted him pleasantly, and told him to sit down. I said:

"In the struggle that came to fair Florence, In the midst of that terrible night, His sons, his children, snatched from him, Were slain in the thick of the fight, Heart-broken, his darling Francesca, Went seeking her sons through the gloom, And there full of sorrow and trouble,

had them scattered all over town, and sent a number of them to Mexico. There never was such a crowd in that court house before. Every English-speaking person from the neighboring city in Mexico was there, as well as every adult white person in Eagle Pass.

but his material was exhausted and he sat down. I had only an hour and no time to throw away, and I began with the heaviest artillery in the armory of Catholic truth.

NOTES ON IRISH LITERATURE.

"THE BELL FOUNDER."

(BY A SPECIAL CONTRIBUTOR)

CONCLUDED.

Owing to the great length of McCarthy's poem, "The Bell Founder"—the first part of which appeared in last week's issue—we will combine the second and third parts in this contribution.

Laid down by their side in the tomb, Wife, children, and home swept away, From a heart once so burning and bold, As the sparks of the furnace that vanished.

"Oh, Erin! thou broad-spreading valley, Thou well-watered land of fresh streams, When I gaze on thy hills greenly sloping, Where the light of such loveliness beams;

When the white-glowing metal grows cold, And the bells he had loved to devotion, From the Church of Our Lady were torn, And away from the shrine where they rang, By the red hand of sacrilege borne.

"Oh! land which the heavens made for joy, But where wretchedness buildeth a throne; Oh! prodigal spendthrift of sorrow, And hast thou not heirs of thine own? Thus to lavish thy sons' only portion, And bring one sad claimant the from the sweet, sunny land of the South, To thy crowded and desolate shore, For that vessel which cleaveth thy waters, She is not a curragh of thine, And that, like to thy lakes and by rivers, Are dyed with the juice of the vine, Not thine is that flag backward floating, Nor the olive-cheeked seamen that guide, Nor the old man that stands at the prow, And gazes so listlessly over the tide!

We will pass over the several stanzas of "Eden" and mention in which the sentiments of the old man are described. Let us follow him on his last and eventful journey. "Thus wandering on through fair Italy, Now by the Adrian sea, In the shrine of Loreto he bendeth His knees, and supplieth his knee; And now by the brown, troubled Tiber, He taketh his desolate way, And in many a shady basilica, Lingers to listen and pray, He prays for the dear ones snatched from him; Nor vainly, nor hopelessly prays, For the faith in a union hereafter, Like a light on his cold bosom plays. He sees not the blue waves of Boeia, Nor Ischia's summits brown; He sees not the tall campanile, That rises o'er each far-gleaming town, Thus restlessly onward he rambles, On aimless and sorrowful way, 'Til he comes to the Eden of waters That sparkle in Napoli's Bay. Then comes a description of his voyage to San Iago, in Spain. When this shrine was reached, and his bells were not yet found, the poet tells that:—"A bark bound for Erin was waiting; He entered, like one in a dream; Strong winds and the full purple sails Brought him soon to the Shannon's broad stream. 'Twas an evening that Florence might envy, So rich was the lemon-hued air, As it lay on lone Scattery's island, Or lit the green mountains of Clare. The broad-spreading, old, giant river Rolled its waters as smooth and as still, As if Una, with all her bright nymphs, Had come down from the far fairy hill, To fling her wondrous enchantments Over the wave and tide, And to smooth the worn heart of the old man, Who looked from the dark vessel's side. "Borne on the current, that vessel Glides slowly and smoothly away; Past Carragholt, and past many A green-sloping headland and bay, Twixt Cratloe's blue hills and green woods, And the soft, sunny shores of Tir-yoo,

And now the fair city of Limerick Spreads out on the broad bank below. "Nearer, and nearer approaching, The mariners look o'er the town; The old man sees naught but St. Mary's square tower, With its battlements brown, For a time all the air is silent, But now with a sudden surprise, A rich pool of melody bursts from that tower, Through the clear evening skies. One note is enough; his eye moistens; The heart in his bosom out-swells; He has found them—the sons of his labor— His musical, magical bells. At each note the bright past returns; Around him the sweet Arno shines; His home, his darling Francesca, His purple-clad trelis of vines, He pauses, he listens, and he hears, So clear in that wonderful strain, The voices of children loud calling— "Oh! leave us not father again!" " 'Tis granted; he smiles; his eye closes; The breath from his white lips has fled; The father is gone to his children— The old Campanone is dead!"

