

## The Catholic Register

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—Pope Pius X.

TORONTO, DEC. 10TH, 1908.

### EXTENSION CHATS.

That was a Church Extension ceremony of the fullest significance which took place at Pembroke on St. Andrew's Day. The College of Canadian Bishops received an addition of one by it, and the dioceses of the country a like augmentation. The full number of Canadian Bishops is now thirty-five—when Bishop-elect McDonald, of Victoria, B.C., receives consecration and there is a successor named to Most Rev. Archbishop Dentonwill, of Vancouver. Of these two are only auxiliaries—one in Montreal, and the other in Quebec. At the moment we have no coadjutor bishops in Canada. The number of Canadian dioceses is increased by the creation of this new Vicariate Apostolic of Temiskaming to thirty-four. And there was no doubt in the minds of those who assisted at the consecration that before many years this new Vicariate would not only be an Episcopate, but also furnish territory out of which three or four others might ultimately be carved. There are great geographical areas now contained within the limits of single dioceses in many places; these in turn must furnish many new bishoprics as they fill up with population. What a field offered too for Catholic colonization! We are certainly in the Extension Period in Canada to-day, and this twentieth century will see wonders done by the Church in regions hitherto regarded as out of the world altogether. But to accomplish most good we should organize and act concertedly wherever possible. The Canadian Extension Society furnishes all the machinery for effective and economic administration. It is formally established for all this work and should be used for it. The ceremony at Pembroke and what it suggested could not fail to raise high the hopes of Canadian Catholics. And Mgr. Latulippe's motto—"Da mihi animas (Give me souls)—makes a rallying cry for every soul with any missionary spirit at all.

If the example of several of the priests of Pembroke were followed we question very much if the dearth of vocations to the priesthood would be so marked as it is to-day in most places. They not only encourage from their tender years and innocence subjects with a disposition to sacred orders, but when the time of college comes about they provide means sufficient to defray all the expenses of the term of study; and in the summer months keep the boys in quasi community in a most restful and enjoyable summer cottage where all the advantages of water and forest excursion are available, together with a systematic up-keeping of studies and all the essentials to spiritual progress. There are half a dozen clergymen in that diocese whose parishes are anything but lucrative and still they make those sacrifices in order to keep up the priesthood for their people and from it procure to the country they love so much all the blessings of its sacred ministrations. These good pastors will be blessed by God in all their undertakings, for they have imbibed a true missionary spirit which He cannot fail to recognize and reward; they will be long remembered by those who through their efforts mount up to the Altar to offer the Infinite Sacrifice; they can with the greatest assurance lay down the burden of office when years weigh heavy on their shoulders, with a full consciousness that they have provided others to continue the great work they began; in a word they are priests after God's Heart whose conduct is worthy of the closest imitation by their brothers throughout the length and breadth of the land.

Many people of large means feel the necessity of distributing a fair proportion of this means, as in duty

bound, in the works of charity. They find it difficult sometimes to decide just what particular charity should be assisted. They know that there is a duty of overstepping the parochial limits and building up some systematic organization which can stretch from end to end of this great country and place their benefactions where they will do greatest good. Many of them have made their money from operations all over Canada anyway, and they feel that its distribution of eleemosynary works should be made throughout the territory in which it was acquired. The Canadian Catholic Extension Society can certainly here (as the American Society has already done for the United States) serve those well-disposed but diffident persons, by providing them with a sure and efficient organization through which all this distribution of wealth intended for charity can be best accomplished. Are you desirous of building a church in any particular locality where such is greatly needed? Constitute the Extension Society your agent to do the work for you. Do you wish to see good Catholic literature placed within the reach of those who most require the instruction and consolation it affords? Commission the Extension Society to procure and distribute it. Would it please you to pay the tuition of a student in the Seminary and thus help advance to the priesthood one who will never forget you in his prayers and at the Most Holy Sacrifice? Send us the students' support or a contribution to the Seminary Fund and we will apply it as directed. There is no phase of charitable endeavor that we cannot reach and reach more systematically and effectively than any other isolated agency; and, therefore, we ask of you that you make the Society the medium of your giving and thus help us by increasing our usefulness and benefit yourself by the quick and effective accomplishment of purpose. You will also, in this way, participate fully in the great spiritual advantages specially granted by the Holy Father to the Extension Society.

"I intend devoting all my charity money in the future to this great national undertaking," said the foremost business man in Canada a few days ago. "Whilst the poor pioneer or miner is starving for the Bread of Life, whilst there is such a need of missionaries capable of moulding the diverse elements of the inflowing population into good Christians and citizens; whilst the mere requisites for decent religious worship are wanting in so many places and we expending our energies and purses in little more than extra ornamentation in the cities, to my mind there can be no doubt as to where our offerings must effect most good. This Society, in a business age like ours, meets an actual necessity and we must aid it generously in its work which is God's work, in its purest and simplest sense."

