

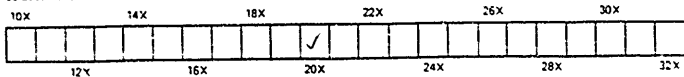
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# The Catholic Register.

"Truth is Catholic; proclaim it ever, and God will effect the rest."—BAPTIST.

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## Lent and Its Challenge.

(Written for THE REGISTER.)

Last week we spoke of Lent as one of the cures of Cant or hypocrisy and meant to be understood somewhat in this sense. As symptoms of disease disappear of their own accord as soon as the system is restored to sound health, so Cant, which is but the sound of hollowness and insincerity in the religious nature, drops out of notice and is heard no more in those who strive to be honest with God and themselves.

Now is there any such thing as honesty in religion possible without watchfulness, care and pains? Is nature so enamoured of virtue, and so little liable to depart from the straight lines of goodness, justice and rectitude, that it may be safely left to its own instinctive guidance? Why the constant clamour against wrongdoing, corruption, sin, if we are quite powerless to stem the tide bearing these in upon us?

When fire has got such full possession of a burning building that there is no chance to extinguish it, onlookers fall back listlessly, deploring the catastrophe indeed, but making no efforts to do what they know is simply beyond their power. But how different their behaviour, how they plan and hurry and work, sparing neither pains nor risk, when they see a chance of controlling the destroying element, and saving property?

All comparisons fall a little short of their purpose, but this is not a bad illustration of the state in which we find ourselves. We are in the midst of dangers from within and without, irresolute and weak, yet playing for a stake which is nothing short of eternity. The way, indeed, is opened before us, for redemption is universal, but it depends upon ourselves whether we walk in the narrow path that leads to salvation, or be carried along with the heedless crowd, on the broad road which ends in everlasting misery.

And since it must be either the one or the other of these endings—for there is no mean—common sense cries out as well as religion, for the highest assurance we can get that our steps are directed aright, and carrying us every moment towards heaven. Surely, in this at least, no room should be left for avoidable mistakes. Surely the whole matter should be steadily locked into, not with the gross eyes of nature, but with the keen far-reaching gaze of faith.

And what is the first thing, or at least one of the first things, faith reports? That it is an easy task we are engaged in? Surely not, or it would not have so much to say about the straight way, and the narrow gate; nor dwell, with such iteration upon the necessity of denying ourselves daily, rising up the cross and following, not the instincts of nature, but the hard uphill road that leads to Calvary. What means the brief but comprehensive direction "Be ye like Me," unless there is a call to deny His ways? And where is the likeness of a life of ease-going comfort, with what of luxury we can command, thrown in, and the bleak, bare orb wherein He began His earthly career, or the bloaker, bare cross whereon He ended it?

Indeed, if we were not so used to it, we should be as much shocked as ashamed at the sight of the gross inconsistency between what we profess and what we do. When St. Paul speaks in one sentence of his glorifying in the cross of Christ, and in another tells how he chastised his body and brought it into subjection, there is no self-contradiction, no want of logic. His belief prompts his action, his action illustrates his belief. There is no room there for insincerity or Cant, no severing of his powers, to devote his talk to God, and all the rest to himself; as is unfortunately too often the case with easy-going Christians.

For is it not notorious that though Christ has told us, in very unmistakable terms that not everyone who cries Lord, Lord, shall enter into the kingdom of heaven, we are yet, very commonly at least, quite contented with a service that goes no further than profession? We rejoice in the promise, but shut our eyes to the conditions, without which the promise is of no avail. Redemption indeed is universal. Christ died for all, but saves only those who turn to Him in loving obedience. And this is the practical difficulty. Do you obey? Do you by the spirit, that is, the grace of God, mortify and keep down the works of the flesh—no matter what the effort may cost—and fashion yourself, soul and body, upon the likeness of Him who did, not His own will, but the will of the Father? If you do, then, at every step of the process, you are making your own, you are incorporating into yourself, more and more of the Redemption, and so growing towards the measure of the age of the fullness of Christ. Crying out Lord, Lord, is easy, but useless; doing the divine will is not so easy but indispensable to salvation.

Here, as has been said above, all risks of self-deception should be avoided. Here, a mistake is of everlasting consequence. Yet, to all seeming, it is easily enough made. The world, with its allurements of wealth and place and power, pride of the heart, the beauty and incompleteness of women, weakness, selfishness, passion and all the rest, is a small matter to meet and master the whole of them? There is one way surely of doing it, with complete success, and it is to make us certain that that is the way we are following, and not put ourselves in any position, that the Church, with tender solicitude, calls around her, two or three times a week, for the whole time of Lent, to make our duty so clear that the claims of self-respect may be added to the power of virtue, in turning ourselves in the right direction.

## Sudden Death of President Faure.

PARIS Feb. 16.—M. Felix Faure, President of the Republic of France, died at 10 o'clock to-night, after an illness of three hours. Apoplexy was the malady. About 6 o'clock M. Faure, who was then in his study, went to the door of the room of M. L. Gall, his private secretary, which is contiguous to the study, and said: "I do not feel well. Come to me."