LEASING CONVICTS IN FLORIDA

According to American exchanges, the Administration of Florida is not waiting for the Legislature to convene to settle the convict-lease system. The Legislature will meet in April, but the convicts will be leased for the four years beginning January 1, 1902, during the last week of March. No bids for their lease will be received after noon on March 20.

The new administration is making radical changes in the system. The convicts now are only netting the State about \$27,000 per annum. They are leased by middlemen for speculative purposes and again sub-leased. The State loses the difference. In the new regulations, issued this week, the Commissioner of Agriculture, who has immediate charge of this department of the State Government, announces that no bids for less than \$130 per capita per annum will be considered. With an average of 700 able-bodied convicts, this will run the revenue to the State up to \$91,000, fully \$64,000 more than the State is now receiving. The State will also announce that preference will be given to bids from those persons or corporations who will work the convicts direct, and not lease them for the purpose of speculation. Some of the other regulations for the new system follow: Parties bidding may bid for all or a part of the convicts, or may bid in both ways. All persons bidding must make their bid upon the basis of the lessee or lessees bearing all expenses of the convict, from the date of sentence by the court to the time he returns to the State, including, physicians, board, clothing, etc., the State to be in no way taxed with any of the expenses and charges necessary for the care and custody of the prisoner or prisoners during the term of lease. The contract will remain to the State, through its officers and agents full supervision of the convicts, and all bids must be made upon the theory of taking all classes and kinds of convicts as they come, no distribution or picking of men to be considered in any way.

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STORY OF The convent... The convent was in the southern... remotely far from... habitations of m... gloomy structure... line; its eastern... over to the use... the pupils, while... comprises the cen... in the western vi... libraries, art-rom... firmaries. Apart... but facing it, is... chapel, and beyon... is the priest's... I had been quite... ing my convalesc... my great sorrow... dear godfather, R... Rheinhardt. I be... once, but I was t... the infirmary, and... come to me. Thus... ed, during which... grow steadily mor... loved and reveren... go more than... like piety, his wo... stilled kindness... day I was taken... changed he was!... accord me was a... feeble hand press... blessing, while I... and went. That night I wa... profound slumber... sense of exquisite... to grasp the mean... spiritual ecstasy—... was, I knew it cou... emotion—and then... still to listen. U... tence came sound... tiful, that my ver... with the rapture o... up and ran to th... night was dark; n... sky now a light... vant, save the taf... dimly in the sick... As I stood there... mysterious music... began to encircle... as it brightened, a... sweeter, I was... and heard, I was... to really again by... morning I learn... Rheinhardt had die... After this my fev... month later I was... the infirmary. On... waked and nervo... about on my pillow... I arose and threw... chair by the wind... upon the lawn. To... the following day... one story of the... were brilliantly lit... struck me as pecu... that Father Burke... priest—had gone aw... at sunset, and wou... the following day... Still he might ha... than he had been... lighted chambers w... rooms were in dar... lighted chambers w... Ever since his dea... been closed and b... were open, and t... was so bright that... I stood there, lost... the same wonder... ways, when the de... ed at his window a... to me I felt that... with an earnest ap... tified, bewildered, I... prebend why I alon... these wonderful th... curious prudence w... ulge my secret to... fear; on the contrar... ly happy. I seeme... that brief midnight... such music! Since... ened to earth's s... yet in my heart, I... they are when com... of my vision; fo... was the measure o... difference of things... vine. One day there cam... the famous priest-p... Sebastian. He felt... tioned me briefly, a... ly. "There is something... my child; what is it... I looked up at hi... a voice in my hear... I hesitate no longer... would believe me... listened to me with... then said: "You have done w... your confidence, de... thoughtfully. "I sh... you to-night, tog... wait your beautif... I awoke as usual... room was lit by t... lamp that burned... the foot of my bed... who was nursing i... an arm-chair; the... knees before a cruci... in prayer. At the... tionless as a statue... dim outline of Fat... quiet figure. I arose and knelt... had not long to w... in Father Rheinhard... to emit a faint radi...

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STORY OF A CHILD'S VISION FROM THE OTHER WORLD.

The convent where I was educated in the southern part of Kentucky, remotely far from the haunts and habitations of man. It is a vast, gloomy structure of irregular outline; its eastern wings are given over to the use and occupation of the pupils, while the convent proper comprises the central portion, and in the western wing are the great libraries, art-rooms, and various infirmaries. Apart from the convent, but facing it, is a beautiful Gothic chapel, and beyond, across the lawn, is the cottage occupied by the resident priest.

MOTHER AND CHILD

Let the mother take Scott's emulsion of cod-liver oil for the two; it is almost never superfluous. One can eat for two; but nourishing two is a different thing; it implies a degree of interior strength not often found in woman of either extreme.

