

The Catholic Register.

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THURSDAY, OCTOBER 27th, Calendar for the Week.

- Oct. 28—St. Simon and Jude. 29—St. Narcissus. 30—B. Alphonsus Rodriguez. 31—Feast of All Saints.

St. Patrick's Literary and Scientific Association, of Ottawa, has published in pamphlet form, under the title "Echoes from Inisfail the Fair," the address delivered on St. Patrick's Day last.

The only thing we can think of that minimized the rashness of Mr. J. C. Patterson, Governor of Manitoba, when he stood up at the bankers dinner in Toronto to give Lord Aberdeen a certificate of character in a tone that implied the need of it was the absence of the Governor-General on the occasion.

The nationality of General Kitchener is definitely settled by himself. He has written a letter to Mrs. Howson, of Ennismore, Tralee, in which he says, "I am afraid that I can only claim to be an Irishman through having been born and brought up in Ireland."

Mr. Barber, the Liberal member for Haldon, was accused on Thursday for gross and general bribery carried on by his agents. The Liberal quotation for votes in Milton ran up to \$100 asked; but \$5 cash was all that was generally offered and paid.

The Court of Cassation at Paris has ordered a full enquiry into the famous Dreyfus case. It is supposed that all the mysterious documents will be laid before the judges, and that they will also have the convict himself brought from Devil's Island for examination.

The American members of the Peace Commission at Paris have made a formal demand for the annexation of the entire Philippines, leaving to Spain only the bulk of the Colonial debt.

at the feet of her conqueror, hope for food from those who had previously eaten it.

Mr. Galvan Smith, in one of his "Bystander" notes of last week remarks that, "the Italian war was made for the liberation of Italy." And in this month's Review of Reviews "Ouida" gives the following picture of "liberated Italy": "Outside the courts and prisons no professor or teacher at the schools is permitted any individual expression of opinion, and it is seriously proposed to allow no one to remain in any schools or public offices who holds republican opinions."

The inducement of "yellow" journalism is strongly stamped upon the killing of a man named Beatty by his father-in-law in the township of Goderch. The tragedy is the direct result of the defiant fealty of a young lady 20. The evidence at their post-mortem in the ordinary manner of conversation of these people, who are all of the farming class living in a remote section.

Three Toronto youths, all of school-going age, were pronounced by Police Magistrate Dawson to be fit candidates for the Idios Asylum, but in contradiction of his own opinion he sent one of the trio to the reformatory and the others to Kingston Penitentiary, all for long terms.

any street crossing to throw a stone without hitting something with a religious odium or some gentleman of religious cloth, we find youths more shamelessly savage than the fanatics who inhabited the primal wilderness.

The following paragraph appeared in the Globe of Saturday: A correspondent from Berlin writes: "I must presume you have not read carefully the chapter from S. R. Crockett's 'Black Douglas' which appeared in last Saturday's number, or you would not have admitted in your columns anything so foolish, as to feel as offensive, to your Catholic subscribers. Let me explain. Abbot Douglas, next to the Black Rite, is represented as clothed in the white robes of a Christian, with the black scapular of the order. I know something about the various orders in the Catholic Church, but never yet heard of one called Christian; perhaps the writer meant the Dominicans, but the Dominicans have no Abbots, but priors or masters general; or perhaps he meant Benedictines, but then he should have said so, and not have given them the misnomer of 'Christian.' But what follows is even more foolish and absurd. This abbot is represented as going around the country 'with the mitre on his head, and in his hand the staff of a great establishment, which he wears when he goes visiting his abbey (sic) houses.' To a Catholic this is as ridiculous as it would be to represent Queen Victoria going around London, or travelling to Windsor or Balmoral, with the crown on her head and the sceptre in her hand.

The Globe's correspondent is, no doubt, a member of the Catholic Truth Society, which in addition to its other work is accomplishing so much by constant watchfulness of the secular press. It is not a case of going out of one's way to give attention to Mr. Crockett, who, profiting by the prevailing craze for Scottish dialect, an accident of the game of golf—is enjoying a large circulation for his stories. Mr. Crockett would seem to take every advantage of this good fortune of his to deride Catholics. In one of his stories, "Clogg Kelly," he represents a professional burglar, wife-beater, would-be-murderer and all 'round wretch of the most degraded type as a Catholic in good standing with his priest, making regular confession to lighten the burden of his crimes, which become blacker year by year.

