

ALONG THE OTTAWA VALLEY.

BY THE RAMBLER.

My last *effusion* to the readers of the REGISTER left me in the town of Carleton Place.

Carleton Place is an important railway centre situated at the junction of the main line of the C. P. R. with the Brockville and Ottawa branch. It is a town of a little over 4,000 inhabitants, 400 or thereabouts of whom belong to the Catholic faith. It has several manufacturing industries, an extensive sawmill being the most prominent, because of its giving employment to the greatest number; and when I say that W. C. Edwards, the popular representative of Russell in the Dominion House, is the proprietor thereof, I furnish the amplest guarantee that this industry will not degenerate into a P.P.A. lodge. No; the large-hearted W. C. Edwards, sound Protestant though he is, is not engaged in the propagation of P.P.A. lodges.

Carleton Place enjoys a magnificent water-power, furnished by the Mississippi River, which is fairly utilized. The scenery west of the town, particularly on the shores of the Mississippi Lake, is highly picturesque, and in recent years, as its attractions have become known, the place has become the Mecca of the tourist, whether in search of health or pleasure. A description of the stores of Carleton Place would only be a repetition of what I have had to say of towns of similar size and importance. Suffice it to say that whether a man wishes a needle or an anchor, a logging-chain or a neck tie, whether he wants law or medicine, his jaw shaved or his too-nails paired, his teeth or his corns extracted, his needs will be attended to by a visit to Carleton Place; and, if he should become hilarious and deem it proper not to go home till morning, he can be as noisy here as anywhere else.

It is only within recent years that a Catholic congregation has been organized in Carleton Place, the Rev. M. O'Donohoe being the first resident pastor. Prior to this it was an outlying mission tributary to Smith's Falls, from which place it was attended at long intervals, Mass being said in private houses. There is now a neat brick church, with a handsome presbytery adjoining, and a large and steadily increasing congregation, all under the pastoral jurisdiction of the Rev. Father O'Rourke, a clergyman whose zeal and urbanity has won for him the esteem of all, irrespective of creed or of country—a clergyman whose claim to sympathy from the Irish born portion of his congregation will not be diminished by the announcement that he comes from the county which produced the celebrated Father Tom Maguire.

Until recent years the Irishman, in his wanderings in search of a home, seems to have given a wide berth to Carleton Place, although from an early date in the history of the place the old race has been more or less represented. The father of Messrs. John and Maurice Burke, both well known and highly-esteemed residents of the town, was, I believe, among the first Irish settlers; and, long before there appeared any need for a Catholic church, it was in his house that the solemn mysteries of religion were celebrated.

Mr. Galvin, whose sons are well known throughout the Ottawa Valley as being amongst its most enterprising settlers, and about whom I intend to have something to say later on, has been identified with the commercial life of the place almost from its infancy.

Mr. Daniel Hallinan, a precocious youth from the shadow of *Croagh Phaudhrig*, has lived here for many years, is much respected, keeps as many of the Ten Commandments as

the average man, and to-day bids defiance to the sheriff or his bailiffs.

Hotel accommodation is ample, "The Mississippi" being to Carleton Place what the Windsor Hotel is to Montreal. I always patronize the Grand Central Hotel, as, aside from the prices being moderate, and the hash being free from nails, buttons, pebbles and dangerous obstructions, there is the additional pleasure of a greeting from Mr. and Mrs. Dowling, the genial host and hostess.

Mr. John Fitzgerald, a now candidate for fame and wealth, has embarked in the wholesale liquor trade, and if honesty and integrity, combined with good business abilities, count for anything, we are safe in assuming that he will secure both.

Six miles further north we reach the little town of Almonte, also situated on the Mississippi River, and which is also supplied with an excellent water-power, a succession of falls affording a most picturesque scene.

Almonte may be regarded as a hive of manufacturing industry, and in this respect has secured a national reputation. Much of its prosperity is due to the push and energy of the Rosamond family, who, although Irish Orangemen, and hailing from the Celtic Province of Connaught, have never, in their capacity of employers, recognized either creed or country. Indeed, if over the inscription, "No Papist Need Apply," appears over a factory door in Almonte, it will not be at the instigation of either Bonnett or James Rosamond. Tolerant and generous, as I have already stated, and although with a penchant for annually celebrating the memory of the "glorious, pious and immortal" William, they have yet to learn that doctrine which teaches people to hate their neighbors on account of their religious belief; and I am not surprised that the only feeling actuating the Catholic minority toward them is one of a fervent wish for their prosperity.

