

LETTER FROM MUSKOKA.

To the Editor of the Catholic Register.

DEAR SIR—It seems scarcely credible in this enlightened nineteenth century that there can be found a class of people ever ready to welcome this notorious adventuress whose character is well-known to all, and to give our with some show of belief to her plausible stories and absurd statements, the truth of which she has never attempted to sustain by the least shadow of proof, except the sinful vagaries engendered by what she is pleased to call the "sorrow of her past life." On her own voracity (?) then, she expects foolish people to believe her. But she can't deceive any one except a few who will not know the truth. The fruits of her demoralizing and dissentious work are clear to all, when one can't walk the streets without being forced to listen to a few gems and put up with insulting epithets taken from this "bud of ill-omen's" dictionary, thus creating an ill feeling and malevolent spirit among peaceful and law-abiding citizens, wherever this damsel has graced with her presence.

But the joke of it is, that, it is coolly asked "why don't you reply?" Reply to whom and to what may be asked? Is it to one who has no redeemable quality in her character; to one who on her oath a few weeks ago had to acknowledge to the dark and foul spots in the record of her past life and who knew not who her father was; to one who had to refer to her notebook to ascertain what is the real name she bears at present, and to find out how many times she wed, her former spouses being still alive? Is it reply to the nursery tales, malicious lies and indecent discourses which have no foundation in fact; in defence of which she can give no proof, excepting false assertions hatched in the foul nest of her own disordered imagination? No; such a thought is not worthy of serious consideration. Her history is before the world, and if anybody wish to know anything of her past career, it can be had at the Catholic bookstores or newspaper offices for twenty five cents.

Some people seem to be gulled into the belief, mislead no doubt by the amount of arrogance and audacity she puts on, that she is sincere, losing sight of the real object of her undertaking in laying her wily schemes to the best advantage for drawing the money from their pockets, and the better to insure success she has espoused the cause of the P.P.A., whatever that might mean. The cause must be a desperate one indeed, that needs her assistance to prop it up. But no matter when there is money in it, the cause must advance at all hazards, "the end justifies the means." Of course the Catholic Church is attacked front and rear; her doctrine is misrepresented; her teachers denounced as wicked and designing men leading people astray, and her members in general are to be treated with scorn and contempt, and relegated from the ranks of society, and driven from every position in office, as not worthy of trust or public confidence. The hydra-headed monster of bigotry, prejudice and hatred raises its head among a peaceful and law-abiding people to such a pitch as to insult them on the streets, and it is asked "who is responsible?" I reply by repeating the same question "who is responsible." This lady is hired, encouraged and imported from place to place to slander the faithful adherents of the ancient faith—the town halls are thrown open to receive her with a dissentient voice—she is received with open arms by those who should be the guardians of public peace and morality—her filthy lectures to "men only" and "women only" are attended by a motley crowd of open-mouthed people, and drank in with avidity. She is admitted into

so-called christian churches to exercise her charity in bearing false witness against her neighbour—she is applauded to the echo; and it is asked "who is responsible?" The answer is evident to all.

The defenceless religious, the sisters, the real nuns, upon whose innocent heads she is constantly pouring the vials of her wrath, are a source of much trouble to her. If she really knew how indifferent they are to her tirades of abuse, she would devise some other means for annihilating them. The character of those good Sisters needs not defence. They have proved to the world what they are and what they are doing. Their deeds of valour have been emblazoned on the walls of their own convents; on the silent chambers of the sick and dying, on the prison-walls and pest houses, have been witnessed on the field of battle amidst the dead and wounded, long before this damsel appeared on the scene, and will remain written on the hearts of thousands who were fortunate enough to be placed under their care, when the name of this traducer, will be recalled only as a byword or reproach. Why mention particular cases? Their number is legion. Who were called upon less than three years ago not a hundred miles away from Toronto to nurse the son of a respected Protestant minister stricken down by a deadly fever, when even his own friends and relations felt it prudent to keep away?—the Sisters. Who are now caring for the victims of small-pox in Chicago, when a short time ago there were reported no less than fifty cases and eleven deaths, including one of the faithful nurses?—the Sisters. Who responded a few years ago to the call given by the Board of Health for volunteers to cross the "Don" to nurse at the imminent risk of losing their lives, poor creatures dying of small pox?—the Sisters only. Who held on till the very last faithful, to their post, nursing the hundreds of victims laid low by the dreadful ravages of yellow fever which swept over a portion of the Southern States some years ago, laying waste in its track whole towns and villages, turning them into a ghastly scene of carnage and destruction?—who remained when everybody that possibly could get away, fled?—the faithful priests and Sisters, many of whom went down before the plague, and bravely sacrificed their lives for the sake of the fever-stricken people.

This jail-bird and those of her stamp, where were they then or at any time when there was a real necessity to lend a helping hand, to exercise a real work of charity for the love of God towards suffering humanity? Nowhere to be found, and these good Sisters are the self-sacrificing souls, the Protestant people of Ontario are asked by this "reformer of morals," bless the mark! to be ware and shun as dangerous and prejudicial to the well-being of society. I venture to say that if it pleased the Almighty to-morrow to scourge Ontario by sending a deadly plague of some kind as a chastisement for the wicked work, for the obscene discourses and indecent trash, with which she is poisoning the minds of curious and easily-led people to their ruin and destruction—I would lay down my life if such happened, this "heroine of many tragedies" and her abettors would be among the first to leave the field to those whom she is now vilifying to the utter disgust of all who have the interest of society and morality at heart. There is a law I believe in force which seizes immoral literature and punishes the propagators thereof.

