

# The Catholic Register

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VOL. XIV, No. 21

TORONTO, THURSDAY, MAY 24, 1906

PRICE FIVE CENTS

## HAMILTON DIOCESE JUBILEE

### ST. MARY'S CATHEDRAL CONSECRATED

**Fifty Years a Diocese—Event Celebrated with Enthusiasm**  
—The Papal Ablegate and Many Prelates Take Part  
—Very Reverend Doctor Teffy Preaches Jubilee Sermon—Great Gathering of the Laity.

A truly Golden season has just closed for the Catholics of Hamilton, in the three days' celebration commemorative of the half century mark in the existence of their Diocese and Cathedral, and of the completion of the five decades of time which for them means the development from an almost embryonic condition to that of a fullness and completion of which they all individually and collectively may be justly proud. Fifty years ago the Diocese greeted its first bishop. Fifty years ago the Cathedral was founded and in course of time completed, and to-day it exists in the mellowness of its maturity, embellished with all the gifts of a rich and progressive growth. To celebrate this event the Pope's representative, together with the heads of the dioceses of Toronto, Peterborough, London and Sault Ste. Marie, hastened to unite with the venerated head of the Hamilton diocese on this joyous event in his ecclesiastical career.

Early on Sunday morning Hamilton was astir and the people flocked in large numbers to the early Masses, celebrated in the temporary chapel or tent placed on the lawn, the church being reserved for the ceremonies attached to its consecration, which began at 6 a.m. and lasted for three and a half hours. His Lordship Bishop McEvay of London officiated and was assisted by Rev. Father Mahoney as archdeacon, Rev. Father Coty as deacon, Rev. Father Weidner, sub-deacon, Rev. Father McColl, chanter, and Rev. Dr. Kloepter as master of ceremonies.

The most imposing feature of the ceremonies was the Pontifical High Mass at 10.30, celebrated by his Excellency, Mgr. Sbarretti, the visiting prelate being present in the Sanctuary and the edifice filled with devout and attentive assistants. The scene was a memorable one. The Cathedral brightened by the glowing sun of a May day, showed to advantage its many stained glass windows, its fine new and striking stations, together with the decorations of the day, giving a fine general effect.

Across the angle of the chancel dome the motto "Gloria in Excelsis Deo" stretched in letters of light, while on either side in electric globes, were the figures 1856-1906—dates memorable in the Diocese. The High altar rose in a background of three pinnacles, the centre one being a luminous white cone, and all three tipped with small globes in ruby and sapphire. Above the tabernacle a beautiful statue of the Blessed Virgin in white marble is erected, and on Sunday this loved Patroness, of the Diocese of Hamilton had, in the words of Scripture, "a crown of twelve stars about her head and the moon beneath her feet," the crescent formed of tiny incandescent lights. Small palms, pink blossoms and much foliage lent their aid, and together with the rich lace of the antependium made an altogether worthy setting for the Grand Jubilee Mass.

The procession of ecclesiastics entered the chancel from the vestry, the Cross coming first and then the train of bishops, each with his attendant, the Papal Delegate in violet robes and crimson cape, and wearing the little skull-caps of crimson. Mgr. Sbarretti then vested for Mass in the golden vestment of the day. The officers of the Mass, in addition

to the celebrant, were Very Rev. Father Schnitzer, C.R., assistant priest; Rev. Fathers Connolly, S.J., Guelph, and McColl, Peterborough, deacons of honor; Rev. Father Aylward, London, deacon of the Mass; Rev. Father Brady, Hamilton, sub-deacon; Rev. Father Waechter, C.R., Berlin, master of ceremonies. Archbishop O'Connor was attended by Rev. Father Supple, C.R., Boston; Bishop Dowling, assistant priest, Rev. Dr. Kloepter; Bishop O'Connor, assistant priest, Rev. Father Mahoney; Bishop McEvay, assistant priest Rev. Father Holden; Bishop Scollard, assistant priest, Rev. Father Coty; Rt. Rev. Mons. Heenan, assistant priest, Rev. Father Walsh. Rev. Father Sinnott, Ottawa, was also present. As the procession entered a special choir of one hundred boys under the direction of Rev. Father Donovan, sang with fine spirit an attractive arrangement of "Ecce Sacerdos." The boys also sang the music of the Plain Chant, Royal Mass. At the Offertory the "Pro Pccatis" from Rossini's Stabat Mater, was effectively sung by Mr. Fred Filgiano. Mr. J. L. Chertier presided at the organ. The sermon preached by Very Rev. Doctor Teffy, C.S.B., of Toronto, was a dignified and impressive address, the scholarly speaker giving an interesting synopsis of the history of the Diocese and warming into enthusiastic eloquence at the memory of the great men who had made the Diocese what it is to-day. Below is the sermon in full:

Thou shalt sanctify the fiftieth year. And every one shall go to his former family. Lev. xxi, 10.

Your Excellency, My Lord, Reverend Fathers and Dear Brethren: With all respect and humility, my Lord Bishop of Hamilton, I venture to express the thought that this pulpit would upon the present occasion have been more appropriately filled by a member of your household. He would have voiced with filial piety the gratitude of the diocese. He would have sketched with personal reminiscence the coming in and the going out of these fifty golden years whose struggles and labors have been crowned with blessing and success. He would have told the story of this Cathedral—how in 1860 he had seen it rise over the ashes of the old frame building; how it passed through several stages until at last it has assumed its present beauty and completion; how he saw the first bishop bless its foundation stone, whilst to-day we all witness its solemn consecration. Such men are not far to seek. There are those around your throne to-day, My Lord, venerable in years and priestly service, whose memory must be deeply stirred this day. They could have given paths to this edifying chapter of religious history. Indeed, you yourself were the most fitting part. You would have told in poetic prose and eloquent diction the story of those early days whose sowing was in tears but whose reaping is in joy—those days in which you took so active a part, and those later years in which you in your higher position, and by your zealous administration as Bishop have laid deep and broad foundations of God's tabernacle in the Diocese of Hamilton. Thus the task has fallen to the lot of a stranger. Yet hardly a stranger. I feel that on this day I, too, have returned to my own family; for here, many years ago, within these sacred walls, that grace was given to me, as to one out of season, whose links reach to the present and bind me in undying gratitude to unforgotten associations. Whilst therefore it is with diffidence that I attempt to do the occasion anything like justice, it is with filial feeling I join with the con-

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gratulations and thanksgiving of to-day. However varied may be the sentiments of each of us, one dominant note prevails. It is thanksgiving to God—praise and blessing to His Holy Name—and to Mary Immaculate, the Mother and Queen of this Cathedral, praise and thanksgiving, I say, for the sacrifice and glory of these fifty years. Fifty years are not long in the history of the immortal Church. They are long in a young land; for though we are the heirs of all the ages still we are in the foremost files of time. There are those living who witnessed the espousals of this Diocese, who saw the first episcopal candlestick placed upon this Cathedral altar. Our institutions, religious or secular, must be measured not by centuries, but by individual lives. What was this city, what was this Diocese fifty years ago? A city of little more than 14,000; Dundas, a town of 3,500; beyond Brantford, nearly 4,000; a little farther north, Guelph, containing about 3,000 inhabitants. Back of these centres lay the unbroken forest with its long, severe winters and the ever-green pines, its giant guardians, defying the march of men. Throughout that vast district which includes the counties of Wellington, Waterloo, Bruce and Grey, a few settlers, like an advanced guard, had pushed their way forward, and clearing a little land had started a home for themselves. By the census of 1851, four years before the erection of the Diocese, there were not 150 Catholics in Bruce, about 4,500 in Wellington; and 1,000 in the County of Grey. Two years afterwards the Ecclesiastical Council of Quebec, when petitioning for the erection of the See, pleaded that this one mission contained 15,000 souls and was attended by only two priests, the Jesuits of Guelph. Hamilton city in 1851 contained 4,000 Catholics; Dundas 1,268; Brantford 744; Guelph 200; the whole Diocese nearly 25,000, exclusive of the Indian Missions on Manitoulin and the north shore of the Upper Lakes. These numbered about 3,000. To sketch the history of each parish would lead me far beyond my limits. The settlements were principally Irish, whose number was considerable, but whose scattered houses made ministrations most trying. Missionaries were few in number, their territory unlimited, and the facilities for travelling and for serving their flock most discouraging. Not a single railway throughout the Diocese—and only two or three high roads. The blazed trees and the narrow, distant clearing were the only guides for the weary missionary in his long journeys. No churches, no schools, no homes for priests. No homes for priests, do I say? None, my brethren, for they were rather headquarters than homes. That venerable pioneer whose memory is still green in this Diocese, whose remains rest beneath these walls, the Very Rev. Vicar-General Gordon, was one of few resident priests. He had been appointed pastor of Hamilton in November, 1846. This zealous missionary thus describes with characteristic modesty his share in these toils, and the early state of religion: "Well, my dear sir," he said to John Francis Maguire, "no doubt I had many a hard ride through the forest, and I often had to depend on my poor horse as my heavy eyelids closed while I

sat in the saddle overpowered with fatigue and want of sleep. But no matter what labor I had to undergo, I always received my reward in the faith and love of the people—their delight at seeing and hearing their priest—why, sir, it would raise my mare's spirits. And how they kept the faith! It was surprising. For years some would not see a priest; but still the faith was there in a mother's heart, and she would teach it to her children. We have lost some," he continued with a sigh, "for there were sheep without shepherds; but that we did not lose more and that we saved so many in times long gone by, is only to be attributed to the mercy of God, and the tenacity with which the Irish cling to their faith. Their devotion and their affection and their gratitude cheered me many a time, and made me forget fatigue and trouble of every kind. God bless them! they are a good people."

There were others. There was that settlement of strong-willed, hard-working Germans, whose thrift, whose industry, and whose powers of organization have contributed so much to the building up of religion and education in this Diocese. Not so numerous as their Irish co-religionists they concentrated themselves more, to their greater advantage. The prosperous County of Waterloo is their centre, though branches reach out to the neighboring County of Bruce. Their story is the same. Long before the Diocese was erected, towards the close of the thirties, St. Agatha had gone forth, and had been invoked in a little log house in a lonely clearing where now rises a flourishing village called after the martyr's name. Preston and St. Clement's come next in order, followed quickly by the now more important Church of Berlin. This district was served first by that zealous missionary, Father Schneider, then by Father Sandell, and about 1847 by a Jesuit Father named Father Caveng. From 1853, when the Jesuits were installed at Guelph, until 1858, the whole of the county was served by some of the Fathers. In 1858 came a saintly priest, pioneer of the zealous community of Resurrectionists who are now doing so much for religion and education in the Diocese. I should say, in and for the country. This was Father Eugene Funcken. But like St. Andrew, he was soon to make way for his more distinguished brother, Father Louis Funcken, a man renowned for his learning as well as for his other priestly virtues, a teacher and educationist of the highest type. He arrived some six years after. His first work in the country was his life work. With an energy which overcame tremendous difficulties, with a varied learning which enabled him to do the work of many, with a confidence in God and his cause which triumphed over everything, Father Funcken planted the seed of higher education, which, springing up and growing from more to more, now spreads its branches over the land. The fruit is to be found in the numbers of priests and of professional men who owe to the Venerable Dr. Funcken, and St. Jerome's College, which he established, their sound, Catholic education.

Again, my Brethren, there were


Scotch settlers. But why continue? Irish or German or Scotch, or whatever else they might be—they were all Catholic and Canadian. They had come to make their home here. They had taken up their abode in the dark forest. All that they had brought with them was their common faith, their common hope of better conditions, their common love of freedom, their willing, strong hands. These were the elements upon which religion was to work. It was the spring time, when the sowers went forth and sowed the seed; and, lo! in their train the flowers sprang up, the forest cleared away, and the desert blossomed as the rose. Things could not go on thus. In the celebrated neighboring cataract of Niagara is a power which when concentrated makes for a city's prosperity and a nation's material progress. So in the mountain torrent of the Church there is a power which, directing, illuminating and animating the spiritual energies of a people, tells for the continuity and advancement of religion. Religion may live a long time in the heart, and the embers of faith smoulder for years. But if religion is to continue from generation to generation; if its teaching is to be maintained and its power exercised, it needs that unmistakable organization and unity which can be found only in the episcopal office. Religion needs the Voice of Christ to teach it, the Hand of Christ to govern it, and the Sacrifice of Christ to sanctify it. It needs a bishop whose teaching, governing, and plenitude of priestly power are the voice, the hand and the Sacrifice of Christ. The temple needs a builder with full power and authority, by whose teaching, whose government, and whose sacred ministrations the faithful may be built together into an habitation of God in the Spirit." It, therefore, these scattered portions were to be framed together into the Church of Christ, then must they be brought into closer union with apostolic succession. The zealous missionaries felt this want. The Venerable Bishop De Charbonnel, of Toronto, had no sooner cast his eye over his vast Diocese, when he arrived in 1850, than he felt it. His first idea was to have a coadjutor who would reside in Hamilton until a separation could be made. In 1853 the Council of Quebec petitioned Rome for the erection of the two sees of Hamilton and London. The prayer was granted. And Father John Farrell, then pastor of Peterborough, was chosen as first Bishop of the new Diocese of Hamilton. Many of you, my brethren, remember him. He was not easily forgotten. His tall, handsome form, once seen, would live in memory. And for his heart and soul—the man—he was truly episcopal. He did not think so himself; for in his first pastoral he wrote as follows: "Although poor, miserable and incapable of any good by ourselves, nevertheless, with a pious reliance on the hand of Him who, despising as the Apostle informs us, the resources of human wisdom and human power, makes use of the weak things to confound the strong that no flesh may glory in his sight—after mature deliberation we resolved to submit to what we considered to be the will of God." It was not thus the people of Peterborough thought when parting with his Lordship. In their address they said: "We have only to look at the great exertions you have made in completing the presbytery and in the erection of chapels in remote parts of the mission, together with the establishment of our Separate Schools in the face of all kinds of prejudice raised by the enemies of religious education, to convince us of your anxiety at all times to advance both the spiritual and temporal wants of your people, frequently at great inconvenience and difficulties to yourself." Full of zeal, prudent, a judge of character, he was well fitted to wear the mitre and organize the new Diocese. Bishop Farrell was consecrated on Pentecost Sunday, May 11, 1856, at Kingston; and he entered into possession of his See on May 24. His first act was to consecrate the Diocese to "the ever Glorious and Blessed Virgin in the mystery of the Annunciation." To help in the severe work of serving his people he had two priests in the city, Fathers Gordon and Carayon, Father John O'Reilly at Dundas, Father Ryan at Brantford, Father Mesner at St. Clement's, Father Ebner, a Jesuit, at St. Agatha, and two Jesuit Fathers at Guelph. The only religious community of women was the Sisters of St. Joseph, who had charge of a

small orphanage. Schools, where were they? Or what were they? The task of organizing parishes and supplying priests, of fighting the great battle of religious education, of providing for the poor, the orphans, and the sick, of establishing foundations which live and flourish to this day; this was the work of the pioneer Bishop of Hamilton, the Right Rev. John Farrell, a man of renown, whose godly deeds have not failed and whose posterity is a holy inheritance, and whose seed hath stood in the covenants. His were days of struggle, of humble beginnings, of hidden foundations. What a contrast from the present time! To-day forty-three diocesan priests and eighteen priests of religious orders; forty churches with resident pastors and twenty-four mission chapels, two hospitals, five institutions for the needy, a well equipped college, three academies and fifty-one parochial schools. How did all this change come about? Whose work is this? Many have had a share in it—many who are not with us, whose names are written in the book of life, who would have wished to see this day, but who saw it only in hope. Many there are who quietly fulfilling their duty, bore in lonely parish and unremitting toil the heat and burden and contributed to this morning's glory. I speak not of these—nor of those heroic Jesuit missionaries who, on distant Manitoulin or Superior's northern shores, taught the world the value of an immortal soul, in their service of the poor Indians. But there are those to-day whom I cannot pass unnoticed. There is the revered Vicar-General of this Diocese, the Right Rev. Mgr. Heenan, whose work, whose name and whose memory will forever be associated with these fifty golden years—with the seed time and the harvest of the Diocese. There is the venerable Dean Laussier, the eldest priestly son of Hamilton, whose faithful service has told with more efficiency than eclair for the good of souls and the advancement of religion. And my own Community, the Basilians, presents the third, Father Granottier, whose memory goes back to the time when Owen Sound Mission covered the northern half of the Diocese. The good which these veterans have done will live after them. And what is better for us, Reverend Fathers, their example is an odor of sweetness for us all.

