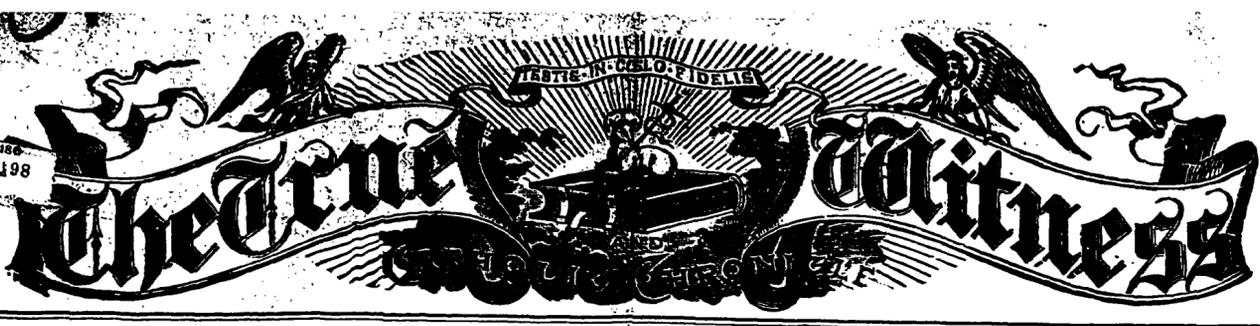


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OUR IRISH LETTER.

The Recent Riotous Conduct of the Orangemen of Belfast.

Feebleness of the Police Force to Meet the Difficulty—The Military Charge the Mob with Fixed Bayonets—Hundreds of Men Seriously Wounded—Business Establishments Closed—What an Eye-witness has to say of the Cowardly Action of the Mob.

DUBLIN, June 13.

"No sane person could pass through Perry street, while the rioting lasted." These were the words of District Inspector Barneville, of Belfast, while giving his evidence in the Police Court relative to the riots which it pleased the Orangemen in their innate blackguardism to inaugurate. It is just as well in this connection to remember that there were over a hundred constables, victims of bad management and their sense of duty, sent to the hospitals. Only seventy-six riotous prisoners were taken, and the most of them had cracked skulls. But this figure does not nearly approach the number of the rowdies who will have scalp wounds to doctor for many days on their own account. Nastiness, bigotry and brutality seem to be parts of the normal constituency of an Orangeman. He has to have them just as a baby usually cries after measles or milk teeth. The eruption, too, is periodic, but not the less dangerous for that. Heroic measures cure it easily, but unfortunately there was an epidemic outbreak on the 9th inst., and the heroic measures were not taken in time. Preventive measures were supposedly taken and troops and constabulary were under the control of a military magistrate, who neglected to act until it was too late. In a spirit of charity let it be supposed that he thought that the Orangemen would try for once to behave decently, even if it hurt them. How little he knew about this peculiar breed of morbid humanity was shortly illustrated.

A better comment on the proceedings which disgraced Belfast—it would be impossible to disgrace the Orange element of the fair town—may be gathered from a few paragraphs in the Freeman's Journal:—

"They want a man down in Belfast—a man who knows his own mind, and who, having made it up, will stick to his plans and see that they are carried out. Until such an officer is placed in charge of the forces whose duty it is to stamp out savage ruffianism in Belfast, we fear the position of affairs will continue to grow worse. There are capable Constabulary officers in Belfast; but it is quite clear that if there is a single one in supreme command he is quite incapable of performing his plain duty. It lies with those who are responsible for the peace of the city to remedy this state of affairs, and to see to it that the policemen are not used as targets for mobs of cowardly ruffians, but as the punishers of lawless violence."

