

"Truth is Catholic; proclaim it ever, and God will effect the rest."—BALNEZ.

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PRICE FIVE CENTS.

Ottawa's Hospitality To the National Council of Women.

(WRITTEN FOR THE REGISTER.)

The first of the social functions tendered the delegates of the N.O.W. of Canada, was the reception given at Rideau Hall on Monday evening, May 30th. For this cards were sent out saying Her Excellency would be "at home" from 6 till 11 p.m. Accordingly on the night in question, we found ourselves in Ottawa's clean, well-lighted streets, and after a drive of some length through the grounds arrived at Government House. After leaving our wraps in the dressing room, we followed the stream winding its way through the brightly-lighted halls and at length reached the entrance to the drawing rooms. Here Her Excellency stood receiving her guests, the embodiment of courtesy and amiability. As each one was announced the fair hostess shook hands and in many cases said a few words of friendly greeting.

The scene was most animated and cosmopolitan. The dress of the ladies was so varied that anything and everything seemed in order; the gentlemen all wore evening dress. Lady Aberdeen wore black satin garnished with turquoise blue and jet; jewels flashed round her beautiful neck and a coronet of smaller stones rested on her hair.

The reception room was large and lofty, and its plain, though rich fittings, gave it a very chaste appearance. The walls and ceiling were white, with moldings and flutings of gold; in the corners, rising from a broad base and gradually narrowing, were banks of green foliage with a most delicate white bloom. In the centre of the polished floor was an immense rug of dark blue with a decided pattern in golden brown; scattered about were cozy lounges and large easy chairs with here and there pretty tables. A few fine paintings in oil adorned the walls.

One of the curtains in the most beautiful of yellow, and finished with handsome tassels and fringe of the same exquisite shade, hung from the lofty windows. These curtains at once attracted my attention; their shade was so rare and they hung with such unusual grace that I was puzzled to know of what material they were. After some reflection I decided they were of Irish poplin. This accounted for the mellow richness of their appearance.

The crowd surged through the rooms, many a meeting which had not since similar occasions in Montreal or Toronto. Many availed themselves of the hospitable open house to wander through the different rooms, out through the corridors into the little chapel built by Lady Aberdeen, and from which a sweet sounding organ sent forth beautiful melody.

Refreshments were served in a large court fitted up like an immense marquee. The tables were most enticing in their richness and delicacy and none refused their invitation.

His Excellency, his different orders dangling on ribbons at his side, moved about aiding in every possible way to make all at home. About 11.30 said good-bye to our parting hostess who still stood, this time saying farewell, and then midst calls for carriages, glimpses of hurrying aides-d'camp in bright red-coats, and pretty faces peeping from most becoming facings, we subsided into a comfortable big corner and drove along, enjoying the contrast afforded by the quiet, white and now almost ghost-like streets.

Next morning we saw a wedding, not that this was the part of the entertainment most prepared for the N. O. W., but as it chanced to be and as it was crossing quite a ripple of interest in Catholic circles, we thought we should see it too. The ceremony took place at St. Joseph's pretty church of which I shall tell you more later, and the marriage was that of Miss Lillian Scott, daughter of the Secretary of State, and Mr. George R. DeBarat of Montreal.

The church was crowded; the upper part reserved for the guests was out off from the lower portion by bars of white satin ribbon stretched across the aisle. The sanctuary and altar were decked with flowers and great palm stood up high above the altar rails. Presently the organ struck up a triumphant march and the bride entered, leaning on her father's arm. It was amusing to see the stretching and craning to get a glimpse of the bride, and the Ottawa papers devoted columns to a description of the dress of the bride and guests, but the casual observer only saw a collection of well dressed and in some instances handsome men, and a number of gaily and prettily attired women, and a dignified, gentle looking grey haired man, a fair amiable looking girl in a white satin gown, over which the long bridal veil blushed with orange blossoms, fragrant with the perfume of orange blossoms, and her little nephew who was as pretty as possible in his page's suit of white broadcloth silk. He carried a spray of flowers which he held high in his hand like a flag of victory. The bridesmaid was Miss Blair, who looked charming in

a suit of pink and white muslin over a pink silk with hat to watch. I had in mind to attend a meeting, I missed the music which is said to have been particularly fine. Mr. D'Arcy Scott, brother of the bride, studied law in Toronto a few years ago and is well known, especially in St. Patrick's parish, where he resides. Sir Wilfrid Laurier and Lady Laurier were among the guests as was also Mr. Davis and my kind hostess Mrs. Davis and family.

