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THURSDAY, NOV. 28, 1901.

### CATHOLICISM AND THE RO- MANCERS.

It is a remarkable fact that an increasing number of the modern novelists are breaking new ground within the jurisdiction of the Catholic religion. This week several new novels come to us for review, adding further proof of this literary departure, which is not, taking it all and all, a subject for congratulation. Maurice Hewlett, whose "Richard Yen-and-Nay" made a sensation for vivid word coloring in the polychromatic style, is even more decidedly startling in his "New Canterbury Tales." (The Copp Clark Co.) What with Latin quotations from the Mass and the ancient hymns of the Church, he in a manner seems to augment the strange strength of his vocabulary, already bordering too closely upon blasphemy. No one can read this author without admitting his unusual powers of narrative and his genius as an impressionist in fierce and various hues. Few of us after reading him may say that we know the English language as he re-Saxonizes it. But when the Latin of the Church is worked without any apparent plan into the Saxon of the texture, the pattern becomes extraordinarily complex. What, for instance, is an ordinary Protestant likely to make out of a sentence like this: "The fact was as plain as 'In principio erat verbum!'"

But it is not to our purpose to criticize Mr. Hewlett's literary gifts. Some of the present stories must be positively repulsive to the Catholic reader. Broadly speaking his philosophy is nature as against civilization. This attitude casts upon him the necessity of proving human passions and wild romantic youth, the only things in life worth living for. It is an audacious act that he brings to his task. In the telling of stories that as often as not profess to describe heroic virtues and miraculous innocence he is constantly involved in paradoxes. If the art of the writer were not so masterful, he might be designated a caricaturist. But in his case the word would have an inapt meaning. He is not a mere scroffer, when writing the lives of saints who are but grotesque monstrosities of saintliness. St. Gervase converts the whole of Jewry by singing hymns in Latin, not one word of which he understands. Another hermit, St. Vigilias, is all his life teasing himself, not being teased, with evil thoughts. Innocence is always described in sensuous lascivious phrases. A few years ago when young women read the love stories of the "Duchess," their mothers often feared they were wasting their time in dangerous amusement. But the "Duchess" was a devotional writer compared with the novelists of the present hour. Yet these are the volumes the young supply themselves with from the book-stalls and the public libraries. They are the books about which the most laudatory criticisms appear in the press. It requires Catholic parents to have an intelligent knowledge of their religion if they would fully apprehend the danger to faith and morals abounding in such fiction. It behooves them to have some knowledge, too, of the current fiction to guard their homes against the irruption of such reading.

"The Right of Way," by Gilbert Parker (The Copp Clark Co., Ltd., Toronto), treats the Catholic religion after a different fashion. In this author there is no disposition to appear disrespectful towards or unappreciative of religion. But the story takes its course in that direction. Any Catholic will feel that there is, at the least, a complete absence of the true Catholic atmosphere. This, of course, from the point of view of the ardent romance reader, may not be a defect;

and we should not have mentioned it but that the average non-Catholic reader is unconsciously ready to accept revelations in regard to religion. Here it is the religion of the French-Canadian people which in the cause of unutterable tribulation to the hero. That and strong drink Mr. Parker's hero is a Montreal lawyer of surpassing genius in criminal defence roles. He is a descendant of the U. E. L.'s, and by reason of his good looks and foppish manner is known as "Beauty Steele." What with his legal genius, his beauty and his thirst, he is altogether a most remarkable person, besides being an agnostic. The highest honors are coming his way; but had he been Mayor of Ottawa his thirst alone would have ruined all. It is too long to tell how he deliberately puts himself in the way of being done to death by river drivers, and after the lapse of some weeks comes to his senses in the village of Chaudiere, near Quebec. His young wife is in this short interval married again and his name is held in disgrace throughout Canada. He meets the French-Canadian heroine, Rosalie Evanturel, the maiden postmistress of the village, who becomes infatuated by the romance and mystery surrounding the stranger. She in her own way is a strange product of Catholic Quebec: "Most books were romance to her, for most were of a life to which she had not been educated. Even one or two purely Protestant books of missionary enterprise, found in a box in her dead mother's room, had had all the charms of poetry and adventure. It was all new, therefore all delightful, even when the Protestant sentiments shocked her as being not merely untrue but hurting that aesthetic sense never remote from the mind of the devout Catholic."

