

The Catholic Register

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY BY
THE CATHOLIC REGISTER PUBLISHING CO.

PATRICK F. CRONIN,
Business Manager and Editor.

SUBSCRIPTION:
City, including delivery, 10 cents a line.
To all outside points, 15 cents a line.
OFFICES—9 JORDAN ST., TORONTO.

Approved and recommended by the Arch-
bishops, Bishops and Clergy.

ADVERTISING RATES
Transient advertisements, 10 cents a line.
A liberal discount on contracts.
Remittances should be made by Post Office
Order, Postal Order, Express Money or by Regis-
tered Letter.
When changing address, the name of former
Post Office should be given.

Telephone, Main 489.

THURSDAY, JAN. 1, 1903.

TORONTO MAYORALTY.

Four candidates for the Mayoralty of 1903 offer the citizens of Toronto a choice of numbers, if nothing else. There is to vary Mayor Howland's phrase—"the inevitable Socialist," but we do not count him in the number to be chosen from. This same Socialist has been an "also ran" for several years, and has been quite content with the advertisement of the thing and the few score votes annually cast in his favor. At the nomination meeting on Monday, he is reported to have distributed a large assortment of Socialist literature. The other candidates distributed less recriminatory matter than is customary on such occasions; but before the campaign ends this part of the work will doubtless be fully attended to.

Ald. Spence made a few cutting remarks before declining the nomination offered him, and from the tone of his speech evidently wished the electors to regard the contest in reality as not between four aspirants but two. He counted out—and in this we agree with him—Mr. C. C. Robinson and Ald. Thomas Urquhart.

Beyond the popular qualification that he is a Conservative and an active politician, Mr. Robinson has no particular claim upon the prize. This word we use deliberately, for within the period of our recollection of Toronto the Mayoralty has been nothing else than a prize supposed to be held in the gift of the dominant political party in the city. R. J. Fleming and the late E. A. Macdonald did a great deal to shatter the common faith both of the donors of and aspirants for the office; but under Mayor Howland the old order has been restored, as His Worship's timely warning against "the inevitable Liberal" fully affirmed.

"The inevitable Liberal" in the present instance, who never sleeps, but is always on the watch for divisions in the opposite camp, must be Ald. Urquhart. This young lawyer has been an active champion of municipal ownership in the Council, and has for a number of years received strong support in Ward Four. Ald. Spence gave him good advice, however, when he told him he should have stayed in his Ward, for the present at all events. His loss to the Council will be felt. With his aid the citizens might have looked for quicker relief from the extortion and infirmities of the Bell Telephone Company than they otherwise may get. He is not strong enough to dispute Mayor Howland's possession of the "consolation prize" that has now been his for two years and which he hopes to hold for a third term.

The real challenger is Ald. Lamb who, as the doyen of the Council, had intended to retire this year until the Globe brought him into the ring for the Mayoralty stakes. We must give Ald. Lamb that credit which is due him of saying that he is not suspected of the desire to sit in the Mayor's chair for the sake of drawing the salary. He is very well supplied with this world's goods and does not need a salary from the citizens at his time of life. Long service as an alderman deserves recognition, nor is it unreasonable to contend that the only adequate recognition of it should take the form of the higher municipal honor of the Mayoralty. This, however, is for the citizens to say. To us it seems a good principle to concede the Chief Magistracy to some alderman of long experience and fair record. If Toronto but allowed this principle, it would for one thing help to obliterate a reproach that has gone out against her wherever the name of the city is known or mentioned.

In England, Australia or the United States you can hear Toronto spoken of as the city that will not elect a Catholic Mayor. Candidly, we do not find that the facts are quite as black as they are represented. The

reputation pertains more to the past perhaps; but in these days a much broader and more intelligent spirit animates the people, and it may be partly the fault of the Catholics themselves that in later years the record of religious exclusion has remained unbroken.

Take some well known man like Alderman William Burns, who, as a representative of the people has no superior in the Council in the estimation of the general public. Yet he does not aspire to the Mayoralty. He is a gentleman of dignified presence, pleasing address, business experience and untarnished integrity. Every citizen who knows William Burns trusts him as implicitly in public as in private affairs. The Register would be inclined to give the benefit of the doubt to Protestant Toronto now by saying that her intelligent citizens would only take account of William Burns' merits as a public man if he were to present himself as a Mayoralty candidate. The simple fact remains that he has not done so.

