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TORONTO, MAY 31, 1906.

THE MONTH OF THE SACRED HEART.

To-morrow we begin the month of the Sacred Heart. We do not say this as if June were the only month in the year which belongs to the Most Sacred Heart of Jesus. Far from it; every month should be His, and every year of our life. All that we can regret is that the months speed by so fast we find we can do so little for our Lord. Then our resolutions break down, and more time is taken gathering them together again; so that the year closes without us doing anything like what we had intended to do. Our years belong by so many titles to our Divine Master that they terrify us as we look upon their receding shadows. We gave so little of them to Him, and so much of them to selfishness, and pleasure and the world. Fewer years ahead of us and more than ever to do—that is the disheartening part. We would lose courage altogether, if Holy Mother Church did not help us out. So at the beginning of June she calls upon her children to be especially devout to the Sacred Heart during the thirty days of this balmy month. It is a devotion of gratitude—gratitude to the Sacred Heart for the graces bestowed upon us all through the Incarnation. It is a devotion of love—a poor, slight return for all the burning love of that Divine furnace, the Sacred Heart of Jesus, the embodiment of God's infinite charity, the symbol of all the eternal sacrificing love of God for man. It is a devotion of reparation—in atonement for our carelessness, in atonement for the want of faith and love towards that Heart which has loved all mankind so much, in atonement for the blasphemy against His Majesty as the consubstantial Son of God, and in atonement for the irreverence shown our Lord in the Blessed Sacrament of the Altar. We cannot do much. But we can, and should, do a little. To unite our weak, miserable heart to that Sacred Heart, to ask for greater sorrow for sin, to pray for a little sharp suffering, to love fervently and dwell more constantly in the Sacred Heart; these are some of the devotions we can easily practise in honor of the Sacred Heart. How quickly will the thirty days pass. May they draw us nearer to that dear wounded Heart in whose light and love we hope to dwell through all eternity!

THE FRENCH ELECTIONS.

As far as results can have a meaning, the two ballots of the French elections have been as unsatisfactory as ever a popular voice could express itself. In fact the French Government is returned with an increased majority. Now what does this mean? Here is a government which broke the Concordat, separated the State from the Church, thus putting upon the people the support of the Church; this government is upheld in its policy by a vast majority of the voters of the country. To us it is inexplicable, or as difficult of explanation as an earthquake. It may do to say the good people did not vote, or were divided, or were indifferent as to which side held power. Other excuses may be advanced such as threats by the Government, a feeling that it is more polite to be on the side of success, and that clericalism meant death to republican institutions. There were many dead votes polled and frauds of other kinds. Some, if not all, of these, played a part in the late elections. But even so, it aggravates the case. There is in this matter no use of comparing France and French electors with England and English electors. To make any comparison there must be a standard unit. And in the present instance none is available. In France the Government not only controls the ordinary civil service, but it controls the mayors and officers of

all the towns and villages throughout the Republic. In France the ballot is not secret, but traceable, so that voters may easily be brought to task. Then the Bloc or anti-clerical party, now in power, have thoroughly hammered it into the heads of the working men that to put them out of power is to haul down the tri-color and hoist a royalist standard. But politicians could not succeed if they were not supported. Their support is a bad press—cheap, cleverly written, unprincipled, filled with insinuations and suspicions of the worst kind. All this does not explain a nation voting away its Church. In England we have a government with an overwhelming majority voting a bill of education—and immediately the whole country is aroused. A battle-cry goes forth which rallies Catholics and Anglicans together. The Catholic spirit is dead in France—that land of chivalry, faith and missionary zeal. The Church cannot live on the past. Its spirit is in the immortal present. The glory of France, as of all other countries, is to conquer the present apathy and overcome the present deplorable unaccountable indifference. There is more honor in fulfilling such a duty as voting properly than in a thousand of French sons seeking martyrdom. There is more glory to a country in a well-directed interior policy than in extension of territory. Peace at home is greater than victory abroad. And what peace can there be when religion is warred against, and her devotees driven into exile? The question remains unanswered: How has France got into this condition? The Church has lost its hold on the French people. Such a proposition is too general to be absolutely true. The Church has lost its hold upon the voting classes in France. That is nearer the truth. Why so? It dates from the first French revolution when the ordinary classes went out under the guidance of Voltaire and Rousseau principles from the Church; when these people stood on one side, a cynical sneer upon their ignorant life, and the clericals on the other side—then did the parting take place. Since that time no union has brought them together. Evil teaching has prevailed. The union is farther away than ever. In spite of the zeal and prudence and devotion of a noble clergy and a large number of excellent lay people these two forces, the clergy and the anti-clericals, stand apart suspicious of one another and quarrelling when by uniting they would make for the peace and strength of their common country. The blame is not so much to be attached to the clergy. But be the blame where it should, the disunion is a scandal to the whole Church and a ruin to the French nation.