In the building of the temple of Solomon we read that it was built of stones hewed and made ready, so that there was neither hammer nor axe nor any tool of iron heard in the house when it was abuilding. So was it with the temple of Hamilton. The work went on without noise. Year succeeded year, and no change was noticeable. But the work was quietly advancing. Generosity is not noisy, nor is true zeal trumpet-tongued.

Throughout these fifty years the generosity of the faithful and the zeal of a devoted priesthood toiled steadily at this work of God. The temple, fair and well proportioned, grew in perfection as the stones were elevated to their place by the willing hands of skilful workmen. Bishops passed away leaving the walls higher up than they had found them. Then some seventeen years ago Your Lordship was installed Bishop of Hamilton. What a share you have had in the framing of this temple, in the organization and ministrations of this Diocese, will ever remain your joy, your crown and monument. Under your real St. Lawrence went down to the lake, and Mary the Mother away north to the distant, humble Indian settlement—and twenty-five others, patrons of the Churches erected under your Lordship's episcopate started forth. But this is not all. You saw the inception of this golden tide. Then afterwards, as priest, you took a noble share in the hidden sacrifices of a pastor's life. As Bishop you have to-day the happiness of placing the roof of glory upon that temple of which you have been to a large extent the high-minded, zealous architect. Your people rejoice with you, your devoted co-laborers, the clergy of Hamilton, rejoice with you. Your brethren of the episcopate rejoice with you. Rome, through its Delegate, rejoices with you upon this auspicious occasion. We all sincerely congratulate you and pray God to spare you for many years to govern the Diocese whose interests you have advanced so well. And as we look back to-day, with gratitude and praise rise from this altar to the one Bishop who alone could give the harvest, who alone can claim the glory. Eternal

(Continued on page 5.)



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The Transfer Books will be closed from the 21st to the 31st May, both days inclusive.

The Annual Meeting of Shareholders will be held at the Head Office of the Bank on Tuesday, the 20th day of June, 1906, the chair to be taken at noon.

By order of the Board.

Toronto, May 16th, 1906.

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A VALIANT WIFE

(By James Connolly in Donahoe's.)

It was Tom Moore with his "Lalla Rookh" that first filled my boyish fancy, my head and heart, with infinite longings to see something of the charms of "that delightful province of the Sun." So I still lacked two years of being out of my teens when I shipped as able seaman in the clipper ship "Chieftain," bound for Calcutta. She was commanded by Captain Stephen Maguire, who for all his deep water dignity and quarterdeck aristocratic airs had a look of instinctive kindness on his manly, bronzed face. There were unmistakable indications of masterful physical strength in the swing and poise of his athletic six feet stature. We knew, too, that the judicious use of this strength had been chiefly instrumental in winning his way, at thirty-five, to the command of such a ship as the Chieftain.

But it was not the beauty of our fine new ship and the robust competence of our captain that gave such hopeful promise of a pleasant voyage. This came for the most part from the appearance of a woman who was driven up to the gangway in a carriage, and helped on board the Chieftain by the mate and captain, half an hour before we put to sea on that bleak March morning. The lady was Mrs. Maguire, the captain's wife.

A March nor'wester has a rare skill in deepening the rose tints on a woman's cheek, more especially if she be running off shore before it, looking back wistfully at the facing landscape astern as she leans on the arm of her sailor husband.

A record of that passage, however interesting to the nautical-minded, would lack sufficient entertainment for the great majority whose fancy or feeling seldom goes down to the sea in ships. So it must suffice to say of our passage that it was as pleasant as such passages possibly can be, all the way. There were times, of course, "running the eastern down," far south, among the great ice islands, before the heavy westerly gales and mountainous seas, when it seemed that even the Chieftain must be overwhelmed. Yet even then a chance glimpse of Mrs. Maguire's face through a window gave one fresh courage. The cheerful influence which radiates from one centre was never more gratefully felt than during that three months' passage from Sandy Hook. And when the Chieftain hoisted her main topsail to the mast off the mouth of the Hoogly River, to take one of those high and mighty Calcutta pilots on board, every man of the twenty-two of us in her fore-castle wished the passage had been a month or two longer.

On board the big side-wheel tug which towed the Chieftain up the Mahomedan's "sacred stream" there was more profanity in one day, amongst her officers in driving her crew of thirty native lascars around deck than there had been on board our ship for the whole passage. But the instability of human growth, upward, was never more palpably seen or felt than in our case. It ended in fact on the day we got the ship moored to the buoys in the muddy river abreast of the "city of palaces" and Mrs. Maguire went on shore with her husband to stop at the Great Eastern Hotel. From that hour the light seemed to have gone out of the ship, and we lapsed back into the old, rude, seafaring ways.

The scorching heat and miasmatic atmosphere of the riverside fens intensified the gloom and unrest. By the time our outward cargo was discharged seven men were laid up in the fore-castle on Dr. Burke's hands. He came on board every morning, good soul, to treat his patients, his pleasant discourse and rollicking ways mitigating more pains than his prescriptions.

We had not seen Captain Maguire come on board, as was his custom of a morning, for several days after the loading of our homeward cargo was begun. This, of course, naturally bred conjectures that something had befallen him. We dare not ask any of our officers, and the doctor was simply deaf to our appeals for information as to what had happened. When the ship was nearly loaded we were told that a severe attack of the cholera had left Captain Maguire a mere physical wreck. There was talk of the Consul General appointing a new captain, our mate not having sufficient navigation to take the ship home. But Mrs. Maguire protested against having her husband sent home by steamer, and applied for appointment to sail the ship home herself. The other American captains in port took up her case, assuring the Consul General that though a woman she was a thorough navigator, and sufficiently skilled in seamanship to take the ship home quite as well as any one of themselves. He at first laughed at the idea of putting a woman in charge of such a ship. But when he came to talk with her on the matter he soon saw that the captains were right. She furthermore assured him that this was the only means of getting her husband home alive. This last appeal settled his consent, and he bade her go ahead and have her own way.

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Mrs. Stephen E. Strong, Berwick, N.H., writes: "I have used Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup for Asthma, and have found it to be a grand medicine, always giving quick relief. We would not be without a bottle of it in the house."

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The American captains attended to all the business of getting the ship ready for sea, but Mrs. Maguire had to appear in the custom house herself to sign her clearance papers. Her invalid husband was carried on board in a sedan chair, on the afternoon of the day prior to our sailing. Burke and his Baboo accompanied the party, bringing on board a fresh supply of medicines for the voyage. We could hardly realize that the pale, spent invalid in the chair was our strapping, robust captain of a couple of months ago. Yet with his wife, somewhat thinner, and with face saddened and pale by her cares, came back the light which had gone out of the ship with her.

The new pilot with his crew of lascars was on board next morning by three o'clock, and at sunrise had the ship unmoored and waited out to a buoy in mid-stream, hanging by a single hawser ready for a start. With the sea pilot and tug came the fine American captians. The start was made at once, ere the seven beach-comers come to take the places of the four deserters and three who died from our fore-castle, had time to put away their scanty outfits for the voyage. They were still dazed from their last orgy, and Mr. Harding, our second mate, made slow headway in shaking a little life into them. Mr. Inches, our mate, charged him to be cautious and not to let Captain Maguire see any of his drastic handling of the men.

"Ay, ay, sir!" came the answer, "that's the devil of havin' a woman capt'n."

Abreast of Garden Beach his friends carried the invalid on deck, to a slightly place on top of the after-house, under the double awnings. There his wife sat by him most of the forenoon, leaving the care of her ship to their friends. The freshets were still strong, and there was therefore some danger in making the shorter turns round the several quicksands, with a twenty-five foot draft ship. But Sand Heads was reached in safety an hour before sunset. All sail had been made on the ship before the time for letting go the hawser had come.

Then cordial good-byes were said by the captains and a safe and quick passage home wished to Mrs. Maguire as her friends got on board the big pilot's barge alongside, manned by a dozen uniformed lascars, and put out to the waiting tug. The barge returned to the captain's gangway and took the pilot off. Mrs. Maguire now stood alone on her ship. A light land breeze, together with the off shore current flowing ever seaward from the mouth of the great river, bore us down the bay at a speed of five knots. For a brief moment her woman's heart must have failed the captain. How could she rule all these rough men, and sail her ship safely round the world, through gale, calm, current and climate of every zone? And at the same time nurse and doctor as best she could her poor sick husband? With a desperate effort she summoned up her resolute will, and looked confidently aloft to see that the yards were trimmed shipshape. She started on a brisk walk fore and aft the weather side of the poop, as she had so often seen her husband do on such occasions, and the exercise presently redoubled her confidence in herself. She remembered other women who had done far more dangerous and difficult things than sailing a ship to New York.

"Have both anchors taken in on the rail, or leave 'em in the shoes, s---er Captain?" questioned the mate, touching his hat as he looked up at her from the main deck.

"Best take the lee one on the rail and let the weather hang in the shoe yet a while, sir!"

"Ay, ay, s---er-Captain!"

The half dozen outward bound ships were now well under steege way, and the highest far enough off for her to go below a few seconds for a word with her husband. She could trust their faithful Japanese steward Keto who had sailed four years with them to give the patient medicine on time.

By midnight we were down past the lightship. As the weather was settled and barometer steady, Mrs. Maguire felt safe in leaving Harding in charge of the deck, with orders to call her on the first sign of any change and to watch the sidights, log, and heave the lead every hour.

Her mind was too preoccupied with anticipations of things that might happen, for rest or sleep that night. She stole softly up and down the after-companionway every few minutes for a look around at the weather, and ahead at the monsoon woosack clouds piling up higher and higher as the sultry moonlit night waned. A frequent trip into the chart room, to study over courses and distances, and another look into the sailing directions of the bay—as helps to a final

decision upon the best tack to put the ship on when the monsoon struck in with a rush—varied the weary monotony. Her husband, when she quietly drew the mosquito bar of his cot aside to see how he was resting, volunteered advice upon this problem. But with finger to her lips she signalled him to silence lest the effort might impede his recovery in the least.

The toast and cup of strong coffee which the steward brought her from the galley at daylight refreshed and stimulated her. Seven bells in the morning watch (half-past seven) had scarcely struck when the pile of woosack clouds which had stood still all night started on a lively movement up the bay. Mrs. Maguire presently heard the sudden sound of the coming wind and rain. The ship was diving head on into the long swell. It was high time to shorten sail and otherwise prepare for the oncoming burst of the storm. "Clew up your royals fore and aft and down all light fore and aft sails, Mr. Inches."

The men sprang to obey ere the mate had repeated her orders. But in her eagerness to make every mile of offing possible with the land breeze she had hung on to her "flying kites" a little too long. The men had not got above the tops on their run aloft to furl the royals when the monsoon struck the ship, like the blow of a heavy wet blanket. "Hard starboard ye'r wheel, helmman!" she ordered firmly. "Call all hands, trim sail, Mr. Inches. Brace her sharp up to the starboard tack, sir." The watch below had been already called to breakfast and jumped out on the run, and amid the deafening shock of flapping sails, soon had the reeling ship braced up and trimmed down to the strong breeze. By the middle of the forenoon it came so heavy that we could show nothing above an upper topsail to it.

We kept one another awake all that forenoon watch below, discussing the "old woman's" equipment for captain. By eight bells we had rated her "one-one-three-three," the highest class given any ship or master, by any fore-castle tribunal. And those who know something of what goes to make up the most competent master or mate know also that there is no more unerring tribunal than the ship's fore-castle, on points of seamanship.

The pitching and diving bows under into the high head sea seemed to revive the invalid.

"Let her go on the starboard tack, Molly, over under the lee of the Andaman Islands," he advised her. "Have smoother water and less head current."

"Yes, dear, but pray don't bother your poor sick head about such things."

"Have to watch your barometer and the weather, Molly, as a cat watches a mouse, or we reach over on that east coast of the bay. Comin' on toward change of the monsoon now, an' it's the worst place outdoors for cyclones."

"Please don't worry about such things, Steve. Mr. Inches is of himself a whole weather bureau, in these waters. Lift the Captain back in his cot, please, steward."

Over nearer the Siam coast we did not pick up the favorable slants of wind which a case study of Findlay's sailing directions, and her husband's teaching, had led Mrs. Maguire to hope for. But the sea grew smoother, and on the third day out the ship was able to show her three royals to the steady breeze. During the eleven days anxious beating down the bay there was little change in Captain Maguire's health. Nearly every day, just after dinner, when the weather was fine, Inches and Harding carried him in his cot up the forward companionway to the lee side of the cockpit. There his wife read to him, or conversed with him as his moods changed, with an occasional eye cast aloft at the weather leech of the mizen-royal to see that the helmsman was minding his steering. Mrs. Maguire had by this time got her sea legs so well on from walking the decks in her watches out that she had become habituated to the spread rolling step. When she had her ship well swelled of the southeast trades, with a twelve-knot breeze piping over the quarter, she strode the decks in the sharp lurches as steadily as the best man of them. She was now master of the situation in fact as well as in spirit, even though her physical strength was not quite what she could wish. Yet with the ship averaging little short of three hundred miles a day there were some bright moments of anticipation in her life. The swinging cot which she had the carpenter rig up kept her husband from feeling the greater part of the pitching and lurching, even while she drove the ship so hard as to keep the main deck so flooded that the watches on deck were driven aft on the poop with their work.

"Best not drive her too hard, Molly," warned the invalid one day when she was giving him his medicine. "She'd go 'bout s' fast with the royals in, I guess, 'n' give the Mauritius a wide berth. Worst hurricanes it ever blow gyrate thereabouts. You r'emember, sweetheart, 'twas of there we had all three sticks blown out of the Electric by the board, and Captain Farnell and eight men swept overboard. 'Twas rigging jury masts and getting the ship home under 'em, under such difficulties, that made me master so young, Molly."

