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TORONTO, AUGUST 31, 1905.

RELIGION AND CRIME.

Criminologists who imagine that by scientific methods they can eradicate crime, from the surface of society at least, cannot afford to forget the fact that it is but a slender barrier that separates the half savage criminal from even the most refined specimens of his kind.

"I am a farmer, and I live in Warsaw. I am captain of the Warsaw rifle team and am at present due at the rifle matches being held in Ottawa. The Dewar boys had borrowed my army rifle and I needed it.

"Now, it is second nature for me to shoot, for I have carried a gun all my life and have practised long distance and rapid firing work for years. I pumped up the cartridges and discharged the gun three or four times at random, simply as a bluff."

Our Ontario rifleman, who has practised long distance and rapid fire work, is referred to in one newspaper at least as "the innocent victim" of his own "bluff" which resulted fatally to another; and the mother of the child he killed is shamefully described as a "fury."

the growth of crime than the primitive and semi-savage condition of an Ontario rural community where the rifleman with homicidal tendencies is admired for his prowess and the miserable mother shrieking over the body of her slain son is ridiculed and reviled.

The criminologists are great believers in human nature when treated by scientific methods. But the rude community that has learned but little of religion, like the over nice society that has forgotten it, will furnish crime and criminals as long as the human race survives.

PEACE.

President Roosevelt has fully vindicated his strength of character and responsibility for action in regard to the Russo-Japanese peace conference. Half the world supposed that he had undertaken an impossible role; and the happy result has caused little short of universal surprise.

Japan has given Europe the open door. She might as well have taken out the window frames also for all the difference it makes to her future. Japan will not be handicapped by freights, high priced labor or distance from the market when he goes in for dominating the trade of the Orient.

A REGINA EPISODE.

The Greek church priest who created a rumpus at the Regina Conservative Convention, was merely the victim of his own somewhat erroneous impressions. A foreigner in the country, he could not have been an entirely competent judge of the political conditions surrounding him.

IRISH LANGUAGE MOVEMENT. Though many of our readers more or less regularly hear of the progress of the Irish Language movement, it is difficult for them to form any adequate impression of the alteration it has worked within the past decade upon the life of the Irish people, or of the immense volume of organized enthusiasm by which its aims continue to be advanced.

On this account a survey of the Ninth Oireachtas, which opened in Dublin on August 14th, cannot fail to interest all who care to turn their eyes occasionally upon the passing events of Irish life. The Dublin Freeman's Journal rejoices in the vigor and pride which the native speakers annually bring to the metropolis from the north and west. Our contemporary says that from small dimensions the Oireachtas has grown to be a festival of immense proportions, representative of all the elements in the life of the historic Irish nation, and commanding respect where it once solicited approval.

The subjects for the literary competitions, varied in their nature as they necessarily are, have one feature common to nearly all, in that they exemplify the great reason of the Gaelic League's success—its constant effort to associate the language movement with a living interest in the history and present needs of Ireland; its rooting the Irish language in a real and vivifying manner in the very soil of the country. The Industrial Exhibition, which was held in connection with last year's festival, will be continued this year, and will be a fitting reminder of what the Gaelic League has done for Irish industries, while a new feature will be that of the Exhibition of Arts, showing that the League can cater for the aesthetic as well as the practical. A festival comprising such a variety of subjects, and attracting to itself so many active minds, all aroused in

their nation's welfare, may surely be regarded as one of the most intellectually stimulating forces in the country. Yet great and comprehensive as is the Oireachtas in its own intrinsic merits, its interest to the Irish people is principally in what it shows of the growth of National sentiment and development of National character, and in the fact that it speaks not only for itself, but for a widespread and spontaneous revival. No more convincing sign of this revival could be had than that of the numerous Feisanna, inspired by and modelled on the National Festival, that have been organized throughout the country. No less than sixty-five of these have been formally sanctioned by the Oireachtas Committee during the present year.

