

A National Saint



HERE is no Saint in the Calendar whose personality is so thoroughly identified with any nation as St. Patrick is identified with Ireland. All Catholic peoples venerate the memories of the apostolic men to whom they are indebted for the faith, but St. Patrick is the central figure in Irish history. A Frenchman by birth, St. Patrick was an Irishman by adoption. Ireland was the country of his love. For her and for her people to the remotest generation his prayers and benedictions were constantly offered.

Towards the close of the fourth century we find him a captive tending sheep in the mountains of Antrim and Down. His time was wholly given to penance and prayer. The Psalms of David and the most beautiful hymns of the Church formed his daily petitions, while the gift of miracles marked his favor with God. At the age of twenty-two he was set free, and inspired by a voice from heaven, dedicated himself to the conversion of the Irish race. After twenty years of training in the school of St. Martin at Tours, he obtained full powers from Pope St. Celestine, was consecrated Bishop and sailed for the Irish coast. The great result of his sixty years' preaching and holy living is known throughout the world. He found Ireland heathen, and left it Christian. He encountered the Druids at Tara, and abolished their pagan rites. He converted the warrior chiefs and princes, baptised them with thousands of their subjects in the wells that to this day are called holy, while the little plant that he made use of to illustrate the doctrine of the Blessed Trinity, the shamrock, is not only the emblem of the faith of the Irish people but was adopted as their national emblem.

Encouraged by St. Patrick many youths and maidens embraced the religious state, and schools, convents and churches rose simultaneously throughout the land.

By the instrumentality of St. Patrick the faith is now as fresh in Ireland as when it was first planted, while the grace of preferring the loss of every earthly good to the least compromise in matters of faith seems to be the special inheritance St. Patrick bequeathed to his people.

The Hymn of the Wind

Thou voice of the winter night
That glides through the gaunt pine
trees,
That faints 'neath the soft moonlight
And swells o'er the rocking leaf
O tell us, thou blent King Wind
What meaneth the joy that sings,
That maketh thy breath so kind
And softer thy swift wild wing?

And the wind pulled low its voice,
And proudly it answered then;
'I've been where the spheres rejoice
In their life unknown to men;
And I kissed the clouds of gold,
And I chased the blue-domed skies
And I touched the brilliant cold
That fell from the moon's calm eyes.

"Then led by a Spirit hand,
I passed through a shining gate,
And beyond a strange fair land
Where myriad angels sat,
And swelled like the ocean surge
The angels' eternal song,
To the depths of Hell-Death's dirge,
But the joy of Heaven's throng

"And their song was of a Death,
It swelled with a conquered tomb,
It hushed with the mighty breath
That shivered the trembling gloom;
And their song was of a Life
That thrilled the pulse of the
world,
That had crushed the heart of Strife
And the flag of Peace unfurled.

"And I, a poor earth-stained thing,
I stole but the echo small
And I tell it now to all;
Of the song the angels sing,
My surge is the tale of death,
And I tell me low at the breath
That pierced through the Passion's
gloom."
—MAY O'Brien, in *Leaflets* from
Loretto.

Mr. Fitzpatrick Dined

Quebec, March 31.—The non-political banquet by the citizens of Quebec to Hon. Charles Fitzpatrick, Minister of Justice, at the Garrison Club to-night, was a most successful affair, amongst those present, in addition to the guest, being Col. Wilson, Commandant of Quebec and President of the club; Mayor and Premier Parent, Solicitor-General Carroll, Messrs. Wm. Power, M. P. for Quebec West, A. Malouin, M. P. for Quebec Centre, Talbot, M. P. for Bellechasse, and Hon. L. P. Pelletier.

Mr. Fitzpatrick made a most important speech. After referring in a sympathetic manner to the death of Hon. R. R. Doherty and of ex-Mayor Fremont, formerly M. P. for the County of Quebec, he plunged into the great question of Canada's transportation, showing that, though it cost the Canadian farmers a million dollars a year more than it did their American competitors to transport their dairy, live stock and agricultural produce to the seaboard, yet the exports of this class of produce from the Dominion during the last five years had increased at the average rate of a million dollars a year. He dealt fully with the problem confronting this country of reducing the cost of transportation to a minimum. He contended that it was necessary to make the navigation of the St. Lawrence as safe to shippers as the streets of London were to wayfarers, and entered into details of the methods to be adopted for removing what he called the national curse of extra marine insurance, citing in support of his argument a recent statement by Mr. Reford of Montreal that it cost every steamer coming to the St. Lawrence \$5,000 a trip more than