"Of course I remember the happiest days of my life, Steve, dear." For the first time since he was taken ill she laughed out at the vivid remembrance of a variety of delightful happenings shortly following his promotion.

Running down the trades the captain of course left Harding in charge of the deck, as she had always seen her husband do. But even there she slept in her clothes, with one eye open, "ready for a jump." Yet by the time she sighted the east end of Madagascar and passed over into the Mozambique channel she was pretty well rested for the hardest taste of

her voyage, soon to come.

On her husband's advice Mrs. Maguire reached over toward the African coast, so as to strike the southwest La Ghulas current off Natal. She sighted the mountains a little to the westward, and in the variable winds worked down handsomely into the current, in sight of land, toward the stormy cape. New heavy-weather sails were bent, and extra lashings held all things movable about decks. The carpenter fitted heavy storm doors and screwed them on to the cabin, fore-castle and galley doors, and put skylight and window shutters in shape.

The ship herself lifted her bows with a stately, heroic defiance to the first of the long southwest swell that came rolling up past Port Elizabeth. But when some days later, she, under two lower topsails in a sou'west gale, lugged heaving into the lopping walled sea, on the outer edge of La Ghulas bank, she looked to be getting the worst of the fight.

In her husband's sou'wester, long oilskin coat, and rubber boots, Mrs. Maguire stood or walked the poop, with the tremendous hail and rain squalls pelting her in the face.

The brief calms following those two gales, which the Chieftain weathered bravely, were worse than the gales. With no wind to steady her, she rolled and slatted in the trough of that terrible short sea so as to almost tear Mrs. Maguire out of her husband's boots. During the worst of it she could simply sit on the deck clinging to ringbolt or bithead with both hands, looking aloft at the tossing, quivering spars.

The men in their moments of leisure, on deck or below, had an inexhaustible theme of interest in their "handsome captain." At the tail end of the last gale, when the starboard watch, after being up nearly all their watch below, wearing ship and making sail, were sent below, Ned Seely knocked down and jumped on Bill Dockery for calling her "a bloody, man-killin' hamphitrite."

The Chieftain lay wallowing in the topping sea, within sight of Cape La Ghulas light, when a southeaster sprang up. It first showed itself in ripples on the blue sides of the over-topping seas, and then struck upward into the slatting sails, freshening as the leaden dabs of cloud overspread the metallic blue overhead. With her three royals aboard the Chieftain was bowling off her eight knots on her course, ere one of the fleet of half a score of foreigners in sight had started to turn out their reefs. In the last hour of the middle watch, with the light broad on her starboard beam, she swung aloft to the northwest around the stormy cape.

The wind held steady all next day and night, and then settled into the regular southeast trades of the South Atlantic. Mrs. Maguire looked, and felt, like one from whose shoulders some intolerable burden had been lately removed. She left the business of fitting and cleaning the ship up for her seamanlike appearance all to her officers. So steady blew the trades that during the three thousand miles run up to the equator neither brace, tack, or sheet was started. So Mrs. Maguire had the most part of that fortnight to devote to the better care of her husband.

The tranquil aspect of these seas and skies, never yet known to have been ruffled by storm or lashed to fatal rage by hurricane or cyclone, were peculiarly pleasing and restful to both. But to Mrs. Maguire's grief, her husband, for all his quiet pleasantries of talk, seemed to grow weaker.

"I don't wonder a mite at your love of these quiet, lazy latitudes, Molly," he bantered, "but a man must have the spur and stimulus of the snow storm and freezing nor'west gale to brace him up."

"When he's well, Steve dear. Come, sit up now," putting an arm under his neck to help him, "it's time to take your medicine."

"Let me lift him for you, Captain Maguire," said Harding, who had the watch on deck, coming to her aid.

To avoid the calms and baffling airs of the more usual crossing, Captain Maguire ran her ship several degrees further west. She sighted Cape St. Roque, swung short around it in the north west current, and ran out of the southeast into the northeast trades without taking in her topmast studding sail. Sighting the island of Barbadoes she coasted up the east side of the Windward Islands, with all the wind piping in over her starboard quarter that she could swing her royals to.

Things ran as lively and smoothly, too, with her officers and men in their strenuous duties of tarring-down, scraping, oiling, varnishing, painting and polishing the ship. There was no spot about the ship in which Mrs. Maguire might look without seeing herself. A couple more coats of oil on the spars and polished decks were the finishing touches, as we fanned up the "horse latitudes." Then new sails were bent for the final home-coming struggle.

The cool snap of a norther blowing up off Bermuda gave the invalid captain a bit more strength. Inches and Harding were as happy and proud of their ship in her spotless beauty as any bridegroom of his bride. But the heavy northwest gale and thick snow-storm, lasting forty-eight hours, which struck the Chieftain a little north of Cape Hatteras, put a damper on all their ardor. To the worst of this Captain Maguire, again in her husband's oilskins and rubber boots, swung her two lower topsails and foretopmast staysail reaching offshore into the western edge of the Gulf Stream, where she hove her ship to in the strength of the current and let her drift to windward. The sea here was, of course, simply tremendous, but the Chieftain could stand it, and Captain Maguire was in a hurry home.

It was a bitter cold nor'west gale into which the wind blew, after the last blinding snow squall, followed by a steely glare on the horizon. This

was about sunset, and the wind presently hauled northerly again. By her dead reckoning Sandy Hook was now bearing about west. To "ware ship" in such a sea was a trial from which many a seasoned captain would have shrunk. But Captain Maguire knew from a certain sort of human sympathy that her ship was good for it. So mounting the top of the after-house, whence she could see out over the thick, low bank of vapor shrouding the surface of the sea, she sang out: "All hands ware ship there, sir."

"Ay, ay, sir—er-Capt'n!" answered Inches, who had the watch on deck, running down to call Harding, after repeating the captain's orders to his watch. But he stood aghast a brief moment at her next order to "loose the inner jib" in such a gale. Yet he soon saw that she had adopted about the only sure and safe way of getting the ship's head off in safe season in such a sea. She could see the tops of the combers out over the bank, and when the last of three of the biggest had broken, grasping the monkey rail tighter with both hands she ordered: "Up helm, lively, men! Hoist away your jib, sir, and stand by to square in the after yards."

Her orders were promptly obeyed. The jib was hauled down and furled, and save the clipping of one great sea that gutted the fore-castle galley and carpenter's shop, the ship came to handsomely on the starboard tack. During the night sail was crowded on as the gale moderated. Before noon of next day she was well in shore of the gulf. With a good morning sight, and meridian altitude of the sun, Captain Maguire was enabled to get her true position on the chart. Well in on sounding, the sea had gone down so that with her three royals set the ship logged nine knots in the first day watch.

Throughout the clear night the number of green and red sidights and bright masthead lights of steamers, in sight from the Chieftain's decks, increased. In the colder wind, towards morning, freezing the flying spray on the head-gear, the watch on deck already sniffed a flavor of land. Inches had the morning watch on deck and just after five bells, was himself first to sight the pilot boat's flash-light on the weather beam. But he did not call Captain Maguire just then. There would be pilots and pilots on such a morning, when she came out at seven bells. A little later he could see the same pilot boat shake out her reefs, and crack on all sail in chase of them. By eight bells she was within hailing distance on the ship's weather quarter. There were half a dozen brocuars turned on Captain Maguire when she came up the after-companion and began her morning walk.

"Yes, we want a pilot," she answered to their hail. After the customary exchange of greetings with the pilot, and learning from him that her reckoning was "about right," such a change came over her as she went slowly down the after-companion that you could scarcely recognize her as the same Captain Maguire who had brought that ship home.

The news of Mrs. Maguire's taking the ship had reached home by mail more than a month ahead of her. So there were scores of fine carriages strung along the pier, their occupants eagerly waiting for the Chieftain to get close enough to afford them a sight of this female prodigy, her captain, escorted by the collector of the port and several of his officials, who came on board the ship, and extended to Mrs. Maguire their congratulations and appreciative recognition of her heroic achievement. Scarcely had she modestly replied, and heartily welcomed them on board the Chieftain, when others, and still others, came crowding, expressing like feelings and sentiments toward this heroine of the sea. Invitations to have their guests she regretted to have



Glady Tells About It.

STRATFORD, ONT.  
I am glad you have an agent in this city. I have seen several instances where Pastor Koenig's Nerve Tonic has been used with great benefit.  
REV. E. D. KILROY, D.D.  
N. SYDNEY, N. S.  
While recovering from a broken leg, I was attacked by nervous prostration, presumably due to the shock of the fall. A year twelve months I was still in the same condition. Had poor appetite, could not sleep or work, not even sex or read, was troubled with melancholia. Then I began to take Pastor Koenig's Nerve Tonic and grew steadily better. Am now in good health and spirits. My son knows that Mr. J. Cullen of West Point was also cured by the Tonic of Vertigo, to which he was very much subject. I also learned of a little girl in Mulgrave, Nova Scotia, being cured of St. Vitus Dance by the Tonic.

A Valuable Book on Nervous Diseases and a Sample Bottle to any address. Four patients also get the medicine free. Prepared by the REV. FATHER KOENIG, of Fort Wayne, Ind., since 1876, and now by the

FREE KOENIG MED. CO., CHICAGO, ILL.  
Sold by Druggists at \$1.00 per bottle, 6 for \$5.00. Agents in Canada—The LYMAN BROS. & CO., LTD., TORONTO; THE WINGATE CHEMICAL CO., LTD., MONTREAL.

to decline. For the present she would have to go with her husband to the marine hospital. Then as soon as she could leave him for a day or two, she must go to Philadelphia to see their three children, whom they had left in care of the Sisters at the Dominican School. But later when his health was better, she would thankfully accept their courtesies.

When the customs officers, helping the invalid captain, close buttoned in his long English topcoat, up the forward companion, showed their heads, the reporters fell upon them.

Comfortably seated in the collector's roomy carriage, the Maguires, driven by the liveried coachman, were given the lead up. Inches and Harding had mustered all hands on the Chieftain's topgallant fore-castle, and, as the procession of carriages moved ahead, they gave three cheers for Mrs. Captain Maguire.

A Cure for Rheumatism.—The intrusion of uric acid into the blood vessels is a fruitful cause of rheumatic pains. This irregularity is owing to a deranged and unhealthy condition of the liver. Anyone subject to this painful affection will find a remedy in Parneley's Vegetable Pills. Their action upon the kidneys is pronounced and most beneficial, and by restoring healthy action, they correct impurities in the blood.

Do You Often Laugh ?

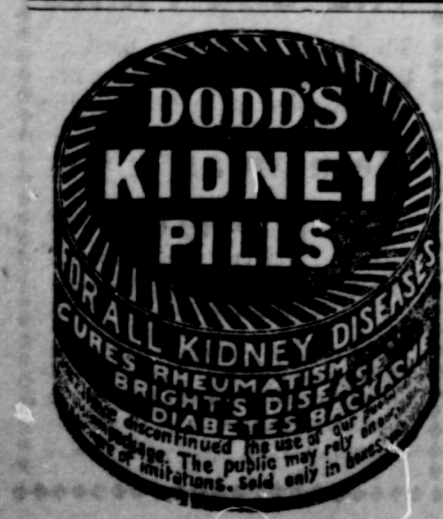
Don't forget to laugh. Laugh when you are happy; laugh when you are amused; laugh at yourself for being bored. There is always something to laugh at, and even when one is reduced to laughing at oneself that is very much better than to be "glum." This is what laughter does for a woman: It keeps her heart young; it makes her like people for the sake of the pleasure they give her, and they in turn like her; it makes her steps buoyant; it keeps her eyes bright; it keeps her face from wrinkling; it is a beautifier second to no other one; it does for the muscles of the face what exercise does for those of the body—keeps them supple and prevents them from falling into those stiff and settled lines which mean old age.

There is no situation in life, except of course the inevitable tragic moments, that may not be lettered by laughter. It is hard to burlesque one's griefs and annoyances, but it can be done, and it is worth doing. To travesty one's emotions and to make a mockery of one's annoyances may not seem to be the highest form of philosophy, but it is not so low a one as to fret over trials and grow pessimistic over personal woes.

FIFTH MONTH 31 DAYS THE Blessed Virgin May 1906

DAY OF MONTH	DAY OF WEEK	COLOR OF VESTIMENT	
1	T.	r.	SS. Phillip and James, Apostles.
2	W.	r.	S. Athanasius, Finding of the Holy Cross.
3	F.	w.	S. Monica.
4	S.	w.	S. Pius V.
<b>Third Sunday After Easter</b>			
6	Su.	w.	Patronage of S. Joseph.
7	M.	w.	S. Benedict II., Pope.
8	T.	w.	Apparition of S. Michael.
9	W.	w.	S. Gregory Nazianzen.
10	Th.	w.	S. Antoninus.
11	F.	r.	S. Alexander.
12	S.	r.	SS. Nereus and Companions.
<b>Fourth Sunday After Easter</b>			
13	Su.	r.	S. Stanislaus, Bp. and M.
14	M.	w.	S. Pashal I., Pope.
15	T.	w.	S. John Baptist de la Salle.
16	W.	w.	S. Ubaldu.
17	Th.	r.	S. John Nepoauene.
18	F.	r.	S. Venantius.
19	S.	w.	S. Peter Celestine.
<b>Fifth Sunday After Easter</b>			
20	Su.	w.	Fifth Sunday After Easter.
21	M.	w.	Rogation Day. S. Felix of Cantaloc.
22	T.	w.	Rogation Day. S. Paschal Baylon.
23	W.	w.	Rogation Day. S. John Baptist de Rossi.
24	Th.	w.	Ascension Day [of Obligation.]
25	F.	w.	S. Gregory VII., Pope.
26	S.	w.	S. Phillip Neri.
<b>Sixth Sunday After Easter</b>			
27	Su.	r.	S. John I., Pope M.
28	M.	r.	S. Urban I., Pope, M.
29	T.	w.	S. Boniface IV., Pope.
30	W.	r.	S. Felix I., Pope, M.
31	Th.	w.	Octave of the Ascension.

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The HOME CIRCLE

THE CORNERSTONES OF SUCCESS.

There are three or four words of counsel I would like to leave burning in your memories to-night.

The first may be expressed in this form: Get all the education you can. Seize every opportunity to strengthen your minds.

Within the last thirty years there has grown up a movement in this country which is of the deepest moment.

This is the movement for adult education, taking such various forms as evening schools, lectures, concerts, art exhibitions, courses in applied science and the extended use of public libraries.

I urge you not to let these golden opportunities slip through your fingers.

A NICE CHOICE OF WORDS.

When the Hansons took Nora Lanthan as maid of all work they knew that she was ignorant of many other things than household work.

Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills

At this season of the year as at no other the importance of pure blood is brought home to the minds of most people.

Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills are especially suitable as a spring medicine, because they act directly on the liver and kidneys and enliven the action of these great blood-filtering organs.

Except by the action of the liver and kidneys, there is no means by which the poisonous impurities can be removed from the blood.

Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills should not be confused with medicines which merely act on the bowels.

Put Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills to the test and you will avoid the usual ills and weaknesses of spring.

wedding cake ever seen in Spain. The English custom was introduced by King Alfonso as a compliment to his bride.

