

The Catholic Register.

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY AT THE OFFICE, 40 LOMBARD ST., TORONTO, ONT.

Subscription per annum, \$2.00.

Approved and recommended by the Archbishops, Bishops and Clergy.

Advertising Rates: Transient advertisements 10 cents per line.

Resubscriptions should be made by Post Office Order, Express Money Order, or by Registered Letter.

THURSDAY, AUGUST 5, 1897.

Calendar for the Week.

- Aug. 5—Our Lady of the Snow. 6—The Transfiguration. 7—St. Cajetan. 8—Blessed Peter Favre. 9—St. Romanus. 10—St. Lawrence. 11—Sts. Tiburtius and Susanna.

Official.

The clergy of the archdiocese of Toronto are hereby notified that the Annual Ecclesiastical Retreat will be held at St. Michael's College, Toronto, commencing Monday, August 23rd.

JAMES WALSH, Secretary.

Toronto, Aug. 3, 1897.

The letter signed "B. Morgan," which we copy to-day from the Irish World, takes away from the paper and places upon an individual all blame for the recently published reflection upon Rev. Father Ryan.

The vacancies on the staff of the Kingston penitentiary have been filled, the two most important, those of surgeon and deputy warden, going to Dr. D. Phelan of Kingston, and Detective D. O'Leary of Ottawa.

To-day we republish from our New York contemporary, The Freeman's Journal, the text of two very important letters made public at Rome.

The commercial treaties between Great Britain and the German Zollverein, that have been in force since 1865, have been denounced and will cease to have force a year hence.

arrangement, other than very similar in classification will experience such a reduction as to practically wipe out the duty.

It has come upon the public somewhat in the nature of a revelation that the Klondike gold seekers should encounter priests and nuns in far north Alaska, wherever the wandering Indians camp and hunt.

The New York Sun has been treating this subject in verse. Here is the end of the story of young Rubdub, the gold seeker, who broke down on the road to Klondike:

At last we near'd Forty Mile Camp, And Rubdub was pretty near gone. Though we took him along on a board, He had chills when we got to the place.

Now you couldn't tell what we then saw, There, up in the Arctic circle, A man wear black said, "Here's the hospital."

But that didn't strike us much, What struck us was two women in white, And the man in blacking said, "They're Sisters of Mercy."

Up there in the roughest part of this earth, Where the snow is everywhere for- Where he's cold as the North Pole, Where hardly a hear can live, We saw a settlement of Sisters of Mercy.

And they took in Rubdub, Who was just about gone; And they nursed him, and had a doctor.

When he stayed there, All this time we raked in dust at Klondike.

Rubdub got through all right; And he turned up one day at our diggings; And he worked for a month in the placers;

And he made a rich strike, rich nuggets; Every dollar 'cause of the nursing he got from the Sisters of Mercy in the Hospital at Forty Mile Camp.

True as you're alive, There are Sisters of Mercy Out in that part of Alaska, And in other parts of it; And it was a good thing for Rubdub that we heard of them.

Canada not long ago was very glad to get rid of British regular troops. Now we hear that it has been decided between Mr. Chamberlain and the colonial premiers to re-establish garrisons in the cities of the Dominion.

Public Opinion for July 29th is a Midsomer number. The cover design is impressionistic, but it seems to have something to distinguish it from the French, English, and American work of this school.

A Criminal Outrage.

The meanest and most criminal outrage committed under the spoils system since the Liberal Government came into power (the power of persecution) is reported from Cobourg.

We believe his record was equally satisfactory to his official superiors. No complaint was heard about his office in the twenty years during which he filled it.

Mr. McAllister was no churchly grumbler in office. Several years ago the Cobourg Collector of Customs, Mr. Ewing, fell into ill health. His work devolved upon Mr. McAllister along with his own. It was cheerfully and efficiently performed.

Unfortunately for Mr. McAllister partisan aspiration did not stop short at the collectorship. It coveted the deputy collectorship as well. There were in truth two local "healers" on the warpath.

Mr. McMichael, instead of making any sort of complaint, highly commended the acting collector upon this model management of his office.

In spite of this failure Mr. McAllister has been sacrificed. He could not be dismissed for cause, either on the score of partisanship or negligence. It was then that it occurred to the Government to nominally "superannuate" this faithful servant of the public.

This outrage will not rest here. Mr. McAllister happens to be a Catholic, and he need look for little sympathy through the Ontario press.

We ourselves have considered the case from every standpoint, and the

only hope of redress for Mr. McAllister on our opinion is through public exposure. It so happens that the departmental head by whom this crime is sanctioned is a politician who is in Parliament for poll and self, a man who will stick at little in order that his political influence may be increased and that his own opportunities may be advanced accordingly.

Grinding India Still.

More than a hundred years ago the most patriotic poet England ever produced—Cowper—tells us with unalloyed anticipation his each evening awaited the arrival of the postman in the village of Olney.

Death or Gammon.

The Methodists of Ontario would do well to take their French-Canadian proselytizer, Rev. Edward de Gruchy, at his word when he tells them to kill their Quebec "missions" before they "finally die" from natural causes.