Take the situation of affairs on Tuesday. There was not a small boy in Belfast who did not anticipate a riot as the consequence of the inevitable march of the "Irishmen" on the Nationalist quarter of Carrick Hill. Yet when the precious employees of Messrs. Harland and Wolff appeared on the scene after six in the evening, armed with bars of iron and deadly bolts and nuts, they found four policemen stationed at the most dangerous points to resist the onslaught of some three thousand ammunitioned savages, who were quickly reinforced by hundreds of more of what the Unionist Northern Whig yesterday styled "the scum of Shankill Road." A terrible riot followed. It was absolutely inevitable. Rather than allow their houses to be wrecked the Nationalists sallied forth, and a few hundreds of them drove the ruffians who provoked the row up the notorious Shankill and right into their dens. It was a hideous and disgraceful scene, and nothing connected with it was more disgracefully reprehensible than the conduct of those responsible for the inaction of the police, who during the progress of a veritable battle, that lasted for half an hour were confined to their barracks five hundred yards away. We know the police are willing to brave all risks in doing their duty. They would soon cow the "scum," but they must be led by a man of pluck and resolution.

Even the most malignant Orange organs have not had the hardihood to blame the Nationalists for the odious proceedings of the past few days. They have displayed a dignified patience, which all praise is due to them. The support of law and order have been the only

murder the police and indulging in the traditional Orange pastime of looting publichouses. We are nearing July days, and the out-look is black. Courage and energy are the two things necessary in official quarters. If they are not promptly displayed Belfast will pay dearly for the presence amongst its citizens of half-dressed fanatical bigots with a capacity for talking. For the Shankill rowdies are only translating the words of Orange orators into "kidneys" and iron bolts.

Gall and wormwood it is to teeth and the tongue of the untutored savages who swear by the blood of Papias and the pistol caps of the croppies, to see National Ireland celebrating a grand event in National history. A hundred years ago patriots were made martyrs of in open fight when Sassenach artillery proved too much for the home-made pike and the heart's blood of enemy and friend alike turned the delicate sword of Erin into a land planted with grass that dripped red, and every drop outbushes the sparkling dew of heaven that should have told of peace.

But they were troublous times in a way, times at all events when some men fought like men and others butchered. It is the heritage of the butchery that has fallen on the low browed, heavy haired, thick skulled, thin brained Orangemen of the North. And he uses the missile weapon in the shape of bolts and nuts stolen from his employers' shipyards.

Here is a pen picture by an eye witness:— About midday when the procession was out at Hannahstown, a number of roughs from the Shankill quarter invaded North Howard street, drove away the few police on duty, seriously injured Constable Wilson, and assaulted a number of men, women, and children before they were driven back again into their own district. It is significant that in spite of the warning posted in Messrs. Harland and Wolff's shipbuilding yard that any man who absented himself to-day from work would be dismissed, it is stated that nearly 2,000 men did not report for work. A feeling of rage at the success of the demonstration appears to have made the Orangemen more than usually lawless, and about eight o'clock they had collected in threatening crowds in the Shankill Road. Hundreds of police were hurried up to the Brown Square Barracks, and outside the barracks some fifty batonmen were drawn up in two lines, while at the corner of Carrick Hill single policemen moved about trying to persuade the spectators to leave the streets.

About half-past eight the excited surge back of a small crowd of people who had collected near Brown Square showed that the batonmen were under fire. The opposing mob had drawn closer. A stone, and now and again an iron nut, could have been seen whizzing through the air. Often the lad who threw it stepped out conspicuously from the ranks to do so. Sometimes a stone rang against a lamp-post, came with a thud on a door, clattered against the pavement or met its mark with the peculiar sound which such a missile makes against an able-bodied constable. The police moved uneasily about, holding their batons in hands, and occasionally a hurt man retired into the barracks, where two doctors were kept busy.

This went on for half an hour, and then there was a rattle of horses' hoofs and a jingling of accoutrements, accompanied by ringing cheers, as the Inniskilling Dragoons, with their burnished helmets and scarlet coats, lance in hand, dashed up from a side street. The air of ominous expectancy was changed into a storm of cheering from all parties. The military magistrate at the head of the cavalry received a shouted order from a police officer, and then the Inniskilling went at the charge up the road at the rioters, forming a most picturesque spectacle. The shouting cheering and clattering was still going on when the Staffordshire Regiment, with fixed bayonets swept up and rapidly followed the cavalry. The dispersed stone-throwers retired up the side streets while the charge passed, and they swarmed out again. It was a very fatal manoeuvre, for the police were at once let loose at them, and a desperate battle charge ensued. People fled in all directions, women shrieked, shops were rapidly closed and the shutters put up, and then the police came pouring into the barracks, every two holding a prisoner, and most of the prisoners having cracked heads. This, with the presence of the cavalry, has for the time being pacified Shankill, and unless the rioters come out later on it is believed the riot is over. Interest is now centred in the Royal Hospital, where the ambulance is continually making visits.