Felix Francois Faure, President of France, was born in Paris, Jan. 20, 1841, and was quite a self-made man. He was a journeyman currier in Touraine for some time, but eventually became a merchant and ship owner at Havre, with which town he was especially identified. He was deputy mayor there during the Franco-Prussian War, and as captain of the Mobiles of the Seine-Inférieure gained the ribbon of the Legion of Honor. Elected to the Chamber in '81, he was appointed Under Secretary of State for the Colonies in the Gambetta Administration, formed in November of that year, and held the same office in the Ministries of M. Jules Ferry, '83, M. Rieunier, '85, and M. Tirad, '87. In May, '91, he became Minister of Marine in M. Dupuy's Cabinet, and was appointed Vice-President of the Chamber. Naturally his business position at Havre made him an authority on shipping, commercial and colonial questions. On the retirement of M. Casimir Perier in January, '95, he was chosen President of the Chamber, and held the office until M. Brisson. His popularity had continually increased since then, and the success he gained in his exalted position is undeniable. He went to St. Petersburg in September '97, to return the visit of the Emperor, and there the definite announcement of the treaty of alliance between France and Russia was made.

## Funeral of Mrs. H. F. Ellard.

"Leaves have their time to fall  
And flowers to wither at the north  
wind's breath  
And roses to bloom—but all—  
Thou hast all seasons for thine own,  
O Death!"

"Geraldville" is the name of the Fitzgerald family, Mount St. Louis, has been overshadowed by the death of Mrs. H. F. Ellard, who died Feb. 2nd at her home in Norway, Michigan, at the premature age of thirty-five years. She had a sickle which was highly esteemed after a short illness of six days, and died at the age of thirty-five years. Mrs. Ellard was a daughter of the late John Fitzgerald and a noble woman of culture and refinement. Widely known as is the fair name of the Fitzgeralds, she was highly esteemed and a general favorite among a large circle of friends who sincerely deplore her untimely demise.

The loss is great and keenly felt. Mr. Ellard mourns for a cherished and adored wife, who will never more grace and adorn his life with an supremacy of happy home; four small children are left motherless; her brothers and sisters are again plunged in mourning; and a blank is left in the social rank where Mrs. Ellard took a first place. The sad news of her illness, Miss Nellie Fitzgerald left for Norway and arrived in time to attend her in her last moments. The remains were conveyed to Pelphost, Ontario, where they were met by a large number of old friends who sorrowfully followed them to their birth-place Mount St. Louis. Scrawling friends sent many floral offerings which adorned the costly casket and seemed emblematic of the beauty and brightness of the life which has just closed. The funeral took place on Tuesday morning 7th Feb. and was attended by a large concourse of people who filled the church to overflowing. The pallbearers were: Messrs. O'Neill, Labey, Lottus, Shanahan, Hadya and Moran. A sad service was held at the home, presided over by the Rev. J. Sheridan. The choir were ably assisted by Rev. M. J. Geary. During the offertory he sang "O Salutaris" in a clear sympathetic tone which deeply touched the large congregation present. At the conclusion of the service, Rev. Father Sheridan delivered a most affecting funeral discourse from (Ecclesiasticus xii. 6).

"Man shall enter into the house of his eternity and the mourners shall go round about in the street."  
These words of Solomon are sadly pronounced on the occasion. "Which we are engaged to do as a son has gone, and the use of her eternity and mourners accompany the corpse to the grave. Everything connected with this occasion—the long funeral procession, the habitually cheerful expression of your faces, cheerful day to a positive one, and a sad and low and silent in the grave lately opened to receive these remains, all these testifying that a loved

one has passed away, leaving mourners not a few.

The solemn chanting of Requiem Mass, the dark vestments of the sacristans, the wailed in mourning of the sacristans of the house of God with their mournful hangings indicate the grief of the church at the departure of her who has been lately taken from amongst her members. But why do you have good reason to hope from the members of the church militant on earth to move for all eternity among those of the church triumphant in heaven. While we sympathize with the family and friends and offer our best prayers for their repose, we are compelled at the same time to say the conviction is forced upon us that all is not disaster. There is a ray of joy piercing through and dispelling the gloom. Through the dark cloud of sorrow by which we are overshadowed, shines a bright ray of hope, emanating from the consciousness we feel of the virtuous life of her whose loss we deplore. I shall not dilate on her virtues, you have seen and observed them. I have but heard them related and I am sure they amply justify our joy that they have earned for her an immortal crown. Can I not go to give you joy, nevertheless I should hope that on all you who know her life and virtues they will not be lost to us as an example. What I purport here is to say that you, as you have followed her remains to the grave, you will follow with me in spirit her soul into that land which it has reached in reality.

Whether has the soul that but a few days ago lay in the corpse taken its flight? It has passed as we shall all one day pass—"into the house of Eternity." What do I say? Into Eternity! What is Eternity? You have its sound. Do you realize its import? You do not, but I can give you a full and complete Can I hope that St. Augustine tells us that it is as easy for one of us to hold the sea in the hollow of our hand as to comprehend the full meaning of Eternity. No matter what your ideas may be concerning it, it is still a height, depth and breadth, immeasurably below, and beyond the limit your ideas have reached. Exaggeration is often possible, but here is a subject on which there can be no over statement of language or exaggeration of fact. But why this impotence of language and inadequacy of conception? Because eternity is a species of infinity and consequently our limited finite faculties cannot comprehend it. We may, therefore, think that we are trying to grasp a tale on it but we can never understand it? And this incomprehensible eternity must spend either in heaven or in hell.

