

living and dead, but I can honestly declare to-night as an Irishman—and I trust a patriot—I love my own the best.

Dealing with the attitude of Protestants towards Irish, Canon O'Connell, himself a Protestant, said the attitude of the majority of Irish Protestants towards the language movement seemed to him to be utterly senseless, illogical, and inconsistent. 'In my opinion,' said he, 'the national language is the birthright of every Irishman, independent of creed or politics, and to say that we should have nothing to do with the Irish language because it is spoken principally by Catholics and Nationalists, is as sensible as though I refused to go on a tramcar and took "shanks's mare" because the majority of the tram conductors were Orangemen. If it is a question of religion let them be consistent. Then, if I were an Orangeman to-morrow, I would never speak a word of English, because English is the language of Mr. Asquith, Mr. Winston Churchill, and, if I mistake not, even of Mr. John Redmond and Mr. Joseph Devlin, and there have been more disloyal sentiments expressed in the English language than ever were in Irish or ever will be. And this attitude to which I have referred is a pity, because the Irish Protestant, when sensible, is a very useful member of a nation. I need scarcely remind you that before to-day the Irish Protestant has stood in the gap of danger in the cause of Irish Nationality, and the names of Robert Emmet and Wolfe Tone will not readily fade from the pages of Irish history, and in the language movement the Irish Protestant has done his share.'

AN UNANSWERABLE ARGUMENT.

Sir John Simon, Solicitor-General, speaking at the dinner of the Eighty Club on March 2, said that twice in its history the club entertained Mr. Parnell. The first was in 1888, when Mr. Parnell described to the club, and, through the club, to the British people, his negotiations with Lord Carnarvon, and thereby put on record the imperishable fact that the Conservatives would be Home Rulers, like other sensible men, if it were not that they had the Orangemen tied at the end of their tail. The second time Mr. Parnell was present at one of the gatherings of the club was, almost to a day, twenty-three years ago—the 8th March, 1889. Only a fortnight before, Sir Charles Russell—as great an Irishman as he was an advocate—had smashed Pigott, and only ten days before that the miserable forger had confessed his crime to the ingenious Mr. Labouchere, and only five days before had ended his wretched existence. Frank Lockwood, whose memory was still fragrant, was in the chair at the gathering, and Lord Spencer, a Liberal ex-Viceroy of Ireland, was the principal speaker. And there occurred the thrilling moment, described at the time by Lord Rosebery as 'the historic hand-shake.' There the leader of the Nationalist Party in Ireland grasped the hand of Lord Spencer. From that day to this the Eighty Club had been a Home Rule organisation. Its members could not deny the validity of the Irish claim put forward with such consistency and unanimity since 1884. As Liberals they were concerned that here, as elsewhere, the cure for discontent was freedom. As men of business, they thought it absurd that whilst seven millions of people in Canada had ten Parliaments, five millions in Australia seven Parliaments, and one and a-half millions of white men in South Africa five Parliaments, the United Kingdom, with its 45,000,000, should endeavour to do its work with one Parliament. As men of justice, they thought it terrible that Ireland should have lost her Parliament, not by any act of the British people, but by the corrupt device of a limited, select, and privileged caste in the two countries. As Englishmen, they were ashamed that the one place where British institutions had failed was in Ireland which they were now determined to reconcile.

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People We Hear About

Hon. Henry Edmund Talbot, son of Lord Edmund Talbot, and nephew of the Duke of Norfolk, has been appointed aide-de-camp to the Duke of Connaught, Governor-General of Canada. This is the first appointment of a Catholic to such a position.

Of the three hundred and ninety-seven members of the German Reichstag, one hundred and seventy-nine are Evangelicals, and of these one belongs to the Centre Party. The Catholics number one hundred and thirty, and eighty-nine of them are members of the Centre. Sixty-nine members do not belong to any Church. The Jewish members number seven.

The Right Rev. Dr. Robert Browne, Bishop of Cloyne, who recently gained such a remarkable victory in the law courts against a Scottish paper which made serious charges of bigotry against him, is a native of Charleville, County Cork. Cloyne diocese has its headquarters at Queenstown. The beautiful cathedral which greets the eye as one steams up Cork Harbour, is Bishop Browne's seat. Dr. Browne was educated at Maynooth, and prior to his consecration, over 17 years ago, he was president of that institution.

The reason why Father Vaughan is an effective orator (says the *Philadelphia Ledger*) is partly that his speech is as clear as a pane of glass—if he uses a long word of Latin origin there is a reason. An audience does not hungrily wait upon the utterance of one whom it does not understand. The talker who drives home to men's hearts is he who puts his meaning in such terms that the slowest and the dullest cannot miss it. He does not use ten words when one will do.'

Lady Wentworth is one of three English Catholic peeresses in their own right. The two others are Baroness Herries (Duchess of Norfolk) and Baroness Beaumont, who will be one of the debutantes of the coming season. Baroness Wentworth is the only child of the second Earl of Lovelace and 13th Baron Wentworth, and is a great-granddaughter of Lord Byron. She is the author of *Fair Children: Love Greetings to My Tiny Friends*, a delightful little volume of verse about children, written with a charming naivete proper to the theme.

Major-General Luke O'Connor, V.C., C.B., who has celebrated his eighty-first birthday, won the Victoria Cross at the Battle of Alma, and is the only living Victoria Cross man who has risen from the rank of private to that of general officer. A member of one of the oldest and most respected of Roscommon families, he was born at Elphin in 1832, and began a military career, which has turned out to be so distinguished, in 1849, in the Royal Welsh Fusiliers. He was at the Relief of Lucknow in the Indian Mutiny, and was promoted Brevet Lieut.-Colonel in the Ashantee Expedition in 1873. In 1887 he retired with the rank of Major-General.

Colonel P. A. Kenna, V.C., formerly of the 21st Lancers, will succeed Colonel Sir L. Rolleston in the command of the Nottinghamshire and Derbyshire Mounted Brigade (Territorials). Colonel Kenna is an old Stonyhurst boy, and is 49 years of age. He is one of the finest polo players in the army, a good cricketer, and a fine horseman and huntsman. He has the double distinction of the V.C., won in the famous Lancers' charge at Omdurman, and the decoration of the Royal Humane Society for saving the life of a drowning man. Colonel Kenna has been married twice. He was a bridegroom and widower within a few weeks, his bride, a daughter of the seventh Earl of Abingdon, dying of typhoid fever almost on the honeymoon. Later he married Miss Angela Hibbert, daughter of the late Mr. Hubert Hibbert. The Colonel was closely related to the late Cardinal-Archbishop of Sydney.

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