Among the presents to the bride was a diamond brooch from Lady Aberdeen. It happened that during our stay an entertainment was given under the direction of St. Patrick's Literary Society, and under the patronage of Lady Aberdeen. The chief feature was a number of views of Ireland, shown by Miss Craig who is making a tour in America, with the purpose of making better known the many beauties of the Emerald Isle. The views were exceedingly fine and they were explained, and touched on by Miss Craig in a running commentary, interspersed with several poems and stanzas illustrative of the different scenes. When the beautiful vale of Avoca lay before us, the "Meeting of the Waters" was sung by Miss Fleming, one of Ottawa's songsters. She sang in a rich voice and with much feeling and an enthusiastically accented. Again when the beautiful lakes met our view "Killarney" was sung by the same sweet singer. Mr. Ernest Du Domaine who appeared here with Pol Planchon, also gave several beautiful selections on the night of the Quebec Davis was accompanied throughout, and played with the ease of one at home in her work. Much to our regret we had to leave early. The cause of our leaving was a reception at the beautiful home of Lady Laurier. Considering the many business meetings of her guests, Lady Laurier had asked that the ladies come with or without bonnets, so when we arrived we found the place filled with a very varied assemblage. Though the hostess was not in full dress a few of the guests were in full dress and one of the most beautiful in a simple dress of green chiffon with trimmings of pearls. Beautiful shoulders supporting a shapely head crowned with bright brown hair, and a sweet bright face, she was the pride in black granadine over green silk, received her guests with all the grace for which her country women are noted. The reception was in what is known as the "red room" a carpet of plate glass in which were stored the portraits of the different orders bestowed upon Sir Wilfrid. Over the grand piano was a handsome cover of fawn cloth embroidered in a very rich design. Someone standing near told us the work was by an old, old lady on the Aberdeen estate and presented by Lady Aberdeen to Lady Laurier. Among the late arrivals were the Governor-General, Lady Aberdeen and Lady Thompson. The dining room was crowded with the richest of berries were eaten, a pleasant half hour was spent in greeting this one and the other, and then we bade our hostess farewell and the reception being over, we were driven to the hotel.

It would weary you to tell you of all, but we cannot omit to mention a delightful tea given by Mrs. Edgar, wife of the speaker at their beautiful rooms in the house. Through the kindness of Mr. Edgar, the St. James' man was our disposal. On another occasion I shall tell you what we saw from there. Tea was served by a most attentive and daintily attired boy of Mrs. Edgar's young friends. The tables were most prettily decorated; festoons of white and pink silk ran round the centre instead of the plants and giving an exquisite touch of color to the whole. After tea we dispersed to wander amidst the different apartments of this the grandest of Canada's buildings.

One of the most enjoyable things we had was a drive in electric cars through the city. Three special cars were placed at our disposal, and at 3 p.m. we started off with flags flying, gay laughter and perfect weather. Everything glorious. The streets were busy, though not crowded, and many pleasant glimpses of welcome rested on us.

As we gradually left the city, the scenery of the surrounding country became the chief attraction. The waters of the Rideau were seen here and there winding through the land now in its freshest green, comfortable homesteads abounded, clumps of trees, banks covered with varied foliage, hills rising purple in the distance until they reached the dignity of mountains, the Chelsea mountains, and then again the river foaming and dashing to the sea we were near the Falls. The cars stop at the bridge and we got out, while the obliging superintendent of the road explains the points of interest. The Chaudiere Falls are seen here, the water being too, and not at all as we had been told. At one point, so our guide tells, the force of the water is greater than at any point on the Niagara. One great difference there is, however, and that is the coloring. Here the water is almost brown and here it is white foam; the pearls, the emerald and sapphire waters of Niagara are wanting.