Can we further to reflect that whilst eternity is to last forever, we shall without a moment's pause or interruption either in the happiness of the Blessed in heaven or in the misery of the damned in hell. When we suffer pain in this world we and relief in thinking, that after some time its intense view of the state "The poor sufferer, writhing under the most excruciating tortures in the morning hopes to feel better in the evening; but in the evening hopes there will be change before morning, and even though it is to be his lot to be in pain without a moment's pause or interruption either in the happiness of the Blessed in heaven or in the misery of the damned in hell. 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THE DOMAIN OF WOMAN

The hand that rocks the cradle rules the world. TALES BY "TERESA"

The young ladies who read the summary of Rev. Father Fallon's lecture on Matrimony in last week's paper, ought to give us their views on the subject. Why don't they marry? Are they growing so unattractive that no young man cares to ask them to share his fortunes? Or are they looking out for the usual duke or marquis of the sensational novel, who shall become captive to their beauty and style, and after presenting them with diamonds and family heirlooms of inestimable value, bear them away to his ancestral halls to reign in splendour? I am afraid the girls of the present day are too exacting. They expect too much. The four-roomed cottage and piece of garden whereon our fathers and mothers were content to subsist during the first few years of matrimony are not enough for their sons and daughters. The latter must have a nicely-furnished house, in a good neighbourhood, and plenty of money, before they will consent to tempt Fate in the matrimonial arena. There is no doubt that higher education is much to blame for this state of affairs. Girls of the middle class are taught languages, mathematics, Latin, Greek, fancy work, and piano tuning, and by the time their education is finished they are, in nine cases out of ten, utterly incapable of decent housekeeping and moreover, they have a most unwholesome horror of "workmen," as they are pleased to term the backbone of the nation.

They must have a "professional man," one who has never soiled his hands with "dirty work," forsooth! as though the colour of a man's hands were the colour of his heart and soul also. They want a "gentleman," taking the term in its least significant sense, as a man who does not have to work for his living. There are few such in a young country like this, and those few are in most cases exceedingly undesirable from a matrimonial point of view, being the least useful and most selfish members of the community.

I don't blame the girls for this, I blame the system of education, and, in many cases, the parents. Fathers and mothers want their girls to make "good matches," from a pecuniary point of view. They are not satisfied to see them begin where they themselves began, they do not like the idea of their children entering upon the struggle of life without plenty of padding to minimize the bumps they must receive. The young couple who have faced the difficulties of life together, who have shared anxieties and possibly privations in the effort to build up their home and fortunes are bound together by ties that cannot be broken. They bid adieu to selfishness and idleness, and all those littlenesses of mind and character which are most surely developed by too great regard for ourselves and our own comfort and convenience. But it may be asked would I have the young people marry on a meagre income, and court a possible struggle with poverty? Certainly not; what I would like to see is a sensible method of educating girls, so that they will be competent to take up household duties and willing to do so, instead of being afraid to soil their hands, and desirous only of having an establishment in a position to give his wife a handsomely-furnished house, fine clothes, and a servant, but there are scores of them who could commence in a modest way, and who would be only too glad to do so could they find a girl willing to help them by practicing the economy and management that are so necessary in the first few years of married life. But what does a girl know of economy every cent of her money on dress and amusement? She may have a father who indulges her every whim, and a mother who shuts herself up in the house, and wears her life out in drudgery, in order that "the girls" may be enabled to go out and make a good appearance. What kind of wife is a girl likely to be who has been brought up like that? What does she know of the duties and responsibilities of marriage? She may be all very well to sing with, and take out to entertainments, etc., but no young man with any sense would think of making such a girl his wife, unless he had unlimited money at his command.

But there is something to be said on the other side also. Young men are not altogether blameless in the matter. Many of them who are estranged from good incomes, spend nearly all their cash on dress and entertainments, and kindred extravaganzas. They get such a taste for going to parties and balls and similar dissipations that the idea of marriage with the necessary self-denial becomes distasteful. They like the freedom of single life, and so long as they can find well-dressed girls to flirt with, and take around, they often very difficult to please; if a girl does not satisfy them in every particular, they don't stop to consider that they are not perfect themselves; they do not study her mind and character enough. If anything in her appearance or manner displeases them, they immediately step all attentions, and betake themselves elsewhere to follow the same method again, viz., judging by appearances. This is one reason why men of 30 and upwards are more likely to marry and to marry wisely, than young fellows

in the twenties. Their experience has taught them to go deeper than mere accidents and externals. They allow themselves more time to come to a decision; they are better readers of character, and less liable to be led away by a pretty face or a stylish exterior. Then, too, the women they choose are more mature; they have done with the follies of girlhood and, speaking metaphorically, they have sown their wild oats, and settled down to the sober realities of life.

