

THE MOTHERLAND

Latest Mail from ENGLAND IRELAND and SCOTLAND

On June 1 the Nationalists of Belfast celebrated the centenary of the Battle of Antrim. The celebration was a most imposing one. Nothing could have been more orderly and dignified than the Nationalist display, and its significance was only heightened by an attempt on the part of the Orange Society to mar the celebration. The riots and the assaults upon the police, which form the Orange translation into fact of their ideas regarding loyalty, order and law, were in themselves a remarkable testimony to the worth of the men whose memories Ireland is now busily engaged in celebrating. Mr. Davlin recalled the leaders of the '98 movement in Ulster were Protestants and Presbyterians. It was they and those that formulated the noble programme of National Union and National Government which was the basis of the United Irish movement.

There will be deep and genuine public sympathy with Mr. T. D. Sullivan, M.P., in the sad bereavement he has sustained by the death of his son, Dr. Thomas T. Sullivan, from typhus fever, caught when attending a family suffering from that most infectious and fatal disease.

At a meeting of the Corporation of Limerick Councillor Kivelinhan proposed a resolution which he was sure would meet with the unanimous approval of the council. He believed that the Council, and indeed all Limerick, were favorable to some fitting recognition of the memorable year of '08. He begged to propose—"That the Council of the Corporation of Limerick, the oldest Corporation in Ireland, hereby record our admiration and appreciation of the efforts made by the United Irishmen and patriots in the insurrection of 1798 for civil and religious liberty and towards the freedom of this country from unjust, oppressive and tyrannical laws, and that the same be recorded on our minutes. And further to commemorate this centenary year of that insurrection it is hereby resolved that certain streets—to be considered at a future meeting—to be renamed after the prominent leaders in that movement."

On June 2 John O'Donnell, organizer of the West Mayo League, was liberated from Mayo prison, after undergoing three months incarceration for alleged denunciation of landlordism and hoisting the landgrabber near Westport. The Castlebar band and a large number of friends and admirers met him at the prison and gave him an enthusiastic welcome. Mr. O'Donnell was escorted to the residence of Mr. J. Daly.

On June 5th a great demonstration took place in New Ross in commemoration of the great victory over the English troops won by the Wexford insurgents one hundred years ago. It was remarkable with what whole-hearted enthusiasm the people of the town entered into the spirit of the celebration. Everywhere appropriate mottoes were displayed, "Remember '98" being the leading legend. A special train was run from Dublin, which brought a deputation from the Wexfordmen's Association of the city, with a splendid banner on which there was a portrait of Father Murphy. Large contingents with bands and banners came from Ennisorthy, and other places along the line by the same train. There was also a crowded train from Wexford, while a large body of people came up from Waterford by special steamer. A platform was erected on the open space at Irishtown, but before the proceedings at the public meeting started there was a procession through the streets, in which all the bands took part. As the procession paraded the streets a great deal of enthusiasm was shown, and when the people massed together in the square at Irishtown the gathering was certainly a splendid one. The principal speakers at the meeting were Mr. O'Donnell and Mr. T. D. Sullivan, M.P. There were no eulogiums on the platform, but several were present in the crowd.

ENGLAND.

Conversion to Catholicism. The Tablet states that Rev. A. B. Sharpe, late Vicar of St. Peter's, Vauxhall, has been received into the Catholic Church. Catholic Year-Appellate of Wales. The Right Rev. Francis Mostyn, D.D., Titular Bishop of Acaonia, has received a brief from His Holiness Pope Leo XIII. raising the Welsh Vicariate to the position of a diocese, under the name of Menavia. Dr. Mostyn becomes first bishop of the diocese, which embraces the whole of Wales, with the exception of Glamorganshire. Formation of Catholic League. A Catholic League for the Tower Hamlets Parliamentary Division of London, has been formed on the same lines as the Catholic League of South London. A complete register of all the Catholic voters in the districts

will be made, and being united under one organization, efforts will be made to return at all the elections, whether Parliamentary, County Council, School Board, Vestry or Guardians, only candidates pledged to protect the Catholic interests.

