

THE PAPAL ABLEGATE

GIVES HIS OPINION ON THE QUESTION OF WOMAN SUFFRAGE.

Mgr. Satolli is the Special Representative of the Pope in America.—Besides this He is an Eminent Astute and Learned Man.—The following Article from the New York World will be Read with Interest.

It is not hard to see Mgr. Satolli. He is the American Pope in more than name, for his ways are democratic and he is almost as accessible as was the bluff old Gen. Jackson himself. If you wish to see him, therefore, do not stand on ceremony. Do not wait for a letter of introduction from some Catholic dignitary, but proceed directly to the old brick house on New Jersey avenue, Washington, and ring the bell with the audacity of a hardened book agent.

A beautiful little Italian boy will open the door for you. He looks like that too familiar picture of the Neapolitan Boy, except that his hair is smoother and he is dressed like any American child. He will not bow like an American boy, however, but will sweep the most gracious salutation, take your card, ask if you understand Italian, and then show you into a little reception-room on the right hand, when you have made the answer that he evidently expects—that you do not know Italian, and speak an inferior quality of French. At least all these things occurred to a New York woman the other day who took her courage in both hands and went to interview Satolli on the burning question of woman's rights.

Soon the pretty boy returned, and, saying that Monsignor would see her, invited the now nervous guest to step into the adjoining parlor. The most striking object there is a picture of Pope Leo, a copy of the Cartrain portrait, which is inscribed with a verse in Latin and the words "To Francis Satolli from Leo XIII."

There was a swish of silk, and with a swift and noiseless step the American Pope came in. Satolli wore the black soutanne with red buttons and button-holes worked in red. He wore nothing on his head. His habit was lined with silk, and it was the rustle of this which announced his coming. Around his neck hung a silver chain, curiously wrought and thick as a man's index finger, and the gold cross, which he afterwards showed the visitor, was thrust into his breast. He bowed and graciously extended his hand, on which gleamed the amethyst ring. His New York guest gave it a warm pressure in the excitement of the moment, for the difficulties of her position had begun to dawn upon her—and Monsignor waited for her to tell why she had come. Fortunately she had been brought up in a Montreal convent and she mentioned the name of a distinguished Catholic prelate as that of a friend. It was charming to see how the priest's ascetic face lighted up. He began to speak very slowly and to express his admiration for that great and good man.

"I speak but little English," he said after a moment, and indeed his effort to speak our native tongue had wofully contorted his face, while with both hands he played with the silver chain continually and nervously. Then he introduced his visitor to Father Pepe, his Italian secretary and interpreter, who had stood unnoticed behind the Delegate. At his words the good-looking, smiling young priest came forward and proffered his services. Father Pepe speaks almost perfect English. The caller took a long breath, and said:

"You are known, Monsignor, to follow with ardent interest all the movements of civilization which are going forward in this country. I would so much like to have your opinion of a movement which is interesting the women of New York. I mean the question of woman suffrage."

Mgr. Satolli heard Father Pepe's translation with a puzzled air. At the end he shook his head and smiled gleefully.

"The women to cast votes for their lawmakers—why not?" he finally said, in Italian. "It is not a question which comes within my scope. I know not well enough, intimately enough, the conditions of life here—the social conditions. But if you ask me in what respect the possession of such powers would oppose the teachings of the church I can speak. There is no distinction of sex in the great church. She recognizes all of her children, women and men, as equal. The obedience she asks of one she requires from the other. The mercy she extends to one is as freely offered to the other."

This was better than the visitor had dared to hope. It was, however, somewhat vague, and, with an attempt to obtain a more succinct expression of his views, she asked the question.

"Then, since no tenet of the church is defied by the women in seeking to make themselves equal in this manner with their brothers, is it your opinion that the laws should be so altered as to extend to them the right of suffrage?"

But at this the Apostolic Delegate smiled and shook his head again.

"It would be presumptuous in me to attempt to answer that question with authority.

Spiritual and temporal things must be kept separate. What is best for the women of this beautiful country may not be the same 'best' as the sister women of Italy have found it. There the women have for centuries wielded immense power, politically and in every walk of life. Should the cultivated feminine portion of my country demand the rights of electors I might from knowledge be able to speak. Here, in this land, you will see I am not the proper or final judge in such matters."

The delegate then spoke charmingly of the women of Italy, their intelligence and devotion. It was to them he said, that Italy owed her pre-eminence in literature and art; they had carried the torch across dark epochs of captivity and foreign domination when the aspirations and hopes of their fathers, brothers and husbands were darkened by despair.

In speaking of America the Apostolic delegate became enthusiastic.

