

TORONTO, MARCH 29, 1906.

TEMPERANCE LEGISLATION.

The promised bill in favor of temperance was brought before the Ontario Legislature last week. Whilst it does not carry the standard of teetotalism, it echoes the increasing sound of hatred for intoxication, and gives evidence of an earnest desire to control properly the use of liquor. Legislation, however well intended, is just as strong as the people's will. If the people wish an act to be carried out they can effect the purpose. If they wish to frustrate the law or turn it into ridicule they can accomplish that also. The license law as it has been for some time, was strong enough to secure very general sobriety. But those in whose hands lay the observance and the administration made a farce of what should have been serious and turned the many indifferent supporters into active enemies. All law requires proper administration, but some laws are hard to administer. Few present such difficulties as a license law. The task of informing, the neighborly feeling, the consequences of action, all serve to render futile that observance which in this case is all the more necessary on account of secrecy of offence and openness of charge. It is satisfactory to see that in the new bill there is more protection for witnesses—and that thereby a more secure watch may be kept upon illegal conduct. A double duty now devolves upon the temperance people—to see that the law is carried out with a firm hand but without harshness; and secondly, to replace through the country the old hostility by something better. The law cannot be made successful without the co-operation and sympathy of the citizens. On the other hand, business men and travellers of all classes require hospitality. It will not be enough, therefore, to be merely destructive in criticism, to take away hotels—a new constructive plan is needed in order to really hold the now acquired ground and show that hotels can be made successful without the curse of strong drink.

Another bill in close connection with the License Law, yet not embodied in it nor a government measure, is an anti-treating bill. One difficulty presents itself in administration, the proper supremacy over small details. Herein will be the special difficulty of securing obedience. There can be no doubt about the evils of treating. Intemperance, sloth, extravagance with all the accursed consequences, are some of the demons stalking in and out amongst the loungers of saloons and clubs treating and being treated. Add to these evils the laxity and corrupt talk begotten of drink, and amongst loose young men where blasphemy rules and the glaring form of immoral conversation holds out, and we have one reason for the irreligion of young men. Again we revert to our former stand. Legislation for its efficiency depends upon all. If the old order is to pass away—and we shall be pleased at it—a new one must take its place. One great means of encouraging treating is the music and the general freedom surrounding places of drink. Amusement will have to aid in the great work of reform. Merely to shut off treating, to have no substitute, to close all avenues of innocent occupation and diversion, would only bring about a worse reaction. Young minds are active; their spirits are energetic. They need guidance and encouragement more than restraint. Home influence must exert itself more; for amongst the evils which increased wealth and large cities superinduce is the too great readiness to seek pleasure outside of the family circle. Clubs and societies must join, and replace danger by safety, temptation by support, degradation by elevation.

SUNDAY OBSERVANCE.

An Act for the proper observance of the Lord's Day was introduced into the House of Commons on the 12th inst., by the Hon. Minister of Justice. Whether it will satisfy everyone need

hardly be asked. A legislator who seeks to please all will end by pleasing none. One thing the Bill does, it asserts the great principle that the Dominion wishes a day of rest and worship. If the Bill did nothing else, it would bring blessing, and its author would deserve the thanks and encouragement of the community. But the Bill goes farther; it carries Sunday observance into work and amusement. It forbids all work which is not necessary, and for greater certainty it explains without restricting "work of necessity or mercy." According to the proposals these include customary work in connection with worship, attendance for relief of sickness, conveyance of travellers and mails, and similar requirements of society. Games and performances, excursions and the opening of pleasure grounds are all prohibited where fees are charged. Penalties in the way of fines follow the infringement of the Act. Far from turning the Christian Sunday into a Judaic Sabbath, the Bill allows limited recreation and necessary work. On the other hand it insists as far as legislation can, that the Sunday shall be sanctified. The ordinance of the Christian Sunday contains the fulfilment of three great laws—the divine natural law, the divine revealed law, and the law of the Church. "Remember" was the opening word of the divine commandment. Modern society is fast forgetting it. Strenuous activity, increasing work need restraint and rest—and a call to prayer and the worship of God. Those countries in which disregard for Sunday prevails, are the most irreligious. France is a sad example. Business, work, pleasure—more than on ordinary days—turn a French Sunday into a day of turmoil and godless boasting—for the spirit which prompts the law there is an anti-clerical one. Crowded cities no doubt change the demands and customs of people. Their conditions are such that the working classes should have respite and relaxation. But these must be given with the least cost of labor from their neighbors. And all classes are obliged to "remember to keep holy the Sabbath day." We are glad that the Dominion of Canada will assert itself as a Sunday-observing country. Whatever sacrifice it may place upon the few it brings rest and relief to the many, and the benediction of the Most High upon the country adopting it and the people obeying its reasonable provisions.

