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

## ROYALTY AT LORETTO CONVENT, NIAGARA

The Duke and Duchess of Cornwall and York spent Sunday at Niagara. They went sight-seeking until 6 o'clock. At Cedar Island the party detained and climbed the hill, which was about a quarter of a mile to Loretto Convent, situated at the top of the escarpment overlooking the mighty cataract. Major Maule let out a lively pace to enable him to reach the convent in time to inform the ladies of the near approach of the royal guests. The party arrived at the convent at 2.30 o'clock.

His Grace Archbishop O'Connor of Toronto, who was present, accompanied by Vicar-General McCann of Toronto, Rev. D. Best, O. C. C. Prior of Carmelite Monastery, Falls View; Rev. Father Otto Wiedemann, O.C.C., and Father Benedict O'Neil of Niagara, Ont., all greeted the royal visitors at the portals of the convent. Inside His Grace presented Rev. Mother Superior and the Community of Loretto.

Immediately afterwards three young ladies stepped forward, Miss Irene O'Connor of Sault Ste. Marie, Ont., and Miss Frances Lemesurier of Niagara Falls, Ont., each presenting the Duchess with a large bouquet of white roses and maple leaves, and Miss Prudence Van-de-Poelc of Lynn, Mass., presenting the royal couple with a portfolio, containing views of the convent and surrounding scenery.

The Duke graciously thanked the young ladies, and immediately 80 pupils, dressed in white, wearing white roses and maple leaves, seated in tiers on either side of the Reception Hall, sang "God Save the King," accompanied by pianists and violinists. After a few minutes' conversation the royal party were escorted to the luncheon-rooms. The tables were decorated with roses, smilax and maiden-hair ferns. The party, after luncheon, visited the various parts of the Academy. Their Royal Highnesses climbed up the stairs to the cupola, to enjoy the unsurpassed scenery of Niagara's cataract and river, also the beautiful surrounding country, and the woods, tinted in their royal colors.

While viewing the scenery from this elevated point the royal couple received quite an ovation from the crowd of spectators, who, notwithstanding the entirely private nature of the visit, had assembled by the hundreds, no doubt with the hope of catching a glimpse of the heir apparent and the Duchess.

When the party returned to the reception rooms the pupils again greeted them with a glorious burst of songs. "Ave Maria Loretto," the class song of the Academy, was the selection now rendered. This number seemed specially to please Their Royal Highnesses, who asked to have it repeated a second and then a third time.

The little ones of the academy had expressed a desire to send some souvenirs, and had made, birch bark canoes, etc., to the children.

of the Duke and Duchess of Cornwall and York. When their wish was made known to the Duchess she was much pleased, and graciously accepted the proffered gifts, and gave the address to which they were to be sent.

The royal party expressed the entire satisfaction of their visit at the academy, and were highly pleased with the simplicity and homelike atmosphere that pervaded the institution. Lord Minto remarked that the ladies of Loretto had made a little home for the royal party on their visit to the Falls.

The academy was appropriately decorated in the royal colors, and the balconies were draped and festooned with bunting and royal and Canadian flags. In the interior decorations, roses and maple leaves predominated.

When the royal party were viewing the scenery from the cupola they asked the direction of Buffalo, and when told, they viewed with seeming interest the top pinnacles of the Pan-American buildings and tower, which were quite discernible by the aid of glasses.

### ANOTHER ACCOUNT.

The visit of Their Royal Highnesses the Duke and Duchess of Cornwall to Loretto Convent on Sunday was one of the most agreeable features of their stay in the Niagara Peninsula. The royal party honored Archbishop O'Connor and Rev. D. F. Best, prior of the Carmelite Monastery, which is situated near the convent, by inviting them to join them in the luncheon partaken of in the convent, and both of these reverend gentlemen had long conversations with Their Royal Highnesses, who spoke in the highest terms of the very kind receptions given them everywhere in Canada. The Duke mentioned specially his appreciation of the handsome decorations and displays in his honor on the beautiful new Monastery of the Carmelite Fathers, and said that his visit there was one of the most pleasant and enjoyable events in his Canadian tour.

An amusing incident occurred as the party were leaving the grounds. A little girl broke through the crowd and the guards around the Duke and Duchess, and insisted upon being allowed to speak to the Duchess. Her Royal Highness, who is noted for the pleasant and kind disposition and manner, greeted the little one very graciously.

