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THE IRISH MELODIES GALORE

CELEBRATION OF THE BIRTH AND HISTORY OF SAINT PATRICK IN ST. MARY'S HALL.

The celebration in St. Mary's Hall last evening was so well attended that the capacity of the building was taxed. A most pleasing program was carried out and was as follows: "The Rose of Ireland," Master F. Lindstrom and Mrs. M. Brooks; "Isle of Beauty, Fare Thee Well!" Mrs. Charles Abercrombie; "The Meeting of the Waters," J. Moore; "The Shooey Shoo," Miss G. Kearney; oration of the day, by W. R. McGarry, the well known lawyer of Portland; "I Dream I Dwelt in Marble Halls," Miss Kate Shively; "Holly Malone," N. Johnson; "Kathleen Mavourneen," Miss Lena Benoit; "The Son My Mother Used To Sing," Mrs. J. H. O'Connell; medley of Irish airs, Mrs. Charles Abercrombie.

The address of Mr. W. R. McGarry was listened to with the closest attention and was as follows:

About 1500 years ago a child of Norman parents was sent into this world to become the greatest standard bearer of purity, justice and mercy that has ever consecrated a personal endeavor to the moral advancement of the human race.

This child was St. Patrick. And he came at a time when the old world was just emerging from the clouds of pagan corruption—when thrones had crumbled away in civic rottenness—when ancient dynasties had sunk into fugitive slavery and the principles of civil government were melting into universal barbarity and crime.

The period of his birth was very much like that when the Savior of men began his glorious regeneration of humanity, and the face of the civilized world, outside of a few ancient cities, resembled that of America when the aborigines divided the land into warlike tribes.

Ireland was then the home of the Druid and was peopled by men and women of Carthaginian origin. The climate then, as now, resembled that of Western Oregon; and the soil, so rich and productive, furnished an enduring and attractive incentive for the people to cultivate, in pastoral simplicity, the higher faculties of the mind and the heart. The mountains, valleys and waterways were and yet remain the most picturesque that ever beautified the world. It was a place so full of mystic glories, of poetic revelations and of imaginary tyrants that poets, philosophers and patriots sprang like the native verdure into vigorous and aggressive prominence among the tribal bands of European savages, who were sunk in universal ignorance and superstitious gloom.

St. Patrick came to this ancient people as a little captive lad and began his probationary career as a slave among the Four Masters. He became acquainted with their manners, their customs and their habits of thought,

and when he subsequently completed a theological training, he returned to Ireland as a Christian missionary and in a few years left behind him a name over which historians have marvelled and scholars have speculated and statesmen have pondered and theologians have meditated and to which the whole world will for ages yet to come look up with reverential awe.

Now what was the secret of this wonderful achievement? It was not because he had built up a great dynasty. Not because he had great military genius. Not because he had built up a great government on the ruins of the poor man's liberty.

Charles the Great and his dynasty are forgotten. Who ever hears of the military exploits of Verres? Who reveres the memory of Louis XIV? Yet these men, in temporal majesty, towered above this simple ecclesiastic as St. Helens towers above your Columbia bar.

These men were creatures of pomp and power and remorseless greed who believed in the theory of might over right and looked upon the poor and the unfortunate as so many beasts of burden to be worked to death so that they might revel in luxury and power. These men believed in keeping humanity in ignorance so that they could claim a divine right to rule and impose this impious superstition upon the people they enslaved. They fomented racial hatred, so as to furnish an excuse for the butchery of war; they kept up an incessant war to furnish an excuse for standing armies; they maintained their armies to furnish an excuse for taxation and they employed taxation to enrich their treasury, by the plunder the people and cover the whole world with misery, ignorance, poverty, despondency and human degradation. They left behind them castles and forts and monuments and they made of the world an unholy sepulchre for the burial of liberty and human love. In the world's chronology of moral deformity they furnished the apothesis of governmental corruption and reveal to the whole world the characteristic and fundamental weakness of graft and tyranny among the social institutions of civilized man.

On the other hand, St. Patrick encouraged the people in learning. He taught them to look upon ignorance as a mortal sin and as a civil crime. He converted them into the belief that happiness consisted in so using your own so as not to injure another in the exercise of his rights. He taught them that the liberty of the poor was better than the license of the great. That there was perfect equality in his scheme of human liberty and that everybody was equal before the law at the throne of impartial justice. He taught them that human government was instituted among men to restrain the criminal and protect the honest and the weak from the rescality of designing power; that a public office was only a public trust and that an honest official was the noblest representative of God. In a word he taught a simple lesson of civic virtue and erected in the hearts of man a government of moral principles that is as vital today as it was when Ireland became the moral and intellectual mistress of the world. This was St. Patrick's great work. And this it is which keeps alive his memory and

makes his conversion of Ireland the common heritage of all mankind. The precepts he incoated and the principles he established have been carried by Irishmen into every land under the sun and wherever equality and justice have received their highest governmental sanction the seed has been planted ages ago by the patron saints of Ireland.