In 1801 the population of Almonte numbered about 8,500 souls, of which there were a little over 700 Catholics. There is a fine stone church and a handsome presbytery, with a large congregation, under the jurisdiction of the Rev. Canon Foley, one of those men who seem capable of capturing the heart. There has been a separate school in this town for over thirty years; and judging by the number of young men who have been equipped for life's battles within its walls, as well as for the able talent which has always been employed, we are safe in saying that the interests of Catholic education have always been a paramount consideration with Catholic parents and Catholic ratepayers. Mr. William Gallagher, a highly successful educationist, is at present the Principal of the Separate School of Almonte.

Reading the inscriptions on the signs we recognize names that have a strong Celtic flavor. John O'Reilly has been a successful merchant here for nearly thirty years; and being identified with every movement tending to promote temperance and morality, I am not surprised to find that he is universally respected. His son, a jeweller, is handling gold every day; and judging from the merits of a necktie protector which he has succeeded in getting patented both in Canada and the United States, golden harvests await him.

Mr. John McKinnon is a worthy scion of Highland Scotch origin, but as he speaks Gaelic galore he is generally mistaken for a native of the Province of Connaught.

The fashions in masculine apparel are carefully looked after by Mr. Patrick Slattery, whilst the powder and balls, which are directed against disease of every type with such telling effect, are manufactured by Mr. P. C. Dowdall and fired off by Dr. Lynch.

In hotel accommodation Almonte is amply supplied, and travellers visiting the place will make no mistake by

placing themselves under the care of Messrs. Michael Dixon, of the "Almonte House," or Patrick Reilly, of the "Windsor."

Nine miles farther off, in the direction of the North Pole, I reach the pretty little town of Packenham, also resting on the banks of the Mississippi River.

Packenham, for a little town of about 1,200 people, has a fair supply of stores, of manufactories, and of hotels, that being kept by Mr. Shanahan enjoying the greatest patronage from the travelling public.

Messrs. John and William Burke are both old and esteemed residents of the place. *Patriotic Irishman* and devoted Catholics, papers of the REGISTER stamp have always had in those gentlemen warm-hearted friends.

The glory of Packenham, however, consists of the handsome Catholic church, recently erected; and as its massive proportions meet the eye of the traveller passing the town, whether from the north or south, he will be tempted to inquire if there is a congregation here large enough to fill so immense a building. The devoted pastor, Father D. J. Lavin, had in his mind's eye, when raising this structure, the exigencies of the future as well as the wants of the present; and with his strong faith in the vitality of the Church, which, though old, is still young, he feels sanguine that ere many years the noble temple which he has raised to the glory of God will be found none too large for the requirements of his parishioners.

Nine miles further on I reach the town of Arnprior, about which place I will have something to say in a future letter.

RAMBLER.

Notes by the Way.

Those who have not had the pleasure of a trip among the thousand islands can only form a faint idea of the grand scenery the magnificent St. Lawrence contains. A distinguished writer has said: "There is in North America a mighty river, with a flow as placid and pulseless as the great Pacific itself, yet in places as swift as the average speed of a railway train; its waters are pure and azure-hued, no matter how many turbid streams attempt to defile it; it is a river that never know a freshet nor any drying up, no matter how great the rain or snow fall, or how severe the drought on all its thousand miles of flow—a river so grand and beautiful as to enchant every traveller and enthrall every appreciative soul. It lies for a thousand miles between two great nations, as picturesque as the Rhine, as grand as La Plata, as pure as the Lakes of Switzerland. Need we say this wonderful and most enchanting stream is the St. Lawrence, which rises in Lake Ontario and ends in the great Atlantic."

During my stay in Kingston, I one evening resolved to get away from the "city thermometer," which was up in the nineties, and try a sail among the islands. The cool, refreshing breeze and the ever-changing panoramas of river scenery soon banished the thought of thermometers. I could only think of what was to be seen around us; I only regretted that (unlike the hot weather) the end would come too soon. The trip was to Alexandria Bay and Thousand Island Park, where we made a short stay. The typical Irishman has remarked that he thought the moon more sensible than the sun, for the moon came out at night to light up the darkness, but the sun only came out in the day time when light was not required. But this was not "Fairy Luna's" night out; so on the return trip the "Search Light" was used. This is a modern feature the excursion boats are adopting, and it is greatly enjoyed by those on board. Shortly after nine we are home and reluctantly bid adieu to the St. Lawrence.

Blantyre Pic-nic.

