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VOL. XI. No. 39

TORONTO, THURSDAY, OCTOBER 1, 1903

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Monseigneur Pascal's Experiences

(Northwest Review.)

On Tuesday of last week His Lordship Bishop Pascal, O.M.I., kindly consented to relate his missionary experiences before the faculty and students of St. Boniface College. The eloquent prelate, who is a charming talker, his descriptions and language were so graphic that he held his hearers spell-bound with occasional bursts of applause or laughter for the better part of two hours. We have attempted to prepare a pretty full report of this memorable lecture, but, as it was spoken in French, much of the flavor of the original must necessarily be lost in its translation.

On His Lordship's arrival in the study-hall of the college, packed to its utmost capacity, Rev. Father Rector said: "My Lord, we are delighted to welcome you here to-day. The Fathers of your Order developed the great missionary work begun by Father, afterwards Bishop, Provencher. It was a member of your order, the illustrious Archbishop Tache, who introduced us into this college. Another member of your order, our beloved Archbishop, made over to us this fine property. I therefore feel that in presenting to Your Lordship our students we are justified in calling them yours. They, too, are overjoyed to see you among them, for they have heard of your great missionary labors in the vast territories which are the theatre of your burning zeal, where you teach true doctrine and true civilization. The fact that many of our students will in the future, as they have done in the past, consecrate themselves to the ministry of souls gives them an additional reason for rejoicing at the presence here to-day of one of the representatives of authority in the Church. I would ask you, my Lord, to give us your episcopal blessing before addressing us, so that we may all derive greater profit from your words, that both masters and pupils may be better disposed to labor according to the intentions of Our Lord."

The Right Rev. Bishop then blessed the kneeling throng, and after thanking Father Rector for his kind words, said: "When I first visited St. Boniface College in 1874, almost 30 years ago, there was only a small wooden building with a handful of pupils under Father Laviolette, O. M. I. I was destined to the far northern mission of Fort Good Hope, almost on the Arctic circle, and I here found one or two sons of Mr. Gaudet, the chief factor at that distant Hudson Bay post, whose acquaintance I was soon to make and whose friendship I value highly. Seeing now so great a change in the building and the number of pupils, I understand that Monseigneur Tache was yielding to an inspiration from God when he appealed to the members of the Society of Jesus, who are pillars of the Church, who succeed so admirably in their colleges and missions everywhere. They are the pride of the Church, which calls them especially to this educational work. Our expectations of abundant fruit from their coming have been fully realized in what we see to-day."

"In the early days of our Indian missions the missionaries were few and far between; now they are numerous and meet together easily. Thirty years ago St. Boniface was the westerly outpost of Catholic civilization, and even now one cannot find west of this so well equipped a college. I feel sure that this great institution will send forth from its walls good laymen and priests. I thank Father Rector for his kind reference to me. I am one of the latest comers in the mission fields. My forerunners are gone to their reward; the great Archbishop Tache, the able Bishop Faraud, who died in my arms in St. Boniface thirteen years ago, and we have just lost the one who

received me into the Oblate Order, Bishop Clut. The explains why I spoke of him last Sunday in the cathedral. I cherish a great veneration for him. In 1870 he came to France, looking for recruits in the seminaries. I remember his saying to us, for I was then a seminarian: 'You are so numerous, and we are so few, barely a dozen missionaries to evangelize thousands of Indians, who are asking for one thing only, to be taught how to pray. How can you remain comfortably at home, while so many are calling for the spiritual help you can give them?' Our Lord and His apostles travelled from place to place, eating what they could get, a honeycomb or a little fish. So the true missionary, like St. Francis Xavier, roughs it in all quarters of the globe." I remember how these words of the saintly Bishop determined my vocation.

"In those days most of our missionaries made for the far north, where they still labor, the Jesuits in Alaska, the Oblates along the Mackenzie River. The reason was that the Indians of the plains in Manitoba and the southern territories were to comfortably off with their buffalo hunting to listen to the hard lessons of the Gospel. So the missionaries, after unavailing efforts to convert the Indians of the plain,

SHOOK THE DUST

from their feet and struck out northward. In 1847 young Father Tache appeared among the rocks of Lake Athabaska. When the slender little priest first arrived there, it was quite an event. Indians flocked thither from all points of the compass to see him. They had heard from other Indians that he was one of those black robes who go about doing good. They were anxious to see this extraordinary man. He found them a prey to all kinds of moral disorder, especially polygamy. He left them true and fervent converts.