AN ALLEGED ABJURATION.

The newspapers lose few opportunities of trying to rouse religious prejudice. Some are stereotyped, habitually addicted to it. Upon others the fit is irregular and occasional. Many occasions offer themselves. The latest is the reception of the Princess Ena into the Church; and its latest phase is an alleged abjuration which it is claimed was required from the royal catechumen. Both the Star and the News of this city publish it as a fact. Both journals attribute the taking of it to low, base motives. The News calls it the price paid for a queen's crown. The Star concludes its comments in a tone of pity:

"Still the person who is called upon for reasons of State to make such a renunciation and denunciation, is worthy of some compassion."

In the next issue the Star grows quite facetious by a remark which, considering the rank of the future Queen of Spain and her near relation to our gracious King, might have treated her with some respect. But loyalty and respect withdraw when religious prejudice stalks abroad. The following is the text of the abjuration as given by the News:

"I, recognizing as true, the Catholic and apostolic faith, do here publicly unathematize every heresy, especially that to which hitherto I have had the misfortune to belong. I agree with the Holy Roman Church, and profess with mouth and heart my belief in the apostolic see, and my adhesion to that faith which the Holy Roman Church, by evangelical and apostolic authority, commands to be held. Swearing this by the sacred Homousian or trinity of the same substance, and by holy gospels of Christ. I do pronounce those worthy of eternal anathema who oppose this faith with their dogmas and their followers, and should I myself at any time presume to approve or proclaim anything contrary hereto, I will subject myself to the severity of the canon law. So help me God and these holy gospels."

This is the oath from the News, except the capitals, which like a flaming advertisement, call attention to "the awful oath taken by Queen Victoria's grand daughter when she betrayed the Protestant Faith in order to become Queen of Spain." That is yellow journalism, which must not be allowed to go unchallenged. In order to contradict such charges we must be prepared not with the retort courteous, but something stronger. We are in direct correspondence with members of the Church in England who know exactly what abjuration the Princess did make. Until we receive our answer we can simply say that no such form of abjuration as

the above is to be found in any Ritual we can lay our hands on. It has not the characteristics of genuineness. No Roman theology, ritual or liturgy speaks of a "trinity of the same substance." That is a tainted expression. The Missal in the preface of the Mass of the Trinity speaks of "the unity of substance." "Trinity of the same substance" is incorrect, unsound. Nor is it a translation or equivalent for Homousian. This latter term carries us back to the day Arianism, when the term was predicated by the Church of the Lord. He was "Homousian" or of the same nature as consubstantial with the Father. Now abjurations of one form or another are of ancient use. And they generally touched upon some point which was special to the doctrine denied by the heretics. And since Spain at the time of Arianism made strong efforts to eradicate that heresy the Church there may have adopted something bearing upon the point. But even so, the above form is a gross misrepresentation of the real thing. It was an English Bishop who received an English Princess into the Church, who must either himself or by his representative, have given her instruction. We see no reason for changing the ordinary form. This form is either a fraud or an obsolete Spanish abjuration exacted from the converted Arians fifteen hundred years ago, but so long passed into disuse that it can be found only in manuscript form—revived, however to serve disloyalty, prejudice and quarrelling. We do not intend to let the matter rest. But we wish to make sure what form of abjuration the Princess did make. We are fully satisfied she did not subscribe to the alleged form. And to whatever abjuration she pledged herself, she had a purer motive than those attributed by the Star and the News.