ORIGIN OF LIFE.

Few natural problems are so interesting as the question of life itself. What is life? Whence is it? Is it organic, or may an inorganic sample of a living thing be looked for with the probability of finding it? A new volume treating upon the subject is therefore no novelty, for men turn the scope of investigation towards the unknown and in the direction of what is interesting and useful. The author, John Butler Burke, claims not to have discovered the origin of life; but he points somewhat indefinitely to the dark unknown where, he thinks, the ultimate solution may be found. What is the difference between living matter and dead matter? Is it merely structural? Or given the structure must we admit a new principle—a principle which demands the structure as a condition sine qua non, but which is not a direct effect of the structure, a principle over and above the merely mechanical arrangement of the elements? When an author in a large volume acknowledges he has not solved the question, it can hardly be treated with satisfaction in an ordinary newspaper article. Our answer to the problem is that the principle of life is other than the arrangement or structure. Having briefed this let us proceed with our brief review. Mr. Burke claims that we have arrived at a stage when a method of structural organic synthesis of artificial cells is secured, which is like life, but which he admits is not life. It is the borderline between living matter and dead matter. What will bridge that gap? Is it mere structure? dead matter arranged in a special way? That cannot be admitted; for otherwise all is life—every particle of matter would teem with life. With the mechanical theory of life inert matter becomes an absurdity, an impossibility; all is movement, flux and life. The distinction between living and dead matter is a real continuous difference in the great order of visible creation. Its initial point is somewhere in that hidden corner which the microscope of analysis has not thoroughly searched. Its line of action reaches on to where the brain cells reveal and also conceal the feelings of transmitted sensations. Life is found

in the minute protoplasm; and in the complex structure of man's bodily frame. Everywhere it tells the same story and rings with the same refrain of a higher self than can be found in its mere mechanical habitation. Nowhere is it identical with matter as such. As the master of the house is greater than the house, so is life—the simplest, lowest life—greater than the mechanism of the structure in which it dwells. It coordinates this structure; it modifies it; it gives a purpose to its being which it otherwise would not possess; and it gives this structure an activity which is an index to its essence and which carries this mechanism to the higher order of self-moving beings. In all this there is the supposition that matter exists. If it be claimed that existence is a living force or activity, then all matter lives. But taking life as extending to those things which move themselves, then we have a continuous distinction between living and dead matter.