EDITORIAL NOTES

Prior to the death of the late Pontiff, Leo XIII., it was discovered that the ceiling of the Sistine Chapel, which has already shown signs of the inevitable wear and tear of the centuries, was in great danger of ruin. The Pontiff requested that architects of pre-eminent reputation should be asked to examine the ceiling and report on it with a view to its repairment, and also, as far as possible, to the cleaning of the world-famous frescoes of Michael Angelo, with which it is adorned.

DEFUNCT KNOWNOTHINGISM. Speech by Secretary Bonaparte of the United States Navy Department.

A notable speech was delivered in Baltimore on August 17th, before the Ancient Order of Hibernians by Hon. Charles J. Bonaparte, Secretary of the United States Navy Department. President Roosevelt's colleague spoke of the Knownothings of former days. He said:

"Gentlemen of the Order: It is, I hope, needless for me to say how heartily I thank you for your cordial and hospitable welcome, or to add how well I know your courtesy and kindness to me voice first of all your unflinching loyalty to our great Republic, unworthily represented by me this evening."

"I have always thought that one invited to speak on an occasion such as this should try to make a fair return for the compliment by saying something worth hearing. It is much easier, however, to lay down this principle than to act upon it. We have excellent authority for the proposition that there is nothing new under the sun, but no one can so thoroughly realize its truth as a speaker sufficiently presumptuous to tell his audience what has been often and better told already."

STORY OF A YOUNG MINISTER. My present predicament reminds me of a story I once told on the stump, but which bears repetition here as it is in nowise political. It tells of a young minister who was to preach on trial before a congregation of multi-millionaires at a very fashionable watering-place, and who ran over his most carefully prepared sermons with a judicious friend to select one suitable. He thought himself that a discourse on 'The Evil of Divorce' might do, but his adviser shook his head—every third woman in the congregation had been divorced at least once—that sort of talk wouldn't fill the bill at all.

"He offered in its place one on 'The Evils of Gambling,' but this was pronounced even worse; all his expected hearers of both sexes played 'bridge' during most of their spare time, and three-fourths of the men put out big money at poker besides. 'He had a third on 'The Evil of Drink,' but the wise counsellor turned it down likewise. Too many of the parish every night walked into the casino, and were carried out of it; the topic would seem 'personal.' 'At last he fished out an old thesis of his college days on 'The Sin of the Scribes and Pharisees.' That's it exactly," cried his delighted friend, 'Pitch into the Scribes and Pharisees for all you're worth; hit 'em hard, the harder the better, for they ain't got no friends nowadays.' So the young man gave the Scribes and Pharisees half Columbia, hurt nobody's feelings, pleased everybody and got his place.

KNOWNOTHINGS RECALLED. "Now what class of people will this evening serve my purpose as the Scribes and Pharisees did his? I have thought over this question and concluded that I could find a substitute for those convenient and ser-

viceable Scriptural characters in our Knownothings of the 50s. If I hurt anybody's feelings when I pitch into them it must be the feelings of somebody who has no business here to-night.

"The Irish-Americans have done much for America, and with good reason, for America has done much for the Irish-Americans. In gaining their service, in earning their affection, in making of them, not aliens or outcasts, but her citizens and defenders, our country has but reaped as she sowed; it is because she deserved well of them that they have deserved well of her, because she treated them as children that they treat and love her as a mother.

And yet there was a time, not so long ago, but that many of those I see before me may yet know it as a memory of childhood, when some Americans by birth sought to bar Americans by adoption from the name and rights of Americans, and these first apostles of race prejudice and privilege of birth, while they hated all foreign-born Americans, hated Irish-Americans worst of all.

DANGERS AS HE SEES THEM.

"A few years since I did not think I should live to hear the same doctrines proclaimed and even the same practices excused in America, and least of all in Maryland. I am not so sure of this now. But this evening I am not concerned so much with what may be in the future as with what has been in the past; and what might have been in the present; I wish to ask how would you have felt to-day towards our common country had she dealt by your grandfathers and fathers, perchance dealt by some of our some as those designing or misguided men of a half-century past urged her to deal by them and by you.

