

THE MOTHERLAND

Latest Mail from ENGLAND IRELAND and SCOTLAND

schools; but in Ireland we can only appeal to private charity, for we live under a hard and barbarous Government which understands not to make poverty, but not to soften it or end it. I trust, therefore, that Irish charity will help these Irish children. I remain, dear Sir Thomas, yours very sincerely, MAUD GOONE.

To Sir Thomas Brady, School Children's Broad Fund Committee, Mansion House.

Mr. Chamberlain Insults the Irish in America.

The following is the report taken from the English papers of the debate in the House of Commons on the foreign policy of the Government in which Mr. Chamberlain went out of his way to insult the Irish in America:

Mr. Chamberlain said he most earnestly desired cordial and intimate relations with the United States of America. (Cheers.) Mr. Morley had considered it appropriate to say that the Irish would have something to say on the question of an alliance with America. Yes, they would have something to say, and he was thankful that the Americans would not listen to them. (Ministerial cheers and loud Nationalist dissent.) The Irish vote, doubtless, was powerful in the domestic policy of the United States, but when the American and English people had a real cause of unity and common sympathy he thought the Anglo-Saxons there would know how to act. (Loud Ministerial cheers.) Whether it was England or America that was menaced he hoped that blood would be found to be thicker than water, and in the nation to enter into an alliance with which the majority of both did not thoroughly sympathize, and clearer the alliance between the United States and ourselves the better it would be for both nations and the civilization of the world. (Loud Ministerial cheers.)

Mr. Dillon said no man had ever spoken in this country who had done more to injure the prospect of an alliance with America than the Colonial Secretary. The Colonial Secretary might believe that the voice of the Irish people in America would not be listened to by the citizens of that great Republic; but he (Mr. Dillon) ventured to recall to the right honorable gentleman's memory the fact that for upwards of 100 years the blood of Irish citizens had been freely spent on the battlefields of America in defence of the liberties against England. (Nationalist cheers.) And at the present moment, when the Colonial Secretary sought to promote an alliance between America and Great Britain by hurling insults against the Irish citizens of the United States these Irishmen were pressing forward the banners of America in the war which she was waging for the liberty of Cuba. (Irish cheers.) And he ventured to say that amongst the dead and wounded in every battlefield would be found the names of those citizens of the Republic whom the Colonial Secretary had gone out of his way to insult that night. Whatever might be the history of the future relation between the great Republic of America and the United Kingdom they would not be improved by speeches such as that which had been that night delivered by the Colonial Secretary. (Irish cheers.)

Excommunicated.

The Archbishops and Bishops of the various dioceses have received from Rome copies of a decree of major excommunication directed against Rev. Anthony Kozlovski, a Polish priest formerly affiliated with the Holy See at Chicago. The document bears the signature of His Eminence Cardinal Ledochowski, Prefect of the Sacred Congregation of Propaganda Fide, and states that the excommunication is issued by command of His Holiness the Pope given in an audience held on April 28.

The explanation given for the Holy Father's action is that Kozlovski had, with contumacy, rebelled against lawful authority, and, moreover, boasts in a printed letter which he calls a patent, that he is the Bishop of the independent Catholic Diocese of Chicago, and in which he declares that he received the episcopal consecration from certain heretical bishops in Switzerland.

Tired of Life.

Many people take their own lives every year owing to certain forms of insanity caused by diseased organs; sometimes the stomach, other times the kidneys, and still again the blood. Ninety per cent of these cases would have been cured if Ryckman's Koolenay Cure had been used. If you are troubled with Neuralgia, sleeplessness, loss of appetite, or any kidney trouble, take Koolenay Cure.

This is a sample of SWORN TESTIMONY. Neuralgia of the head and neck afflicted Mrs. Judge, Crimble P. O., County of Middlesex, with such a degree that she thought she would lose her reason. Physician did not cure; she grew worse and worse until she began to take Koolenay Cure, and after using eleven bottles was restored to perfect health. Sworn to Aug. 16, 1896.