Right at the bridge is a lumber factory, and we were told that the best views were from the other end, so we went there. The views were most obliging, and pointed out the most interesting spots. It struck one here that things were curiously arranged, that the world was queerly divided. Here we were running about from pillar to post, so to speak, and as appearance is knowing what to do with ourselves, and

here were those men working away at their machines, those machines, which seemed to gobble up one ton of lumber rough boards and with much spluttering of chips, much spurring and rattling, send them out at the other end, gliding gracefully and smoothly, shorn of their roughness, to be piled in high pyramids ready to be used on second thoughts a lumber factory did not seem such a bad place after all to work in. The smell of the fresh wood was delightful, the place was beautifully cool; the men did not appear to be harassed in any way, in fact many were resting at the about the yard and in high gear were "idly busy." It was in many cases justly earned.

Again we boarded the cars, and after a long drive through the clear country roads, found ourselves at Lapping Point, here the view was extraordinary. The river stretched out smooth and glistening before us; on the further low-lying shore we saw the spot where Lady Aberdeen was so miraculously preserved; there was the little church in which heartful thanksgiving was offered, and somehow a feeling of awe and gratitude enveloped the whole.

A beautiful residence stood high on a hill above us, and the owner, Mr. Scooper, one of Ottawa's principal clothiers, was in the car with us. By a path with steps cut from the rock, and guarded by a low rustic zig-zag fence, we reached the top and found that art had assisted nature in producing an ideal summer retreat, smooth lawns, beds of pure white blossoms, a little house with a veranda, several bridges, a beautiful summer house, with verandas up to the highest story, made a pretty picture. To the very top we climbed and after a satisfactory inspection of our surroundings from our vantage point, we descended to the cars again and started for home. On we went all through New Edinburgh past Rideau Hall past Rockfield Park with the rocks standing high on each side; then out through the city past the convent of St. Vincent, and the two high towers and its golden statue of Notre Dame standing brightly forth; on again past the bank on to the Post Office where we alight and ascend the hill to the beautiful buildings, the capitol of the province, to be built by Mr. Edgar who a dainty tea is awaiting us. I thought to have told you all this part in one letter, but I find that Ottawa's hospitality was so great that I shall have to devote another week to it.—M. L. HARR.

The Entente Cordiale.

To the Editor of The Register:—Leading men and journals of England justify and eulogize the action of the United States in coming to the rescue of the persecuted Cubans. "The cause of a people it is supposed to govern and this would be all right and fair if it were only consistently carried out regardless of race distinction. But these same smug hypocrites haven't a word of sympathy for a starving people nearer home, the poor negroes of the West Indies, and that in the ocean in comparison to the tide of injustice which has swept over Ireland for long centuries of her history. And yet to-day the British Government refuses to take adequate measures to prevent the starvation of a people it is supposed to govern and protect, and the Chief Secretary Balfour has to be brought to task by an honest English member for insulting the poor peasantry crying out to him for help. No wonder the Irish in America oppose the attempt at an alliance with their hearts and souls.

We hear a good deal about the entente cordiale existing between the British and Americans in the present crisis. Poor Uncle Sam looks willing to be cajoled and flattered into believing that the British are anxious to help to do up his enemies. The matter is that the suspicion and jealousy with which the two nations habitually regard each other would render the coalition an impossible thing for even a respectable number of weeks. It is proposed to make an alliance with the evergreen British tree, with regard to his beloved "cousins" fighting abilities. It was evening upon the deck of a large Atlantic liner and the writer of this heard a group of English and Irish gentlemen discussing the probabilities of England fighting the U.S. over the Venezuelan question. At last the conversation turned on the selection of a winner in the contest, and a little amity Cockney fireman brought down the house by giving it as his opinion that England, Great Britain at the States, "would be a better man than Christopher Columbus to discover Amerigo's harbor the English were done with it."—END.

Title for Mrs. Gladstone. LONDON, June 3.—The St. James' Gazette today publishes a notice, which is not at all as we had been told, and backed by the Liberals, is stout with the object of conferring a title on the widow of the late William E. Gladstone. It is suggested that Mrs. Gladstone be created Countess of Liverpool, and that the Duke of Devonshire be created Viscount Hawarden.

Dr. PARMELEE'S VERTUEBLE PILLS COME! Maudrako and Daudition, they cure Liver and Kidney Complaints with unerring certainty. They also contain Root and Herbs which have special virtues truly wonderful in their action on the stomach and bowels. Mr. E. A. Cairncross, Shakespeare, writes: "I consider Parmelee's Pills an excellent remedy for Biliousness and Derangement of the Liver, having used them myself for some time."