A discussion, between two of our contemporaries throws a queer light upon "society" journalism. A Montreal trade paper takes the ground that the "society" paper greatly assists the dishonesty of that class of people who never pay anybody. A "society" editor, on the other hand, gives it as his opinion that the contrary is the fact, and that the lists of names appearing daily and weekly in the pink-tape columns are an aid to the butcher, the grocer, the tailor and the dressmaker to follow up their defaulting customers.

upon honest tradesmen figures among the pink-tape celebrities of the city and weekly papers that are in the shop traffic, and it is reasonable enough to suppose that persons whose bread, butter and clothes depend upon their sustained ability to preserve a flow of credit in shops and stores are most seriously concerned in keeping their names in the papers among those who can afford to entertain their friends and have the bad taste to publish their hospitality. If this be true there is not much doubt that the trade journal is right in condemning its "society" contemporaries as an necessary. But the view put forward in defence is not without a very striking interest of its own.

Orange Intolerance in Ireland.

On the day following the brutal suppression with bloodshed of a peaceful public meeting in the province of Connaught, Lord Cadogan, Viceroy of Ireland, delivered a very remarkable speech in the Province of Ulster. On October 18 His Excellency paid an official visit to the city of Belfast, where he laid the foundation stone of the new Town Hall, in the presence of the Lord Mayor, the aldermen, councillors, and citizens generally.

Not Ready for War.

The Franco-British war scare still hangs over the English Channel and war preparations go on both day and night, although the visible danger has admittedly been lessened by the events of the week. On the one hand England has made it known that nothing whatever will be done to induce or force the Frenchmen to leave Fashoda; on the other hand Major Marchand has started from Fashoda to Cairo leaving a subordinate in charge of his post, and it is suggested, apparently with some authority, that his object is to request permission from the French Government to withdraw his men from a location through that has proved unhealthy other causes than its proximity to British guns.

Bribery in Ontario.

The cloud of election petitions, the application to a score or more of those of the suspicious "saw-off" plan, and the scandalous exposure of widespread bribery in some of the cases that have been permitted to come to hearing, especially the Halton election trial—if such signs of political degeneracy of the electors of Ontario fail to arouse serious thought it must be because serious public opinion is dead in this province.

and described him as a "white washed Papist." He went on to say that if a similar paper had been made in Lisburn thirty years ago under like circumstances, the board room would have been burned over their heads. He (Mr. Bullock) refused to take off his hat, and warned the chairman against taking the chair. He threatened if his boasting was not that he would have all the names of the commissioners present placarded through the town, and published in the Press. They were not going to have Ritualism or Popery in Lisburn, and they would not dare go against the minds of the loyal inhabitants by presenting a loyal address to Lord Cadogan.

The result was that the Lurgan Town Commissioners declined to present the Queen's representative with a loyal (?) address. Nice loyalty indeed theirs. As long as viceroys are their puppets they are loud boosters of their devotion to the throne, but the moment a word is said for true patriotism their loyalty becomes the most abysmal kind of disloyalty. And it is in deference to such bigotry as this that the Salisbury government delays the provision of higher education for the Catholics of Ireland. Lord Cadogan never spoke a truer word than when he declared himself unable to claim any credit for such a government.

THE RED WALLS OF LIMERICK.

(A BROADBANK BALLAD) There's bitter woe in Erin since the "Wild Geese" sailed away. The "barren" robe with sorrow now, that erst rang loud and gay; Unheard the tramp of Sarfield's horse and D'Usson's bugle-bray. Mo nua! Mo nua! the lost pride of Limerick.

How leaped our hearts when Lucean's horse swept by at thunderous pace! How cheered we Dillon's dancing plume and Berwick's martial grace! Ah! days indeed! when tender maids feared not grim death to face. Mo nua! Mo nua! the lone homes of Limerick!

But Sarfield and his "Slashers" all have sailed away to Franco. On Europe's shaking battlefields their fiery charges prance; And Erin, hapless Erin, now has not one guarding lance. Mo nua! Mo nua! the dead hopes of Limerick.

Broad Shannon's eddying waters hurry outward to the sea, A hundred exile-bearing ships adown its wide gate flow; Alone I wait the shadows of the night that is to be. Mo nua! Mo nua! the lost cause of Limerick! J. B. DOUGLAS, (Slava-na-mon).

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