The second day's proceedings were worse than the first, says the same writer. The handful of constables were utterly powerless, and for nearly twenty minutes a regular pitched battle, fiercer than any seen in Belfast for years, raged with unceasing fury. The Islander assailed a woman standing at the corner of Boyd street and stoned her till she fell. An old man was mercilessly assailed. Many of the workers sustained most serious injuries. They were assailed with a hurricane of stones from Carrick Hill and Millfield at once, and were nonplussed under the flank attacks. Several times they were driven right up into the Shankill locality, but returned to the charge only to be furiously repulsed by their opponents, whom they far outnumbered, and who stood in a good defensive position. Near a very house in Dowd street is dan-

aged. Messrs. McGlade's fine public house was practically wrecked. The windows in Mr. Connolly's on the other side of the street were demolished. Marvellous to relate, Brown Square Barracks is stationed only five hundred yards away from the scene of this formidable street battle, and it is alleged a force of policemen, ranging from one to two hundred, were stationed there at the time of the encounter.

Great dissatisfaction is expressed at the action of the local authorities, and it is feared if the police continue to be handicapped as in 1886 the city may be thrown into a state of prolonged disorder. For instance, on Monday night the police were 'withdrawn' from Shankill road and concentrated around Peter's Hill barracks, where they were made a target for some stone-throwers, with the result that 103 of them were more or less severely injured. The responsibility for this withdrawal has not yet been fixed, and even Unionists denounce it strongly as a dangerous surrender to the mob.

In Unionist quarters of the city, outside Shankill, the Catholic and Nationalist minority have next to no protection. The majority of the magistrates refused to draft in extra police through fear of offending the susceptibilities of the 'Lambe,' and today three hundred police were disbanded at Lisburn and sent back to their stations in different parts of Ireland. It is believed the gravity of the situation requires that the Government should step in and set aside the interference of the local authorities.

Crowds gathered on the Shankill road, many Orange rowdies coming from Ballymacarrett and other districts.

Dragoons and companies of the North Staffordshire Regiment were ordered to the road, and were cheered by the mob. About nine o'clock an immense crowd marched from the Shankill road to Perry street, shouting and singing. Amid yells they hurled stones at the windows and doors of publican named Toner, and did not cease till every window was completely shattered. Just before this, bodies of soldiers had been ordered from the Shankill to the Falls road, and while the destruction of the property was being accomplished not a solitary constable or soldier was near. After demolishing all the windows the infuriated mob burst in and looted the premises. Throughout the evening a perfectly clear way was left to the roughs from outside quarters to reach the Shankill road, thus adding to the strength of the riotous mobs as assembled there, with the result that at eight o'clock the thoroughfare was swarming with a floating crowd of the worst possible type. Now and again they came dangerously near the Nationalist district, but were regarded with silent indifference. Hordes of half-savage Orange women and children used party language of the foulest description.

In Dover street, leading from the Shankill to the Falls road, at one time matters looked exceedingly critical. A large crowd attempted to make their way into the Falls district, but were driven back by the police, assisted by the Nationalists. Two houses inhabited by Protestant merchants suffered severely from stone-throwing, which was very fierce while it lasted.

I have just learned that the Orange mobs have wrecked and looted three other Catholic houses—the licensed premises of Mr. Kane, in Dover street, Mr. McEnteggar's, Percy street, and Mr. Kelester's, in Arnegast street, in addition to Mr. Toner's, in Perry street. This makes four houses wrecked in one night. Complaint is made of the remissness of the body of military while one house was being demolished. The police were powerless. In fact the police system was seemingly collapsed. In the Shankill district the mob are masters of all they survey.

And all this happens in a city which objects to home rule, for fear the rest of Ireland should not sufficiently protect the lives and properties of these immaculate specimens of misnamed 'loyalty' and well-named Orangemen.

ST. PATRICK'S T.A. & B. SOCIETY.