We have a number of similar testimonials which may be had free on application. Koolenay Cure \$1.00 per bottle, or 6 for \$5.00, or direct. It relieves Dyspepsia and Indigestion in a few doses, and cures the worst forms of Neuralgia both of the head and stomach. THE B. J. JOHNSON MEDICINE CO. Limited, HAMILTON, Ont.

MR. GLADSTONE AND POPE PIUS IX.

Rome, June 6.—An account of an interview between Mr. Gladstone and Pius IX in the year 1890, has just been published in La Nuova Antologia for June '98, now issued. It is presented to the public by Signor Aurelio Gotti, and is asserted to be the actual memorandum written by Mr. Gladstone in Italian on the 28th of October, 1890, the day after the interview, and sent to Baron Ricasoli, President of the Council of Ministers at Florence, amongst whose papers it was found after the death of this Italian Minister. (When the letters and documents of Baron Bettino Ricasoli were overhauled for publication by Signor Gotti in 1894, a copy of this memorandum was sent to Mr. Gladstone asking his permission for its publication. Mr. Gladstone was then at the head of the Government, writes Gotti, and it did not appear to him fitting that this document should be rendered public.

The document as set forth in the Nuova Antologia is entitled "Memorandum of Conversation with His Holiness Pope Pius IX." on the 28th of October, 1890." Cardinal Ricasoli having made known to me (begins Mr. Gladstone) that it was uncomfortable to Pope, I wrote to Cardinal Antonelli on Friday, and on Saturday received in reply a courteous biglietto (or card) in which Sunday, half an hour after mid-day, was fixed for the audience. Hence at that hour I went to the Vatican in evening dress.

I found the Pope vested in white with great simplicity; the apartments and their fittings were also simple. He sat at one side of an oblong table. After I had paid my homage to him and kissed his hand, kneeling upon one knee, as before the Queen (during which ceremony he took my hand), he signed me to sit down on a chair placed opposite to him. Mr. Russell told me that it was his own custom to remain standing in spite of such invitation. I begged His Holiness, however, to permit me to remain as if I were in presence of the Queen. Immediately His Holiness said to me: "If the Queen should order you to sit you would sit down." "Then," I said, "Holy Father, I can only obey; Roma locuta est." quoting thus the famous saying of St. Augustine in a well-known circumstance, I believe against the Donatists. The Pope smiled, and repeated the remainder of the sentence—Causa finita est. Then he asked me for news of the Queen's health and where she was; and he made special mention of the etiquette which, he said, was more preserved in the little nation of Piedmont (such I think, has been the phrase), but not at the courts of the other Italian Princes whose people merely follow their own impulses. He likewise made mention of the practical superiority of the Piedmontese, such as he revealed in Cavour, and which he likewise recognized in Menorena at present in Vienna. He spoke of England and of late events in general in very honorable terms. He spoke of the primacy which it had obtained amongst other nations. He mentioned likewise the vast extension of his Empire, and how it had one leg here and another there, and all happened as he desired.

The affably genial and courteous and simple manner of His Holiness sufficed to render me frank, and I entered freely into the conversation. I observed that the Court etiquette was rigorous in a country like England, where riches are not so rare, and where there is a proportionally rapid growth amongst the more advanced classes and the highest classes of society. Since His Holiness touched on the extension of our Empire, I replied, "Holy Father, we have too many of these legs. We have too much to do, and we do not find it easy to do it well and at once." He replied that he comprehended the condition of the representative Governments of our Colonies. "Yes," I said, and I added that the difficulties originated not from the internal government of the Colonies but from the false position in which they may place us with other Powers. That, however, happens in a very varied manner. Australia, for example, never created difficult as to us while in North America was so found in contact with a jealous and strong people, and is badly fitted, and whilst its defence would be a very central and difficult operation for us.

His Holiness hoped that Fenianism was not formidable. I said it was not in Ireland, but that it might become so in America, connecting itself with the Colonial question. I added that I regarded Ireland and British North America as the germs of our greatest future difficulties, which might be ascribed to our fault, so far as Ireland was concerned, but should rather be attributed to our false position so far as British North America was concerned. The Pope spoke warmly against Fenianism, and declared that his clergy in Ireland were decidedly hostile to it, which aversion he had always approved and seconded in every case that was presented to him.