if she went to an American port. He urged that cheap transportation was a more important problem to Canada than fast transportation, yet he declared that the inauguration in the near future of a fast line of steamers between Quebec and Liverpool was as much an assured fact as the rising of to-morrow's sun, or as the construction of the half-completed Quebec bridge, which he was ridiculed for promising a couple of years ago. He dilated upon the advantages that must flow to the whole of Canada from the early completion of the Quebec bridge, from the establishment of elevators at Quebec by the Wolvin syndicate from Buffalo, from the Great North and South Shore Railways, and also from the proposed trans-Canada Railway, which was destined to open up the rich agricultural country of northern Quebec and of the Peace River Valley. Referring to the Chinese wall of exclusion established to the south of us by our American neighbors, he said there would be no whining in Canada, but that Canadians with their back set firm to the wall had only to grind their teeth against foreign exactions and turn to the world's other markets. The time had gone by when Quebec viewed these matters in any narrow, parochial spirit. What we want, he added, is to make the St. Lawrence route perfectly safe for navigation from the Straits of Belle Isle to Fort William.

Mr. Power, M. P. for Quebec West, who has just arrived from England, made his first speech since his election, which occurred while he was on the other side of the Atlantic. He won golden opinions by the eloquence and moderation of his remarks, and leaves to-morrow for Ottawa, where he will be introduced in the Commons by Sir Wilfrid Laurier and Hon. Charles Fitzpatrick on Wednesday. He referred very feelingly to the tragic circumstance (Mr. Doherty's accidental death in England) which had brought about his own election, stated that he had not sought the honor which had come to him in his absence, and that he was a Liberal, but one who would be governed by no sectional feeling, though he declared for the policy of the entire St. Lawrence route from the head of navigation to the sea.

HOW LORD BUTE'S HEART WAS BURIED.

The Crusader's Almanac for 1902 gives some interesting particulars of the interment in the Holy Land of the late Marquis of Dufferin. The heart of the Marquis of Bute was buried on the Mount of Olives, facing the Holy Sepulchre, as was the dying wish of this well-known English convert. A funeral service was held at the Holy Sepulchre—a favor extended only to great benefactors of the Holy Land. The widow and several members of the family of the dead Marquis had accompanied the heart to Palestine; among the party was also an English Bishop. On the day of the burial, the Bishop celebrated Holy Mass, and then all proceeded to the mountain side where the last sad rites were performed. A grave had been prepared, and in this the heart was laid, uncased and resting only on some branches of orange and citron trees, the whole forming a remarkable example of true humility.

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Ottawa Correspondence.

(Special to The Register.)

One is at a loss to determine what to select from the wave of interesting news items which during the warm, pleasant season of spring has borne down with usual force on the city of Ottawa. At any time during the twenty-four hours which fill up our day and night in this enlightened quarter of the mighty Empire, of which we are a shining example, the Dominion Capital never suffers from a dearth of news, which finds ventilation through each and all of the three newspapers which are chorused continuously by a swarm of small boys. Well, in the name of —, as Kelly said when he threw off his coat to fight a ghost, I will commence by stating that this is Easter Sunday, and that it was so solemnly observed in the Catholic churches of the city. St. Patrick's Church added to its already splendid appearance here were two services, at each of which the large edifice was thronged from sanctuary to door by devout worshippers. I can remember when the cornerstone of this imposing structure was laid that men who, in their own opinion were endowed with a clear foresight, declared it a great mistake to commence such a building in an almost unsettled section of the city. "Upper Town," or rather that portion of Ottawa lying west of the Rideau Canal, had scarcely entered upon that progressive career which in recent years has marked its development, and one Catholic Church met the limited requirements of its entire Catholic population. This modest structure which, I am informed, was purchased from the Presbyterians, stood on Sparks street west of Kent, and was attended by the Rev. I. J. Collins, who was subsequently transferred to one of the many Catholic parishes of the County of Renfrew, where, some years afterwards, he died after a life of great usefulness.