Mr. Burke claims that the doctrine of spontaneous generation was accepted as a fact during the Middle Ages. Hardly. Nor is the fact that it was maintained by a few of the schoolmen any evidence that it was an accepted theory of the ages of faith. If later physiologists are agreed that there is no well authenticated instance of spontaneous generation, it is not likely that men of earlier years would testify to one, for their judgment tended the other way and their means of observation were not nearly so perfect. Let us not quote Middle Ages, for their whole trend is in the opposite direction. Whence are all development and life? Virchow says that "as the motion of a projectile is not from its own inherent power, nor the force of its impact from its own material properties, nor the course of celestial bodies from their form and organization, neither can the phenomena of life be fully explained by the properties of their component matter." He has proved that every organism proceeds from a central cell which exists only as generated by a pre-existing organism or parent of some kind. "There must have been," says Virchow, "a beginning of life, since geology points to epochs in the formation of the earth when life was impossible, and when no vestige of it is to be found." So long as logic holds sway in the realms of judgment and the rocks have a history at all, so long must life be sought from life. Types may have perished and races may die in turn. There never was the complete silence of death in the ringing grooves of changes. Nor will the earth ever become a universal grave. Mr. Burke maintains himself that spontaneous generation cannot be demonstrated, for the reason that in no experiment can we be sure that all forms of life have been destroyed. Neither synthesis nor analysis will produce life. It is found that all the forms of protoplasm which have been examined contain the four elements, carbon, hydrogen, oxygen and nitrogen in very complex union. When chemically resolved into these four elements is it protoplasm still? Can you by a chemical process reconvert them into protoplasm? No. It will not do to object that all chemical analysis is upon a dead subject and not a living one. The material elements are all there. Why has it ceased to perform its vital functions? Whilst living it resisted chemical action and death. When it yielded to chemical laws it was dead. Chemical analysis will throw no light upon life. Life lies beyond the reach of material analysis. It is a form. And as all motion must seek its principle from a first mover, so must life seek its origin from life—from the First Mover, the Giver of all life, the Creator of the Universe.

Death of Madame Riel

One of the notable characters of the west, as well as one of the landmarks of the past, died on Saturday, 19th inst., in the person of Dame Julie Lagimodiere Riel, mother of Louis Riel. Madame Riel was 86 years old and was born in St. Boniface, her parents being the first white settlers of western Canada. She was married there 64 years ago, and her long life was characterized by unwavering faith in the unhappy son, which even the harshest criticism could not assail. Sorrow over his tragic end in paying the penalty of treason was the only cloud of her declining years. She had ten children, and one of her boasts was that in all her long life she had never been attended by a physician. Three children, two sons and a daughter, survive.

Redemptorists Win Thirty Five Converts

As a result of a mission lately given at the Church of the Immaculate Conception, Atlanta, Ga., by Fathers Klauer and Scholly, of the Redemptorist Mission House at Saratoga Springs, N.Y., thirty-five converts are now receiving instructions preparatory to their baptism.

Cardinal Callegari and the Poor

Cardinal Callegari, Bishop of Padua, who died on April 13, left before his death very full instructions. He wished the physician to be especially thanked for assiduous and affectionate care; he gave detailed instructions as to his burial and obsequies. His will was short. In it he ordered his body to be embalmed, and his funeral to take place with the rites observed in the case of poor people. He mourned that he had nothing to leave to the poor, but said he had done all that he could in life. He left some trifling souvenirs to the seminary and a bequest to the Society of St. Vincent de Paul. His remains were laid at rest with those of his mother and aunt in the chapel of the Arcella, where St. Anthony of Padua died.

Joseph Callegari was born at Venice on Nov. 4, 1841, in the parish of Santa Maria del Giglio, as was Blessed Gregorio Barbadigo, whom he was to succeed as Bishop of Padua. After studies in a private college, the young Callegari entered the diocesan seminary at barely nine years of age. He was a model student, and in 1857 donned the clerical attire. At twenty-one he had completed his studies, so half a year later, in 1864, he received the priesthood from the Patriarch Ramazzotti. He taught in the seminary until in 1880 he was appointed Bishop of Treviso. Taking possession of his see in May, 1881, he had the glory of enjoying the services of the present head of the Church as his diocesan chancellor. Many monuments of Monsignor Callegari's zeal remains at Treviso, but more at Padua, to which he was translated as Bishop after a few years. Not the least of this is the memory of his heroism as Bishop in the cholera of 1885. For his conduct he received the silver medal of well-deserving toward the public, and knighthood of the Order of Orange and Nassau. He never left Padua, but in the early winter of 1903, his old friend and admirer being Pope, he received the honor of which he was so worthy, becoming Cardinal-Priest of Santa-Maria in Cosmedin. Already he had possessed the dignity of Domestic Prelate, Assistant at the Pontifical Throne and Roman Count. From the time of his elevation to Cardinalate he figured very much, as, for example, when he pontificated at the centenary commemoration in Treviso of its old-time Pope, the Blessed Benedict XI. He was of a charming character, gentle, kindly, learned, and loved at Padua by all, without distinction of political color.

