

The Catholic Register.

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THURSDAY, MARCH 9, 1899.

March 9.—St. Francis of Rome. 10.—The Five Wounds of Our Lord. 11.—Of the Faith. 12.—Solomon of the Feast of St. Joseph. 13.—St. Gregory I. 14.—Of the Faith. 15.—St. Zachary, Pope.

Pope Leo in Good Health.

The last bulletin received from Rome before we go to press concerning the health of His Holiness says: "The condition of the Pope continues very satisfactory. His functions are normal. As the august patient must be considered cured as regards the operation, no further bulletins will be published."

The completely successful manner in which the aged Pontiff has undergone a painful and necessarily serious operation will occasion deep and universal gratitude throughout the world. The twenty-one completed years of Leo's pontificate proclaim him among the greatest of the successors of the Fisherman. Of the two hundred and sixty-two popes who governed the Church before him only seven were permitted by the overruling Providence so long a period in the supreme pastorate of souls. St. Peter, Pius IX., Pius VI., Pius VII., and Adrian I. only reigned longer than Leo XIII. has already worn the tiara and exercised an incomparable influence upon human civilization. And the prayer of the universal church is that his sway may continue for many more glorious years to come. Long live the Pope!

Rev. Father Dollard holds the place of honor in the latest number of The Shan Van Vocht, Belfast, with a fine poem, while Donahoe's Magazine for March publishes his "Ballad of the Banooch," a very fine piece of work which will be reproduced in the next issue of The Register.

An Ontario priest who lately took charge of a parish in becoming a subscriber to The Register writes: "Having succeeded the late Rev. ... as pastor here, I have received The Register regularly every week and have come to look upon it as a near friend, especially for the first column on the front page and its able editorials. Both are well done."

When his curtains were drawn on Saturday last and Pope Leo was allowed by his physicians to look out of his window he is reported to have greeted the blue sky with the pious ejaculation: "Thanks be to Almighty God who preserves me to work for the greatness of His church." What an influence for good upon the world even the simplest words of the venerable Pontiff must have!

The Chinese will soon be eligible for membership in the "Anglo-Saxon" race. Last week they were mowing down the revolutionists in the interior by thousands with the most modern type of machine guns. The Scientific American of latest date describes the "Hai Lung" a war vessel built for China in a German yard, as the fastest ship afloat, making an average speed of over 35 knots an hour on her trial trip.

Our esteemed contemporary The Christian Guardian advocates the disbanding of the Canadian militia and the dumping of all fire arms into the nearest lake. In case of danger from the American or Methodist brother's plan might not be exactly patriotic but it would be quite in the practical line. Major General Hutton deliberately declares that our militia force is suffering from paralysis. It could not resist but might invite an assault.

Rev. F. De Wit Talmage, Chicago: "You know some people have gone stark mad upon the question of the Catholic Church. They think the same of the Pope is only another name for the devil."

I myself could never be a Catholic. But I firmly believe that some of the best men I have ever known were not only members of the Catholic Church but Catholic priests themselves. And some of them I never expect to meet in heaven, because I believe they are so good that God will honor them with a seat so near the throne that I, on the outskirts of the multitude, will never be able to even touch the hem of their garments." And this to a Presbyterian congregationalist!

Mr. Goldwin Smith, in The Weekly Sun, refers to a Scotch paper in which he has read a pious tale of two women coming to a magistrate to complain, on the one the sewing machine, the other that the mangle, by which she lived and earned bread for her children, had been taken by the landlord, and that she and the brood are left homeless and destitute. Why should these women complain? asks the Professor. Have they not a greater Euphras than has been? Have they not two hundred millions of subjects in Hindostan? Have they not thirty millions of francs? Are they not victoriously mowing down the rebellious natives in the Sudan by tens of thousands? Yet they reprove!

At the meeting of the Toronto Public School Board on Thursday evening last, Mr. James L. Hughes, representing the cavalry division of the dautious Tampa Trippers (James L. could never so far forget himself as to forsake the "Protestant Hero") handed in a report of the receipts and disbursements of that memorable expedition. Mr. S. W. Burns who organized and financed the scheme and served as cook en route to Florida concurred. So would the Board likewise only that Trustee Baird asked for details of organization and management. Nearly eleven hundred dollars had been collected for the trip and a hundred dollars more expended, leaving a deficit of \$98.09 which Mr. Burns proposed to make good by giving an entertainment to liquidate the debt. Mr. Baird threatened to resign if the Board passed the report, and seeing that he meant what he said many members slipped away and left no quorum to decide the issue raised. It is therefore safe to say that all the history of the Tampa trip has not yet been written.

