

# The Catholic Register

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TORONTO, NOVEMBER 16, 1905.

## UNITARIANISM.

Our esteemed Unitarian friends have received a jolt in their exclusion from the Federation of Protestant churches to which they had applied for admission and had appointed clerical and lay delegates. This places their isolation in a strong light, but can they wonder at it? and what right have they to feel resentment?

Christians would gladly welcome Unitarians if they could safely do so, and Unitarians had rather be welcomed than be considered pariahs, to be shunned by believers. But there is between them an impasse. If Unitarians are in earnest, so too are the various Protestant denominations; and how shall oil and water be blended? Shall believers allow that faith is of no consequence and that therefore Unitarians are good enough Christians? or, shall Unitarians leave believers in peace, nor longer try to unsettle and efface whatever of faith their neighbors may hold?

We think that neither change is likely to happen. On the one hand we hope that believers may cling to their supernatural faith as their most precious possession, and on the other we fear that reverend Unitarians will continue to fight against faith of whatever kind.

Christianity is nothing if not supernatural, and if divested of its supernatural character would fade and disappear from among men. For 1900 years Christendom has believed that our Redeemer was God made man, and all the mighty Christian works of the ages have been conceived and effected under this belief. The Unitarian idea of a merely natural Christianity is fatuous, absurd and barren, and Unitarians under such a delusion will never accomplish anything or get anywhere. Their aims, to heaven all belief with doubt and negation and to "sweep the country" with a religion of nature alone, are pitiful enough in men otherwise rational.

A favorite though, disrespectful boast of reverend Unitarians will now perhaps have to be abandoned, viz.: that the leaders in other denominations are secretly Unitarians at heart, but dare not admit it and cannot afford to let their flocks know it.

Our Lord urged upon His disciples faith, before all else—ever faith, faith, faith. His entire ministry was full of miracles and He invited and accepted the worship of His hearers. The blessed apostle St. Thomas (to whom all Christians owe so great a debt!) had a far better excuse for his doubts than any we can have, and yet he yielded—and fell down—cried out, "My Lord and my God!" And did our Lord check him? Nay, He praised him.

Unitarians place our Lord in their pantheon among their great men, as an agitator—good indeed and intelligent for His era, while ignorant of modern inventions and science—but as simply human, and whose words are to be accepted or rejected at each man's pleasure.

This recalls a remark of the late Rev. Arthur B. Fuller (a brother of Margaret) from his pulpit in the Hanover street church. After some transcendental ideas he added: "Per contra, my dear brethren, it is true, that Paul says so and so, but there is where Paul and I differ!"

Throughout the Christian world regret is felt that the political upheaval of the sixteenth century, mis-called the Reformation, resulted in a fracture of religious unity instead of in reform (if it were needed) within the Christian Church. The desire for a return to religious unity grows apace, and, however gradual, success will be reached at last, and it can be accomplished only by reconciliation with the Church of which St. Peter was made the corner stone.

This reconciliation will come about by increase of supernatural faith, not by its diminution or abandonment, and Unitarians, who naturally should wish to be pioneers in the inspiring movement towards unity, bid fair instead to impede or delay it. Sad, that they have never profited by the example and counsel of their great leader, the late Dr. Brownson, of illustrious memory; but they would not follow the light he held aloft, preferring to stumble on in darkness and confusion.

Brownson was a great man—a giant indeed—who knew whereof he spoke and wrote, and had humility enough to seek and grace to find the true faith. He aided many souls and his works will yield fruit for ages to come. James Lowell and Octavius Frothingham have called him a weather-cock because he had boxed the compass of Protestantism in unwearied search after the truth, and this was easier for them than answering him would have been.

Similarly, when glorious John Dryden found out the truth pigmies found for him a base motive; that of currying the favor of a certain noble patron; but the latter died in Dryden's first year of conversion, yet Dryden continued until death devoted to his faith and regretting the disedification caused by his earlier works. Both Dryden and Brownson lived thirty years after becoming Catholics, grateful for their conversion and faithful to the glorious Church.