A BUSH CHRISTENING.

Some years ago Hugh Maccartney left County Antrim, in Ireland, and came to Australia in order to seek his fortune. A young man, possessing some of the good qualities of his countrymen, he had been brought up a Presbyterian and had become a member of the Orange Society; his prejudices against the Catholics were very strong.

UNPARDONABLE.

When "Bob" Taylor was Governor of Tennessee, he was noted for being a tender-hearted as a woman, and when he was pardoned out, he was waiting upon by a committee of the Legislature, who very flatly and in no uncertain way told him that this "wholesale pardoning must stop."

INVENTOR'S WORK.

List of Canadian patents recently granted: 70,505—Sidney G. Brown, London, Eng., for use on telegraph cables and other lines.

HARPER'S PURE PORK SAUSAGES.

Are Unexcelled. Also Thistle Brand Hams and Bacon. James Harper, Pork Packer, Stalls: Nos. 25, 26 and 27, St. LAWRENCE MARKET.

Alcohol is the Curse!

Victims of the Liqueur Habit do you want to be cured? Take the Dixon Vegetable Remedy. The only unflinching specific against Alcoholism.

BEFORE THE CURE. The summer was now at hand. The spring rains had fallen and the farmers' seed-sowing was done. The sun shone with the bright glare of December and the grass had already turned brown.

AFTER THE CURE. J. B. LALIME, Agent "Dixon Cure," 572 ST. DENIS ST., MONTREAL.

ALEXANDER'S CAKES AND PASTRY.

ESTABLISHED 1842. 219 St. James Street. FRESH DAILY. CANDIES, BON BONS, AND CHOCOLATES.

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BE SURE TO ORDER ROWAN'S.

Belfast Ginger Ale, Soda Water, Apple Nectar, Kola, Cream Soda, etc. Note our "Trade Mark" on every bottle.

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THE ST. PATRICK'S CROSS.

Come, raise me up, alannah! Lift me up a little more, And let the sunshine touch my bed and stream upon the floor;

Once more I bid it welcome — 'tis the last for me, I fear, I've had a long, long journey, but the end is drawing near;

You know my old brown chest, as there, in the bottom corner hid, A little faded pasteboard cross — 'tis colored, quaint and old,

Long years ago I carried it, across the rolling sea, And Time, with all its changes, has not stolen it from me,

And there are twined around it, child, what you can't understand; Old memories of other days — of youth and native land;

It tells me of the first time that I wore it long ago, Pinned here upon my shoulder, ah! but sure you'll never know

How grand I felt that morning, with my cross and ribbon green; God and country bonded together, I was prouder than a queen.

How light and gay my spirits, as we children climbed the hill To seek for four-leaved shamrocks whilst the dew was sparkling still,

My little cross, around you, oh, how many memories cling! Old times, old scenes, old faces to my mind this day you bring;

For Ireland and St. Patrick let me wear it once again. The weight of years may go and come, but my soul will ever pray

And around the Cross entwined, may her shamrocks e'er be met, That as she bore the burden she may share the triumph yet.

—E. A. SUTTON.

MONKS OF THE MIDDLE AGES.

The Very Rev. P. J. Garrigan, D. D., the vice-rector of the Catholic University, at Washington, D. C., was the lecturer at the Montauk Theatre, Brooklyn, recently, before members of the Knights of Columbus.

The study of the middle ages, like the rest, has become more and more general, serious, scientific and popular. Illustrious adversaries of Catholicism, like Guizot, Villemain, in our day, Sabatier, Clarke, of Edinburgh, and Eckenstein, have popularized periods, races and personages which the last century had condemned to scorn and oblivion.

The term middle ages is used to define the intermediate period between ancient and modern civilization, the period beginning with the close of the fifth century of the Christian era and ending with the fifteenth, or, as some say, the thirteenth century, during which a profound darkness followed the brilliant light that had previously radiated over the world from Rome and Athens.

Toward the end of the fifth century Rome met her doom—her light and her life were simultaneously extinguished. Rome, the mistress of the world! Roma Immortalis! Eternal Rome! having conquered Assyria, Persia, Greece, Macedonia, became drunk with her victories, weakened by jealousies and enfeebled through luxury and excessive wealth, was herself, like iniquitous Babylon and Jerusalem, brought before the remembrance of God, conquered and beaten flat to the ground by those who were her vassals and her servants. The barbarians who conquered Rome had brought to it the germs of a newer and nobler world. They had a moral force and energy, a rude hardihood and power of endurance, which the Romans had wholly lost through self-indulgence and wealth. But they had not knowledge, nor true civilization. They came for plunder and to despoil, and they so plundered and despoiled that the cities were a waste and the land a desert.