It is a singular thing that young men are always attracted to women older than themselves. This is one of Nature's mysterious laws for the restoration of balance. The immature rature and judgment seeks the out that is mature, because it finds therein that which is lacking to itself. I do not think it is advisable for a man to marry under 25, and then if he marries a woman a year or two older so much the better. I don't think marriage is a decreasing so much as that people are marrying later in life, and I rather incline to the belief that such a movement is beneficial in view of our present systems of education. Of course if a young couple fall in love of the good, old-fashioned kind, there is no more to be said. Cupid will have his way. He seems to be getting very little of it nowadays, poor little chap, his arrows nearly all go wide of the mark except when they are tipped with gold.

TERESA. REVILING MR. COSTIGAN.

(Kingston Whig, Feb. 18.)

The Toronto Telegram has it that the Conservative party "infatuated" Mr. Costigan with the prestige and profits of political greatness, and there is an element of poetic justice in his alleged ingratitude. "If," it adds, "he decides to part with the comrade of his opposition, he will be no great loss to the Opposition, and no great gain to the Government."

That sounds like bravado. It is criticism, however, that is not well timed, to say the least of it. Sir John Macdonald was credited with unusual wisdom in the selection of his colleagues. He wanted a Roman Catholic representative in his Cabinet when he called Mr. Costigan. The Telegram has it that this was one of Sir John's bad bargains, but Sir John did not perceive it, and no one can perceive it now except the political partisan who mistakes Mr. Costigan's position in the New Brunswick election. What is his doing in the Conservative ranks, and why is he so grateful to the Conservatives who have aided him from support when he wanted it from them?

Mr. Costigan is referred to as lacking in power of debate when measured up with men of the Peter Ryan stamp. But all men are not orators, and Sir John Macdonald knew this as well as anybody. Mr. Costigan suited him, was industrious, an administrator, generally safe as an adviser, and enjoyed the confidence of his co-revolutionists. Peter Ryan, as a Grit, was of no use to Sir John Macdonald, and therefore there is not much sense in comparing him with Mr. Costigan. Sir John Macdonald, by reason of his long association with Mr. Costigan, was made to be satisfied with his work. So were successive Premiers, and any one of them was free to choose any Roman Catholic colleague had he been so disposed. The fact that Mr. Costigan retained a place in the Government so long is an evidence that he was acceptable to his party and did his service well.

What is his offence? His independence to the extent of standing by his Conservative friends. He differs with the Foster faction only. But he is not doing any more than other members of the Conservative party have done without having thrust upon them the imputation that they are no good. Mr. Wallace, Mr. McLean, and others, have kicked over the traces, and they remain as the guides and guardians of the younger Conservatives. Mr. Foster and his co-habourers conspired to rid the premiership of Sir Mackenzie Bowell, and they precipitated a crisis in the party, and they are the dictators still and the followers of a man who can never lead them into the political Canaan.

The Whig has not a commission to defend any Conservative leader who has been unjustly and unreasonably abused by the newspaper critics. It owes Mr. Costigan nothing but candid criticism, and still it does nothing in its present attitude which merits the insults and insinuations that have been cast upon him. It has been even said that he is usually inclined, and simply because he is backing the local candidate. The inference is that they are of doubtful material, but, as Mr. Costigan asks, if they are not Conservatives, where are they to be found?

THE POPE AND THE CZAR'S SCHEMME.

The Rome correspondent of the New York Freeman's Journal quotes an interesting incident in the life of the great German philosopher, mathematician, statesman, and writer Leibnitz. In his time a French philosopher named Saint-Pierre, was nourishing a pet scheme for "Perpetual Peace," which bore a family resemblance with that of Czar Nicholas above which all the world is talking to-day. Leibnitz laughed at it as Utopian, and wrote the following pregnant words—as true to-day as they were then:—

"The city of Luzerne has been proposed as the seat of a court of arbitration. As for me, my opinion is that such a court should be established in Rome itself for the settlement of disputes of princes and that the Pope should be appointed its president, because in other things he excoriated the office of Judge between Christian princes. If the Abbe Saint Pierre (the author of a project of perpetual peace) could make Roman Catholics of all princes, no other empire than that of the Vicar of Jesus Christ would be necessary."

A great pacifying influence has been exerted by our own glorious Pontiff, Leo XIII. The pontifical arbitration of the dispute regarding the Caroline Islands invoked in 1886 by Germany and gladly accepted by Spain, forms one of the brightest pages in the present reign, and was at the time recognized as such by the press of the whole world. In March, 1890, Portugal sought the mediation of the Supreme Pontiff to settle its differences with England in East Africa. Toward the close of the same year a dispute arising between Portugal and the Congo, a preliminary arrangement of the matter was based on the mediation of the Holy Father. In 1891 the dispute between France and Portugal about the Gulf of Guinea was to have been settled by Papal arbitration had other means failed.

In 1895 the Presidents of the Republic of Haiti and St. Domingo begged Leo XIII. to accept the work of arbitrating the controversy regarding the boundaries, and last year the same Republics again begged a similar arbitration to the Holy See. In June, 1896, Leo XIII. received a telegram from Rio Janeiro expressing the thanks and congratulations of the Senate to His Holiness for his peaceable solution of the trouble between the Argentine Republic and Chile.

