

# The Catholic Record.

"Christianus mihi nomen est, Catholicus vero Cognomen." — "Christian is my Name, but Catholic my Surname."—St. Pacian, 4th Century.

VOLUME 9.

LONDON, ONTARIO, SATURDAY, AUGUST 18, 1888.

NO. 513

## "A FACT."

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## SCOTLAND FOR IRELAND.

GREAT MANIFESTATION IN EDINBURGH.

Mr. Wm. O'Brien on the Tullamore Tragedy.

At Edinburgh, on Saturday, a magnificent demonstration, the extent of which has been variously estimated at from 25,000 to 30,000 people, took place in the Queen's Park, under the auspices of the Edinburgh United Liberal Committee to protest against the imprisonment of Mr. John Dillon. Four platforms were erected and the four members for Edinburgh presided at them—Right Hon. Hugh C. E. Childers, M. P.; Mr. William McEwan, M. P.; Mr. Robert Wallace, M. P.; and Mr. T. Buchanan, M. P. Mr. William O'Brien, M. P., arrived at Edinburgh in the afternoon. Mr. Wilfrid S. Blunt, also addressed three of the meetings. Two other members of Parliament who have wrested Liberal Unionist seats from their holders were present—Mr. A. L. Brown, M. P., who defeated Sir George Trevelyan for the Border Burghs, and Mr. John Sinclair, M. P., who recently beat Mr. Evelyn Ashley for Ayr. At all the meetings the following resolution was proposed and carried by acclamation:—

"That this meeting earnestly protests against the cruel and vindictive administration of the Coercion Act in Ireland, by which many of the representatives of the people have been imprisoned and subjected to indignities and outrages, so that respect for law has been lessened and popular feeling wofully embittered and exasperated. This meeting also indignantly protests against the imprisonment of Mr. John Dillon, M. P., effected by the mean subtlety of procuring the county of Louth, after he had delivered a political speech, and so procuring a conviction which could not otherwise have been obtained. Further, this meeting calls upon the Government to liberate Mr. Dillon forthwith from his unjust imprisonment; to repeal the obnoxious Coercion Act, and to devise wise and conciliatory measures for the better government of Ireland; and resolved to petition Parliament praying for Mr. Dillon's immediate liberation."

At No. 1 platform, Mr. T. R. Buchanan, M. P., presided, Bailie Wallace proposed the resolution, which was seconded by Conductor McIntosh, Messrs. W. S. Blunt, A. L. Brown, M. P., T. Carmichael, S. S. C.; Owen Kieran, T. G. Holburn, and J. W. Grindall also spoke.

At No. 2 platform, Mr. Wm. O'Brien, M. P., took the chair.

**UNJUSTLY CONDEMNED.**

The Chairman said they had met to give expression to the indignation they felt because John Dillon, whom they knew and loved, had been most unjustly condemned, and was suffering a felon's punishment for no crime known to the law of England, and Scotland, or even to the law of Ireland, under the Coercion Act. The Government had accomplished its evil purpose by no law, but by the retching aside of all law (hear, hear) if the object of the Government had been to impress upon the minds of the British people the horrible tyranny of their rule, they could not have done it more effectively than by their action towards John Dillon. What was the opinion which the people of the Three Kingdoms had formed of John Dillon's character and motives? They regarded him as one of the noblest of the Irish race, a high minded patriot, consumed with love and sympathy for his downtrodden countrymen, and capable of the most heroic sacrifice on their behalf (applause)

**A VICTIM OF COERCION.**

Councillor M'Pherson, in proposing the resolution, said six months ago he had the honour of dining with John Mandeville, who was then the personification of health and strength, and to-day he was dead, the victim of the Government (hear, hear). The terrible tragedy which occurred at Fermoy cast a lurid light on the operations of the Tory Government.

Mr. C. Yorston seconded the resolution.

