

The Catholic Register.

"Truth is Catholic; proclaim it ever, and God will effect the rest."—BALMEZ.

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PRICE FIVE CENTS.

Shooting a Bear.

FOR THE BOYS.

WRITTEN FOR THE REGISTER BY

From a very early age I was fond of a gun, as who that was born in Simcoe sixty years ago was not? Why the fondness I could hardly tell, unless it was from the subtle sense so common amongst boys, that something was needed to make me look as big as I felt. Now, a gun makes a boy respectable in his own eyes, and not a little of a terror to his mother and sisters. So a gun I had, and in the pride of its possession forgot an earlier ambition to smoke or shove, and devoted much of my spare time to hunting up lead for bullets and polishing a cow's horn to carry the powder, and studying the most jaunty way I could carry the whole outfit.

As to the gun in the neighborhood, it is enough to say if they had the least observation they must have felt quite comfortable, as I firmly believe now they were in far less danger than myself from that gun.

However, I was assiduous in going out to hunt, and always came back with very soiled hands—who was a muzzel-loader, as all were that time—a good many rents in my garments, and sometimes a little bird or chipmunk, and once or twice, even a black squirrel. But those bright eyed rascals were so wild, and persisted in keeping so far away, that not many of their skins adorned my belt.

Once I had a streak of luck in this way. There was a kind of swale near our place, and in passing it one ring day I stumbled unexpectedly upon a duck. Whilst, with a good deal of unsportsmanlike nervousness, I was getting ready to fire, the old bird—she was a mother—started me by flying right in my face, and then dropping upon the ground, half running, half fluttering, she led me such a chase that it was quite impossible to take aim. And then, when the cunning old thing had drawn me far enough from her nest, she came with an easy grace, and with a whirled clear out of sight, leaving me as disappointed and angry as a boy could be. But here came the luck. One of the ducksling, pretty well grown, but not so crafty as the mother, floundered right across my path, as I was returning, and I saw that she was not for a shot, as she should have done—but for an easy stroke with the barrel of my fusil. If I had only followed my first impulse, and fired even one grain into the carcass, I would have effectively shut the mouths of some impudent fellows who, on discovering the field of nature, had hunted that I had shot it from some barnyard. They were jealous. However, all this, though quite true, has no bearing upon the bear story, which came about in this way.

My father's farm, on its south-west corner, touched on the river, and this swamp was the hiding place, as of much other game, so of a good plenty of bears, whose notions of the rights of property were most rudimentary. One day father came in with an angry, boisterous look upon his face. He had been destroying his field of oats, and he didn't know what was the good of so many lads having guns if they could put an end to these prowlers.

Here, then, was the chance of a lifetime. Here was the tide to be taken at the flood and led on to glory, if not fortune. Horrible thoughts were the tawny spoils of the lion he had slain; but if I could get that bear!

There was only one difficulty. I was quite free to go out with my gun in the daytime, but mother had drawn the line there; I must stay in the dark I might turn the gun the wrong way—such notions women have!—and shoot myself!

This was a real perplexity, for I am glad to say that neither then nor since was I able—may I never be—to do a formal order of my mother. But then she was a good sound sleeper and little likely to hear my low preparations for going out by myself to try conclusions with the robber of the farm. So behold me, about eleven crawling noiselessly through the back door, and silently picking up gun and ammunition which had been put in the convenient place before I went to bed, and turning my face towards the south-east field.

hand, and the trigger rang out a clear metallic note. I have never been able to account for the effect of that sound. It was company and seemed to say, "Irace you my boy. I am here. Give me fair play, and you'll see what I'll do." There was no more hesitation. I stopped lightly forward and in a few minutes was safely perched upon the broad top of a high stump; a position which, it is said, induces the keen scent of these animals.

The powder horn was laid safely down, the hammer of the gun tried to see if it worked all right, and then I got on one knee, with a look which, if there were any light enough to see it, would have seemed to say, "Come on, Mr. Bear, and you shall see what I have for you!"