The scholars of Ireland began in the fourth and fifth centuries a propaganda against the ignorance and superstition of continental Europe. They began by educating the knights and barons in principles of chivalry and reverence of female virtue. They instructed King Ariovistus among his Germanic retainers. They educated Charlemagne and his tributary princes and thus laid the foundation for literary supremacy and political freedom in France. They cultivated the gallantry of chivalry and the poetical spirit of Andalusia from which has flowed the rich imagery of Cervantes, the graceful poetry of Camoens, the inspired eloquence of Castelar and the intellectual glory of Spain. From the village of Tours to the fertile vales of Samercand, they have given names of Irish comenclature to the most important points of continental Europe. They navigated the earth and visited the American continent when the rest of Europe was worshipping mythological deities in their forests and mountain fastness. And it was for these services to the world that Ireland has for ages been called "The Land of Saints and Scholars."

And when the so-called Reformation began its work of fury, and religious frenzy overspread the old world with the miseries of persecution and the barbarity of intolerance, the Irish swarmed to America and again renewed their splendid propaganda in behalf of human liberty. The Declaration of Independence is an evidence of Ireland's contribution to American civilization and is the crown glory of a race of people which has been a vicarious sacrifice in behalf of mercy and justice among the political institutions of the world.

And let us observe who were those great men who clustered around our Franklins and our Jeffersons in the hour of national deliverance and who bared their rugged hearts to the bayonet of the oppressor and staked their earthly fortunes in the sacred cause of freedom and the holy name of American independence. There was John Hancock, the Irishman, and Edward Rutledge, the Irishman, and Thomas Lynch, the Irishman, and Mathew Thornton, the Irishman, and James Smith and George Taylor, the Irishmen, and there were George Read and Thomas McKean, two more Irishmen; and there was Charles Thompson, another Irishman, and William Whipple and Robert Treat Paine were also Irish, and Thomas Nelson of Virginia, a descendant of the Strabane branch of the O'Neils, was another Irishman; and there was Charles Carroll, who when he came to sign the Declaration made sure that no innocent man would hang for his share in revolutionary warfare and with patriotic gallantry and heroic indignation, enrolled himself as "Charles Carroll of Carrolton," another Irish candidate for slaughter!

Now what do you think of this list of Irishmen whose names are found on the Declaration of American Independence? There were only thirteen revolting colonies. There were thirteen Irish signers of the Declaration. And it was an Irishman who first publicly read this celebrated document and proclaimed American independence to the world. This man was Col. John Nixon, a cousin of Thomas Nelson and who up to the hour of his death was a member of the Sons of St. Patrick.

Is this not a glorious contribution for a nation of feixles to bestow upon the American people? What other country can make such a splendid showing? And is it any wonder that when an Irishman steps upon American soil this soul become emancipated, that his manhood walks abroad, that his spirit thrills with enterprise, and that his heart swells with patriotism and he becomes the warrior, the statesman and the heroic defender of his adopted country's honor?

From Lexington to Gettysburg; from Santiago to the embattled walls of Pekin, wherever American arms have shown into triumph and in lustre, the Irish patriot has elevated his conquering brow and embellished the splendor of American achievement. Wherever human misery sends forth its cries or human sorrow moans beneath the iron foot of oppression, an Irish sword leaps from its scabbard to vindicate the cause of freedom. Wherever fraud or chicanery of hypocrisy go forth to entrap the unwary, an Irish lip will somewhere curl in scorn and expose the base imposture. Wherever truth is mightiest, or virtue is

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is to learn as to the relative standing and reliability of the leading manufacturers of medicinal agents, as the most eminent physicians are the most careful as to the uniform quality and perfect purity of remedies prescribed by them, and it is well known to physicians and the Well-Informed generally that the California Fig Syrup Co., by reason of its correct methods and perfect equipment and the ethical character of its product has attained to the high standing in scientific and commercial circles which is accorded to successful and reliable houses only, and, therefore, that the name of the Company has become a guarantee of the excellence of its remedy.

TRUTH AND QUALITY

appeal to the Well-Informed in every walk of life and are essential to permanent success and creditable standing, therefore we wish to call the attention of all who would enjoy good health, with its blessings, to the fact that it involves the question of right living with all the term implies. With proper knowledge of what is best each hour of recreation, of enjoyment, of contemplation and of effort may be made to contribute to that end and the use of medicines dispensed with generally to great advantage, but as in many instances a simple, wholesome remedy may be invaluable if taken at the proper time, the California Fig Syrup Co. feels that it is alike important to present truthfully the subject and to supply the one perfect laxative remedy which has won the approval of physicians and the world-wide acceptance of the Well-Informed because of the excellence of the combination, known to all, and the original method of manufacture, which is known to the California Fig Syrup Co. only.

