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# The Motherland

Latest Mail from ENGLAND, IRELAND and SCOTLAND

Memories of the stirring times of the Plan of Campaign and the coercion regime were awakened in Mitchelstown district last week when it was announced that Mr. William Herr, of Knockgarra had passed to his eternal rest. As a zealous and devoted lieutenant to John Manderville the deceased rendered yeoman service in the agrarian movement, which caused the political world to "Remember Mitchelstown."

The number of emigrants who left Ireland last month was 926 in excess of the number for March, 1897, the figures being 2,800, as against 1,974. Of the total 2,071 went to the United States, 610 to Canada, 58 to Australasia, 81 to the Cape, and 29 to other places.

A day such as this Passion Sunday has not been witnessed for many years in the Pro-Cathedral. It was an occasion of great solemnity, the unveiling of the beautiful new Altar of the Sacred Heart. This important work, which enhances considerably the beauty of the Pro-Cathedral was undertaken by the zealous Administrator, Father Downing, and to the great energy which he displayed during the progress of the work, and especially within past weeks, is due its completion for the great and memorable festival. The new altar is, perhaps, one of the loveliest specimens in its way of religious art in the city of Dublin. It is a companion to that of the Immaculate Conception, which was unveiled on the 8th December last, and occupies the corresponding place in the edifices, and like it, is in the true classical style, with harmonious with the architecture of the church. It is in the Corinthian order, and the elaborate mouldings and carved crests are enriched with gilt and precious stones.

Viscountess Castlereagh has been returned at the head of the poll as poor law guardian for Killybegs. She was nominated by her father-in-law, the Earl of Kenmare, and the contest proved an exciting one. Her ladyship received 688 votes—a majority of 140 over the second candidate, Mr. Sheehan, ex-M.P.

The Archbishop of Dublin makes the following touching reference to the illness of Mr. Gladstone in a pastoral letter of dispensation from the Lenten fast in Dublin: "I trust that it will not be considered out of place if I venture to add some few words upon another subject. I have been asked to remind the faithful of the diocese of a duty which we owe to the aged and suffering statesman to whom Ireland is mainly indebted for more than one great measure of justice."

Withdrew ever from the contentions of public life, Mr. Gladstone in his present state of patient suffering attracts the sympathy not only of those who in his years of energetic public service venerated him as a political leader, but also, and perhaps even more especially, of others who in public affairs were his strenuous opponents. From a respected Irish Catholic gentleman—one who felt constrained to differ widely from Mr. Gladstone in his last great projects of legislation for Ireland—the thoughtful suggestion has come to me within the last few days, that if any opportunity presented itself, I should ask the faithful of the diocese to discharge some portion of the debt of gratitude which we owe to Mr. Gladstone by now remembering him in our prayers before the Throne of Mercy.

I feel grateful for the suggestion. Doubtless through the letters it will be the means of obtaining far more fervent prayers, and, in particular, a prayer that God, in whom he always trusted, may now, in his hour of suffering, be pleased to send him comfort and relief, to lighten his heavy burden, and to give him strength and vigour to bear it, in so far as, in the designs of God's providence, it may have to be borne by his greater good.

Mr. William O'Brien is pressed by an earnest petition from Knock South Mayo, and from other districts that the constitution of the West Mayo United League be so far enlarged as to embrace the whole county. No wonder that the vigorous organisation in West Mayo has inspired emulation. It has, as Mr. O'Brien points out, done great work in the brief term of its existence. Faction has disappeared under its wholesome influence, and land-grabber and evictor have been again taught to know their places in the community. Coercion and violence have only served to strengthen its hold on the people. O'Brien's view is that if the priests and people want the League elsewhere there will be no difficulty in its establishment.

Southern and Western system. The latter company proposed to contribute the extra cost necessary for a broad-gauge line. But the scheme fell through in the Privy Council. Should the amalgamation of the Great Southern and Western and Waterford, Limerick, and Western lines take place, Cashel will be hemmed in within the iron limits of the new Company, and there will be no reason to stimulate the letter to any expenditure. "The most notable National monument in Ireland" will thus remain out from the ordinary tourist. Mr. O'Riyan urges that it should be made a condition of the amalgamation that the new line be constructed.

A special Criminals Act Court was held at Ballyroan, about nine miles from Athlone, the president of which was Mr. S. O. Newell, B.M. John Corbett, Colaburter, farmer, John Fallon, Carrowardurley, farmer, and Patrick Fallon, Garrynaphon, were sent to jail for assaulting John Burke, Turrook. Burke is at present the occupant of a farm from which James Killion, a late member of the Rosecommon Poor Law Board, was evicted.

**ENGLAND.**  
The Rev. Arthur R. Robbins, Chaplain-in-Ordinary, to the Queen at Windsor, has been creating an absurd myth about the discovery of the lost body of Edward the Sixth in the course of some excavations near the Great Western Terminus at Windsor. The Rev. Arthur Robbins, started on the hypothesis that the Catholics would have hidden the body because Edward was disliked and disagreeable to them, proceeds to the assumption that the body in the coffin unearthed was that of the boy King, because it was in a beautiful leaden casket and had on it a silk shroud finely embroidered. The Mayor of Windsor, who saw the body and reverently turned it over with a crowbar to look for a wound, says the face, which was brown as mahogany, was that of a child, and that there were no traces of smallpox on the face—that being one of the disorders of which Edward died. Curious to relate the portion of the body in the shroud from the neck down was not in the slightest degree discoloured—which shows that the earth in the vicinity must have the property of preserving human flesh. It has been contended for a long time that the body of Edward the Sixth is not in his tomb at Westminster Abbey, and it is believed it has before now been discovered in various other places between Greenwich, where he died, and Windsor, where he is supposed to have been buried.

**ROGER TIEBHORN.**  
Just at present the daily papers are full of reminiscences of Roger Tiebhorne, his Stonyhurst days, etc. Amongst them is the following:—No man was better liked among his brother officers than Roger. But in those days the painful ordeal of practical joking awaited every young officer, and Roger Tiebhorne was no exception to the rule. Among the idle jokes practised upon Roger was that of striding a young monkey in bed and nightcap and tying him down in bed. This and other escapades got to the ear of Lady Doughty, to whom, it may be remarked, he had conveyed the secret of his love for her daughter, Miss Kate Doughty. A strong attachment grew up between the two cousins, and frequent visits were made to Tiebhorne whenever opportunity offered. His aunt did not discourage the idea that he should marry his cousin, but there was a grave religious objection—the twin were first cousins. On Christmas Eve, 1851, Roger joyfully set his foot in Tiebhorne park once more. The two young people had exchanged presents. Miss Doughty gave Roger a keepsake volume of Esther Farth's hymns. Suddenly, whilst seated at breakfast, Roger was sent for by Sir Edward, who requested that for serious reasons the engagement should be broken off, and it was arranged that on the next morning the young man should leave the house for ever. A few days afterwards, Sir Edward, who was dangerously ill, withdrew his objection, with the proviso that leave from the Church should be obtained, and that the marriage should not be for three years, the young pair not to see each other or correspond in any way during that period. It was on the 22nd of June, 1852, that the young people walked together for the last time in the garden of Tiebhorne House. Some months before this Roger had made a will and written out and signed it solemnly. It was as follows: "I make on this day a promise that if I marry my cousin Kate Doughty, this year, or before three years are over, at the latest, to build a church or chapel at Tiebhorne to the Holy Virgin, in thanksgiving for the protection which she has shown us in praying God that our wishes might be fulfilled.—B. O. TIEBHORNE."

A New Zealand Bishop is expected. The Most Rev. Dr. Grimes, Bishop of Christchurch, New Zealand, who arrived in London after a visit of six months to Ireland, is staying at the Rectory of the Marist Fathers, Leicester place, Leicester square. His Lordship expresses the warmest appreciation of the welcome extended to him in Ireland, where he visited and preached in almost every diocese. Dr. Grimes will proceed to make his visit to Rome and will probably return to New Zealand via the United States.

**SCOTLAND.**  
St. Nechillos of Hattilla Vioch, 13th Century. According to some Scotch historians, two members of the Royal family resigned all the honors and dignities belonging to their estate and left their native country to serve God in poverty and obscurity. These were a brother and sister, bearing the names Alexander and Matilda, the latter being the elder. It is not clear which of the Kings of Scotland was the relatives of those holy recluses. Alexander, having concealed his origin, became a lay brother in the Cistercian monastery of Foigny, in the diocese of Lecon, where he died in 1220. His sister, after taking leave of him at the gates of a monastery, took up her abode in a small hut about ten miles distant. Here, her Royal origin being unknown to all who came in contact with her, she spent long life in dire poverty and austerity. She would refuse all alms, working laboriously for her daily sustenance, and spending all the time that remained, in prayer and contemplation. Miracles are said to have proved her power with God, both during her lifetime and after her happy death, which took place some years after that of her brother.