The day was a lovely one, and was well calculated to show Their Royal Highnesses our beautiful autumn season at its best. The view of the Falls and the surrounding country is a most charming one from the convent windows and tower. The sun shimmering on the fascinating cataract, the fine perspective of the river stretching up towards Chippewa, the charming autumn tints of the densely wooded country all about, the enthusiastic crowds of people anxious for a glimpse of a couple, now growing very familiar and dear to the people of Canada, all these things combined to make up a picture which could not fail to make glad and happy the hearts of the royal couple; and, judging by their happy appearance and the many expressions of thanks which they tendered to the kind and thoughtful hostesses, the good Ladies of Loretto, the Duke and Duchess were more than pleased with the visit. The Sisters had left nothing undone to make the occasion in every way worthy of the distinguished guests.

### A PRIEST'S FUNERAL

Ottawa, Oct. 10. — The remains of the late Rev. Father William B. Wlelan, formerly curate of St. Joseph's Church, who died Tuesday, were interred this morning in the Oblates' seminary, Ottawa East, the funeral taking place from St. Joseph's Church. The body was last night removed from Ottawa University to the church and was escorted in procession by the students of Ottawa University. Six priests acted as pall bearers. Requiem Mass was chanted this morning by Rev. Father J. Wlelan, of New Westminster, B. C., brother of the dead clergyman. Rev. Father Cornell acted as deacon, and Rev. Father Kerwin as sub-deacon. Archbishop Duhamel pronounced the Absolution. The priests and the students of Ottawa University and the students of the Juniorate were present, as were a number of members of St. Joseph's parish. Among the clergymen in attendance were: Rev. Father Tatin, of Paris, France, visitor of the Oblates; Rev. Father Jodoin, of Montreal, provincial of the Oblates; Rev. Canon McCarthy, of St. Bridget's Church; Rev. Father Fitzgerald, curate of St. Patrick's Church; and representatives of the Dominicans and Capuchins.

## Catholic Newspapers

Australian exchanges just to hand give us the full report of Cardinal Moran's address to the members of the Holy Catholic Guild. His Eminence, in urging on his hearers to fulfill the various duties which modern Catholic life imposes, said: "And, speaking of Catholic literature, I would say, be sure and read a Catholic newspaper. In its columns you will find the true facts in connection with our Holy Church, faithful reports of Catholic events, and Catholic movements among us, and all the information you will need regarding the home countries. Again I would say, be sure you take a Catholic newspaper, be sure you read it, and be sure you pay for it. We live in material times, newspapers require material aid, and sometimes we expect too much from Catholic papers,

even while forgetting to aid them." His Eminence's words are not without point for this country. Catholics, who are not unwilling to gird at their own newspapers, and who severely criticize them for any slight error into which they may fall, have no feeling of opposition for the mistakes which are committed, or the insults which are offered by secular journals against our Faith or its officials. They easily tolerate in the latter what they condemn in the former. This is not only unfair, but unwise. It tends to cripple Catholic newspapers. The best way to secure a good religious press is to help it by contributions, by friendly interest, and, above all, by recommending it to friends. No Catholic home should be without a Catholic paper. — Catholic Times.

### A DAY WITH THE POPE

(New York Tribune.)  
Rome, Sept. 21. — There is no personality in the world to-day which touches the imagination and arouses curiosity as does that of the Pope; not the Czar of Russia nor the Shah of Persia nor the King of Siam is surrounded with such fascination and mystery, drawing the notice of all, and the reverence of millions, to himself.

This peculiar figure is in many ways unique in his habits and surroundings. He lives in the largest palace in the world, which contains art treasures of untold value; his everyday life has for twenty-three years been bounded by a few square yards of land — what is contained in a garden — and he is the only sovereign without possessions yielding immense power without temporal support of an kind.

And the man himself? A shrunken, bowed, small person, one would say, although as a young man he was above the average in stature, with deep, penetrating eyes, a benevolent air, and an inscrutable smile ever coming and going. Such is the occupant of the Chair of St. Peter at the present moment. Always dressed in white from head to foot, he moves like a wraith among his gorgeous hued court, from the cardinals in scarlet to the Swiss Guard in parti-colored uniforms, the bishops in purple and his servants in red.

In the winter he walks but little, being carried constantly in his sedan chair by four able-bodied men; but in summer he turns like a sunflower to the sun and leads an entirely different life, being in the garden from early morning to sundown.

During the hot months permits to enter the garden are so rare as to be something of a curiosity, but one morning, after one need not say what pressure, the writer received a pass from a friend to enter the forbidden land, as His Holiness had announced his intention of not going out that day. As one stepped through the large iron gates he felt that he was leaving the world and reality behind and entering an enchanted region, not because of its actual beauty, but from the atmosphere of mystery which wraps its solitary occupant.