Towards the end of last week the Pope was all but killed outright in the newspapers, and the correspondents lost no time in starting plenty of dark and deep intrigues for the selection of his successor. This was to have been expected. Days having elapsed and left the aged Pontiff still very much alive, the most interesting thing that could be said was that Leo had joked with the surgeons while they dressed the wound left by the removal from his leg of a cyst, "as big as an orange." All this may be true or not. It is quite likely that the Pontiff is in his advanced age a living proof of that courage and cheerfulness which he has taught the world to look to as the reward of abstinence living. One of the recent jokes attributed to him is in connection with the electric lighting now installed at the Vatican. When the installation was completed His Holiness who had displayed great interest in the work, remarked: "They will no longer be able to say that the Vatican is the enemy of light."

Prof. Goldwin Smith in the Weekly Sun thinks the time inauspicious for demanding an alteration of the Coronation Oath, which binds the sovereign to maintain to the utmost of her power "the laws of God, the true profession of the Gospel, and the Protestant Reformed Religion established by the law." It is well known, he says, that George III. fancied himself prohibited by these words from consenting to Catholic emancipation, and it is equally well known that his scruple was an hallucination fostered by the evil arts of political intriguers and intolerant prelates. Enlightened Liberalism would be glad to expunge the words or any words implying a connection between church and State. But it cannot be denied that in the present state of general feeling the accession of a Catholic or Ritualist King would be startling and perhaps perilous to the nation. Meantime, as the King is undoubtedly the head of the established church of England, the Coronation Oath is in itself sufficient proof that the church is Protestant.

The life of Mr. Rudyard Kipling has been spared from the strips and which the attack of acute pneumonia, the first incident of the poet's present visit to America, so seriously threatened to bring about. For several days the patient's life hung in the balance, and the eyes of what is called the English-speaking world, and of all the classic that compose it, were turned in sympathy to the New York hotel where the sick man was laid up. There is a universal feeling of gratitude on account of Kipling's recovery. A young man, not yet thirty-five, has become the one acknowledged genius of the day. We are not admirers of everything that he has written. Half a dozen of the rhymes that may be classed as songs of the so-called "Anglo-Saxon" race are

things that we sincerely hope Kipling will live to be ashamed of. His "White Man's Burden" is the glaring weakness of his youthful and unrestrained muse. It proves him to have been carried off both his heels and head by the torrent of rant that the American war upon Spain and the Philippines has let loose. But the poet will approach nearer to wisdom and truth with the growing years, and if we earnestly hope, he may live to the age of the masters and fathers in the realm of poetry, the next century stands assured of great riches which will be his to give.

Cable despatches from Dublin describe an interesting exchange of courtesies in progress between Mr. T. M. Healy and Mr. John Redmond. The former accuses the latter of having passed the control of The Independent newspaper over to an English syndicate, and he challenges Mr. Redmond to deny that notices of dismissal have been served upon more than twenty members of The Independent staff. Both The Independent, controlled by Mr. Redmond, and The Nation controlled by Mr. Healy are papers of very questionable service to Irishmen and the Irish cause. It is always well for the press to preserve its freedom of criticism, but when criticism narrows down to malign personal personalities it can do no good whatever. Both papers mentioned are constantly engaged in abusing men like J. H. Dillon, Edward Blake, William O'Brien and Michael Davitt. It is impossible to suppose that any considerable number of Irishmen support them in this game, and it would not be at all surprising to learn that English money is invested in the business. It only remains for Mr. Redmond to get even with The Nation and no more would remain to be said.

George T. Angell writes in Our Dumb Animals: "We have no doubt that Admiral Dewey is a very respectable gentleman and a good officer, and carried out his orders faithfully" "to destroy the Spanish fleet" at Manila, but we really cannot see that it was much of a battle which his ships fought without the loss of a single man.

It strikes us that lots of our fine men, politicians, locomotive engineers, captains of ocean steamers, coast-guard men who save the lives of wrecked sailors, and Red Cross nurses and Sisters of Charity and doctors in the hospitals are constantly doing acts quite as heroic as any done by any officer in our late unnecessary war. Take that instance which occurred the other day, in which John F. Quinn, a Boston policeman, stopped in a crowded thoroughfare four runaway horses, and at ten times the risk of his own life which Admiral Dewey had at Manila, saved the lives of perhaps a dozen or more people, saying nothing of the lives of four valuable horses. We wish all our readers could read an article we have just read on "The Lossers of Malacca" in the Sandwich Islands, and see the work of the Catholic Sisters of Mercy and priests and some Protestants, who at the certain risk of what is infinitely worse than death, have for the sake of God and humanity, conserved their lives to rescue so far as possible the sufferings of those rotten and mutilated people, and they will then know who are the true heroes and heroines whose names should stand highest in the estimation of mankind.