The lower tier is divided into eight panels, separated by Corinthian columns and is surmounted by Cupids disguised as postmen and messengers.

There are four panels on the second tier. In the centre of each is a shield with the monogram "A. V." surrounded by the Spanish crown.

A gold knife with an ivory handle two feet long, accompanies the cake and will be used to cut it for presentation to the guests.

THE OWL TUNES.

A boy we had belongin' us, an och, but he was gay, An' we'd sooner hear him singin' than we'd hear the birds in May.

Music is delutherin', ye'll hear the people say, The more they be deludered then the better is their case;

Oh, Hughie had the music, but there come on him a change, He should ha' stayed the boy he was an' never grown a man;

WHAT THE BLESSED MOTHER LOOKED LIKE.

The Abbe of Orsini, dipping his brushes in the colors of tradition, has painted for us a picture of the Bride of the Holy Ghost.

Her color, slightly darkened by the sun of her country, had the rich tint of ripe ears of corn; her hair was golden and waving; her eyes large and bright, with olive-colored depths;

Her eyebrows black and arched; her nose aquiline; her lips rosy; the shape of her face a delicate oval.

Her beauty and intelligence of God's most beloved creature were inferior to her transcendent virtues, which the saintly writers of old never tired enumerating and extolling.

Attracted towards good by a sweet and natural inclination, her pure and innocent actions were like those coats of snow which are silently heaped upon the lofty summits of the mountains, adding purity to purity and whiteness to whiteness, until a dazzling cone is raised upon which the light loves to linger, but which forces man to turn his eyes away as from the sun.

Parents buy Mother Graves' Worm Exterminator because they know it is a safe medicine for their children and an effectual expeller of worms.

CHILDREN'S CORNER

SEEN' THINGS AT NIGHT.

I ain't afraid uv snakes, or toads, or bugs, or worms, or mice. An' thinks 'a' girls are skeered uv I think are awful nice!

Sometimes they're in the corner, sometimes they're by the door, Sometimes they're all a-standing in the middle of the floor;

Once, when I licked a feller 'at had just moved on our street, An' father sent me up to bed without a bite to eat.

Lucky thing I ain't a girl, or I'd be skeered to death! Bein' a boy, I duck my head an' hold my breath;

An' so, when other naughty boys would ool coax me into sin I try to skwush the Tempter's voice 'at urges me within;

FAMOUS BOYS.

A boy used to crush the flowers to get their color and painted the white side of his father's cottage in Tyrol with all sorts of pictures, which the mountaineer gazed at as wonderful.

A German boy was reading a blood and thunder novel. Right in the midst of it he said to himself: "Now, this will never do. I get too much excited over it. I can't study so well after it. So here goes!"

FORCE OF HABIT.

Ned was watching grandpa put on his shoes. "Why do you turn 'em over to shake 'em before you put 'em on?" he asked.

"Why did you do it there?" "To shake out scorpions and centipedes or other vermin that might be hidden in them."

"It's a very strong thing," said grandpa. "Remember that, my boy. A habit is a chain that grows stronger every day, and it seems as if a bad habit grows stronger and faster than a good one."

EVERY WATCH A COMPASS.

It is not generally known that with the aid of the sun every watch may be utilized as a thoroughly reliable compass. All that is necessary is to lay the watch flat in the palm of the hand and turn it carefully so that the hour hand points exactly in the line towards the sun, and a point just midway between the hour hand and the figure 12 will be directly south.

SIX TREASURES.

Little words in love expressed, Little wrongs at once confessed, Little favors kindly done, Little toils thou didst not shun,

"Mamma, which star is yours," asked Kitty. "What do you mean?" "Well, we were looking at the stars last night, and Mary pointed to one and said, 'That is Mars, and I thought that if her mother owned,

BE A MAN.

When a great man was asked as to what one thing he most attributed his success, he answered: "To the simple admonition of my father to be 'a man.'" When I started to the country school he said to me, 'Jim, be a man.'

A little Topera girl came home from church the other day and was asked what the minister's text was. "I know it all right," she asserted. Well, repeat it," her questioner demanded.

UNCLE BILLY'S LEGACY.

Mrs. Stevens was very busy. It was cooking day, the hardest day of all the week at her house. Consequently her manner was far from agreeable as she went to answer a knock at the door.

"Is this the county poor-farm?" inquired the caller. "Yes, sir," came the curt reply. "Have you a man here by the name of Reynolds—William Reynolds?"

"Well, Uncle Billy," said the other smilingly, "my name is Martin. I'm a lawyer from Castleton."

"Then I ain't got any relative now. He was the last one," asserted Uncle Billy, sobbery.

"To me! What'd he leave it to me for? I don't want it." The lawyer laughed heartily at the old man's excitement.

"Well, Uncle Billy, I will leave you to think the matter over. If everybody felt as you do about money, I'm afraid we lawyers would have a hard time of it."

When the man of law had departed, Uncle Billy stood very still by the window and his eyes were dim and misty as he looked lovingly on the well-known scene spread out before him. Forty years had William Reynolds lived beneath that roof.

A WOMAN'S BACK IS THE MAINSPRING OF HER PHYSICAL SYSTEM.

No woman can be strong and healthy unless the kidneys are well, and regular in their action. When the kidneys are ill, the whole body is ill, for the poisons which the kidneys ought to have filtered out of the blood are left in the system.

DOAN'S KIDNEY PILLS

They act directly on the kidneys, and make them strong and healthy. Mrs. Mary Galley, Auburn, N.S., writes: "For over four months I was troubled with a lame back and was unable to turn in bed without help."

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"SALADA"

CEYLON TEA Always of High and Uniform Quality. Lead Packets Only 25c, 30c, 40c, 50c and 60c per lb. At all grocers.

HIGHEST AWARD ST. LOUIS, 1904

in the autumn. No bird ever built a nest in the front yard without his knowing it; no flower grew in the garden that he did not care for and protect.

"Why, Uncle Billy," exclaimed Mrs. Stevens, "to think that you should be without a cent this morning, an' worth ten thousand dollars now. You didn't dream of any such good luck, did you?"

"No, o' course not, an' I shouldn't think you'd want to. Who ever heard of anybody wantin' to stay on a poor-farm when they'd got a chance to live respectable?"

"What was money to him? Never had he known what it was to have the luxuries of life; he was accustomed to the barest necessities. Therefore, he had long since ceased to care for those things which riches place within the reach of man.

"I hear you've had an inheritance fall to you," said Mr. Howard, by way of greeting.

"I can refuse it, can't I, an' stay at the farm just as I have done?" "No, that wouldn't be possible."

"Well, you see, it's the county money that's supportin' you. Every man in the county is taxed to keep the poor-farm a-ruddin'.

"What do you want to board there for? Can't you find a better place than a poor-farm?"

"I didn't know you felt that way about it, Uncle Billy," said Mr. Howard, feelingly. "I'd be glad to let you stay there, but I really don't see how I can do it. You know how crowded it is now, an' there are two more comin' next week. I don't see where in the world we can put 'em, as it is, an' if you should stay it would only make it worse. I'll tell you what you can do, though. You may come here to board. Then you can go over there 'an' visit as often as you want to."

"That's real good of you, Mr. Howard. That'd be the next best thing, an' I don't doubt but what you're doin' all you can for me. There won't nothin' take the place, though,

o' my old room up under the eaves." Before the overseer could reply Uncle Billy had reached the door. Mr. Howard followed him outside.

"I suppose you've heard o' what's happened to me?" he said, coming up beside her.

"I should 'a' asked you to go to the minister's with me, an' then we'd 'a' got a little house somewhere an' set up together. You always understood me, an' I know we should 'a' got along first-rate. But it's too late for that now. I ain't got but a few more years; I'm gettin' old, you know. I'd always hoped, though, that we could stay under the same roof until the end."

"Here's the lawyer come to see you again," she said. Mr. Martin followed her into the room, and took the old man's hand in a friendly grasp.

"I guess there ain't no other way but to take it," he replied, slowly. "The Lord knows I don't want it, but it seems to be the only way. I don't see what I've done, that this trouble should come upon me. I know some folks 'd be glad to have this money, an' I wish they had it instead o' me."

"Then you can look at it that way if you wish," said Mr. Martin. "Since I was here before they have found a later will, bequeathing the property to another. So, you see, some one else is going to take the burden off your shoulders."

"Do you mean that I ain't got to have the money after all?" "Yes; everything is just the same as it was before I first came."

Supremely happy, Uncle Billy stood there, dazed, trembling, with his features reflecting a message of gratitude. The tears coursed at will down the withered cheeks, and he had not the strength to wipe them away. Finally he gasped, half in whisper:

"Bless you for them words, Mister, Providence is kinder after all; I could not be happier if heaven was opened right up before my eyes."

Then, walking a little unsteadily over to the corner where Blind Harriet was sitting, he raised her thin and wrinkled hand to his lips, with a simple grace that was suggestive rather of royal halls than of those poor and cheerless surroundings.—David Carroll Gale in the New England Magazine.

Her Golden Jubilee.

Sister Ignatia, Mother Superior of the Sisters of St. Joseph in London, has just celebrated her golden jubilee at Mount St. Joseph, in company with the other members of the order.

Sister Ignatia has been over 38 years in London, and for 34 years has been Superior of the Order. On her jubilee she received the congratulations of almost the entire clergy of the diocese, from Bishop Melv down to the humblest curate, for to all she is known as one of the most gifted women in Catholic orders in Canada.

Monuments to her wonderful executive ability and business qualities are to be seen in the Mount Hope Orphan Asylum, St. Joseph's Hospital, and Mount St. Joseph, all of which she acquired and has conducted successfully.

The Catholic Register

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Joseph Coolahan is authorized to collect among our Toronto Subscribers.

TORONTO, MAY 24, 1906.

DOGMA.

There is some comfort to be found in the spiritual unrest outside the Church. We assume that there is such unrest. It is too evident. It is found in magazine articles, in trials for so called heresy, in the various attempts at union. But manifestations are more plentiful than the remedies. To find a remedy for a spiritual ailment is difficult. Who will minister to a mind diseased? One remedy proposed by some of the would-be non-denominational leaders is no dogma. A certain writer claims that "Christianity is greater than dogma and more important than its sects." What nonsense men can write when they dabble in the great deep subject of religion. They will leave electricity and radium to experts. But from the time when private judgment was nailed to the mast as a first principle then every penny-a-liner feels fully prepared to criticize religion and assault the Church. The present is, however, a case in which the Church is only indirectly attacked. Dogma never stood in good repute amongst Protestants. It sounds too much like authority to please them; and it indicates demand for obedience which is suited to their habitual frame of mind.

William J. Sherring, hero of Marathon, has returned and like those who in olden days ran over the self-same course as he, has been crowned with the plaudits not of a country alone, but with those of an entire continent. Before crossing the ocean the Greeks headed by their King, paid him every honor, and he is returned to his native city, Hamilton, his honors weighing him down to the very ground. But he has not lost his balance and when Toronto saw him, she saw only a youth, simple and unaffected, who in reply to the addresses made him at the City Hall, was generous enough to remember the Toronto boy, Mr. Hughes, who would have run him closely had a sprained ankle not prevented him. Our young Irish-Canadian is well worthy to rank with the great amongst his ancestors, and to-day his name is everywhere honored as Canada's latest and youngest hero.

by Pelagians. And it is dogma which has combated for three hundred years, and still combats, the rationalistic attacks made upon grace and the realm of the Holy Ghost. Without dogma there would be no Christianity. And without authority there would be no dogma. To believe with St. Peter in Christ's divinity and Eternal Sonship is to obey. To believe merely that Christ was a man like other men, a character of history and nothing more, is to destroy Christianity and betray it. For the faith of the disciples and the light of the apostolic teaching there must be dogma. There always has been, and there always will be. One comfort therefore is that we hold this dogma and deposit of truth. Another is that some feeling its want, may seek it where alone it may be found.

THE DIOCESE OF HAMILTON.

The first volume in the history of the diocese of Hamilton has been written and its pages closed. The Golden Jubilee just celebrated has marked off the epoch of its pioneer days. The story of its struggles, the story of its dauntless men who laid the foundations of its present substantial existence, has been told by eloquent tongues, and while the halo of the glory is still in the air, the Diocese starts off anew on the wider work of its career. The reminiscences brought to light during the past week cannot but serve as an impetus to renewed vigor and interest in the cause of religion and education. The visit of the Papal Delegate, the Pope's representative, with his stirring words on Catholic education, must be productive of an increased energy, even in places where energy is never lacking, and the presence of the several distinguished prelates from other parts of the Dominion, and the efforts of the people of Hamilton themselves to make their Jubilee a success, have all tended to arouse a new enthusiasm in the work and life of the Diocese. Hamilton and its revered episcopal Head are to be congratulated on the fine showing during the Jubilee celebration, and in the more expansive life into which they are now emerging, they are accompanied by the good wishes of their nearest neighbor, the Archdiocese and city of Toronto.

THE HERO OF MARATHON.

William J. Sherring, hero of Marathon, has returned and like those who in olden days ran over the self-same course as he, has been crowned with the plaudits not of a country alone, but with those of an entire continent. Before crossing the ocean the Greeks headed by their King, paid him every honor, and he is returned to his native city, Hamilton, his honors weighing him down to the very ground. But he has not lost his balance and when Toronto saw him, she saw only a youth, simple and unaffected, who in reply to the addresses made him at the City Hall, was generous enough to remember the Toronto boy, Mr. Hughes, who would have run him closely had a sprained ankle not prevented him. Our young Irish-Canadian is well worthy to rank with the great amongst his ancestors, and to-day his name is everywhere honored as Canada's latest and youngest hero.

A FOOLISH ENTERTAINER.

The ignorant newspapers of Toronto, knowing only the ignorance they appeal to, are secure in offering insult and slander to the Princess Ena. Very remarkable that they do these things at a time when the nation is desirous of inviting King Edward into the Dominion. The connection between the insult offered to the Princess and the proposed visit of the King was emphasized by a Toronto Protestant minister on Sunday, Rev. E. C. Laker, who in a sermon to an Orange Lodge in Crawford street Methodist Church, declared that the denunciations of Princess Ena "would give a hint to those in power of what would happen in case of a Roman Catholic ever ascending the British throne."

What a beautiful spirit of loyalty is implanted in the hearts of people who gratuitously bully and threaten even the sovereign himself when their ignorant prejudices happen to be aroused by newspapers dealing in falsehood and abuse of the royal family much more freely than they dare attempt in the case of insurance directors and common grafters.

THE PUBLIC REPUTATION.

The Globe is suffering from a rather mysterious attack of fits. It declares, if words mean anything, that the whole country is rotten and ought to be in jail. There really cannot be enough pessimists in the land to endorse such a sweeping proposition. There are quite a number of grafters roundabout against whom a prima facie case has already been made; and it looks as if the indictment might be extended to include various other hi-

thero eminently respectable figures in the world where The Globe circulates. But the whole country is not rotten, and when the thieves have been jailed, the honest majority will still remain a majority. The best thing for The Globe to do is to name the gentlemen who have frightened it into these fits. It does not do any good to shield them and defame the community at large. After all they are not so important that they will be missed a month after their incarceration.