Indignation against the Government. Mr. W. R. M. Fitzpatrick writes "as a Protestant Irishman and a loyalist" to The Manchester Guardian to call attention to "the feeling of deep indignation which has been aroused in Ireland by the heartless refusal of the Government to take efficient and immediate means to relieve the deplorable distress now prevailing in certain districts in Ireland." Mr. Fitzpatrick protests against "the jeers and sneers" with which the appeal made by the great majority of the Irish members, "the representatives of the Irish people," was received in "the British House of Commons." "Some people," he writes, "are surprised to find so great a majority of the Irish people are disaffected to England. It is in this and such like proceedings that the cause is to be found. The English had great sympathy for other suffering nationalities, but prejudice prevented them from helping nearer homes. They trusted too much to those interested in deceiving them—to the Irish landlord, whose wish was to get as much as he could out of Ireland, and spend it anywhere but in Ireland; to the bigoted Orangeman whose patriotism was outbalanced by his hatred of his Roman Catholic brethren; to the Government officials who derived their information from the least trustworthy sources. To say that Ireland has a representative Government is a mockery. Has anything of importance ever been conceded to the majority of Ireland's representatives?"

SCOTLAND.

Death of the Bishop of Aberdeen. We learn with deep regret that the Right Rev. Dr. Hugh Macdonald, Bishop of Aberdeen, died on Sunday, May 20 at the residence of his brother, the Archbishop of Edinburgh. Educated at Ushaw, he joined the Benedictines soon after having entered on the mission. For a time he was rector of the House at Kinrosshill, Perth, and subsequently he became Provincial for the United Kingdom in 1889. He was appointed Bishop of Aberdeen in succession to Dr. Grant, and in that position showed great zeal and energy.

Precious Blood Nuns at Ottawa.

OTTAWA, June 18.—The Sisters of the Precious Blood intend making a number of temporary improvements to the McKay property, Bank street, which they recently purchased. A chapel will be built, the dimensions of which are 62x80. A new wing also to be added to the building, and this wing will be 35x24 feet. The chapel will be two storeys high.



MR. MONTAGUE, DUNNVILLE, ONT.

Has an Interesting Chat About Dr. Chase's Ointment. HIS SUFFERING FROM ULCERATING FLEAS. He says:—I was troubled with itching piles for five years, and was badly ulcerated. They were very painful, and much to that I could not sleep. I tried almost every remedy heard of, and was recommended to use Dr. Chase's Ointment. I used it in the form of ointment, and from the first application got such relief that I was satisfied a cure would be made. I used it in tin boxes, and am now completely cured. Every remedy given by Dr. Chase costs years of study and research, and with an eye single to its adaptation for the ailments for which it was intended. Dr. Chase detected cure-alls, and it has been proven ten thousand times that not one of his formulas leave a bad after-effect. Dr. Chase's Ointment is based on lanolin, and the best physicians prescribe it.

Mr. M. T. Wigle, of Kingsville, Essex Co. Cured of Itching Piles of 22 Years' Standing. Physicians Fail to Make a Cure When Dr. Chase's Ointment is Used. Mr. M. T. Wigle, better known to every one in the vicinity as "Uncle Mike," was troubled for over 22 years with itching piles. At times he was so bad he would have to quit work. The irritation became so intense with constant rubbing that he became ulcerated and would bleed. He had been treated by many physicians, but found nothing that gave him relief. Reading in the paper the name of a friend who had suffered in a like manner, and being cured by Dr. Chase's Ointment, he procured a tin of it and applied it. He got such relief that he had the first comfortable night's sleep he enjoyed in years. The tin box made a complete cure, and he says he would not be without it for \$50 a box if it could not be replaced. Mr. Wigle is a wealthy farmer, well known in the community in which he resides. It is over 20 years since he was afflicted, and he has never been troubled since.

Another Word on Rev. Dyson Hague.

The following has appeared in The Globe. Allow me to thank Mr. Dyson Hague for his courteous letter which appeared in last Saturday's Globe, and to beg permission to criticize this letter as much as his sermon. I was quite aware at the time that Mr. Hague's course of sermons was to treat—not of the Catholic—but of the English Church; however, even in speaking of our own church, it is hardly the thing to calumniate another. And the dirt of these sermons certainly dealt with the Catholic Church in England before the lamentable departure from it of the Protestants in the fifteenth century. Charity forbids Catholic preachers to paint the awful picture of the Anglican schism in its entirety, or with all its concomitant evils. When they are forced to allude to it it is with sorrow. Even then the cases are different—for the Catholic represents a church which has continued in uninterrupted existence since the days of her Founder, Christ, which Christianized England and from which Protestants, trusting in their private opinions and unaided judgment, seceded. Nor did they leave nor peacefully. It required armed force, coercion and calumny to wrench the mass of English people from the ancient faith. Consequently the Catholic Church has a right to deprecate a system that falls away from the Divine truth of which she is the sole accredited guardian—that, in falling away, uses such despicable weapons against the church to whom under God, it owes everything of truth it still possesses. With the Anglican Church (and Protestantism generally) it is different. As it began by denial of Catholic doctrine it must perpetuate its life by the same means, for its consists of negation; but it has no right, after year after year, to urge arguments that are so palpably false as those urged by Mr. Hague in justification of the work of deification carried on by those whom he styles "great reformers raised up by God." And this the majority of Anglican divines have very sensibly recognized.