This valuable remedy has been long and favorably known under the name of—Syrup of Figs—and has attained to world-wide acceptance as the most excellent of family laxatives, and as its pure laxative principles, obtained from Senna, are well known to physicians and the Well-Informed of the world to be the best of natural laxatives, we have adopted the more elaborate name of—Syrup of Figs and Elixir of Senna—as more fully descriptive of the remedy, but doubtless it will always be called for by the shorter name of Syrup of Figs—and to get its beneficial effects always note, when purchasing, the full name of the Company—California Fig Syrup Co.—plainly printed on the front of every package, whether you simply call for—Syrup of Figs—or by the full name—Syrup of Figs and Elixir of Senna—as—Syrup of Figs and Elixir of Senna—is the one laxative remedy manufactured by the California Fig Syrup Co. and the same heretofore known by the name—Syrup of Figs—which has given satisfaction to millions. The genuine is for sale by all leading druggists throughout the United States in original packages of one size only, the regular price of which is fifty cents per bottle.

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strongest or honesty is keenest, or justice is most merciful, there will be found some lingering memorial of Irish fidelity to the best traditions of that heroic race.

And yet Ireland is called the Niobe of nations. For centuries she has been chained to a devastating juggernaut of tyranny. A victim of the divine right of kings, she has been sold to the midianites of corruption and imperial graft has encompassed her political ruin. It would take a month to recount her grievances and then only touch the high places of criminal avarices, baronial greed and legislative ferocity that smell to heaven for revenge. But I will not weary you with such revolting details. I will merely give you a side-light on one of her mildest reasons for pressing her claims to home-rule.

You understand that when we elect a legislature we do so only for purposes of legislation. It would be criminal and unconstitutional for that legislature to pass an act declaring Oregon a part of Canada. But suppose our legislature would do so and that Canada would take military possession of our state, disarm our people, appoint our governors, overthrow our laws and confiscate our property? Wouldn't you resist such an act? Wouldn't you denounce it as an unholy usurpation and resent it as an unconstitutional and cowardly assassination of national integrity and individual liberty? Of course you would. And that is just the manner in which the legislative union of Ireland to England was accomplished.

For over a century the people of Ireland have been subjected to a system of carpet-bag legislation that has undermined her national existence, desolated her homes and scattered her inhabitants to the four winds of the earth. Men, women and children have suffered the horrors of barbaric greed and starved in the very sight of plenty. Almost alone the Irishman is the only alien in his own country and martyrdom has been the fate of her noble sons and daughters.

I need not tell you that such a manner lacks every element of the sacrament and becomes a mock-marriage of such international interest that it compels the whole world to mourn the unhappy fate of Ireland.

Yet I do not despair of Ireland's ultimate resurrection. There is an instinct in the hearts of men which tells them of their ultimate glories and sublimer destinies. The great god of battles is not always clad in the full panoply of war. His victories are not always accomplished amid the roar of battles and the lightning flash of arms. He sometimes comes with the olive and cypress as a messenger of peace and harmony. He sometimes overcomes the tyrant by satiety itself

and he disarms the oppressor with the scorn of an indignant world. England has long felt the bitterness of her folly and public opinion is raising aloft the standard of local self-government in Ireland.

The world has been enriched by the majesty of Ireland's courage, the force of her incessant agitation, the perpetuity of her moral principles and the sublimity of her national example. There is hardly a public question which has agitated our own people for the last hundred years that has not been thrashed out on the field of Irish oratory and the simple lessons that St. Patrick impressed upon the early inhabitants of Ireland are flourishing in vigor today among all the liberal institutions of civilized society.

Perhaps it has been well for humanity that Ireland has been oppressed. Perhaps it was the design of Providence to thus scatter her people throughout the world and thereby occasion the universal spread of moral principles in government. Perhaps the martyrdom of this Emerald Isle has after all been designed for universal good and that the achievements of Irishmen in other lands will more than compensate her for all the sacrifices she has made in behalf of purity and justice.

And yet I should like to see Ire-

land reconstructing anew her great republic of letters. I should like to see her, again expanding by her mental touch the fraternal intercourse of man; and I should like to see her once more brightening by her smile the spirit of domestic love and lifting by her example the aspiration of humanity into communion with eternal truth, where the angel of peace in her white robes of innocence may kneel at the cradle of awakening liberty and kiss the pale lips of sorrow into ripples of eternal joy, and I devoutly hope that the day will soon come when all her sufferings will melt into benedictions and all her prayers will crystallize in splendor to glorify the crown of her triumphant martyrdom.

Mr. William Campbell of McCreedy & Campbell's Millinery Store, 400 Washington street, corner Tenth, Portland, Oregon, was in town yesterday on business connected with their grand spring opening which takes place on March 19, 20 and 21.

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