Work of Col. J. P. McMillan

At the regular meeting of the Osabruck Township Council, held at Osabruck Centre, on May 7, a resolution was adopted approving of the efforts of Col. J. P. McMillan to procure improved postal accommodation along the line of the O. & N.Y. between the Capital and Cornwall, by which the business people could have the benefit of two mails a day each way, instead of one, as at present. The Colonel forcibly impressed upon the Board that the growing importance of the cheese, butter and other agricultural industries called for more dispatch on the part of the public in the district in their dealings with the outer markets than the present system afforded. He produced the petition, already numerous signed by the inhabitants of the town of Cornwall, township of Osabruck and other municipalities in furtherance of the desirable object, which it is hoped will be granted by the Postmaster-General. At the same time Mr. McMillan read the communications passing between the Fishery Department of Ontario and himself, touching the necessity of constructing fishweirs or passages by which the species could pass the dams at both Williamstown and Martintown. Already he had the assurance of the Deputy Commissioner of the Department that the Government will be pleased to stock the Black River with a variety of the best kind of sporting and other fish, which in itself is flattering to him. The Council marked their appreciation of Mr. McMillan's perseverance in an effort to attain the desirable object, by adopting a resolution approving his course, and at the same time passing a grant of \$25 towards his incidental expenses.

There was quite an attendance of the ratepayers at the meeting, many of them asking to be relieved from wrong and high assessment touching their liability for the drainage of the Black River, now under way.

Mr. John Murphy

Mr. John Murphy, whose appointment as consulting electrical engineer of the department of railways and canals and of the railway commission, was born in Ottawa in 1869. He is a son of the late James Murphy, contractor, and received his education in the Separate schools and Ottawa University.

He early became interested in electrical engineering and followed up his study with such success that he is now a member of the American Institute of Electrical Engineers, vice-president of the Canadian Electrical Association, and associate member of the Canadian Society of Civil Engineers.

Mr. Murphy has had a wide experience in his chosen work. He was for a considerable time in the employ of the Bell Telephone Company, going from there to Ottawa Electric Company as power superintendent. He has also been called upon frequently by other interests as consulting engineer. His work and abilities were first brought forcibly to the attention of Mr. M. J. Butler, Deputy Minister of Railways and Canals, in connection with the works of the Locomotive and Machine Company of Montreal, in which he designed and installed the electrical equipment.

Mr. Murphy has also been well known through his connection with athletics. He has been a member of the Ottawa Electric baseball and hockey teams and for some years was a member of the second Ottawa Rugby team.

OBITUARY

DEATH OF MISS M. A. COSTELLO.

At Toronto, May 17th, 1906, the death occurred of Mary Agnes, eldest daughter of the late Michael Costello, and sister of the late Rev. J. J. Costello, C.S.B. Miss Costello had been in poor health for the past few years, but owing to the death of her father two years ago, her brother Edward last September, and Father Costello in February, the strain was increased and proved too much for her frail constitution. The last three months she suffered very much and last Thursday she passed away very quietly at 11 p.m. with Rev. Fr. Frachon and her brothers and sisters at her bedside. The funeral took place Saturday, May 19th, from her late residence, 18 Sussex avenue, to St. Basil's church, where High Mass was sung by Rev. T. Roach. In the sanctuary were Very Rev. Provincial Marston, Rev. Frachon, Aboulin, Carr and Murphy, all of the Basilian Community.

The choir proper was under the direction of Rev. Father Plommer, C.S.B., assisted by Rev. Fr. Martin Staley and the boys' choir. Rev. E. F. Murray presided at the organ.

Fathers Marston, Murray and Aboulin said the prayers at the grave.

Much sympathy is tendered the family of Miss Costello in their many afflictions. May her soul rest in peace.

DEATH OF MR. JOHN MAHER REDDIN.

One by one our old settlers are rapidly passing away. This week it is our painful duty to record the death

of Mr. John Maher Reddin, which sad event took place at his late residence, Brock Road, Pickering, Ont., on Monday, May 7th.

Deceased was born in the County Limerick, Ireland, on May 12th, 1816, and like many of his fellow-countrymen, left his native soil to take advantage of the many opportunities which this country then afforded. Accompanied by his brother, the late Michael Reddin, father of Rev. M. J. Reddin, he set sail for America on April 1, 1841, and after a long and tedious voyage, landed at Quebec seven weeks later. During the following year they travelled extensively throughout the New England and Middle States, and from Buffalo crossed over to Toronto, thence to Pickering, which at that time had scarcely known the woodman's axe. Here they purchased a tract of land, part of which is now known as the Reddin homestead.

In all his dealings he was the soul of honesty, and quite unostentatious was he at all times. His word was his bond and amongst his fellowmen he was held in as high esteem as it is possible for man to attain. He was a sincere Catholic and always attended to the obligations of his faith, a good husband and a loving father.

Mr. Reddin leaves a widow, one son and six daughters.

The funeral took place on Thursday, May 10th, at the Catholic church, where solemn Requiem Mass was celebrated by Rev. Fr. Sheridan for the repose of the departed soul, after which the funeral cortege proceeded to the Catholic cemetery, where interment took place.—Com.

DEATH OF REV. MOTHER MARGARET MARY OF THE URSULINES, CHATHAM.

Another venerable religious has been called to lay her armor down and receive the crown prepared for her from eternity.

It was early on the morning of May 16, that God's Angel, Death, bearing a message from on high, entered the Ursuline Convent, Chatham, and chose indeed, a pure soul, that of Rev. Mother Margaret Mary, to accompany him to the Divine Spouse, to whom she had pledged her sacred vows thirty-eight years ago.

"What are these folded years, These short, dim cycles of a fleeting past?"

The fruitful years spent in the faithful accomplishment of the arduous labors of her holy vocation are surely fraught with merit.

Mother Margaret was a pioneer of the struggling days of her now flourishing Community, and during all the years of her religious life labored zealously in the noble cause of education. She taught for several years in the Separate School, Chatham, as well as in the Academy.

She held some of the highest offices in the Community, and gained all hearts by her gentle, amiable and humble spirit. She was one of the founders of the Ursuline Convent, Muskegon, where she remained as Superioress until that Community was in a comparatively prosperous condition. Being then recalled, she was sent to assist the Religious Ursulines of Pittsburg in forming their Novitiate. After her return to Chatham, she continued her life-work of the training of youth. She was a writer of no mean merit and had just completed a treatise on Canadian Literature a few days previous to her last illness. Many of her beautiful poems have appeared in the little school journal, "Echoes from the Pines," and have been read with pleasure and edification, especially the "Harvest Prayer," and "A Christmas Eve Revelry." This talented religious often wrote under the name of Rita.

During her last brief illness she edited all about her by her spirit of faith and prayer and perfect resignation to the Will of God. She was fortified in her last hours by the Sacraments of our Holy Mother, the Church, and comforted by special spiritual favors.

The burial services were conducted Herman, O.F.M., being celebrant, in the Convent Chapel, Rev. Fr. Rev. Father Langlois, Tecumseh, deacon, and Rev. Father Courtols, Paincourt, sub-deacon.

The fervent prayers of her many friends shall not cease to ascend to Heaven, begging the Sacred Heart to receive her speedily to eternal bliss, where with eyes of faith we see "Her heavenly crown! her dazzling throne. The beauteous radiance of the Lamb thereon. Christ touched her forehead, whispering: 'Come! my love, depart! Hasten! the weary waiting's o'er, 'Come! rest upon My Heart.'"

Begins Life Anew at 85

New York, May 12.—After thirty-five years in Sing Sing prison for a murder which he says he did not commit—and he is sustained by the musty records of the case in this contention—William J. Kelly has been released. He is 85 years old, but in the judgment of all the Sing Sing officials is the heartiest and healthiest prisoner who ever remained any length of time in that institution. Mrs. Mary Council, his widowed daughter, and her four children, greeted the old man with a warm welcome and he is in their home, No. 103 Washington street, Jamaica, L.I. Kelly is full of good spirits and shrewdness. It has been a saying at Sing Sing for years that the State could save money by releasing the aged "lifer," for his appetite has been the wonder of every prison physician. He says his health there has been due to his consciousness of his innocence and his abiding confidence that some day he would be released. "I am an old man," said Kelly, "but I did shovel and pick work for thirty years, nearly, and I'm able to do it again."

"I was a workman on the Long Island railroad, and one Sunday night, in January, 1871, I was in Van Sizer's hotel, Syosset, L.I., when Garrett W. Nostrand, a wealthy farmer, came in. He was drunk and had a row with John H. Devine. I had some words with him, too, but no quarrel, and after he left I cut across lots to my own home. Nostrand was found dead in the road nearby next morning. Devine was arrested and accused me. Devine said he struck Nostrand the first blow and I finished him. Devine was sentenced for life and is in Danemora."

An Endless Prayer

A despatch from Indianapolis says: The Catholic clergy of this city have been greatly annoyed by an endless prayer chain that has come into this community. This is in the form of a letter with a written prayer, the person receiving such letter being asked to make five copies and send a copy to each of five friends or acquaintances. The letter says that those who accede to this request will receive indulgences, and those who fail to comply will receive dire punishment here and hereafter.

A Distinguished Catholic Writer

Miss Ellen M. Clarke, a member of the Tablet staff who died a few weeks ago, was less distinguished for her astronomical writings than her sister Agnes, but she accomplished a feat rarely if ever before accomplished by an English-speaking writer, by contributing to an Italian journal a series of stories "perfectly Italian in phrase and idiom and local color." She had also a remarkable acquaintance with the intricacies of German politics. Better than all, The Tablet tells us, she was "a fervent Catholic, her every energy was at all times at the disposal of the Catholic cause. No personal consideration ever weighed with her when it was a question of helping any Catholic interest. All of us who are connected with this journal owe to her a debt of gratitude which we may acknowledge but cannot repay for the selfish way in which on every possible occasion she lavished her strength and her talents and her industry in its service. Her death simply leaves a gap in the ranks which no one person can hope to fill."—Casket.

Five Months and a Dividend

The Home Bank of Canada entered the ranks of the chartered banks on the first day of January, 1906. Today this bank announces that it will pay a dividend at the rate of six per cent, per annum for its first five business months, or, in other words, the Home has been earning money for its shareholders from the day it began operations as a chartered bank. This dividend, to be paid up to the end of May, the close of the bank's first fiscal period, seems to introduce a new possibility in banking experience. It is scarcely to be expected that a new bank shall pay a dividend for the first term of its activities.—From Toronto Globe of May 18, 1906.

Special Meeting

A special meeting of the United Irish Societies will be held in Farley Ave. Hall on Friday evening to settle up all matters in connection with the late Douglas Hyde meeting. Contributions will also be accepted if any are desirous of sending such for the cause of the Gaelic League.

PERSONAL

There are a number of young children, boys and girls, between the ages of 1 and 6 years, for whom it is desirable that good Catholic homes may be obtained. Please apply to William O'Connor, Office of Neglected and Dependent Children, Parliament Buildings, Toronto.

PERSONAL

Jas. E. Day of the firm of Day and Ferguson, who has been spending a few weeks in Atlantic City, is expected to return in a few days.

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Mrs. Collins (nee Ferrett) came to Toronto, Canada, about 30 years ago, with her husband and children from Tufton street, Westminster. Any information as to her whereabouts is earnestly sought by her cousin, Mrs. E. Heribert, 14 Bensham Grove, Thornton Heath, Surrey, London, Eng., or by the Catholic Register, Toronto.

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For excursion rates apply to JOHN PAUL, E. H. PEPPER, Gen'l. Pass'r. Agt., Toronto, Ont. R. F. SEIXAS, Gen'l. Mgr., St. Catharines, Ont.



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Executors Notice

TO CREDITORS

In the Surrogate Court of the County of York

In the matter of the Estate of John Herbert, late of the City of Toronto, in the County of York, Liquor Dealer, deceased.

NOTICE is hereby given pursuant to Section 58, Chapter 129, R. S. O. that all persons having claims or demands against the estate of the late JOHN HERBERT, deceased, who died on or about the 14th day of March 1906, are required to send by post prepaid or deliver to MARY ELLEN SULLIVAN and A. P. HERBERT, Esquire, Executor and A. P. HERBERT, Esquire, Executor, Christian and surrogates and addresses, with full particulars in writing of their claims and statement of their accounts and the nature of the securities, if any, held by them, duly verified by statutory declaration.

AND TAKE NOTICE that after the 31st day of May 1906, the said Executors and Executor, having regard only to the claims of which they shall then have had notice, and the said Executor and Executor will not be liable for the said assets of any part thereof, to any person or persons of whose claim notice shall not have been received by them at the time of said distribution.

Dated 27th day of April, A. D. 1906.

MARY ELLEN SULLIVAN, Executor, A. P. HERBERT, Executor, 22 Robinson Street, Toronto.

JOHN T. LOFTUS, 22 Temple Building, Toronto, Solicitor for the said Executors and Executor.

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TOPICS OF AN OLD-TIMER

Some More About the Irish in America —Dr. Douglas Hyde and the Gaelic League—The Celtic Movement and the Irish Renaissance.

I faintly would continue my recollections regarding the Irish in America, and call to mind some of the worthies of the race who flourished for a time and have been forgotten. I would like to tell of the heroes and scientists and scholars who lie buried in Trinity church yard in New York, and call to mind the names of Thomas Adis Emmet, in his day the foremost lawyer of New York, and who was noted as much for his eloquence as for his learning, that of Dr. William McNevin, who was reputed for his knowledge of the science of chemistry; Dr. Sampson, who was a scholar as well as a patriot, and General Montgomery, who was the first officer of distinction to fall in battle during the revolutionary war. I would also like to refer to General Kearney, as brave an officer and as distinguished a soldier as held commission in the Federal forces during the war of the rebellion. He was shot at Chantilly in Virginia during the early part of the war, having by mistake ridden into the ranks of the enemy, and was shot down in the effort to make his escape. How I would like to tell of the gallant Theodore O'Hara of Kentucky, who wrote that immortal poem, "The Bivouac of the Dead"; celebrated like that other martial Irishman Wolfe, who wrote the "Burial of Sir John Moore"; and Miles O'Reilly, (or Halpin) who wrote those beautiful war poems for Harper's Magazine at the time of the rebellion. I knew myself personally a Col. Walsh, who was both poet and orator, who came unscathed out of the terrible conflict and became Adjutant-General of the State of California. And there was Colonel Mulligan, the head of the Chicago Irish Brigade, who was distinguished as lawyer, soldier and orator, and who met his death fighting for his country. He is known in American Army circles as the Hero of Lexington. He is recognized in Chicago as her greatest soldier of the great rebellion.

I might go on for hours calling to mind great and gallant men whose names are inscribed in the Temple of Fame, and bring in at least a couple of Toronto Irishmen who figure worthily in the military annals of America. Mr. Casson, who wrote the Munsey article, is greatly mistaken if he thinks he introduced the names of all the worthy Irish who figure in American achievement, if he thinks he has placed them all in his magazine article. Neither he nor any other man has ever done that. And who ever undertakes it will find the subject grown wonderfully on his hands. I will have to leave further discussion of the subject until another time, as I wish to devote the most of my space this week to Douglas Hyde and the Celtic and Gaelic movement, which are now prominent in Irish circles both at home and in America.