**CRIMINALS AND THEIR RELIGION.**  
[WRITTEN FOR THE REGISTER.]  
Mr. Douglas Stewart, Inspector of Penitentiaries, has made this year's report regarding the prison population of Canada more interesting than we remember to have ever seen it before. The criminal class is steadily growing throughout the Dominion, every year from 1893 to the present showing an increase on the immediately preceding year. One lesson contained in the statistics agrees with universal experience. The great majority fall into crime before reaching the age of thirty, and it may be taken as a pretty good rule that if a man escapes the jail so long, altogether, he never returns. Youth is the period of strongest temptation. There are in the prisons of Canada 131 convicts under the age of twenty, and only 22 over the age of sixty. There are 63 convicts under the age of thirty, and only 85 over the age of fifty. What an exhortation there is in these figures to advance the reformation of the wayward instead of lulling them down like beasts! Race or color does not seem to make any much difference, our prison population being as heterogeneous as white, black, red and yellow on the outside; but perhaps there is not so much difference or distinction between them if we could see inside. The four divisions of the United Kingdom are represented, as well as most of the Colonies and the nationalities of Europe and America from Franks to Finns, and Newfoundlanders to Greasers. The married, the widowed and the single; the temperate and the intemperate and the drunkards are all there. The temperate are in the majority in their respective ways of comparison; but the totalitarians have probably nothing to boast of in their representation of only ten in the millions admit minors, more than the proportion of the general population. Twenty religious denominations are counted in the returns, including the creed "Not Given," which may stand for the class society outside the jails as well as the "Moral Paganism" which has of late years the ground that it is as absurd to praise or condemn the religious denominations for any comparisons that may be made between them in the prison statistics as it is to praise or censure education on the account of the religious standing of the instructed and the illiterate on the same basis. While 288 convicts only cannot read, 1,008 are readers and writers. Yet this comparison furnishes no proof of the generally high direction of popular education, which was the boast of the Church of England claims a larger proportion of the prison population than any other denomination, there is no means of knowing from the returns the percentage of the apparently undue preference which is given to certain religions by the Church of England convicts is serious or trivial, or indeed whether the returns are altogether reliable. No one has ever offered a sensible, or even plausible, excuse for showing, year after year, the official standing of the population of convicts to the denominational population. But it is always done; and not in Canada only but in all countries publishing prison statistics. It is the only natural thing in the world to suppose that the religious standing of the convicts is not a fair index of the religious and Christian life of the world. It is the only natural thing in the world to suppose that the religious standing of the convicts is not a fair index of the religious and Christian life of the world.

**GRABBING IRISH RELICS.**  
We are glad to see, remarks The Dublin Freeman, that the Council of the Royal Irish Academy do not intend to let pass unchallenged the "grabbing" policy of the British Museum authorities in connection with the recent "treasure trove" in Donegal. The Council have drawn up a time and cogent memorial to the Lord Lieutenant on the subject, in which they put forward an unanswerable claim to the possession of these ornaments. Indeed, apart from any historical or national grounds, which of themselves are of the highest importance, it is only common justice to the Royal Irish Academy that these objects should be handed over to its care. Since its incorporation in 1786 the Academy had applied itself with zealous earnestness to the formation of a collection of such objects which would be not alone a testimony to the artistic taste and mechanical skill of our ancestors, but would be of the greatest value to the students of Irish antiquities. In these efforts the Academy has attained a measure of success that merits the highest praise, as anyone who inspects the splendid collection in Kildare street must readily admit. Phoenician and Egyptian remarkable specimens of ancient art, such as the Tara Brooch and the Ardagh Chalice have been secured to the nation, as well as many other objects of the highest antiquarian value. In this truly national work the Academy, as the memorial points out, has had the sympathy and the financial support—small though the latter was—of the Government authorities. In the case of the Tara Brooch in 1868, and in that of the Ardagh Chalice in 1874, and again in 1884 in the case of the Reliquary of St. Lachtin, the assistance of the Government was given in securing that these objects should be deposited in the Academy's collection as their proper resting-place. The present case is particularly valuable, for in that instance the object had been bought by the London Science and Art Department at the Fountains sale, and the Treasury, recognizing that it was its most natural and appropriate resting-place in Dublin, with the other historic Irish antiquities, ordered it to be handed over to the Royal Irish Academy, and sanctioned the transfer of a sum equal to its price (£465) to the Science and Art Department. But the present case is a much stronger one. The remarkable hoard of gold objects now under discussion was found on the seashore on the North West Coast of Ireland, where they were turned up by a ploughman. In the ordinary course of events, under the regulations relating to "treasure trove" in Ireland, they should have been delivered to the nearest magistrate, the district or also forwarded to the Chief Secretary or to the Royal Irish Academy. But such was not done, and after being acquired by Mr. Robert Day of Cork they subsequently passed into the possession of the British Museum. Under the circumstances the Council of the Academy are fairly entitled to contend that "there has been a distinct breach of the regulations," and to ask that the Treasury should take steps for the transfer of these objects to the Museum in Dublin, where they would now be had the regulations were properly complied with. We trust that the Lord Lieutenant will see that the Council's request and press the matter before the proper authorities, for it is a question on which the Council have the sympathy of all lovers of Irish antiquities and the general body of the public at their back.

**COMPLETE HOME RULE FOR CUBA.**  
WASHINGTON, April 18.—The Spanish minister, Señor Polo, has written a letter to Henry E. Burton of Middleton, Conn., which says: "Dear Sir:—I enclose herewith in reply to your letter of yesterday's date copies of the new constitution for Cuba and Porto Rico. The Cuban parliament (the House of Representatives elected by universal suffrage) will meet May 4, the interview of which you send me a copy is a correct statement of what I said to the representative of the Associated Press.

"Ignorance of certain facts and exaggeration of others, has created a fictitious state of opinion that certainly could not exist if the exact truth was known. It is next to impossible now to convince the average American that autonomy is a reality, that the Cubans themselves have the power in Cuba and that the government of Spain cannot appoint a military officer in the island other than the personal staff of the governor general.

"I regret to say it seems to me too late to now change American public opinion, misled to such an extent in the Cuban question that it has actually arrived to the verge of insanity."

**THE AUTHOR OF THE "STATAB MATER."**  
RANOLD DES GALUBENS.  
In the Monastery of St. Clara, at Lodi, not far from Rome, is a tomb with this inscription, "Here repose the remains of Blessed Jacopone, of the race of Benedetti, member of the Order of Franciscans, who became foolish for Christ's sake, deceived the world as to himself, but therefore drew Heaven to his possession. He fell asleep in the Lord, March 25, 1206."

This Jacopone is the author of the immortal *Stabat Mater*. As the epitaph intimates, he had been a man of wealth. He was born in Umbria, of an illustrious family. His baptismal name was Jacob, but afterward he called himself Jacopone, or silly Jacob, and desired through self-abasement to be known by that name only. His parents destined him to the study of law, and with great success he devoted himself to his calling and became a famous advocate. At the same time the love of the world, and of his own comfort setled upon his heart, and all his thoughts and efforts were directed upon joys, luxuries, and honours, to the exclusion of heavenly good. His virtuous wife, on this account, concealed from him many of her works of piety, and exteriorly seemed to second all his desires. One day she visited a public place. The seat broke beneath her, and with many other noble ladies she was mortally injured. At the news of the accident Jacopone hastened to the spot. He found his wife still breathing, and when he tore her body loose to give full play to her lungs, he beheld to his astonishment, a rough penitential garb hidden behind her costly robes.

This unforeseen piety on the part of his wife, who shortly expired his arms, worked an entire change of sentiment within him. He resigned his position, divided all his possessions among the poor, and entered the Third Order of Franciscans which had been instituted but a short time previous. From that time forth, Jacopone meditated how to gain self-mastery, curb his passions, and do penances for his former follies. He particularly undertook to bring upon himself the scorn and derision of the world, and thereby atone in some measure for his former desire after honours. He

therefore did things which he reckoned would call upon him contempt and ridicule, and succeeded, though many of his fellow-countrymen would not admit the reality, since he who played the role of a fool, at times spoke words of the deepest wisdom. He continued this life for ten years, though meanwhile enjoying astonishing, and truly effluvia unreasoning methods of mortification. As the expiration of that time it was made clear to him that it would be more meritorious to place himself under obedience to a spiritual superior, and thereupon he begged admittance into the First Order of the Franciscans. It cost great efforts before he succeeded, owing to the fact that it would be unbecoming to admit one who was universally regarded as a fool into a respectable body of men. But when he proffered, as evidence in his favour, a hymn he had composed on the "Contempt of the World," the Fathers changed their opinions, and he was admitted.