Ottawa Takes the Lead.

(FROM THE REGISTER.)

OTTAWA, June 5.—The movement in aid of the famishing people, in certain parts of the West and South of Ireland, has been started in Ottawa, as suggested by The Irish Press of that city. A meeting was held, last Friday evening, at which the Mayor presided. We regret to learn that the attendance was not so numerous as could have been wished. This was caused by the very short notice that was given of the intended meeting and by the idea generally entertained that the destitution which obtains is neither so widespread nor calamitous as to call for assistance from this side of the Atlantic. Another cause that operated adversely was the opinion alleged to have been expressed by Miss Martha Craig, of Belfast, Ireland, as to the non-existence of any real distress or famine, in any part of Ireland, and published in The Ottawa Evening Journal on the eve of the meeting.

Canada in connection with the Northern Railway of Ireland. Quite recently that corporation issued an attractive programme well calculated to induce tourists to visit the Green Isle and feast their eyes upon the lovely and enchanting scenery which so lavishly presents itself all over the country. The Craig displays for the delight and admiration of her audience a large number of views of places and objects, charming, well chosen and faithfully and artistically delineated. But it so happens that, none of the pictures were drawn from the famous scenic districts in the West in which Connemara is included, where the boldest, the grandest and the most varied scenery in Ireland is to be found. After passing Clifden and Oughterard, a route from Galway to Newport, the tourist enters the North Western Connemara is now called, and he becomes literally amazed and bewildered by the number and variety of objects of scenic beauty which crop up all around, to enlist his attention and excite his admiration. The fine scenery and their symmetrical cones, which are alternately, shrouded with cloud and mist or wreathed in sunshine, their rugged faces covered with purple heath and yellow gorse reflecting the light and shade with a brilliancy which is not to be seen in the Killarney, Blackrock Bay, Naam, Kylemore with its romantic lake and the baronial residence, on the mountain side, of the millionaire Mitchell Henry, formerly M.P. for Galway, no. 10, Victoria Park, London, and his home of the Martins of fighting renown, and many other famed and remarkable places. It is, of course, innumerable upon Miss Craig in the fulfilment of her mission to represent Ireland colour do more, and to exhibit to the public the physical features she can do so without laying herself out on the charge of exaggerating or over-drawing the picture. The existence of famine or distress, supplies too dark a shading for the picturesque panorama which she exhibits to the eyes of her audience, and she has the possibility of gaudy poverty and hunger crossing the path of the tourist, intent on pleasure and pastime, is calculated to divert travel from the fair and far famed scenes of Killarney and the bold and magnificent coast of Antrim.

Though the publication by The Journal on the 2nd inst., of Miss Craig's denial that there is distress or famine in Ireland, may have affected the meeting, it is not to be regretted that she has in the Ottawa Free Press of the 3rd an explanation from that lady, in which she states that she did not intend to convey to her interviewers the statement made by The Journal. To give the next evening, she was associated with the movement inaugurated at Ottawa, Miss Craig attended the meeting and spoke in support of its object. Moreover, she announced her intention of donating the proceeds of her lecture, to be given on Monday evening, to the Famine Fund.

We thought it advisable and necessary to enter fully into the erroneous interpretation given to Miss Craig's views, regarding the prevalent distress, in order that our readers may not be misled by the circulation it has received, and, seeing no correction, be induced to turn a deaf ear to any appeal that may be made to them in behalf of the hundreds of thousands who are suffering the pangs of hunger and the horrors of starvation.

We are pleased to see from the Ottawa papers, that what the meeting lacked in numbers was more than made up for in earnestness, enthusiasm and heartiness. The speeches on the occasion had the right ring, and were the outpouring of hearts which throbbled in sympathy with the sorely-trying and heavily afflicted peasantry of the West and South. A number of those present subscribed to the relief fund. Among them were Hon. O. Fitzpatrick, Solicitor-General, who spoke warmly in favor of the object under consideration of the meeting and put down his name for £100. He announced that he had called for reliable information respecting the condition, as to the last three months, of a well known and esteemed gentleman, virtuously wonderful in their action on the stomach and bowels. Mr. E. A. Cairncross, Shakespeare, writes: "I consider Parmelee's Pills an excellent remedy for Biliousness and Derangement of the Liver, having used them myself for some time."