More natural pictures are drawn of the Cure whose innocence is like that of a child, and the Seigneur, who is a man of fine honor. But these are only concerned with the fringe of the plot. The triumph, it would seem, of the modern novelist is to draw comparisons between young women who are beautiful and not too mindful of their virtue once they have fallen in "love," so-called, and women who are also beautiful but unsympathetic or pious. The comparison, it need not be added is, invariably and emphatically unfavorable to the latter class. Mr. Parker lavishes all his appreciation on this French-Canadian "devout Catholic," making her behave in very un-Catholic and unmaidenly ways indeed, while his lawful wife, Kathleen Wantage (no relation of Richard Croker's, by the way), is selfish, unemotional and altogether to be pitied. Fiction of this kind, spun with art and abundance of action introduced to excite and hold the imagination is certain to powerfully influence the minds of young people. But its influence is most unhealthy and the lingering effect is far from good. Crime, adventure and sensual passion are too much the burden of the average novel of the day to lend distinction, originality or native interest to a story of French-Canada, that would be as much a story of London or Paris, if other geographical names had been chosen.

In this story the Cure is deceived at the deathbed of the hero, who dies with a foppish phrase of his agnostic life upon his lips, which the priest imagines to be a wish to enter the Church. What an idea for a Catholic reader!

Her Father's Daughter, by Katharine Tynan Hinkson (New York: Benziger), is a readable tale of genteel Galway folk, who in pride of blood and family affection defy poverty, but come out all right in the end. Three sets of lovers are made happy. All the sentiment in the book is refined and true. An Irish priest of the old school is pleasingly sketched, and familiar glimpses of Irish scenery in town and country are such as will be relished by the sympathetic reader.

### MR. F. D. MONK'S SPEECH.

Mr. F. D. Monk, the Quebec leader of the Conservative party, made an appeal to Canadians last week to stand by the freedom they possess in their representative institutions, and beware of the national peril that lurks in the Imperialism of the hour, whether it be military or parliamentary. We believe there

are few thinking men in either party who will not respond to Mr. Monk's words. Let all parts be cut out of them, and they will find hearty endorsement by the great majority of Canadians. It is all the more remarkable that the warning comes with such emphasis from Mr. Monk, than whom none of the Navy League and Imperial Federation orators gathered at Ottawa in the early part of the year under the banner of Col. Geo. T. Denison was more vigorously insistent upon the imagined necessity for active Imperialism. A few months ago Mr. Monk would have hailed the enlistment for Imperial and warlike purposes of Canada's toilers of the sea. He has experienced a radical conversion from that state of mind, and is to be congratulated upon the fact. His Montreal speech, in so far as it rang forth condemnation of the movement so lately approved and applauded, must be hailed with due appreciation. Mr. Monk is easily the ablest man on the Conservative side of the House at Ottawa. He is a lawyer of distinction, a man of the highest reputation and one of independent position. Few men of either party are heard with greater respect. Mr. Monk of course being an English Catholic leading the French-Canadian wing is politically handicapped in his own province in a quite unique way. But admitting this, it would be more like his character to put up with his own personal difficulties than seek to get rid of them by making petty appeals to the appetite of his followers for patronage. In the same speech Mr. Monk told the French-Canadians that they were not receiving their share of emoluments from the French-Canadian Premier. That may be so or not; but it is a paltry thing at all times to stir up contention among Catholics, English-speaking against French. Too much of that sort of irritation already emanates from Ontario, and we are sorry to see Mr. Monk take a hand in it at the other end of the line upon no better provocation than that an Irish Catholic from his own city got a temporary position at the rate of \$1,000 a year in the Census Bureau. It is only by standing together for mutual action that Catholics, French and English-speaking can expect to become powerful for the advancement of the interests of this country, of which we are all citizens.