**MR. O'BRIEN'S SPEECH.**

Mr. William O'Brien, M. P., on rising to speak, was received with such thunders of applause as for a few minutes to interrupt the proceedings of the other meetings, though the speaker at each platform was usually out of hearing of the speaker at any other. Mr. O'Brien said—This is the first time I ever in my life addressed a Scotch audience (cheer), and my first words to you must be words of gratitude and amazement at the way in which you have been pleased to welcome me—an humble representative of the Irish people (cheer)—to welcome me to this, your beautiful capital of Old Scotland (cheer). Believe me, I don't come here to day to pay you empty compliments. But it is a duty as well as a heartfelt delight to be able to tell you that there is no more sincere feeling animating the breasts of the Irish race to-day than

**A FEELING OF GRATITUDE TO THE WHOLE SCOTTISH NATION** (cheer) for the steadfastness, for the grand and unchanging fidelity with which the people of Scotland have stuck to us

through every vicissitude (cheer) you never deserted us (renewed cheer). You never believed the filthy libel that were heaped upon our heads (cries of "Never") by the *Times* newspaper (renewed cheer) and by your *Scotsman* newspaper (renewed cheer). You never desired to trample upon us merely because we were a weak and disarmed people (cries of "Never"). We can never forget it for you that at a time when many a treacherous friend was flying from him, the people of Scotland never flinched from the side of your grand old leader, William Ewart Gladstone (loud and prolonged cheering). You never failed to follow him in his glorious work of conquering Ireland by kindness and conciliation (cheer), where for 700 years all the powers of cruelty and coercion had failed (hear, hear). I don't know what our unfortunate people would have done for the last two years if Scotland had deserted us. We have had many a hard and bitter hour of suffering since the general election, but if ever a rash or a meddling thought crossed the minds of our people there always came some message of good cheer from Scotland, some message from West Edinburgh (cheer) or from Dundee, or from Briggaton, or from Mid-Lanark, or from the Ayr Burghs (loud cheer)—messages that gladdened our hearts in many a lonesome prison cell, and in many a poor Irish tenant's home (cheer). And I tell you that the knowledge that

THE HEART OF SCOTLAND IS WITH US, that the best men, the sincerest men, and the most far seeing men in Scotland are on our side, and are, thank God, throughout to our side in increasing numbers every month that passes (cheer)—I tell you that the knowledge that Scotland was on our side has done more to keep the peace in Ireland than all Mr. Balfour's two thousand prosecutions, ay, and has done more to win the hearts and allegiance of the Irish people to this Empire than Mr. Balfour (groans) could accomplish from this until the General Judgment Day by the miserable policy of

**STARVING IRISHMEN TO DEATH** on bread and water (cries of "Shame.") You are summoned here to-day to protest against the imprisonment of John Dillon (hear, hear), but my thoughts, and I am sure your thoughts, wander, in spite of Mr. O'Brien, from John Dillon living to John Mandeville dead. As Mr. M'Pherson has told you, I have just come from the scene of two of the most appalling tragedies that ever darkened even our unhappy island story. God forbid that I should say one harsh word or cruel word of

**THE UNHAPPY PRISON DOCTOR** who lies dead by his own hands to-day. No, he was the mere humble instrument of more heartless men than he. I said the other day, at the request, and I repeat here to-day, that the unfortunate Dr. Ridley stated to myself over and over again that he performed with disgust and with shame the duties that were put upon him from Dublin Castle ("Shame"). I remember once when he had given a rough jate mattress to one of my friends and colleagues, an Irish member. A German Hooper, when he had given him this mattress after he had been lying on a plank-bed, on bread and water, I remember Dr. Ridley told me that the very next morning he had a mandate down from the Prison Board in Dublin hauling him over the coals and demanding why he had given even that wretched relation a mourn for his unhappy fate, but what will I say of the young widow whom I heard the other day tell the story of how her gallant husband had been brought to the grave? It was a story that brought tears to the eyes of the very policemen in court who heard it. I don't envy the conscience of a Liberal Unionist (groans) who is not haunted by that political story, for remember this, that it is

**LIBERAL-UNIONIST VOTES ALONE** that enable Mr. Balfour to perpetrate such deeds in Ireland (groans). It is Liberal Unionist votes alone that have left John Mandeville's home a lonesome and a sorrowful spot to-day (hear, hear). But what did she tell us? What did poor Mrs. Mandeville tell us on her oath, and mind you, it was to his wife alone, like a hero that he was, he ever told the tale, for he never murmured, and he never whined—what did that poor woman tell the coroner's jury? On one occasion she told us, so faintly was he with brown bread and water, that he was obliged to tie a rope round his waist, and to tighten it to repress the pangs of hunger (groans). She told us that when a poor, compassionate prison warden once flung him a morsel of meat, as he said, "As I would fling it to my own dog Biver, he ravenously lapped it up as if he were a dog, and the warden who gave him that morsel of meat has since been dismissed from the prison service (cheer)—dismissed by the Chief Secretary, who in a few days is going to preach to the Church Congress on "the virtues of practical Christianity" (laughter). Did you read that other story of how that gallant man, left for twenty hours absolutely without food, his throat too sore to swallow the brown bread and water, how his mind began to wander, and he thought he was going mad. I wish you could have heard his heart-broken young wife, how she described that he imagined that he was a boy again among the heather on his own native mountain of Slieve-na-hoon, and he imagined that his wife was lying dead beside him and he put out his hand to feel for the corpse, and then it all flashed upon him and he sank on his knees and he prayed God for death rather than that he should his reason in that frightful prison cell (groans). That is not all, nor half of it. Take that other story of the midnight attack upon him, when six brutal warders broke into his cell, tore his clothes from his back, and left him