and his colleagues to ask Parliament for a grant towards relieving the distress if it really exist. We have to mention our great regret that any obstacle stands in the way of Mr. Fitzpatrick, holding a seat in the Cabinet. The Irish Catholic element, which before and since Confederation, had been represented in the Ministry has had no time to look after its interests or say a word in its behalf, since the advent of the Premier Government to power. If the Premier sets any value upon Irish Catholic support, whether Liberal or Conservative, he would wisely in recognizing the justice and necessity of calling to his aid in the Council chamber, an Irishman so acceptable to both parties and so well qualified for the position of Minister as Mr. Fitzpatrick. Much has been done by the present Government to do good and to do it in a way that is not in accord with the anti-liberal bent and proclivities of the Tories and others of that ilk.

We earnestly hope the good example shown by Ottawa will be followed all over the Dominion. Until the harvest condition of the people now suffering, will be appalling if speedy and generous assistance be not forthcoming.

Gladstone's Poem on the Aberteens.

Lady Aberdeen on her own and the Governor-General's account has referred to the close friendship between them and Mr. Gladstone. The old country papers are now also alluding to their friendship especially during the Home Rule period of the dead statesman's life. The Dublin Freeman's Journal says this friendship was primarily responsible for the fact that Lord Aberdeen has been successively Lord Lieutenant of Ireland and Governor-General of Canada. The circumstance lends an Irish interest to the following little joke in rhyme played by the great statesman in November 1898, who he was staying with the Aberteens as their guest in the Governor square in London, and at a time when the painters had possession of the house. One morning, struck by the comicality of the situation, Mr. Gladstone wrote the following lines, heading them "No. 27 Grosvenor square":

True, many men know, and all men say
That Box and Cox is a capital play,
But no men have known, and none could say
What I have only discovered to-day,
That Box and Cox has acted before
By the Earl and Countess of Aberdeen.

From the earliest morn till the light
grows faint,
The carpenters hammer, and painters
paint,
And nobody even pretends to have seen
The Earl and Countess of Aberdeen.

But the evening falls, and lo! they fly,
The carpenters, painters, and all their
fry;

So that then the premises lodging afford
To the rightful Lady and rightful
Lord.

'Tis not so long since this curious plan
Of daily and friendly partition began;
Nor long will it be as my hopes portend,
Before it shall come to a prosperous end.

Ye painters! ye carpenters! greater
and less,
Have done with your hammers, have
done with your moss;

Go, make yourselves scarce; go, your
solves and your stuff,
This Boxing and Coxing has lasted
enough.

Go! and leave the premises clear and
clean
For the Earl and Countess of Aberdeen.

Obituary.
JOHN J. MORAN, OF WEST VILLARS.
ON Tuesday June the 1st, after an illness of nearly a year's duration, borne with christian patience and resignation, and fortified by the sacraments of Holy Church, John J. Moran, of West Villars, passed away. He was born in Ardo, Leven, Ross-shire, Scotland, in 1811, and emigrated to this country, with his parents, in 1818. He was the eldest of a family of seven sons and one daughter. His parents, on arriving in this country, settled in Deseronto, in the County of North Ontario, and he remained with them, an obedient and dutiful son, until he reached man's estate. He then moved to Western Ontario and thence to Michigan where he engaged in lumbering for some years. Finally he bought a farm near Glencoe, married Miss Mary McRae, daughter of John B. McRae of that place, and started farming. Being, however, of a pious and religious disposition, and seeing the difficulty of pursuing his religion and rearing up a family in the faith, where the church was twelve miles distant, and Mass was celebrated only once a month, he sold his farm and bought another, adjoining the church, in West Villars. About twelve years ago he moved his family to this farm and by his industry, built up a comfortable home. Nearly a year ago he caught cold which brought on pneumonia, and this, in turn, developed into the lung trouble to which he finally succumbed as above.

His funeral, which was conducted by his brother, the Rev. A. McRae, P. P. of Park Hill, assisted by the Rev. K. J. McRae, P. P. of Broolin, another bro-

ther, took place on "Thursday" last, and was largely attended. Among the mourners, besides the above, his sorrowing wife, two daughters, and only son, were his four other brothers and only sister, together with relatives from Glencoe. Members of the local Branch of the C.M.B.A., of which deceased brother number, were present. May his soul rest in peace.