The members of St. Patrick's Total Abstinence and Benefit Society have about completed arrangements for their annual picnic and games to be held at St. Rose, Dominion Day, July 1st. At an adjourned meeting of the Society held on Tuesday evening the reports of the various committees were submitted, and judging from them, a very pleasant day's outing may be looked forward to by all who take in St. Rose on Dominion Day. A very attractive programme of games has been prepared and for which some valuable prizes are offered. Prof. Casey's orchestra has also been engaged and will cater to the wants of the lovers of the light fantastic.

On Sunday, June 26, the members will receive Holy Communion in a body at the 8 o'clock Mass, and in the afternoon will take part in the procession in honor of the '98 celebration.

"The Heart of Jesus, in the Blessed Sacrament, is all inflamed with love for us; and shall we not be inflamed with love for Him in His presence?—St. Alphonsus Liguori."

O my soul! if thou knewest how sweet is the Heart of Jesus! Enter there, and when thou art within mayest thou close upon thyself the doors of His wounds, that it may be impossible for thee to come forth again.—St. Bonaventure.

ONTARIO'S GREETING TO QUEBEC FORESTERS.

Provincial Chief Ranger Lee Delivers It, at the Banquet at the Queen's Hotel.

The Future of the Organization Dwelt upon. The Prospects of an Increase in the Membership. Some Reference to the Approaching Convention at Burlington, Vt.

Mr. W. T. J. LEE, in response to the toast, "The Catholic Order of Foresters," said:

Chief Ranger, Rev'd Father and Gentlemen:—I might say that it indeed affords me a great deal of pleasure to be here to-day, to participate in the demonstration of the Catholic Order of Foresters of the Province of Quebec. I feel that the heart of the Province of Ontario goes out to the Foresters of the Province of Quebec on their demonstration here to-day; it throbs throughout all the Courts in the Province of Ontario in a unison which will certainly never be forgotten. I have listened to the eloquent words which have been uttered here to-day by the gentleman who has so ably preceded me and I feel, after listening to the eloquent words of my friends, brother Quinn and brother Guerin, and the other gentlemen who have preceded me, that in responding to the toast, "The Catholic Order of Foresters," there is very little, if anything, for me to say. By there is one thing I prize more than anything else in being present here to-day at your demonstration, and that is, to feel all the cosmopolitan nature of our Order throughout this Province, the Province of Ontario and the great United States. Well, we all may have national feelings and while we have a certain blood coursing through our veins, still we all are united with the same objects and the same feelings when we join the Catholic Order of Foresters (hear, hear.)

An Order that knows no nationality and no politics—an Order that if it is handled properly, as it has been in the past, will go on progressing through time, until, five years hence, we shall have not 61,000, as we have to-day, but at least 161,000 members (applause). The Reverend Father LePailleur thinks that I am exaggerating the numbers a little bit, but, gentlemen, I feel that gathered around this festive board before me is the pulse that moves the Province of Quebec to-day, and united in one grand whole, that in five years from now, I feel quite satisfied in saying that this Order will number 161,000 members.

We have heard a great deal this morning from our learned and reverend father upon the aims of the Catholic Order of Foresters. I do not think that I can trespass upon your time any more by telling them to you any better than you know them, but suffice it for me to say that the demonstration which I was present at this morning will send me back to the Province of Ontario and to the City of Toronto with renewed energy and greater efforts to make our number 5,000, which we have now, 10,000 in a year hence. (Hear, hear.) I happen to have had with me for a few moments this afternoon the only solid body guard of the Province of Ontario, the Chief Ranger of the London Court (Brother Bogue), and I can assure you that the welcome you have given me this afternoon will certainly, as long as I remain a Forester, and I hope it will be when you shall tarry me in the Province of Ontario or Quebec, that my heart will always be true to the Catholic Order of Foresters.

I feel that we are progressing at a rate which few Catholic Societies on this continent to-day can say they have progressed at. I feel that we have the right spirit engendered into our members and I feel that we have to go on with the same spirit coursing in our veins until we have arrived at the happy millennium when we have taken our departure from this world, and that our children's children will bring up this grand order until that millennium shall be reached.

