

The Catholic Record.

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

LONDON, ONTARIO, SATURDAY MARCH 2, 1889.

NO. 541

VOLUME 11.

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As the holidays are near at hand, D. H. Cunningham, the leading Toronto jeweler has special inducements to offer readers in the Record in furnishing the best value in Diamonds, Roll-in Watches, Fine Jewelry and presentation in good style. Correspondence will be sent per express for examination to all parts of Ontario. Correspondence solicited. Manufacturing 77-79 St. George Street. Remember the address—77 Yonge Street Toronto, Ontario.

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PARNELL'S GREAT VICTORY.

Pigott Confesses the Forgeries.

As we go to press the startling intelligence reaches us that Pigott has made a full confession of his guilt. On Saturday he called on Mr. Labouchere and to that gentleman, and in the presence of Mr. George Augustus Sala, admitted he had forged all the letters said to have been written by Mr. Parnell and others.

Pigott has made his escape, and Sir Charles Russell stated in Court that he was assisted by a body guard consisting of an Irish constable and two Scotland Yard detectives.

It will now be in order to sift the matter to the bottom, and we have no doubt this will be done, so that the public may know the extent to which the government and the Times were implicated in the conspiracy to ruin the Parnellites.

The outcome will be a deadly blow, not only to the cowardly and blustering advocate of hereditary wrongs, but will likewise cause to fall to pieces the most tyrannical and the most incapable ministry that has ruled the destinies of England in modern times.

MR. BALFOUR AND MR. O'BRIEN.

THE FIGHT IN CLONMEL JAIL.

United Ireland, Feb. 9.

A great meeting of the citizens of Dublin was held on Sunday in the Nine Acres, Phoenix Park. The meeting though not announced until Saturday afternoon, was worthy of the occasion. The hold which Mr. O'Brien has on the affections of the people of Dublin was amply testified by the vastness of the assemblage.

Two of the former were on the ground. With everything against it, says the Freeman, the shortness of the notice, the inclemency of the weather, a wind blowing that need not blush in the presence of a Dakota blizzard, and the ground covered with snow that soon was converted into mire, only four were called upon to speak, but as they spoke their auditory mentally increased, and when the meeting terminated these going into town were met by large contingents still coming out towards the Park. A great many ladies were present. While the speaking was being done the audience must have been very closely packed, for when the meeting broke up, and all present were tending towards Parkgate street, the picture broke into a scene of confusion.

The whole piece was black with people, and it was only then that the magnitude of the demonstration could be rightly judged. A body of the D Division Metropolitan Police, whose exploits are forgotten on the Monument, were not yet forgotten on the occasion of another meeting in the Park, were drawn up under Inspector Mocker. Horse policemen cantered up and down the central road, and it is stated, the Hussars at Island Bridge were held in readiness for anything that might happen. The chair was then taken by the Right Hon. the Lord Mayor, M. P.

We regret that we cannot make room for the long list of members of Parliament, priests, members of the Corporation, and influential citizens who were present.

THE LORD MAYOR'S SPEECH.

The Lord Mayor, M. P., said—You are here, citizens of the capital city of Ireland, to raise a cry for justice in behalf of one of the most illustrious men who ever claimed the title of citizen of Dublin.

Last night in this city, surrounded by a police, a little faction, every one of whom owes his power and his position on the way of living to the favor and industry of the people, a little faction of men gathered together in the dark, ashamed to tell their names, to feast and flatter, like sycophants and destdars, the jailer of William O'Brien. You are here to-day assembled in the face of heaven and man—you are here in the light of day. You do not feel ashamed to be seen—and this great assembly gathered together in those vast numbers, is the best proof that can be made to the flatterers of the jailer, and it wipes out from the fair fame of the metropolis the stain put upon it last night.

A CRIMINAL LAW.

Under what law is William O'Brien in prison? Under a law that is itself a crime against the Constitution, under a law that is itself a breach of public faith, under a law that was passed by a violation of the rights of Parliament, a law that was imposed in defiance of the will of the people. By what court has he been condemned? By two of the servants of his enemy. By a court composed of the men whose very living depends on the pleasure of the man who fears to meet William O'Brien either on the platform or in the House of Commons. The Chief Secretary, by his misdeeds may strip William O'Brien's body, but William O'Brien has stripped naked the Chief Secretary's soul and exposed it to the loathing of the world.

THE "CRIME."

What crime is charged against our illustrious countryman? His crime was that he stood up for the poor against extortion, and for the weak against aggression, and for the sacrifice of himself he strove to save poor, humble men, their wives and children, in their houses and homes. That crime perchance the Government might have forgiven, but one crime they could not forgive, and that one crime they could not forgive, was the crime of exposing the present base Administration to the scorn of their countrymen. He

scoured by the force of his nature and by the light of genius the certainty of their ruin, and this was the crime for which this political leader is suffering to-day in the prison of Clonmel. I have said that Mr. O'Brien has won the hearts of the British people.