**SHIVERING ALL THE WINTER NIGHT** with nothing but a quilt to cover him, and the next day he was threatened that they would tear away the last rag of covering he had (shame). And all that is not a tale of the middle ages. It is what is

going on at this very hour in half the prison cells of Ireland (hear, hear). I have been travelling all night, and to a large extent I am afraid I have already exhausted the resources of my voice, though I have not touched one tenth of the things that I should dearly like if I had a chance to speak to you here to-day (cries of "Go on"). But would you do not let them persuade you that in torturing Mr. Mandeville that Mr. Balfour was even consistent in his brutality. Do not let them persuade you that he was only carrying out the prison rules consistently. He did nothing of the sort. He stole John Mandeville's clothes from him one night; he gave them back next morning; and he stole them again during the day. He brought us, convicted prisoners, in first class carriages to the jail gate, and then he punished us like dogs, because we would not acknowledge ourselves to be miscreants. He simply

**KEPT HIS HAND ON THE PULSE OF THE ENGLISH PEOPLE** to know how much they would stand, and I am as convinced as I am of my own existence that only the watchful eye of public opinion guarded us in those days, and only that there were elections like the West Edinburgh elections and the Ayr election, that go to the hearts of our jailers (cheer), I am as convinced as I am of my own existence that there would be many a John Mandeville's raving madman to-day, and many a John Mandeville in his silent grave (hear, hear).

**JOHN DILLON IS NOT YET DEAD** (cheer). He is not yet driven mad, but let there be no mistake about it. When I think of the grand frame of John Mandeville that was laid low, and then when I contrast with him the frail and delicate frame of my poor friend who is lying at Balfour's mercy at Dundalk Jail, I shudder when I think

**WHAT JOHN DILLON WILL BE** when he quits his prison cell next December, if he ever quits it alive (hear, hear). Let there be no mistake about it. They would treat John Dillon in exactly the same way, and he would go exactly the same route, if they dared (hear, hear). Just as they have put a felon's gibbet on John Dillon, so they would try cold and hunger and torment to break down his spirit. They are bound to do it, that is the Castle system of Government in Ireland. Castle Government could not go on unless they were punishing and torturing the noblest spirits in the community. Why, up to this moment, Mr. Dillon (groans) has prosecuted 2,000 of the noblest spirits in Ireland; of those 2,000 there are not two dozen that would be classed as belonging to the criminal class in any well-governed community; many of them are humble men, but nineteen twentieths are the very stuff of which brave and faithful citizens are made in happy and in free lands like this (cheer). They are the most unselfish, they are the most enthusiastic, they are the very cream of the manhood and of the public spirit of the community; they are men in every moral and patriotic sense immeasurably the superiors of the wretched hireling removal men, who sentence them (loud cheer). But what is the besetting curse of Castle Government in Ireland that you are bound

**TO CRUSH AND PERSECUTE ALL THAT IS BEST IN THE COUNTRY,** and, in order to do it, you have to hire all that is worst (applause) to repress the aspirations which are the very breath of life, of freedom, of every peaceful and well-constituted community (groans). I am sorry to say I don't feel able to address to this enormous multitude one-tenth of the things I intended to say (cheer). I wish dearly that I could say much more. I will only say this much—that from the bottom of my Irish heart I thank you (cheer). We will try to do our part in this struggle, and from my heart I believe that you will do yours (cheer). I believe that whenever

**MR. GLADSTONE'S TRUMPET BLAST** is heard again in Midlothian (loud cheer), I believe that he can appeal with confidence to the conscience and to the intellect of Scotland—I believe that whatever judgments or mistis may have clouded the judgment of the constables here and there at the last general election, that they will disappear

that they have disappeared in West Edinburgh and Ayr (cheer), and will give way to a clearer and to a nobler vision. For my part, I believe solemnly that deep down in the hearts of the British people there is a feeling of sickness and of loathing for all this endless misery (suffering and blood gullies in Ireland (cheer)); and I believe moreover that it is beginning to be felt and to be known that we mean what we say when we tell you that the deepest desire of the Irish heart is to forget and to forgive the miserable past, and to enter as brothers and as comrades into that newer union (cheer), into that brighter and better time to come when, to some extent, at all events, the noble vision of your immortal poet will come to pass—

"And man to man the Empire o'er  
Will brothers be for a' that."  
(Loud and prolonged cheer).