Nor was there long to wait. Bears, at least in the neighborhood of settlements, are very cunning and move with the caution of old soldiers. Too irrational to be the prey of scouts, they throw out feelers in the shape of a preliminary growl, repeated at diminishing intervals, and then, if nothing answers they conclude the coast is clear and advance to their nightly roborics. This old rascal had jumped upon the fence that shut out the world, and altered his usual challenge. In the night air a better distributor of sound than when it is day? There seemed to be a whole wilderness of bears, bears in front of me, bears behind me, and bears all round. But I was not afraid, just nervous. I have seen several people and read descriptions of the state, but the eye could learn nothing, the lips would hold together, and the tongue tends to fall out of the mouth. Now I wasn't a bit like that. There was no tremble about me. Indeed I was more than ordinarily steady, and this I could have taken the eye out of a pigeon at a hundred yards. I only felt a kind of stiff, and something within straining fiercely, like expounding steam, to make me jump or burst. Cool? Yes I was cool, for when I touched the downy gun it seemed to be on fire. But I was not afraid, only determined to quit myself well. And as I could learn by the fizzling sound of the oats that the great brute was making straight towards the stump, and there was no time to lose; I pulled myself up and took a firmer grasp of the gun, but in the movement I somehow overtook the powder horn which fell to the ground with a clunk, leaving me dependent upon a single charge. This wasn't pleasant, and the complete obscuring of the moon by thick clouds made it no better. I wasn't afraid, as I think I have said before, but I was nervous, and nervous is some. Some kinds of company produce that feeling just as effectively as the completest isolation, and the society of a bear in a secluded field, at twelve o'clock on a very dark night, may be taken as a specimen of the kind of company that I was about to receive. I was twenty feet from my gun; I could feel his presence and hear a kind of snuffling, or growling that helped to fix the exact spot where he stood. No use in waiting; so, squeezing the gun to my shoulder and feeling along the barrel, I pointed it as steadily as I could in that direction; and then there was a tumultuous rattling mixed sound as of a gun discharged and of a boy's tumbling, in a promiscuous kind of way, from a stump, and then scampering across that rough field at a pace that would have won money on any track.

Next more the powder horn was thrown, and rider fence was cleared with a bound that would not have disgraced the original Harkaway, and I drew my first conscious breath on the log of the old bear. There was no danger there as a bear could not well get up. The moon, too, more successful than Mr. Pinkwick, on a famous occasion, had got over his night cap of clouds and showed the wide fields and distant swamp sleeping as quietly as became a serene summer night. It was an invitation to go back to bed, which I did. Next more the powder horn was thrown to anyone, I crept stealthily down to the field to gather up my scattered arms, I was as much scared as delighted to find spread out—just fifteen feet from where I had fired—one of the largest bears I have ever seen.

The fall of the powder horn had startled him into looking up, and the bullet had ploughed into his throat, just under the chin; finishing him instantly and very likely saving the life of a rash boy.

I have shot other bears since, but remember none so well as this.

St. Paul's Fancy Fair. St. Paul's fancy fair opened in St. Paul's Hall, Power street, on Monday night. There was a large attendance, and the hall was beautifully decorated for the occasion. The girls of St. Paul's School rendered a first-class programme of songs, fancy drill and calisthenics. The hall of the fancy tables are in charge of Mesdames Rosar, Wallace, O'Hagan, Rigney, Haffoy, Bruxer, Brady and the young ladies of the society. Among the visitors Monday night were Messrs. Messrs. Messrs. C. J. McCabe, Geo. Duffy, A. McDonald, J. H. Wright, M. J. Kelly, J. Kelly and the Rev. Fathers Hand, McGuire and Cloke. The fair will continue open all winter, and there will be an entertainment each evening.

CLOSING AT ST. MARY'S.

Greeting to Pastor and Parents by the Boys at the School.

Surrounded by a large garden of flowers and budding, the parents and friends of the boys of St. Mary's school enjoyed a very pleasant afternoon on Wednesday of last week. The occasion was the Christmas greeting to the pupils to their pastor, Very Rev. McCann, and their parents. Among those present were Very Rev. J. J. McCann, V.G., Rev. Father William McCann, Rev. Father Patrick, Messrs. James Ryan, Father D. A. Carey, trustees, and Captain Pearce of the 17th Madras Infantry India. The programme was a very pleasing one, and showed careful training on the part of those who took part, for which too much praise cannot be given their music teachers Prof. Donville and Brother James.

Part I.—Chorus, "A Merry, Merry Christmas," Boys' Choir; Opening address, G. Lynch; Song, "The Last Rose of Summer," E. Hartnett; Instrumental Selections, B. Green, J. J. Maloney, J. Barff and J. Fenell; Recitation, "Our Lady's Well," A. and E. Landreville; Chorus, "See Amid the Winter Snow," Boys' Choir; Testimonials, Junior II and III Forms; Dialogue, "The Reformed Truant," J. Madigan, T. Kelly, E. Murphy.