Ireland's Oldest Man Dead

George Fletcher, the oldest man in Ireland, died at Pomeroy, County Tyrone, on April 21, aged 118 years. The descendant of a race of Scottish Calvinists, Mr. Fletcher was born and reared a Catholic—his mother was a Donnelly—and he remained a fervent and sincere Catholic throughout his long life. He was a man of regular, almost abstemious habits. In his young days he was fond of sport. Singing and dancing were accomplishments of which he boasted, and he was the best shot in his native glen—an accomplishment that would not have endeared him to the "authorities" 100 years ago in Munster or Westmeath. In those far-off days—when Henry Grattan was still comparatively young, when the events of 'Ninety-Eight were but things of yesterday, and long ere Napoleon had reached the zenith of his marvellous career of conquest at Austerlitz—the young George Fletcher of Pomeroy could jump 20 feet with the greatest ease. Year after year the old man lived on among his own people. Children and grand-children and great-grand-children grew up around him, and generation after generation passed away before his eyes. He was a citizen of a free Ireland; he was a contemporary to some extent, of Lord Edward Fitzgerald and Wolfe Tone, Robert Emmet and Daniel O'Connell, John Keogh and Richard Lalor Shiel, and all the men whose names had passed into history before our fathers left school. And the end came, calmly, peacefully and happily among his kith and kin.

The Imperial Bank of Canada

The shareholders of the Imperial Bank of Canada held their thirty-first annual meeting yesterday, the president and general manager, Mr. D. R. Wilkie, in the chair. There was quite a large attendance of shareholders. The report submitted by the board of directors showed that the net profits for the year ending April 30, 1906, amounted to \$535,786.20. Out of this amount dividends at the rate of 10 per cent. per annum, amounting to \$335,406.23, were paid. The premium received on new capital stock amounted to \$927,741.50, which amount was transferred in total to rest account. The board of directors has been increased from eight to eleven, and Mr. Wm. White of the C.P.R., Winnipeg; the Hon. Richard Turner, Quebec; and Mr. Cawthra Mulock of Toronto, have been added to the board. The bank have adopted the payment of quarterly dividends, instead of semi-annually. The report is an excellent one, and shows that great care and economy has been exercised by the officials of the bank during the year.

Mrs. Mary McKittrick

An Irish woman living near Uniontown, Pa., celebrated her 108th birthday on last St. Patrick's Day. Her friends gave her a party and to prove her spryness the old woman danced on that occasion. She has ten children, two of whom live in this country.

What Rome Owes to Erin

(The Catholic Standard and Times.)

