

THE DOMAIN OF WOMAN

"The hand that rocks the cradle rules the world." TALKS BY "TYRUS"

The men who have cultivated in the U.S. army to fight the Spaniards, are beginning to find out that the career of glory is not to be won by colonialism.

In the first place the Spaniards are decidedly hard to beat; they don't seem at all inclined to comply with Uncle Sam's gentle and persuasive command, conched in the language of Mrs. Bond of nursery rhyme fame.

"Ducky, ducky, come and be killed," may sound very inviting, but the ducks take a deal of hunting just the same. A hunt in Cuba at the present season, with the thermometer 110 degrees in the shade, and Yellow Jack himself stalking the hunters; to say nothing of salt tuck, ironical biscuit, sugarcane coffee, etc., ad libitum, requires a very vivid imagination to commend it to the ordinary mind.

That's what they thought, anyway. They have been at it rather more than two months now, and the only thing they seem to have done up to the present, is to knock the bottoms out of half a dozen old hulks, and to bottle up part of the Spanish fleet in such a manner that they can neither get at it, nor draw it out.

And of course they get nothing but yellow fever and bad food. As for the glory—well, a good deal of that went down with the Spaniards who made such a gallant and hopeless stand before Manila.

Glory! What glory is there in a couple of nations setting bravo men on to tear each other to pieces, to drown, and scorch, and starve and die for a matter that might have been settled amicably with honor to both?

The American army set out to rescue the reconquered, and in particular a more fraternal relation of the inhabitants of Cuba. That particular fraction is probably dead by this time, at all events it must be in an advanced stage of starvation.

However, the theatre and concert room are receiving rich returns from military dramas and songs; while the music hall artists are earning the anathemas of long suffering audiences by the perpetration of such sorry "jokes" as this: Q. "Why don't we get any more news from Havana?" A. "Because he's dead."

The cult of St. Anthony of Padua is rapidly increasing in extent. This great saint was always remarkable for the number of conversions effected either by his personal influence or his intercession after death.

Most people who have invoked his aid with confidence have experienced the most remarkable answers to prayer, lost articles have been found, material favors conferred, and lost, and crowning glory of Anthony's power, his love and sanctified faith has been restored tenfold.

There is great need of miracles in these days when even Catholics themselves are sceptical regarding many of the legends related of the saints.

A most extraordinary story of St. Anthony's speedy answer to prayer is related in a delightful little life of the Thaumaturgus of Padua, which I have been reading. A certain officer was called away on active service, leaving his wife almost inconsolable at his absence. The lady had a great devotion to St. Anthony and repaid every day to a certain church of the Friars Minor who had been a source of the saint.

There was, of course, no post in those days, and the difficulty of conveying letters any distance was very great. The lady conceived the idea of writing a letter to her husband and asking St. Anthony to forward it. She accordingly wrote a most affectionate epistle sealed and addressed it, and taking it to the church placed it in the hand of the statue, and kneeling down, beseeched the saint, with many tears, to convey it to her husband.

On returning the next day she saw a letter still in the hand of the statue, and thinking it her own broke out into tears and lamentations, reproaching St. Anthony with having failed her. One of the priests was passing through the church and inquired the cause of her distress.

"I have several times tried to take that letter from the statue," he remarked, "but the saint will not give it up; see if he will let you take it." The lady removed the letter without any difficulty, and at the same time was astonished to see fifty gold crowns fall from the sleeve of the statue.

The letter was from her husband, who said he had received her from a friar minor on the previous day, and as the friar was returning to his native town, he took the opportunity of writing to his wife, and also sent her fifty crowns by the same messenger.

Who the mysterious friar was will probably never be known, that it was St. Anthony himself there cannot be much doubt.

"Such a miracle as that is impossible," a friend exclaimed impatiently. "I don't believe it."

Why? If no miracle is impossible so are all the rest, because they cannot be measured by the bounds of possibility. According to ordinary standards every miracle is impossible, including, of course the great miracles of the Incarnation and the Resurrection.

