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PRICE FIVE CENTS

Interesting New Books

(Written for the Register)

"Mother Mary Baptist Russell" By Rev. Matthew Russell, S. J., New York. The Apostleship of Prayer.

If the record of great faith and valiant womanly courage be worth reading in these days of the "new woman," the life of Mother Mary Baptist, Sister of Mercy, written by her brother, is a book to be warmly recommended. It was the late Lord Russell of Killowen who suggested that his sister's life be written by Father Russell, and the unconventional style in which the record is drawn up makes it evident that no feeling of family pride or vanity suggested the wish. In the matter-of-fact account of this great nun's virtues and loving accomplishments for God's creatures, there is much inspiration, not less for persons of devout life than for men and women whose tasks are of the world and whose cares are not for the treasure that is laid up in heaven. The book is pleasingly illustrated with photographs of the scenery around Newry, Warrenpoint, Killowen and Rostrevor. From this land of holy women the third nun of the Russell household went forth as the pioneer Sister of Mercy in California. In January, 1867 the California mission was established. Cholera was at the time raging in the city. The California Daily News tells how the Sisters of Mercy took hold of the situation. "They did not stop to inquire whether the poor sufferers were Protestants or Catholics, Americans or foreigners, but with the noblest devotion applied themselves to their relief. One Sister might be seen bathing the limbs of a sufferer, another chafing the extremities, a third applying the remedies, while others with pillows were calming the fears of those supposed to be dying. If the lives of any of the unfortunate be saved they will owe their preservation to these noble ladies."

Such was the beginning of Sister Mary Baptist's long and heroic life. She was chosen to establish the first branch of the Convent at Sacramento. In 1869 Mother Baptist was in charge of the small hospital in San Francisco. Incidentally, in a book so largely composed as this is of letters, extracts from papers, etc., a great deal comes to be said of other members of the Russell family. And one thing about them is the way their Irish training breaks out in them. It is amusing to read, for example, an account of a farewell between Lord Chief Justice Russell and his son, as the latter was embarking with his regiment for South Africa. The steam whistle was blowing, all was noise and excitement and the father on the quay was endeavoring to convey a last sign message to his boy. But unlike the father of Casa-

blanca, doing the thing and it was heard, until "growing up" Lord Chief Justice placed two fists in his mouth and blew a shrill whistle with an ease which a boy might have envied. And that had the desired effect.

Mother Baptist paid one visit to Europe and to Ireland, and on her return took up with renewed zeal the founding of charitable institutions and the carrying on of charitable works. No adequate account of these can be given in this brief notice. Upon her death the entire community of San Francisco sorrowed, the public feeling being well expressed through the press of every shade.

"The Crisis." By Winston Churchill. Toronto: The Copp Clark Co.

The author is at pains to make it known that he is an American, as though the name might mislead. He is constantly referring to "our army," "our soldiers," "our country." The story begins before the Civil War, and runs along to the end of that grim struggle. The hero is a northerner, and the heroine a red-hot sympathizer with the South. They become man and wife in the last chapter but one, when the heroine learns to love Lincoln, whom she had previously regarded as "dirty white trash." These points stake out the patriotic sympathies of Mr. Churchill. On the whole "The Crisis" is a romance in which young people will take a great deal of pleasure. But the critical will find that the work has not been evenly performed, many pages being filled with cheap padding that might have been taken out of the "funny" columns of the newspapers. We have the hardihood to say this, in face of the unqualified praise so freely lavished upon this story, as well as the same author's "Richard Carvel." The most conscientious reviewer, however, need not stint his appreciation of the merit of both books from the moral standpoint. Mr. Churchill's lovers are invariably honorable and high-spirited, living up to the ideals of more or less vague aristocratic affiliations. So it is with Stephen Brice, the hero in this case. The heroine, Jenny Carvel, is for her part an aristocrat to her finger tips. In fact there are very few characters in the book who are not aristocrats, and hints are thrown out that some of them whose forefathers came over in the "Mayflower" are remotely connected with English lords and ladies, and therefore cannot help being aristocrats. Blood will tell. Stephen Brice, however, is poor, the family fortune having been lost in Boston. Abraham Lincoln is one of the few un-aristocratic persons encountered from first to last of "The Crisis." Incidentally the author prefaces to reveal those true touches in Lincoln's character which made him the idol of the nation when a great man was needed. But these touches are not true to nature or probability, any more than is the thoroughly up-to-date British adjective "beastly" put into the mouth of an American youth of fifty years ago. Lincoln is all the time telling funny stories in this book. At least they are considered funny; but if Old Abe were alive today and should spring one of these pointless gas upon a political convention, or a quiet gathering of his friends, they would unquestionably lynch him. We copy one of these character sketches just as we find it: "The President is talking with the hero: 'Did you ever hear the story of Mr. Wallace's Irish gardener?' 'No, sir.' 'Well, when Wallace was hiring his gardener he asked him whom he had been living with.' 'Misther Dalton, Sorr.' 'Have you a recommendation, Terence?' 'A recommendation is it, Sorr? Sure I have nothing agin Misther Dalton, though he mightn't be knowing just the respect the likes of a first class gartener is entitled to.' This is a specimen of Abe Lincoln's stories. When such "humor" is put in to lighten up the pages, we are not surprised to see real though unconscious humor put forward in all the seriousness of boastful language, as when the hero turns heavy periods upon the superiority of "our Anglo-Saxon countries." If the extensive draught made by the author upon cheap grade cant of the day be skipped by the reader he will still have enough reading matter left for the upholstering of the plot, which is a good one and evenly conducted through five hundred pages to a happy conclusion.