If the candidature of Ald. Lamb serves the single good purpose of getting leaders in the Council to aspire to the Chief Magistracy after ample and honorable service, it may help the people themselves to see the true relation of the actual facts to this putative blot of religious intolerance. Then gentlemen like Mr. Burns may be brought out for the Mayoralty against the dead wall of this too easily accepted exclusion—all too easily accepted as we have said by Catholics themselves—and the appearance of which, however unsubstantial, does no honor either to the public spirit of our Catholic or Protestant citizens.

It is not our wish to ring in a sectarian note upon the present Mayoralty contest, which shows nothing different from the elections of a dozen years past. As between Mr. Howland and Mr. Lamb there is, of course, no difference of this kind whatever.

It is being said that some Catholics in the city have taken umbrage over the remarks of Mayor Howland at the recent dinner to Mr. Falconio. We would be very surprised, indeed, to know that there is any truth in this story. Whilst the necessity of breaking ground upon the subject of Mayor Howland's digression upon the occasion referred to would not be in the least degree likely to appear to the ordinary self-consciousness of the loyal mind, there was not one word from first to last in His Worship's speech to hurt the susceptibilities of any Catholic who heard him, or read next day in the newspapers the condensed reports of what he said. Therefore we are certain that any of Mr. Howland's opponents who would endeavor to represent that incident to his prejudice are opponents who understand nothing of Catholic opinion about it.

If Mayor Howland and Ald. Lamb are to be the main jousting in the Mayoralty tilting ring this year, the only points of difference between them that are important from the standpoint of civic policy are these: Whether the office of Chief Magistrate should be regarded even in a secondary sort of way as a piece of party patronage, and in the second place whether the office should be looked upon as a proper reward for long service in the Council. That Mayor Howland personifies the political claim is something that can be said of him without any reflection upon his political character. He has been an honest and presentable Mayor during the double term of his office. For the matter of that there is quite too much talk about dishonesty indulged in when civic elections are on. The Toronto City Council can stand comparison for the public honesty of its membership with any municipal or legislative body in the Dominion. The ratepayers need not sit up nights worrying about how much more than the salary any man is going to get out of the Toronto City Council who enters it either as mayor or alderman.

RELIGIOUS PERSECUTION IN FRANCE.

Sir Thomas Esmonde has been investigating in France the religious conditions out of which the persecution of the Religious Orders there has arisen. He has discovered so many new leads in the anti-religious policy of the Government that suspicion of an official war upon religion assumes in his mind the force of a conviction. He says, for instance: "It is not merely in connection with the

religious communities that the persecution of Catholics is carried on in France. Take the army. The army there has always been very Catholic, and the officers as a body especially so, but they are now subject to the most terrible persecutions. For instance, if an officer goes to Mass on Sundays marks are put opposite his name in the War Office. In the same manner, if prayer-books or rosaries are found among his effects or if he sends his children to Convent Schools he is black-listed and gets no promotion. The same thing applies to the Civil Service. In France Civil Servants do not hold their office by right of tenure, but from day to day, and are liable to be dismissed at the pleasure of the authorities, whether they are officials in any of the Government departments, or teachers in schools. Any who are suspected of being religiously inclined—for instance, any who go to Mass on Sundays—are marked out for persecution, and for dismissal upon any sort of pretext on the first occasion that arises."

Having put up these barriers against the practice of religion in the army, stronger measures are provided for the benefit of tutors. No professor who has taught in any religious schools are eligible for employment in any other school. No young man who has been educated in any Catholic school or college has a chance of passing the Government examination.

Sir Thomas Esmonde is as pessimistic as other observers of the situation. He says:

"And what is the meaning of this persecution?"

"The pretext for it is difficult to find. There is no more patient or a more long-suffering body of men anywhere than the great body of the French clergy—secular and regular. But the meaning of it all is perfectly plain. It is the outcome of a generation of irreligious teaching in the public schools. The present generation of Frenchmen educated in the public schools have been so taught that they are more to be pitied than blamed. The spirit of the Administration is actively anti-religious. They have driven out the Religious Orders. They have closed the schools in which religion is taught—or they are about to close them; they are persecuting the secular clergy; they are now attacking the Bishops. In fact, to find a parallel for the state of things in France we must go back to Irish history almost to the days of Queen Anne. A Catholic who speaks out in France is denounced as a traitor to his country; and the rallying cry at the elections of the supporters of the existing system is 'Down with the Biretta!'"