All his efforts were now by still stronger measures to bring himself low. He accepted the severest penances, and employed himself in the most mental occupations. When in the dead of the night he meditated on the question, "Lord, my God, what art Thou, and who am I?" his heart glowed with such flames of love that he desired all possible torments for the sake of Christ. He acted as if he was prepared to undergo for Christ, he answered, "All sorrows and pains of the world, of purgatory, and of hell." Owing to his great love of Christ, he declared himself with freedom, and attacked the sins and crimes and evils in every condition of life. Laughing with love for Christ, and whitened with age, but weakened by penances and trials, he fell dangerously sick. Thereafter all his solitude was cast on God alone, and he so burned with desire for Him that he could not master it. While upon his sick bed he composed a number of splendid hymns, among which was the immortal "Stabat Mater," that Palestrina, Pergolesi, Astorgia, and many moderns have since set to music, but none of them succeeded or approached succeeding in imparting to the composition the same power which the poet breathed into his stanzas.

Jacopone died after receiving the Holy Sacraments, on Christmas night, 1306. The above mentioned hymn, as recent investigations prove, is therefore false in date. The poet breathed forth his soul with our Saviour's words: "Father into Thy hands I commend my spirit."

When a young girl develops the first signs of this affection, it is as if she were starting alone upon a strange journey through a rough and dangerous path. A wise and loving mother will not allow any false delicacy to prevent her from giving her daughter the plainest information and advice at this critical stage of her existence.

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Miss Hilda Cain, of Clinton, Allegheny Co., Pa., writes: "I take pleasure in expressing my faith in your 'Favorite Prescription.' After two years of suffering I began taking your medicine and now I am entirely cured. I had been troubled with female weakness for some time and also with a troublesome catarrh of the system, but now I am happy and well. I will cheerfully recommend your Favorite Prescription to all invalid ladies."

**The Journey of Womanhood.**  
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The Domain of Woman

A TRAM A LA DILKENS. "Can we have transfers to the Belt Line, east and west?"

"No, ma'am, this is the last car." Mary looked blankly at me; 12 o'clock p.m., and each going different ways, my luckless self nearly two miles west!

"Well, I guess I'll get out before we get to Bloor, Wellesley is the nearer road."

The nearly empty car rattled on, and soon the conductor called "Wellesley." Mary hastily bade me farewell, and hurried across the road, soon being lost in the gloom of the trees.

"Then began that peculiar dialogue one always holds with oneself when in complete solitude." "I wonder if I shall meet any tramps?"

"Another car rattled past. "Wall the cars are coming anyway—what's that?"

"Steadily shoulder to shoulder, Steadily blade by blade, Marching along, sturdy and strong, Come the boys of the old brigade."

"My military meditations were cut short by a stumble over a loose plank. The soldier then walked sideways, they make one walk as though one had been indulging in a champagne supper."

"I wanted to try the Charlotte Russe," complained the party inside. "For shame, you had quite enough; why didn't you ask for more?"

"Robin down the logging-road whistles 'Come to me; Spring has found the maple grove, the sap is running free; All the winds of Canada call the ploughing rain."

like the entrances to a vast cavern, and the corners offering possible lurking places to lurking thugs and gnomes. Nothing sprang out, however, as we hurried past. A solemn, blue-coated "lucky" stood at the corner of a street and eyed us in a stern, suspicious manner; but we didn't care, we were nearly home.

"Far and far our homes are set round the seven seas, Woo 'em, I do forget, wo that hold by these; Cut each his mother beach, bloom, and bird, and land—Masters of the seven seas, O' love and understand."

"We watched the Mack figure apprehensively; it grew no taller as it advanced; but we saw it was a man, scarcely up to our shoulder, and dressed up as though he had been a courtier."

"Ho! for the island! The paddo wheels of the big ferry boats will soon be splashing and churning the limpid waters of the bay, carrying their freight of holiday-making humanity to the green lawns, cool groves and sand of our pretty watering place."

"Soon after the death of the fair Blanche the chronicler adds that the gallant Captain de Nerac fell in battle, and thus at last were the lovers reunited. At the present day, when the mist gathers on the sea, surrounding the Rock of Perce and giving it every fantastic shape, the fisherman declares that they can recognize the forms of the two lovers revisiting this mortal world to make sure that the doom of the tormentors of Blanche de Beaumont has not been lifted, and that they are condemned to endure it for all time."

Tramped, 3,800 Miles Over the Ice. WINNIPEG, April 18.—Charles H. Walker, a shipwrecked whaler, arrived at Edmonton last night, having walked from Point Barrow, on the Arctic Ocean, to the town of Edmonton, an approximate distance of 3,800 miles.

Miss Barry ("Francoise") has been lecturing before the Montreal Women's Club on the legend of the Rock of Perce. "I give it to you," said Miss Barry, "I was told to me by an old weather-beaten fisherman, one beautiful August evening, as our boat slowly came in sight of the famous Rock of Perce. Many years ago, when the banner of the Fleur de Lis was still floating over our bastions, a young French officer, of a noble family, and whose regiment was stationed at Versailles, was suddenly called to lead his regiment in an expedition to New France, where war was raging between the colonists and the Iroquois."

"When I know anything is worthy of a recommendation I consider it my duty to tell it." Rev. Jas. Murdoch, of Harrisburg, Pa., writes of Dr. Agnew's Cathartic Powder after having been cured of a very malignant form of catarrh. He is not the only great divine on this continent who could, and who has preached little sermons on his wonderful cure effected by this famous remedy. What names are more familiar to Canadians than the Rt. Rev. A. Sweetman, Lord Bishop of Toronto, and Dr. Langtry, of the Church of England; the Rev. Wm. Knorr, Presbyterian minister, Hamilton, or the noted Methodist preacher-traveller, Dr. W. H. Withrow, of Toronto. All these men have proven what is claimed for Dr. Agnew's Cathartic Powder, and have given their written testimony to it.

ed and dying, and her uncle, who was mortally wounded, died in her arms. After plundering the vessel the victors proceeded to massacre all on board the unfortunate vessel, and Blanche de Beaumont, whose exceeding beauty had been noted by the chief of the buccaneers, was the sole survivor. Don Paolo, the pirate captain, tried every possible inducement to persuade Blanche to become a wife, but all in vain, neither threats nor entreaties could cause Blanche to falter in her devotion and love to her lover, the Count Raymond de Nerac.

The day after the accident occurred the vessel, driven by a strong wind, was approaching the Rock of Perce. While all on board were intently gazing at this freak of nature, the spectral form of Blanche de Beaumont, all clad in white, suddenly appeared. All were transfixed with terror; the steering of the vessel was forgotten, and it had not gone far when, at a motion of the ghost, who let her hands fall on the doomed ship, it was suddenly transformed, with everyone on board, into a solid rock. This strange piece of rock, which retained the appearance of a ship at full sail, stood at the mouth of the river, near Cap des Roitiers, and has since been known as "The Phantom Ship," or "The Shiphead Rock."

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Divines All Meet on a Common Level and are of One Accord in Proclaiming the Healing Power of Dr. Agnew's Cathartic Powder. It Relieves in Thirty Minutes. "When I know anything is worthy of a recommendation I consider it my duty to tell it."

Farm and Garden

A few days ago Professor Wright, of the Glasgow Technical College, recorded in a lecture the results of some experiments in the manuring of potatoes carried out in Scotland last year. The three essential classes of fertilizers, he explained, being nitrogen, phosphoric acid, and potash, it was decided to supply them in sulphate of ammonia, superphosphate, the sulphate of potash, and to attempt to ascertain the most profitable quantities to use.

Now is the proper time for sowing seed of many varieties of annuals, in order to bring them into flower early in the season. At this time of year the seed must be sown in boxes in the house. In sowing flower seeds much depends on the manner in which it is done, as only under favorable conditions will a good proportion of the seeds germinate.

One of the most complete breweries on the continent—capacity 165,000 barrels annually—equipped with the most modern plant, including a De La Vergne refrigerating machine, 75 horse-power, with water tower in connection—a 35 horse-power electric dynamo for lighting brewery and running several motors—large water filter, capacity 2000 gallons per hour, through which water, after passing, is absolutely pure, and is used in all brewing, and our improved facilities enable us to guarantee our products. European and American experts have pronounced our establishment and products equal to the best in their respective countries. Large malt house and storage in connection.

THE O'KEEFE BREWERY CO. OF TORONTO, (LIMITED)

The Cosgrove Brewery Co. OF TORONTO, Ltd. Maltsters, Brewers and Bottlers TORONTO.

ALES AND BROWN STOUTS. Brewed from the finest malt and best Barossa brand of Hops. They are highly recommended by the Medical Faculty for their purity and strength.

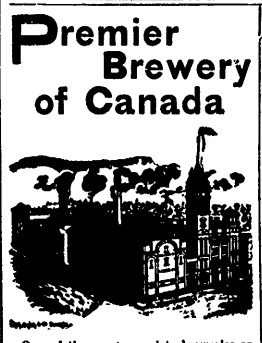
THE COSGROVE BREWERY CO. BREWING OFFICE, 295 NIAGARA ST. TELEPHONE No. 264.

TAKE YOUR PRESCRIPTIONS TO Lemaitre's 256 Pharmacy Queen St. West OPPOSITE FIRE HALL N.B.—No connection with any other Drug Store. The Archbishop of St. Boniface. Archbishop Langevin, of St. Boniface, arrived in Montreal on Thursday last. He is on his way to France for the purpose of sacrificing at the chapter of the Oblate Order in the election of a new General of the order.