For a number of years past St. Paul's parish has held its annual picnic in the House of Providence grounds on the Civic holiday. This year, at the kind invitation of his Grace the Archbishop, the picnic will take place on the beautiful and spacious demesne of Blantyre. Under the supervision of an energetic committee arrangements have been made for a day's enjoyment which will be agreeable to young and old. Not the least feature of the Blantyre entertainment will be the musical productions. The I.C. B.U. band, which has been recently strengthened by the addition of a number of excellent players, who belonged to military organizations in the old country, will give selections

on the grounds during the afternoon and evening. A string band will also appeal to the instincts of Teutalohorean artists. The Knight of St. John Bugle Band and uniform corps will march down at noon, and give a number of their fancy evolutions on the grounds.

The contest for the Archbishop's picture among the societies is waxing warm. The E.B.A., the I.C.B.U., the Knights of St. John and the A. O. U. are in the fight to stay. Ten thousand ballots have already been bought up by the societies, and an order given for ten thousand more. The adherents of the different organizations are working earnestly for their favorites. The excitement has extended to the ladies. The St. Anges Society, in the interests of the I.C.B.U., have taken 300 ballots, and 500 have been sent to C.bourg at the request of a branch of the I. B. C. U. there. An interesting and exciting time is expected on the grounds. All the Catholic Societies will muster there, and have canvassers at work.

Return tickets to Blantyre by T.S.R. and Scarborough Electric Road may be purchased at the offices of T.S.R., corner Church and King streets, at 15 cents each.

Home Again.

Our readers will recall a sketch given two months ago of the Rev. Patrick Conway, of Norwood, Ontario, the patriarch of the Canadian priesthood, and the announcement that he was about to visit his native Ireland. It gives us pleasure to state that he returned from his trip last week, and, after a few days' stay in New York city, proceeded to his parish. Our representative, who had the pleasure of a cordial chat with the venerable priest, found him full of vigor, health and cheerfulness after his visit to the old land. Father Conway speaks most encouragingly of the changes noted by him since his previous visit several years ago. The people have made considerable progress in that time in the counties which he visited, which were chiefly Longford, Leitrim and Sligo. Their home conditions are more comfortable, and their children are better clad and more generally instructed. Notwithstanding the drain from the population, through emigration, Father Conway says he found the churches apparently as fully thronged as before, and he saw many evidences that the people of Ireland were never more devoted to their faith and to their religious obligations than at the present time. During his entire visit he saw but one man under the influence of liquor, and he felt proud and joyous to be able to note the fact, for Father Conway is a firm believer and consistent advocate of total abstinence. During his stay in the city he received many visits from the members of the priesthood, and his nephew, the brilliant young attorney, James J. Conway, of 140 Nassau street, managed to keep his leisure hours occupied with sight seeing, which he greatly enjoyed, for a true Irish heart never grows old.—*Irish World*.

Garden Party at St. Basil's

The annual Garden Party of St. Basil's Church will be held on the beautiful grounds of St. Michael's College on August 15th, the proceeds being for the St. Basil's Novitiate Building Fund. As on former occasions, no expense will be spared to make this gathering a success. The famous Queen's Own Band, under the leadership of Mr. Bailey, and the O'Connell Fife and Drum Band will supply music to suit the ears of all comers; while the ladies will, as usual, endeavor to suit the taste of everyone by the excellent supplies of solid and liquid nourishment for the inner man. No body should miss this opportunity of recreation and amusement. The past entertainments of this kind are the best guarantee that this will be the festival of the season.

Letter from Ridgetown.

RIDGETOWN, Aug. 6, 1894.

To the Editor of the Catholic Register.

DEAR SIR—A branch of the C. M. B. A. was organized in Ridgetown on July 3rd by district deputy W. P. Killackey of Chatham, assisted by Chancellor O'Keefe. There was also present Rev. Fathers Paul and Cummins of Chatham, as well as the parish priest Rev. Father McCabe.

After a thorough explanation of the objects and aims of the society by W. P. Killackey the initiation of members took place. Election of officers was next in order, and resulted as follows:

Spir. Adv. Rev. Father McCabe; Pres. John Tompkins; First Vice President, James McDonald; Second Vice President, J. S. Dillott; Rec. Sec. P. J. Mogan; Ass. Sec. James Cunningham; Treas. F. H. Dillott; Fin. Sec. John J. Mogan; Marshal, John Mannix; Guard, Wm. Regan; Chancellor, pro tem, Arthur Orndorf; Trustees for one year, J. Mannix, Wm. Regan and J. Cunningham; Trustees for two years, A. Eberly and Geo. Shindler.

After the election of officers appropriate addresses were delivered by Rev. Fathers Paul, Cummins, McCabe, and Mr. O'Keefe. The meeting then adjourned until the third Friday of the month.

P. J. MUGAN, Rec. Sec.