A GENERAL JUBILEE FOR THE SOLENN HOMAGE.

Though the decree has not yet been issued, it is certain that the Sovereign Pontiff has given orders for a general jubilee, to be held in connection with the centenary of the Divine Homage to the Divine Redeemer. The organizing Committee has been busied in collecting the adhesions of the Bishops of the Catholic World. One of the latest of these to be published, and the only one published in an English text, is that of the Archbishop of Philadelphia, which deserves to be made widely known if only on account of the fact that it is the only letter of an English-speaking Bishop which has been published for the benefit of the English-speaking public. The letter is as follows:—

My Dear Lord Cardinal!—As your Eminence understands English, I presume to write you in that language concerning the letter I received from your Eminence concerning some general act of devotion and thanksgiving to our Divine Lord as Redeemer at the close of this century and the opening of the new one. In addition to the excellent reasons mentioned in your Eminence's letter, I may be permitted to add that devotion to our Divine Lord is the most powerful means of attaining that unity of Christianity which the Sovereign Pontiff desires and so frequently speaks of. After over forty years of intercourse with Protestants of various denominations, I feel confident in saying that personal love for our Lord is found amongst them to an extent that Catholics do not generally credit. It is the one point on which they agree with us, and the more we keep it in view the nearer is Christian unity on other points.

I presume to send to your Eminence a copy of a lecture I delivered in this city with the portion marked to which I refer you (page 40). The audience

TRUTH WILL OUT.

The Merits of Dodd's Kidney Pills Can't be Hidden.

Mr. C. S. Griggs, of Hamilton, tells of his experience in suffering with Bright's Disease for Eight Years—Dodd's Kidney Pills Cured Him.

HAMILTON, Feb. 20.—"Mr. Griggs, it is true that you were cured of Bright's Disease by Dodd's Kidney Pills, after eight years' suffering, and when no other medicine could do you any good." This question was asked, a few days ago, by a gentleman who wished to investigate for himself the statement made in last week's papers to the above effect.

"It is true," answered Mr. Griggs, emphatically, "I was cured by Dodd's Kidney Pills when every other medicine I had tried had utterly failed to do me any good." "When I was advised to try Dodd's Kidney Pills, I did not think they would help me any more than other medicines had. I was so sick that I was willing to try any means, if it gave a hope, a chance of recovery." "Well, soon after I started using the Pills, I began to feel different. I found, in a week or so, that I was actually getting better. I kept on taking the medicine until I had used three boxes. After that I didn't take any more. I was cured, completely and permanently. You may know what I think of Dodd's Kidney Pills, when I tell you that I never left my house but without them." "Dodd's Kidney Pills are the only known positive cure for Bright's Disease, Diabetes, Rheumatism, Lumbago, Gout, Sciatica, Gravel, Stone in the Bladder, Diseases of Women, and other Kidney Diseases." "Dodd's Kidney Pills sold by all druggists at fifty cents a box, six boxes \$2.50, or sent, on receipt of price, by The Dodd's Medicine Co., Limited, Toronto.

R. J. MCGANEY, D.D.S., I.D.S. (Honour Graduate of Toronto University) DENTIST

775 LONG STREET, POST OFFICE WILSON AVENUE.

was more than half Protestant, and the passage marked was received with the most enthusiastic applause, showing that I had touched a chord in their hearts. I have, some time thought that a letter from the Holy Father on love for our Divine Redeemer as the first preparation for Christian unity would do incredible good.

Of course, I am ready to do what may be in my power to forward the objects of the International Committee.

If I presume to make a suggestion, it is that the plan be decided on in Rome itself, and then the Christian world be requested by His Holiness to give their assent to the committee. On this point I fear that the committee will have no more varied suggestions than unity of action will be difficult. Your faithful servant in Dio. —P. J. RYAN, Archbishop of Philadelphia. His Eminence Don Meo Cardinal Jambon, etc.

LEO XIII. AND ST. BEDE'S

The Holy Father continues to take the deepest interest in the new English College of St. Bede, which will shortly be opened. No content with having repeatedly manifested his fatherly solicitude for the success of the establishment, which is destined to re-convert converts desirous of entering the priesthood, His Holiness has himself written the constitution and rules by which the new Institute is to be governed, and, moreover, has bestowed upon the College of St. Bede the magnificent sum of 300,000 francs (£12,000). Every English Catholic should feel deeply grateful to Leo XIII. for this great act of generosity and benevolence.

Asthma Cured. The wheezing and strangling of those who are victims of Asthma are promptly relieved by a few doses of Dr. Casso's Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine.

A MARRIAGE DECLARED NULL. Mr. Justice Mathieu in the Superior Court, Montreal, has heard the case of Murel Murray vs. Brocard. The plaintiff brought the action to have her marriage with the defendant set aside. She alleged that at St. Etienne de Malbois, on the 18th of May, 1896, she married the defendant, that both were Roman Catholics; that they were connected in the fourth degree of consanguinity in the collateral line, and that no dispensation had been obtained for such marriage; that on the 18th January, 1899, on petition of the plaintiff, the Archbishop of Montreal, declared the marriage null. The Court finding the allegations proved, judgment was rendered declaring the marriage null and void.