IF Your Digestive Powers are Deficient you need something now to Create and Maintain Strength for the Daily Round of Duties. JOHN LABATT'S ALE AND PORTER. TAKE THE PLEASANTEST OF MALT BEVERAGES. THEY are Pure and Wholesome and will do you good TRY THEM.

THE DOMINION BREWERY CO. LIMITED, BREWERS AND MALTSTERS, QUEEN ST. EAST, TORONTO. MANUFACTURERS OF THE CELEBRATED White Label Ale, India Pale & Amber Ales, XXX Porter. Our Ales and Porter are known all over the Dominion. See that all the Corks have our Brand on. ROBT. DAVIES, Manager. WM. ROSS, Cashier.

JOS. E. SEAGRAM, DISTILLER AND MILLER WATERLOO, - - ONT. MANUFACTURER OF THE CELEBRATED BRANDS OF WHISKIES "83," "Old Times," "White Wheat," "Malt."



Premier Brewery of Canada. One of the most complete breweries on the continent—capacity 165,000 barrels annually—equipped with the most modern plant, including a De La Vergne refrigerating machine, 75 horse-power, with water tower in connection—a 35 horse-power electric dynamo for lighting brewery and running several motors—large water filter, capacity 2000 gallons per hour, through which water, after passing, is absolutely pure, and is used in all brewing, and our improved facilities enable us to guarantee our products.

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GEO. J. FOY. - IMPORTER OF - Wines, Liquors, Spirits & Cigars, 47 FRONT STREET E., TORONTO. MARSALA ALTAR WINE. SOLE AGENT IN ONTARIO.

BRASS AND IRON BEDSTEADS. TILES, GRATES, HEARTHES, MANTLES. RICE LEWIS & SON, (LIMITED), COR. KING & VICTORIA STREETS TORONTO.

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The Catholic Register.

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TRAVELLING AGENTS: MR. PATRICK MULLOCK, 100 King St. West. CITY AGENTS: MR. LAWRENCE O'BRIEN.

THURSDAY, APRIL 21, 1898.

Calendar for the Week.

April 21—S. Anselm. 22—SS. Peter and Paul. 23—S. George. 24—S. John the Evangelist. 25—S. Mark, Evangelist. 26—Our Lady of Good Counsel. 27—S. Robert.

The Register cordially unites in the congratulations to Chevalier John Honey, of Ottawa, upon the attainment of his 77th birthday, and wishes the warm-hearted and patriotic Delegate many happy returns.

Mr. Douglas Stewart, inspector of penitentiaries, declines to be made further use of as the plant tool of the partisan commissioners who conducted the recent investigations at Kingston and St. Vincent de Paul. It is high time for Mr. Stewart's protest. The commissioners were really giving the inspector very bad treatment all along. Their object was to demonstrate the utter incapacity and untrustworthiness of as many Conservative appointees as it was considered safe to dismiss.

It is to be hoped that the debate in the House of Commons upon Mr. Mulock's proposal to reduce the rate of interest on Post-Office Savings Bank deposits has been widely and carefully read. The chief facts brought to light are given elsewhere. It will be admitted, we think, that those facts leave Mr. Mulock and the supporters of his proposition without any excuse at all for their economy. Indeed we are reluctantly forced to the conclusion that the reduction is a "grab" by the capitalist class. This is not saying too much in face of all the facts. The business relations of government towards the industrious working people through the Post Office Savings Bank must in the first place be rightly understood. The Antigonish Casket indicates the nature of those relations very accurately in the following paragraph:

"There are a good many people who, quite irrespective of party leanings, will agree with the views expressed by THE CATHOLIC REGISTER of Toronto, on the subject of the reduction of the rate of interest on deposits in the Post Office Savings Bank, which is to be cut down from three to two and one-half per cent. The question is of course a large one and needs to be approached in a broad spirit. There is, at first sight, some force in the argument that the Government cannot afford to pay those depositors a higher rate of interest than that for which it can borrow money elsewhere; but it was never contemplated that the system should be a purely business one of borrowing the savings of the people at the lowest possible rate. The best evidence of this fact is that the amount allowed to be deposited has always been strictly limited. If the intention were only to borrow at the lowest market rate there would be no reason for confining each depositor to so small a sum. The evident intention was the encouragement of thrift among the people, wealthy investors being excluded by the limiting clause. If this is not effectual, some means could probably be found of making it so, and of confining the benefits of the system to the class for which it was intended."

Such being the intention with which the Post-Office Savings Bank was instituted, Mr. Mulock's argument that the Government is bound to borrow all its money on the lowest possible terms appears to be only a very poor sort of pretext indeed. Furthermore, it was clearly demonstrated on the floor of the House that the Government, for the next half century, will pay one and one-half more for its London loans than it proposes to allow the honest and thrifty workingman of Canada. Again, the most conservative of the loan companies allow three and one-half per cent. on all deposits, so that it is not permissible to doubt that the reduced rate in the Government Savings Bank is deliberately designed to check the increasing habit of the thrifty class of wage-earners of investing their "idle savings" with the Government. The results to be looked for are those: (1) that the people's savings will be withdrawn from the Post-Office Bank, and (2) that the disposition

towards thrift must be seriously checked. If the deposits be withdrawn to a large amount from the Government Savings Bank, and transferred, for the sake of better terms, to chartered banks and loan companies, the change will not be a desirable one, for one reason, if not for another, that in Canada speculation is, in great part, the life of banks and deposit seeking corporations. The entire question of government finance is bound, sooner or later, to force itself in an unpleasant manner upon the attention of the people. The politicians have so dulled public opinion in Canada that the great body of electors appear to concede to politicians in power permission to do as they please subject only to the criticism of politicians in opposition. There is little or no independent aid afforded to electors by outside public opinion, but of a certainty the two political parties do not control enough combined integrity, and means of impartial communication with the people, to make it safe for parliament to monopolize the right of deciding questions involving a conflict between the interests of classes. Take for instance the interests of the capitalists vs. the working class—this very question of the Savings Bank deposits. How many men in parliament and in the government have financial relations with banks and loan corporations, and would be personally benefitted by the transference of a large portion of the savings now in the Post-office bank? We make no allusion to Mr. Mulock whatever. But we say that until the meaning of the phrase, "the independence of Parliament," is as well understood in Canada as it is in England, there will be need for the greatest vigilance against the influences of capitalists and corporations working upon the government. This ill-starred shaving of the poor man's "savings," for the improvement of the rich man's "investments," does not look much better than several other recent transactions that have provoked a great and righteous outcry.

Calling it the "tar-brush of special commissioners" is very severe indeed.

hold the imperial figure of the future New Zealander standing upon a broke arch of London Bridge, viewing the ruins of the modern world's metropolis? With regard to South America, it is evident that Dr. Horton is repeating stale stories. He, however, says in this regard nothing that can be taken hold of. To compare north and south America as if they should keep abreast of each other in the march of settlement and industry is even less reasonable, than to wonder why the great industrial cities of the United States are not in the southern instead of the northern States. Climate has more to do with those matters than Christianity. In the next place let us ask upon what authority Dr. Horton designates north America "Protestant"? Is it because the majority are Protestants? That is not enough, besides the Catholics are increasing so rapidly, and the movement towards the church in the centres of enlightenment is so rapid—more rapid even than in England—that the conditions may in due course be reversed. By what right does Dr. Horton call England "Protestant" when he himself declares, "It is quite within the range of possibility that another generation will see the country you love brought to the condition of Italy or Spain." And here we have another of his contradictions. In one sentence he holds Italy up as a "bogy" before Protestant eyes, and in the next boasts that "since Italy has achieved her unity" she has "become again a great nation." Alas that is more than any of poor Italy's real friends can say for her. She has, on the contrary, been bankrupted by the most corrupt school of politicians on the face of the earth. Obviously it is to Dr. Horton confirmation of national greatness, strong as proof of Holy Writ, to have gone to war with the Pope. It is as home in England, however, that Dr. Horton is most at sea in his logic. In fact he has got the English end of his argument almost indescribably tangled up. We have seen where he says the aristocracy, the social leaders, and the clergy of the Church of England—the educated and cultivated classes in short—are rushing for refuge to the bosom of the Catholic church, or, as he, with a lapse into vulgarity, puts it, are "daily becoming Romanists." Very well. In another place he declares to his audience: "I am bound to tell you the truth, because on every hand I find poor, ignorant Englishmen and women, (he is speaking to, and of, Protestants) absolutely without knowledge of the simple things that I have stated to-night." Very significant indeed. It is only before the "poor, ignorant," Protestants, who have no means of knowing whether they are hearing truth or falsehood that Dr. Horton dare make such statements; the educated and cultivated people, who have all the means of knowing better, are flocking for truth to the Church of God. Perhaps it is when he derides Ireland for her poverty and faithfulness to the ancient faith that Dr. Horton makes the most astounding spectacle of himself. If Ireland is poor it is not the Catholic Church, but rather England, that made her so. Dr. Horton bemoans the modern decay of the "qualities which made the England of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries." We would add that those same "qualities" also made Ireland of that time the butcher-shop of England. England is alone responsible for Ireland's poverty and decay. The great Dr. Johnson, a loyal and honest Englishman, and a Protestant to boot, years before the Union, said to an Irish friend: "Do not unite with England; we would rob you." England carried the Union to rob Ireland and keep her poor. She has succeeded in both respects. What is the use of boasting of the worldly success of a religion that is responsible for the cruel treatment and condition of Ireland before the so-called "Reformation" was relatively a more powerful, and infinitely a happier, nation than she is to-day. That can be proved from history. We have not space to dwell upon all the crowding contradictions and absurdities arising out of Dr. Horton's test of the Christianity of Protestantism on the basis of worldly prosperity. In the second branch of his argument he reiterates the familiar dicta of the "Protestant Alliance"; but steers clear of data, and so evades other refutation than to say he is either lying or ignorant. The third division of his