AN IRISH CANADIAN POETESS

"A great poet dwelt among us and we scarce knew her. Hers was a master muse which illumined with imagination, emotion and originality the noblest and most profound thoughts of her time, and wove them with the skill of an artist into divine melodies." Such are the opening words of the preface to "The Collected Poems of Isabella Valancy Crawford," edited by J. W. Garvin, B.A., himself a poet of some merit, and with a special introduction by Ethelwyn Wetherald. The volume is a work of over three hundred pages, divided into four books, exhibiting many and varied subjects all treated in a manner which only the genius of poetry could inspire. Though the poems of Miss Crawford in their present complete form were only given to the public in 1905, yet the author is known throughout Canada, and more or less in the Old Land. Her life was a hard and prosaic one. Born in Dublin on Christmas Day, 1850, she was one of the twelve children of a physician who, essaying his fortune in this country, found it a failure, and we find him in Lakeland, Ont., when his twelve children were reduced to three, living a life of ever-increasing poverty, ending only in death. The hardships of such an existence were not sufficient to stifle the poetic spirit of Miss Crawford, and though she died at the early age of thirty-six, she has left behind her a work which in the minds of some places her as the first woman poet in the English-speaking world of her day. The chief characteristics of her poetry are vitality and brilliant spontaneity. The Earl of Dufferin in a letter to Miss Crawford, thanks her for the pleasure given him by her beautiful poems, and adds, "It is time now that Canada should have a literature of its own, and I am glad to think that you should so nobly have shown the way."

We have only space for one selection of Miss Crawford's verse, "The Rose of a Nation's Thanks," written about twenty years ago, probably in memory of the return of the Canadian troops from the North-West. The poem is full of the fires of patriotism and is as follows:

THE ROSE OF A NATION'S THANKS.
A welcome? Oh, yes, 'tis a kindly word, but why will they plan and prate Of feasting and speeches and such small things, while the wives and mothers wait? Plan as ye will, do as ye will, but think of the hunger and thirst In the hearts that wait, and do as ye will, but lend us our laddies first! Why, what would ye have? There is not a lad that treads in the gallant ranks Who does not already bear on his breast The Rose of a Nation's Thanks!

A welcome? Why, what do you mean by that, when the very stones must sing As our men march over them home again; the walls of the city ring With the thunder of throats and the tramp and tread of feet that rush and run?— I think in my heart that the very trees must shout for the bold work done!

Why, what would ye have? There is not a lad that treads in the gallant ranks Who does not already bear on his breast The Rose of a Nation's Thanks! A welcome? There is not a babe at the breast won't spring at the roll of the drum That heralds them home—the keen long cry in the air of "They come! They come!" And what of it all if ye bade them

wade knee-deep in a wave of wine, And tossed tall torches, and arched the town in garlands of maple and pine? All dust in the wind of a woman's cry as she snatches from the ranks Her boy who bears on his bold young breast The Rose of a Nation's thanks!

A welcome? There's a doubt if the lads would stand like stone in their steady line When a babe held high on a dear wife's hand or 'the stars that swim and shine In a sweetheart's eyes, or a mother's smile, flashed far in the welded crowd.

Or a father's proud voice, half-sob and half-cheer, cried on a son aloud. O the billows of waiting hearts that swelled would sweep from the martial ranks The gallant boys who bear on their breasts The Rose of a Nation's Thanks!

A welcome? O joy, can they stay your feet, or measure the wine of your bliss? O joy, let them have you alone to-day—a day with a pulse like this! A welcome? Yes, 'tis a tender thought, a green laurel that laps the sword— But joy has the wing of a wild white swan and the song of a free wild bird!