### THE SURPRISE OF HITTING BACK.

A rebuke administered by this paper to the writer of Saturday Night's theatrical notices has produced an explosion of bad language that most naturally comes from the same source of gratuitous girding at Catholics. The offender is evidently young and knows no better. His rage betrays him on the first point, and on the other his vocabulary is shockingly condemnatory. But puppies will bark if their masters permit it; and for our part we pity both the readers of Saturday Night and the boy who attempts to explain himself in ejaculations of corner-boy vituperation. In this incoherent condition he interchanges the terms "sectarian" and "Catholic," and again asserts, "In what I wrote, no reasonable or cultured Catholic could find ground for offence." How should he know, when in endeavoring to show himself in a better light, he only reveals — to put it in the mildest and most considerate light — a blank ignorance of what "reasonable and cultured" Catholics ought to expect? But we have neither the time nor the disposition for cumbering our space by an altercation with a nonentity. We cannot, however, let the subject drop without a word addressed directly to the Catholic patrons of papers — of which there are a few in Toronto — that indulge in on-and-off flings of prejudice. Let it not be forgotten that those papers would as readily gibe at Mr. So-and-So, the "sectarian merchant," only that they find themselves compelled to call next day for his advertising patronage. The point we desire to make is one that was wittily put a few weeks ago by The New Zealand Tablet. Catholics should not allow themselves to be made punching bags of, even by newspaper writers who appear too mean and ignorant for notice. Our New Zealand contemporary tells a story to point the obvious moral. A parent once discovered his son raging and weep-

ing on the doorstep. "What is the matter?" inquired the former. "The boy next door hit me back," wailed the weehin. "Well, he cannot have given you all you deserved," said the sensible parent. "Come upstairs and I will make good his shortage." The scribblers who make so great an outcry whenever they are hit back by a Catholic paper, unquestionably deserve it every time. And Toronto is getting to be too big and intelligent a place for the people of any class or denomination to have the least sympathy with the offenders. This we feel sure is the opinion of the Saturday Night readers.

### THE IRISH ENVOYS IN CAN- ADA.

Owing to the unexpectedly early meeting of the Imperial Parliament and to the pressure of engagements previously made in the United States, Mr. John F. Redmond, M. P., chairman of the Irish Parliamentary party, and his colleagues have found themselves unable to speak at more than two Canadian points, Montreal and Ottawa were well chosen, since those cities are respectively the centres of commercial and legislative importance. In both places the receptions accorded to the representatives of the Irish nation were worthy in the highest degree of the historic sympathy of Canada with the cause of Home Rule. The Ottawa demonstration was especially noteworthy in respect to the meeting there between Mr. Redmond and Sir Wilfrid Laurier, giving renewed proof to the people of the whole empire that the Irish constitutional agitation to-day aims, as it always has aimed, at the surest improvement possible in the affairs of Great Britain. The leading statesman of Greater Britain, is still the confident advocate of local autonomy for Ireland, to remove the sorest cause of friction between British parties at home and dry up the principal source of ill-feeling against England in the United States. Of course we do Sir Wilfrid Laurier the justice of saying also that he advocates Home Rule as an issue singly beneficial and absolutely necessary to Ireland; but in his position it is impossible that he can overlook the good results that would also accrue to the British policy outside of Ireland. Before coming to Canada, Mr. Redmond and his fellow-delegates were most cordially received by President Roosevelt at Washington, and were invited by the Governor and representatives of the State of Massachusetts to speak on their mission upon the floor of the House of Representatives. Such strong and unflinching sympathy with Ireland and her parliamentary spokesmen has a significance that should impress the intelligent people of Great Britain and hasten the good end which Mr. Redmond told his friends in Montreal and Ottawa is nearer than most of us may imagine, though we all believe it inevitable.