Part II.—Song, "The Alpina," Recitation, "A Christmas Carol," Instrumental Selections; B. Green, J. Maloney, J. Barff and J. Fenell; Chorus, "The Hunter's Song," Boys' Choir; Piano Solo, P. Reid; Recitation, "The Thirteenth Leaf," E. Hartnett; Testimonials of Merit, to Form IV and Senior III.

At the conclusion of the programme Master J. Maloney read in a very creditable manner the following greeting to Very Rev. McCann.

To the Very Rev. J. J. McCann, V.G.

VERY REV. AND DEAR FATHER—It is a great source of satisfaction to all of us, again to have you in our midst this afternoon. During the year your visits to our class-rooms made us brighter and happier. All along, our aim has been to have you both at home and at school as well as we know how; at the same time keeping in view the instructions of our parents and teachers. Doubtless we have at times strayed from "the beaten path." Our short comings are better known to others than to ourselves. We have tried, but we have not been able to certain you and our parents and friends for a short time to-day, but we greatly fear we have not succeeded. Most of our songs and recitations had been prepared outside of the school hours, and during moments snatched from our recreation time. You have wanted to see our songs and recitations, they are now in possession of a selection of hymns both in English and in Latin, which they have sung both at home and at school on Sundays. They are also able to sing three different Masses, these they render on "holidays of obligation. All the choir boys now anxiously await Christmas morning, when at 6:30 o'clock they will sing the High Mass in Latin, the glorious day. In passing, it should be mentioned that the boys are very thankful to you, Very Rev. Father, for giving them the opportunity of singing a High Mass at Christmas and Easter. Any person acquainted with the subject knows that the difficulties in learning Mass are neither few nor small. The words of wonderful length and thundering sound are met with. But with the boys' good will, and the matchless teaching of Prof. Donville, the difficulties of learning the language and the music of the Church have been gradually overcome.

From the birth of the boys' choir to the present moment, the sanctuary boys have taken an important and honorable part in the singing. You must have noticed many familiar faces in the group of singers on the platform, and many who served your Masses, and filled similar duties were there. In the forenoon of Sunday those boys sing in the gallery, and in the evening, dressed in soutane and surplice they sing the divine praises in the venerable language of the Church in the sanctuary. It will be remembered that the first Mass ever sung in our parish was performed on Christmas morning, two years ago, by the sanctuary boys.

In general the boys have been very punctual at the singing practices, and at their Mass on Sunday. But the parents and especially the mothers are to be commended for the credit. How often would not the boys have come late on a Sunday, or perhaps not come at all but for the timely call of the mother. Indeed, occasionally some unthinking boy has been heard to say that he was late because of the mother's call. With such co-operation on the part of the parents the boys' efforts are almost invariably satisfactory if not entirely successful. "All praise to the Mother!"

Many thanks to you, Very Rev. Father, to your assistant priests, and to the parents and friends of the boys for their presence at our closing exercises.

Dollard, and their parents and friends

A very happy Christmas and a bright and prosperous New Year.

The Boys of St. Mary's School.

In reply the Very General expressed the great pleasure it gave him to have been present, and to have witnessed the great progress the boys were making in music in addition to their other studies and hoped they would continue to improve, pointing out the many advantages it would be to them in the future.

He was followed by trustees Ryan and Carey both of whom complimented the boys on their success. The former gentleman made a long plea to the parents to assist him in getting a field day each year for the boys. The singing of the *Adeste Fidelis* by the boys choir brought to a close one of the most enjoyable entertainments ever given within the portals of St. Mary's School.

Church of Our Lady of Lourdes.

Masses were celebrated on Christmas morning in the Church of Our Lady of Lourdes at 7:30 and 11 o'clock. The early Masses were celebrated by Father Walsh, who addressed the congregation on the character of the great feast, and wished the people a happy and joyous Christmas. The music rendered at the High Mass was under the direction of Miss Fanning Sullivan, assisted by Glionna's orchestra, and was of a high order. The solos were taken by Misses Tymon, Coxwell, Kennedy and McManus and Masters Daviar, Tipping, McGuire and Wickott. Leprovost's Mass was given for the first time in Canada. This beautiful composition has created quite a furor in New York musical circles, and was repeated with orchestral accompaniment this Sunday morning at 10:45.

