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CHRISTMAS.

The great Christian feast returns once more to bless humanity. But behold! the race of man in the first year of the 20th century still stands, even more sullenly than in centuries past, in the position of the unjust steward. To Christian civilization Providence has granted blessings undreamed of by previous civilizations. No longer are friends, families or nations divided by geographical difficulties. It were possible even to-day for mankind to live in peace as one family. Distance and primeval desolation have been annihilated upon the earth. The desert smiles like a garden and furnishes the crowded mart at the other side of the globe with its abundance. All comes from God! But the steward receiving this bounty and indulgence, notwithstanding seizes his fellow man as murderously as in the dark days before he heard the message of the Saviour's unbounded love. Race wars against race with a purpose as relentless as that of the unjust steward. Even ministers of the gospel join daily in the babel of hate.

Not yet among nations is the Christian ideal — the family ideal — understood. It is only by turning from the sickening spectacle of the national slaughter houses with which the fair earth is smeared at this Christmas season, to the family life in the church and the home, which is divine in its institution, that Christians may participate in the blessed spirit of the Christmas-tide. "Peace on earth, among men of good will" is not a dead message here. Thank God for it. Thank God for the family and the church. To each — and they are inseparable — Christmas brings undiminished the joys of the Nativity. Faith and love flourish as they have flourished through the long Christian ages. Within the Church all become children; within the family the children become the centre of love.

To some extent the conditions of the surrounding social life will, indeed, invade the realm of the church and the home. It should be our duty to lessen this as much as possible. Christmas shopping should be ended by six o'clock on Christmas Eve. Christmas theatre-going should be — alas it is not! — unheard of. In many of the city stores the girls who work as late as midnight are but children in years. They have a claim upon the family spirit as strong as those whose homes have never been invaded by the necessity of children laboring for their bread. In this, as in a hundred other ways the good will of the Christmas-tide may be maintained. Within each one's power some influence for good rests. In this spirit do we wish all our readers

A HAPPY CHRISTMAS.

LORD ROSEBERY ON THE WAR

It may have been a grand general admission of the decline of British statesmanship that the entire Empire waited for many weeks with bated breath for Lord Rosebery to speak upon the war. Lord Rosebery! — the eloquent babbling, the phrase-maker for whom neither political party has any use, and who has proved himself utterly incapable of serious work.

The noble lord spoke at Chesterfield on Monday evening, and if he did nothing else, added at least one phrase more to his copyrighted list. He said the present Government was not fit to rule a cabbage garden, much less an empire. This is notoriously true; but then the British public almost to a man recognized the fact long before Lord Rosebery gave expression to it. Mr. Chamberlain's rowdy oratory was particularly blamed for rousing the indignation of Europe against England. The importance of this point in Lord Rosebery's

speech is not simply confined to the fact that he himself is in heart and purpose a Tory, calling himself a Liberal, but attaches in a greater degree to the more or less publicly entertained supposition that His Lordship is the political mouthpiece of the throne. In the lifetime of the late Queen Victoria he was a prime favorite, and he is, of a certitude, closer to the King than any of His Majesty's Ministers. This, then, may be the reason why the nation waited with respectful mien for the oracle to speak. He has spoken; but has not added a great deal to the public fund of information. The only suggestion he made of any force was that the Boer Government be recognized at once with a view to resuming peace negotiations. He, however, spoiled even that point by informing the Boers beforehand that they need expect nothing else than the fate decided for them already by the very Government which Lord Rosebery declares unfit to rule a cabbage garden.

It is better far that this mere talker should go back to his "lonely furrow" and stay there for good.

AN ENLIGHTENING CONTRAST.

The following conversation developed a few days ago among a small group of young men who take an active interest in politics. All were Liberals and all Catholics. "Did you remark the peculiar thing about that dinner given by Premier Ross to the deputy heads of all the departments?" asked one.

Those who happened to have heard of the dinner at all, answered at once: "Oh, yes; there was not a Catholic in the bunch."