### THE IMMACULATE CONCEPTION.

"God is wonderful in His saints." In these words the Psalmist has stated the ground on which rests that honor which the Church loves to pay to those sainted souls who have illuminated the earth by their virtues, and particularly to her whose divine maternity places her on a plane above that of all other creatures. Admiration of the multitude, splendor, and harmony of the heavenly bodies does not lead us from, but leads us to, God. The well-balanced soul finds in every leaf and every blade of grass a tongue which sounds the praises of the Creator. These works of God are wonderful and proclaim His wisdom and power. But after all, as has been said, the greatest argument for the existence of God is a good man. In him we behold the infinite intelligence and goodness of God reflected. Justice, right, truth, mercy, these attributes of the Creator, are revealed to us through virtuous men. One soul that stands for right at all costs is a more noble spectacle and a higher evidence for a God of infinite wisdom and truth than all the stars of the firmament.

This is the thought underlying the Psalmist's words: "God is wonderful in His saints." He is wonderful in all His works, but particularly in them. It is quite possible to put God's works in His place and adore them instead of Him as the idolaters did. But no well-trained mind would argue that it is not lawful to admire the sun because some men adored it as a god. It would be equally absurd to deny admiration and honor to the noblest works of God—His saints, because torsoth it is possible to carry those sentiments to superstitious lengths. No one could be more opposed to this last than the Church herself. No one vindicates more energetically than she the rights of God alone to adoration. And she stamps as the highest treason to God the giving to any creature of the honor due to Him alone.

The saints in her sight are not rivals, but ministers, of God. In them we behold the power of His Grace, the riches of His mercy, the greatness of His rewards. They are so many links to bind us to God.

We could not have a better exemplification of this than the Feast of the Immaculate Conception. Through the merits of Jesus Christ Who chose

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her to be His mother, Mary was preserved from all stain of original sin from the first moment her soul was united to her body. How much glory does not the Redeemer receive from this doctrine. We behold the whole earth submerged by the deluge of sin. Only one white rock rises above the flood, and that is the rock on which rest the feet of Jesus Christ. It is He Who has said to the rising tide: "Thus far shalt thou go and no farther. Thou shalt not touch her whom I have chosen for My mother. Thou shalt not taint her in whose bosom I shall rest, of whose flesh My body shall be formed. And presently I will drive back thy waters to the abyss whence they have issued, and restore to life and light those they have submerged."

Thus the doctrine of the Immaculate Conception proclaims the universality of original Sin, and deliverance from the same only through Jesus Christ. It also gives us a beautiful glimpse of His filial piety and His love for purity. Nowhere else will the light of Christmas fall so brightly—nowhere else will Jesus be welcomed by hearts as pure and loving and appreciative of what He has done for mankind—as in those homes in which the Feast of the Immaculate Conception has prepared the way for His coming.

### HISTORY REPEATS ITSELF.

Is it a mere coincidence or something greater than places the Province of Ontario, and particularly the Archdiocese of Toronto, at the head of the revival of missionary endeavor for Canada? The very mention of a missionary movement in connection with our great expanse of uninhabited and still greater uninhabited territory, recalls visions of marvelous things of long ago, things that were not dreams, but pulsing, living realities, which stirred the heart of the then pagan nation, and set its pulses thrilling so that their echo has rolled down the cycles of time even to the present, and meeting with fresh forces is again started on a renewed journey, the full message and import of which will be known only to ages yet unborn. A glance backward tells us that in the early history of the continent it was New France that proved herself the mother of all that promised fosterage to the great truths of Christianity, the value of which was esteemed so highly by the great founder Champlain, that to bring them to the red Men, he considered the chief work of the pioneer period of his life. The settlement of the early French colonists brought with it, as a natural consequence the implanting and spread of Catholicity, and even before the earthworks were thrown up or the bastion erected as a defence against the savage Iroquois the Cross was set in the virgin soil and the Te Deum sung, in testimony that the land was one more added to those in which the Sacrifice of Calvary was honored and the praise of the Most High recognized.

In that portion of this great division of the Globe which we now call America, Christianity for a long time made little or no progress. The settlers who made their homes along the fringe of the Atlantic sea-board were given up, generally speaking, to things material rather than spiritual, and their religion, when such did exist, was confined rather than comprehensive.

