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VOL. XI. No. 1

TORONTO, THURSDAY, JANUARY 1, 1903

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## Irish Parliamentary Unity

**Mr. Redmond Defines the Situation which the Final Vote on the English Education Bill Accentuated.**

Speaking in Dundalk on Dec. 15, when he got a magnificent reception, Mr. John Redmond said: We know to-day that there was not and that there never was the smallest danger to national unity. The lesson of ten years of inter-ethnic strife in Ireland and their deadly results are too fully realized to-day by the Irish people to allow dissension once more to raise its head in Ireland (hear, hear). But what has occurred is, in my opinion, of more value. It has shown some things very clearly, which are of enormous value to Ireland and to the National cause. It has shown, first of all, that the apparent difference between the Irish Hierarchy and the Irish people was due to an entire misapprehension of the political situation (hear, hear). It has shown, if, indeed, it was necessary to show it to anyone, that the Irish Party was never indifferent to the interests of Catholic education either in Ireland or in England (applause); it has reminded the people in this country that the Irish Party spent many weary weeks and months in supporting Catholic education last summer in Parliament when some of the defenders of Catholic education to-day never showed their faces there at all (applause). It has shown that while, on the one side, the Irish Party never refused to listen with respect on any subject to the voice of the Irish Bishops, and that they recognize to the full that there are subjects, such as religious education, upon which those Prelates have a right to speak with authority, on the other hand, it has been recognized fully by the Bishops themselves that the Irish Party is a political and not a religious organization (applause), and that on mere questions of politics or of Parliamentary tactics they are and must remain absolutely free and independent (hear, hear). There is no inconsistency between those two positions and I am convinced that what has occurred recently will make it impossible for misunderstanding in the fu-

ture, and will, as I hope, lead to a more thorough exchange of views between those who represent politics in the country and those who represent religion (hear, hear). Now, the second thing that has been proved of enormous value by the little trouble which is now over is the extraordinary and magnificent solidarity of the country. Aye, and more than that, the magnificent loyalty of the country to its Parliamentary leaders (hear, hear). I know of no finer spectacle than has been exhibited by the Irish people during the last few weeks. And after this test has been applied to their unity and their loyalty I can boast that I speak here to-day as fully for the whole National Party in Ireland as any leader ever did (cheers). There never in the past history of Ireland was a Party so absolutely united. I have just come from England. To read the English papers every day about a new Irish Party and a new split in the Nationalist ranks you would think that suddenly the Nationalist Party had been rent into two factions. Why we know that the test that was to split their unity and their loyalty during the last few weeks has been so magnificently faced that not a single man of the Party has been false to Party discipline and to Party ties (applause). The gentlemen who have been taken to the breast of the London Times are not men who have left our Party; they are men who were put out of our Party (cheers), who were put out of our Party, remember not by the Party itself, but by their own constituents, who called upon them each one of them, to resign his seat in the House of Commons (hear, hear) long before this trouble existed. No, the Party to-day is as solid and united and loyal to one another as is the country. And there is one thing more that the last few weeks has proved, and then I pass on the subject. I have stated the night I returned from America in Dublin that there was a conspiracy on the part of a handful of men, under the guise of Catholic education, to wreck and ruin the National movement and the National Party (hear, hear). That, at any rate, is clear to-day, clear as the light of day now (hear, hear). It is a conspiracy, I ought not to have dignified it by the name; it is a conspiracy pour rire; it is a conspiracy that has already been laughed out of existence by the common sense and intelligence of the people of Ireland (applause). This trouble, therefore, is over; it has tested the movement, it has tested the Party, and it has tested the solidarity of the country (hear, hear); and I turn away now to address a few words on matters of far more importance than those with which I have been dealing. We are on the eve in Ireland of one of the strangest and most hopeful episodes that has ever occurred in the whole of our history. In a few days' time a body of men will assemble in a private room in Dublin to discuss how the Irish Land question may be ended, that question which has depopulated and beggared this country, that question which has been the cause of crime and of misery and of hatred between man and man, and the men who are to assemble in that room are men who will represent both sides in the fight.