On many letters written by Catholics one may see, in the bottom left hand corner of the envelope the mysterious

initials, "S. A. G." "St. Anthony Guido," is the invocation that is never ignored or neglected by his saint. I do not believe a letter placed under St. Anthony's protection could ever go astray.

The veneration of St. Anthony is rapidly increasing in England, and it is not difficult to see in this the finger of God. Who is to be truly restoring the ancient faith to Mary's glory. "The Hammer of Heretics" is one of the titles of St. Anthony of Padua; wherever he went horses withered and struck like a noxious weed; his very name struck terror into the enemies of the Church.

His power certainly has not waned now that he is standing beside the Throne of God, rather is it increased a hundredfold, because he, like other saints who have been specially chosen of God, has been given a large measure of insight into the Divine designs regarding the various nations of the earth.

That shall be done to the man whom the king delighteth to honor. He shall receive the government of nations; he shall be admitted into the secret councils of the king, his petitions shall be heard and immediately granted; he shall board and immediately granted; he shall board and immediately granted; he shall board and immediately granted.

The Almighty could grant our prayers uttered directly to his ear, but the experience of most of us is that He prefers our going to His friends, the saints whom He delights to honor, and obtaining our petitions through their mediation. In every age, in almost every nation, some particular saint has been invoked universally, and the cult has spread and increased until at length the answers to prayer have come in such abundance as to leave no doubt that God inspired the devotion for the purpose of honoring that respected saint.

St. Anthony of Padua is the mediator to whom we should go in these days of increasing unbelief and heresy; his power with God is almost unlimited and yet he has left a prayer manual, which we can read with confidence and consolation, and which, in the face of our temptations and sudden death, and drive away the devil at the hour of dissolution. St. Anthony therefore, with love and confidence, let us pray, make the novena of Tuesdays in his honor, and rest assured your petitions will be answered. But do not forget the offering for St. Anthony's Bread.

Anglicanism does not satisfy the heart. Indeed it is not easy to see how it can. It is a cold religion—it can be called a religion at all—wherein everything is dark and empty, and God seems hundreds of miles away; in which, when called and silent in the grave, and have no more communication with us or with them.

The few saints which it acknowledges are mere nonentities, of little more account than the angels of the heathens in the pews; they cannot hear prayers, they cannot ask favours on our behalf, they cannot watch over us as the real, living, loving saints of the Catholic Church do. In fact the establishment might just as well do away with the few saints, it has seen fit to retain in the calendar, and who by the way, are all Catholics. They are merely ornamental, something like the gargoyles and carvings on the outside of the church, not at all essential to its strength, being the building but just to finish it off and make it more complete, so to speak.

There is nothing in the services to be said to the host in any way, the same old and formal form of words is used on every possible occasion, from Christmas to Pentecost, and for morning and evening is never varied.

Even on Good Friday the service is exactly the same, with the exception, perhaps, of the addition of the three hours service from twelve to three. Of the spiritual help and consolation found in the Catholic Church, Protestants can know nothing, they cannot have the help and consolation of the hundreds of saints whom the church has raised upon her altars are over interceding for them, and extending their help and protection to them in all their affairs.

They have not the joy of knowing that their prayers can be heard, and that they have passed into the silent land. And above all they have not the Blessed Sacrament, the Living Presence that enriches the Catholic Churches. It is the Divine Love, and influences the hearts of all who believe in it with unquestioning faith.

It is a mystery to me how anybody who has ever experienced the spiritual riches of the Catholic Church, could forsake it for the bare and lifeless tenets of Anglicanism, or how, having forsaken it, they do not at once turn in disgust from the stiff forms, and meaningless ceremonies that the empty husks when compared with the priceless treasures the true Church showers upon her faithful children.

Plain Speech from John Morley.

LONDON, June 9.—The Right Hon. John Morley, Liberal, member of Parliament for Kenton, speaking at Leeds on the occasion of the recent Birmingham speech of the Secretary of State for the Colonies, the Right Hon. Joseph Chamberlain, on the subject of an Anglo-American alliance, said that he did not believe a word of all the gloom that about England, isolation and threatening prospects.