The interval between the fall of the Roman Empire and its re-establishment in Charlemagne, the beginning of the ninth century, was emphatically one of revolution and rapine, of lawless and cruel conquest, of rapacious and bloodthirsty hordes who recognized no law, no authority and revelled in lust and violence amid the ruins and putrefaction of

die Ages were her ministers in the preservation of European civilization, as her hierarchy is in the preservation and perfection of human society throughout the world today.

There were three elements struggling for mastery in the general confusion and darkness which reigned throughout Europe from the fifth to the ninth century, the reign of Charlemagne, the seed time of new Europe, barbarism, paganism and Christianity. Pagan and barbarian influences could not of themselves save nor reconstruct society on a secure and permanent basis.

The teaching church in those early days consisted of the Papacy and the monks of the monastic orders. The Papacy and the monks were sowers of divine truth in the field of the world, the bearers of the divine message to man, who fearlessly preached the Gospel to every creature. There was no other form of religion in the Western world than that of the Apostolic Church.

The word "monk" is from the Greek word "monos" (alone, single), which expresses the idea of Eastern monasticism, and which has been applied inappropriately in more modern times to the four great orders of the church. Indeed, the monastic life, from the days of Benedict, had never a contemplative nor solitary character; on the contrary, it was social and active, it formed a nucleus of intellectual development, and served as an instrument for the fermentation and propagation of ideas. The distinctive characteristic which shines from the society of monastic creations in existence is its moral force, that strength which is a certain virtue, which overcomes the world like courage and sacrifice. "I do not hesitate to affirm," says Montalembert, "that the true monks of the great ages of the Church were the representative of manhood under its most pure, energetic and intellectual forms of manhood, protesting against all vulgarity and baseness, and condemning themselves to greater and more sustained efforts than are demanded by any worldly career."

Modern society is indebted to the monks for the first lessons in Christian civilization—industry, arts and agriculture, and also for the preservation of the classic texts, which are picked up here and there and saved from burning schools, libraries and devastated cities. The classics which have exercised the greatest influence on modern education, as models and masterpieces of literature, have been preserved, transcribed and transmitted to posterity by the monks of the Middle Ages. This, I think, will not be disputed by the most austere savant or classical critic, because the manuscripts themselves are found in the libraries of the monasteries even to this day, and dated from the eighth to the tenth centuries. They are, however, in the handwriting of the monks. The preservation of the Latin language in a new form as the language of the Church, for centuries the language of courts and of laws, must be traced to a monk of the fourth and fifth centuries (St. Jerome). This is one of the greatest achievements of the human mind, ranking in merit and importance with St. Augustine's "City of God," and greater than Dante's "Inferno," both immortal products of the Middle Ages.

The principles of Roman law and procedure were compiled in the sixth century, after the triumph of Christianity, and in the reign of Justinian. The Justinian Code, the Pandect, the Institutes of the Novellae, are the classics of the law schools of Europe and America to this day. What the monks did for Roman law and language they did for pagan art and architecture. When the Church came out of the Catacombs and was granted legal tolerance, the genius of Christianity showed itself in the basilicas of Constantine and Theodosia. Through the monks of the Middle Ages the seeds of right education were sown, the old molds were recast and the ideas and principles began to germinate which afterwards found their full expression in the splendid architectural piles that covered the face of Christian Europe.

Such were the monks in the Middle Ages. They were ages of revolution and of evolution, ages during which the deluge of barbarism swept over Europe and engulfed paganism, although developed and polished for centuries by the genius and refinement of ancient Rome and Greece. In that deluge all was lost, except it was saved in the ark of the Church. The Church had survived, and was like the beacon light shining over the lurid troubled waters and beckoning all to a haven of safety. She thus fulfilled her divine mission in the world of enlightening and sanctifying men, and teaching them and governing them to the attainment of their eternal destiny. This she did by virtue of her divine commission and divine power entrusted to her by the Incarnate Son of God, and the monks of the Middle

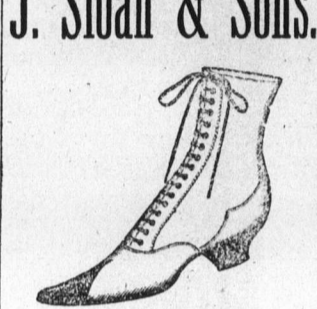
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Long and practical experience enables them to buy with every care as to style, fit and quality. The business has their constant personal attention.