For the first time in the history of the Irish Land question representatives of the landlords and representatives of the tenants will come together in friendly consultation to see whether they cannot devise some means of ending this blood-stained struggle, which has ruined Ireland, and has been so fatal to the interest of both classes concerned (hear, hear). We must not be too sanguine I would be the last to lead you to believe that the conference can result in drafting an elaborate scheme or elaborate Bill for the settlement of this question. That I do not believe is possible, and if it were possible I would not consider that it were wise. We must leave the responsibility of drafting schemes on the shoulders of the Government, and we must, on both sides, leave that conference room perfectly free to criticize the details of the Government scheme when it is put forward (hear, hear). But I do solemnly say that, in my opinion, the mere holding of such a conference as I have mentioned is in itself, taken alone, of enormous significance, and of most hopeful augury (hear, hear). If that conference results in agreement, as I have every hope and expectation that it will, upon the main and essential facts of the Irish Land question, then I say that no man living can calculate the enormous importance of the results which may

flow from it. But I say again a word of warning. Even if the conference does agree in the name of landlords and of tenants upon the main essentials of the settlement of the land question, even then, I tell you not to be too sanguine. We are living in the most extraordinary country ever known in the history of the world (hear, hear). We are living in a country where the will of the people is never of importance in the government, and the mere fact that the landlords, through their representatives, and the tenants, through their representatives, the two parties concerned, agree to end this struggle, is no proof for me that English statesmen will be wise enough and rational enough to give legislative effect to this agreement. I know that Mr. Wyndham stated that the English Government could not settle this question, that the settlement must come from an agreement between both parties. Well, if both parties agree, and I believe they will, even then I am not sure that Mr. Wyndham and his Government will give effect to their agreement. But, at any rate, while I am not over sanguine as to the result, I do say that this conference is the most significant episode in the public life of Ireland, certainly for the last century, and that if it end, as I believe, it will, in agreement, it will give to English statesmanship an unparalleled opportunity of bringing to an end that accursed system which has, as they bitterly know, been as bad for the English Empire and the English Government, as it has for its poor victims on the hillsides of Ireland (applause). We are, therefore, on the eve of most important events. I wish to say that our real security is not to be found in promises, it is not to be found in compromises of Mr. Wyndham. Our real security and our only real security is to be found in the unity and determination of ourselves (applause). If our movement is strong, if our agitation is vigorous and menacing, if our unity is unbroken, then, I say, we can afford to await the future with perfect equanimity, and we can say to Mr. Wyndham: "Take this opportunity afforded to you of settling this great question, or do not. We are ready, and the tenant farmers of Ireland are ready, for either event. If you say it must be a declaration of war, then we will give you as much war as you want" (applause). The United Irish League has decided that as soon as Mr. Wyndham's Land Bill is introduced—which probably will be towards the end of the month of February, not later—that the moment it is introduced a great National Convention of the people will be held in Dublin to consider that Bill. If that Bill commends itself to the intelligence of the convention then I believe we are very near to a complete settlement of this question. If it does not commend itself to the wisdom of that convention, if it is another halting and pottering Land Bill dealing with this little point and that little point, but providing no general settlement for the country, then, believe me, that Bill will not only be not accepted by that convention, it will be indignantly rejected by it, and we will go back to the House of Commons with the mandate of Ireland not to tolerate any more tinkering with this question, with the mandate of Ireland to kill and destroy that Bill (cheers). Meantime, we must not throw away our arms. This situation has been brought about by the vigor and intensity and unity of our movement. We cannot afford to let any of these things grow slack. We must conduct this movement from now until February with just as much vigor and intensity all over the country as if there were no promise of a Land Bill at all.

The very moment the agitation becomes slack, the very moment that the Government get it into their heads that the Irish people are not in earnest, and are not united, that very moment, good-bye to all hope of useful legislation for Ireland (hear, hear). I have come here to-day to this great historic County of Louth to beg of its people, whose character

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we all know, the character of steady, industrious, intelligent and brave men, to appeal to them to come into this United Irish League movement and to make it as strong in this county as it is in most other Nationalist counties in Ireland (applause). I am convinced from what I have seen to-day that my visit will not be paid in vain (hear, hear). This vast throng of people assembled in this weather because you are in earnest, and if what I have said to you commends itself to your intelligence then I ask you to follow up this meeting by spreading the United Irish League organization in every parish in the county (hear, hear). The organization has many enemies, unscrupulous and lying enemies. The latest lie which has been told was told in the House of Commons by Mr. Wyndham, who solemnly declared from statistics carefully prepared for him, no doubt in Dublin Castle, declared that there were over 100 officers of branches of the League through Ireland who were occupiers of evicted farms. Now, let me point out to you, with a cowardly and dishonorable accusation that is, I have made a calculation, and I find that there are in Ireland between 8,000 and 10,000 officers of branches of the League, because he included members of committees. Well, now, if this be true, that out of 10,000 officers of the League there are even 100, aye, if even there are 20, who are holders of evicted farms, it is impossible for me to disprove the statement unless I get the names. I challenge Mr. Wyndham to-day to give me the names of these men (hear, hear). I challenge him even to give the counties where this took place. I know something about the evicted farms in Ireland, and I brand the statement as a lie (applause). And if Mr. Wyndham won't give me the names, the next best thing I can do is to refer for information, not to officials in Dublin Castle, but to the officials of our organization everywhere (hear, hear). There are 75 or 76 Divisional Executives of the League—one in each constituency. These Executives are composed of picked men. I appeal to every one of those Executives to make the necessary inquiry in their own Parliamentary division so as to supply me with a categorical answer to what, on the face of it, is an absurd and ridiculous lie, and what is undoubtedly a most malicious and most cowardly one. It is just in keeping with the last statement Mr. Wyndham made about the League, which was, that there were only 49 branches in Ireland (laughter). I heard him pledge himself to the English public to that statement, when, as a matter of fact, I had in my pocket the names of over 1,200 paying branches of the League (applause). I ask you to join this organization, make it strong and all-powerful all over the County Louth; and I say to you, your hope for the future lies in continuing a menacing agitation all over the country, and in preserving National unity (applause).