"To come to my own experiences I will follow the order I generally observe when I lecture on the missions during my occasional visits to France. First, geography; then climate; then mode of life; then fishing, hunting; finally the Indians, their language, what they were formerly. "Some of you have been as far west and north as St. Albert, near Edmonton, but I think none of you have approached the Arctic circle. So it may be as well to give you an idea of the topography of the Northland. First, there are, west of here, the immense prairies. When I tell people in Europe that it takes two days and nights of constant traveling by a first-class train to cross those prairies, they think we are drawing the long bow. When I crossed those interminable plains in 1874, we started with a faithful and skillful guide named Michel Proulx. With our six oxen it was a journey not of days, nor of weeks, but of months. The hardest part of the journey was the crossing of so many rivers, some quite large. We did so in roughly improvised rafts, roped across the stream. Some of us were afraid of the rushing waters and had to be carried to the water-washed rafts. At long last we reached the

HEIGHT OF LAND

near Lac La Biche and Portage de la Loche, some two hundred miles north of Edmonton. Here the streams flow from the watershed in two opposite directions, some towards the North Pole, others flow southwards. Then we come upon hills, then high mountains, which the clouds seem to touch. There are frequent and heavy downpours of rain. Northward the land seems to slope downward toward the pole. All the lesser streams that empty into the giant Mackenzie, such as the Liard, the Peace and the Athabaska rivers, which take their rise in the Rocky Mountains, are barred by cascades and falls. So is the Clear Water River flowing from Portage de la Loche, so is another large river east of Athabaska Lake. On the way to Fort Smith there is a rapid 18 miles long. Thence the steamer Wringle takes you to the Arctic ocean. You cannot leave Athabaska in any direction without meeting rapids. This line of cascades and rapids crossing all rivers in this region, the height of land looks as if nature meant to protect the Northland from inconsiderate invasion.

"When you have left behind you the vast treeless region of prairie grass you come upon a beautiful country half forest, half prairie grass. This is the great valley of the Saskatchewan. The soil is very fertile. This year we should have had a harvest more abundant than your in Manitoba, had there been more heat and less rain during the past summer. Quite lately I walked through fields where the wheat was as high as my chin. At Prince Albert ten days ago the harvest was fairly ripe.

"North of that fertile valley the scene changes very much; steep mountains, innumerable lakes, of them very large, such as Athabaska, 200 miles long, Great Slave Lake 300, Great Bear Lake larger still. There being as much water as land, we always

TRAVEL BY WATER.

"Outside of the immediate neighborhood of lakes and waterways the vegetation is not luxuriant, but good large trees extend farther inland, the balsam fir being particularly large. There is a river near Athabaska Lake which is lined on each side with fine forest trees, enough to build 500 houses without making an appreciable breach in the forest. Beyond these woods the land is good only for fur-bearing animals, it is a country of



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A WINTER CAMP.

"The short day is drawing to a close, the dogs are evidently tired. We are looking for a good place to camp, not on the ice, but on terra firma. The dogs, quick to notice that you are going to camp, put on a spurt of strength and rush the sledge up the river bank. As soon as we have fixed upon a good location, we hunt up fir boughs for bedding and wood for the fire. Then we shovel the snow off the frozen ground with our snowshoes handled as shovels, we clear off stones and bits of wood, and then make our beds of pine boughs laid flat one upon the other to the depth of a foot. Before placing the dry wood for the fire we note the direction of the wind, so that the smoke will not blow in our faces.

"One great advantage in these pathless woods is that everything is common property, the wood you choose for your fire is yours, what you leave is for others. By this time the fire is burning brightly. We unharness the dogs, they run and leap about, burying their snouts in the snow and eating it for very joy. The dogs must be fed first. Each one of us campers takes a frozen fish from the provision bags, turns it over twice over the fire, shouts 'Caeser! Pompey! Brunel! Ball!' and flings it to the dogs, who make wild leaps for the scorched fish. Their meal is quickly devoured, and as soon as it is over they walk round and round in one spot, curl themselves up, snout on tail and toes, and sleep all night. If the cold becomes too great they snuggle up to us and try to lie on our feet. Meanwhile we are taking our meal of pemmican and strong tea, drying our feet and melting our frozen beards before the fire.