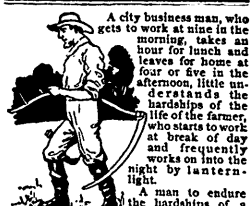
His Holiness said that the Irish bishops were faithful to the existing order of things, although they desired that it should be changed in some points; "and in some points," I replied, "they have cause." I explained then the state of the university question and the measure taken in regard to it by the preceding Administration. The greater part of the conversation concerned the state of Italy at that time, and has comparatively little interest to-day, seeing how far Italy as a Power has come on the downward path. The Pope manifested the hope, says Mr. Gladstone, towards the end of his Memorandum, that within a short time, instead of the present evil, Italy would obtain quiet in respect to religion, and especially "a little order," adding that, "whether it was a league or was a nation," a solution would be found. This was the only explicit mention of an alternative which might imply the division of Italy. He did not make mention of the fallen dynasties, and not even of the religious corporations.

He complained, by the way, that Archbishop Puljich had been imprisoned on suspicion during his passage through Turin. This appeared to me a very serious case, but he soon added that the liberation of that prisoner had been immediately ordered from Florence. I think that the Pope began to feel that he had said enough about Italy, when he asked me very kindly if I had my wife and family in Rome. On which I immediately requested if they might be presented to him; he said he would have much pleasure in seeing them, and would impart his Benediction to them. He received likewise with kindness and cordiality a communication from my sister, and made allusion to (Here occurs a word which is illegible.) He expressed then his desire of doing all he could that might render my sojourn in Rome more pleasant.

In bidding him farewell I could not help expressing my warmest thanks for the indulgent courtesy shown to me on so unworthy a day. The audience lasted about three-quarters of an hour. From Rome Mr. Gladstone went to Naples, visited Montecassino, the world-renowned mother-house of the Benedictine Order, and was greatly interested in its history and its literary treasures. On his way home he stayed at Florence. Aurelio Gotti records that on the evening of his departure he was accompanied to the station by a large crowd of admirers. The document that has now been published throws interesting side-lights of an unexpected character on Mr. Gladstone's feelings towards Pius IX. What is perhaps still more interesting is the revelation furnished by this Memorandum of the early date in which the Irish question was at work in his mind.

Wedding Bells at Ostia.

The wedding bells pealed right merrily at Ostia Wednesday morning, when Mr. Jacob Kloefer, traveler for Mr. O. Kloefer, M. P., was married to Miss Tassie Blanchfield, daughter of Mr. Jno. Blanchfield, Ostia. A large company of invited guests from near and far filled the church when Miss M. Hogan, presiding at the organ, filled the building with the sweet strains of the wedding march. The interesting ceremony was performed by Rev. Father Wm. V. Kloefer, O.S.B., of Berlin, uncle of the groom, assisted by Rev. Father Feeney, pastor at Ostia, and Rev. Father O'Loane, S. J., Gueph. Solemn High Mass was sung by Rev. Father Feeney, with Rev. Father Feenese, deacon, and Rev. Father Kloefer, sub-deacon.



A city business man, who gets to work at nine in the morning, takes an hour for a walk, and leaves for home at four or five in the afternoon. He is a robust man, who is well equipped with the material of the body. He is a man who starts to work at break of day, and works on by lantern light. A man to endure the hardships of a farmer's life, must be robust physically at the outset, and if he would live a long life, always keep a watchful eye upon his health. He should remember that it is the apparently trifling disorders that eventually make the big disaster. It does not do for a hard working man to neglect his health. He should take Golden Medical Discovery is the best of all medicines for hard working men and women. It makes the appetite keener and hearty, the digestion perfect, the liver active, the blood pure and rich with the life-giving elements of iron, and the nervous system strong and steady. It builds firm muscles and solid flesh. It is the greatest of all blood-purifiers and the best of all material troubles and rheumatism. It is an unfailing cure for biliousness and indigestion. An honest dealer will not substitute some inferior preparation for the sake of a little additional profit. I was a sufferer for four years with marital gas and chills," writes Robert Williams of Iowa, Barber Co., Kan. "Four bottles of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery cured me, and I now weigh 160 pounds instead of 130, my old weight."