PHENOMENAL FAITH IN HUMBBUG

In another place we publish a modest and manly letter from Mr. D'Arcy Scott, of Ottawa, in reply to an anonymous reference to his nationality made through the columns of The Citizen. The letter speaks for itself, and we are glad to have the opportunity of placing it before our readers, to whom, if Mr. D'Arcy Scott's nationality is not a matter of knowledge, his unfailingly well-directed aptitude as a public-spirited Canadian Catholic most certainly is. As a public man and as a citizen Mr. D'Arcy Scott is well enough known in his native city to make the purport of his objection to a civic observance of the 12th of July appear quite beyond and above question or cavil. The anonymous letter in The Citizen may be dismissed with this remark.

The "flag incident," in which the discussion has had its origin, is one of the signs of the times we live in, when the flag is the first, last and universal refuge of the fakir. Mayor Morris finds the flag as useful to himself as does the auctioneer who hangs it outside his door to attract the crowd to a sale. Naturally he is greatly impressed with the many-sided importance of so useful an article, and he has been telling the newspaper reporters that in a flying visit he paid to the United States last week he noticed flags everywhere. They seem to have inspired him to take the liberty of flying one on July 12th.

"Is it any wonder," said the mayor in conclusion, "that there are narrow gauge people in the city that object to the British flag flying on occasions here when the education of the children in this matter is neglected?"

It may appear deplorable to Mayor Morris that the education of the children of Ottawa is neglected with regard to the historical lessons of the battles of Aughrim and the Poynne, to commemorate which he would fly the flag from the top of the City Hall on the 12th of July. But our own opinion is that even the school children of Ottawa know him so well that they see the "vote catcher" behind his seeming ignorance of the meaning of the Orange anniversary. When a man occupying the position of Mayor in a city where no excuse exists for the introduction of racial and sectarian

symbols and observances, rises up and tells the school children that it is only "narrow gauge" people who would desire to live in harmony with each other, he ought to be a professional humorist. Indeed only that we know his worship of Ottawa to be utterly devoid of the saving grace of humor, we could believe that the mantle of Mark Twain had already come to the Canadian capital on reading in The Journal the Mayor's reply to Mr. D'Arcy Scott's letter. It is a gem: "I have learned since my return," said the mayor, "that the men that really represent the Catholic sentiment of the city, the wide-gauge people—do not claim the feelings that Mr. Scott has expressed, and I do not believe that he represents in any manner five per cent. of the forty he claims to speak for."

"If Mr. Scott would pay more attention to the instilling of true patriotism into the minds of the youth of this country rather than to propagate strife and sectionalism, he would be doing far more good than at present."