The unpretending little building on Sparks street passed into the hands of a Mr. Parker, an enterprising citizen, whose life is devoted to the useful purpose of cleansing, scouring and coloring the decaying habiliments worn by His Majesty's loyal and dutiful subjects, and whose boast is that he can transform the most tattered rag into glorious texture, and metamorphose a beggarman into a gentleman fit to take his seat on the floor of the House of Commons. Well, the massive walls of St. Patrick's Church crept up with gratifying speed, it is roofed, the tall spire shoots heavenward, and to-day the whole structure is amongst the glories of English-speaking Catholics at Ottawa. The Rev. J. J. Collins, already named, was the first regular pastor, whose place, after his removal to another parish, was filled by the Rev. Dr. O'Connor, a member of a well known and respected Ottawa family whose early history he dates with the first settlement here. Dr. O'Connor, during his incumbency, passed to his reward, and the vacancy produced by his death was filled by Rev. J. M. Whelan. Father Whelan was a very young man then, and some people who are always wonderfully wise, more especially when passing judgment upon matters pertaining to church government, thought that the new administrator of the parish should at any rate have an older head and older shoulders. The extraordinary development which the parish has made, the wonderful increase in the congregation, with its spiritual growth, the progress of education and above all that bond of sympathy and of love which bind together priest and people, unmistakably proclaim that the Church authorities, who seldom make mistakes, did not make the shadow of one in this case. There are three services held every Sunday in St. Patrick's Church and on occasions of importance, which are of frequent occurrence, the number increases to four. Each of these services are attended by vast congregations and much interest is aroused, but the most interesting of all is that which is held at 8 o'clock, when hundreds—I am tempted to say thousands—of boys and girls, who are attending the various schools of the parish, march up in well disciplined battalions and headed by their respective teachers to assist at the Holy Sacrifice. This is the service of the services, because it tells us that the boys and girls are the hope of the future, and fills us with confidence in the great work which priest and people of St. Patrick's are destined to perform. St. Patrick's Church was raised during the struggling days, but as resources increased additions have been made to its seating capacity and commendable improvements to its surroundings, but quite recently a gem has been added to its internal embellishments in the shape of a beautiful

MARBLE ALTAR, the gift of Mr. William Mackey, a millionaire lumberman, well and favorably known throughout the Ottawa Valley. The Catholic Church has not been very frequently called upon to acknowledge the receipt of "Princely Donations" from Catholic millionaires. True, their number, whether fortunately or unfortunately, is never large, but from the manner in which the hoarded wealth of most of them has been disposed of, I am tempted to wish that they would become beautifully less. Between the average Catholic millionaires and the Catholic Church, there has sometimes existed a degree of coldness. The man of millions backed up by the pretensions of a family of mushroom fortune does not always make a well-tempered and well-

clad body, if not the soul, is immensely valuable, but the Catholic Church, with that dogged obstinacy which has ever been her characteristic, refusing to bow to the golden statue, places the soul of the poor wretch who helped to pile up the fortune on the same pedestal.

(Glancing around, the names of a few men who are honorable exceptions occur to me. Many years ago it was my privilege to become well acquainted with a grand man, who kept a large boot and shoe manufactory on St. Peter's street, Montreal, Mr. James McCready. This noble-hearted Irishman and exemplary Catholic, made good use of his great wealth during life, and at his death bequeathed a last will and testament which many a dollar and dime-grubber should emulate. Another wealthy Irishman—Senator Murphy—also of Montreal, had to his credit a long life spent in doing good. Many will remember that he was suddenly carried off in front of St. Patrick's Church, towards the erection and beautifying of which he had devoted both time and money. His corpse was carried into the sanctuary by mourning friends, and although the call was terribly sudden none who knew the worthy Senator and his good deeds, will say that he was not well prepared to meet it. Another prince among Irish-Catholics, Hugh Ryan—passed away in Toronto one of two years ago. Poor Hugh Ryan did not put off doing good until death had its icy hand upon him. In the flush of health he set about adding to the resources of St. Michael's Hospital, Toronto, which cost him no less than sixty thousand dollars, and now we have Mr. Wm. Mackey, safe and sound, after erecting a magnificent altar in St. Patrick's Church, Ottawa, which for ages to come will live as a memorial of his generosity.

One after another the old generation of Irish-Catholics are disappearing. This week the painful task is imposed upon me of recording the death of a fine old Irishwoman,

MRS. MARY ALLAN.

which sad event occurred at her late home on Cooper street a few weeks ago. Mrs. Allan, a young married woman, together with her husband, also young, left their native home in the County of Limerick, about 55 years ago. This was a period of unusual panic in Ireland. Through the hellish work of the crowbar brigade and of the famine and its horrible concomitants, all created by Irish landlords, people fled from the land of their love as if it was a charnel-house, and rushing down to every seaport they utilised anything in the shape of a vessel bound for America. Mrs. Allan, with her husband, long since deceased, joined this terrible exodus of our race, and coming to Canada, they pushed through to Ottawa, then called Bytown, where they remained until death closed their careers. Mrs. Allan was endowed with a business talent far in advance of many in her station of life. Settling down in the west end of Cooper street, when the whole of that section was almost a dense forest, she embarked in business enterprises, at which she was highly successful. As an Irishwoman she loved the Old Land, spoke with ease the rich language of her ancestors and was thoroughly familiar with the legendary lore which has come down to us through that idiom. As a Catholic she was known as a devout worshipper at the altars of St. Patrick's. As a true wife, a fond mother and a good neighbor, Mary Allan or, as her name was before her marriage, Mary Purtil, discharged all her obligations faithfully.