"Did you also observe," continued the first speaker, that Catholics are having honors thrust upon them in the election of live, working officers for the different young Liberal clubs throughout the city in preparation for the coming election?"

They had all noticed that. "Strange contrast," went on the first speaker again. "Not one Catholic holding a first-class position in the Parliament Buildings, and we Catholics working like beavers to keep the Government in power."

All nodded assent that it was passing strange. But if they amiably said nothing, they saw how the Government wood is sawed for next to nothing.

A PROHIBITION AGITATION.

The Government in Queen's Park would willingly let The Christian Guardian and The Westminster decide between them when and for how long the people of Ontario are to be disturbed by another agitation in favor of prohibition. This, however, is not the policy for a strong government to pursue. The Government should have given the Prohibition party a direct answer such as Sir John Thompson gave, and let that party take the responsibility of making prohibition an issue in the forthcoming Ontario elections. When the decision of the Privy Council was made known, The Register said that Ontario could well afford to wait upon the experience with prohibition which we supposed was ahead of Manitoba. But Mr. Roblin has practically repudiated Hugh John Macdonald and is willing to see the Prohibition party tackle Ontario for a change. In this aspect of the case, it is time for both the Ontario Government and the Ontario Opposition to define their respective positions. They are trifling with the public interests by playing with the prohibition question.

THE GLOBE AND THE IRISH CAUSE.

The Globe, of Thursday last, had an article on "The Irish Cause," which pained, but did not surprise us. When a paper that was once Liberal alludes with blunt derision to the leaders of the Liberal party in England, and goes into raptures over Mr. Asquith and other office-seeking imitators of Chamberlain's great desertion, it is but natural to expect that it will turn turtle on the Irish cause some day. But it actually pained us to read in the editorial page of The Globe language obviously borrowed from old "Flaneur" paragraphs in The Mail. That is what makes us sad. However, it does not make matter for one "Flaneur" more or less. The people who really understand and sympathize with the Irish cause are equally indifferent to

newspapers who pose as old Tories or swagger as new Imperialists. We fear it would offend the Imperialistic stomach of The Globe to quote John Morley or Sir William Harcourt; but we may remind our contemporary that there are Home Rulers like Lord Spencer and Sir Wilfrid Laurier who do not play weathercock to every passing wind.

THE LATE DR. SWEETNAM.

The death of Dr. Sweetnam last week was the result of an apparently trifling accident. But the duty from which the accident resulted was an everyday experience in the life of the young physician. He was treating a free patient in St. Michael's Hospital who had a gunshot wound in the arm in which gangrene had developed. At this season of good will among men, it is well to remember that many there are who dispense good will not at one season of the year only, but all the year round. This young surgeon whose death has saddened so many in Toronto, so lived. More than once in a single night and in the most inclement weather would he answer a call to the St. Nicholas Institute, but never for fee or reward. In him Christian kindness and a noble ideal of duty went together constantly and inseparably. A Methodist in religion, he was an honor to that denomination not less than to his city.

AN IMPUDENT DEMAND.

The City Dairy Company demands water from the city at manufacturers' rates. It is significant that the demand is being made on the eve of the elections. One alderman informs The Register that he has been threatened by a lobbyist of the company. This is a serious matter. It is more serious for the citizens even than it looks. The City Dairy Company when it attempted to create a monopoly of the milk business of this city, began by slandering every milk man in Toronto and vicinity. And the crusade has been kept up. Now the company wants to lay tribute upon the taxpayers, and thus aid the work of squeezing out the few milkmen who have refused to be terrorized. If the aldermen bend before this pressure the people will have an account to settle with the aldermen. The City Dairy Company is eminently qualified for looking after its own interests without the taxpayers being alled upon to bonus its war of extermination upon the competing dairies.

A CHRISTMAS GREETING TO POPE LEO.