New France, however, looked beyond, and early in her career she sent forth her teachers, and they traversed the vast regions of Louisiana, and coming nearer home, they braved the great unknown of Canada's western lands, until they erected stations and opened Missions even on the great sea of Superior and on the shores of our own Georgian Bay.

And here it is that our interest particularly centres, for all the spots hallowed by the great works of the early missions amongst the Hurons are within what is now our own Archdiocese, and within its jurisdiction were enacted scenes that mark the most triumphant pages in missionary annals—pages aflame with the deeds of those heroes whose lives were a living death, and whose death was the triumphant passage of the martyr from time to eternity.

Not even in the early days of Christian Rome is the story of Brebut, the lion-hearted, and Laurent, the gentle and steadfast surpassed, and it would seem that their mission rather than ending with their death, was but for a time suspended, 'till thread be taken up and spun in the days of the twentieth century by the hands of Toronto's prelate, Archbishop McEwen. S somewhat singular, too, Chicago's

great metropolitan, he who first gave the present-day movement in America his countenance, is also from Toronto's diocese, his home being Oshawa, and so history repeats itself, and from this See, though with methods which the passage of time has rendered less hazardous, again goes forth the life-breathing spirit of missionary endeavor.

As memorials of the past we have our Martyrs' church and our martyrs' Shrine. The hope of the present-day movement is the rescue of the isolated thousands, who for lack of those things, which it is within our power to assist them to, are forgetting the religion of themselves and their forefathers, and hurrying fast towards the materialism which threatens to engulf so large a part of present-day humanity.

### RECKLESS USE OF FIREARMS.

The list of yearly deaths arising from the careless use of firearms is appalling. No sooner does the hunting season open than we hear of fatal accidents daily. In many of these the victim's death is due to his own gross carelessness; but in quite a number of cases one hunter is killed by a companion who mistakes him for a deer, or game of some kind.

It is with these latter cases we purpose to deal. The man whose carelessness compasses his own death has suffered the penalty of his rashness, but the hunter who thinks that he is privileged to discharge his gun at every moving object he sees in a thicket ought to be promptly indicted for manslaughter. Before any man levels a loaded gun at any object, he is bound not merely to think, but to know, that it is something he can legitimately shoot. The danger of discharging firearms at moving objects indistinctly seen, has been so often and so tragically brought home, that recklessness in this matter is criminal and should be dealt with as such.

The same is true of leaving loaded firearms round a house. We have several instances recently of such weapons falling into the hands of children who, ignorant of their nature, inflicted serious and not unfrequently fatal injuries, on themselves or others. There is criminal carelessness in practically all these cases. And a conviction for manslaughter followed by a stiff sentence would quickly bring about much-needed caution and considerably diminish our shockingly large list of accidents.

### COMMUNICATION

To the Catholic Register:

A Sunday night in Paris! This would be an excellent heading for a melodrama. But the readers of the Register must not expect anything melodramatic from me as I deal with this subject. I have no doubt that Paris on any night, particularly on Sunday night, could furnish thrills enough for all the shady play houses of a Continent; but your correspondent did not make the acquaintance of the Paris of this sort. His Sunday night only touched a fringe of the gay and glittering surface which he now proceeds to describe.

After his return from Versailles the present writer and his companions turned their steps to the Madeleine, where they had assisted at Mass in the morning. Evidently the Sunday evening service is not well attended in the churches of the gay capital of France; at least it was not in this great church on the occasion with which I am dealing. A mixed choir, in which ladies predominated, gathered in a side chapel, and sang hymns and psalms without any special effort at conformity with the Office of the day, whilst one of the priests walking up and down in front of the side altar, led the singing. A little bunch of chairs was arranged around, and even these were not all occupied. The main altar and body of the immense church were only dimly lighted, and this little group of worshippers, gathered in a spot which seemed like an oasis in the desert of the dim and empty spaces of the church, produced a decidedly depressing effect. It was what one would expect to find in an out-of-the-way village on a stormy night instead of the pressiveness of numbers and of Ritual a visitor would naturally look for in the most famous church of a vast city.

After the Vesper psalms were sung the priest who had been walking up and down through the aisle between the group of chairs, and leading the singing, ascended the pulpit. His audience was a mere handful, and some of them were evidently non-Catholic visitors drawn hither by curiosity. A preacher who had the gift of taking in the situation would make his remarks short and to the point. But

this particular preacher evidently had not that tact. He rambled on and on, and after he had spoken for a considerable time standing, sat down and continued his discourse. Several of the visitors grew restive and began to go out, but still the stream of words flowed on. Whilst what he said was interesting, the preacher signally failed to understand or enthrone his audience. And the dissatisfaction your correspondent felt with the evening service in the Madeleine was as pronounced as his satisfaction with the morning.