The Pontiff is always gently driven from the Vatican to his so-called "summer house" in a closed carriage, accompanied by one of his private secretaries and escorted by six or more of the Noble Guard. Arrived at what is half tower, half villa, he moves at once to a veritable seat under the trees, and there converses almost familiarly with those who gradually gather about him, as this man of commanding intellect and vast responsibility seeks relaxation from the cares of state in hearing the news of the palace and the chit-chat of Rome, on one condition, that it is never malicious, and what he likes better, impartial; but that, of course, it can hardly be. Many people have wondered and speculated at the instant liking he took to Prof. Mazzoni, who performed the operation two years ago, good patriot, Liberal and monarchist as he is; but the explanation is simple to a degree. The Pope speaks almost exclusively with persons of his own party,

who see life and events all through the same spectacles, while the professor's are of a totally different color, and he delights in lending them to his august patient. Although the latter is often huffed at opinions expressed, he goes ever back to the same source, "with great benefit to myself," he once said.

After the rest under the trees there is a regular daily round, more or less prolonged, but always in the same rotation. Next far is the park where the deer are kept. The pretty creatures came to him as a Jubilee gift, and are now such pets that each goes fearlessly to him, responding as he calls its name, and eating from his hand. "They are about the only pets I have," he said, one day. "I have had no dog since my young days in my father's vineyard, and the death of the creature cost me so many tears (I was only ten) that I have never had another." Last winter one of the deer died from cold, and it was as if the Pontiff had lost an intimate friend.

Further on one comes to an enclosure, which to ordinary eyes seems like any other, kept with perhaps a little more care. But that this is a mistake one glance at the Pope's face is enough to establish. With eyes bright with pleasure and eager expression of face, he presses forward, opening the gate himself with a private key. Immediately two gardeners come forward, cap in hand, and kneel reverently at his feet. Imagine the benevolent white figure in the act of blessing the kneeling men in bright peasant costume, encircled by the brilliant suite of officers and prelates, backed by the green of the trees, and towering above, the grim palace of the Vatican, the whole gilded by the flaming sun of Italy. This particular enclosure contains grapevines planted by the Pope and cultivated exclusively according to his theories, which are much more modern than those held in most parts of the peninsula. So far they have yielded no fruit, but their proud possessor declares, with a twinkle in his eye that it will be one of the happiest days of his old age when he eats his own grapes and drinks his own wine at his own table.

A halt is now called and a return made to the summer palace for audiences and such unavoidable state business as must be done from day to day.

The Papal summer afternoons are still more placid. After dinner and the siesta, Leo XIII. goes to the adjoining coffee house, where Papal etiquette does not deny him the pleasure of offering a cup of coffee to those about him, and here he often dismisses all, and left alone in the lazy heat of a Roman day, composes some of those sweeter Latin poems for which he is famous. Later, in the cool of the declining day, another hook of the vast garden is visited, either on foot or in his sedan chair. That is the flower garden, where roses grow in profusion and sweet perfumes make the air almost too heavy. Blossoms meet him on every side, but, although he often touches them and remarks on their individual beauty, he never plucks one, this being one of his characteristics, carried to such lengths that the gardeners have to remove faded or fallen flowers, as it were, by stealth, as it seems to give him positive pain to see one gathered.

One day he arrived, contrary to custom, in the morning, and caught an under gardener with a bouquet of freshly gathered flowers in his hand, for which he had been offered a large sum, it is said, by an American woman, who wished them as a souvenir. The consternation of the man was almost laughable. He fell at the feet of his master, who was rendered more indignant by the fact that he was breaking orders for money. Grace was eventually granted, but the woman went without the "souvenir."

So pass the tranquil days of the only Pope, simple in themselves, but containing their measure of work, and this often of immense importance to the world at large.

A little before sundown he returns to the prisonlike palace, seat of the Holy See, and night once more falls over the silent and deserted garden, which one small man has seemed so completely to fill throughout the day.

### THE OLDEST REPUBLIC

"Innominato," writing in The New York Sun from Rome, says: The Republic of San Marino has just celebrated the sixteenth century of its establishment on the precipitous heights of Monte Titano, above Rimini and Urbino. The republic has a right to be proud of its founder and of its history. This political Mt. Tabor has preserved its privileges and its independence through the fusion of patriotism with the Church. Even Carducci, the poet of Satan, has sung it. "On the Monte Titano religious feeling is joined to love of liberty, the worship of holiness is one with the worship of the Creator and founder of the republic. The fusion of Christianity and politics brings about the unity of religion and country; religion becomes the lever of the State, just as the State is the product of religion."