**SPECIAL TO THE CATHOLIC RECORD.**

**FROM BRANTFORD.**

**DEATH OF A DISTINGUISHED TEACHER.**

DEAR SIR—Readers of the RECORD will regret to learn of the death of P. D. Keller, Principal of the Brantford Separate School, which took place at his home in Galt on Thursday, 26th July, at 1 o'clock, of the terrible malarial Bright's disease. Deceased had been ailing for his past eighteen months, but did not become alarmed until a few months ago, when his stomach ceased to perform its functions. From that time forward he grew rapidly worse, but insisted in remaining at his post until the holidays, in the hope that he might pass a couple of candidates through the coming examinations. It is this he was disappointed, being forced to

retire at the end of the first week in June, and proceeded to his home in Galt, where he lingered till the above date, after everything possible being done for him.

Deceased was a brilliant and scholarly young man, having distinguished himself in his college course, taking first honors at Toronto University in mathematics and German, which language he spoke fluently, and carried off a coveted prize at Ottawa Normal School, and was always held up as one of Galt's brightest and most successful scholars. He entered the profession of teaching immediately after completing his education in the school at Brantford, subsequently removing to Brantford to take charge of the Separate School, which position he held for upwards of six years, with credit to himself and satisfaction to all concerned, and made a very wise choice of admitting friends. In his early and untimely demise the Irish Catholics of Ontario have lost one of their smartest and most promising young men. Being enthusiastically interested in politics, an ardent and passionate Home Ruler, he was no mean student among the first men in the county of Brant, and was a conservative in politics, and took an active part during the last Dominion election, having frequently appeared on different platforms in Brant county.

The funeral took place in Galt on Sunday, the 29th July, from the residence of his mother, the magnificent casket—laden with beautiful flowers, the last tribute of many friends—being carried by the pallbearers from the house to the church near by, the following gentlemen acting as pallbearers: A. Quirk, P. Kelly, of Galt; T. Dennis, of Toronto; D. Kennedy, of Ayr; Jas. J. Hurley and Jas. Maxwell, of Brantford. The Rev. P. Lennon, P. P. of Brantford, performed the ceremonies for the dead, and the conclusion of which he paid a touching and glowing tribute to the memory of the deceased. He said that though it was not customary to make an oration over the remains of the departed when brought to the church, yet this was an exceptional case, and one that could not be allowed to pass, inasmuch as deceased had been a most remarkably good young man, of brilliant mind, noble qualities, and of a sterling and irreproachable character. Self sacrifice characterized all his conduct, and being an active member of St. Vincent de Paul Society, he would go from door to door and beg for God's poor. This was a young man cut off in the prime of life, and he exhorted his hearers to profit by his example, to be always prepared, for they knew not the day or the hour, and the Apostle had said, "It was appointed for all men once to die." The beautiful little church was packed to the doors with a sympathizing congregation, and many a tearful eye could be seen when the eloquent priest ceased to speak. The cortege then proceeded to the cemetery, being over the head of the deceased, and all that was mortal of our dear friend was laid to rest, the last rites being performed by the Rev. Jas. Lennon, P. P. of Galt. *Requiescat in pace.*

Among those from Brantford attending the funeral were ex-Mayor Henry, ex-Ald. Rothwell, Thomas Elliott, Prof. Zenger and wife, the Separate School Board in a body, and many others. It is also worthy of mention that the ministers of several Protestant churches in Galt referred to the death of deceased in touching terms, and prayed for the comfort of the bereaved family in their sad affliction.

Deceased owned considerable real estate in Galt, all of which he left to his widow, who, who is almost a protegee with respect to her eldest of five sons, four sisters (one of whom is a teacher in Brantford) mourn his loss. The family have the heartfelt sympathy of the communities of both Brantford and Galt in the lamentably early death of a loving son, an affectionate brother, a warm and true friend, universally respected and beloved.