Why then, is the shameless woman allowed to lecture in Halls and churches so-called, disseminating the seeds of moral leprosy among the people without being taken to task? They come from her entertainments (?); amongst them must be respectable

women; they say: "It wasn't fit to listen to." Her books are bought and devoured by young and old. The husband says he dare not let his wife see him read it; she says the same of him; the son and daughter say the same of parents; her abominable lectures are talked of in the bar-rooms, in the workshops, in the stores and elsewhere; young children have a few choice selections in their mouths as a play-toy along the streets to fling at whom they please, particularly at Catholics—the writer received the full benefit of one of those tit-bits—I dare not put it on paper—and still this whitened sepulchre is left at large to say and do as she pleases to the destruction and ruin of souls. The very air and surroundings here are polluted with the germs of immorality which this creature has scattered far and wide, and the same unsavoring odour she leaves behind wherever she goes, and still she is the heroine of the day, an honourable woman, and her admirers, all, are honourable men! How fastidious, indeed, must those people be in their selection of moral food for reflection when they feast at the banquet given by this lady for two hours or more at a time! But enough; comment is unnecessary.

It is a consolation to know, that she is not tolerated by the respectable class of Protestants, that she is disowned by the charitable and liberal-minded members of that religion, ministers, and laity, alike, as a disgrace, a hindrance, and a moral evil to any cause or association that has for its object the further advancement of unity, peace and concord, which should prevail among all Christian people.

JOSEPHUS.

Letter From Ottawa.

OTTAWA, JUNE 19, 1894.

To the Editor of the Catholic Register.

SIR—There has been for some time a terrible tempest raging at the Dominion capital. It does not owe its existence to any threats from foreign invasion; neither has it arisen from any startling disclosures of boodlism made in the Public Accounts Committee. It was its birth solely and entirely in a desire of a certain number of Civil Servants, who occasionally play soldier for our amusement as well as for our awe, to regulate the religious belief of those who may aspire to the position of Commander of the G. G. F. G., which mystic letters, being fully interpreted, mean Governor General's Foot Guards.

This organization has been in existence for some time in the Dominion capital. Its chief mission is to assist in opening and closing Parliament with due pomp and ceremony. Of course the G. G. F. G. association must have its majors, its captains, its lieutenants, its adjutants, its sergeants, its corporals, its privates, its buglers and drummers.

The gentleman who has worn the blushing honors of major thick around him—Mr. Stewart—has recently had a call from above to settle his long accounts. Major Stewart appears to have been a man who was as formidable in peace as in war; he was as ready to paint the battle-field red with his blood as he was to prevent anything savoring of "Romanism" cropping up in the military service.

Major Stewart had almost reached the span of life allotted by the Psalmist, but he resolved within himself and publicly to others, that he would live on, if only for the purpose of preventing a "Romanist," who was next in command, from filling his position. The resolution of Major Stewart would have been carried out effectively and no vacancy would have occurred for any "Romanist" to fill, had not death placed its icy hand on the most vital part of the gallant gentleman.

Captain Donald Cameron Foster Bliss is next in command and by right of merit was entitled to promotion to

the position vacated. To the abilities of Captain Bliss as an officer, general testimony is borne; but he has been guilty of the unpardonable crime of exercising his Protestant right of thinking for himself on matters religious which "thinking" has resulted in the poor captain being inextricably lost in the meshes of a greedy "Romanism." Had the captain espoused Mahometanism or Buddhism the equanimity of the "G. G. F. G." would be undisturbed, but when he dares in defiance of the admonitions of "escaped nuns" and "reformed priests," espouses a religious "mediocrism," no wonder there is a revolt in the camp and that danger to Protestantism is considered imminent; the result of which no man dares to hazard a prediction. To be consistent in their opposition to the promotion of Captain Bliss the Civil Servants who join in bloodless holiday parades on State occasions, should refuse their pay because a portion of it comes out of the pockets of Catholics. Thus would they be logical as well as consistent.

We await with some anxiety the outcome of the opposition to Captain Bliss on account of his religion, whilst trusting that the miserable little bigots who are living on our earnings will be taught a lesson that Canada has not been discovered for them exclusively. I remain yours

A VOLUNTEER.

Millet and the Harvesters.

Pierre Millet, a young brother of the painter of the "Angelus," describes the artist's life at Harbizon in the April number of the *Century*.

When it was harvest time he would often lead the way to the places where he hoped to see the harvesters at work. When we were at a little distance from them he would stop. "See," he would say, "all their movements count. There is nothing done uselessly. Notice, too, how well the light strikes them, and absorbs all the little details, till there remains only the stronger accents of shade which define here and there in luminous masses. The light of the plain is entirely different from that of the studio where it enters only by a window. It is something of which a good many painters who never go out of Paris have no idea."

It sometimes happens that these harvesters would notice that we were observing them, and some of the band would say to the others: "See these Parisians who are looking at us. I should like to see them do our work. It is another thing to hold pencils, hey?"

Francois once said to them, "Ah, what you do is very difficult, is it not?"

"If you wish to try it you will find out," replied one. "Here, take my scythe."

This did not disturb Francois. He took the scythe and began to cut the wheat with an ease and skill superior to theirs. They did not watch him long before they exclaimed: "Ah Monsieur, it is not the first time you have done this work! You do better than we."

Continuing our walk we came upon objects of artistic interest. These were people binding the wheat into sheaves and others loading the carts, and transporting the sheaves to the place where they were piling them in huge stacks. Francois watched this with great eagerness, saying to me: "See the grand movements of the men who lift the sheaves on their pitchforks to give them to those who are on the stacks. It is astonishing towards the approach of night how grand everything on the plain appears, especially when we see fingers thrown out against the sky. Then they look like giants."

A gentleman under forty years of age, whose hair was rapidly becoming thin and gray, began the use of Ayer's Hair Vigor and in six months his hair was restored to its natural color, and even more than its former growth and richness.