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The Catholic Register.

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY AT THE OFFICE, 30 LOMBARD ST. BY THE CATHOLIC REGISTER PRINTING AND PUBLISHING CO. OF TORONTO, LIMITED.

THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 24, 1899.

Feb. 23—St. Peter Damian. 24—St. Matthias. 25—St. Felix III. 26—Second Sunday in Lent. 27—St. Anthony, Pope. 28—The Lance and Nails of Our Lord. Mar. 1—St. Francis de Sales.

Count Moore was elected in Derby last week as a Nationalist. He had the Catholic and some Nationalist support; but his political record is not all that Ireland should require of her sons.

We have a letter from an esteemed subscriber asking whether John Boyle O'Reilly ever used the sentiments attributed to him in last Saturday's Mail and Empire by that congenial liar "Flanery." The passage quoted by the Mail and Empire in its proper context lashed the sectarian hatred of the Orangemen and was a fair expression of John Boyle O'Reilly's strong opinions towards American Know-nothingism, which he rightly conceived to have been born and fostered by the Orange faction in the United States.

The Ottawa letter which appears on another page signed "Catholic Canadian" goes so intelligently into the statutory nature of the Protestantism of British royalty that we have only to recommend its careful perusal to our readers. The Catholic people of Ottawa are making a protest against the oath of the sovereign that promises to find an echo in every British country. The fact is as notorious as it is pleasing that the present Queen is Catholic in her sympathies.

"Reasonable men," said Dr. Fallon, "may well require what good purpose is served by a declaration which is insulting and at variance with the first principles of common politeness, and is therefore scarcely a fitting expression to fall from the lips of the sovereign." Besides condemning Catholic belief, it perpetuates the ancient and exceedingly offensive falsehood that the Pope can dispense with the truth and permit evasion equivocation or mental reservation, and it makes the entirely gratuitous assumption that English Protestants have a monopoly of the use of words according to their truthful meaning.

'Why should the matter be agitated in Canada? I ask in reply 'Why should it not be agitated in Canada?' Is not Canada a part and a very important part of the British Empire? And do not Catholics form 42 per cent. of the population of this Dominion? Is it credible that the religious doctrines and beliefs of 42 per cent. of Britain's premier colony shall ever again be stigmatized as idolatrous and superstitious? Let us do our best to remove forever from the statute books of an empire whose interests we are always ready to serve the last remnant of bitter and barbarous times."

The purely public nature of the issue raised at Ottawa is further emphasized by Dr. Fallon. He says: "This is not a national question; it is not a religious question; it is a matter of public policy; a request for simple justice; a plea for equal rights and for the exercise of that fair play and broad toleration which Mr. Balfour asserts characterizes British institutions."

Unless this declaration is abolished, let me picture for you what will happen at the next coronation. Gathered around the new king will be representatives from all parts of the Empire—from Asia and Africa, from Australia and from the British possessions of America. Men of every color and race and speech, of every shade of religious opinion will be present on that momentous occasion to offer the tribute of their loyalty and the assurance of their affection to the newly crowned monarch. And from the lips of their sovereign shall come no word of reproach or rebuke for the followers of Buddha and Brahma, for the worshippers of Vishnu and Siva, for the Kaffirs or the Bushmen, the Hottentots, the Zulus or the disciples of Mahomet. There shall be nothing but kindness and conciliation for Jew and Gentile, for Anglican and Methodist, Baptist and Presbyterian. For one class alone of British subjects will there be reserved scorn and contempt, insult and outrage. The twelve millions of Roman Catholics in the British Empire will have the sad privilege of knowing that in the presence of God and before the wide world, their king solemnly pronounced their religious belief to be idolatrous and superstitious. It will not matter that these shameful words are uttered in the presence of 49 Catholic Lords, of 55 Catholic Bishops, of 19 Catholic Privy Counsellors, and of 72 Catholic members of the House of Commons. Ready as they would be to swear fealty and pledge allegiance, prepared even to draw their swords, if need be, and never to sheathe them so long as their services were required by the sovereign, is it surprising if the ardour of their patriotism should be somewhat cooled and the affection of their loyalty somewhat shocked, one by one, the distinctive doctrines of their religion declared by the supreme civil ruler to be idolatrous and superstitious?

The special correspondent of The Globe at Washington telegraphs that the joint high commission has collapsed, and that no treaty will be concluded, and that the chief cause of the break was the Alaska boundary dispute. There is no doubt whatever that the Canadian case in this boundary question was fatally injured by Mr. Sifton, who, while the commission was at work, issued an official map that fully conceded the American claim. After that, of course, the Americans would be unworthy their reputation as sharp people at bargain-making if they consented to arbitrate what they had been officially allowed already. The Canadian government may not be morally responsible for Mr. Sifton's blunder, or for Mr. Sifton himself, but the moral standard is not as a general rule recognized in the settlement of international disputes. Apart from Mr. Sifton's aid in securing the final disagreement in the joint commission, the collapse of the negotiations is the fruit first that has been gathered by the dead sea of "Anglo-Saxon" sentiment. All the soft soap produced by the English and Canadian press for American use during the past six months, and all the diplomacy of Lord Herschell, backed by the eloquent claquers of Mr. Chamberlain's stamp in Britain, failed to secure from Uncle Sam a few miserable trade concessions for the Dominion, unless the Alaska boundary claim and other concessions of a far greater national importance were allowed in the deal. Sir Wilfrid Laurier, according to Mr. Tarte his nearest friend, was virtually commanded by Mr. Chamberlain to give away all that could be afforded to the Americans in return for any sort of a treaty whatsoever. Had a treaty been concluded, Mr. Chamberlain would have been able to flaunt a personal triumph for the "Anglo-Saxon" better understood. Every inch he has constituted him fustian. The best thing now both for Englishmen and Canadians under all circumstances is to swallow the snub with as much grace and as few words as possible. They may indeed even feel thankful for the small mercy that Uncle Sam has allowed them to