Unitarians are taught to despise creeds as effete and meaningless (although Catholics find theirs as true and as fresh as on the day when it was declared), but, urged to some statement of belief, they have agreed on one as colorless and as little liable to question as possible, viz.: The Fatherhood of God, the brotherhood of man, discipleship to Christ and salvation by character. Of these four points the first three have been taught during nineteen centuries and among Christians have never been disputed. The last point is open to argument, as to what constitutes a good character. Turks, Chinese and others have a high reputation for probity and honesty, and many natural virtues are widely distributed among mankind. One essential trait of a good character is obedience to legitimate authority. Spiritual authority was conferred by the Messiah upon St. Peter and his successors (overhaul your Bibles), and all Christians owe these their spiritual obedience. How does this duty of a Christian of good character strike the Unitarian creed-maker?

By the way, the contrast between Unitarian ministers and laymen is curious. We fancy the latter would not have attempted to build in among people so different from themselves—not to say antagonistic—without first feeling their ground and learning whether or not their presence would be agreeable. Unitarian laymen are as well bred as are the Quakers and as content to leave Christian believers in peace, while to reverend Unitarians anybody's belief in a supernatural revelation is a mortal offence, something indeed that they cannot abide. Then again these are timid and deem Catholics a menace both to Europe and America, and our esteemed neighbor, The Christian Register, disseminates these fears. Also, its chief foreign correspondent lately aspersed me honor and morals of the Archbishop of Naples and his clergy; and, although since shown by us the preposterousness of the charge, no apology has been forthcoming. We commend to reverend Unitarians a study of, and an imitation of, Unitarian lay gentlemen.

## CATHOLIC CLUBS FOR YOUNG MEN AND WOMEN.

Since the St. Vincent de Paul Bureau has been established in their quarters, Room 45, Confederation Life Building, it has become more evident that we Catholics of Toronto should do all in our power, spiritually and socially, to help each other along. The Bureau is doing a good work and all of us can assist materially. All information is cheerfully given by Mr. D. Miller, who is in charge. There is also another burning question. For many years the need of Catholic clubs on the lines of the Y.M.C.A. and Y.W.C.A., has been apparent. Now with the population of the city becoming so great, it is a dire necessity. Only this week, while in conversation with the principal of one of the leading business colleges, it was brought more strongly to notice. He said among other things: "Boys of the Y.M.C.A. and ladies of the Y.W.C.A. bring to their club rooms others that they chance to meet at their boarding houses, at their place of business, or on the street. The newcomer is introduced at the club-rooms, is taken to the bowling alley, the chess table, etc., etc. The newcomer joins the club, and if inclined to be wild or wayward he or she is surrounded by such influences that tends only to good." Had this gentleman been a Catholic he might have said: "Influences that save a soul." What are we doing? Will someone make a start? Let us hear from our readers. We will be glad to publish your opinion. It will not be necessary to publish your name.

## BALFOUR FOR PREFERENCE.

Of great interest to Canadians is the announcement that Britain's Premier has come out in favor of a policy by which the trade of Greater Britain will be safeguarded. We have heard a great deal of Hon. Mr. Chamberlain—in fact we look upon him as a star among Britain's politicians—and rejoice that his policy is to be adopted. The resolution of the Conservative party, endorsed almost unanimously, at a conference held in London, is the proper direction.

The conference declared that these

national and imperial objects should be obtained by such a readjustment of taxation as will, without increasing the cost of food to the poorer classes of this country, tend to secure fairer treatment of British manufacturers by foreign nations, prevent the practice of dumping and largely increase reciprocal preferential trade between the different parts of the British empire. The resolution was carried with only two dissentients.

By giving the Government a free hand to retaliate against unfair foreign competition and so readjust the fiscal policy of England, the British manufacturers will be encouraged and the Empire drawn together by preferential treatment of colonial goods.

## DEATH OF REV. FATHER DOYLE

By the death of Rev. Father Doyle, which occurred at St. Vincent de Paul Hospital, Brockville, on Thursday, the Archdiocese of Kingston loses a devoted and zealous priest. Though his death was not wholly unexpected, it has caused widespread and profound sorrow. The sympathetic words heard on all sides are not by any means confined to adherents of the Church of which the dead priest was so devoted a son, but includes all classes, many of whom had learned to esteem the deceased for his kindly ways and gentlemanly manner. During his residence in Brockville, Father Doyle had not only endeared himself to the members of St. Francis Xavier Church, but to all classes in the community, who could not help but admire him for his upright, sterling character.