### THE PROHIBITION ISSUE.

The highest court of the Empire has just decided that the Manitoba Prohibition law, passed by Hugh John Macdonald, is valid. This law is the most extreme measure ever placed upon a statute book. It is what the Prohibitionists have always clamored for, viz., prohibition up to the hilt. A discussion has been launched as to whether it will be possible to enforce it in the west, and whether this province will copy it into the Ontario statutes without further delay. The decision is not one for the man in the street in Winnipeg. It is for the Provincial Government. The question has been already voted on. The Government must either attempt to enforce it or appeal to the people for another verdict. We have yet to see the day in Canada when any Government will voluntarily shorten its term of office, so that either honest enforcement, or a fast and loose administration of the law, are the horns of the dilemma which Hugh John Macdonald prepared for his successor in office. The latter manner of trial of such prohibition as confronts Manitoba would be an evil beyond estimation. The people themselves ordered their bed, and they should be made to sleep in it. But not to be strapped down until they become bed-ridden. Let the Government say they will make the period of enforcement two years and pledge ourselves to appeal to the

people at the end of that time. That is the only clear way out of the difficulty in which the Western Province stands. Ontario has had more than enough of less strict prohibition. The people here ought to know before being ordered a stronger dose what the medicine is like, and what its effect upon the social and moral life of the community. The only and the most reasonable way of acquiring that knowledge for Ontario is to let the east see how prohibition up to the hilt works in the west. Ontario may of course at the present moment, without further preliminary than the consent of the Legislature, pass a prohibition act like Hugh John Macdonald's. But no body of legislators would attempt it without first watching the impending test in Manitoba. If the Manitoba Government should avoid its responsibility, some other policy might be open for Ontario. But as matters stand at present there is no other.

### THE GALWAY ELECTION.

The electors of the ancient borough of Galway, Ireland, have elected to the Imperial Parliament a distinguished newspaper correspondent, Col. Lynch, who is said to have fought on the Boer side in South Africa. This action is represented in the cable despatches as the most deliberate insult which Ireland could offer to the British people. But in actual truth it is nothing of the kind. Galway had been represented in Parliament by a popular Galway man, Mr. Morris, who though a Unionist, had many family ties in his favor. To defy the Irish party the Government put up one of its own members, Mr. Plunkett, who though an Irishman had no more claim upon Galway than Mr. Chamberlain, if he contested the seat. It was the most extreme action the Government could have taken and the Irish party met it with a counter extreme stroke. The acceptance of the Government challenge by placing Col. Lynch in the field as the nominee of the Irish party was as bold as it could have been made, and the result, even in the opinion of Mr. Plunkett himself, serves the Government as it deserved. Whether Col. Lynch can or will sit for Galway is another matter.

### OTTAWA COLLEGE FOOTBALL.

The great football game of Saturday between Ottawa College and the Argonauts will live long upon the records of Canadian sports. There is no doubt that the Toronto team went down to Montreal confident of wiping the Ottawa boys off the field; and that the Argonauts should quit rather than see their opponents do more than hold their own in a single day was a bitter disappointment. One Toronto newspaper takes satisfaction out of the situation by calling the Ottawa College team "Jesuits." At all events they are the pluckiest football players in Canada, and if any of them becomes Jesuits in later life they will not be less noble priests because they now can show their opponents in sports how to play good football.

### IT IS A TRUMP CARD.

Canada has given the Imperial Government permission to recruit another contingent of 600 men here. Imperial recruiting has now simmered down into a fixed precedent. The plea of patriotism need never be wanting, as in the present instance. Mr. Chamberlain is not a popular man with serious-minded Englishmen to-day. His reckless speech against the German Army has inflamed the people of the Fatherland; and it is a question of how many mistakes on his part Englishmen will put up with. But when he finds himself in a tight corner, he always plays his Colonial card and says: "Look how well I rule the colonies. In their loyalty to me, they send contingents every time I need them." The present contingent is not needed in Africa. It is needed to help Mr. Chamberlain out of a bad mess, and will probably be successful in appeasing the irritation of the English people against the Colonial Secretary.