Men's Box Calf Boots, Goodyear welt, from... \$3.00 up Men's Working Boots, Solid Leather, from... \$1.00 up Ladies' and Misses' Goods in special value.

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BRUNSWICK LIVERY, BOARDING AND SALE STABLE. Fine Carriages and Road Boards.

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THE NEW WILLIAMS. The right machine to buy if you want to get a Sewing Machine that will give PERFECT SATISFACTION at all times and on all sorts of work.



Province of Quebec, Superior Court. Dame Marie Hymne Gagnon of the City and District of Montreal, wife of Elzear Martel, of the City and District of Montreal, duly authorized a ester on Justice, Plaintiff.

NOTICE.

Notice is hereby given that at the next session of the Parliament at Ottawa, the company called "Le Credit Foncier du Bas-Canada," incorporated by the Act 36 Vict. Ch. 102, will apply for amendments to its charter for the purpose of changing its capital stock and board of management.

LE CREDIT FONCIER DU BAS-CANADA. Montreal, 19th. February, 1901. GEOFFROY & CUSSON, Attorneys for Petitioners.

EVERY CATHOLIC Young Man..

Should possess a copy of "The Catholic Student's Manual of Instructions and Prayers." For all seasons of the Ecclesiastical Year.

It contains Liturgical Prayers, Indulgences, Devotions and Pious Exercises for every occasion, and for all seasons of the Ecclesiastical Year.

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PROVINCE OF QUEBEC, District of Montreal. SUPERIOR COURT. No. 438.

Dame Marjory B. Mowatt, of the Town of Westmont, in the District of Montreal, wife of Charles R. McDowell, of the same place, Merchant, Plaintiff;

vs. The said Charles R. McDowell, Defendant.

An action in separation of property has been this day instituted between the above parties.

MARKEY & MONTGOMERY, Attorneys for Plaintiff 35-5

GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY SYSTEM. The INTERNATIONAL LIMITED Leaves Montreal daily at 9 a. m., reaching Toronto at 4 40 p. m., Hamilton 5 40 p. m., London 7 30 p. m., Detroit 9 40 p. m.

FAST SERVICE BETWEEN MONTREAL AND OTTAWA. Fast trains leave Montreal daily, except Sunday, at 9 50 a. m. and 4 10 p. m., arriving at Ottawa at 12 15 noon and 6 35 p. m.

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CARTER'S Cold Cure 10c. CURES IN A DAY. P. McCORMACK & CO., Agents, Cor. McGill and Notre Dame Sts.

NOTICE. The Montreal and Southern Counties Railway Company will apply to the Parliament of Canada, at the present session, for an Act extending the 4-day fixed for the construction of the Railway.

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ST. ANN'S T. A. & B. SOCIETY, established 1863. Rev. Director, Rev. Father Flynn, President, John Killenather; Secretary, James Brady.

ST. PATRICK'S T. A. & B. SOCIETY. Meets on the second Sunday of every month in St. Patrick's Hall, 92 St. Alexander street, immediately after Vespers.

C.M.B.A. OF CANADA, BRANCH 26. (Organized, 13th November, 1883.) Branch 26 meets at St. Patrick's Hall, 92 St. Alexander street, on every Monday of each month.

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Society Directory.

ST. PATRICK'S SOCIETY. Established March 6th, 1856, incorporated 1863, revised 1864. Meets in St. Patrick's Hall, 92 St. Alexander street, first Monday of the month.

YOUNG IRISHMEN'S L. & B. ASSOCIATION, organized April, 1874. Incorporated, Dec. 1875. Regular monthly meeting held in its hall, 19 Dupre street, first Wednesday of every month, at 8 o'clock, p.m.

LADIES' AUXILIARY to the Ancient Order of Hibernians, Division No. 1. Meets in St. Patrick's Hall, 92 St. Alexander Street, on the first Sunday, at 4 p.m., and third Thursday, at 8 p.m., of each month.

A.O.H.—DIVISION NO. 2. Meets in lower vestry of St. Gabriel N.W. Church corner Centre and Laprairie streets, on the 2nd and 4th Friday of each month, at 8 p.m.

A.O.H.—DIVISION NO. 3. Meets on the first and third Wednesday of each month, at No. 1863 Notre Dame street, near McGill, Ottawa.

ST. ANN'S YOUNG MEN'S SOCIETY organized 1885—Meets in its hall, 157 Ottawa street, on the first Sunday of each month, at 2.30 p.m.

ST. PATRICK'S T. A. & B. SOCIETY. Meets on the second Sunday of every month in St. Patrick's Hall, 92 St. Alexander street, immediately after Vespers.

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