Marino, the Romulus of this microscopic Rome, was, according to the Bollandist fathers, a wise, pious and industrious mechanic. Driven from the Island of Arba on the Dalmatian coast at the time of Diocletian's persecution, he landed at Rimini to work in the harbor works. He climbed the Titano peak from Rimini in search of building stone. There he undertook to convert the wild men of the mountains. He preached the Gospel, advised the division of property and the lover of the poor. He joined to ardent faith the gift of healing. Felicissima, a rich matron of Rimini, was cured by the workingman, and gave him the mountain Titano, which was her property. At the top of the peak he set up an immense cross, the symbol of peace, love and justice; at the foot he built a chapel in the name of St. Peter.

Around these monuments a people of shepherds and free peasants gathered, eager to throw off the yoke of the "publicans" of Rome. Having become a deacon and a priest, Marino built the fortress. To the new Republic he gave a Constitution at once very Christian and very democratic, based on liberty and equality. He was present at the Council of Rimini and died in the year 366. The people turned Marino into a saint. San Marino became soon the palladium of the republic, the eponymous hero of its independence.

His tomb was transformed into a sanctuary. The Church of San Marino came to mean the same thing as the political Government. San Marino, trusting to a charter of its founder, "Relinquo vos liberos ab utroque homine," "I leave you free from every man," has managed to maintain its independence and its prosperity against all conquerors and all envious neighbors. San Marino is a living example. Its existence demonstrates against all the dogmatists of the "Risorgimento" the possibility of the coexistence of a republic with the national unity.

### AN IRISH MEMBER ARRESTED

London, Oct. 14.—John O'Donnell (Nationalist) attempted to address his constituents to-day in Kilmarnock, County of Mayo, the scene of recent evictions. He was dragged off the platform several times by the police, and finally, after a fierce struggle, was taken to the barracks. One hundred and fifty police were present at the meeting. The crowd hurled stones, and several persons were injured. John O'Donnell is a young tenant farmer and a protege of William O'Brien, M. P. He is secretary of the United Irish League and was first returned to the House of Commons for South Mayo in February, 1900, defeating Major McBride and succeeding Michael Davitt.

## ARCHBISHOP O'CONNOR AT THOROLD

The Thorold Post of Oct. 12 says: Friday last the Catholic Church was the scene of a most impressive ceremony, viz.: the administration of the Sacrament of Confirmation to a large class of candidates by His Grace Archbishop O'Connor of Toronto. Among a number of visiting priests in the sanctuary we noted Rev. Father Best, Falls View; Otto, Niagara Falls; Murphy, Niagara-on-the-Lake; Allain and Dean Morris, St. Catharines; Smith, Merritton; Finigan, Grimsby; McCall, Fort Erie, and Trayling of Port Colborne.

At 9 o'clock, mass was celebrated by Father Finigan, after which His Grace proceeded to catechize the candidates, who gave evidence of a very careful preparation by their ready answers. After putting the class through a rigid examination, during which he brought out with great distinction the principal features of the Catholic faith, His Grace, attended by Rev. Fathers Sullivan, Smyth and McCall, administered the Sacrament of Confirmation, and afterwards administered to the boys the pledge to abstain from the use of intoxicants until they were 21 years of age.

Following this, His Grace delivered a most interesting and instructive address on confirmation.

The singing of the junior choir under the Sisters of St. Joseph was appropriate and excellent, as usual.

Saturday morning His Grace, attended by Rev. Fathers Sullivan, Trayling and McCall, visited the mission at Port Robinson, which is attached to the parish of Thorold, where a number of candidates were awaiting Confirmation. The church, which was crowded to the doors, had been thoroughly overhauled, and now presents a most comfortable interior. Upon arrival, His Grace proceeded with the ceremony of blessing the church, after which High Mass was sung by Rev. Father McCall, the music being supplied by the senior choir from Thorold. After mass, the Archbishop as at Thorold, put the class through a searching examination, and after complimenting them upon their ready answers administered the Sacrament of Confirmation, and in beautiful words addressed them and the congregation upon the duties of the Christian to his God, to his neighbor, and to himself. His address was listened to with wrapt attention, and will be long remembered by the crowded congregation. At its close all knelt reverently while His Grace gave them his blessing. The proceedings were brought to a close by Gounod's anthem, "Praise ye the father," excellently rendered by the choir. After the ceremonies many of the congregation had the pleasure of meeting His Grace, and enjoyed a few moments of cordial conversation with him. This, being the first visit of the Archbishop to Port, will be a memorable event in its history.

We can't help the past, but we can look out for the future  
Genius, unexercised, will perish.

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