save their face by calling the collapse an adjournment.

In his opening address to the new Institute of Irish Bankers Sir John Lubbock made the following remarks, which coming from an Englishman are noteworthy: "There is, of course, a general recognition there that the Irish character is bright, witty, attractive and clever, but I think that out of Ireland at least there is hardly justice done to the solid parts of the Irish character. Irishmen are often looked upon as being a little impulsive as contrasted with English steadiness and Scotch caution. But that view certainly derives no confirmation whatsoever from your commercial history, and the record of your great banking institutions in Ireland need fear no comparison with those of England, Scotland, or any other part of the world. This, I think, the more creditable to the wisdom, skill, and tact, with which they have been conducted, whom we remember and recognize—as we all do at present—that, although we hope that there is now a brighter future in store for Ireland, the history of Ireland for the past fifty years has not been one of such prosperity as that of England or Scotland. You have suffered very much from potato disease, and, being to a great extent an agricultural community, you have suffered very greatly from the general fall in prices of agriculture, produce; and that those sufferings have not been greater has been in no small measure due to the misdeeds of your great commercial institutions, among whom I, of course, reckon those who manage your great banks."

That dense clump of all anti-Catholic crusades, The Presbyterian Review, Toronto, has worked itself into a highly indignant mood over a local educational question in Montreal. We have not yet heard much of the discussion of this question by the Toronto press, but we suspect that its contemporaries are not quite so slow as The Presbyterian Review to appreciate a ridiculously absurd position. The Review echoes the cry of the Montreal Witness for an appeal by the Protestant minority in Montreal to the Federal Parliament. What is it this minority wants? A remedial bill; nothing less. Isn't it delightful? And the grievance they want remedied is that the Catholic school commissioners should not be allowed to apply 73 per cent of the taxes coming from joint-stock companies to the erection and equipment of new Protestant school buildings. The Catholics are willing that the Protestants should have for this purpose a share of the taxes levied on companies in proportion of population. But the Protestants say, "No; the division must be made according to the religious complexion of the boards of those companies." That is to say, if five out of six directors be Protestants, Protestant schools should receive five-sixths of the taxes of the company. And they would confine this rule to Montreal alone, where it would tap the banks and insurance companies. It is of no use to remind them that a company is simply the channel through which the payment of taxes is made, and that the taxes are really paid by the masses of the people. The Bank of Montreal will serve as an instance. Therefore the only just division must be in proportion of population. Besides, since the guiding principle of all public education is that each child is entitled to a primary education from the state, a per capita allotment for all public education would be simple justice all round. But the division of school taxes according to the population is the closest approximation that we can have under our Canadian system to the per capita grant, which is the English method.

All this may be as plain as the sun in the heavens, but it will not satisfy Protestants of the kidney of the Presbyterian Review and Montreal Witness. Here are some passages from The Review: "This distribution of school taxes is a serious menace to the very existence of Protestant schools in Montreal." "At this crisis moment at least three additional school houses should be built, but the commissioners [Protestant] have no funds for their erection. And what is worse the attempt is being made to deprive them of their legitimate income from Protestant taxes." "What will the Protestant citizens of Montreal do? Will they loyally support their educational representatives in their contention for what is manifestly right and of supreme importance to their children and descendants? They are a peace-loving community, and happily no inter-commissional strife exists among them. They are thoroughly of one mind regarding the general character of the education they desire, including instruction in the Word of God which has hitherto been given with success."

The Protestants of Montreal led by Rev. Dr. McVicar have petitioned the Quebec government before going to Ottawa for the remedial bill. The petition sets forth that the constitution guarantees the educational rights of Protestants, and that they would be "recranted to public duty" if they did not insist

upon what they conceive to be the measure of their rights. They forget that those were exactly the words of the claim put forward lately by the Catholics of Manitoba, which they in their bigoted violence met with the yell: "Hands off Manitoba." They drowned the Catholic cry for justice and they are now adopting the very words of the claim they denied in order to bolster up the absurdly unjust claim of their own. The Protestant minority should receive the lion's share of the school taxes. They defeated the Catholics by a league of violence; they hope to carry their own unjust demand by more violence. They will not discuss the facts, nor look at the local question in Montreal upon its merits. No; they will raise another Protestant agitation from end to end of Canada and accomplish their purpose by violent demonstrations, thinking that the Catholic people of Canada stand in dread of their rage.