Mr. Hall Caine makes some significant remarks, for a Protestant, about Leo XIII. in the Christmas number of Household Words. "The sense," he writes, "which must always be present to the Pope of being the spiritual father of his children; the attitude of devotion taken by the sincere and simple natures who come in tens of thousands to kneel at his feet; the awful and overawing belief that in some mystic way, only partly intelligible to himself, he is the living voice through whom God speaks to the world, seems to me a condition calculated to lift up the soul of man to the highest spirituality of which human nature is capable. No more powerful intellect, no tenderer heart for the cry of suffering, or more Catholic spirit in its outlook on the troubles of the world has yet been found in the long line of illustrious men who have occupied the throne of the Sovereign Pontiff."

CHRISTMAS AND WIRELESS TELEGRAPHY.

The joy bells that rang out the glad tidings of Christmas in the olden time, have long been relegated to the covers of Christmas numbers by the electric telegraph which allowed Christians of the 19th century to exchange the season's greeting all round the world.

But we of the 20th century will presently be excluding the bells from the pictorial literature of the good old times, and putting the telegraph "tickers" in their place. Marconi will flash the greetings of this Christmas across the ocean without wires, and the ships that pass over the deep will read the news. News for good or evil? Is the news always to be of good will to men? The unhappy death struggle of race against race at this moment is a dreadful augury of the future.

RECEPTION TO POSTMASTER-GENERAL, MULLOCK.

On Tuesday evening an enthusiastic political reception was tendered Postmaster-General Mulock in Massey Music Hall. Sir Wilfrid Laurier, Hon. W. S. Fielding, Hon. William Paterson, Premier Ross, Senators Landerkin and Cox, and all the members of the Ontario Cabinet attended. The affair was a great success.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

For a young baby prince to be handed round on a salver immediately after his birth, as though he were some exceptional kind of Christmas present, seems a rather curious idea. This, however, is what occurred when the Princess of the Asturias, sister of King Alfonso of Spain and heir-presumptive to the Spanish throne, gave birth the other day to a little son.

Claims of services to be performed at the Coronation of the King are being heard and determined upon by the Court of Claims, at the Council Chamber, Whitehall. Amongst other claims will be that of the Duke of Norfolk, as Lord of the Manor of Worktop, to present a pair of gloves to the Sovereign, and, further, to hold the scepter with the cross, whilst the peers pay homage. Besides this special claim, the Duke, in right of the Earldom of Arundel, claims the office of butler at the banquet.

The ultra-Jingo Pall Mall Gazette of London is horrified at the discovery of its Berlin correspondent that the 1st Regiment of German Artillery has been furnished with a new and terrible kind of bayonet. "It is double-edged, but only one edge cuts. The other is a saw." But the Germans have no right to claim the evil renown for bringing this weapon into use. Twenty years ago a precisely similar weapon was furnished by a thoughtful British Government to the Royal Irish Constabulary.

BOOK REVIEWS.

"The Benefactress," by the author of "Elizabeth and her German Garden" (Toronto: The Copp Clark Co.)

As clever a book as the year has produced, a book to linger over and enjoy. Another delicate satire upon Adamless Eden, femininity and all its hopes and ideals.

Anna Estcourt, an English girl of five and twenty, falls heir to a small estate in North Germany, and aspires to the attainment of true joy by providing for gentlemen only who have suffered and fallen into penury. Her experiences could not be described by any other pen than that of the author of "Elizabeth and her German Garden." The book will be laid down with a sigh and the feeling that there was not quite enough of it. Needless to say, Anna finds an asylum in marriage; but not without a love story, which the best of girls will read not without profit as well as pleasure. There is not a page in the book that does not contain some analytical hint or other of what persons who, being young and raw and soft-natured, may expect to come up against when they go into the business of manufacturing love for others, more especially when those others are no longer young.