Now, we have a great deal of hard work in the Province of Ontario to do as you have in the Province of Quebec, but I have to assure you that it has been no easy matter for us to increase in membership in the Province of Ontario in the last four years, but when I tell you that when our Provincial Court came into office some three years ago that we numbered then a little over two thousand members, and when I tell you to-day that we number close on to 5,000 members, I think that you will say 'these Provincial Courts have been of some use and of some material benefit to the high Court in carrying on their work.'

It is true, as I find in travelling through the Province of Ontario some times, that our brethren will often say, "What are you doing with the money that we give you, the three assessments a year of 25 cents?" I think we can point well to the fact that we have doubled our

membership in three years and to the fact that we have spent the money well and wisely, and I am sure that when I am saying that for the Province of Ontario—I do not desire to be egotistic in the matter, but I am sure that in watching your statements from this Province, that your Provincial Chief Ranger and your Board of Directors have spent your money and the money of the special assessments in a wise and god manner.

We have a convention coming on, and I am trespassing, but I do not think outside of the elements of property, in Burlington, Vermont, next year. I think it behooves us that whatever little differences—if there are any, I do not think they are of vast importance, but if there were any in the past between the jurisdiction of Ontario and the jurisdiction of Quebec, that from this day out and forever that those differences are healed, and we are united into a solid whole, and as Foresters we are Catholics through and through, and that when our delegation shall have gone to Burlington and when we shall have stood up against the solid phalanx of other State jurisdictions that we will say to ourselves, "Well done, Father LePailleur, we have come home victoriously."

We have reason to know of the kind heart and the kind feelings echoing within his breast when I tell you those sentiments are the sentiments of the true Christian and the solid Forester. We have faith in our order. We have faith in ourselves, indeed with the same Catholic charity which comes through the veins of every true Christian and every true Catholic Forester. We will go on in the future as we have done in the past. Let no national spirit ever separate or divide us; we are composed of all races, of all classes; united with the true bond of Christian charity in the Catholic Order of Foresters, we will go on as we have done in the past and in the future we will make our children and our children's children proud to say that when we are gone they will bless us for it.

HAPPENINGS IN NEW YORK.

Dangers of the Free Distribution of Patent Medicines.

The Big Programme of the Merchants' Associations--War Taxes and How They Affect Business Men--Trouble in Protestant Churches--Other Matters.

New York, June 22.

The bicycle is fast becoming as deadly as the trolley, the only difference being that the bicycle's sorcher is not near so careful as the motor man. George A. Schmeikert, overseer of the poor at Orange, N. Y., is the latest victim. He attempted to cross the street opposite his own door; a trolley car was coming for which he made room to pass. But coming in another direction were four bicyclists riding at a scorching pace. Schmeikert was hit by one of them. He was thrown on the car track, his head struck the rail and in a short time he was dead. Dwyer, the bicyclist who struck him, is only held in \$1,000 bail.

The Rev. James M. Mapis did a heroic act when he stopped a runaway horse on Second Avenue. Two hundred Sunday school children were returning from a picnic, when a tremendous clatter of hoofs was heard behind them on the pavement. The children were panic-stricken, and in a moment a runaway horse was in their midst. Rev. Mr. Mapis made a dash for the frantic animal, caught the reins and dragged off his feet, but bravely held on till he had the horse under subjection. He was severely bruised, but owing to his bravery only one of the children was severely hurt.

The ways of some of the Protestant Churches in this city are passing strange. At an excursion to Rotou Point, the Methodist society insisted that there should be no dancing. The Congregationalist insisted that there should. The Rev. Mr. Sudders said: "Those who have bought tickets are entitled to enjoy themselves."

These are the same good Methodists who recently complained because some of their young men went to Pastor Sudder's church billiard room and played billiards. And in such things do these churches divide.

The danger that hangs in patent medicines was potentially intanced this week when Samuel Gutman, seven years old, suddenly became insane and developed locomotor ataxia. He with others was playing on the street when a peddler came along and gave the children envelopes containing harmless-looking tablets. Gutman swallowed his and a few hours after was a raving maniac. He saw strange creatures creeping on the bed clothes and flowers sprouting from the floor. The doctors at Bellevue took great interest in the case, as the disease is one which seldom attacks children. Some of the tablets given to other children were found and tasted. Dr. John L.