"England's naval power is gigantic," he said, "and her resources are more than ever." "The spirit of her people to repel invasion or protect their rights is as great as at the beginning of the century. The whole of the United States, an end

always diligently worked for by Lord Salisbury and Mr. Gladstone. It is inconceivable, however, that a treaty between Great Britain and the United States could be entered upon without taking into consideration the Irish vote in America. If that vote is against the treaty, it is not the fault of the Liberal party.

Proceeding to discuss the kind of an alliance that could be entered upon without the co-operation for the mutual good, it will indeed, be the dawn of brighter days. But is that what is intended, or is it to be an alliance between the kings of America and the jugs of England, an alliance not for peace, but for menace and war?

"We shall see; but I know tens of thousands of the best and wisest men in America believe that hardly any more impossible coalition can be formed than that of a community of interests nobly said, 'conceded in freedom and dedicated to the happiness of free and equal men,' should entangle themselves in the unrest and intrigue of militarism, and the torment and scourge of the old world."

Wedded at Ottawa.

From the Free Press, we learn the particulars of the marriage of Mr. P. J. Lally, of Ottawa, to Miss Edmondson, performed by Rev. M. F. Foley, pastor of St. Joseph's church, and the church was crowded to the doors by the many friends of the bride and groom. Miss Annette Lally, sister of the groom, was bride of honor, Mr. R. H. Foley, best man. The presents to the bride were a very long list, and were useful, handsome and costly. The happy young couple left on their honeymoon at 10.30 a.m. on the morning for Perth, Ontario, Buffalo and their places. They were accompanied to the station by a host of friends, and departed on their journey amid a shower of rice and good wishes. At a meeting of the Perth branch of the O.M.P.A., of which Mr. Lally was a member, at the following address was passed and lauded to the groom, who was present at the meeting. Accompanying it was a handsome and costly marble clock with bronze figure to top, which is referred to in the address:

PERTH, June 8th, 1898. To P. J. Lally, Esq.

DEAR SIR AND BROTHER:—We the members of Branch Number 89 of the O.M.P.A. of Perth, Ontario, are pleased to allow the occasion which finds you present this evening to go unnoticed. We recognize that this is an opportune time to present to you our good wishes accompanied by this token of esteem and respect. Knowing full well your characteristic modesty we will not afflict you with a lengthy address extolling your many virtues and amiable qualities. During your connection with this Branch we have always found you zealous for the prosperity of the Branch, and we all, kind and courteous to the officers and members with whom you came in contact. Notwithstanding the fact that you have practically ceased to reside amongst us, we have been glad to withdraw from the Branch, and have entered. This is a source of great pleasure to us, and we desire now to tell you that we appreciate this tacit manner of your approval of the workings of this Branch, and in recognizing you with the accompanying clock we bear you to accept it as a tangible memento of the esteem and respect in which you are held and so value it for the kindly feelings which go with it. Regard it, not for its intrinsic value, but for the deep respect and esteem which we always felt for you and shall continue to cherish in our hearts. In conclusion we wish you and your estimable wife and family every joy, and we trust that you may be long spared to enjoy together that peace and happiness which has been promised to those who enter into this sacred state with the proper spirit.

Signed, as at the first meeting you with the accompanying clock we bear you to accept it as a tangible memento of the esteem and respect in which you are held and so value it for the kindly feelings which go with it. Regard it, not for its intrinsic value, but for the deep respect and esteem which we always felt for you and shall continue to cherish in our hearts. In conclusion we wish you and your estimable wife and family every joy, and we trust that you may be long spared to enjoy together that peace and happiness which has been promised to those who enter into this sacred state with the proper spirit.

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Opening for a Medical Man.

To the Editor of The Catholic Register: DEAR SIR—Through the medium of your paper we wish to make known that there is a good opening here for an industrious young man of the medical profession. There was a doctor here for the last two years and doing well, but through force of circumstances he has betook himself to another field. We are quite a factor here in our growing population and would do all in our power to encourage a suitable young man in our midst. Since the completion of the railway from Ottawa to Parry Sound the population has increased both in the village and surrounding country. We have a neat little church which will soon have to be enlarged to make room for our increasing congregation. An active shoemaker would also do well, and there are room for quite a few more tillers of the soil. Yours truly, M. CORCORAN.