statements on his "meo ipse dixit." We would infer from this remark that The Baptist is unable to give us any information whatever about this Dr. Horton; and we have never before heard or read of the reverend gentleman. The lecture, which occupies nearly two pages of The Baptist, we have read. From beginning to end we cannot find a name, a date, or a fact put forward openly, or in a way to give the opportunity of appealing to any authority other than Dr. Horton himself. We have, then, to deal solely with his argument, based upon his assertions—assertions made not in the language of vulgarity, although baldly and boldly enough. The only course left open to us, therefore, is to refute Dr. Horton out of his own mouth, a thing that happily is always possible with an untruthful witness. His opening statement is to the effect that England in the next generation will probably be a Catholic nation. We sincerely hope that this is good prophecy. His reasons for making it are:

Every one must have observed that a great change is coming over the English character. The larger portion of our aristocracy and social leaders in modern England have already become, and many more are daily becoming, Romanists. . . . about five hundred clergy in the Church of England, who believing that Anglican orders are not valid, have sought and obtained ordination through a papal channel. There are eight hundred nuncios with twenty thousand nuns established in England within the last comparatively few years. . . . In the year 1894 the present Pope, Leo XIII., addressed a letter to all the princes and peoples in the earth, and especially to the Protestant princes and peoples. In that letter he says, using the constant language of the Pope, that he has the viceregent of the Almighty God. . . . We are all one in Jesus Christ. The Pope desires that we should all be one in him. . . . If this claim is true, we must all recognize that we should have no quarrels and that what he tells us. But if that claim is false, it is not enough for us to repudiate it. We must battle strenuously against what becomes the most daring, blasphemy in history.

So far we have no call to take issue with Dr. Horton. It is in his method of "repudiating" the authority of the church that we desire to point out confusion and absurdity. This attempt at "repudiation" is divided under three heads. He begins with a comparison of the present state of so-called Protestant and Catholic countries. South America (Catholic) is compared with North America (Protestant). Spain (Catholic) is placed over against Italy. Austria (Catholic) is contrasted with Germany (Protestant). Ireland (Catholic) is taunted as the impoverished next-door neighbor of pure-proud England. "By their fruits ye shall know them," quotes the glub Dr. Horton, when he has drawn up his list of comparisons. Catholicism has impoverished her nations, Protestantism has enriched her people. Catholicism repels decay, Protestantism plenty. This sort of argument is so utterly incapable of holding water that one hardly knows where to begin an enumeration of all the holes in it. In the first place Christianity must be a mockery of the poverty-preaching Christ if its only fruits worth boasting are national progress, power and wealth. The test of Christianity, we should have thought, is its fruit of harvested souls, not its hoardings of gold and conquest of territory. Christianity does not teach that when any of us stand before the Judgment-seat it will be wise to whisper to the Son of God that we would, if we could, have brought our purses with us to secure His clemency. But enough of this! We prefer to ridicule less shocking errors.

Surely it is silly in the extreme to hold the rise and fall of modern nations the sole test of the visible fruits of God's church on the one hand, and Protestantism on the other. Nations, in obedience to the inevitable laws of life and death, rose and declined before the Christian era began. The civilization of China, that claims an antiquity of 100,000 years B. C., and that is admitted to date from 2,000 B. C., manages somehow to survive in the world still. Again Dr. Horton confuses his boast of Protestantism exclusively to the present condition of the nations. If, for the sake of argument, we admit that Catholic Spain is now in the decadent stage, it is not undeniable that she was even more Catholic than she is at the present hour when, in the words of Dr. Horton, she was "the undisputed mistress of the world"? Is it not equally undeniable that Catholic Spain was once as much the envy of the world as Britain's empire is to-day? Does not Macaulay ask us to look forward and

The Canadian Baptist.

The Canadian Baptist is not on our exchange list. Its recent reference to an article of ours has, however, been forwarded to us by a member of the Catholic Truth Society. The Baptist, we observe, has nothing at all to say on its own account; but it challenges the attention of THE REGISTER to a lecture delivered in London, England, by a Congregationalist named Dr. Horton. The Baptist takes the lecture in full from The Christian World Pulpit. Protestant readers are requested by our Toronto contemporary to go to the sources of history for themselves, not to take Dr. Horton's

statements on his "meo ipse dixit." We would infer from this remark that The Baptist is unable to give us any information whatever about this Dr. Horton; and we have never before heard or read of the reverend gentleman. The lecture, which occupies nearly two pages of The Baptist, we have read. From beginning to end we cannot find a name, a date, or a fact put forward openly, or in a way to give the opportunity of appealing to any authority other than Dr. Horton himself. We have, then, to deal solely with his argument, based upon his assertions—assertions made not in the language of vulgarity, although baldly and boldly enough. The only course left open to us, therefore, is to refute Dr. Horton out of his own mouth, a thing that happily is always possible with an untruthful witness. His opening statement is to the effect that England in the next generation will probably be a Catholic nation. We sincerely hope that this is good prophecy. His reasons for making it are:

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subject is devoted to a description of the "voices of the Popes." Here again Dr. Horton is readily silenced out of his own mouth. In one part of his lecture he remarks:

"And must also ask you to remember that I am as mindful as anyone of the many virtues and Christly lives of innumerable members of the Catholic fold. If I had to give you a lecture upon the charm and beauty, the authority and sweetness, of Catholicism, I think I could say as much as most Catholics.

And Dr. Horton ever hear, or read, of the virtues and Christ-like lives of any Popes? He can preach to "poor ignorant" men and women of the 13th century about the alleged vices of a Pope who lived one thousand years ago, but he can say no word for the scores upon scores of Pontiffs to whom all historians allow every attribute of saintliness and wisdom. Even to the "poor, ignorant" men and women who have listened to him it would have been useless for Dr. Horton to insinuate vice against living men; and perhaps he regarded it as a persuasive line of attack to frankly declare that had to be admitted, because the character of the Catholics of England, as a class, is to day beyond reproach. Go where you will through Britain and you will find them, from the Duke of Norfolk to the coal-heaver on the London quays, spoken of as citizens and subjects whose words are as good as their bonds, whose lives are clean, whose public spirit is at all times manifest to the nation. Furthermore, in every city in England, where the "eight hundred nuncios" that have frightened Dr. Horton so badly are situated, the blessed word is recognized and praised of those noble women who have given up home, family and friends the better to serve their dear Lord. O Dr. Horton, whoever you may be, you are not to be trusted when you go back a thousand years to bring the assertions of history against an occupant of the chair of Peter, even though you grant to the Catholics by whom you are surrounded "virtues and Christly lives"; and to their religion "beauty, authority and sweetness." If the Catholic Church is to be judged by its fruits let it not be judged by the bad ones. The fruits of the Catholic Church are before all men's eyes who wish to see; and she is not afraid to discuss her history before any impartial court of enquiring minds.

War and its Possibilities.

Although the last possibility of peace between America and Spain has not disappeared, the events of this week have fully convinced the world that it is the desire of the United States Government to go to war for the Cuban prize. Both Houses of Congress, on Monday, came to an unexpected agreement on the war resolutions, thus leaving Mr. McKinley no alternative but to send an ultimatum to Madrid. The compromise declaration is framed in such a manner that the issue of a victorious war would leave Cuba on the hands of the Americans. Spain is given no chance of offering further concessions. She has already given Cuba a government on the Canadian plan, and has offered, immediately upon the restoration of order in the island, to withdraw every soldier and civil servant and leave behind only a governor-general as the representative of Spanish sovereignty. But the United States says "No; you must take your flag too, or our ships and armies will expel you. If war was ever forced upon a nation, it is forced upon Spain by the United States. From English organs of public opinion, and from prominent exponents of English policy in Parliament and the universities, we hear that the United States is warmly approved, on the ground that the Anglo-Saxons alone should have the right to rule in the New World. An eminent professor of Oxford says the United States will recognize this great principle. That professor has much to learn; he should leave his books and his insular surroundings, and come to America to learn exactly what sort of an ass he claims to be. It is a new thing to hear England claiming part-proprietorship in the Monroe doctrine. If that doctrine applies to Cuba, it has equal force in Canada; and England may yet have to learn from experience that the Americans have much less respect for the position on this continent of their ancient enemy, Britain, than they have for the gradually withdrawing shadow of Spain, from whom their "boundless contentment" first received a name. The dominant idea in England seems to be that because Uncle Sam is in a bullying spirit it is better to humor him, as long as he confines his attentions to the Spaniard. There is no sincerity whatever in the English attitude. Canadians must consider the interests of the world, and look to what the future holds for their own point of view. It may be that civilization has bestowed the "boundless contentment" for the benefit of republican institutions; but in the Cuban problem there are no pleasant ones for those of us who are still outside the republican fold.