I am thankful to the Committee of Arrangements of the United Irish Societies of Toronto for a card cordially inviting me to a seat on the platform at Mr. Douglas Hyde's lecture on Thursday evening last, when I saw Mr. Hyde for the first time, although his features and his words were familiar to me. I could not catch his words from where I sat nor enjoy those sallies of wit which enraptured his audience, but his sentiments and suggestions I was already well aware of. On account of indisposition I could not remain long, but had the good fortune to hold a seat along side of Alexander MacKenzie, Chief of the Gaelic (Scottish) Society of Toronto, and was glad to learn from him there was such a society. And I was glad to learn from the newspapers next morning that a branch of the Gaelic League had been formed here the night of the lecture, with my friend D'Arcy Hinds at its head.

Dr. Hyde has been lecturing on the language and the aims of the League for several months in America with great success, both for the large attendance of his audiences and the amount of the subscriptions contributed. He has been in New York, Boston, Philadelphia, Buffalo, Chicago, Pittsburg, Omaha, Baltimore, San Francisco, Los Angeles, Oakland, Portland, Butte, St. Paul and many other places, and nowhere has he met with a failure. But in San Francisco, just before the earthquake, he had more success than anywhere else. He lectured for several universities as

well as for the general public, both in the east and in the west. I understand he took about \$20,000 out of San Francisco, but on learning of the great disaster, remitted \$5,000 of this grand amount to the Relief Board. The chairman of that Board, a gentleman named Phelan and a native of California, had subscribed \$1,000 to Mr. Hyde's League Fund, and it was a grateful thing for Mr. Hyde to return a portion of the money so generously contributed.

I believe Mr. Hyde is a son of a Protestant clergyman and received his education in Trinity College, Dublin. He entered early into the Gaelic League movement and on the death of its first president, a priest named Father O'Growney, he became his successor. Dr. Hyde tells us that the movement has become general throughout Ireland, there being no distinction as to membership, Protestants as well as Catholics becoming willing members as well as eager workers.

Many branches have been organized throughout the United States before Dr. Hyde's coming, and I saw myself how eagerly the cause had been taken up in Chicago where they have now two or three branches of the League as well as other organizations in sympathy with it, such as a musical club, a fiddlers' club, a pipers' club and an Irish Choral Union. The latter has been in existence for several years with the same leader at its head and gives frequent concerts.

The aim of the Gaelic League is to establish a distinct nationality that will be a credit to the Gaelic nations, or in other words, an Irish Ireland, not in hate of England, but of love for Ireland. Realizing that the Irish had as an inheritance the oldest language in Europe, the Gaelic alone accepted, the most expressive language and the most perfectly formed language, but which had been rapidly dying out, the League was organized primarily to preserve it and save it from decay. There was a good deal of opposition to it at first by the Government and school authorities, but it has steadily gained, so far that now a quarter of a million children are learning it in the national and Christian Brothers' schools, and more books are being printed in Ireland in Irish than in English.

There is a good deal more than the restoration of the language in the League's programme. There is the printing of thousands of old Irish manuscripts to be done; there is the search for old Irish manuscripts throughout the libraries of Europe to be executed; there is Irish music as well as the Irish language to be restored. In Chicago the late Chief of Police of that city has published a book containing 1850 Irish airs, gathered from all quarters of Ireland, a work of great utility. Irish games are also being restored and Irish dances as well. They have feasts, and competitive celebrations, such as used to be held on the hills of Tara and Tipperary many centuries ago, like the Olympian games of Greece. It is a great encouragement to them to know that the principal games lately won at Marathon were mostly won by men of Irish blood from America, from Canada and Australia, and that the greatest athlete the world ever knew, there winning the most matches, was an Irish-American named Sheridan, and that the leader of the American athletes was an Irish-American named Sullivan, and that Canada's successful man at the same games was an Irish-Canadian named Sherring, who some say is to have a monument erected to his honor. The Gaelic League is encouraging all kinds of talent and will have tokens by which Irish talent and Irish genius shall be known throughout the world.

There is also developing under the fostering care of the League, a very decided taste for Irish manufactures, not in a few articles merely, but in all branches of industry. The renaissance or rejuvenation of Ireland, which has been a dream for many years, is thus going gloriously onward.

A movement that we hear little of here but which has been in existence for several years, is the Celtic movement. It is with the design of bringing the Celtic nations together and establishing a comity between them. The nations embraced in this union are the Irish, the Highland Scotch, the Welsh, the Manxmen and the Bretons in France. They comprise what is sometimes known as "the Celtic Fringe" in England. The name of Douglas Hyde is rather a peculiar one for a popular Irishman, but the name of the leader of the Celtic is still more peculiar. It is E. E. Fournier d'Albe, I presume a Frenchman of Brittany. Who the present officers are I am not aware, but a list of past officers furnishes me with the following names: President, Lord Castletown of Upper Ossory (a Fitzpatrick); Vice-Presidents, Count Plunkett, B.L.; the Rev. Hwfa Man, Arch-Druid of Wales; the Hon. Stuart M. Erskine; Marquis de L'Estouffleillon; Mr. A. W. Moore, M.A.; Hon. Treasurer, P. J. Geoghegan, Hon. Secretaries, E. E. Fournier d'Albe B. Sc.; F. W. O'Connell, B.A.

The objects of the association are defined as the furtherance of Celtic Studies, and the fostering of mutual sympathy and co-operation between the various branches of the Celtic race in all matters affecting their language and national characteristics. They hold Gaelic and Choral classes every Saturday. They have a monthly journal named Celtic, which is edited by Mr. E. E. Fournier d'Albe, and includes contributions from all the nationalities represented. Cornwall representatives applied for representation in the Union once, but were refused on the ground that they had lost their language. But that did not prevent the Cornish people from being Celts just the same, and right here in Toronto those Cornish Celts have their social organizations.

The Celtic Association holds Congress every year in some of the Celtic cities. A whole week is sometimes devoted to these congresses, where the exercises consist of processions; visiting places of Celtic interest; meetings of the art and economic sections, addresses by delegates, meeting of section for modern Celtic languages, Pan-Celtic Concerts, receptions of the Welsh Bardic-Gorseid, ceremony of the joining of the sword-halves (Welsh and Breton), meetings of the costume and customs section, meetings of the section for Celtic Philology and Archeology, plenary meetings of congress, reports of sections, general resolutions, public meetings, excursions to Tara or Glendalough, or other Celtic shrines in other countries. One of those Congresses held in Dublin a few years ago presented a most remarkable scene reminding of ancient Celtic days—especially as to costumes.

It is these things that go to create the Celtic Renaissance and make old places young again.

WILLIAM HALLEY.

HAMILTON DIOCESE JUBILEE

(Continued from page 1.)

praise and thanks be to Thee, O Jesus Christ, the true Bishop of every Diocese—praise to Thee for the blessings of these fifty years, pardon and mercy for their shortcomings, and eternal rest to the departed faithful, bishops, priests and laity, who served thee in the erection of Thy temple of Hamilton.

At the close of the Mass His Lordship, Bishop Dowling of Hamilton, in his own name and that of the priests, gave official welcome to the Apostolic Delegate, Mgr. Sbarretti. His Lordship also read the telegram received the day previous from His Holiness through Mgr. Merry del Val, congratulating him on the event of the Jubilee and sending the Papal Benediction to all the Diocese. Mr. M. G. O'Reilly then read an address which William Kavanagh presented on behalf of the laity. His Excellency in replying to the addresses, said it had long been his desire to visit the city and the Catholics of Hamilton. He thought he could have had no better occasion to make the visit than that which marked the Golden Jubilee of the Diocese. The Catholics of Hamilton had shown themselves worthy citizens of the progressive and ambitious city. Theirs is not a selfish ambition, but the kind which makes for the betterment and uplifting of mankind. The diocese was abundantly supplied with charitable institutions and houses of God. It was a remarkable achievement that such a beautiful cathedral could be built in such a short time, and more so that it could be consecrated to God in that time. The Catholic Church will ever insist upon the union of secular and religious training of children, because she valued above all the revealed truth of Jesus Christ. She did not intend to impose on others, but would protect her own rights. He was glad to see the Catholics in all parts of Canada living in harmony with the people of other denominations. He did not wonder at it, as it was the natural consequence of the principles of faith. Catholics were men of peace. They must respect every man, as they see in him the image of God. They considered all men to be heirs to the kingdom of God. He thanked the Bishop, clergy and laity for the sentiments of good-will towards him, and congratulated the Bishop that God had spared him to see the crowning of one of the principal acts of his administration. Mgr. Sbarretti then pronounced the Apostolic benediction.

In the evening Pontifical Vespers were sung by Archbishop O'Connor, and an able sermon preached by Rev. Father Connolly, S.J., and the music given was by a mixed choir of men and boys under the direction of Fr. Donovan.

On Monday a Pontifical High Mass of Requiem was celebrated by His Lordship Bishop O'Connor of Peterborough for the deceased bishops, priests and laity of the diocese. The sermon was delivered by his Lordship Bishop Scollard of Sault Ste. Marie. On Tuesday Pontifical Mass of thanksgiving was sung by His Lordship Bishop McEvay of London. Large congregations were present on every occasion. On Tuesday afternoon the gathering of the children of the city schools surpassed all others in enthusiasm and numbers. The little ones presented an address to His Excellency and by flowers and appropriate words gave greeting and welcome.

The three days, May 20th, 21st and 22nd, were truly three days of religious festivity, thanksgiving and grace—in truth a golden time, the memory of which shall live long in the history of the Diocese, until its lustre is lost in the renewed brightness and scintillations of the greater Diamond Jubilee.

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## SPEECH OF MR. BLAKE

London, May 9.—Speaking on the Education Bill, Mr. Blake said:

I may excuse myself for addressing the House by saying that I happen to have a somewhat prolonged experience upon this subject. For forty sessions, in three Legislatures, in different countries, I have witnessed and taken some part in the discussion of problems which arise in their concrete form by the association of a Protestant majority with a Roman Catholic minority. Long ago I found and took my ground upon general principles, and having adhered to that ground I was rather pained when I heard from the lips of the Minister of Education the other day a statement with reference to

### THE RIGHTS OF MINORITIES,

which I am afraid was susceptible of another, and what seemed to me in the connection in which he used it, the natural and obvious interpretation. Speaking of the question between Roman Catholics and Jews, as the case might be, and the various Protestant denominations, he said "all minorities must suffer, it is the badge of their tribe." Well, sir, some suffering may sometimes be inevitable in the carrying out of some measures of a great public policy, which the majority of the nation believes to be essential to its progress or its existence. That suffering ought as far as possible to be avoided, but for my part my belief is, as I expressed it twenty years ago in a Protestant community, somewhat different from the tone and the sentiment of the right hon. gentleman. I may venture to quote it, because it represents the ground I took long before, and which I have maintained ever since, and which I hold to-day—"Being strong, we ought to be what

### THE STRONG SHOULD ALWAYS BE—

generous to the weak. A measure full heaped up and running over is the measure to be given by the strong to the weak, and by so acting we will exemplify true Christian principles, we will do our best for the promotion of true Christianity, and for the spread of the Gospel." Those are the general views with which I approach all questions of this description. This is an English Bill, and we are concerned here mainly for Irish Catholics, who have brought with them from the country from which they sprang traditions of those evil days to which I have referred, and who are naturally jealous to the last degree of their religious rights, and suspicious of any interference with them. I say it is a natural jealousy. It is a natural suspicion which you ought to respect, and as far as possible avert in the course of your legislation. They know what interference brought them in the past and

### THIS FEELING IS IN THEIR BLOOD,

and you must not quarrel with them, you must not be impatient with them, you must rather be anxious in the future to give them no excuse or pretence for imputing evil motives about what you do to-day (cheers). Do your part, and do it in such a form that you may help to obliterate those sad memories, and create in them a confidence that you will respect their convictions. Those in this country of the Irish race, for whom we speak, are mainly of the poor and lowly. They are of the toilers, whose share of this world's goods is small, and perhaps for that reason they look to joys that are to come (cheers). Now, I will make no attempt to deal exhaustively with, or to touch at all upon, some of the topics which are to be debated on this Bill. I may say with regard to the observation made by the hon. member who preceded me that he seemed to have somewhat forgotten in his declamation against parental rights to have some voice in the education of their children that education has been made compulsory by the State. He seemed to have forgotten that, after all, the parent is a member of the State, and has contributed to the taxes of the State (cheers), has contributed to the rates, and that it is out of his taxes and his rates that the State is maintaining the system of education, whatever it may be, which is made compulsory upon the parent. He calls not for a subsidy, but claims that he shall be assisted to perform the duty which the State has made compulsory and which the State has undertaken to perform according to its own fashion. In the debate of 1902 my hon. friend, the member for East Mayo, made

### A COURAGEOUS AND MEMORABLE SPEECH.

He then pointed out that as an inevitable consequence of the measure a share of the public control would be demanded, and would be obtained as the result of the system of public and compulsory education propounded in the Bill. The hon. member for East Mayo proposed an amendment in the direction of parental rights, but his voice was not listened to by those for whose interests the Bill of 1902 was passed. But, nevertheless, his voice spoke the truth, for we are now face to face with the position which has been rendered inevitable by concrete facts. A situation was created by the Bill of 1902 which has to be met and dealt with to-day, and therefore the hon. member for East Mayo's view has to-day been verified. It was, however, not so much the simple proposition, but it is the extent, the character, and the methods of interference and the inadequacy of the safeguards, in respect of which, we believe, the Bill is fundamentally vicious, and will trench unwarrantably on the rights of the minority for whom we speak. I am going to confine my remarks to some of the aspects of Clause 4 and the proposed

alteration to a compulsory form which the right hon. gentleman deprecated most emphatically, while at the same time he averred that he did not believe it would make a difference in a single school, which meant that in every school area the clause would be put into operation. If it would be put into operation voluntarily what objection is there to making it clear and plain? If that is going to happen everywhere why not make it the law? We are strongly of opinion that it is essential to the security of the minority, which in various parts of the country will have to fight these battles under the protection of this clause that

### THAT PROTECTION SHOULD BE MADE ABSOLUTELY OPERATIVE.

We believe this to be no less important to the whole community. We believe that to leave the question whether that clause should come into force or not, to the judgment of each Council or Local Authority which under the clause is to exercise judgment upon the question, would be to throw into the hands of the bigots and zealots and those who delight in religious controversy a firebrand ready to hand to be used for local purposes, for local elections, and this would create difficulties of all descriptions. Nothing could be more injurious to the peace of those communities than to leave this as a wholly permissive clause. In my own country of Canada after struggles of the most desperate character, involving the greatest extremity of bitterness between religious denominations and disturbing the general peace and progress of the country and all political combinations, I rejoice that an agreement was made between those provinces, under which

### THE OVERWHELMING CATHOLIC MAJORITY

of one province agreed to respect the rights and sentiments of the minority by making equal laws for each. It was agreed that that should be made a fundamental element of the Constitution. I agree that there are not the same elements of finality. Such as you have you had better use, and the first of these elements is to determine the initial question, and we know that it means that in the cases in which you determine that there ought to be the right given in certain circumstances that it shall be given. There is the suggested objection that there may be on some of the Local Committees cranks who will object, but whatever strength there is in that argument is infinitesimal compared with the evil of