**SOME LIES DIE HARD.**

That old lie, about it having been asserted in the "Shepherd of the Valley," (R. A. Bakewell, a convert, editor) that "If Catholics ever attain, which they surely will, though at a distant day, the immense numerical majority in the United States, religious liberty, as we understand, will be at an end, (to say our enemies) has been started on a new lease of life, only the saying is now attributed, instead of the St. Louis paper, to Archbishop Ryan of Philadelphia, who never had ought to do with it, either by word or pen.

The original lie (suppression of the truth) consisted in the omission of the words between brackets in the quotation given above. It has had a tremendous run and comes out, new, every few years. In its latest edition, it was started out by a Protestant Dr. of Divinity, as astonishing one, and it even appeared in a book! The whole is refuted in the July number of the *American Quarterly Review*. Some of these lies have more lives than the toughest cat ever heard of.

**Never Repeat for a Good Deed Done.**

One time a blind girl went with her mother to visit the Madonna of Montenero—a miraculous Madonna. The blind girl wore a very beautiful necklace, and she promised if her sight were restored, she would give the necklace to the Madonna. As she knelt in the church, suddenly the light came to her eyes, and she saw as well as any one. So she hung up her necklace in the church and came away very happy. But on the road she gave thought, and when her mother said to her, "O Clementina, this is a great mercy that you have received," she answered, "Yes, mamma, but I am without my lovely necklace!" When suddenly she felt the necklace about her neck, and at the same moment the light went out from her eyes. She took the necklace back to the Madonna, but she never saw again.

## LATEST PHASES OF THE IRISH QUESTION.

Mr. Wm. O'Brien was recently the recipient of a magnificent present from a number of English priests. It consisted of a beautiful crucifix, the body of which was solid silver, and the cross of Irish oak, from the Abbey of our Lady of Youghal, which was erected in the thirteenth century. The inscription mentions that the gift is a tribute of respect from priests of the English mission, presented in memory of his release from Tullamore prison in which he was confined for his patriotism.

The order of Judge Pales releasing Mr. John Dillon from Dundalk jail devotes the jurisdiction of the County Judge before whom the case of Mr. Dillon was argued. Besides this, it is maintained that a certificate of commitment should have been filed and signed by the judge when Mr. Dillon was found guilty, but this was not done. On these grounds Mr. Healy claims that Mr. Dillon was illegally incarcerated, and though the order of release was only conditional, it is thought that the whole proceedings of the court below will be quashed.

The Rev. Dr. O'Reilly of Detroit, Treasurer of the National League of America, telegraphed a few days ago to Sir Thomas Graham Esmond: "Tell Bigger and Keany I am drafting to each £1000. Tell the murderers of Mandeville the League is not dead."

The feeling allusion made by Mr. Gladstone to the cause of Home Rule, when responding to the addresses of congratulation made to him on the occasion of the celebration of his golden wedding, proved to be his sympathy for Ireland in earnest and profound. He has expressed his hope that he will be able to lead the Liberal party to victory in the attainment of this, after which he is ready to leave the fight for other Reforms to younger politicians.

From all parts of Wales petitions are being sent to Government protesting against the unjust imprisonment of Mr. John Dillon. It is stated that the Welsh members of Parliament in a body will call attention to the matter before the House of Commons.

Thirty thousand persons attended a meeting in Queen's Park, Edinburgh, to manifest their indignation against the Government for the treatment of John Dillon and John Mandeville. Among others Mr. Wm. O'Brien made an address and was most enthusiastically received. Facts like this speak in trumpet tones of the general condemnation of the cruelties practiced by the Government.

It would appear that the terrible castigation administered by the Judges of the Exchequer Court to Balfour's lie, Anderson, a most successful practicing physician, recognizing the medicinal qualities of these springs and the natural beauty of the surroundings, purchased the property, consisting of about sixty acres. He at once renovated the old building, and made new additions to accommodate the ever increasing number of his guests. He has spent thousands of dollars in beautifying the grounds. The grounds are well laid out with winding walks and avenues shaded with trees. The groves and many clusters of fine trees delight as well as shelter those who seek their shade. If the mineral springs have made this agreeable retreat a sanitarium, its surroundings have rendered it a place of perfect rest. There are two springs, one sulphur and the other chiefly iron. These are united with other substances, which give them their wonderful medicinal properties. These waters are rendered palatable by the abundance of natural carbon gas, contained in them.

To those asking a summer resort, I would say, try Winchester Springs. There they will find health and rest, and what is of importance to many, at a very reasonable cost. I remain, etc.