No one who does not know Mayor Morris, of Ottawa, upon reading the foregoing can possibly be convinced that he is not a joker. Conceive him if you can wrapped in the flag, preaching down sectionalism and strife and preaching up true and "wide gauge" patriotism by a new patent plan of propagating the doctrine introduced here from Ireland that Protestants and Catholics are each other's natural prey in whatever community they may both happen to be planted. Mayor Morris, as he cannot take himself humorously, must, we suppose, be taken seriously by others. When he was over in the United States he seems to have unfortunately escaped the knowledge that they have a law there prohibiting the use of the national flag for advertising purposes. All this elaborate knavery of his is indulged in with the gullible hope of catching the votes of Ottawa Orangemen, whose very prejudices he must insult. The silly pretence that the Catholic sentiment of the city supports him in the introduction of sectarian irritation into a mixed community is a compliment to their intelligence with which we need not concern ourselves.

The King's Declaration in the Lords

Remarkable Speech of Earl Grey in Favor of Abolishing the Declaration in toto.

London, July 9.—In the House of Lords to-day, on the order of the day being reached for the consideration of the report of the Select Committee on the declaration of the Sovereign against Transubstantiation, the Lord Chancellor said he was certainly under the impression that the report would be merely laid upon the table that night, and that the noble lord (Earl Grey) when that was done would move a resolution. He (the Lord Chancellor) must certainly repudiate the responsibility for moving that the report be now considered.

The Archbishop of Canterbury said he thought the best motion would be that the report be referred back to the Committee for further consideration, and that certain members be added to the Committee. The report did not even emanate from a Committee representing every element in that House which might fairly ask to have a voice in the matter. The position of the Church of England and the relation of the Church of England to the Sovereign in this country did make it a matter of some importance that the episcopal bench should take a part in such a question as this. As it was, the report before them was one which he thought it would be wise to consider very much more fully than it had yet been considered. He did not think it was a matter which ought to be hurried, as there had been a great deal of objection to it from various parts of the country. There was an amendment standing in

the name of Earl Grey, and in the event of that being moved it might be carried by the House. It had evidently nothing in it of substance, and if the House, in accordance with its terms, pronounced the recommendations unsatisfactory what were they to do then? Would the result of such a vote extinguish the report altogether? Or would the whole matter be indefinitely postponed? He did not know that there would be any objection to first saying it was unsatisfactory and then proceeding to amend it, but he did not understand that that would suit the purpose of Earl Grey. He could not say that the report was satisfactory, but the report he thought contained the elements of a satisfactory solution. Instead of considering the report in its present condition it would be better to postpone the consideration and refer the matter back to the Committee. It was obvious that if the House attempted to amend the report in detail it would take their lordships a very long time. He appreciated the desire of the Government to amend the declaration made by the Sovereign, and he thought it would be a good thing—if they could remove from the declaration anything which needlessly hurt the feelings of their fellow-subjects. He thought there were many points in respect of which improvements might be made before proceedings to discuss the matter in so large an assembly as the House of Lords, and before they entered upon what might prove to be a very heat-

ed discussion indeed. He hoped he had given reasons for asking that this report be referred back to the Committee.

Earl Spencer urged most strongly upon their lordships the desirability of avoiding any lengthened and detailed debate upon the question on the present occasion (hear, hear). He, therefore, hoped the Prime Minister would consent to the proposal which the Archbishop of Canterbury had made. It was a most delicate subject, and if they could come to some conclusion satisfactory to all parties, without having a heated and excited discussion, it would be a most desirable thing.

The Marquis of Salisbury understood that the Most Rev. Prelate desired to have the report referred back to the Committee, but he had not suggested where the faults were in the report. If their lordships accepted that proposal without demur or amendment the Committee would go back to their room and say they had to consider their report again, but that nobody had suggested any reason why objection had been taken. His belief was that it was not desirable to enter into details upon this question, and he apprehended that the proper course was that the report should be laid upon the table, and after that the Government or anybody else should bring in a bill founded upon that report, and that upon the second reading of the bill and afterwards in Committee it would be quite proper and usual to raise all the points, great and small, which it might be sought to raise; but he never heard of an attempt being made to send back a report to a Committee without a hint of what was wrong in that report, and with only that amount of censure which was conveyed in a suggestion that there should be a large infusion of Bishops into the Committee.