"Marietta: A Maid of Venice," is the title of Marion Crawford's romance of Paolo Godi's secret of glass-making in Ancient Venice — Marano to be exact. The chief feature of the story is the author's interesting acquaintance with the art of the glass-makers. Though this feature looms up large on Mr. Crawford's pages, there is not by any means too much of it. Otherwise the story is not drawn out of the beaten path. The love affairs of the under villain (for there are two in the tale) would harmonize easily with the purpose of the modern French novel. But then we have Venice studied and revealed after the manner of a play in which charming scenery assists a second-rate plot. Mr. Crawford is always at home in this department of his work; and it promotes a very pleasant and lazy feeling in the reader who lingers upon the descriptions of long summer days and nights on the canals. Besides Marietta is a recompense for the altogether too elaborate painting of the Georgian slave, one of those impossibly immoral characters found nowhere else than in the novel of the day. It is a great pity that an author who likes to be regarded as a "Catholic novelist" cannot get along without such monstrosities. — The Copp Clark Co., Toronto.

"God Wills It," a tale of the First Crusade, by William Stearns Davis (Toronto: The Copp Clark Co.) Turgid, extravagant and tiresome is this alleged interpretation in popular form of the history of the First Crusade. It may please some readers to whom the philosophy of Christian history, and the character of the church are as unfamiliar as the private life of

the ancient Egyptians. With a writer of this enterprising American school there is no room for criticism. His work does not invite it.

"Pussy Meow," the autobiography of a cat. By S. Louise Patterson (Toronto: The Musson Book Co.) When you have read "Black Beauty" and "Beautiful Joe," and feel that they are not only very interesting and sympathetic stories, but also deserving of encouragement for the sake of our dumb animals you will realize upon reading the present autobiography that the series is incomplete without "Pussy Meow." The novellists are determined to have a No. 13 Ark on the library shelf, and to do them simple justice they are constructing it quite pleasingly. "Pussy Meow" is up to the standard in every respect, and competent either to preside at a meeting of a humane society or to act as governess in a polite family.

"Young Barbarians," by Ian MacLaren. A thrilling story of school life in Scotland. The book is published by the Copp Clark Co. Three characters which are given a good deal of prominence are "Speng" and "Nestie," two pupils and "Bulldog," the mathematical master. Neither "Speng" nor "Nestie" is the kind of boy we would care to see our own boys imitate. While both have some very good points in their makeup, they have a good many bad ones. The following extract will show "Speng's" principal failing: "And as that accomplished young gentleman had acquired in the stables a wealth of profanity which was the amazement of the school, his protest had all the more weight."

If there is one trait in the character of a boy that is repulsive, it is lying. This was "Nestie's" stronghold: "I dunna believe a word o't. 'Nestie' is a fearsome liar." "Bulldog" was certainly not a master who spared the rod and spoiled the child. "Naething pleased 'Bulldog' sae weel as givin' us a lickin'." * * * and there's no a ladie in schule he's licked as often as me." But boys such as these do form a goodly portion of many schools, and no doubt the general outline of school life of the time is well described. We think a story of boys of a little higher moral calibre would be more welcome as a gift than "The Young Barbarians."

"Juvenile Round Table." Stories by the foremost Catholic authors. (Benziger Bros., New York, etc. Price \$1.) This is a charming book for young people, containing twenty stories, by such well known writers as Theo. Gift, Father Finn, Anna T. Sadlier, Maurice Farnice Egan, Mary Catharine Crowley, etc. Brimful of incident, copiously illustrated and provided with good Catholic sentiment. Would make a nice holiday gift for boys or girls.

A CHRISTMAS CATALOGUE.

The Copp Clark Co., 64 and 66 Front street, Toronto, have just issued their annual catalogue of Christmas books. Gilbert Parker, George W. Cable, F. Marion Crawford, William Stearns Davis, Samuel Merwin, Dr. Weir Mitchell, J. M. Barrie, Ian MacLaren, R. N. Stephens, Hamilton Drummond, Winston Churchill, Bertha Runkle, G. A. Henry, in fact the entire range of modern writers are represented in this prettily illustrated booklet. One thing must be said for the Copp Clark Co. They have given Canadian readers as handsome editions of current works as England or the United States simultaneously produce. That is greatly to their credit.

A NOTABLE NEW YEAR ISSUE.