"It is wonderful—it is marvellous," he said. "I have been from the Atlantic to the Pacific, and in the west I have seen towns two—three years old already growing so fast!"

"Then you will remain with us always, Monsignor?"

"Ah, that I do not know," he said, smiling, and he gave the same answer when asked if the Catholics meant to build him a permanent home in Washington, adding rapturously that he loved Washington. "It is so tranquil—so beautiful." But, pointing to the Pope's portrait, he added: "First of all, I practice obedience to our Holy Father."

A little later Mgr. Satolli said he would give his guest a rosary blessed by the Pope, and while Father Pepe had gone upstairs for it he showed her his cross, in the centre of which, protected by glass, is a piece of the true cross. "Come," he added, with the savoir faire of a real Italian gentleman, "I will show you my house."

It was with undisguised pride that he led the way about the big, old-fashioned, high-ceilinged rooms of the house, opening the doors of all the rooms on the reception floor with just such an air as many newly married couples wear in showing friends their new, their first flats. Most of the furniture was of that stiff, clerical sort which one sees in all the homes of the Catholic clergy. In the dining room the table was set for two. Mgr. Satolli and his secretary evidently dined alone that night. In the centre was an old-time epergne heaped high with the most delicious-looking fruit. Beyond the dining-room is the billiard-room.

"Do you play, Monsignor?" Satolli threw back his head and laughed. "Quelque fois."

The windows of the billiard-room look out on the grounds in the rear of the house. The delegate said he was sorry the flowers were not in bloom. "But we will have many, many, I hope—the rose and many roses." Returning by way of the pantry and long hall, Monsignor said: "Upstairs it is only to sleep."

Father Pepe was waiting in the big parlor with the rosary in his hand. Satolli took it and explained that this little rosary contained but five Pater Nosters and fifty Ave Marias, and that this special devotion had been recommended by the Holy Father to the faithful. Then the American Pope shook hands again and bade his guest good-bye, but he, as well as Father Pepe, followed her out into the hall. Before the pretty Italian child could reach the door the secretary had opened it, and the last view she had was of their kind and smiling faces framed by the portal.

Ontario Election News.

So far the Liberals have put up 76 straight candidates in 94 constituencies in Ontario. The Conservatives will oppose them straight in 58, while the Patrons are fighting for 47 seats. There are also 18 Independent candidates in the field. Yet in only 13 ridings are there three-cornered fights going to take place. In 30 constituencies the fight is between the two old parties, in 18 the Patrons are opposing Liberals, and in 5 they are opposing Conservatives. In each of six constituencies there is yet but one candidate. Of these the Patrons have the field in 3, the Conservatives in 2, and the Liberals in 1. Of the 18 Independents 4 only are in three-cornered fights.

Not till 1896.

The Montreal Star says on the 31st a government caucus was held lasting for two hours. The redistribution of Quebec constituencies was discussed at length, and it was practically decided to hold the matter in abeyance. Conservative members, who are opposed to the Quebec gerrymander, believe it will not come up. The principle of redistribution, however, as now claimed by Quebec, was admitted and it was left in the hands of the ministers to decide whether or not the matter should be gone on with. It was arranged that there should be two revisions, one each year before 1896, it having been decided to run the full term, and have no election until that of 1896 unless under the most extreme and exceptional circumstances. The French treaty and fast Atlantic steamship line were not referred to. The latter fact is a disappointment to the St. John men.

Save the Democracy.

It is clear now to everybody that the effort for tariff reform is a failure. We are not to have a Democratic constitution tariff. If we are to have any change in the tariff at all, it will be merely a redistribution of the individual atrocities of protection. If the President and Congress refuse to respect the platform of their party and provide the constitutional tariff promised, we cannot help it; but at least let them leave us the Democratic party. If they cannot do good, let them not do harm. If they will not lead the Democratic party into the land promised, let them leave it unhurt on the ground which it has always occupied to its own honor and to the benefit of the United States.

Communism, socialism, populism, or whatever it may be called, has ever been the abhorrence of Democracy. The income tax was the platform of the Populists and of their branch called the Social Labor party, and it is so recognized. It indicates the intention, or if not the intention, the fate of the party adopting it to overthrow the equal democratic system under which this country has lived and progressed, regardless of the special political color of the party temporarily in power. The traditional sentiment of the people of the United States is too stable, their established interests too great, and their ways too firmly fixed all to be upset overnight by this sudden explosion of communistic fanaticism. They will preserve themselves in their accustomed principles and habits through the agency of one political organization or the other, even after the Democracy resigns its supremacy and withdraws its services.