### SENDING IT AS A FIREBRAND

to the country and the bitter struggles which what you have proposed will create. Do what you think is right, and if you think this is not a right clause then reject it, but if you think it is right and just to the Roman Catholic minority that there should be such a provision, then use all your power to enact it. The view which the President of the Board of Education expressed in introducing this Bill rather added to than relieved my disquietude when the clause was read first, because he said: "I admit it is asking these minorities to trust in the generosity, the equitableness, and the fair-mindedness of the local authority." I daresay in many cases that will be justified, but I know not how far those other commitments to which I have referred may arise. The right hon. gentleman said: "Public opinion would view any obstructive withholding of the permissive privilege." What public opinion? The public opinion of the locality? If so, then the difficulty would not arise. Does he mean the public opinion of the public at large to be made operative by discussion in this House and another Act of Parliament? We know the difficulty of passing

### AN ACT OF PARLIAMENT TO PROTECT A CATHOLIC MINORITY

against a Protestant majority, and it would not be very readily operative. The right hon. gentleman went on to say: "But they might truly say that it is left to their judgment, even in the case of a four-fifth majority whether or no, and, therefore, in canvassing, in election, in discussion each rural area has this question in its own hands." The right hon. gentleman also pointed out that although he believed in justice and generosity, the question was really in their own hands, and that it was for them in their own individual cases and with reference to their own community to judge and to decide. Those difficulties that I felt and which I now entertain have been assuaged in one sense by the right hon. gentleman's speech to the Jewish deputation, in which he said: "Assuming the provisions of Clause 4 with reference to non-provided schools to be illusory (and, of course, if they were illusory they would be a fraud) the Jewish body would benefit more largely than any other body, but it was pointed out that it was not a complete protection, because it was not obligatory on the local authority to ascertain the facts." So far the right hon. gentleman is accurate. The right hon. gentleman has imposed the duty upon the local authorities to make local inquiry for the purpose of ascertaining the facts—namely, the percentage of persons of one persuasion as compared with another. "If four-fifths of the parents of the children desire facilities it was an obligation upon the local authorities." These are ambiguous words. I don't know what obligation the right hon. gentleman means. "Of course," said Mr. Birrell, "the local authority, if so minded, might disregard the fair intention of the statute and obstinately hold aloof from doing anything further." Now, sir, the right hon. gentleman acknowledges that may happen. He has described his interpretation of the statute. It is the fair

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intention of the statute in any case in which the conditions prescribed by the Fourth Clause are found to exist, the local authority shall agree, then

### WHAT IS THE DIFFICULTY

in saying that they shall agree? (Irish cheers). "He would take care," added Mr. Birrell, "that their view that a statutory obligation should be imposed upon the local authority to do its duty was put before his colleagues," and he went on to point out that there was some difficulty in dealing with local authorities, and that he did not know what the remedy would be, and so on. If the right hon. gentleman, with all the authority he has, and all the authority he may ask Parliament to invest him with—if this Imperial Parliament is unable to deal with the local authorities, how does he expect the poor Roman Catholics to deal with the Protestant majority in the locality affected? Then the right hon. gentleman said: "It was hard to believe that any great local authority could be so bigoted as to disregard this statutory duty, he would not say obligation, imposed upon them for the education of the country." Well, if it is a statutory duty

### LET US MAKE IT PLAIN

it is a statutory duty. That is all we ask. Make it clear that it is what the right hon. gentleman describes it to be. If it is a statutory duty then they have to perform it! The right hon. gentleman at present left it to their free decision whether they should perform it or not. "He believes that no local authority would refuse to Jews, Roman Catholics or Churchmen the full advantages of the Parliamentary Grant which Parliament intended them to receive. At the same time there was considerable substance in this point, and he would give it careful consideration." I am sure that the consideration has been given to this point, and I hope that the communication which the right hon. gentleman said he would make to his colleagues has been made, and we will be greatly relieved if we learn that this clause is to be made mandatory instead of permissive. The right hon. gentleman then went on to deal with the question of the teachers. I am not, at this moment, dealing with that point. I am now dealing with the question whether Clause 4 should be mandatory or permissive, and I submit to the House that in the interest of the local authorities, in the interest of the Roman Catholic minorities, in the interests of the peace of the country, it is desirable not to draw this bone of contention into every place in which the clause may be applicable; but if Parliament has decided that it is the duty of the local authorities, on certain conditions, to use the clause to make that plain and clear by stating it in the enactment (cheers). I now come to

### THE PERCENTAGE LIMIT.

The number in each school is not shown, and we have only general results, of which we can only produce the average. The only true thing to be said of the average is that it does not properly represent any one actual case. We cannot tell in how many of the schools there may be a quota above or below four-fifths, and the same observation may be made of the population limit of 5,000. These are considerations that require careful study before they can be exhaustively discussed. I only mention them as considerations which it is necessary to take into account before we can realize the real importance, either of the percentage limit or the population limit suggested. To my mind, and I say it at once, the percentage limit appears to be too high. Again, as to

### THE EXCLUSION OF RURAL AREAS.

I see no reason for the exclusion of rural areas. There exists a provision for the necessity of establishing a convenient possibility of access to another school as an element for the application of the fourth clause, and that convenience is bound to be ascertained by the local authority. If the convenience is not available in the rural area it will exclude the rural area, just as it excludes the urban, but if it is available in the rural area, then I see no reason why the rural area should be specially excluded from the operation of the clause. It seems as invidious exclusion, as well as useless. It seems

### A RESTRAINT WITHOUT ANY REASON AT ALL

for it. I, at all events, see no reason for it. Then I hold that there is as necessity an element of considerable importance in the question of the census proportion. It is known that the working population of this country includes, perhaps, more than their portion of the Irish population, which is from the necessity of the case mi-

gratory. It is one of the hardships of their lot that they cannot conserve a home of their own. They may be divorced from their following the course of industry from time to time. We have, therefore, to deal with a migratory population, and that migration may result in the proportion being slightly disturbed one way or another at short intervals. Do you propose to unsettle things by having every year or

### EVERY FEW MONTHS A FRESH CENSUS

or a fresh inquiry, and if you find it is one below the four-fifths are you to disturb everything and upset everything, or do you propose that once established the right shall remain for a reasonable period? I think that the argument of convenience and practicability points to a considerable element of permanence in the settlement of the question once it is settled, and that disturbance should only be at a reasonable and long interval. I come now to the other point, on which the local authority is to decide, and that is the question of convenient attendance at some other school for those who may be excluded by the school keeping the original character which it has and which it is intended to retain. Therefore, you get a concrete question. You have one question, the effect of which I have already alluded to—namely, the existence of the proportion of the children belonging to the several schools. You come next to the question whether there is convenient attendance, and even if there exists that proportion, even in the school is so constituted as to be practically almost a homogeneous school as in the case of a Roman Catholic, and Jewish, or a Church of England school, even so, is the general minority, though here in the individual case, the overwhelming majority, of the local population to suffer, unless it turns out that school places can be obtained elsewhere at a convenient distance for the small minority. On that subject there is to my mind

### A DIFFICULTY IN THE BILL,

in that it does not provide for an appeal to the central authority from the judgment of the local authority on the question of convenience of access. It affords a more convenient loophole than the question of the application or non-application of the clause when the percentage of the school population has been ascertained. This question of convenience is one point on which it is very easy to differ, and I think that more careful and more unbiased consideration—a consideration better calculated to do justice—would be ensured of the determination of the local authority on this question of convenience were not final, but made subject to an appeal to the central authority (cheers). Now I come to the finally excluded schools. If my suggestions as to the reduction of the proportion of scholars, as to reduction of the population of the area be adopted—vague and general as I have made them, for I am dealing with principles and not with details, which are more appropriate for the Committee stage—if these suggestions are adopted the number of excluded schools might be much reduced; but whatever the number might be, it is considerable at present, and I hold that in conformity with those principles to which I alluded in my opening remarks, it is fitting that those finally

### EXCLUDED SCHOOLS,

if they prefer to retain what those who built them believed to be vital in their character as Catholic schools, shall continue to retain that character. If they prefer that they shall not come under the Act and be acquired by the local authority, I hold they have not forfeited their right, at any rate as parents, to their share of the rates or their rights as parents even to what I would call a generous capitulation grant. Therefore, I hold that they ought not to be left absolutely destitute, as the Bill at present proposes to leave them (cheers). I leave now all the questions connected with this branch of Clause 4, and I turn to what, after all, is more vital still—more vital than the question of the substitution of "shall" for "may." I turn to the question of

### THE APPOINTMENT OF TEACHERS,

because that is the root of the whole matter. What is wanted is that a school shall retain its existing character as a Church of England school, as a Jewish school, or as a Catholic school. What must be acknowledged is that it cannot substantially and effectively retain that character unless the teachers are such as to give confidence to those who send their children to the school, and as long as that must be acknowledged it is plain that there ought to be more security for the parents' right to have teachers such as will keep the school of the character which it now has, and which it is intended by the provisions of the Act to retain. I think the importance of this can not be exaggerated. I think there ought to be a provision for

### A PARENTS' COMMITTEE,

with a negative or an affirmative voice in the choice of the teachers. Remember you are hoping to make provision for what will last, if not in perpetuity, for a considerable time. It is a provision by which the Local Authorities will perform not merely the displeasing duty of displacing teachers from year to year and from month to month and from week to week, but there will be numerous cases in which there will be places to be filled up because of teachers becoming old or dying or from other causes. Now there ought to be some provision with reference to the choice of the teacher to fill these vacancies, and I have suggested such a provision. I am glad to know, quoting once again from the valuable speech of the Minister of Education to the

Jewish deputation, that his view is that as regards the intention of the statute with regard to the Jewish teachers

### THE WORDS IN CLAUSE 4 WOULD REQUIRE STRENGTHENING.

He said: "With regard to the Jewish teachers the words of Clause 4 might require strengthening, but the intention was that they should be carried on just as they were now." That was to say, not merely for a long time, but for so long as the arrangement lasted. "He agreed that there was a loop-hole for any amount of pig-headed obstinacy and bigotry, and jealousy and unfairness, but it was certainly the intention of the clause that the teachers should remain the same as they were, and that those who were alone qualified should give the particular religious instruction which hitherto had been given in the schools." I only demand that these words should be made good. I only demand practical security with reference to the future that these words should be made good. As to methods, that is a matter for Committee, but I think it can only be by the parents having a voice in the choice of the teachers. There is a lack also, I think, in the provision for

### TAKING OVER NEW SCHOOLS

in the event of population increasing in districts, besides the natural growth of places by industrial enterprise. There are other changes such as by shifting of population, and while some towns have fallen away, others have grown, and in dealing in any way worthily with this question you must consider the rise of a new population, which would require the same right and protection as is given to existing schools by this cause. I venture to suggest therefore that the clause is entirely defective in point of security, and leaves the Bill in a condition in which it is not adequate for the objection of settling this question for a reasonable time, and so relieving this House from such discussions as the one we are now engaged in (cheers). I earnestly hope that the difficulties to which I have alluded, and others which I have deliberately abstained from presenting to the House upon this occasion, may

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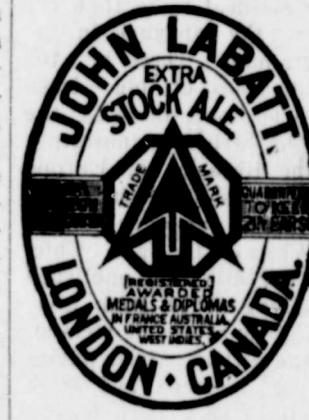
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be met at some further stage by the right hon. gentleman and his colleagues, for these defects are at present insuperable. They are defects which affect the rights and consciences particularly as to the choice of teachers of those for whom we speak. They are defects which it is impossible for us to overlook. They are defects therefore which render it impossible for me, at any rate at this stage, to vote for

### THE SECOND READING;

but I repeat the hope that in the continuation of the discussion in the tone adopted by the hon. member for the Scotland Division (Mr. T. P. O'Connor) in a temper moderate and firm, the day may come, at some later stage of the Bill, that we may enter on a different verdict upon the Bill (cheers).

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In  
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## Around Toronto

DOUGLAS HYDE, LL.D.

The distinguished Irishman, Dr. Douglas Hyde, accompanied by his wife, arrived in Toronto on the afternoon of Thursday, the 17th inst., and were met at the station by a committee consisting of Messrs. A. T. Henson, F. Walsh, D'Arcy Hinds, E. J. Hearn, Mrs. Hearn, Mrs. F. Walsh and Miss Hart. Dr. Hyde and his wife were immediately recognized, the pictures of the former being familiar to those who awaited him, and a cordial exchange of greetings took place. Carriages were in waiting and the party at once drove to the Queen's Hotel, and afterwards through the city, the streets and buildings being much admired by the widely travelled visitors. Dr. and Mrs. Hyde were enthusiastic in their praise of the reception generally given them throughout America—the hierarchy almost without exception receiving them personally, and the priests and people everywhere giving them the kindest welcome and support. Mrs. Hyde, who is a dear little lady with the simplest of manners, is partly German and partly English so far as birth is concerned, but altogether Irish in sympathy with the great work and projects of her now famous husband. Of their admiration for the hospitality of San Francisco, the visitors could not speak too loudly, and for its great calamity their grief was still keen. Speaking of Father Yorke of that city, the organizer of so much that tends for good, no adjective could be found but great, "Great Father Yorke." During the drive a call was made on Col. O'Brien of Rosedale, a connection of Smith O'Brien, and in this way Dr. and Mrs. Hyde were introduced to Toronto.

In the evening at Massey Hall an audience gathered to hear Dr. Hyde, an audience which, though not as large as might have been, was still large, about fifteen hundred being present, and what was lacking in numbers was made up for in intellectual status and enthusiasm of spirit. A number of representative gentlemen surrounded the lecturer, and Mr. F. Walsh was in the chair. The meeting was under the auspices of the United Irish Societies of the city and their members turned out in large numbers. A mistake was made in the preparation of the musical programme, which was unfortunately too long to admit of full justice being done to those who took part. However, Dr. Hyde, though waiting his turn, fully enjoyed the numbers and when Miss Agnes Curran sang the "Wearing of the Green," he applauded vociferously. Master Glynn, too, drew forth his admiration, and indeed every singer claimed his smiling attention.