Mr. Erasmus does not attempt to answer mine of May 14th, except by advising me to read his work on "The Church of England before the Reformation," by two transparent quibbles, and by a quotation from that Prayer Book which was thrice changed and modified—and each time under the guidance of the Holy Ghost! I shall take these answers (sic) up separately.

The learned writer begins his quibble by saying that we do not agree in the premises. Now I am quite aware that in mathematics and metaphysics one cannot argue to certain conclusions without absolute premises, but historical facts are not premises—absolute or otherwise. They are facts, not deducible from other facts; admitting only of the proof of testimony. But when Mr. Hague goes on to state the premises (sic) upon which we do not agree I must deny the one and disqualify the other.

(1) We admit absolutely and unconditionally that the ministers of the Anglican body are ministers—precisely ministers, and nothing more. We certainly do not admit that they are priests with any commission from Christ or any power such as Catholic priests receive in the sacrament of order. The plain meaning of the word "minister" is "servant," and as well as Mr. Hague, give to the Protestant preachers indiscriminately the title of servants of God and of their people. For we do not doubt that, according to their light, they serve God to the best of their ability; and they certainly minister to their respective congregations.

(2) Their Mass is not the Holy Communion to us. This is not a denial. I do not want your opinion of the Holy Mass, or your opinion of it with your Communion service. I want proof that the Catholics of the fifteenth century had no Holy Communion. That, I believe, was your present sentence reads, you are perfectly right. A Catholic Mass is not the same thing as a Protestant Communion. In the one the body and blood of Christ are present, in the other bread and wine. The Mass was instituted by our Lord; the "Communion service" is a travesty of the Mass made by men. And men, even though they be reformers, cannot make sacraments or mend them. A sacrament is "ordained by Christ." The Mass is said by a priest, who receives his power from God. The "Communion service" is said by laymen, whose power is derived from the Queen. Of course the Holy Communion is not the Mass to you or anyone else. Still this is hardly to the point. I am not concerned with what the Mass may or may not be "to you." I merely repeat my denial of the calumny that Catholics of the fifteenth century had no Holy Communion.

(3) Mr. Hague now quotes a part of one of the articles from the Prayer Book—a mere statement lacking proof and from a most interested party. This may be a criterion of truth for him but it is not for us. It may be, indeed, that the more uneducated did not comprehend the individual words of the canonical hours and the Mass. They understood the meaning of these

services perhaps better than the uneducated Anglican of to-day understands his "dearly beloved brethren" or the "Athanasian Creed," or the "communion service." But the Latin offices were not the only services used, nor were they understood with the devotion and accuracy in English "performed" on Sundays alone. The daily worship of God in the church of the fifteenth century was understood by those who said it. Those who assisted at the Latin services wore their own petitions into the text of the holy office when it was not verbally intelligible to them. Thus they were enabled to be personal in their devotions and to avoid the formalism which the slavish repetition of "morning" and "evening prayer" entails.

(4) Lastly, Mr. Hague advises me to read his book "If I really desire proof." I write, not in my own interest, but in that of truth. Every one cannot read his book, and yet his statements go broadcast over Ontario in the columns of The Globe. Moreover, I could get information of neither "the Church of England before the Reformation" nor "the Protestantism of the Prayer Book" in the Public Library, in which he stated I should find it, though I asked for both in the reference and lending departments. But, seriously, Mr. Hague, did you expect me to read a whole book; to search for proof of the six propositions which I emphatically urged you could not do so? That is why, Mr. Hague, I begged you to withdraw your slanderous statements.

The Rev. Dyson Hague has done nothing to prove his position with regard to the Catholic Church in the fifteenth century. His statements, as far as the general public are concerned, are still contradicted statements; for the general public cannot have easier access to the book he offers in support of his position than I. He has merely gone on to make further assertions—one with regard to us, which is false; one comparing the Mass and Communion, which is a mere quibble; one extracted from a book at a decided discount with us, and not to the point, as proof, and one recommendation to read Froude's "Erasmus."

Now Erasmus was not a good Catholic, nor a good type of the Catholics of his age. Erasmus is not a standard author amongst us; nor do we acknowledge him as of any authority. Erasmus will always be a faithful subject to the Roman See, and still it will be that nature's gifts and endowments have fallen thicker upon High Park than upon any in the above named.