One on the Italian Riots.

The Vatican organ, "The Osservatore Romano," publishes a letter from the Cardinal of Ferrara, Archbishop of Milan, in which he says he has been deeply moved by the serious disorders which have occurred in various parts of Italy, and especially at Milan. "They are," he continues, "the result of the evil seed scattered with impunity in Italy, which leads to the corruption of ideas, the perversion of morals, to the detriment of religion, and we see honest citizens instead of calving wicked individuals by their words, falling prey in disorders, solely because of the devotion to the Church and the Holy See. They have pretended not to know that the Church teaches that it is wrong to have anything to do with riots. It is not Catholics who provoke them, and the authors of the disorder and their accomplices must consequently be sought elsewhere. Further on the Pope says he would have wished the Archbishop of Milan, who left the city when the riots broke out, could have been present as a conciliator of the people. His Holiness has, however, been deeply moved by a manifesto contained in a manifesto published against a member of the Sacred College. It was not against the person of the Cardinal, who has always given examples of great pastoral charity that those attacks were aimed, but against the principles which the Archbishop represented. It is impossible to understand where such a campaign can lead when social authority is shaken. The Holy Father has derived great consolation from the evidence of devotion, of which the Archbishop has been the subject."

St. Mary's Convent Music Class.

On Wednesday night, June 1st, the music class of St. Mary's Convent finished up the year's studies by giving a recital which was a delightful treat to all those who had the privilege of being present. It was really wonderful to see the girls with their little hands, rendered their pieces, and the skill and technique displayed by the more advanced pupils showed a high order both of cultivation and talent. The priests of the parish, Vicar-General McCann, Rev. William McLean, and Mr. F. E. Dollard were present and congratulated the children on their success. Little Gerald Corneau promises to be a prodigy in the musical line when he grows a little older and bigger. He is only six years of age, but he can play the piano like an old hand, and sing a bravo solo. Miss Mabel Royce's singing of Blumonthal's "Sunshine and Rain" was of the first order, and the same could be said of Miss Francis Meahan's singing of "The Traveller." Miss Gertrude McKeown gave a solo of "The Sweet Song, Rubenstein's "Voices of the Woods." Lorretto Newman gave the solo, "My Morning" in excellent style. It is needless to say that talented singers, Miss Mary Artchewson won the golden opinions of all her auditors. Amongst the others who distinguished themselves were Miss Susie Flanagan, Miss Lillian Mullen, Miss Columba O'Connell, Miss Mary Hyland, Gertrude O'Connell, Lillian Kelly, Ivy Davies and Clara Whelan.

The recital of song and piano, reflected the greatest credit on all concerned, and especially upon the sisters who have had charge of these studies and to whose talent and untiring efforts the high degree of excellence obtained is to be attributed. Another splendid example of the work done by the sisters in the girls' choir of St. Mary's Church which sings at the 10 o'clock Mass, and whose faultless rendering of the sacred hymns charms all the hearers.

Bishop Curtis Chosen.

BALTIMORE, June 1.—Cardinal Gibbons has announced the appointment of Bishop Alfred A. Curtis as vicar general of the Archdiocese of Baltimore, to fill the vacancy caused by the death of Monsignor Edward McColgan, February 3 last. Bishop Curtis has been living at the Cardinal's house for some time and has been a very willing and efficient worker. In appointing him, vicar-general, the Cardinal, it is said, has carried out a plan formed when the resignation of Bishop Curtis from the Diocese of Wilmington was accepted—that of giving him the appointment whenever a vacancy occurred.

INFLAMMATORY RHEUMATISM.—Mr. S. Ackerman, commercial traveler, Bolley ville, writes: "Some years ago I used Dr. THOMAS' ELECTRIC OIL for Lumbago rheumatism, and three bottles effected a complete cure. I was the victim of one summer unable to move without crutches, and every movement caused excruciating pains. I am now out on the road and exposed to all kinds of weather, but have never been troubled with rheumatism since. I, however, keep a bottle of Dr. Thomas' Oil on hand, and I always recommend it to others, as it did so much for me."