The Register has had the privilege of looking over the programme arranged for the Ancient Order of Hibernians concert in Massey Hall on Friday evening, March 17. It is from no wish to write a mere advance notice that we make this reference, but in warm and genuine appreciation of the class of entertainers and the quality of the entertainment provided for the Irish Catholic people of the city. There is not an artist on the bill whose name does not stand in the highest class. Mrs. Nellie Wyman, Miss Loea Padden, Miss Nellie James, Mr. J. J. Costello and Robab Tandy are safely to be accepted as interpreters of Irish song and story. The numbers in which they are all billed are distinctly classic, representing the revival of Moore and the spirit which his genius awakened, as well as the present Celtic revival which we are witnessing and which has restored to popular possession such exquisite melodies as "The Foggy Dew" and "The Little Red Red."

We notice with pleasure that one of Rev. Father Dollard's poems will be read by Miss Loea Padden. It is of course unnecessary for us to say that the libellous staff labelled "Irish humor" has no place on such a programme as the committee of the forthcoming St. Patrick's Day entertainment have supervised. Although there are humorous numbers, there is to be nothing scurrilous. Mr. J. J. Foy, Q.C., M.P.P. will preside and the address will be delivered by Hon. Charles Fitzpatrick, Solicitor-General, both gentlemen worthy sons of the race and faith of St. Patrick in this Dominion.

One of the sad—even dramatic—events of the week was the sudden death of Lord Herschell, President of the joint high commission that met at Quebec and Washington last year and

this to adjust a number of difficulties between the United States and Canada. During the sittings of the commission in the United States capital Herschell slipped upon the icy slide-walk and hurt his leg. He was laid up in his hotel and was supposed to be almost wholly recovered when heart disease cut him off without an hour's notice. His influence upon the commission was strenuously exerted towards the securing of a treaty, but although nothing was accomplished he was still regarded as the man most likely to bring the Americans and Canadians to some basis of mutual agreement. It was perhaps in view of this generally admitted fact that Lord Salisbury alluded to his sudden death as amounting to an irreparable loss. Hon. Edward Blake paid the dead justice a high tribute, and the Canadian members of the commission expressed the deepest regret upon receiving the shocking news from Washington. The high commission has been attended only with all sorts of ill-luck thus far. In the first place it accomplished nothing, and in the second it turned the shifty and mercurial ones behind the Canadian government—men like Mr. E. E. Sheppard for example—back into the old rut of abusing the United States and its people. During the sitting of the commission in Washington Senator Dingley, one of our neighbors foremost protectionist statesmen died. And now Lord Herschell's death is more than a corresponding loss to England. It may be that all parties will consider with trepidation the slight chance that still exists for the commission resuming its appointed work at some future time.

An article from one of the English ministerial organs was quoted in these columns not long ago disapproving in a very sensible and reasonable spirit the issue of medals commemorating the "Fenian Raid." On Saturday last a general militia order was published at Ottawa declaring that the medal in question will be issued to all who served as guards at any point where an attack was expected. This would practically entitle all Canadians who were alive at the time and who survived the "scare" to a medal for "heroism." Indeed so genuine was the scare and so considerable the danger that an attack was confidently expected at every point on the map of the Dominion from one end of the boundary to the other, and even those who lived in the retirement of the bush way back to Hudson's Bay were scared that the dreaded Fenians might drop upon them out of the sky from balloons. So that the people were all on "guard" service. So far so good; they certainly showed a patriotic readiness to defend the country, a readiness that was not confined to one class of the people but that was shared in alike by all. Still the experience was one that might well be allowed to drop out of memory—for what is there in the memory of a scare? If the government at Ottawa will insist however upon commemorating it, the easiest way of distributing the medals would be to place slots in every post-office, and each person who thought it worth while to draw out a medal might drop in a nickel. In this way too Mr. Mulock might catch up a little upon the post office losses suffered in the scare case of the "veteran empire than has been." The English objection is that the medals calculated to provoke irritation between Canada and the United States. There is force in this view. Inasmuch as the medal can serve no useful purpose, the possibility of its causing mischief and misunderstanding is all the more entitled to sensible consideration.