The late Father James Doyle was a native of the parish of Carrick-on-Suir, in the diocese of Waterford and Lismore, Ireland. He was born 36 years ago. When quite young he evidenced a disposition towards the religious life, and after attending the schools of his native place, entered the famous seminary of Mount Mellary, where he took a classical course and graduated with high honor and marked distinction. He then went to the celebrated missionary college, All Hallows, near Dublin, where he pursued a philosophical and theological course. He affiliated with the Archdiocese of Kingston, and in Ireland received minor orders, the sub-deaconate and deaconate. He came to Canada in October, 1898, reaching Kingston the day before His Grace Archbishop Gauthier was consecrated. On December 4th of that year, he was ordained to the exalted office of priest, in St. Francis de Sales church, Smith's Falls, it being the first ordination ceremony that His Grace Archbishop Gauthier conducted after becoming the head of the historic Archdiocese of Kingston. At the same time Rev. Father Mea of Kingston, was ordained.

After his ordination, Father Doyle was stationed at St. Mary's Cathedral, where he won the respect of his ecclesiastical superior, and the people to whom he was delegated to minister, by his untiring zeal in the cause of promoting Christ's Kingdom on earth. As a reward for his arduous duties, he was appointed parish priest of Yonge, Athens and Rockport, and while performing the onerous labors there he was taken sick. The long term in college had told on him, and though he possessed a splendid physique, pulmonary trouble developed, which finally was consummated in death. Though in ill health he was anxious to perform the sacred duties of his sublime calling, and after a short stay in the hospital at Brockville, he resigned his rural charge to become curate to Very Rev. Vicar-General Masterson, at Prescott. He remained there for some months, and finally came to Brockville as assistant to Very Rev. Dean Murray. While there his health grew worse, and he took a trip to his old home in Ireland in the hope of restoring it, but again returned to Brockville last October. He entered St. Vincent de Paul Hospital, and despite the best medical attendance and careful nursing, the malady steadily increased, and in the end he passed peacefully away, surrounded by Very Rev. Dean Murray, Rev. Father Crawley, Trevelyan, and the Sisters of the hospital.

By the death of Father Doyle, not only has Brockville lost a good citizen, the Archdiocese of Kingston a noble priest, but in far away Ireland a devoted mother and two sisters mourn the loss of a worthy son and affectionate brother. Separated so far from the ties that bound him to them makes his early demise even more sorrowful. He is also survived by two brothers living in the United States. To the bereaved family we extend the deepest sympathy.

The late Father Doyle will be greatly missed by his brother priests with whom he was a great favorite. He was not only a profound theologian but a splendid speaker, and combined with both the qualities of a kindly Christian gentleman in every sense of the word.

## D'YOUVILLE READING CIRCLE

Ottawa, November 10, 1905.  
Editor Catholic Register:

In spite of the inclement weather the Assembly Hall of the Rideau St. Convent was filled with a large and representative audience, last Monday afternoon, to hear Dr. Waters' great new lecture, Joan of Arc. It was a splendid argument for her full triumphant vindication; a vivid, touching word picture of the wonderful life and tragic death of the heaven inspired Maid of Orleans. (Mary Tudor's motto, "Time reveals the Truth," is strikingly exemplified here, for Joan of Arc, burned at the stake as a witch and a heretic, nearly five hundred years ago, stands to-day completely rehabilitated, a character said the lecturer, who will live in the love and veneration of the Christian world forever.)

The impossibility of finding a parallel for her, and the miraculous nature of her mission, were fully insisted upon. The career of Savonarola, who most nearly approaches her, can be explained and understood but how are we going to explain and understand hers, the most marvellous, epoch-making, military career in the history of the world, save as a miracle of God's direct intervention, in the affairs of men, a miracle

of his unceasing thought and care. What arrangement of natural causes can explain the transformation of this simple unlettered peasant girl of 17, into a splendid warrior, familiar with the ways of the field and of the court, who under great stress and trial retained her marvellous poise, and who after the most revolting imprisonment, was able to parry and baffle the fiendish attacks of lawyers and judges? Only the grace of God, said the lecturer, by which all things are possible, can explain this.