She must beat the air with her wing at will, at will must her song be driven From her heaving heart and tremulous throat through the awful arch of heaven. And what would ye have? There isn't a lad will burst from the shouting ranks But bears like a star on his faded coat the Rose of a Nation's Thanks.

—Isabella V. Crawford.

Death of Francis Heydon

Flags have been at half mast in Toronto Junction as a tribute of respect to the death of ex-Councillor Francis Heydon, who died Sunday at his residence, Davenport road, of heart failure, after several months' illness.

Mr. Heydon was a well known and highly respected citizen of the town. He was born in Toronto 76 years ago. He spent the early part of his life in the Gore of Toronto and Vaughan Township, where he married Miss Isabella Gracey, daughter of the late Mr. Alexander Gracey of Etobicoke. He has lived in West York continuously, being one of its best known pioneers. For over 40 years he had resided in the Junction, being almost its first settler. It was he, among others, who incorporated the various villages around into West Toronto Junction. He was an active and prominent member of the Council in the early history of the town's growth. On his retirement, after seven years as a councillor, he was presented with a testimonial by Mayor St. Ledger and the council-elect at that time, for his long and valuable public services.

His honesty and industry, with his good ability and sound judgment, made him a practical and successful business man. He was a large property owner. The present "Heydon House"—which is one of the finest hotels outside of the city—bears his name. He was a man of exemplary habits and social disposition, being very popular as the result of a kind nature and genial manner. He gained the esteem and affection of all who knew him, his gentle and refined presence making him always an entertaining host and genial companion. He was a familiar figure in the Junction, and in his death the town has lost a good citizen, a loyal subject and a true and faithful Christian. He was a devout Catholic, a firm adherent and ardent admirer of his faith.

For many years Mr. Heydon had lived a retired life in his handsome home, "Heydon Villa," with its beautiful grounds. He leaves a widow and six children to mourn his loss. A J. Heydon, F. J. Heydon, Dr. C. M. Heydon, T. B. Heydon, Miss Birdie Heydon and Mrs. Chas. O'Connor. The funeral took place on Tuesday morning to St. Cecilia's Church. It was one of the largest corteges that ever passed through the Junction. The church was filled with mourners from all parts of the county and city. The mayor and council and all the officials attended in a body. Rev. Father Gallagher celebrated the Solemn Mass of Requiem. Rev. Father Doherly was present in the sanctuary.

Mr. Peter Costello sang the Libera very effectively. Interment took place in St. Michael's Cemetery, where Rev. Father Gallagher officiated. The pall-bearers were the four sons, Mr. Chas. O'Connor, son-in-law, and Mr. John Heydon, nephew of the deceased. R.I.P.

Princess Ena, who is to marry the King of Spain, never appears at a theatre or concert. One story is that she is making a religious retreat, devoting herself to meditation and study of the obligations of the Catholic faith, varied only by long morning application to Spanish grammar, idioms and pronunciation. She is determined to be wholly Spanish.

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Death of Mrs. R. Ryan
It is with sad intelligence that we announce the death of one of the oldest and most respected citizens of Dereham, near Cullollen, Janet Mary Ryan, relict of the late Richard Ryan who was born at Kingston in the year 1818, and went to Niagara when young and was married there on Jan. 8th, 1838, and with her husband kept hotel for over twenty years. She then moved to Dereham and settled with her husband and family on the farm on which her death occurred.

Her husband predeceased her by ten years. Mrs. Ryan was a most devoted Catholic and her death occurred on St. Patrick's day. She was buried on Monday, March 19th, the feast of St. Joseph, at Ingersoll. The Rev. Father Connolly said the Mass of Requiem and in a few well chosen words spoke very highly in honor of the deceased lady.

Considering the inclement weather the day of the funeral, there was a large turnout to pay the last respects to an old and pious citizen. Mrs. Ryan is survived by three sons and three daughters, as follows: James and William, Cullollen, and C. B. of Ingersoll, Mrs. Geo. Caddy and Mrs. Geo. White, Watonsville, California, and Agnes at home. The pall-bearers were Messrs. M. J. McDermott, C. A. O'Neill, John Frezell, Peter Sherry, John Dunn and James Kirwin, all of Ingersoll. R.I.P. Com.