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## HORRIBLE RAILWAY ACCIDENT

**Twenty-eight Dead and Many More Injured in a G. T. R. Wreck**

London, Ont., Dec. 28.—What will be known as the Wanstead collision, with its terrible tale of eight and twenty dead, will long have an evil pre-eminence in the annals of railway disasters, writes Mr. J. A. Ewan, in The Globe. By some inexplicable negligence or misunderstanding between the G. T. R. despatcher's office at London and the official on duty at Watford station the Pacific Express and a freight train were allowed to collide a few hundred yards west of Wanstead, a little station 46 miles from this city. There is a dispute as to facts, but in brief, London wired Watford to direct the Pacific Express to pass the freight train at Wanstead. The Watford operator says that this order was subsequently annulled. When London discovered that the express had been allowed to proceed Wyoming was called up to hold the freight train there, but the answer came back that the freight train had just gone through. All that remained was to try and stop the express, and for this purpose Kingscourt Junction was called up with feverish haste. Back came the answer that the express had passed. Between Kingscourt and Wyoming is Wanstead, but there is no operator there at night. The officials at London became conscious of the fearful fact that two trains, unaware of each other's presence, were hurrying along a single track on the eight miles between Kingscourt and Wyoming. There was one chance of safety. The freight had orders to get into the siding at Wanstead. If it reached Wanstead first all would be well. It was not to be. Had it been given ten seconds longer, had the fireman of the express been ever so remiss in feeding the monster, no one would ever have known how narrowly the shores of eternity had been skirted.

## A MONSTER OF DESTRUCTION

The feeblest imagination is capable of compassing some measure of the mighty impact that takes place when two locomotives, followed by their almost incalculably massive queues of cars, come together at top speed. One has only to recall the sight of an express as it goes by, not in the slow majesty with which it moves in cities, but as it shoots along in the open country, the strongest, mightiest and most resistible thing that man has made. On some lines the fast express is called the cannon-ball train and that is what they all are—cannon-balls, not of twelve or fifteen tons weight, but of thousands of tons. The very idea of two of these giants meeting in full career, even if we exclude all thought of the human freight they bear, is a thought of dread. One has to go to convulsions of nature, to "the wreck of matter and the crash of worlds," to exceed its portentous power. How infinitely more shocking it is when we consider that behind these two monsters, bearing their roaring furnaces of flame, scalding water and super-heated steam, are these frail, fleshy tenements of ours, with their delicate integuments and lacework of purple veins. If anything can be said to be fortunate about the catastrophe, it may be said to have been the fact that both monsters were not moving at top speed. The express was, but the crew of the freight had just opened the Wanstead switch, and she was moving slowly on the main line towards the points when the collision occurred. The locomotive of the express was one of the largest of the Moguls. The freight locomotive was much smaller, and the story of their brief but mighty wrestle is apparent to anyone who looks upon them as they lie, two masses of strap iron, in the ditch. The Mogul, like a great bully, is mounted insultingly on the back of his puny opponent.

## THE INSTRUMENT OF DEATH

It is well that he was so puissant. Had he not been, the stock to the

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coaches in rear would have been so much the greater, so much the greater would have been the toll of death. As it was, the weight of the heavy Pullmans in the rear came on the first coach like a mighty battering ram. The baggage car in front of it must have risen clear off the rails, so that its floor was as high as the tops of the seats in the day coach. The latter, driven home by the irresistible hammer behind it, stripped the sides of the baggage car, while the narrow er flooring of that car, at about the height, as I have said, of the tops of the seats, went through the day coach like a gargantuan guillotine, shearing off the heads of passengers in its path through three-fourths of the car. Those who were caught fairly were killed in the twinkling of an eye. The floor did not enter the car level, but was higher than the seats on the south side, which accounts for the "escape from instant death of some of those on that side of the car.