"And what will be the outcome of it all?"

"Goodness only knows. There seems no prospect of a change for the better as yet. In my opinion things will be worse before they improve. Our co-religionists in France are passing through a terrible ordeal, and we can only offer them our sympathy."

HORRIBLE RAILWAY ACCIDENT.

The investigation into the dreadful accident on the G. T. R. at Wanstead, near London, is being narrowed down at the Coroner's inquest to the parts in connection with it of the train despatcher and the station agent. These two men fail to tell the same story. The settlement of a clerical blunder cannot, however, modify the one appalling revelation disclosed in the chain of circumstances surrounding the calamity. This revelation is the peril at which express trains are run upon trunk lines. They have to proceed between freights scheduled to find a sort of haphazard safety from them upon sidings all along the route. Cars are scarce and employees are driven to utilize every moment available for the moving of freight. Can we imagine the frightful risk of travel under these conditions, when, in the parlance of the telegraph operator, "a minute may bust it"—as indeed it did this time. Has the government of the country no duty towards the community with regard to the lessening of these risks?

The Coroner's inquest at Wyoming this week may clear up the margin of doubt now existing as to direct responsibility for the technical fault of this or that petty official; but only the rousing of the Government to such permanent intervention as obtains in Great Britain can clear away the sense of terror which this latest disaster has fastened upon the public mind.

EDITORIAL NOTES

We wish all our readers a Happy and Prosperous New Year.

Father Bernard Vaughan, the well known Jesuit preacher, and brother of Cardinal Vaughan, lives three nights every week in Whitechapel, where he rents a small room in a mean street, cooks his own meals and caters for his own wants. At half-past eight in the evening he emerges from his chosen dwelling garbed in his cassock and biretta, and, wandering through court and alley, he rings a bell and calls out his intention to hold an open-air service at some suitable spot. The service is a short, simple, but impressive one. A hymn is sung, on most occasions to the accompaniment of a tiny organ. Then, standing on a barrel or an egg box, Father Vaughan catechizes the people, this being the first step towards an impassioned address, full of exhortation and hope. There is no element of controversy in his sermon. He culminates by inviting the children to pray. Father Vaughan is applying towards the young savages of modern London the same means of conversion that distinguished the Jesuits of old France in Canada.

A NEW YEAR GREETING

(Written for The Catholic Register.)

For several months past I have been accorded the hospitality of your columns, and no matter what subject I selected—religious, social, national, or even political—you have been kind enough to give me space for its publication. Now that 1903 draws to a close, I wish to give expression to my personal gratitude for such favors and to wish The Catholic Register every imaginable success during the year that is at hand.

It is true that my individuality is not known to your readers, nor is it likely it ever will be; still I feel, as do all writers, that there is a certain bond of friendship, I might say of acquaintanceship, between me and them. Although we may never meet face to face, yet we have been connected in as far as our minds have traversed the same spheres—I in writing, they in reading that which I penned. In this sense I feel as if I were personally interested in each of your subscribers and readers. Consequently in this spirit to extend to them the hand of sincerity as I wish them—individually and collectively—a Happy New Year.

In giving expression to this accustomed wish of the New Year, as far as The Catholic Register is concerned, I hope that its course during 1903 may be marked with prosperity in every acceptance of the term. The success of your paper means simply another triumph for that splendid work which the Holy Father has been pleased to characterize as "the Apostolate of the Press." Every Catholic organ, no matter how extensive or how limited its sphere of action, is a potent factor in the great work of propagation of the Truth. It has its mission, and whosoever aids, in one way or another, in securing a success for that mission, has merited greatly in the eyes of the Church and in the eyes of God. It is to be regretted that our Catholic organs do not receive all the encouragement that they deserve. The complaint is frequently made that "the paper does not contain much." The way to make the paper a useful and important organ is not by criticism and fault-finding, but rather by encouraging those who are laboring for its future, and by increasing its circulation, augmenting its advertising patronage, and in every way giving it that helping hand which it has a right to expect. In making this remark I am not actuated by any personal interest, for as you know, I practice that which I preach—at least as far as concerns Catholic journalism. Therefore, I expect that in wishing the paper "the compliments of the season," I am simply giving expression to a wish for the spread of truth, the increase of faith, the development of charity, the prosperity of the Church and the glory of God.