The January Delineator has a rich and inviting table of contents, and attractive features are added to all the existing departments. Ira D. Sankey, the famous evangelist, vividly describes his journey through Egypt and Palestine, and the personality of the author gives to these papers an interest that is truly remarkable. They are illustrated by photographs made by I. Allen S. who accompanied his father on the most mournful events and the public sympathy with Mrs. McKinley make very timely an article on Notable Pensioners of the Nation, in which the annuities paid to certain illustrious ladies are made public for perhaps the first time. Dr. S. R. Elliott begins his series of recollections of a group of women noteworthy for personal character and attainments and Clara E. Laughlin tells with great charm the story of Poe's love and marriage. Some excellent fiction is offered in this number; the children are especially considered and the various miscellaneous articles — the fancy-work, cookery, the holiday display, house-furnishing, etc. — have a distinctly seasonable flavor.

THE JESUITS.

The Open Court for January gives a very lengthy article by Henri Ladeveze, entitled, "The Truth About the Jesuits." We have not had an opportunity of giving the paper a careful reading; but from its wealth and width of literary reference we accept it as a contribution to current discussions of no ordinary value.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

The Christmas number of McClure's Magazine contains an appreciative study of Michael Angelo by John La Farge, illustrated

by photographic reproductions from some of his greatest paintings and sculptures. Unexcelled as an artist in the sublimity and grandeur of his works, Michael Angelo has left lasting monuments of his fame as poet, painter, sculptor and architect, the inspiration of Catholic ideals. Speaking of his last great work, the writer says:

The greatest of the architectural enterprises he was called upon to take up was the completing of St. Peter's, and he devoted himself through pure obedience to this task, refusing all compensation, offering his unpaid services in that way both to his master and to the service of religion. He had to struggle against the opposing ideas of the architects in charge of the monument, who held by later plans than those of the first designer; and their enmity and misapprehension of what was being aimed at a continuous thwarting of all his intentions. He managed, however, to bring back the building to its original plan, that of his greatest enemy, Bramante, upon whom he has left this noble judgment. It cannot be denied," he said, "that Bramante laid the first plan of St. Peter, clear and simple, and all who have departed from his scheme have departed from the truth." We have not the great cathedral as Michael wished it, nor can we see in it the creation of his genius. But the one thing which Michelangelo left to his successors in the work is the cupola, whose outline remains as an unparalleled idea, as important a landmark in architecture as his other records of achievement in painting and sculpture. It is the mark of Rome and the expression of Rome's grandeur. Michelangelo's life might well close upon this final expressing of himself. He had retired within himself, and the ideas of religion filled the demands of his desires. He had been disappointed in many things; his ideal of civil life had disappeared from the world; he had not accomplished some of the work his heart was bent on, he viewed with austerity his own excessive enjoyment of beauty; he had met few other lives which could equally move along with his own. Perhaps he was conscious of his enormous importance, but he was modest beyond all other men, and devoid of what is called ambition. One great satisfaction he must have felt: he had toiled for the keeping of his family in their station of life, and the fortune which he left was enough to guarantee these chances. This was the moderate end for which he had created the marvels of art which belong to his name.

His death marked for all Italy the close of the great period. There was a contest between Rome and Florence as to which city should keep his body. Florence keeps him, and gave him a princely funeral, and the usual unpoetic tomb that serves for princes. Though both cities and most men of the time misstated and misapprehended many of the reasons for his greatness, they were not in so far different from most of us. It takes many centuries and many minds to build a sufficient intellectual appreciation of the man who perhaps was the greatest of all artists.

The demand for the three beautiful pictures given with The Family Herald and Weekly Star of Montreal this season has been so great as to completely upset all calculations of the publishers regarding supplies. They are certainly the biggest value ever offered and no wonder there is a big demand. The publishers of that great paper have guaranteed every person who subscribes for 1902 that they will receive the three pictures, and a large staff are working night and day endeavoring to catch up with orders. Their copy of the Gainsborough Picture is creating a perfect furore.

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