He spoke of her girlhood spent in the village of Domremy, as an idyllic poem, a simple tranquil existence, filled with religious and household duties. Her grandmother made herself responsible for Joan's meagre education, and among other things told her, how it was destined that France should be destroyed by a woman and saved by a maid. At the age of thirteen the voices came into her life; from this on the lecturer held his audience spell-bound. He told of her three years of silence during which the voices filled all her mind; how she shrank in panic terror from the superhuman task, they set her; of her first step in obedience, when she went to the Governor Vaudricourt, to obtain access to the Dauphin. His reception of her story, his complete incredulity, his ridicule of what he considered a monstrous impossible proposal, his refusal to treat the matter otherwise than as a good joke, is the lecturer stated, one of the best proofs of the miraculous nature of Joan's mission. Here he made a digression, telling of that other woman who was largely responsible for the state of affairs in France, the intriguing Isabella of Bavaria. Continuing, he spoke of Joan's journey to the Dauphin, of her reception by him, then of her triumphant entry into Rheims, a dashing chevalier, clad in white and silver, of her riding into Rheims by the side of the Dauphin with her standard out of the miracle play to its predestined end. First a series of stupendous marvels when Joan as commander in chief of the meagre French forces, raised a siege which had defied the whole might of France for seven months. This put an end to the system of foreign interference in French affairs, which had been going on for upwards of three hundred years. In reward she asked nothing for herself, but that her beloved Domremy should be exempt from taxation—one of the few promises Charles is said to have kept. She was not allowed to return to her home, and thence forward the glory fades. She was captured by the English and sold to the Duke of Burgundy. As they could not condemn her as a prisoner of war, she was tried as a witch and a heretic. In spite of the horrible conditions of her imprisonment, not once did she break down in the courtroom, and in public and private was able to baffle the attacks of lawyers and judges. Condemned in defiance of all law and justice, she was beautiful and brave to the last. Truly touching was the picture the lecturer drew of the martyr's death, how she raised the crucifix to heaven, saying, "My voices were of God; they have not deceived me." He closed with a quotation from Andrew Lang's beautiful defence of the maid "who knew no carnal love nor the touch of fear, a sister saint in a glorious company."

It being the first appearance of the lecturer, before the Reading Circle, since receiving the well-deserved literary honors conferred upon him by the University of Nova Scotia, Mrs. Redmond Quinn read a short congratulatory address, and Mr. Macrell, Deputy Speaker, in moving the vote of thanks, also warmly congratulated him, paying him an eloquent tribute as a lecturer and a scholar.

## Song of the Mountain

Son of all the cities,  
With their culture and their code,  
What brings you to my doorway  
By the lone and starry road?  
You may come with seven pack-mules,  
You may walk or you may ride,  
But you'll never, never know me  
Till you come without a guide.

You may come with rod and level,  
With compass and with chain,  
To parcel me for profit  
And barter me for gain;  
You may tell my age in aeons  
By the scars on drift and slide;  
But you'll never, never know me  
Till you learn how I abide.

You may range my slopes for silver,  
You may wash my sands for gold,  
You may tally every jewel,  
Till my gems have all been told;  
You may cross my wildest canyon,  
You may map my last divide,  
But you'll never, never know me  
Till you watch me wonder-eyed.

You must sleep for nights together  
With your head upon my breast,  
The companion of my silence,  
The receiver of my rest.  
You may come with all your wisdom  
To subdue me in your pride,  
But you'll never, never know me  
Till you love me like a bride.  
—Bliss Carman.

## Thanksgiving

Let us be thankful for the loyal hand  
That love held out in welcome to  
"Our own,"  
When love and only love could understand  
The need of touches we had never known.

Let us be thankful for the longing eyes  
That gave their secret to us as they wept,  
Yet in return found, with a sweet surprise,  
Love's kiss upon their lids, and, smiling slept.

And let us, too, be thankful that the tears  
Of sorrow have not all been drained away,  
That, through them still, for all the coming years,  
We may look on the dead face of To-day.

—James Whitcomb Riley.

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