In the despatches of last week I read that the great and aged Pontiff who rules the Church to-day, celebrated midnight Mass on Christmas day. Considering his very advanced age and his burden of responsibility, it is marvellous to behold him so free from the ills that ninety-odd years are expected to bring. In the contemplation of that unique and august figure—than which no more noble stands on earth to-day—I am reminded of the glowing words of the great Irish Protestant orator, Charles Phillips, when over a century ago he addressed the Catholics of Cork on the imprisonment of the then reigning Pope. I find his words apply so fittingly to Leo XIII. that I will make no excuse for repeating them. He said: "I have seen the venerable Head of your religion bending under the lash of affliction and shining again in his solitude of greatness. I have seen him go forth gorgeous with the accumulated dignity of ages, every knee bending and every eye blessing the prince of one world and the prophet of another. I also have seen him with

his crown crumbled, his home a dungeon, his throne a shadow, but if I have, it was only to show to those whose faith was failing, or whose fears were strengthening, that the simplicity of the patriarchs, the piety of the saints and the patience of the martyrs had not wholly vanished from this earth." In our day we behold the throne of Peter occupied by one who is the worthy successor of a long line of glorious and suffering Pontiffs. We behold him, like the last mountain of the deluge, immitable amidst change, magnificent amidst ruin, the last remnant of earth's beauty and the last resting place of heaven's light. On this eve of a new year, while expressing good wishes to all, I humbly join in the universal prayer for the preservation, in health and undiminished powers, of the Holy Father—that he may be spared for a time to come to continue illuminating the religious horizon of earth and the beams of his wisdom and sanctity.

There is another wish that is deep down in my breast and that vibrates there until it quickens the pulse and kindles the brain: It is the wish that the coming year may witness the consummation of Ireland's fond hopes and the realization of those dreams of political autonomy and national freedom that have haunted in vain the minds of three generations of my fellow-countrymen. If the signs of the times may be read properly, I would be tempted to cast the horoscope of Ireland's New Year. It seems to me that the end of that long protracted struggle is at hand, that light is breaking in upon the darkness that has for so many decades hung over her cause. It has been announced that Hon. Mr. Costigan will, during the coming session of our Dominion Parliament, ask for a favorable expression on Ireland's policy, and it is to be hoped that such approval, as we know must come from a land enjoying the freedom that we possess, will be accentuated in no uncertain manner on that occasion.

These are a few of the wishes that come with the kindlier feelings of this happy season. Grateful for whatever boons or blessings the dead year brought us, we should be animated with a steady resolve to so utilize the opportunities of the coming year that its story may be still happier and brighter—if such is possible. The Poet Priest of the South has sung of the "Rosary of our Years." The simile appears to me most appropriate. Each year is a bead on that rosary—there are "Our Fathers" for the more important years of life, such as the years of our birth, our first Communion, our marriage, or any other remarkable event; there are "Hail Marys" for the ordinary years that intervene between those of major importance. It is my fervent hope, for each one, that when he shall have told the rosary of years, when the last "One" shall have been said, and the chaplet is laid aside with a final "Glory be to the Father," he may find all those beads, great and small, returned to him, in a beauteous form, and so multiplied that the infinite alone can calculate them.

This is the sincere greeting of a very humble and very insignificant contributor to the Catholic journalism of our country; may it be reciprocated in the hearts of all the readers of The Catholic Register.

"UNITED WE STAND."

(For The Register.)

One Sunday evening, a short time ago, in one of the Catholic churches of our city, I had the pleasure of hearing an eloquent sermon upon the subject "One Fold, One Shepherd."

While attentively listening to the words of the earnest speaker, I felt, in a greater degree than ever before, what an inestimable privilege it was to belong to that glorious body of which he spoke. In the practices of religion, the following of our Redeemer, we stand always first. It was He who gave them to us, and they have been handed down, without deviation, from one generation to another. We have never sold our birthright.

In the countless divisions and subdivisions of the numerous branches which from time to time have been cut off, we have no part. The old tree still stands, and covers, beneath her vast shade, the whole world, in every portion of which she has her children. From world's end to world's end though you may travel, you will ever find our Church the same. We are one—a proud distinction which belongs exclusively to us.

In the world to-day there are many people who pity us, who wonder how, in the march of civilization and modern progress, we still remain the same, and have not revised any of our articles of faith. The question answers itself. Perfection existed from the beginning—therefore there could be no improvement.