THE GOOD MAYOR OF MANCHESTER.

A week has not yet passed away since Mr. O'Brien, in the city of Manchester—the city that returns the Chief Secretary to Parliament, and that will never return him again—a week has not yet passed since William O'Brien received there a full-hearted welcome. When Mr. Balfour's servants took him in custody the populace of Manchester followed and cheered him in the streets. He was cheered in custody by the Chief Magistrate of Manchester. In the name of the citizens of Dublin, I think that wise and public spirited chief magistrate who took Mr. O'Brien into custody. But did he commit him to prison? Did he strip him? No, Mr. O'Brien was an honored guest at the table of the chief magistrate, and he was lodged in the chambers that by custom are reserved for royal guests.

THE ORDER TO STRIP.

He was brought from England, where the people have learned to respect and honor him, to Ireland, where the people trust and love him, and he was committed to prison, and after he had spent one night in the prison, he was asked, in the elegant phrase of the refined philosopher who rules at Dublin Castle, he was asked to strip. He refused to strip, and let me tell you that good judges are of opinion that the law in regard to what are called prison clothes is a law intended to secure that common criminals shall be provided with clean and suitable clothing, and it is not a law intended to deprive a man of refinement and education occupying the position of a political leader, like Mr. O'Brien, of his clothing, and to try and degrade him by forcing on him the garb of a common criminal.

DR. MCCABE'S RULE.

Dr. McCabe, a few months ago, a medical member of the Council Board itself, declared that the rules as to prison clothing should not be applied in Mr. O'Brien's case, and that it was indecent and unjustifiable for a gang of men to go into the cell of a prisoner and by violence deprive him of his clothes. Dr. McCabe reported that the rule as to criminal garb was a rule that should not be applied in Mr. O'Brien's case. It has been applied to O'Brien's case. It has been applied to O'Brien's case. It has been applied to O'Brien's case.

THE BISHOP'S PROTEST.

The system of torture and indignity to political prisoners will have to come to an end. England as well as Ireland is to revolt against it; and speaking to you to-day I am glad to be able to tell you that the Prelates of Ireland, the Archbishops and Bishops, have already given a lead upon the question which will strike the mind and touch the heart of the civilized world at large. The four Archbishops of Ireland and the great majority of the Bishops have signed a protest and appeal which will be published to-morrow. The cry for justice which we raise here to-day will resound not only in Dublin but in every town and every parish in Ireland. It will be heard to-morrow in England, and by millions of generous hearts will be taken up and repeated until it strikes a chill to the cowardly hearts of the craven gang who tried to deprive of life by the device of the assassin the gallant and gifted man whom they dared not meet in open fight.

FATHER LAMBERT

DESCRIBES THE CLOSING SCENES OF THE POPE'S JUBILEE.

The Waterloo Observer publishes the following extracts from a private letter to a friend in that village. They will be read with interest elsewhere as well as in the cherished home of the writer: Rome, January 23, 1889.

"On the 30th of December I saw the Pope. He attended the closing service of his jubilee in St. Peter's church. There was an immense concourse of people present, estimated at fifty thousand; and yet, incredible as it may seem, the church was not crowded, their being room for all. The Pope appeared in the most simple and unassuming manner. He was dressed in a black cassock, and he wore a black hat. He was accompanied by a few cardinals and bishops. He was seated on a chair, which was carried by eight men on their shoulders, so that he was above the heads of the people. There was a double line of Papal or Swiss Guards, reaching clear up to the main altar, which under the great dome. The door by which he entered is down near the main entrance, so that he passed through the length of the church. A squad of gorgeously-dressed guards preceded him. As they closed the door was drawn aside. All eyes were directed to the door. Suddenly the hand was raised in the act of blessing the people. His appearance seemed to affect the vast assembly like an electric shock. There was an unexpressed awe that made the crowd wave back and forth as the wind makes the rippling wheat wave in the fields. An inspired and by the same spirit, a spirit that appeared for the first time since he inaugurated the Jubilee a year ago. The shouting and excitement were greatest near where he was and seemed to pass along through the assembly as he passed along in his progress. His right hand was always raised, now blessing the people the right, now to the left. The whole mass of people suddenly became a white sea of waving handkerchiefs. Along the line the people were frantically reaching out their arms towards him as if to attract his attention and blessing. He continued,