Justice Wauchope Lynn, a Welsh-American and prominent figure in the public life of New York, declined to stand up when the toast of Queen Victoria was proposed at the annual dinner of the St. David's Society in that city last week. He moreover decided to publish the reasons for his refusal, stating that the long unjust government of Ireland could not or should not be passed over by public men who knew the pangs of the American republic. On Monday last at the banquet celebration in New York Justice Lynn was the most prominent speaker. In the course of the oration he said: "In these days of discussion touching an alliance with the other side I would say that England needs an alliance with only one country, and that country is Ireland. (Cheers). When England has done full justice to your people she will blend that race in alliance with her own. I say to her that with such an alliance she will need no fleets, no armies, no diplomats to preserve her, for she will have on her side 50,000,000 of your race as her friends if this justice is done."

There are moderate views presented in a calm and friendly manner. We are waiting to hear Justice Lynn denounced in the Canadian papers as a "Fenian." The Canadian paper that undertakes this gratuitous and harmful task will also feel itself obliged to couple Sir Wilfrid Laurier with Justice Lynn, because the Canadian Premier has been saying at Washington exactly what the

other has been declaring in New York. We recommend to our readers the interview with Sir Wilfrid which we copy into another page from our contemporary The Freeman's Journal, New York. We have no hesitation in accounting the interview as accurate in the letter and the spirit, knowing The Freeman's Journal to be one of the most carefully edited papers in America. This is what Sir Wilfrid said to the interviewer: "The English parliament must do something for Ireland if it ever hopes to gain the friendship or alliance of its great offspring in America. This is imperative. The hostility which nine-tenths of the people feel is founded on the story of England's treatment of Ireland. All those who have dealings with the United States through English sources must bear this burden. This is the reason we can make no headway and we never will while the unhappy home of so many American citizens is in its present condition."

Sir Wilfrid Laurier here clearly attributes the failure of the American members of the joint commission to meet Canadian and British wishes to the hostility which as he says nine-tenths of the people of the United States feel towards England on account of the story of Ireland. Sir Wilfrid remained long enough at Washington to realize this fact, and we are glad that he has come out in a candid way and acknowledged it. Facts are things that no glut of magazine poetry can uphold. It will not do to remind the Americans that they have copied England's colonial policy in the Philippines, and that they are one with England in blood and language and religion, as the sage and eloquent Senator Mills has put it. It is no sign of the times that Mr. Astor, an American-tuft-hunter in London, accepts "poetry" for his magazine from Charles G. D. Roberts, proclaiming the formation of a British-American Protestant ascendancy:

"Take note, all ye Of the alien hue, Of the faith that fires Our hearts and shows, One in our creed And one in our need, We shall win, not lose. The 'alien knee' is good, The alien nerve of Mr. Roberts, who is a Canadian by the way making a better living in the United States than he was able to manage here, is perhaps excusable. But Sir Wilfrid Laurier is not obliged to hustle for his bread after the catch-penny tendencies of magazine literature. He is a statesman who has spent months of labor upon an expensive and unprofitable mission and he knows just why he can make no headway. The lesson of the joint High Commission as it has been learned by the Canadian premier should not be lost upon the Canadian people.

A Scottish election has been squarely fought out upon the issues of Irish Home Rule and University education for Catholics. The result is most satisfactory. Dr. Douglas, the Liberal in North-west Lanark called the Home Rule colors to the mark, while Mr. Whitelaw, the "Unionist," backed by The Edinburgh Scotsman, assailed him day after day for flying the Irish colors. A few days before the polling The Scotsman came out in this style: "Dr. Douglas is a Home Ruler. He has satisfied the Irishmen. He has taken their pledge. He is a pledged Home Ruler. He has bought the Irish vote for his party. What he has done on this occasion he may be counted to do on future occasions. He calls himself a Home Ruler, and no elector who does not want to see the Radical party again pledge-bound to the Nationalists and to a policy of separation can vote for him."

The electors of North-west Lanark evidently want to see the Liberal party fully pledged to Home Rule. In face of the terrible outlook pictured for them by The Scotsman they increased the Liberal vote by five hundred and the Liberal majority by nearly three hundred. The Scotsman has the courage of his convictions. Because Gladstone is dead Scottish Liberals are not going to repudiate and run away from the old leader's principles. The example of North-west Lanark may inspire some of the calculating crafty English Liberals with the idea that there may after all be more safety in consistency than in opportunism.