Kearney, June 10th.

There are many who acquire much knowledge yet whose minds remain comparatively barren, simply because they have been content to look upon this as a mere commodity—as a mere tool, intended to be used for some mere purpose, and they have forgotten that it is only part of a great comprehensive and noble process to which we are all subjected in this life for the purpose of raising and purifying our character, for enabling us to the highest sense to discharge our duty to God and to man. WE GLADSTONE.

They NEVER FAIL.—Mr. S. M. Boughn-Linton, writes: "For about two years I was troubled with Liver and Bile, but by using Parrole's Pills, I was completely cured, and although four years have elapsed since then they have not returned." Parrole's Pills are anti-bilious and a specific for the cure of Liver and Kidney Complaints, Dyspepsia, Constipation, Headache, Piles, etc., and will regulate the secretions and remove all bilious matter.

Corpus Christi at St. Helen's.

The beautiful Feast of Corpus Christi was celebrated at St. Helen's, with the ceremony and devotion befitting the event.

In the absence of the pastor, Rev. Father Orsico, the parish is ministered to by the Basilian Fathers, and by them nothing is left undone in tending to the spiritual wants of the people. The priest in charge, Rev. Father Chorrier, is indefatigable in carrying out the many and onerous duties of the parish, so devoted is he to the esteemed pastor now absent, may find things on his return, in the same satisfactory condition as they were in on his departure.

On Sunday the great Feast was solemnized by solemn High Mass of which the celebrant was Rev. Father Roach, with Rev. Father Chorrier as deacon and Mr. Fannon as sub-deacon. After Mass a procession was formed, consisting of the sanctuary boys in their beautiful and varied vestments, the children who this year made their First Communion, the members of the Sodality of the Blessed Virgin and the officiating priests.

As the boys in their dark suits with white ribbons and the girls in their spool dress and snowy veils moved slowly round the church, it was indeed a pretty sight, and when they moved round the church outside, and their voices raised in hymns of praise to the Blessed Sacrament floated through the open windows, the effect was most touching. The Sodality carried their beautiful new banner, which with its immaculate Conception shining from it and its white lilies in the pale blue background typified plainly in whose service they worked. Little maidens in their dainty dresses scattered flowers in the path of Our Lord, and all was done that the facilities of the parish would permit of to honor the great day.

In the evening Rev. Father Roach was again the celebrant, assisted by Messrs. Faunon and Drohan as deacon and sub-deacon respectively. Between the Vespers and Benediction a beautiful selection, "Come to Me," was sung by Miss Teresa Memory.

Every evening during the Octave Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament is given, and during the entire time the altars have been generously supplied with flowers which assisted not a little in adding to the beauty of the occasion. M. L. H.



The Story Teller. In eastern countries, they are in place of our story-tellers. It is their art to interest their listeners with tales of love, and marvelous adventures, and ballads of heroes, and magic creatures. There is a story of a wonderful medicine that has made thousands of cures that seemed almost magical, which every woman should read or hear. You have heard it or read it, or that her husband, the cure of the sick, the discovery of Dr. R. V. Pierce, an eminent and skillful specialist, for thirty years chief consulting physician to the great Invalid Hotel and Surgical Institute, at Buffalo, N. Y. It is known as Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. It makes the appetite hearty, the digestion perfect, the liver active, the blood pure and rich, the nerves steady, the brain clear and the body strong. It is the great blood-maker and flesh-builder. It cures 90 per cent of all cases of consumption and diseases of the air-passages. It cures nervous diseases and is the best medicine for overworked men and women. A woman may save her husband's life by keeping a bottle in the house, and getting him to resort to it when he feels out-of-sorts. It cures all ailments about the health. Medicines at retail sell. Doctor Pierce's reputation is world-wide, and his fellow townsmen of Buffalo, N. Y., think so highly of him that they made him their representative in Congress, but his great work as a professional forced him to resign that honorable position that he might devote the remainder of his life to the relief and cure of the sick. An old, good thing to have in the house is a bottle of Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets. They cure indigestion and constipation and never gripe.

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