Earl Grey, in seconding the proposal back to the Committee, said that those who were opposed to the suggested form of the declaration have now no alternative but to give some hint as to why it should be referred back to the Committee. Notwithstanding the influential and important character of the Committee, he must say that the declaration they had recommended was open to the greatest objection; firstly, because it was unnecessary, and, secondly, if it were necessary, it was not effective for its intended purpose; and, thirdly, because it offered gratuitous and unnecessary insult to twelve millions of loyal and dutiful subjects of the King. He asked the House to consider whether any declaration such as that required in the Bill of Rights was any longer necessary. The declaration was originally formed for the express purpose of preventing Papists entering the Houses of Parliament or holding office under the Crown, and the law on the subject was set forth in the Bill of Rights in language too clear to admit of any doubt. It was held the no person who was reconciled to or held communion with the Church of Rome or who should marry a Papist should be allowed to exercise Regal powers, authority, or jurisdiction in any part of the British realm, and, further, that the people of these realms were absolved from allegiance to a Sovereign who belonged to the Church of Rome. Those words were so clear that they admitted of no doubt that a Roman Catholic was expressly excluded from sitting on the Throne. If, however, it was thought desirable that a Protestant declaration should be required from the Sovereign upon his accession, why should that declaration be identical with the oath required of the Sovereign before his coronation? The Sovereign before he was crowned was required to solemnly swear that he would "govern the people according to the statutes, maintain the laws of God and truth, and the Protestant religion as established by law," and he was requested to seal his oath with the most sacred form of consecration that the Church provided. Without any want of respect for the eminent persons who were responsible for the present recommendations, he ventured to describe the form of declaration which they recommended for the person ascending the Throne as eminently ridiculous. It would hardly be credited that the declaration contained nothing—not a sentence, not a single syllable—which would prevent an infidel, even of the most outrageous type, from subscribing to its terms, or which would prevent any Buddhist or Kaffir, Mahomedan or Atheist, or even the Mahdi or the Empress of China from

(Continued on page 5.)

D'Arcy Scott Replies

Ottawa Citizen: In your issue of Monday a person signing himself An Irishman commencing on my action in protesting against the flying of the flag on the city hall on July 12th, asks how it comes that I so identify myself with Irishmen, adding that I am not an Irishman, but a Scotchman. It seems to me that any citizen, whatever his origin, or religious belief, who desires to see peace and harmony preserved in a mixed community such as this, would have been justified in pointing out to his worship the mayor how undesirable it was that the flag should fly on a public building like the city hall on a day set apart, as is July 12th, for the keeping alive of sectional and religious bitterness and animosity. The celebration of March 17th is far from being a parallel case—St. Patrick is the patron of all Ireland, and his day may be, and is, celebrated by Irishmen of every denomination. I hardly flatter myself that my nationality is a matter of public interest, but since your correspondent endeavors to make it one, let me say that I am both by birth and feelings, a Canadian—by origin, however, I am Irish. My father, like myself, was born in Canada, but his father belonged to the Scotts of Cahiroon, county Claire, Ireland—a family who have been settled in that county for upwards of 250 years. If your correspondent wishes to delve still further back into the dust of history I may tell him that so far as I can learn the family was never Scotch—back at least to the time of Edward 1st. I am proud to say that a relative of mine, Mr. Richard Scott, a Dublin solicitor, was election agent for the great liberator, O'Connell, in the historic Clare elections, which brought about Catholic emancipation. Taking the other side of the house, my mother was born in Dublin of Irish parentage. Let me add that, while first of all a Canadian, I am in sympathy and feeling, intensely and entirely Irish. With apologies for having been forced to make this letter so personal, I remain, D'ARCY SCOTT, Ottawa, July 16, 1901.

HOT AIR!

People who are trying to keep cool these blistering days may still have enough energy left to wonder at the vast quantities of hot air which Grand Sovereign Clarke Wallace allowed to escape from the Orange Hall Tuesday last, upon an inoffensive public. A shrewd guess, however, is that Deputy Grand Master Ned Clarke cannot stand the heat test and will not now venture too near the throne or tamper with the Grand Sovereign's tenure of office.



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Kingston, July 22.
Dear Sir:—I have received the picture. It is lovely. Thanking you for the same. Yours respectfully, John Morrissey, 28 Alma St.

Peterborough, July 19.
Dear Sir:—Having received the "Holy Family," I must say it is a most beautiful picture and I thank you very much for it. Trefle Leveque, 11 Louis St.

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