automatically, as he began, giving his blessing right and left. He spoke not one word, but his countenance. He was entirely enveloped in a golden cape or cloak, so that the only parts of his person visible were his face and right arm and hand. He wore on his head a mitre. After he passed you see in pictures not the flara which you see in pictures of the Pope's personality till that day. The shouts when they took the form of words were, "Viva il Papa; Viva il Papa, Re," (Long live the Pope; Long live the Pope King) Such an expression of sympathy and affection by so vast an assemblage of people under the influence of one common and controlling sentiment cannot be conceived by those who have not witnessed it. Imagine a family of little children when the father comes home after a long absence—their eyes glistening with joy, their clapping of hands and running hither and thither to get the first sight of him, to touch him, to get his first embrace and first kiss—imagine all this and you may form a reasonable idea of the feelings manifested by that vast multitude. For the time they forgot the multitude, and they were not aware of the fact that they were in a church. The scene was worth a trip from America to see.

The music was exquisite; not boisterous or loud, but low and sweet as if angels were whispering in the vast arches above and in every nook and recess in the grand Cathedral.

When the Pope returned, after Benediction from the altar to the same door by which he entered the same scene of excitement and enthusiasm was repeated. The Pope looked thin and pale, but his eyes were keen and penetrating as he directed them towards those he was blessing. So keen and fixed were they, that I have not had a day since that he was looking gave you the idea that he was looking for someone to recognize and identify for someone to recognize and identify the impression on the mind of each one present that the Pope had looked, in particular at him or her. Such was my impression, and I was within ten feet of him.

It is so strange to see outside the door of St. Peter's, the King's Guards, and just inside, the Papal Guard, within ten feet of each other, and yet allowed to pass the line that separates them. On one side of the line the King of Italy rules, on the other side, the Pope. I noticed the King's Cavalry and Infantry were very numerous in the approaches to St. Peter's on that day. One would imagine that the civil authorities feared an uprising. They were marching and counter-marching through the crowds in the streets constantly. I have been here, and just think of my abstinence from taking English: How I would like a good mess of English Talk, just to get a good taste in my mouth.

Remember me to all my friends: Tell Major Furness that I collected some accords for him on the Pincio Hill. He can plant them on his farm at the Springs. I also picked up some things in the Cotswold hills, and in the Forum near the Palatine Hill, which will do for the Historical Society.

L. A. LAMBERT.

Special to the Catholic Record.

DR. DOYLE'S SILVER JUBILEE.

AN EXTRAORDINARY CELEBRATION IN WHICH THE WHOLE DOMINION JOINED.

Just before the joybells of his jubilee rang out their merry music, we noticed these columns in the preparations that were being made in Summerside, Prince Edward Island, to celebrate the twenty-fifth anniversary of the ordination of the Rev. Patrick Doyle, P. P., of that important little town of Kinkora, and of Seven Mile Bay. Since the feast, owing to the irregularity of the mail service between the island and the mainland in winter, we have not until just within this week received the copy *rendu* of the celebration which we now lay before our readers.

Seldom indeed has the jubilee of an ecclesiastical bishop or priest, elicited such a depth of enthusiasm as did that of Father Doyle. Summerside went wild in the expression of her joy and good will, and the other parishes, although debarr'd from a general participation in the festivities of the day, were completely aroused and sent representatives in large numbers to bear their gifts and felicitations. But not the parishes alone over which he presided with such eminent fitness, not alone the entire garden province, felt the throbb of joy in her heart, but the Canadian of all ranks and grades vying the one with the other in doing honor to the pious priest, the zealous pastor, the worthy citizen. Telegrams and letters of congratulation poured in on every side; friends, lay and cleric, Protestant and Catholic, pressed close around him, costly gifts covered every available space in his parlors, and still, although deeply moved at these tokens of his people's affection, he did not forget the man who caused him the deep humility of the man caused him to attribute all this demonstration to the respect and veneration due the priest, and consequently we find him saying with the apostle, in the beautiful reply to the joint address of his parishioners: "Not to us, O Lord, not to us but to Thy name give glory."

The festivities commenced on the evening of the 23rd ult. by a grand concert given at St. Mary's academy, under the direction of the good Sisters of Notre Dame. The bishop, clergy and as many of the principal citizens, Catholic and Protestant, as the hall would contain, were present. The programme was a beautiful one, and the execution was superb. To the address of the pupils Father Doyle made a touching reply.

At 10 o'clock on the 24th the religious

service at the church, consisting of a solemn High Mass, *Coram Episcopo*, and *Te Deum*, took place. The church was elaborately decorated, and the musical part of the service of surpassing merit. Father Doyle himself was the celebrant, while the deacon and subdeacon were classmates of his, the Revs. D. M. McDonald and D. F. McDonald. The Rev. Father Burke had charge of the ceremonies. The Rev. Dr. Chabousson acted as thurifer. Another school fellow, the Rev. D. J. G. McDonald, preached the sermon. After Mass, and just before the *Te Deum* recounded through the thronged edifice, the citizens' address was read at the altar rails by His Honor Judge Kelly, who presented also a magnificent gift in gold sovereigns. Dr. Doyle replied in a written discourse of great power and beauty. The notice of the secular press of the Dominion was attracted to both address and reply, and Father Doyle's patriotic utterances receiving from all quarters the highest commendation.