In our unity is our strength. We have only one God, and can serve Him in only one way—that which He, through His Son and our Saviour, pointed out to us. We stand upon a Rock, and our foundation cannot be shaken. E.G.B.

CHRISTMAS CLOSING EXERCISES AT ST. PATRICK'S SCHOOL.

The boys of St. Patrick's School may well feel proud of their beautiful Christmas closing. The programme was so well selected, and the rendering of each and every item reflected such credit on the different participants, that the performance would have done honor to any institution of learning.

Rev. Father Barrett, who presided, addressed the boys in his usual learned and eloquent manner, coupling his tribute of commendation with practical and timely advice for the holy season of Christmas. The Reverend Rector, in summing up, spoke of the entertainment in the brightest terms. "The singing," said the Rev. Father, "was enchanting, the recitations impressive, and the gymnastics an object lesson to all present, in a word, the programme was classic."

It would, indeed, be difficult to particularize in bestowing special mention on any particular number, so well was the entire programme executed. A handsome silver watch, donated by Mr. William Ray, was awarded to Master M. Meehan for first in the Catechism Contest made by Father Rector. In awarding the watch to the successful pupil, Mr. Ray made a very appropriate speech on the success of the school and the interest the boys were taking in their studies.

Among those present, besides Rev. Father Rector, were Fathers Stuhl and Dodsworth, Rev. Brother Director and Trustees Michael Walsh and William Ray. Mr. W. Donville directed the Boys' Choir.

SINGLE MAN WANTED to act as Sexton for church. Send references. Apply to Rev. Rev. Joseph Bayard, V.G., St. Thomas, Ont.

READY IN JANUARY

The CANADIAN CATHOLIC DIRECTORY

PRICE 50c. a Copy.

ORDER NOW

OFFICES: 9 JORDAN STREET.

He—I wish our social standing was more exclusive. She—But, gracious, we're getting there. We're regular attendants at the opera and all the small functions, and—He—That's just it. I wish we were so well that we didn't have to do all that.

A Medicine not A Miracle IRON-OX TABLETS

are not one of the wonders of the world. They are not the discovery of some marvellous man, made in some mysterious land. They do not drive Doctors to despair, and Undertakers into insolvency. THEY ARE ONLY A THOROUGHLY HONEST AND GOOD REMEDY FOR CERTAIN COMMON AFFECTIONS which never should be neglected.

An unsurpassed nerve tonic
A blood maker and purifier
A gentle but effective laxative
Not a cathartic

50 Tablets, 25 Cents

After Work or Exercise

POND'S EXTRACT

Soothe tired muscles, remove soreness and stiffness and gives the body a feeling of comfort and strength.

Don't take the weak, watery witch hazel preparations represented to be "the same as" Pond's Extract, which easily sour and generally contain "wood alcohol," a deadly poison.

Mrs. Upton—Why, I thought your little dog was white! Mrs. De Style—So he was; but I had him dyed brown to match this dress.

RICKETY CHILDREN.

Loose joints, bow legs, big head, and soft bones—mean rickets. It is a typical disease for the best workings of Scott's Emulsion.

For the weak bones Scott's Emulsion supplies those powerful tonics the hypophosphites. For the loss of flesh Scott's Emulsion provides the nourishing cod-liver oil.

Scott's Emulsion corrects the effects of imperfect nourishment and brings rapid improvement in every way to rickety children.

Send for Free Sample. SCOTT & BOWNE, Chemists, Toronto.

F. ROSAR Undertaker.

240 King St. East, Toronto.
Telephone Main 1084.

ARE YOU RUN DOWN?

"The D & L" Emulsion

Puts new life into you. Builds up Nerve and Muscle. Adds pounds of solid flesh to your weight. Positively cures Anæmia, General Debility, Lung Troubles, including Consumption if taken in time. Be sure you get "The D & L."

Second Hand Pipe Organs

We have several good Second Hand Pipe Organs for sale. These instruments have been put in first-class repair and will be sold cheap. Write for particulars.

Address Dept. C. R.

THE D. W. KARN CO. LIMITED

Mant. Pianos, Reed Organs, Pipe Organs and Pianinos

WOODSTOCK, ONT.

TO PASTORS

The Ceremony of Blessing a New Church or Public Oratory so that the Most Holy Sacrifice may be celebrated therein.

Sixteen pages 4 1/2 x 7 inches.

PRICE 5 cents each.

FOR SALE AT
Catholic Register Office
9 Jordan St., Toronto