THE FAMINE IN IRELAND.

AN ENGLISH LADY'S DESCRIPTION. The following letter gives a heart-rending account of the distress in the West.

Sir—As the Chairman of the Irish Parliamentary Party is anxious that more publicity should be given to the distressing facts, known only to those who are straining every nerve to help the people in their sore need in Western Ireland, I should like to confirm from my own experience Miss Maud Gonne's letter published in The Freeman of Wednesday, March 30th. I feel as she does, that "I am powerless to describe the suffering I have witnessed," both here and in Mayo—and I confess I dread most deeply what the next few months must inevitably bring. The people are "lost" for want of timely help. Here, it is true, as elsewhere, many people have either not been able to "loan" the guardian seed potatoes at 12s a bag, or cats, for fear, as in the past, they could not pay for them, or perhaps "the only old cow" has been sold for the debt. As a poor widow said to me: "Why should I ask them, when I still owe 6s arrears for the last seed?" She had nothing to put in the ground, therefore famine for herself and children was actually before her for months as well as for the summer months. In other cases seed bought from the guardians this year has been eaten in whole or part, for they had nothing else, and the shopkeepers refused them meat.

Two weeks in the parish of Ballynagill, Co. Galway, it is true, 20 tons of beautiful seed potatoes have been distributed by the parish priest (as a grant from Dublin or Manchester, I am not sure which), six stones on the average being given to each family holding land. This seed is a great boon for the future, but the actual produce to be hoped for from six stones for next winter's food is hardly a cheerful outlook.

Throughout this parish, Rosnylv Dispensary district, which covers many square miles, there has been a terrible scourge of measles and complications; almost everyone in every cabin being knocked down by them; the misery and suffering, quite unimagined by those who had weather, and because the poor mothers had no nourishing food, even milk to give the children. "Yellow meal makes them sick, and so does the black tea," I have been told over and over again. In one case a child, suffering from measles, died from drinking the cold water; and I saw myself in that cabin, a week afterwards, the poor mother had a tin cup with warm water and sugar by the turf fire to give a poor little child, who had measles, bronchitis, or measles; "they had nothing else." Last year a kind farmer who had "great pity for the children," lent a family a cow, but it died on them. This winter again he lent them another cow, but was so unwell, and the poor mother told me last week she was "afraid they would lose the cow, as they had no food for themselves or the cow, and she would die on them again." A decent man came to me yesterday, and said he had a coffin for his "fine little boy of three" who had died for want of care and nourishment, and having lost a young Connemara pony worth £15 by an accident last week, he had been refused by three shopkeepers a stone of sugar for the same reason. The tears rolled down his face as he told me the story. He showed me those wretched blue papers, meaning processes for rent and shop debts. Four other children have been down with the measles, and I fear for the rest of them. I am going to see for myself to-day, though the way is long and hard, and hope to take them some Swiss milk, a valuable article in such sickness, which some good Liverpool friends sent. Indeed it is heart-breaking work to see so much suffering and destitution and to be powerless to help. As for the Government relief, it is a bitter and cruel mockery. The relieving officer is ordered to put on the relief roads only those who are "desistute," i.e., who would die unless they were on outdoor relief from the guardians. An old man, of 65, or 68, sick, and with the head of his back, with his old wife, are listed for the road. But he is unable to work, and his only support, a son, died recently from measles; but such is the "iron-bound red-tapeism" he may not be given a miserable pittance as work as outdoor relief in his own cabin, but is ordered the "reductio ad absurdum" further so.

I have been reliably informed that only a quarter of the names listed as destitute have worked on the roads so far, because of the necessity of doing the spring work. In cases where substitutes for the person so "listed" have subsequently been found on a day or two (March 28th) went round and ordered all such "substitutes" off home, and gave stringent instructions that no one under 16 and without a doctor's certificate should be allowed in future. I heard myself (March 30) two poor listed widows, one from Salrack, the other at Mullaghobles, imploring the relieving officer to put a boy or girl on the list, sickness being the cause in one case, and in the long wet family and a baby 15 months "the other."

It is indeed a cruel and bitter mockery to call such system relief. Hard and unrelenting as Mr. Balfour the First made his policy, it was "a boon and a blessing to meet," as the old proverb says, "the relieving officer dare not put him down for the road, and he certainly will not give him food, as he would be discharged."

Then, again, in practice "the cow and calf theory" is an absurd one. If a man and his family are actually starving, if he has the means of a cow and calf "the relieving officer dare not put him down for the road, and he certainly will not give him food, as he would be discharged."

In most cases the cows cannot be sold, and if they were the price of the milk would be so low that the owners would belong to the shopkeeper for debts. A decent hard-working farmer told me yesterday he had driven a calf to a fair this winter and no one asked its price. I saw it on the hillcock. An equally hard-working woman went to five fairs

to sell another, and she said—"No one asked me why I brought her, and they would not buy her. What then was she worth, not charity. If he tries to get it he goes to the priest, who sends him to the guardian, who, in turn, sends him to the relieving officer. If he gets his money down it probably will be struck off by the guardian (or the other), or by the Local Government Board inspector. There is nothing for it but starvation from now until August for men, women, and little children. There are thousands of families in this position at the moment in the remotest districts. They are "processed" for shop debts and for rent, and some are in danger of eviction.

The cruel and heartless way in which the people are being treated is enough to make them feel that they would be the Sassenachs' Government; and I confess "a sacred wrath" takes possession of me, too—Sassenach though I am—when I see so much suffering unshared for, and "the slow hunger" unrelieved. Every day I see the most strange, by the truth of the words of a noted Protestant historian and Young Irelander—

"That if Ireland had control of her own laws, the enjoyment of the fruits of her own soil, and the right to be of no need of public relief and public aims." But until that good day comes, the people must be saved from the results of the present evil system in which vast numbers of our fellow-countrymen, the wants of one of the richest nations the world ever knew, have not been left to die."

"Famine is in thy cheek, Need and oppression stretch in thine eyes Upon thy back heaves ragged misery; The world is not thy friend Nor the world's law."

—Yours sincerely, AMY M. MANDER, Tully, Letterfrack, Co. Galway, April 21, 1898.

THE DISTRESS IN COUNTY GALWAY.

The Superior of the Convent of Mercy at Tuam writes:

DEAR SIR,—On behalf of the distressed, sick and dying poor visited and relieved by us, I appeal for assistance to the kind and charitable sympathizers of God's poor. Our only means of helping them comes from the proceeds of an annual bazaar and the contributions of the parish of Tuam, and the proceeds of good work cannot be continued. Even in the most prosperous of times the amount realized by the bazaar was inadequate to the wants of the poor. In a year such as this, pinching want, the aid of our friends, and the contributions of the poor streets of our towns, so that it has become more urgent on us to extend the scope of our appeal and enlist additional co-operators in our work of charity. Untold good may be done by every one of our fellow-countrymen. Hundreds are relieved in the course of the year from this fund. Indeed, the boon is not confined to the poor of the neighborhood, for they come from long distances, surrounding parishes, and the aid of our co-workers, or help, and beseeching us advocate their wretched cause with the wealthy. Unfortunately, the means that were at our disposal are now exhausted, so that this work of charity cannot be continued. I remain, sincerely yours in Christ, SISTER MARY ESTH. STOKES, Superioress, Convent of Mercy, Tuam, Co. Galway, April 4th, 1898.

THE DISTRESS IN WEST CLARE.

The following resolution of the Kilrush Board of Guardians shows the pressure that is being brought to bear upon an indifferent government:

Resolved—That we, the board of guardians, having regard to the fact that the amount that it has been necessary to expend in relief of the poor in this parish has been very large, and that this rate of expenditure must in all probability continue for some time to come, are of opinion that the resources of the union will of themselves be inadequate to meet the extraordinary demands on them, and, as we are not prepared to adopt the scheme of relief proposed by the Government, as we think that such a course would involve a very heavy expenditure out of the rates, we would ask the Government to favorably reconsider the request that we already preferred, and give us before the close of the financial year a small free grant."