The *Adeste Fidelis* and Hallelujah choruses were also sung and the programme was equal to any of the many excellent productions of this choir. Another feature in connection with Lourdes choir was the gift of a beautiful marble clock by the members of St. J. Gaudet on the occasion of his marriage. The presentation address was made by Mr. Andrew Costan, and the pastor, Rev. Father Walsh, congratulated the members on their unity and the interest they took in the welfare of the choir. The sermon at the High Mass was preached by Rev. J. J. Walsh, Superior of St. Michael's College. Speaking of Christmas he said the first thought from this great feast was one of joy and good wishes. "We desire, therefore," he added, "for your lives to be a constant offering to God, and to be a source of joy to the angels and the saints who are in heaven. Let us strive to be a source of joy to the angels and the saints who are in heaven. Let us strive to be a source of joy to the angels and the saints who are in heaven."

St. John, N.B., Dec. 21st, 1897.

DEAR SIR—I have received your letter of the 10th inst. regarding the Irish Parliamentary Fund. Anything I could do, to aid you in a cause for which you have done so much, I should cheerfully and willingly do. I delayed a little in answering, but the unfortunate divisions in the Irish Party have been a damper on the cause among one people. I therefore send you a draft on the Bank of British North America for one hundred dollars, a slight mark of my own good will. I am, dear sir, very faithfully yours,

Bishop of St. John, N.B. THE HON. EDWARD BLAKE.

Toronto, Dec. 14th, 1897.

DEAR MR. BLAKE—I enclose herewith cheques and bills, in all \$138.00, handed me for the Home Rule Fund by the friends named.

I send you these donations with my best wishes for your success in the noble fight which you have so bravely entered upon in behalf of our common Fatherland. Ever faithfully yours,

FATHER BOYLE. HON. EDWARD BLAKE, M.P., Toronto.

Irish Parliamentary Fund for 1898.

Toronto, Dec. 27th, 1897.

P. F. Cronin, Esq., The Catholic Register, DEAR SIR—Referring to my letter of the 15th inst., acknowledging a total receipt by me of \$9,695.75, I beg to append herewith you a summary received up to today, amounting to \$448.00, making a grand total, received so far, of \$7,017.75. I also append the letters of the Most Rev. Dr. Sweeney, Bishop of St. John, N.B., and of Mr. Patrick Doyle, of Toronto. In a separate letter I am sending you a summary statement of the results tabulated by localities, and an intimation as to the future. Very faithfully,

EDWARD BLAKE.

FURTHER SUBSCRIPTIONS RECEIVED.	
Toronto (additional) per Mr. Patrick Boyle.....	\$100.00
Mrs. G. W. Kelly.....	10.00
Mr. John Hauran.....	10.00
Mr. A. M. Orpen.....	10.00
\$5.00 each: Messrs H. T. Kelly, C. J. Leonard, Patrick Boyle.....	15.00
\$1.00 each: Messrs J. F. Callaghan, J. O'Connell, M. J. Ryan.....	3.00
\$138.00	
Montreal (additional) per Mr. F. B. McMane.....	100.00
Ottawa (additional) per Mr. P. B. Scott.....	50.00
Mr. M. P. Davis.....	100.00
\$250.00	
St. John, N.B. (additional) The Most Rev. Dr. Sweeney, Bishop of St. John, N.B.....	100.00
\$458.00	
Already acknowledged per letter of Dec. 16th 1897.....	\$6,605.75
Grand Total.....	\$7,063.75

Toronto, Dec. 14th, 1897.

DEAR MR. BLAKE—I enclose herewith cheques and bills, in all \$138.00, handed me for the Home Rule Fund by the friends named.

Toronto.....	\$4,704.75
Collingwood and Toronto.....	500.00
Ottawa.....	500.00
St. Catharines.....	400.00
Montreal.....	200.00
An Irish Canadian Protestant.....	200.00
Hamilton.....	114.00
St. John, N.B.....	110.00
Kingston.....	100.00
Peterborough.....	60.00
Paris (per Hamilton).....	30.00
Colgan.....	25.00
\$7,093.75	

The returns from many of these places are, as yet, incomplete and from several other districts where subscriptions are promised, no returns have yet come in. The fullest details of the subscriptions already received have been forwarded for publication to THE CATHOLIC REGISTER, Toronto, and to THE FREEMAN'S JOURNAL, Dublin, and I have remitted £1,414.3s. 6d. sterling to the Treasurer of the Parliamentary Fund, being the net result of the collections to date.

I am obliged to leave Canada for Ireland to-day, but during my absence my son, Mr. E. F. Blake, Bank of Commerce Building, Toronto, will act for me in the receipt, acknowledgment and transmission of subscriptions.