Although there has been little room for expecting the Conservatives to bring in during this session of parliament a bill on the line of Mr. Balfour's policy with regard to an Irish Catholic university, the lesson of the election in North-west Lanark cannot be entirely lost upon the government. The strange thing happened in this Scottish by-election that the Liberal candidate opposed Mr. Balfour's principles fully, and openly advocated fair play for Irish Catholics at every meeting he addressed, while the "Unionist" on the other hand repudiated Mr. Balfour and his principles and condemned the university scheme in the same breath with Home Rule. The fact that Ulster Orangemen formed a considerable element in the North-west Lanark electorate sharpened the political interest of the entire kingdom in the struggle. The sweeping

victory of the independent Liberal candidate must impress both Liberals and Conservatives—the hedgers among the former with the contempt with which the intelligent spirit of the country regards them, and the latter with the danger of dividing their ranks over the Irish education question. The election of the Liberal is at once a triumph for the old Liberals and a feather in the cap of Mr. A. J. Balfour who refused to sink his honest personal convictions through fear of the fanatics and fossil Tories in his own party.

Deficits have become the international fashion. English Jingoism is working out this year in the form of a three million sterling deficit, while Uncle Sam has just closed his billion-and-a-half-dollar congress and stands face to face with a deficit of half a billion of dollars right at home in Ontario we also a deficit to boast of and Treasurer Harcourt has brought into the house a revenue bill proposing to raise \$800.00 in new taxes. According to the plan he unfolded in his statement to the House, half of the new taxes will fall upon chartered banks, insurance companies and some other financial concerns; the other half will come out of the pockets of brewers, distillers and hotel keepers. The levy upon the monied institutions will not amount to a flea bite according to Mr. Harcourt, and the managers of those concerns had by the Treasurer's own admission approved the whole bill before the Legislature or the public had heard of it. Mr. Harcourt showed that the leading states of the American Union have had these taxes paid for the better part of a century, and he went on to say that Ontario proposes to let its capitalists off lightly as compared with the United States. The impression he wished to create and did create in short was that the new tax was the next thing to being merely nominal, so little would its effect be felt by capitalists.

Towards the conclusion of his short speech Mr. Harcourt strangely contradicted the significance of his opening observations. By way of an affective peroration he was trying to show that Ontario is a workingman's country. He quoted authority to prove the alarming inequality of taxation in the United States where the trusts and corporations virtually evade taxation as compared with the laboring class. Only a small fraction of the taxes collected in the United States falls upon what is sometimes called the "unearned increment," and the great burden is borne by the class that are compelled to work continually for their bread. But he had said only a short while before that capital had no burden in Ontario compared with the United States and that the trifling tax now imposed was not objected to by even the most sensitive capitalist.

There were some sentences in Mr. Harcourt's speech that those who listened to him did not understand, and that he apparently did not grasp the import of himself, because Mr. Hardy had to prompt him as to what he did mean. It appears that the new revenue bill is intended to affect the power of municipalities to levy taxation or financial concerns. Just in what way the municipal right is to be hedged round Mr. Harcourt did not make clear; but this feature of the measure is one that the people of Toronto are deeply concerned in. At the present moment when the question of tax-exemptions is on the carpet, newspapers that attack in chorus when a few capitalists press the spring produce quite a noise about the exemption of churches. But they are silent as death over the exemption of the millions of capitalist's property and securities within the right of Toronto to place under taxation. If the new revenue bill proposes to erect any sort of statutory barrier between these exemptions and the needs of the people of Toronto the propositions laid down should be fully and most explicitly stated.

The outlawed hotel keeper is the only person entitled to sympathy on account of the new provincial tax. Mr. Harcourt is doubling his bet by lecturing him upon his populism as exemplifying a community, and pled that the licensed trade was not tolerated for the time being by a Christian government. The only argument which the Provincial Treasurer concocted to address to the hotel keepers was that higher license in Toronto is the rule in the United States and Montreal. Here there are no license in proportion of population. This argument is not as good as it too however. The average hotel in Toronto does not sell half the quantity of drink retailed by licensed houses in the United States and Montreal. Here the hotel keeper is taxed but he does not receive the protection that his license should entitle him to. Some drug stores in Toronto do a larger liquor trade than the most popular saloon, and if the law was as rigorously enforced in Toronto as in other cities many drug stores would have to go out of business. The temperance cause that has its schools and