Reminiscences of the Ocean.

Written for The Register

A trip across the Atlantic is becoming more popular every year. Our great ocean steamers, combining speed and luxury in a manner undreamed of twenty years ago, have reduced the perils and discomforts of the deep to a minimum. Indeed the cattle which leave our ports are treated in a manner which would make a Crow's Nest navy green with envy. The enterprising novelist who wishes to obtain material for blood-curdling scenes must, now forsake the lines of ocean travel and keep to the lines of our well subsidized railway corporations. But to the person in quest of rest and health, to the lover of Nature in some of her grandest aspects, to the student of human nature and the admirer of human skill, the ocean offers a most inviting field.

In few situations can character be better studied than on board an ocean liner. Nowhere else will so many varied types of humanity be found within such a small compass. For days they are thrown together under circumstances admirably calculated to bring out a man in his true colors. The trying effects of sea-sickness, the miseries of which have been very much exaggerated—the unbroken monotony of sea and sky day after day—all this serves to break up reserve and to force men to seek solace in one another's society. In such circumstances skin deep polish soon wears off and the inner man stands revealed. Soon little groups of congenial spirits are formed, and many who never met before become fast friends before they have reached their destination. In a few years of acquaintance on land would not knit the bond of friendship as strongly as a few days' companionship on the ocean. And these friendships form in after years some of the pleasantest memories of a voyage.

The power and grandeur of the ocean can be realized only when some passing vessel enables a person to judge of distances. A glance over an unbroken waste of waters gives no true idea of the immensity of the ocean. A standard by which to measure is needed. And a passing steamer affords just such a standard. When one of these huge structures is seen rising and falling with the waves, a mere speck on the great expanse of heaving waters, then, indeed, is the vastness of the ocean brought home to the mind.

A rich breakfast on which not very frequently obtained, is a glorious ocean sunset. The best conditions for such a sunset are a clear sky and just a little bank of cloud hovering over the western horizon, enough to soften and diffuse without obscuring the sun's rays. How gorgeous that belt of light, assuming softer deeper tints every moment, stretching away to the horizon, and where the wash of the vessel meets the incandescent light glowing like a furnace! And when at length the sun's disk seems to touch the waves and slowly sink into the deep, whilst the red line of light grows faint and narrow, the spectator feels a shudder creep over him, as though the orb of day were indeed extinguished. To those who have been fortunate enough to witness such a sunset, it is indeed a sight never to be forgotten.

Moonlight upon the ocean is also something which memory loves to treasure. The ideal moonlight night on the ocean, however, is not that in which the moon looms down majestically from an unclouded sky to the gently swelling waves, though this is very beautiful. More beautiful, however, is the night, as a brisk breeze sends the clouds scudding across the sky. Now the moon is altogether hidden and the ocean is all dark; next moment the moonbeams are seen playing on a spot in the distant horizon; a minute afterwards the cloud has passed away and the whole surface of the wind-swept ocean is bathed in a flood of shimmering light. The constant shifting of light and shade along the restless waters imparts to them a weird beauty indescribably charming.

What a thrilling moment is that in which the cry "land" is first heard! Pleasant though the last few days have been and the companionships soon to be severed, the sight of that little cloud-like speck away to the west is very welcome indeed. Twined round it are friendships dearer and associations more sacred than any which cling to the good ship in which some pleasant days have been spent and companionships formed. Beyond that blue line of coast growing more distinct every moment are the scenes of childhood, the home in which we or our parents first saw the light of the world, the church which religion first taught us to her arms, the churchyard in which so many of our dearest friends repose. No wonder that our hearts should leap with joy as the headlands of the "old land" stretch out to welcome us, and that we should part with only a passing feeling of regret from the good vessel which has borne us so nobly over the broad Atlantic, and from the courteous and kind seamen who made our few days' sojourn so pleasant and steered us straight as an arrow to our destination.