May I add the expression of my grateful thanks to the Canadian friends of Irish Home Rule, who are exhibiting so marked a manner their devotion to the cause. I am sure they will feel in some degree encouraged and rewarded for their steadfastness by the latest utterances of prominent Irish Nationalist leaders, pointing to concerted action on the capital questions for the approaching session. If so much can be achieved next year, we may take fresh hope for the future of the cause. I have, etc.

EDWARD BLAKE.

An Irish-Canadian's Success.

The Washington D.O. papers contain long references to Mr. Andrew Devine, a relative of Rev. Father Devine, of Oran, and who is well known to many readers of THE REGISTER. Mr. Devine has been one of the official reporters of debates for the House of Representatives; but he has now resigned to become Vice President of the Columbia Phonograph Company, of New York City. The position of reporter of debates in the House is remunerative, paying \$5,000 a year for some time like six months of active work from a financial standpoint it is regarded as far better than an election to Congress, as the official reporters are never removed except for cause. The appointments are made by the Speaker of the House. The resignation of Mr. Devine of the position long held by him takes from the ranks of high-class stenographers and from the business of the House one of the most capable men who ever used shorthand for the recording of human speech, says THE WASHINGTON POST. His withdrawal is a matter of extreme regret to all the newspaper men, who know him in a business way, and especially to the older members of the House, who appreciate the importance of retaining the best possible skill in the difficult work of reporting the debates. But the capacity which Mr. Devine has shown of late years as a keen business man, in connection with the affairs of the Mergenthaler Linotype Company and the Columbia Phonograph Company, in both of which great concerns he is a director, has led the latter company to make him a proposition compared to which his salary as an employe of the House had no power to keep him here.

Mr. Devine's long connection with Washington affairs, his wide acquaintance with public men, his scholarly attainments, and his marvellous skill as a reporter, combine to make his voluntary withdrawal from government service a notable matter. For twenty-nine years he has been connected in some capacity with the publication of the proceedings of Congress. In 1868 he reported the House of Representatives for a press association. After a short return to New York City, where he was connected with the most prominent law reporting firm then existing, he returned to Washington as the Senate reporter of the New York Association Press.

In 1874 Speaker Blaine, who was always warm and close friend, appointed him one of the official reporters of committees of the House. Then followed a period of the most exacting and exacting short hand work which has ever been done about the Capitol, the reporting of the debates on the House not excepted. Innumerable committees of investigation were appointed, continuing through the existing period of the Hayes-Tilden contest; and in this work, the extreme difficulty of which is seldom appreciated, Mr. Devine rendered exceptional service. Those familiar with the history of the regime of Speaker Keifer will remember that his outrageous removal of Mr. Devine, for the purpose of providing a place for an incompetent favorite, and the humiliating failure of the latter, furnished one of the most fruitful sources of the criticism which fell upon the Ohio Speaker. Mr. Devine was immediately engaged to report some protracted Senate investigations, and also did the actual writing of much of Mr. Blaine's "Twenty Years of Congress," as the assistant of the great Maine statesman. The following winter, a vacancy having occurred on the corps of official reporters of debates of the House, by the death of Mr. Lord, Speaker Carlisle appointed Mr. Devine to that place, on account of his signal ability. His departure will occasion but little surprise to those business men of Washington who have known how urgent have been the offers which Mr. Devine has received to turn his abilities to other more lucrative and far less arduous fields of usefulness.

Christmas Morning at St. Mary's. At St. Mary's Church, Christmas morning, Millard's Mass was given, with orchestra under leadership of Mr. Donville. The soloists were Miss Kate Clarke, Miss Toller, Miss Memory and the Misses Toller, Messrs. Walsh and the Misses. The "Incaratus" was sung by Miss K. Clarke. Norello's "Adeste Fidelis" was the offertory, with the solo by Miss Kate Clarke. Mrs. D. A. O'Sullivan officiated at the organ.

Blessing of a New Organ. A new organ has been placed in St. Paul's Church, corner of Queen and Power streets. The ceremony of blessing it will be performed by His Grace, the Archbishop next Sunday evening at 7 o'clock. Vicar-General McCann will preach the sermon on the occasion and Professor Dinelli will preside at the instrument. A select programme of sacred music will be rendered.

Ecclesiastical Changes. The Archbishop of Toronto has made the following changes: Rev. Father Whalen of St. Catharines, to be parish priest of Caledon; Rev. Father Patrick Kiernan of Caledon, to be parish priest of the Toronto Gore; Rev. Father Dods, C.S.S.R., of St. Patrick's parish will attend at Blantyre School.

Mr. C. J. McCabe is a candidate for Separate school trustee in Ward 2. He has had valuable experience as a school teacher.