A visitor to Toronto and its interesting suburbs, even though he may have revelled in the matchless scenery of Quebec province, should not presume to speak of the Queen City and its surroundings until he has scrutinized every point of note within its borders, because bountiful nature herself is fair and just in the distribution of her prizes and gifts, and it is in the well-ordered decrees of Providence that all of His creatures, no matter of what clime or locality, should have evidences of His favors and goodness, and that they should make grateful acknowledgment accordingly. In this sense the City of Toronto has much to be thankful for.

While in the city I was made aware of the splendid facilities for visiting Niagara Falls, and I determined to see that product of nature; and I took the good steamer Corvus of the Niagara River Line, from Yonge street wharf. It is needless to say that the trip across the lake was cool, beautiful and enjoyable, or that the same conditions held good on the rail up the river from Niagara-on-the-Lake to Queenston and Lewiston, N.Y. From the latter place the passengers are carried to the town of Niagara, N.Y., either by the electric car or by the railway train. By the former conveyance the gorge route is taken, thus affording a magnificent view of the great Niagara River, whose volume comes pouring down between the high bluffs on the Canadian and American sides. It takes the name of the "gorge" because the dense flow of waters is hampered by the enclosing high banks on either side, and the boiling flood does not find natural rest until it reaches the broad bosom of the lake below. Of the great Falls themselves, words are but a feeble instrument to describe the sensations one feels on looking for the first time at the great volume of swirling, foaming and contorted water as it takes its mad plunge to the mysterious chasm below. The great Horse Shoe Fall on the Canadian side of the river, was the first visited. The scene is thrilling and so impressive, and so intense, that it takes one some time to recover his composure after coming face to face with such a spectacle of nature's making. As far as I could see up the rock-bed river above the falls the water is in a very tumultuous state of agitation as if by way of preparation for its final plunge over the great cataract itself. But the curious phase of it is the variety of forms it takes in its descent; it assumes all sorts of fantastic and artistic shapes, resembling in some degree finely wrought lace. Then the cloud of spray that rises from the bottom scatters in all directions and leaves its impress on the faces of the spectators. A little way down, the great Central American Fall is situated, and the mass of

A Tourist's Impressions of the Queen City

And of a Side Trip to Niagara Falls. (Written for The Register)

Every traveller entering the City of Toronto must be favorably impressed with its fine situation, its noble public buildings and its broad busy streets, which seem from morning till night with moving bustling throngs which indicate the push, progress and industrial activity of a great commercial centre.

Montreal and other cities on the continent claim an inherent right to the title of "the city of churches"; in this respect, I think, Toronto has claims as strong as any of them, for, as I proceeded on my way, I could see church spires in every direction, and suitable charitable and educational establishments affiliated with them. In this regard I noted with keenest interest the progress and upbuilding of my fellow Irish-Catholic co-religionists, and the immense strides they have made forward within the past decade. I considered the meaning of the onward movement which speaks so well for the industry and faith and integrity of the Celtic race. Among the very attractive spots of the city I visited the Queen's Park and the new parliament buildings, both of which must be a cause of pride to the citizens at large; and at a later date, through the courtesy of a city friend, I enjoyed the superb scenery of High Park, which seemed to me to be one of the most delightful spots I had seen anywhere on my travels. The casual visitor would hardly think that Toronto possessed such a place of rare beauty and charm, wherein birds, daisies, trees, shrubs, plants and flowers mingle in such natural proportions to form a cool and picturesque retreat where tired and heated citizens can refresh their eyes and senses and inhale strength and inspiration with every breath. In my mental vision I have an image of Queen's Park, Munro, Victoria and the varied breathing spaces in the heart of the city, as well as some idea of the beauties of Rockdale, Blantyre and Easton's Island, Riverdale and the rest, and still it will be that nature's gifts and endowments have fallen thicker upon High Park than upon any in the above named.

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water that tumbles over this precipice is really awe-inspiring and magnificent, and directly behind the sheet is the Cave of the Winds, a weird and fascinating spot that produces rainbows in circular shape, and as many as three at once. It is a freak of nature that puzzles scientists to make out. If the visitor wants to view the Falls from the Canadian side, he can cross the great bridges, and a tariff charge of fifteen cents, and one there he will be privileged to see the beautiful Loretto Convent which is situated on the heights directly above the cataract, a site than which there can be none more picturesque on this continent. But the points specified do not by any means exhaust the variety of notable objects in and around the famed locality, because it fairly abounds in spots of natural beauty the least of which would well repay a visit.