The French missionaries, having talked the matter over, are at a loss to know the reasons for the present state of things. In 1865 we had become a French district, composed of fourteen members, ten ministers and four probationers, and we had colporteurs, biblo-women, day schools and teachers in many of our missions.

This is a plain enough tale. The Methodists would seem to have gone into the Quebec campaign with a boom, made generous appropriations from their funds and employed at the start ten ministers, four probationers as well as an auxiliary corps of small craft including colporteurs, biblo-women etc. While the money lasted everything went merrily, except on the one drawback—the non-existence of a single convert worth naming.

one stroke himself and the few survivors of his faithful band, he hints at the same time that \$25,000 more would not be thrown away upon them. Mr. de Gruchy is insincere. In The World last week there was an account of a man who went around saying he was starving and wished to commit suicide. One person to whom he unfolded his piteous tale offered to help the unfortunate by lending him a shot gun, another was generous enough to tender a quantity of rough-on-rats for which he himself had no use, whereupon the candidate for self destruction, merely observing:

Is India free? And does the white man plumed and jeweled tuck with a snuff of peace? Or do we grind her still? Every year of the intervening century between Cowper's time and ours has seen the grinding of England's mills in India go on unceasingly.

Every year of the intervening century between Cowper's time and ours has seen the grinding of England's mills in India go on unceasingly. And still people call it patriotism. Is it patriotism for all the money-mad adventurers of Europe to subject the eastern races to their despotism? to see the Oriental family falling generation by generation in the human scale?

For some reason or other the condition of India has always managed to keep in the forefront whenever the attention of the world becomes centred upon the problem of Oriental slavery. Perhaps it is owing to England's responsibility being so much vaster than that of any other European power; perhaps it is owing to the peculiarity of England's system of managing her hundreds of millions of Indian slaves.

Famine is periodically sweeping off millions of the native population, or plague is rotting them, or else military expeditions are shooting them down in smaller numbers. In the present year, plague and famine have already taken some ten millions, and now there is rebellion and "dashing victories for British arms."

Mr. Julian Hawthorne's second article in The Cosmopolitan, on "Starving India," throws a flood of explanation upon the apparent ease with which small forces of the Government troops are able to cope with, rout and wipe out alleged tens of thousands of insurgents. The present famine, he shows, has actually spread itself over the entire British Indian territory.

The Canadian Premier and the Canadian Commission in Paris, Mr. Hector Fabre, were entertained at luncheon by the President at his Havre residence. The conversation between the President and Premier was of the most friendly nature, and Sir Wilfrid has expressed himself as delighted with his visit to the French ruler.

sick. They are typical of India's population.

These pictures of living skeletons represent the formidable "onmy" which British bravery can put to flight with a recorded facility that must be quite theatrical and that is growing utterly monotonous in print. The only wonder is that the miserable creatures have strength enough in their gaunt shanks to support the bag of bones which the skin of the upper portions of their bodies represents.

This article is written by one who in face of his own evidence is still an apologist for unselfish British heroism in dealing with the Indian problem. His disposition is to place as much, and if possible all, the blame that cannot be thrown upon Providence upon the natives themselves. He admires the generosity with which the famine fund was subscribed; then he is forced to admit that none of the relief got as far as the hands or mouths of those for whom it was intended. "Let me," says Mr. Hawthorne, "most emphatically declare that the English in India are doing all that wisdom and experience can devise, and heroic energy and devotion execute, to combat and diminish this stupendous calamity; that they are sparing neither time, money nor life itself. But whatever they do as a Government is voided by a moiety or more of its effect by the strict necessity they are under to employ native subordinates. The moment their white backs are turned the native subordinates pocket a part (as much as is safe and often rather more) of the money contributed as payable, and give the relief designed for the starving to their own comfortable friends, or to persons with whom they have previously agreed to divide."

But if all this does not show the incompetency of English management of the natives it is hard to see what it does prove. The English are not wholly to blame. They are only in the race with other European parasites—French, Dutch, Spanish—to suck the blood of the oriental races, to tax people whom they can never understand beyond all limits of European endurance, to make beasts of burden of men, to starve and slaughter them without compunction—and all for gold. The first tragedy witnessed upon earth is being re-acted by the races of earth in the heyday of Christianity. The white race driven by the steam engine of "state" has long played the role of Cain and is not yet tired of it.

Literary Memorial to John Boyle O'Reilly.

The Papyrus Club, of Boston, has given to the Public Library of that city a fund of \$1,000, in memory of John Boyle O'Reilly, the famous Irish poet, author and educator. The fund is to be invested and the income spent for books, in each of which a book plate perpetuating the poet's memory is to be inserted and maintained.

The Cross of the Legion.

Paris, July 30.—Hon. Sir Wilfrid Laurier has been honored by the French Government, and hereafter may wear the insignia of a Grand Officer of the Legion of Honor. This distinction was conferred upon him in connection with his visit to President Fauro at Havre yesterday.

A Distinguished Missionary.

Rev. Edward du Cantillon, O.P., of New York, a well known missionary, who has been visiting in Paris, Mr. Honnays, Shuter St., Toronto, preached an interesting sermon at the 11 o'clock mass in St. Michael's Cathedral on Sunday. His subject was the duties which parents owe to their children and it was treated most impressively.