DISCARD SOCKS

and use instead what are called in French 'nippes' (pronounced 'neaps'). We wrap our bare feet in several squares of thick 'duck,' each about the size of a handkerchief and then pull on our moccasins, the throngs of which lace up and hold the nippes firmly together. This makes an ideal footgear, much warmer than any put on after that. After that we strap our legs in 'mittases,' a kind of strong leggings, to keep out the melting snow. Not infrequently the thermometer drops to 50 degrees below zero. When the wind blows at that temperature it is not precisely pleasant. Our first stop is made at noon for a drink of warm tea. When the thermometer is very low it is difficult to make the fire burn properly, the smoke will not

(Continued on page 8.)

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The Passing Away of Edward Phelan

Peterborough, Sept. 24.—Edward Phelan, whose death was briefly reported in Monday's issue of The Examiner, had for many years been a prominent feature in the citizenship of Peterborough, town and county.

He was born in King's County, Ireland, about the year 1829 and came to Canada with his father's family when only three months old—nearly seventy-five years ago. On his arrival in Canada Mr. Phelan's father settled in the Township of Dummer, from which after several years he removed to Douro, near Young's Point where he remained till his death about 1850. Edward Phelan set out to face the world on his own account at the early age of thirteen years, and the success he made of life, from the human point of view, is a proof of his native force of character. He was for many years associated with the lumbering business. It is stated that he piloted the first timber that came down the back waters to Peterborough, receiving for his services \$16 per day. About the year 1854, Mr. Phelan began conducting the Phelan House Hotel, which has been so long and widely and so creditably associated with his name, as a model of its class—always admirably conducted and noted for its strict observance both of the law of hospitality and the law of the land. Here it may be mentioned that the late Mr. Phelan was, what it is rare to find among the generality of men in active life half a century ago—not to speak of hotel keepers—a life-long total abstainer from intoxicants. With his thrifty, industrious habits and with a hotel conducted in so excellent and law-abiding a manner, it was no surprise that Mr. Phelan prospered in business and amassed considerable means. He conducted the hotel continuously till 1882, and, after a brief retirement, for some time subsequently. He retired finally a few years ago and took private residence at the corner of Stewart and Simcoe streets, where he suffered the loss of his wife, Mrs. Phelan, who had been his constant companion, his faithful help-mate, and acknowledged right-hand of his worldly success, dying in June, 1892. This sad event was a sad blow to Mr. Phelan, from which he never rallied, for from the time of Mrs. Phelan's death, June 10th, 1902, his joviality of spirit departed, and his health visibly declined. He has been in more or less unsatisfactory health for a year past, but six weeks ago he suffered an attack of bronchial asthma, complicated with an affection of the heart. About ten days ago his condition seemed in some way improved, and though the dangerous character of his illness could not be ignored, hope was entertained of some further prolongation of life, but yesterday a sudden change supervened, and death took place somewhat unexpectedly, for the faithful help-mate of his three sons present was Rev. Father C. J. Phelan, of Young's Point, who at that sad moment was at the bedside in the double capacity of ghostly father and dutiful son.

In July, 1853, Mr. Phelan was united in marriage to Miss Mary Sullivan, daughter of the late John Sullivan. To this marriage were born seven sons, only three of whom are living. Harry Phelan, of Peterborough, Rev. Father C. J. Phelan, of Young's Point, and Walter Phelan, of the License Branch of the Provincial Secretary's Department. Mr. and Mrs. Phelan could have celebrated their golden wedding anniversary last July, had Mrs. Phelan lived till that time.

Mr. Phelan won a high degree of respect in the community, of which he was a member for three score and ten years. Though he never took much interest in municipal matters, he was for many years actively associated with Dominion politics, in the Conservative interests. In religion the late Mr. Phelan was a Catholic, earnestly devoted to the interests of Mother Church, as especially represented by St. Peter's Cathedral—a member of its congregation, upon whom, so far as a layman's services were concerned, the clergy could always confidently depend.

One of the late Mr. Phelan's practices, which may almost be said to have become a habit, was his constant presence at funerals, where he was always to be seen, occupying a place at the close of the procession, independently of the age, sex, creed or social position of the deceased. From his long association with the public, there were few men in town or country more widely known or more highly respected.