"Would you love the Stars and Stripes if it were for you an emblem, not of justice and protection, but of partiality and exclusion? Would you be as ready as you have ever shown yourselves to shed your blood, to give your lives for this Union, if it had stamped you as unworthy by reason merely of your grandfather's birthplace, to share in its government or have a voice in its laws?"

"Insult and oppression will never foster loyalty, and those treated with scorn and distrust by the laws of the land wherein they dwell are, ever have been and ever will be, a source of national weakness and of national danger.

"Had the Know-Nothings prevailed a half century ago, there would have been to-day a little America, made yet more little in all that should make a nation great, by the festering sore of a great national folly and a greater national crime.

"Thank God! my fellow countrymen, humanity was spared this grave, this far-reaching calamity. The spirit of our orderly freedom was then and is now too just, too sane, to offer, or at least suffer long, such perversion of our laws. Many, too many, Americans of those days were deafened to the voice of reason and conscience by appeals to prejudice and passion. It may be that many, too many, Americans of to-day are no better able to reject the like insidious and unworthy appeals; but the heart of the nation was then and is now sound and true.

"SQUARE DEAL" WANTED.

"Americans want a 'square deal' for every man, want a President who will give every man such a deal in national affairs, want a Governor who will give every man such a deal in State affairs, want a Mayor who will give every man such a deal in city affairs. They gave you grandfathers and fathers a square deal, took them in to share their own ups and downs, their fair weather and their rain, their good and their ill fortune, with the same rights and the same privileges which fall to the lot of all other Americans.

Oakville High School Final Exams.

The following local students have passed their final examinations:

- Commercial Diplomas. Charles Ennis, Edna Hughes, Roy McDougall, Alice Savage. Junior Matriculation. Edgar Bray (to take a supplement in algebra), Allan Hardy (to take a supplement in algebra), Julia Kyte, William O'Connor (to take a supplement in history, literature and Latin authors). Junior Teachers. Margaret Cornwall, George Coyne, Ellen Heeks, Laura King.

The increase in the consumption of "Salada" Tea in Canada and the United States during the first six months of this year over the corresponding period of 1904 has been phenomenal. It amounted to 256,886 lbs. This amounts to as much tea as was consumed in the same period in all the cities, towns, and villages on the Grand Trunk line between Toronto and Montreal, including Pickering, Whitby, Oshawa, Bowmanville, Newcastle, Newtonville, Port Hope, Cobourg, Grafton, Colborne, Brighton, Trenton, Belleville, Napanee, Kingston, Gananoque, Brockville, Prescott, Cardinal, Iroquois, Morrisburg, Cornwall, Lancaster, Coteau Junction and Vaudreuil.

This enormous increase in demand in six months proves pretty conclusively that "Salada" serves the public well.

THE "RAMBLER" IN QUEBEC

His Early Knowledge of the "Rock City"—What He Thinks of It Now.

In my last correspondence in The Register I stated that, per boat from Montreal I had passed the base of Jolly Cape Diamond, and then constituted a fragment of the cosmopolitan population of Quebec City. Many years have elapsed since I first made the acquaintance of the city founded by Champlain nearly three centuries ago. To me it then appeared a most interesting place; to-day, enriched with the handiwork of the artist, it is just as interesting, if not a great deal more so. Nature and art have lavished upon Quebec their choicest gifts, and I will not be surprised—and here I am not speaking disparagingly—if the glorious prospect of Ottawa becoming the "Washington of the North" is shattered to pieces by her handsome rival now resting on the site of the old Indian Village of Stadacona.