RAMBLER

AMERICAN SYMPATHY WITH BOERS.

Washington, April 1.—Representative Sulzer of New York yesterday introduced in the House the following resolution: "That we sympathize with the heroic Boers in their struggle to maintain their liberty and independence, and protest in the name of humanity and civilization against the continuance of a war which outrages the feelings of all liberty-loving people, and that the Congress of the United States being committed to the principle of arbitration for the settlement of international disputes, the President is hereby respectfully requested to urge upon the Government of Great Britain the wisdom of adopting the policy for the purpose of stopping the awful atrocities now going on in South Africa, and that the President is hereby directed to maintain a strict neutrality between the contending forces, and prevent the shipment of contraband goods from ports in the United States to aid the British soldiers in South Africa, and respectfully inform the British Government that if the war in South Africa is continued it must be conducted in accordance with the rules of civilized warfare and the provisions agreed to and adopted by the Geneva convention and The Hague peace convention."

ANNEXATION OR IMPERIALISM.

Quebec, March 29.—La Verite this week concludes its comparison of the "dangers of Imperialism" with the "dangers of annexation," and comes to the conclusion that "from the political point of view we would probably be better off with annexation than with Imperialism. From the economic standpoint we would lose something and gain some advantage. From the religious and national side, we have every thing to lose. For us French-Canadians, Imperialism means fighting to the death, perhaps civil

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war. Annexation means peace, but also our gradual extinction at some distance, perhaps, but still inevitable — of our nationality and our religion."

In the preliminaries to this conclusion, La Verite asserts that Great Britain has always sacrificed Canadian interests, and proceeds to review what it calls the dangers of Imperialism. It points out that closer relations with the Empire will mean the taxation of Canada for the support of the British navy and army. "Imperialism is the combination of blind Toryism and the crushing of French-Canadians."

Taking up what it claims to be the advantages of annexation to the United States it says that Canada would probably be formed into one state and one territory, the first comprising the Maritime Provinces, Quebec and Ontario, the latter all the Canadian west. "From the start we would have enough influence in the government of this state to protect ourselves. We would soon have a population almost equal to that of the English. At Washington, however, we would be swamped, and our influence would be nil."

La Verite does not consider that by the change in civil and criminal law; the method of choosing the judges and of the elective system, the French-Canadians would be any worse or any better off than under the present regime. It claims that annexation would be of great benefit to agriculture and the development of our national resources, but it would also mean the closing of all our workshops and factories.

INTER-CATHOLIC CLUB DEBATING UNION FINAL DEBATE.

The contestants in the final debate of the above series were D. J. Sweeney and P. J. Sheehan, representing the Catholic Students' Union and J. T. Loftus and M. J. Quinn, representing St. Mary's Catholic Literary and Athletic Association. Mr. John G. O'Donoghue, LL. B., acted as chairman, in his usual genial manner, the judges being Rev. Dr. Teely, J. J. Foy, K. C., M. P. P., and Frank A. Anglin, Esq., M. P. P.

The subject on this occasion was: "Resolved, That the Canadian Senate Should be Abolished," and the eloquent and able manner in which it was handled reflects great credit on those taking part. Messrs. Sweeney and Sheehan, for the affirmative, took the ground that reforming or changing the Senate must be considered as abolishing it as it exists to-day; that it was a partisan body not responsible to the people; and that if money spent in maintaining the Senate were applied to the endowment of colleges it would be of greater benefit to the country. Messrs. Loftus and Quinn, for the negative, maintained that the Senate was a safeguard in checking ill-considered and hasty legislation; that its abolition might lead to the establishment of a Divorce Court, and contended that the Senate might be reformed without being abolished.

The decision of the judges was announced by Dr. Teely in favor of the affirmative, after which speeches were made by Mr. J. J. Foy and Mr. Frank Anglin. Songs were contributed by Messrs. R. Fulton and W. Collins.

The Inter-Catholic Club Debating Union is to be congratulated on the manner in which they have conducted this, its first season's debates, and it is to be hoped that next season they will be even more successful in continuing the work so well inaugurated this year.

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