LEADING CENTRES IN ONTARIO.

Glimpses of Prosperous Irish Catholic Communities.

The Veteran Publisher of the Catholic Record and Mrs. Coffey Leave on a Visit to the Old Land.

On my tour westward I diverted my course after coming back from Niagara, and I touched at the "Ambitious City," which I found clean, well kept, and nicely situated, possessing, perhaps, all the favored features that its citizens claim for it. Its principal business streets present an air of push and commercial activity, and it has some fine parks and public buildings and hotels, and it is noteworthy for reason of its splendid newspaper offices, as also by the private residences of some of the owners of said journals. In respect of stately homes, however, the prize belongs to Hon. Senator Sanford, for he has a home here which rivals any of the palatial structures even in Sherbrooke street, Montreal. Burlington Beach is very nice, indeed, and so is the view from the natural bridge above it, and it is well that nature and Providence have bestowed their gifts, and in such measure as to stimulate the pride of the people of Hamilton in the marked beauty of its surroundings, but I suspect that tourists who have looked over Montreal from its famed Mount Royal, or have seen Quebec from its Citadel heights, will not exhaust their admiration on the sight alluded to above. Although my journey in the city was brief, I visited St. Mary's Cathedral, which is a creditable sacred edifice, and I learned enough to convince me that Catholic interests under the direction of the able and energetic Dr. Dowling are rapidly coming to the front. In the possession of Churches, Convents, schools and educational institutions, as well as those of charity, Hamilton diocese has reason to rejoice.

At a further stage of my journey I halted at Woodstock, a real Irish representative Ontario town, having all the signs of enterprise and prosperity that bespeak a good agricultural locality and a well managed municipality. I visited one noted mercantile house, that of Messrs. John White & Co., and if the other firms in Woodstock, as regards extent and prosperity, are on a par with it, the town is honored in its business men. The Catholic Church, under the pastoral care of Rev. Father McCormack, is situated near the Canadian Pacific Railway Station, and is a substantial structure, neat and fresh and cheerful in its interior decorations. I did not ascertain the extent of the congregation, but I learned that the religious and educational wants of the Catholic flock are scrupulously guarded by the quiet but zealous priest in charge.

To show that Irish Catholic hospitality is to be met with everywhere in Canada, I may mention that I enjoyed an evening's converse in the home of the charming family of Mr. Eugene Morphy, a veteran and prominent railroad official.

A pleasant run of some 30 miles by the great railway above-mentioned, brought me to the lovely city of London, called after the great overgrown British capital, but very unlike the great modern Babylon in size, as I am sure it is in cleanliness and moral purity.

The "Forest City" is so London is aptly termed, struck me as being an admirable town to live in, and in conversation with some of its good citizens I soon discovered that they had realized and appreciated its merits to the fullest extent. And no wonder that they should be content with such an inheritance, for the city is extremely clean, well ordered, solid and prosperous. In its Richmond and Dundas and other streets you see bank buildings and commercial concerns that prove the financial strength and mercantile enterprise of the business community, and almost in the city's very centre is Victoria Park, a cool, refreshing, inviting and delightful breathing spot, beautified with fountains, flowers and shrubs and trees in profusion. To wearied and overheated citizens this charming place must seem a veritable retreat and garden of Eden. Within a stone's throw of this restful spot the Bishop's Palace and St. Peter's Cathedral are situated. The latter sacred edifice is grand and imposing in its proportions, and so is its magnificent high altar, its beautiful stained glass windows and fine stations of the cross. Taken together with the adjoining episcopal palace and the grounds, the cost must have run up to the hundreds of thousands. In conversation with a prominent member of the Irish Catholic element, I learned that the city and diocese were rich in their convent property. In London itself there are convents that have gained national reputations for their superiority in everything that pertains to the religious and educational culture of the young ladies that enter under their roofs, and these are not confined to Catholic girls alone, for wise parents all over the country and many from the United States, of various creeds, send their daughters to the safe keeping and care of the devoted nuns of London.

CONTINUED ON FOURTH PAGE.