When I grouped all the incidents of the trip and visit together, I began to realize how much the people of Toronto have to be thankful for, because the voyage across the lake is easy, cheap and comfortable, and the same may be said of the journey to and from the Falls. Nor is it considered a mere run to and fro, for once at Niagara, N.Y., you are at the threshold of the great highway that leads to all parts of the United States. Then, again, the Corvus, Chippewa and Chippewa are fine passenger boats to travel by, and the attention and courtesy of the officials and employees are unquestioned. From Mr. John Foy, Manager, and Mr. McBride, auditor of the Niagara Navigation Co., down to the youngest message boy, the motto and purpose of each one is civility and accommodation to the travelling public. And such is the case too among the American officials as far as my own experience goes. The State Reservation laws have done away entirely with the fencing process used to be in vogue around the falls, when greedy hucksters tried to extort unearned money from unwary tourists.

If your purse is light and your ideas economic you can view Goat Island, Luna Island, the three Sister Islands, and the Falls from different standpoints without spending a single cent. If you are footsore and tired the electric cars will carry you to many very interesting places for a five cent fare; and to Buffalo and back for fifty cents.

In my progress through the city I visited the old and reliable establishment of Messrs. Mason & Birch. I had heard of the good reputation of the veteran firm long before I came to Toronto, and I desired to make a closer acquaintance with the means and methods that raised the firm to a foremost place among the piano makers of the Dominion. Under the courteous guidance of Mr. Louis Gardner, late of Berlin, and present superintendent of the factory, I was conducted through the large establishment, and given an idea of the infinite amount of labor required to produce high class piano. As we went from room to room and saw the different stages and component parts and heard explained the artistic phases of the work, I understood clearer than before why ladies prize so highly the first of musical instruments, a piano, and why they are particular to deal with an honorable firm, who use only the best mechanical skill. As we began at the bottom it was interesting to note the gradual progress in construction until we got to the floors where the instruments stood in mahogany dress, polished like a mirror, and ready for delicate fingers to draw harmonies from the keys. As we went along, the practical superintendent, by whose polite foot upon the pedals and the fourth sweet sounds, I noticed many useful and economical improvements lately started, and in every branch I could detect an air of progress and prosperity which is the surest test of a thriving business. Messrs. Mason & Birch occupy a wide degree of popularity in the musical world as well as a well-earned name for uprightness in all their dealings. It is such firms that build up and sustain the reputation of great cities. Wm. ELLISON.

INQUEST NOT NECESSARY. Investigation May Be Made. Should any doubt exist as to the substantiation of the sworn statement of James Muir, Grand Truck Baggage Master at Hamilton, an inquiry may be made and the facts of the case proven. SWORN STATEMENT BY JAMES MUIR. "I was cured of Lumbago, after 20 years suffering, by Ryckman's KOO-T-EN-A CURE." As a time I could not walk, and for ten years I could not stand straight for over 15 minutes at a time. Five medical men treated me without success, and had I listened to them I would have become a hopeless invalid. I have now been cured for over a year. I conscientiously consider Ryckman's Cure a great remedy for back and kidney troubles, and I give this sworn declaration without solicitation. This testimonial and many others free on application. Write for chart book of sworn evidence. KOO-T-EN-A CURE \$1.00 per bottle, or 6 for \$5.00, from your druggist, or The S. S. RYCKMAN MEDICINE CO., Limited, HAMILTON, Ont.

"Yes," said the man, "I realize that cycling is a great thing. I used to be sluggish before the cycle craze, but now I'm spry and energetic." "I didn't know you rode." "I don't," I dodged.

SUFFERED FOR YEARS.

John and Limbo Were Swollen Three Times Their Natural Size—The Swollen in Bed for a Year and a Half. From the Echo, Waterloo, Ont.

Mrs. Wm. Thow, who is well known in the town of Waterloo, was a sufferer from heart trouble and articular rheumatism for a period of fifteen years. Lately her condition became so acute that she was a reporter of the Echo called upon her to ascertain to what cause (she was due. Mrs. Thow while not courting publicity, consented to give a brief statement of her case in hopes that some other sufferer might be benefited. She said: "My joints were all swollen up to three times their natural size and for a year and a half I was unable to leave my bed. I secured medical treatment and the doctors told me I would never be able to walk again. I took patent medicines but they did not help me. Having noticed an advertisement in a paper for Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, I concluded to give them a trial and they gave me relief from the time I commenced using them about the first of January last. I have taken ten boxes. I am now able to go around without assistance and do all my housework." Dr. Williams' Pink Pills cure by going to the root of disease. They renew and build up the blood, and soothe the nerves, thus driving disease from the system. Avoid imitations by insisting that every box you purchase is inclosed in a wrapper bearing the full trade mark, Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People.