From the Madeleine your correspondent proceeded in company with a brother traveller, along the boulevard in front of that church to see the fairy-like beauty of the Champs Elysees when lit up at night. The contrast between the Madeleine, dim and dark and majestic, and the scenes of gaiety and glitter on which it looked down was startling. One of the most beautiful and celebrated churches of Paris could only gather a handful of a Sunday evening, but here the wide boulevard underneath its pillared portico was literally swarming with humanity. Almost every store front poured out a flood of light on the broad sidewalks. Lamps innumerable gleamed amongst the rows of fine shade trees with which the boulevard was lined. Under these trees and beneath the windows of the stores, were set rows of tables, at each of which sat twos or threes or fours, sipping their wine and engaged in animated conversation. Women were almost as much in evidence as men, and in some instances a young girl sat alone at a table with her bottle and glass before her.

Whilst these sat enjoying themselves in the glare, they were not in the least embarrassed by the constant stream of promenaders that swept by. Indeed they seemed rather to enjoy their publicity. The promenaders, too, acted towards one another at times with a freedom which showed that they and shame had long since parted company. My companion was from the United States, where Sunday evening theatrical parties are not altogether unknown. Yet he expressed himself as surprised at some of the performances he saw, and declared that the guilty ones would be in his hand arrested for disorderly conduct. There was no sign of drunkenness, no disturbance, no gross indecency. It was such a scene as Anacreon, the Grecian poet of Pagan days, the singer of the joys of wine and love, would have revelled in, frankly Pagan, intent on present enjoyment, thoughtless of the future. Such scenes, witnessed in the streets of Corinth or of Ephesus, must have been before the mind of St. Paul when he summoned them up in the words: "Let us eat and drink, for tomorrow we shall die." Eat, drink, be merry, enjoy the passing hour—this seemed to be the motto of the throng which filled the boulevard of the Madeleine on that Sunday evening. Anything more utterly uninspired than that butterfly crowd it would be impossible to imagine. As your correspondent gazed on the glitter and animation of the scene, it seemed to him that the Paris he then saw would be best typified by the foot-lights, gay, witty, saucy, graceful, from whose vocabulary the stern moral morality was excluded, whose sole rule of conduct was pleasure, enjoyment, dress, finery, flattery.

As your correspondent gazed on this scene far more in harmony with a Pagan festival than a Sunday evening his thoughts went back to the little oasis of light in the dim and empty spaces of the Madeleine with its little knot of worshippers and its priest sitting in the pulpit. Something very different from this is needed to grapple with conditions in Paris. A John the Baptist who would go out into the streets and hurl his invectives against this gay and thoughtless throng would be an immense improvement on what your correspondent witnessed in the Madeleine. Probably he would be arrested, but that would be more hopeful than easy-going helplessness.

If your correspondent were asked to sum up in one word his impression of Parisian character as he saw it on this and subsequent evenings he would invent for the purpose the term "gaminish." A distinguished professor of Toronto University, who visited Paris last summer, in a conversation with your correspondent, described an incident he witnessed at Montmartre. In front of the magnificent church of the Sacred Heart the French Government has erected a statue of some notorious infidel. Many other sites could be found, but then the French infidel must make faces at religion. Liberty in his eyes means insulting all who do not subscribe to his way of thinking. The cultured Toronto professor could not understand a performance of this kind. To his well-balanced mind it was "childish"—the work of a mischievous bad-tempered child. To your correspondent the term at first seemed very suitable; but on further consideration the word childish seemed too suggestive of innocence to apply it to the case in question. The street gamin out of whose soul all innocence "as been crushed, who unites with the irresponsibility of childhood the acquaintance with sin of the hoary criminal, he is the best type of the Parisian life I am describing. The typical street gamin would be ashamed of being good; goodness is too tame and monotonous for him. He glories in being bad; there is something manly and heroic for him; he grins at virtue and calls it names; he scribbles vile epithets on walls and fences, particularly selecting places that are most sacred for this purpose.

This is a vivid picture of the particular brand of Parisian life with which I am dealing. St. Paul, described it to the life when he wrote: "For many walk of whom I have told you that they are enemies of the cross of Christ. . . whose God is their belly, whose glory is in their shame, who mind earthly things." Those of whom I speak worship enjoyment as their god; they are frankly sensual and glory in being so. We sometimes hear visitors from our Western cities declare that the difference between their conditions and those of the East is that with them vice is open whereas amongst us it is concealed and they frankly express their preference for their own way. Your correspondent cannot subscribe to this sentiment. He has no love for hypocrisy, but he prefers to see

(Continued on page 5.)

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