It is impossible to imagine that this country is so politically degraded and demoralized that it will patiently tolerate the ruling party's metamorphosis of itself into something radically at variance with its perfectly well-known character, not through its failure to perform its promises through the conceivable treachery of a few uncontrollable traitors, but by its own aggressive overthrow of its own principles. The expected constitutional tariff may fail through the treachery of one man, but the income tax can be pressed only by the united and solid treachery of the Democratic party organization in Washington. The president and congress, if they so desire, may sulk in the matter of tariff reform, and shrink from it, but at least let them refrain from throwing the democratic party, and with it the country, beneath the feet of the socialists.

Take the income tax away!—*New York Sun.*

The Tariff.

The tariff, at least for the next year or two, is now virtually fixed, and the removal of the paralyzing effects of uncertainty upon trade and industry will, it may be hoped, be speedily followed by increased activity along all lines. The net result of the tariff changes is a substantial reduction upon a few articles of importance, a trifling reduction upon a much larger number, and the old rate, or even an increase, upon many. How the reform, falling as it must do very far short of the expectation which had been aroused throughout the country, will be received by the people, cannot be definitely known until the day of reckoning, the next general election. Meanwhile, if that is delayed for a year or two, as is probable, there will be time for many things to happen which will be potent factors in determining the issue. Should the country be favored with returning prosperity, it may be predicted with a deal of confidence that the government will be sustained. On the other hand, should the "hard times" continue or become still harder, the chances of the government will be very seriously impaired and its defeat become probable. And this result, in either case, will follow without much regard to the question whether the policy of the government is or is not in any degree responsible for the country's prosperity or adversity. "After this, therefore on account of this," will be the unconsciously but practically decisive argument in the minds of many.—*The Week.*

Rosebery and the Turf.

The newspaper battle over Lord Rosebery's connection with the turf continues with more bitterness than ever. The provincial journals have joined in the hue and cry, and it is noteworthy that several Scotch newspapers which were among the strongest supporters of Mr. Gladstone, have bitterly attacked Lord Rosebery's horse-racing proclivities, comparing Mr. Gladstone's scholarly pursuits with Lord Rosebery's partaking in what they call a "carnival of rascality." Several defenders of Lord Rosebery have written open letters to the newspapers stigmatizing the hypocrisy of these antagonizing protests, when at the same time the Young Men's Christian Association has been welcoming American millionaires whose fortunes are due to speculations which throw the heaviest Derby bet into the shade. It is stated that unless Lord Rosebery retires from the turf at the end of the present session, the Liberals will place the matter before him in a strong and authoritative form. This is just the sort of thing that would make Lord Rosebery a confirmed turfite.

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Does it Mean an Election.

The conservatives have just received from the printer \$200,000 copies of a campaign sheet entitled "The Trade Question Debated," and the interesting document is now being distributed through the mails. Its mission is not to enlighten the intelligent electors into the methods of tory politics, but to prove to the country that the man who would vote against tory rule belonged to that class of animal upon whose back Balaam took his morning recreation.

The first paragraph of this little brochure bears the imprint of deception, so the liberals say, without looking any deeper into how far the truth has been economized in its compilation. It starts out with this statement, "Every day parliament sits, costs quite a sum of money—every day lost is a loss to the country. The government were all ready with their work when the season began, and not one hour's delay was chargeable to them."

The man who wrote that paragraph has probably escaped the fate of Ananias, but it is not that he has not deserved a similar punishment.—*St. John Record.*

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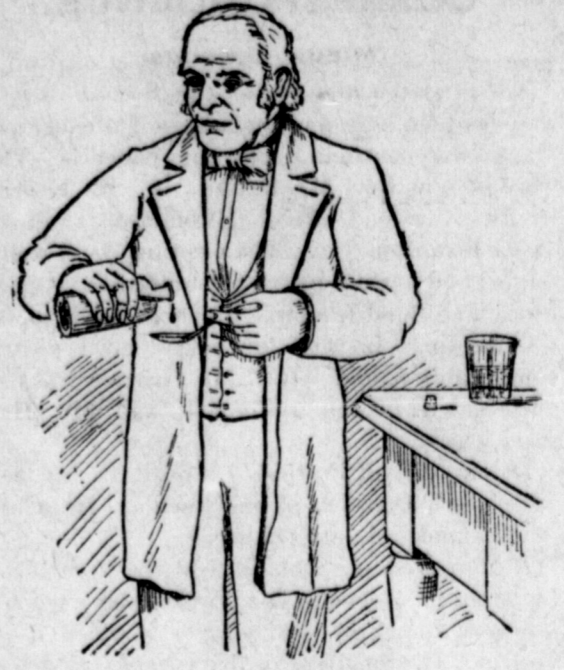
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