A REMINISCENCE

The following was received too late for publication last week, but as it is an interesting sketch by a young aspirant to literary fame, we publish it now as a pleasing reminiscence:

St. Patrick's Day is again with us, and as I sit gazing into the blaze and glow of the bright fire and listening to the howling and lashing of the wind against the house corners, reminiscences of many a by-gone day come back to me and I live over again in imagination the many familiar sights and scenes which once awoke in my heart such thrills of joy, but are now faded into oblivion until at length memory carries me back to the happy days of my childhood, many occasions for some reason or other, standing out very vividly against the dim background of the past, and not least among these sweet recollections is the celebration of the Feast of the dear Patron of Erin.

You ask me why I remember St. Patrick's Day so well, and I think I can but answer your questions by telling you my first impressions of the celebration of the Feast of the great Saint.

To begin with, the feast, as I remember it, was held as one of the greatest on the calendar, not only in the Church, but also in our own home. Rain or shine, we always rose early and repaired to the dear old Cathedral where the spiritual part of the feast was celebrated with all the due solemnity and pomp of a Pontifical High Mass, the Bishop assisting at the Throne, and not the least conspicuous was the dear little French Monsignore with his huge bunch of Shamrocks, always vowing that good St. Patrick belonged as much to him as to us Irish folk, and of course, it could not be disputed, as St. Patrick's native place was France. Next came the sermon of the day, the honor of delivering same always being conferred upon the most Irish priest, and in conclusion the good Bishop would say a few words which went straight to the hearts of his Irish hearers.

After we had returned home and had partaken of our dinner, for which something special would always be prepared, a few neighbors would drop in for a little "kailiyeah" and you may be sure they were always accorded a "caed mille failthe" and after the struggles and sorrows of dear old Erin had been duly talked over, our friends would be speeded with a "beannacht leat."

As evening closed in, while some of the elder members of the family repaired to the concert hall, we younger ones crowded around our mother's knee, and although it took a great deal of persuasion to coax her away from her Boston Pilot, which she would be pursuing for news of dear old Galway, the enjoyment we had in her wonderful stories of the Banshee and the Leprecaune, and other fairy lore of the dear little Emerald Isle, was well worth the trouble.

M.J.

Mr. Fred A. Day Leaves Guelph

Mr. Fred A. Day, B.C.L., leaves for Hailsbury, where he will take charge of the newly established branch of Day, Ferguson & Day, barristers, solicitors and notaries public. Mr. Day has just been admitted as a member of the firm, the other members being his brother, James E. Day and John M. Ferguson, B.C.L., of Toronto. The latter two have been in partnership in Toronto, and since Mr. James E. Day's removal to Toronto the Guelph office has been in charge of Mr. Fred. Day, his partner in the business. The growing business of the Toronto firm in the Cobalt district, has necessitated the establishment of an office there, and Mr. Fred Day was selected to take charge. Owing to the change arrangements are now under way to provide for the future of the Guelph office, and in the meantime it will be conducted by Mr. James E. Day. The removal of Mr. Fred. Day from Guelph is to be regretted, as he was regarded as one of the brightest and most promising members of the local bar. He is young, and possesses splendid ability, and his friends are sanguine that he will make a mark for himself in the profession he has chosen. In military circles he was also prominent, being lieutenant in the 16th Field Battery. That he will meet with success in New Ontario is the sincere hope of his hosts of friends in Guelph and elsewhere.—Exchange.

It Has Many Offices.—Before the German soldier starts on a long march he rubs his feet with tallow, for his first care is to keep his feet in good condition. If he knew that Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil would be of much better service he would throw away his tallow and pack a few bottles of the Oil in his knapsack. There is nothing like it.

The Colonial Legislature of Newfoundland has unanimously adopted a resolution favoring old age pensions. This is the first action of the kind by any North American legislative body.

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