Miss Jane Barlow has a fine, but pathetically painful poem in the London Speaker, entitled, "A Misunderstanding." It is a picture of the mother's effort to soothe the craving of her children and her own aged mother for food, in this year of hunger in the West of Ireland. But "too young and old, were they all to understand." So—

Many a time I wished to God, Not so much that He'd contrive For the creature's sake and land; Scarce a supped loaf, scarce a sod, Till the folks can hardly live, And I wouldn't ask Him aught That He mightn't have to give— But I wish they'd understand, Have some sense, understand, So that lest they'd grieve and fret, And be sure I grugged them naught. "Tis my bitter grief," she said. (The listening neighbor duly sought To speak some words of cheer, or half-past eight." And indeed, very often this is the meaning. How had this come about? The force of example set in earlier days—not in the school-room, I hope—is responsible. Want of punctuality on the part of the teacher will be copied by the pupil, will be carried by him, into his after life, where the school boy "behind time" has developed into the man "behind time." A visit to some schools during work or recess will give another illustration of order or want

TEACHER AND PUPIL.

THE REGISTER gives below a greatly condensed summary of the address delivered before the Educational Convention, last week, by Dr. MacCabe, Principal of the Normal School, Ottawa, on "The Personality of the Teacher R-appearing in the Pupil."

The address created very considerable interest, its author speaking before one of the largest audiences of the Convention. Dr. MacCabe said: Education, physical, intellectual and moral is, to a great extent, a process of absorption, an absorption of surrounding elements into the body and mind, an arrangement, an assimilation of materials so as to incorporate them into the being to whose growth and development they are applied. In Leibnitz's phrase, the boy or girl is a social monad, a little world which reflects the whole system of influences coming to stir its sensibility. And just in so far as his sensibilities are stirred he imitates and forms habits of imitation, and habits they are character.

It is inevitable, therefore, that the child, under limitation of heredity, make up his personality by imitation out of the "copy" set in the actions, temper, emotions, of the persons who build around him the social enclosure of his childhood. In this formation of the child's character by imitation, the models set by the parents and by the teacher play a most important part. The influence of the parent is great; and it must be admitted that the teacher, who, for so large a portion of the time, stands "in the place of the parents" for a whole neighborhood, must exert, for good or ill, a power whose effects are eternal. It has been well asked, Was there ever a group of school children who did not hold a "play" school, creating a throne for one of their number to sit on and "take off" the teacher? And with what accuracy, with what naturalness, is this "taking off" done. How the gait, the voice, the gestures, the manner and mannerisms, the eccentricities, the exhibitions of feeling or passion are faithfully pictured out. The large place which this "play" school occupies in the recreations of children shows the deep impression made by the school life.

And now to enter on details. The personal appearance of the teacher is the first influencing element of the teacher's personality. The teacher's person and dress should not betray either slovenliness or foppishness, though, possibly, the latter is the lesser evil. The slovenly teacher will most certainly have slovenly pupils. He cannot cultivate, or appeal to, their taste for cleanliness and neatness of person, while he himself sets an example of carelessness, in person or dress. In the teacher will induce the same carelessness and unbecomingness in the pupils. These things are out of place in any one, but most out of place in the teacher. The next influencing element of the teacher's personality is the spirit and practice of order. The first evidence of order should be in the teacher's regularity and punctuality of attendance. A teacher who wishes to check that base of school work—irregularity of attendance—must never set the example of irregularity. School regulations say that one of the teacher's duties is to see that the school opens at least five minutes before the time of opening in the morning. If this is faithfully carried out by the teacher, it will go a long way towards training them to habits of regularity. In the matter of punctuality the teacher should begin every part of the school work at the exact time mentioned in the timetable, and should end it at the exact time. The teacher should never allow a favorite class, or a favorite subject, to overstep the time allotted to it. And, as the teacher should open the school punctually at the appointed hour, so should he close it punctually at the appointed hour. Continuing the school work after the regular hour for closing, is considered by some a laudable, by others a questionable, virtue. I agree with the latter opinion. Teachers and pupils who do honest work for the period of six hours earn a relief at the exact moment set by regulations. Order demands it, health demands it.

In this connexion, I may refer to the want of punctuality in opening public meetings. How many times do we hear this dialogue: "Will you come to the meeting this evening?" "Yes; what is the time of opening the meeting?" "Eight o'clock." "O, that means twenty minutes after eight, or half-past eight." And indeed, very often this is the meaning. How had this come about? The force of example set in earlier days—not in the school-room, I hope—is responsible. Want of punctuality on the part of the teacher will be copied by the pupil, will be carried by him, into his after life, where the school boy "behind time" has developed into the man "behind time." A visit to some schools during work or recess will give another illustration of order or want

of order. Books, rulers, pencils, erasers, paper, etc., may be thrown carelessly on desks, or under the desks, on window sills, on blackboard top, or other inappropriate places. The teacher has spoken of this several times, but look at his own desk or table. Is it a pattern for the pupils? Are the books, pencils, paper, etc., on the teacher's desk or table an example of orderly arrangement? If so, then very few words will be needed to bring about order in the arrangement of the pupils' school material. If not, then each pupil, in the disorder of his school material, is only a "copy" of the teacher.

One-halfness, hopefulness, patience, earnestness, love for the work of the school and for the pupil—all these, as elements in the teacher's personality, and consequently elements of each into the personality of the pupils, may be treated as one topic. It is said that the teachers, in general, do not try to make their pupils happy, but in the language of Goldsmith describing the village teacher:

Well had the budding tremblers learned to trace The day's distressers in his morning face.

Dr. McLellan, in his psychology, in speaking of the origin of sympathy, says: "Sympathy has its origin in the contagious character of feeling. Laughing and crying are both 'catching.' A person is depressed if he goes into an atmosphere of sorrow, even if the sorrow does not touch him personally; or even if he does not know the cause of the grief. Children are constantly manifesting such sympathy. This imitative sympathy is a factor which the teachers may largely rely upon, especially with younger pupils." Dr. Arnold says that the chief characteristic of the teacher ought to be that he rejoice with them that rejoice. Children are, naturally, cheerful and happy; and the teacher should be cheerful and hopeful; and the effect on the pupils is thus referred to by Professor Pilsars: "The moral training received in a well-conducted school, from observing the example of strict and impartial justice in the conduct of the master, his kindness to all, his paternal regard for their improvement, his patience with the slow, his encouragement of the quick, his unrelenting severity of temper, and his reluctance to punish, is far more important to the pupil's well-being in the world, and his character as a member of society, than any given amount of literary acquirement. The good or evil lessons which a boy draws for himself, almost unconsciously, from a teacher's demeanor in school, are more influential and impressive than any direct instruction." And now, I come, finally, to what has been properly called the vital element of the teacher's personality—a life guided and controlled by morality and religion. The grandeur of the work to which the teacher is called, and the awful responsibility which is placed on him, is thus set forth by Saint-Gwyn, one of the greatest among the Post-Royalist teachers. He says: "There is no occupation that is more worthy of a Christian; next to giving up one's life there is no greater charity. The charge of the soul of one of these little ones is a higher employment than the government of all the world." "What are the gratifications he lays down for the teacher? First, goodness, then intelligence. And what is his favorite rule for teachers? "Speak little, but too much, pray still more." Is it too much to say that the whole school work of the teacher should have the sacredness, the dignity, the power of a prayer? The world is not yet at its best; the young generation is not growing up at its best. We want, therefore, in the teaching profession Christian men and women, who will aid the Church in "regenerating hearts," in "reviving the face of the earth." What should be the teacher's ideal? What is the true life ideal? asks and answers a distinguished prelate. Two authorities, among

Put so much of his heart into his act, That his example had a magno's force, And we were swift to follow whom all loved.

Another influencing element of the teacher's personality is courtesy—courtesy in language and manner towards everyone in the community, towards his pupils in particular. The teacher in the school-room should be a gentleman among—what his pupils ought to be—ladies and gentlemen. The courteous manner and language of the teacher will live in the courteous manner and language of his pupils towards the teacher, towards one another, towards parents and others in the community. The refined language of the teacher will be assimilated in the pupils' language. If all coarseness, slang, vulgarity and profanity are absent from the language of the teacher, this will go a great way to banish such characteristics from the language of the pupils. We know that coarseness, slang, vulgarity and profanity in language are prevalent at the present day. In fighting against this the teacher has "up-hill" work; but a steady adherence to purity of language—using the word "purity" in its widest meaning—will go a long way towards refining the language of the pupils. In this connection may be mentioned the irritating effect of a loud, rasping voice, added to awkward gestures and movements of the body. A noisy teacher will make a noisy school. A quiet, gentle teacher, with will-energy and will-power, is sure to make a quiet school. The polite teacher will have polite pupils. The teacher who says even to the "least" of his pupils, "if you please," and, "I thank you," will find the courtesy returned and extended a hundred fold. The teacher who in his daily walks out of school hours, politely salutes those he meets—yes, even pupils who may be under sentence of suspension or expulsion, will develop in the pupil a politeness, a courtesy, a head power which will mark his actions through life.