After Mass other addresses were presented in the sacristy, to which Father Doyle replied in his usual happy manner. Then came the reception at the presbytery and after the dinner at the convent. At dinner Dr. Doyle had the Hon. W. W. Sullivan, Premier of the Province, on his left. The whole island clergy, a number of judges, M. P.'s and leading citizens sat down. The vice chairman of the feast was the Rev. A. E. Burke, who, as well as being charged with the religious ceremonies, had the general oversight of the whole celebration.

The toasts were "The Pope," "The Queen," "The Bishop," "The Host," "The Church," and the speeches were made by His Lordship the Bishop, the Premier and others. Before the speeches Father Burke read a number of congratulatory telegrams from all quarters. The Archbishop of Halifax, Sir John McDonald, Hon. Mr. Castlen, Laval University, and many other prominent Canadians, sent greetings. To her greeting the grand old university of Laval, through her pro Rector, Mgr. Hamel, was placed to add an honor which will, no doubt, be highly appreciated by Father Doyle and his friends the country over, in conferring upon him at a time so strikingly opportune the proud degree of D. D. The applause that greeted this announcement at the banquet table must have echoed round the ball of Cape Breton, in honoring Dr. Doyle Laval has honored us all.

The dinner over, a special train conducted the guests to Kinkora, Father Doyle's country mansion, where the band discoursed sweet music and speeches were made by Bishop McIntyre, Premier Sullivan, Dr. Doyle, Father Burke and the Hon. John Lefebvre. At Kinkora Cottage, the private residence, the feast was served, after the party returned to Summerside, where a general illumination and display of fire works was made. An endless procession of torches conducted the Dr. and his guests to St. Paul's, where he thanked the people for the grand demonstration prepared in his honor and dwelt feelingly on the good feelings which pervaded all creeds and classes on the occasion of his jubilee. Every house in the town was illuminated and the Island papers say that never was such a demonstration witnessed in the Province. It is particularly remarkable to notice with what enthusiasm our separated brethren entered into the spirit of the celebration, a fact which speaks volumes in their favor as well as that of Dr. Doyle. Such a jubilee feeling cannot be too madly and unreservedly congratulated, and to it is to be attributed in a great measure the magnificent demonstration which made Dr. Doyle's silver jubilee not only a provincial but a national event. To the long list of kind expressions of regard and congratulations which have poured in upon him from every side we gladly add our own, while from our heart of hearts we wish Dr. Doyle every blessing and happiness in the future, and the length of days sufficient at least to bear the glad chiming of the golden bells of his fiftieth anniversary.

WILLIAM O'BRIEN.

T. P. O'Connor speaks of Mr. O'Brien's hidden life in the following terms in the London Star: "O'Brien is fighting for the principle that political prisoners should be treated differently from criminals, and he will fight it to the death if needs be, for he is a man of great determination. His private life is abstemious to the point of asceticism. He lives in a single small room, at the topmost storey of a little hotel, and writes his most powerful articles by the light of two small candles. He never goes into society and all the persuasions of his numerous friends have never induced him to wear fine clothes. He lives a life of voluntary poverty and endures of his own free choice what would be positive discomfort to any ordinary man. He is a man of deep religious fervor, his charity is great, and his enthusiasm is something akin to fanaticism in behalf of God and country. He is as gentle as a child and free from anything like ostentation, in a word, he is a man that to know is to love and it is not to be wondered at that he is the idol of his country."

NEW BOOKS.

The following new works have been issued from the publishing house of Benziger Bros., 36 and 38 Barclay street, New York.

Dignity and Duties of the Priest, Vol. xii. of Centenary edition of St. Alphonsus Liguori's complete works. Price, oct., \$1.25.

Book of the Professed, vols. 2 and 3 by the author of "Golden Bands," Price, 75c. each.

The First Principles of Knowledge, by J. Rickaby, S. J. One of the manuals of Catholic Philosophy. Price, \$1.25.

The Sacred Pascha of Jesus Christ, Short Meditation for every day of Lent, by Rev. R. F. Clarke, S. J. Price, 25c.

The World of Jesus Christ during His Passion, From the French of Rev. F. X. Schoupe, S. J., by Rev. J. J. Quinn, Price 25 cents.

At 10 o'clock on the 24th the religious