THE FUNERAL.

The funeral of the late Edward Phelan took place Wednesday at 10 o'clock from St. Peter's Cathedral, where the remains had been taken from his late residence, corner of Stewart and Simcoe streets. As an evidence of the general esteem in which Mr. Phelan was held a very large number of citizens were in attendance at the Cathedral, and the procession was the largest seen in a long time. Solemn Requiem Mass was sung at the Cathedral, the celebrant being Rev. Father Phelan, of Young's Point, son of the deceased.

Toronto, Sept. 28. JUSTICE.

A Lume Explanation

The following letter, which appears in The Toronto World of Tuesday, needs no further comment than is contained in our editorial article to-day.

Editor World—I notice by this evening's News that Principal Manley offers an explanation of the order given one day last week to the Roman Catholic pupils in the Jarvis Street Collegiate to stand out of their classes and be counted. This is the explanation:

"Principal Manley stated in an interview this morning that the step indicated in the above paragraph was simply taken in pursuance of the custom prevailing in Collegiate Institutions of obtaining information every year as to the number of Roman Catholic students in attendance. The principal says that in taking that course he was not prompted by any outside suggestion from either man or newspaper, but was simply acting on the information of the board."

I am a ratepayer of this city and feel a deep interest in the efficiency of the High Schools, I know that when a pupil enters the Collegiate Institute the rule is to include his or her religious denomination in the record. If Principal Manley "for the information of the board" obliges the Roman Catholic pupils occasionally to stand out in an isolated and conspicuous manner in the presence of the school, I think he is doing something calculated to ostracize the Roman Catholics from the institution over which he presides, and in which they should have equal rights with Protestants. But I opine that the treatment to which these pupils were subjected last week was not intended for the information of the board, because I mentioned it in conversation with members of the board, and they instantly expressed both amazement and indignation. Furthermore the result of the count was published in The News editorial of the day upon which it was made. It is a most unfortunate incident to my thinking.

Canada and the Coronation Oath

Lord Bray Sees the Archbishops of the Dominion Who Will Pledge Parliament Again.

Lord Bray, an English Catholic nobleman, is at present in Toronto. In part his mission to Canada is to interview the hierarchy of the Catholic Church in regard to an alteration being made in the King's coronation oath. He is one of the chief persons in the movement to have the clause directed against Catholics struck out. In connection with this project, he has seen Sir Wilfrid Laurier and six of the Archbishops of the Catholic Church, including the Archbishop of Toronto, and all have expressed themselves in sympathy with the matter. "They have stated," said Lord Bray "that they will join in a petition to the Imperial Parliament to have the clause omitted. The Dominion Parliament is slow to move in the matter. It is only by continuing to petition that we will attain our aim."

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Keep the Children Off the Streets

Editor Catholic Register:

A good deal of attention is being given at present to the question of keeping our young children off the streets after nightfall. Undoubtedly it is a very great evil that so many young children apparently find more pleasure on the street in the evening than they do in their homes, but the suggested remedy of the curfew law will not be of benefit. It would be necessary to employ about as many more policemen as the city now has in order to properly enforce the law, and while they were escorting home the children whose crime it is to desire exercise for voice and limb, some adults and property would be unprotected. Let us rather ask the policemen to comply with the spirit of the curfew law and warn young children who are found on the street late at night without good reason for being there. This they do to a certain extent now, but let it be a settled policy that it is part of their duty, and we may expect a little improvement. To insist upon trying to enforce the curfew law with all the means of evasion that exist would only make of it a laughing stock, and would strengthen the belief which unfortunately exists among many of our children that policemen are their natural enemies. While walking on one of our downtown streets the other evening the problem of the children and the street was well illustrated. A number of young boys were playing in the shadow of a house on the street corner. A policeman walked up the other side of the street and one of the boys called "please can we play on the grass?" The guardian of the peace good-naturedly gave consent and they went to play on the boulevard. In the same house-shadow was a hulking vagrant fellow whom the policeman roughly ordered to "move on." So long as the boys were playing no harm could come to them, but after trying to play they would gather in the dark corners, and the hulking vagrant fellow would tell of his experiences and teach them, as is the manner of those people, all the evil he knew. The problem of what to do with the boy receives a good deal of attention and yet Ontario's vital statistics suggest that we have not enough of him.

W. O'C.

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