### EDITORIAL NOTES.

Denis Mulvihill was elected Mayor of Bridgeport, Conn., on the following policy, which, put forward by an Irish-Catholic workman, is of interest in Toronto and other places:  
I'll serve all the people.  
No politicians about me.  
Public expenses must be reduced.  
No nuns.  
No secret sessions. No committee meetings behind closed doors.  
I know the value of money. I have had to work for it. The taxpayers' money shall be used as if it were mine own.

### Consecration of Bishop Conaty.

Baltimore, Nov. 25.—One beautiful act of filial devotion performed yesterday by Bishop Conaty as he stepped from without the altar rail at the Cathedral to give his first episcopal blessing to the assembled congregation, not only gave an additional interest to the ceremony, but proved the high character of the man, as well as the great humanity of the Catholic religion. Standing on the north side of the central aisle, as the Bishop stepped from the sanctuary, was Mr. Patrick Conaty, of Taunton, Mass., the aged father of the new prelate, accompanied by his three sons, Frank, Joseph and Michael Conaty. As Bishop Conaty came down the steps he recognized his beloved parent and his eyes shone with affection and happiness. He stopped as he came in front of his father, and with a gesture of happiness, extended his right hand, upon which shone the episcopal ring just bestowed upon him. Mr. Conaty, his eyes suffused with tears, stooped and kissed the ring, while the Bishop whispered a benediction upon him.

The incident was observed by many, but few, possibly, knew the identity of the elderly gentleman who was so markedly honored.

The consecration of Dr. Conaty was, as predicted, one of the most impressive ceremonies ever held in the historic Cathedral, which has been made notable by so many events connected with the Catholic Church in the United States.

The scene was impressive as the procession passed up the central aisle.

The leading prelates of the church who were in the procession, which easily included over 500 ecclesiastics and attendants, attracted attention from the great assemblage as they walked along. Prominent was Archbishop Ireland, the scholarly Dr. Corrigan, of New York, a type of the clerical student; Dr. Keane, former rector of the Catholic University; Dr. Ryan, of Philadelphia; the venerable Archbishop Williams, of Boston, the senior hierarch of the American Church in years; the equally venerable Monsignor Elder, of Cincinnati, and the learned and eloquent Dr. Kain, of St. Louis. These distinguished prelates, in conjunction with the eminent Cardinal Archbishop of Baltimore, men who have written considerable of the history of the Catholic Church in the past generation, and who are the virtual directors of the great university whose rector was to be honored, were the observed of all observers.

Three bishops officiated — one as consecrator and the other two as assistant consecrators. This was in accordance with the ancient canons and the general practice of the church. Cardinal Gibbons, who is the chancellor of the Catholic University, was the consecrator and also the celebrant of the Mass. The assistant consecrators were Bishop C. P. Maes of Covington, Ky., secretary of the board of trustees of the university, and Bishop Thomas D. Beaven, of Springfield, Mass., to whose diocese Dr. Conaty was attached for 30 years. The deacons of honor were Monsignor Thomas Griffin, of Worcester, Mass., and Rev. Dr. Thomas Magennis, of Boston, and the deacons of the Mass were Monsignor James Lynch, of Utica, N. Y., as deacon, and Rev. Dr. P. B. Phelan, of Holyoke, Mass., as subdeacon. The deacons were selected by Dr. Conaty from among his old friends in the North and East.

The sermon delivered by Rev. Dr. Thomas J. Shahan, professor of history at the Catholic University, was a masterful oratorical effort. Rev. Dr. Shahan has both clear enunciation and convincing mannerisms, and every line of his sermon bore the evidence of deep thought and logical conclusion.

Several Canadian priests were present, among others Rev. F. Rohleder, Chancellor of the Archdiocese of Toronto.

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