Rome, May 2.—In the Kirby Memorial Hall, Irish College, on last Thursday, His Grace Dr. Ireland, Archbishop of St. Paul, delivered a lecture on Rome's debt to Erin to the Hibernian colony in Rome and the students of the American College. Right Rev. Dr. McGolrick, Bishop of Duluth, occupied the chair. Our account of the Archbishop's lecture, though not quite verbatim, practically covers all His Grace said: "I feel delighted," said Dr. Ireland on rising, "to speak within the historic walls of the college founded by Luke Wadding. I look back to the days when to be a student of the Irish College was to be a candidate for martyrdom; to the days when young men left Ireland by stealth and came here to Rome for a clerical education, and returned home ordained to work until called to the martyr's crown. "I see before me students of another college which has not the same historic associations as those surrounding the Irish institution. Yet its students are animated by the same spirit of self-abnegation and martyrdom which has characterized those from Ireland. "The Irish College has many glories, many of which are due to Rome. In the name of Ireland I pay a tribute to Rome for the hospitality shown to Irish refugees. She has always been a kind friend to the persecuted stranger. But while we do this we must evolve what Ireland has done for Rome—for if there is Erin's debt to Rome, there is also Rome's debt to Erin. "What is Rome? She is not a city built upon the bank of the Tiber, nor the capital of Latium. She is the Holy Catholic Church spread through nations. Rome formerly ruled by her legions and pro-consuls; now she rules by Christ's teaching. "There are some lands which, though of small size, have taken a great part in the Christianizing of the world, but there is one land above all which may well claim to be first in spreading the Gospel. It is a little island, so small in comparison with its name and the achievements of its sons, that it is difficult for one unacquainted with it to form an idea of its littleness. And yet what work Ireland has done for Christ's empire! Take away the result of labors wrought by Irishmen and you leave a void—an immense vacuum—in the Catholic Church. "The people of Erin were endowed by Providence with a spirit of poetry, of enthusiasm and a desire to see the world. Patrick came and, finding their souls well-prepared ground for his teaching, implanted the faith so deeply in them that to root it out now from the Irish character you must tear up every fibre of its nature. Impelled by their enthusiastic natures, regiments of priests and monks left Erin, wandering over England, Scotland and the Continent; and the result is that almost every country of Europe has an Irishman as a patron saint. Ireland herself was one vast network of churches, schools and monasteries, to which scholars eagerly flocked from all parts. And when they could not come to her, she went to them, as the libraries of the European cities attest by their treasures of old Irish manuscripts. "Thus it was not until the sixteenth century, when the Catholic Church grew weak in several countries, that Erin's work really began. If she had then lost the faith, oh! how much should now be wanting to Rome's empire! But Ireland kept the old faith. She remained faithful by a miracle, due to the simple providence of God, as we must admit after examining the terrible trials and persecutions she had to overcome. And then the dispersion of the nation commenced. It began by the disbanding of the Irish regiments over Europe, America, Australia. They brought with them strong, living faith, which they propagated and made respected. "Yet Rome's debt to Erin was destined to increase tenfold when Irish emigration really commenced. The history of Irish emigrants flying from their foes is terrible. Harassed by woes and perils, poor in worldly goods, but rich in the sign of the cross, they never faltered. And wherever they went, either in America, Australia, Tasmania, New Zealand, they built churches and called for priests. "At the Vatican Council," pursued the Archbishop, "I heard Cardinal Manning say: 'All the fathers of this council are children of St. Peter. But leaving out St. Peter, there is no other saint in heaven who can claim so many children as can St. Patrick.' "His Grace, after referring to the part taken by the Irish race in building up the Catholic Church in Australia, New Zealand and the Indies, went on to speak of the Church and the Hibernian element in America. He did not claim the Irish had done everything for Catholicity in America. That country has been aided by the French from Canada, the English Catholics of Maryland, sturdy Germans, Bavarians and Slavs, who brought with them their strong faith. All these elements had much, but it must be conceded the emigrants from Ireland took a foremost part. When they came America had few Bishops, few priests; they built churches and convents; they got their priests and aided them unstintingly to build up the kingdom of the Crucified, and to-day the Catholic Directory declares what an immense debt is due to Ireland by Catholic America.

His Grace enlivened his conference by many anecdotes illustrating the universality of Catholic blood and the influence of the Hibernian in various countries. Towards the conclusion Dr. Ireland expressed his opinion

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that juster laws now existing in Ireland will keep the people from emigrating. Still, this should not prevent her priests and nuns from bringing the light of the Gospel to the heathen, and thus fulfill the sacerdotal destiny of Erin, the island of saints and scholars. A vote of thanks, proposed in Irish and seconded in English, brought the proceedings to a close.