Here I may be allowed to express my regret that "young Canada" is growing up sadly deficient in what I would call "reverence"—reverence for old age, reverence for parents and those in authority, reverence for sacred things; sympathy with the weak, the lowly, the oppressed, the poor; sympathy with the lower animals in their wants and sufferings. It is the special work of the teacher, by example, as well as precept, to plant and nourish in his pupils this much needed reverence and sympathy. Another element in the teacher's personality, one that will have a strong influence on his pupils, is a love of nature. To children as well as others there are: Tongues in trees, books in the running brooks, Sermons in stones and good in everything. The teacher who takes his pupils on excursions, who introduces them to

the woods and fields, the lakes and rivers, the birds and flowers, who shows the beauty of earth and sky, and his own love for this beauty, will make on the young hearts and minds an impression for good never to be effaced. With this love of nature, which the teacher by precept, but still more by example, will instil into the minds and hearts of his pupils, he must by similar precept and example fill the minds and hearts of his pupils with love of country. The teacher must be a patriot "to his finger tips." Pride in loyalty to our country, faith in a glorious future for it and for its people, should show themselves in every word, in every act, of the teacher. The pupils will catch the enthusiasm, the patriotism.

Among the higher elements of the teachers personality—those which go to form and build up character—the first, which I shall consider is truthfulness; truthfulness in act as well as in word. First, truthfulness in promises made to the children. What the teacher promises to perform, if he and the pupils are satisfied of his justice, should be performed at all hazards. What an effect on the pupils has a broken promise of the teacher, what an effect has a series of broken promises. How the pupils will apply in their conduct towards one another, these lessons readily learned from their model the teacher. The teacher should set the example of truthfulness in all matters connected with school work; truthfulness in presenting to inspectors, parents and other visitors, the exact state of affairs in school work, and discipline, in examinations, public and private. In any description by the teacher the pupils are forced to have a share, and this characteristic will be carried into practical life. This is a serious matter to have any pupil in our schools say he learned lessons of deception from his teacher. Justice and impartiality in the teacher's personality, and the effect on the pupils, is thus referred to by Professor Pilsars: "The moral training received in a well-conducted school, from observing the example of strict and impartial justice in the conduct of the master, his kindness to all, his paternal regard for their improvement, his patience with the slow, his encouragement of the quick, his unrelenting severity of temper, and his reluctance to punish, is far more important to the pupil's well-being in the world, and his character as a member of society, than any given amount of literary acquirement. The good or evil lessons which a boy draws for himself, almost unconsciously, from a teacher's demeanor in school, are more influential and impressive than any direct instruction." And now, I come, finally, to what has been properly called the vital element of the teacher's personality—a life guided and controlled by morality and religion. The grandeur of the work to which the teacher is called, and the awful responsibility which is placed on him, is thus set forth by Saint-Gwyn, one of the greatest among the Post-Royalist teachers. He says: "There is no occupation that is more worthy of a Christian; next to giving up one's life there is no greater charity. The charge of the soul of one of these little ones is a higher employment than the government of all the world." "What are the gratifications he lays down for the teacher? First, goodness, then intelligence. And what is his favorite rule for teachers? "Speak little, but too much, pray still more." Is it too much to say that the whole school work of the teacher should have the sacredness, the dignity, the power of a prayer? The world is not yet at its best; the young generation is not growing up at its best. We want, therefore, in the teaching profession Christian men and women, who will aid the Church in "regenerating hearts," in "reviving the face of the earth." What should be the teacher's ideal? What is the true life ideal? asks and answers a distinguished prelate. Two authorities, among

others, have answered this question. The Scriptures say: "Seek ye first the kingdom of God and his righteousness"; and Carlyle says: "Love God, this is the everlasting Yea, wherein all contradiction is solved, wherein whose walks and works it is well with him." For the true teacher life means good; he finds strength and joy in this wholesome and cheerful faith. The true teacher loves knowledge because God knows all things; loves beauty because God is its source; loves the souls of his pupils because the soul brings man into conscious communion with God and His universe. If the teacher's ideal is poetical, he catches in the finer spirit of truth which the poet breathes—the fragrance of the breath of God. If the teacher's ideal is scientific, he discovers in the laws of Nature, the harmony of God's attributes. If the teacher's ideal is political and social, he traces the principles of justice and liberty to God. If the teacher's ideal is philanthropic, he understands that love which is the basis, aim and end of life is also God. We need men of genius who live for God and country; men of action who seek for light in the company of those who know; men of religion who understand that God reveals "Himself in science and works of Nature as in the soul of man, for the good of those who love Him. The great educational problem has been, and is, how to give to the soul purity of intention, to the conscience steadfastness, to the mind force, plianity and light; or in other words, how to bring philosophy and religion to the aid of the will, so that the better self shall prevail and each generation introduce its successor to a higher plane of life. To this and the efforts of all teachers should be directed, and the teacher's own life should be a guide to lead the way. The aim of the teacher is not to make successful farmers, merchants, bankers, lawyers or doctors, but to make noble and enlightened men. Hence the final thought in the teacher's work is that his pupils are not to have more to be more; not to have higher place but to have greater worth; that the first duty of man is to make himself like God, through knowledge ever-widening, through love ever-deepening, through life ever-growing.

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and I trust the enclosed cheque will remunerate you for your trouble." Mr. Barnes not quite comprehending it all, had attempted to protest, but Mr. Mitchell had taken him by the arm, and hurried him off. In the cab which bore them to the club the detective asked for an explanation, but Mr. Mitchell only replied: "I am too hungry to talk now. We will have dinner first."

seriously injured if not ruined him. Why have you done it?" "How did she receive that?" asked Mr. Barnes, admiring the ingenuity of Mr. Mitchell.

Easter in Normarket. How different the church appears on this Easter morning from the sadness and mourning of Good Friday! How everything speaks of joy and gladness! The sanctuary is artistically adorned with masses of beautiful flowers whose delicate tinted blossoms send up their subtle odor like incense around the altar of the Most High. Tall Easter lilies, chaste and beautiful, bend their stately heads as if in adoration before Him who to-day has broken the fetters of death and risen triumphant from the silence of the tomb. Glorious geraniums, with their blood-red blossoms, whispers of that redemption—painfully, bitterly pursued by the precious Blood so freely shed on Calvary. Colored lights are everywhere—gleaming in the rich foliage of the plants, glowing midst the Easter lilies which form an arch around the beautiful statue of the Sacred Heart, and especially effective in forming a luminous cross above the high altar, reminding us of the cruel tragedy of the Crucifixion. And a feeling of sadness mingles with our joy when we think of the awful price paid for our redemption. High Mass was celebrated by Rev. Father Morris who preached an instructive sermon on the Gospel of the day. The beautiful Easter music was well rendered by the choir, under the direction of Mr. Kelman. At 7 p.m. Veppers were sung, followed by Benediction of the most Blessed Sacrament, and as the glad "Regina Coeli" bursts forth one's heart goes out to that Blessed Mother—our Mother—blessed to us from the Cross. Bitter, indeed, were the swords that pierced the loving heart, O Queen of martyrs! Who can measure the horror of that awful day on Calvary? But now—"Joy to thee, O Queen of Heaven! Rejoice, rejoice and be glad for He hath arisen!" The beautiful sermon by Father Morris, on the Resurrection, brought vividly forward the two truths, the Divinity of Christ and the Resurrection of the Body; and as we listen faith grows stronger, and hope grows brighter, and with a new courage we again take up the cross "which, surely, each one of us must bear, knowing full well that if we persevere unto the end, for us, too, shall dawn a glorious resurrection!"



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A soldier was one morning brought before the commanding officer, charged with the offence of telling a lie to the captain of his corps. After the Colonel had heard the evidence, he said to the defaulter: "Do you know what will become of you if you tell lies to the captain of your company?" To which the soldier promptly replied: "Yes, sir; I shall go to hell."

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(Written for This Register)

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Shortly after nine o'clock the procession of clergy accompanied His Grace the Archbishop through the chapel into the sanctuary...

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The aspirants then approached the railing and, kneeling, positioned the Archbishop to receive them into the community of Loretto.

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Mr. Swift MacNeill and the Union.

The following appears in The London Westminster Gazette:

SIR—A correspondent in a letter to The Westminster Gazette under this heading asks for the foundation of my statement in your columns that the Union has "continued, in the words of one of its principal machinists, to check the prosperity of Ireland, which check the prosperity of Ireland, which check the prosperity of Ireland..."

Mr. O'Connell had died before the publication of the "Castlereagh Correspondence." He had, however, grown to man's estate at the time of the Act of Union...

An Appreciation of Mr. N. Flood Davlin. A writer in The Ottawa Citizen says: "What a fine thing it is when, with a splendid memory, one is endowed with the power of thinking consecutively, and clothing these thoughts in eloquent language!"

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The above facts can be verified by writing Miss Ferguson at No. 10 Hamilton street, Arlington, Mass.; or the editor of the Inland Empire, Sydney, C.B., or any one of the intimate friends of Miss Ferguson, Hardwood Hill, Sydney.

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