I will never forget the scene I witnessed and in which I became a central figure. Just as our boat touched the Quebec wharf, now thirty-five years since, more than one hundred of those eminently useful men who, at a very moderate charge, are ready to transport you in cab, cabriolet, caleche or waggon, to any part of the city, surrounded us as we landed and in stenorian voices and in a variety of dialects, pressed their claims for patronage. I stood trembling in the centre of a circle made up of no less than twenty of them. "Cab sir; drive you to any part of the city you want to go to," shouted one. "Caleshe, Messieur, vingt Cinque sous," roared another. "Waggin, sur! Waggin, sur! Drive you to H— or Halifax, or any other place in the city—all for twenty-five cents," screamed another in a brogue as unmistakably Munster as my own ever was. "Vaugin, Sare! Vaugin, Sare," roared an honest looking habitant whose ancestor, very likely, left St. Malo in France in the company of Jacques Cartier, just three hundred and seventy-one years ago. In the midst of this dilemma and in the centre of an impenetrable circle made up of honest-looking but clearly determined men, I was puzzled what to do. Was I going to be kidnapped, like Charley Ross? I had no objective point to reach; Quebec itself was reached, and that was all I needed at that moment. "Come, let the Rambler pass," shouted poor Ned Crean, whom I saw approaching me in the distance. Edward Crean passed to his reward since my last visit to Quebec, which was in the year 1900. Of that grand man I will have something to say later on. The lines formed by the Irishmen and the French-Canadians were broken, however, involuntarily, and under a heavy shower of benedictions, largely made up of "Vivas," "Huras," "Sares" and "Honon on Dhoulis," I stepped across to the Champlain Market House, there to greet Mr. Thos. Delaney, the well known butcher and cattle dealer, whose reputation as an Irishman, a Catholic, a business man and as a citizen generally, was favorably recognized all the way from Montreal to Gaspé Basin. Mr. Delaney, who was a native of Kilkenny, passed over to receive his reward many years ago, but the business which he successfully founded, is in this year of grace, 1905, in the hands of a third generation bearing his honored name, and it is gratifying to be able to state that the straight lines which marked the early years of its existence, are still faithfully adhered to. After a pleasant half hour's chat with Mr. Delaney and having accepted the generous tender of his hospitality in the form of something which bore a strong resemblance to water, but was as different to it in taste as that of any two liquids can be, I set out in warm blood to interview the Irishman.

In those days of which I am now writing, Champlain street was one of the chief fortresses of Irish strength, and of Irish patriotism in Quebec. All the way from the Champlain Market Square to Bridgewater street, a distance of about six miles, it was built on both sides at the foot of an overhanging rock, and it was not necessary to inquire of any man residing therein what part of the universe did he emigrate from. The most appropriate and interesting method of interrogating him, I have always found to be, "How did you and your Crownwellian landlord get along?" "Did he ever come away from those haunts of vice and dissipation in the gay capitals of Europe to see his Irish estates and to investigate the condition of his tenantry?" Arrah, tell me, did you ever have a shot at that bastard son of his, blind in one eye, who was the agent which he placed over you? These would be fitting questions; they were the questions first put by me and I never found them to fail in eliciting an ample and cheerful reply. The first Irish resident of Champlain street upon whom I called was Mr. John Power, better known as "Lady John" so called from his unaffected bearing and the ever-present politeness of his manner. Mr. Power was a successful stevedore, who employed a large number of men in loading and unloading foreign vessels, and it is pleasant to listen to the high testimony borne to his character, by all who had any intercourse with him, whether on business or social lines. John Power was the father of a bright family, whose natural talents were cultivated for the battle of life, and it is with pain I record the fact that he most, if not all of them, passed away in the full meridian of their years. A daughter—a most estimable woman—who has gone to her reward, was the wife of M. I. Morrison, Esq., Barrister-at-law, Montreal, who contested St. Anne's Division at the last election for a seat in the Canadian House of Commons. A little further down and I am face to face with Mr. Maurice Giblin, who was a native of the County of Limerick, passed to the silence of the tomb about thirty years ago. A well-informed man, thoroughly conversant with past and passing events, a man of genial nature and of generous disposition, I have a tender recollection of Maurice Rabelly. Mr. Michael Huck, a gentleman born within a musket shot of the stone upon which was chiseled the terms of a compact, perfidiously violated, residing in this section of the "Rock City" and although bearing a name which marked him out as a descendant of one of those men who in large num-

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OBITUARY

LATE JAMES P. COUGHLIN OF MONTREAL.