The chairman, Mr. Walsh, in a speech which was just the right length, introduced the speaker of the evening. He referred to the great work that Dr. Hyde was doing, illustrating this by the statement that within the last five years three thousand schools for the teaching of Irish had been opened in Ireland through the instrumentality of the Gaelic League. When Dr. Hyde rose to speak he was welcomed with applause loud and genuine. His first words were in Irish, accompanied by many expressive gestures, and as the unknown sounds flowed forth, unknown to the majority at least, how impatient and ignorant many felt themselves to be, and there is no doubt but that those with any claim to Celtic blood must at that moment have appreciated the fact, that the tongue rightly was to them a something foreign and unfamiliar. But all were not ignorant of the import of the fast-flowing sounds, and at the back of the hall an old man arose, and punctuated by word and exclamation the statements of the speaker while on the platform the faces and applauding hands of several gentlemen showed that they, too, were in the secret of the to others unknown tongue. After a few sentences expressive of pleasure at being present, and at the audience, greater even than he had expected in Toronto, Dr. Hyde spoke as follows:

"I am here to-day to explain to you the life and death struggle upon which we are engaged in Ireland. I see that the papers say that this is the last grand struggle of the Irish race to preserve their language. Oh, ladies and gentlemen, it is ten times, it is a thousand times more far-reaching than that! It is the last possible life and death struggle of the Irish race to preserve, not their own language, but their national identity."

"We have now opened the eyes of the Irish race to the awful yawning chasm which gaped beneath us, over which a single false footstep would have taken us—the awful chasm of Anglicization, which, believe me, is only another name for national extinction, and when you in America understand that—and I shall fail in my mission to-day if I don't make you understand it—then I know you will join us in saying to the devouring demon of Anglicization, whose foul and glutinous jaws have swallowed everything that was hereditary, natural, instructive, ancient, intellectual and noble in our Irish people—our language, our songs, our industries, our music, our dances and our pastimes—I know and say that you will plant your feet firmly and you will say with us: "Back, demon, back! Not one other mouthful of the heritage of Irish nationhood shall you swallow again forever!"

AIMS OF THE GAELIC LEAGUE.

"The movement on which we are engaged to-day is not the movement of a few faddists. It was thought to be so. That time has long since gone by. So far is our movement from being a movement of insignificant faddists that papers in Dublin, which are at daggers drawn among themselves, are as one in championing our cause. Churchmen like the Archbishop of Dublin and the Cardinal Archbishop of Armagh are at one with us; even the organ of the independent Orangemen, who seceded from the main body, said the other day, before I left Ireland, that it was a movement which no Orangeman or Protestant need be ashamed to join. The Protestant Bishop of Clougher at a church conference spoke to the Northern Protestants most sympathetically about us, only lately. The leader of the Irish Parliamentary Party has himself on many occasions spoken of the importance of our work if even a shred of our nationality is to be preserved, and, what is better, his own children are learning Irish."

"The Gaelic League is founded not upon hatred of England, but upon love of Ireland. Hatred is a negative passion; it is powerful—oh! so powerful—for tearing down, for destroying; but upon hatred you cannot build up even the size of a thraheen—a very powerful destroyer, but it is useless for building up. Love, on the other hand, is like faith; it can remove mountains; and, faith, we have mountains to remove, and we have removed them. In one word, the philosophy of the Gaelic League is this: the de-Anglicization of Ireland."

"DE-ANGLICIZATION."

"Now, it has been objected to me that that word, which I coined long ago for want of a better—de-Anglicization—contained in it something harsh, something virulent, something rebellious, something anti-English, and that it was calculated to alienate the good will of many people who would otherwise be our supporters; and as that may possibly be so, I desire to say, to set myself right before I go any further, to any ladies and gentlemen of English sympathies who may be here to-night—I desire to say that I honor and respect everything that is good in the great English race. I yield to no man in my appreciation of their perseverance, their business faculties, their practical qualities."

"And yet, and yet, there exists there at her very doors an ancient nation whose half-deserted streets resound ever less and less in the roar of traffic; whose mills are silent; whose factories are fallen; whose priceless harbors are deserted; whose very fields are studded only with ruined gables, memories of the past, and yet, around that nation, morality of life, purity of sentiment, unswerving devotion to faith, and to fatherland, have shed a halo in the eyes of Europe that is all its own. It is a halo too, that is unstained by oppression of any man, untarnished by avarice of anything, and undimmed by murder."

THE ANGLICIZED IRISH.

"I cannot understand for the life of me how it is that Irish sentiment sticks in a kind of half-way house. Why does it continue to say it hates the English and at the same time continue to imitate them? Why does it clamor for recognition, noisily clamor for recognition as a separate nationality, when at the same time it throws away with both hands the only things that would make it so? Why, if Irishmen only went a little further, they would become very good Englishmen in sentiment also. And yet, whether we regret it or not—some of us regret it, others don't—but whether we regret it or not, the fact remains that the very people that adopt English habits and copy the English in every way—the people who would blush if overheard talking a word of Irish, who send their boys to English schools and their girls to English convents to learn to talk with a nice English accent, don't you know, who call their sons Ferdinand and their daughters Victoria, and who have not an Irish book in their house—nevertheless still continue to talk of their oppressed country and to sing 'Paddy's Evermore' and 'The Green Above the Red,' and if I were to plant a Union Jack over their houses they would brain me with a lump of stone."

"And, strange as it may appear, I see no signs at all of their thinking any way differently, and that is why I say, since they won't become proper Englishmen, then let them become proper Irishmen; and that since they won't become the one thing, Englishmen in sentiment, then, in God's name, let them become the other thing—let them come in with us and build up an Irish Ireland!"

O'CONNELL AND MAYNOOTH.

The speaker referred to the "old race" as the men who should have Mac's and O's before their names, and declared that these men, crushed at the battle of the Boyne, have once more been appealed to by the Gaelic League to preserve their national character.

"When the Gaelic League started up we found that these men were losing everything that connected them with the Christianizers of Europe, that connected them with the era of Cuchullain and Oisín; that connected them with Brian Boroishe and the heroes of Clontarf; that connected them with the O'Neills and the O'Donnells; that connected them with Rory O'Moore and the Wild Geese; and that connected them even with the men of '98. They had lost all that those others had, language,



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traditions, music, genius, and ideas, and now, just at the moment when we are becoming masters again of our own land, we find ourselves despoiled and robbed of the old bricks of our nationality, and we must set to work to make new bricks out of new clay, in a new brick kiln, to build a new nation with.

"Do you believe in burning new bricks of new clay for the old Irish house? I do not believe in it. I believe in going here and there throughout the entire island and gathering together carefully, every relic and atom of the past upon which we can lay our hands, and gathering them together into one great whole, and tier after tier into the temple that shall be raised to the godhead of Irish nationhood."

"The rise of O'Connell and the establishment of Maynooth—Maynooth is now, you will be glad to hear, the most Irish spot in Ireland—the rise of O'Connell and the establishment of Maynooth synchronized with the decay of Irish Ireland. The Irish race, the fathers of the present race, the Irish-Canadians, really lived in the closest contact with the traditions of the past and the national life of nearly 1,800 years, until the beginning of the nineteenth century. Not only so, but during the whole of the dark penal times they produced among themselves a most vigorous literary development."

LOSS OF THE GAELIC TONGUE.

Thomas Davis, said Dr. Hyde, had, with the young Irelanders, endeavored to produce a new literature throughout Ireland, but his efforts produced no lasting effect because he overlooked the restoration of the Irish language.

"The greatest misfortune that ever befell Ireland has been the loss of her language. I often heard people thank God that if England gave us nothing else, she gave us at least her language. Well, in that way people put a happy face upon it, and have pretended that the Irish language is worth nothing, and that Ireland has no literature. If the Irish language is worth nothing, why have I met professor after professor from Denmark, from France, from Germany, studying in the mountains of Connacht in order to learn the language that is there banned by the people themselves? And it does possess a literature, or why should a German have calculated that books produced in Irish from the tenth to the seventeenth century and still extant, would fill a thousand octavo volumes?"

"Now, look what you gain by snuffing out the Irish language. I passed through the County Galway a few months ago and I came across a man who could neither read nor write nor speak English. An ordinary English tourist would put that man down as a mere brute. But what a mind that man had! What a memory! What a wealth of song! What a fund of story! What a variety of information! I wrote down from him at one sitting an Ossianic poem of four hundred lines never before printed or heard of! He had a marvelous fund of folktales, remainders of Ossianic lays, of religious poems, of songs, aphorisms, proverbs—in a word, he had everything that could go to enrich the mind and the moral nature; and all that was going to be replaced by his son? We were going to replace it with the Third Reading Book of the national schools, and I would as soon have a lump of sand choked down my

throat as the Third Reading Book of the national schools."

THE IRISH NAMES.

"Look at our Christian names. I would have thought the names that were good enough for my grandfather and great grandfather before me should be good enough for me. Where are our magnificent names of men and boys, Cathair and Domhnall and Angus and Fetgar and Cormac and Diarmuid and so forth? Where do you meet those names now? The man that you call Diarmuid when you speak Irish, an anti-Irish degrading custom and fostered by flunkeyism, forces you to call Jeremiah, Jeramiah. Where are our beautiful feminine names, Nora and Una and Eibhlin and Moirín, Mere, Sheela, Eily and the rest? Where are they? A woman said to me not long ago, 'God forbid,' said she, poor thing, 'God forbid that I should handicap my child in life by calling her Bridget!' She was wrong! She did handicap the child in life, but it was when she taught her to be ashamed of the patron saint of her own country. There are ten, twenty thousand honest Irish girls whose mothers christened them Bridget at home, who, the moment they touch American soil will tell you that their names are Bride and Bridie and Della and Bedelia. The Irish are to-day wealthy enough, powerful enough and respectable enough to restore the name Bridget and make it creditable again if they wish to. It only conveys a stigma because the wealthy Irish boycott it. The spirit of Irish nationality will never be appeased so long as our boys are called Daniel and Jeremiah instead of Domhnall and Diarmuid, and our girls Helen and Julia instead of Eibhlin and Sidhle."

NECESSITY OF GAELIC.

"Six years ago, if you spoke Irish as well as Owen Roe, and wrote it as well as Geoffrey Keating, it would not be worth a thraheen to you. Now you cannot obtain a place under the Corporation of Dublin, under the Corporation of Limerick, under the County Councils of Cork or Mayo, and a dozen other places, unless you know the language of your country. Six years ago if the products of Irish hands and Irish brains were to find a market they had to come back with the hall mark of London or Paris upon them. To-day we are rearing and raising a race of men whose one object will be that the article that they buy shall bear the hall mark of 'Made in Ireland'; and the results have been amazing."

"We have enormously increased the output of our weaving mills. We have doubled the output of our woollen and cloth factories. Other industries in Ireland have been helped immensely. Nothing will do us now but Irish matches, starch, soap, blacking, and the like. In every big town in Ireland there is an exhibition of our local industries. We have two training schools, one in Munster and one in Connacht, to teach the school-masters how to teach Irish. We have a school of higher Irish learning which Kuno Meyer and Professor Strachan, the greatest masters of the old Irish and the phonetics in the world, are teaching, and in which they are doing what Trinity College with all of its wealth refused to do, training up a race of Irish scholars that we hope will take rank among the foremost scholars of the world. We have a fine place of our own in Dublin. We have over twenty paid officers. We have a weekly paper and a monthly magazine. We

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have organizers who work night and day, Sunday and Monday, at their hard task of persuading the people to be Irish again, and who work and sweat themselves to death at a miserable wage that here you would not offer to a fifth-rate stenographer. And they have a corps of nearly 200 teachers with them, half paid by the local people themselves. Wherever they go they bring with them a whiff of ancient Ireland. They teach not the language and the music alone, but the traditions, the dances, and the history of the race.

SUCCESS OR FAILURE.

"To my mind the existence of Ireland, a nation, depends upon this—whether we can keep those men doing the work or whether we cannot keep them."

"We are working together in a common cause, in a spirit of good fellowship. Mr. Chairman, that word is not strong enough; in a spirit of loving brotherhood which has, of recent years, been unexampled in Ireland; and we are not engaged in doing anything that is impossible. It is perfectly possible, and we know it, and we see it."

"But I tell you that there is no royal road to the recovery of our nationality. It is a difficult, it is an arduous task, and it demands self-sacrifice. If we are in earnest and have behind us the moral support and the good wishes of America, we must succeed. If we are only playing a game in earnest—and that is a game Irishmen are very good at—then we shall fail, and the whole world will deride us and the historian will take his tablet and write the words: 'Finis Hiberniae'—the end of Ireland."

"I do not want to speak any more, but I have a little more to say to you. Well, just remember this—the Irish language, thank God, is neither Protestant nor Catholic. It is neither landlord nor a tenant; it is neither a Unionist nor a Separatist, in taking it for our platform we have achieved what is to my mind the supreme and crowning glory of the Gaelic League, because for the first time in Ireland within my recollection Catholic and Protestant, Unionist and Nationalist, landlord and tenant, priest and parson, came together, all working hand in hand in the interest of Ireland's life and intellectual life and we are realizing for the first time the glorious dream of Thomas Davis: How every race and every trade should be by love combined."

The lecture was interrupted by much appreciative applause and its close was the signal for a burst so hearty and continuous that it left no doubt as to the impression made upon the audience. The address was a lucid and luminous presentation of its subject, and the speaker was perhaps the most forceful and the most thoroughly in earnest man that ever stood upon a Toronto platform. The seriousness of the subject was lightened by many anecdotes and much of what one of our

papers termed "audacious humor" and the gestures and imitations of the scholarly and humorous Irishman, were graphic and elicited much laughter. A vote of thanks and an appeal for financial assistance were given by Mr. A. T. Henson, President of the A.O.H.

From a Catholic point of view it was evident that Dr. Hyde, a non-Catholic, had achieved what to many had before seemed an impossibility, that is he had entered almost entirely not alone into the general, but also into the religious life of the Irish people.

After the lecture a collection was taken up for the cause and about \$800 were realized. A branch of the Gaelic League was organized with Mr. D'Arcy Hinds as President. Many names were handed in, amongst them being those of prominent citizens. The next day Dr. and Mrs. Hyde were again driven about the city and otherwise entertained by the Societies. They expressed themselves as delighted with the reception tendered them in Toronto. At 5 p.m. a number gathered at the Union Station to say farewell to the distinguished visitors who on leaving took with them the good will and gratitude of every Irishman and of every Celt in the city of Toronto.

AT ST. HELEN'S

Sunday was a busy day at St. Helen's. At the 9 o'clock Mass about seventy boys and girls received their First Communion. In the afternoon at 3 o'clock they renewed their baptismal vows, were enrolled in the Scapular, and attended Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament. In the evening one of the largest and most beautiful processions ever held in the parish took place, the Sodality and children of the First Communion Class taking part, the ceremony of the Crowning of Mary being also enacted. Rev. Father Walsh, P.P., officiated and Rev. Father McGrand preached eloquently on the virtues of the Blessed Virgin—Humility, Obedience, Purity and Charity—and on the objects and aims of the Sodality formed in her honor. Twenty young ladies were received into the Society of the Children of Mary.

MR. J. J. RYAN VERY ILL.

Many have learned with regret of the dangerous illness at Kenora of Mr. J. J. Ryan, bailiff of the Central Prison and very well known as an orator. Mr. Ryan had left to bring down some prisoners, and on Friday or Saturday suffered a stroke of paralysis. Dr. Bruce Smith, Inspector of Prisons, has gone to Kenora to look after Mr. Ryan, whose condition is quite serious.

New Church for Orillia.

A new church is in prospect for Orillia, both Pastor and people thinking it better to provide a new edifice rather than to spend money on the old one. Collections are already made and it is anticipated that a sufficient sum will soon be in hand to warrant a beginning in the near future.

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