## A STRANGE INCIDENT

An almost unbelievable thing was that the baggageman was carried up on the floor of his car, while beneath his feet the pitiful decapitation of a score of his fellow-creatures took place, and scarcely a hair of his head was injured. Fate's proverbial sport, indeed, was illustrated in more cases than his. The dead were piled above the living, and, pinned under the wreck, had to bear each other company. Those who had escaped the mighty knife were first threatened by fire and latterly by frost. Held fast in some cases for hours in a biting winter night, in the midst of groans and appeals to God and man for succor, men, women and children faced death in its most appalling aspects. The newspaper chronicler may sometimes be accused of giving everything its deepest tint, but here horror doth so accumulate on horror's head that the truth could not be fully told in all its awful and repulsive detail. Restraint must be put on the pen when the figures in the shambles are those of human beings.

## PROMISE MADE BY THE HOLY FATHERS.

Said He Would Meet Archbishop Bruchesi Three Years Hence.

Archbishop Bruchesi was received at Rome by His Holiness Pope Leo XIII. on December 7th, and presented about sixty Canadians from various sections of this country, as well as several students of the Canadian College. Among those thus presented by the Archbishop were several Protestants from both Ontario and Quebec. It is related, says the Rome correspondent of The Brooklyn Eagle, that the Archbishop, expressing his hopes of seeing the Holy Father on his next visit to Rome, some three years hence, His Holiness replied, promptly: "I will strive to await your coming."

On the same day, His Holiness received a joint pilgrimage of 1,500 people from the diocese of Albano, which gives a title to one of the six Cardinal Bishops. Several hundred strangers in Rome were granted permission by the Grand Chamberlain to join the pilgrimage. They viewed the pilgrims proper in enthusiastically welcoming the entrance in sedia gestatoria of the Sovereign Pontiff, who, from his throne, pronounced in clear, resounding tones, a brief reply to the address read by Cardinal Agliardi, and imparted his benediction to all present, after which the more noted personages of the pilgrimage, including Prince Chigi, hereditary grand marshal of the conclave, with his family, were admitted to kiss the hand of the Pope, who then quitted the hall amid the like universal enthusiasm as on his first appearance, and from time to time rising to his feet on the sedia gestatoria and turning backward to bless anew the crowded assembly, all of whom marvelled at his comparatively robust aspect and evident physical vigor, notwithstanding his many years.

Amid those recently admitted to the Pontifical presence were Professor Laponi, Papal physician, wholly recovered from his late illness, and able to resume his medical duties near his august patient; the Bishop of Clifton, England, who presented to His Holiness a copy of the Greek grammar of Friar Bacon, recently discovered at Cambridge by the director of Prior Park College, Bath, and published by him. The Pope evinced a lively interest in the history of this volume of the erudite English religious, who died in 1202.

MONTH AFTER MONTH a cold sticks, and seems to tear holes in your throat. Are you aware that even a stubborn and long-neglected cold is cured with Allen's Lung Balsam? Cough and worry no longer.

## MEMORIAL CHURCH TO CARDINAL NEWMAN.

On February 21, 1893, had he lived as long, Cardinal Newman would have attained the age of 102. Born in 1801, he died on August 11, 1890, full of years and merit. But though twelve years have passed by since he went to his reward, no fitting memorial to his great work as yet exists. Yet his name is held in veneration in the hearts of millions, who, it is presumed, would be glad to give some outward proof of their appreciation of his life and writings. The Church at the Oratory in Birmingham, where the Cardinal lived and labored, is no longer safe, and is too small to accommodate the ever-increasing number that seek admission within its walls. Hence the superior of the Oratorians issued an appeal a year ago for funds to erect a new and suitable church, which should worthily carry out the original design of Cardinal Newman, when he founded the Oratory. It is an enterprise that concerns the honor of a name which is a glory to the Church of our age, and, in reply, the Catholics of England have so far contributed \$62,500, or half of what is needed to complete the memorial church. But the Catholics of America also owe Cardinal Newman a debt of gratitude, which they are anxious to recognize. Both clergy and laity speak his name with love, reverence, and appreciation who, grace, he has accomplished. Church. Many, too, owe the light of his writings and example. Will these now lend a hand towards this most deserving enterprise? If every lover of "Lead, Kindly Light," were to send an offering, no matter how small, this much-needed and well-deserved Memorial Church would soon be raised, and the Catholics of America would have the lion's share in the enterprise. The claims upon us are many, but let room be found for this one also. Father Robert Eaton, of the Birmingham Oratory, has lately been sent to this country to enlist the sympathy of all American Catholics and secure their generous help in this work, which deserves a world-wide recognition. He is the guest of the Paulist Fathers, 415 West Fifty-ninth street, New York City, and to him all offerings should be sent. He will gratefully receive and duly acknowledge the smallest contribution.

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