Catholic fraternal societies in Montreal have lost an esteemed and active member in the death of Mr. James P. Coughlin of His Majesty's Customs, whose funeral, very largely attended, took place Aug. 22nd from St. Patrick's church. R.I.P.

FUNERAL OF FRANCIS ENRIGHT OF HAMILTON.

The funeral of Francis Enright took place from St. Mary's Cathedral on Saturday morning, Rev. Father Craven celebrating the mass and Rev. Father Ferguson officiating at the grave. The floral offerings were numerous. The pall-bearers were Charles McCarthy, Thos. Donohue, J. Sullivan, J. Barry, A. McKeever and J. Kenny. R.I.P.

INTERRED IN HAMILTON.

Mrs. Ann Ryan, a former citizen of Hamilton, whose death occurred at late residence, Peterboro, was buried from St. Patrick's church, Hamilton, by Rev. Father Coty said the mass of requiem. The deceased is survived by her sons Michael Ryan, New York, the well known musician, formerly cornet soloist in the Thirteenth Band; William Ryan, Toronto; Thomas Ryan, Hamilton, and Mrs. Sharpe, Peterboro. R.I.P.

DEATH OF JOHN KELLY, PETERBOROUGH.

Among recent deaths is that of John Kelly, a long-time resident of Peterborough, who died at his residence, Maria street, aged seventy-three. Deceased was born in Ireland. He was unmarried and is survived by his sister, Miss Mary Kelly, with whom he lived. R.I.P.

FOUND AT LAST

Mr. McGill, Analyst of the Dominion Inland Revenue Department, after an analysis reports that the best English and American goods are inferior to the Canadian-made brand known as "Japanese" writing ink.

bers were transplanted from the Rhenish Palatinate to a large portion of the County of Limerick, was noted for the intensity and the sincerity of his Irish patriotism, as well as for the depth and the fervor of his devotion to Catholicity. Every movement set on foot in Quebec, having in view the interest of faith and fatherland, had, during his life, the hearty aid of Michael Huck. Something about fifteen years ago he passed away at his home, and as I happened to be in Quebec at the time, I readily formed one of an immense cavalcade of mourners which followed his remains to their last resting-place. On the other side of the street I encountered the leading commercial magnate of Champlain street—Mr. John Giblin—a man who stood high in the estimation of political wire-pullers, high in the estimation of many of his neighbors, and higher still in his own estimation. One would think that an unsophisticated rustic like myself, comparatively fresh from the "Bogs of Ireland," where we were taught, nay, forced to pay outward homage to any man who dressed himself reasonably respectably, would approach the merchant prince of Diamond Harbor, in a proper spirit of obsequiousness. He wore a white hat as free from stain as ever was that sacred emblem worn round his neck by a Methodist preacher, whilst the other habitations which enveloped his person, had about them the air of gentility. Casting my eyes straight towards him, I thought I clearly saw a strange resemblance between himself and "Phil Purcell the Pig-jobber," a character portrayed by Carleton. It is only fair to the memory of poor Giblin to say that his whole nature was the antithesis of that of Carleton's "Pig-jobber." "Good morning, John," said I, in an audacious tone, as I stood between himself and the wind. He eyed me for a moment or two and then broke into fury, asking me between clenched teeth, "How dare you, sir, have the audacity of calling me John? I am Mr. Giblin." "Oh, I beg your pardon, Mr. Giblin," said I, "I am delighted to see you. I have heard your great influence spoken of a thousand times amongst the politicians at Ottawa." I extended my hand and he grasped it with a fervor which actually astonished me. God rest your soul, poor John Giblin. I have in my day met many a weak Irishman who was lured to ruin by scheming politicians. Further reference to Quebec is postponed. RAMBLER.