August 4th. VIATOR.

## MEMORIAL WINDOWS.

ERECTED IN ST. PATRICK'S CHURCH, HAMILTON, IN MEMORY OF TWO BISHOPS.

The young men of the League of the Cross in connection with St. Patrick's Church have erected two beautiful stained glass windows in memory of the late Bishop Carbery and Bishop O'Riordan, of Hamilton. The windows are artistic specimens of glass decorative work. They occupy positions over the altar in the church. That on the east contains two panels with figure subjects representing the Annunciation of the Blessed Virgin. The inscription on the bottom of the window reads: "In memory of the late Right Rev. P. F. O'Riordan, D. D., second bishop of Hamilton, who died Nov. 23, 1882. Erected by the League of the Cross." The colors in the window are blue, gold and red. They are most harmoniously blended, and the effect is very beautiful.

The Carbery memorial window is on the west side of the high altar. It is a companion piece to the other, the two panels containing the figures of St. Dominic and St. Joseph. The figure of St. Joseph with the infant Jesus in his arms is particularly fine, the drawing of the figure and color being excellent. The inscription reads: "Erected to the memory of the late Right Rev. J. J. Carbery, D. D., third bishop of Hamilton, who died Dec. 19th, 1887. Erected by the League of the Cross."—*Hamilton Spectator, August 7th.*

The *Catholic Times* relates that the Queen-Regent of Spain was driving with her two daughters recently, she noticed an aged priest tottering out of a house. Straightway the carriage was stopped, the venerable clergyman was helped to a seat in it, and the Queen followed on foot behind her children.

This lower world must be traversed as shipwrecked mariners traverse the sea—with head above the billows, eyes bent arms toward the shore.

an "incautious" expression. It meant only that there is evidence of primary importance on other subjects.

Mr. Chamberlain, in answer to Mr. Sherman, says in a letter to the *Tribune* that he did not state that the leading men of America are against Home Rule. "This would have been contrary to the truth, almost to a man in favor of Home Rule." But, he adds, that he did state that the majority do not approve the policy of Mr. Gladstone as developed in his Bill. If this be so the reporters badly misrepresented Mr. Chamberlain; and if he only said what he now pretends his words meant have fallen very far on the ears of the loyal Unionist men of Ulster before whom they were uttered.

## SUMMER TOURINGS.

To the Editor of the Catholic Record:

Sir—The hurry of the present age, and the desire of accomplishing much in a short time, seem to have so taxed the health of the present generation that all are compelled to seek at least a few weeks' rest during the heated term. Many are asking, Where shall I go? Lately it was my good fortune to find a delightful spot, where a weary man might obtain rest as well as renewed health and vigor. I had taken the C. P. R. train, and meeting with a friend, we entered to visit the Winchester Mineral Springs, in the County of Dundas. We left the train at Winchester Station, and after an invigorating drive of three miles through a level, rich and evidently prosperous country, arrived at our destination. We were delighted to find other friends there. Their presence at the waters led us at once to seek the springs, and by deep draughts prepare for supper.

These springs, I was told by an old sojourner in the land, were first discovered in the early days, when the lumberman's axe might have been heard along the banks of the St. Lawrence, and the red deer were more numerous in Eastern Ontario than they are now in Muskoka. It was then remarked that all the deer trails led to these springs. A noxious disease having broken out in the lumberman's camp, the sick were brought to these springs to try what virtue there might be in the quenching water which attracted those wild denizens of the forest. They were cured, and since that time people have come from far and near to benefit by the medicinal waters of Winchester Springs. It was no uncommon sight, he told me, to see, in those days, before suitable accommodation had been provided, hundreds camped around, seeking health in the healing waters. Some few years ago Dr. Anderson, a most successful practicing physician, recognizing the medicinal qualities of these springs and the natural beauty of the surroundings, purchased the property, consisting of about sixty acres. He at once renovated the old building, and made new additions to accommodate the ever increasing number of his guests.

He has spent thousands of dollars in beautifying the grounds. The grounds are well laid out with winding walks and avenues shaded with trees. The groves and many clusters of fine trees delight as well as shelter those who seek their shade. If the mineral springs have made this agreeable retreat a sanitarium, its surroundings have rendered it a place of perfect rest. There are two springs, one sulphur and the other chiefly iron. These are united with other substances, which give them their wonderful medicinal properties. These waters are rendered palatable by the abundance of natural carbon gas, contained in them.

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