Even so mild-mannered a gentleman as Sir William Dawson rises to remark that the religious complexion of companies should decide the apportionment of these taxes, as in the case of individuals. And the Presbyterian Review says the Montreal situation touches in principle the whole Dominion. We wish we could say the same. We wish that the taxes of joint-stock companies in Toronto were divided in proportion to the population, or divided at all. What is the situation here? The entire school taxes of all companies are handed over to the Protestant schools, the schools of the majority; and the Catholic minority receives no share whatever. The Ontario law says that if Catholic shareholders in those companies demanded it, the board would have the right to say that where the Catholic schools are entitled to; but in no case has such a proceeding ever been taken. Indeed it is hard to see how it could be taken, or how it could come in a practical form before a financial board. The question of taxes is one of statute, and in Toronto the law under shelter of an impracticable provision leaves the Catholic minority to God and its own resources. The "settlement" of the Manitoba school question through fear of Protestant violence established in the Canadian public mind the denial of equal rights and the idea of one law for Protestants and another for Catholics. The contrast between Toronto and Montreal in the matter of the school taxes of joint-stock companies is additional proof to the point. But the whipping up of Protestant violence throughout Canada because the Protestant 28 per cent of the population will not be allowed to grab 73 per cent of the school taxes is playing the tune of "Protestantism first" rather too loudly. The Catholics of Montreal have definitely made up their minds not to stand it.

Mr. Laurence Baldwin, in The Canada Educational Monthly, takes the editors of a bunch of Toronto journals in hand, and replies to their criticisms of his well discussed plan of voluntary schools. Mr. Baldwin finds little difficulty in showing that what are intended by the newspapers to serve as criticisms, in reality are strong arguments in favor of the voluntary system. One paper objects to religion pure and simple, another complains that religion is opposed to nationality, a third protests that all the elementary education of the country must be uniform, and so on. Mr. Baldwin tells them that lack of religion and the crass for uniformity are to most intelligent minds evils and nothing else. He also contends that the present system cannot accurately be called "national." Certainly the national character is not imparted to the schools by the deadly level of uniformity and the drift towards godlessness. For ourselves we do not feel disposed to offer any adverse criticism of Mr. Baldwin's plan. As long as he holds out for uniformity in the per capita grant to all voluntary schools that keep up with the standard set by the state, we shall not question the justice of his views. Rather do we recommend them to his Protestant co-religionists of Montreal. If the state owes a primary education to all children, it must be conceded that it owes one child no more than another. Also what it owes it can pay only in money. The common debt would be paid with perfect impartiality by a common per capita grant to all efficient schools doing the work of the state. The people who do not want religion and who hold peculiar views of nationality may not admit it; but in sober truth all Mr. Baldwin submits is that the children of religious parents have an equal claim upon the state with the children of indifferent and irreligious parents.

The New Brunswick campaign has resulted in the practical annihilation of the so-called "Conservative" opposition organized by Hon. George E. Foster. This could hardly have been anticipated and it is difficult to give an opinion as to whether the sweep is an unmitigated benefit or otherwise to the public as against the partisan interest. In the broad view of the matter it is a mistake on Mr. Foster's part to insist upon drawing the local electorate of New

Brunswick into the net of Dominion party politics. If there is one cause more than another that goes down to the roots of corrupt government in the province it is the affiliation of Provincial and Dominion parties. The spectacle of Federal and Provincial Cabinet Ministers upon the same platform combining all their available powers of coercion, bribery and organization in the effort to whip a doubtful constituency, be it provincial or federal, into the party byre is enough to make independent citizens despair of ever seeing good government developed in this country. In the late Ontario by-elections, as well as the last Provincial and Dominion general elections, the Ottawa and Toronto forces from the Cabinet ministers down to the lowest grade hooligans fought shoulder to shoulder. Without a shadow of doubt the Ontario provincial Liberals would not be now in power were it not for the tremendous efforts of the Ottawa government to prevent the electors of Ontario from judging local issues by local men and local questions. What we want is to lesson the party power in local politics and bring provincial affairs closer to municipal and further away from Federal ideas. The offensive and defensive alliance of Dominion and provincial governments makes it next to impossible for the people of a single province to correct abuses in the administration of their local affairs, no matter how patent those abuses may be.

To be sure Mr. Foster can say that Hon. Mr. Blair was the man who first brought the Federal machinery to the aid of his friends in New Brunswick. That may be so, but Mr. Foster must bear the responsibility of proclaiming the clear definition of party lines in the contest. He is a man without very much reserve force, and he made this exhibition of impulsiveness all the more conspicuous by hastily calling out: "Traitors" at Hon. John Costigan and other Conservatives who have not allowed his unwise plans to succeed. We have already said that New Brunswick politics have never been conducted on Dominion party lines; and thanks to Mr. Costigan it cannot be said that they have been so-conducted in the present instance. Mr. Costigan supported adherents of the Provincial government who are Conservatives in Dominion affairs and who like him declined to recognize Dominion political definitions in the provincial contest. It will be a good day for some of the other provinces, not excepting Ontario, when independent men in the legislatures adopt the same principle, and vote for the interests of their province without regard to the effect of their action upon Dominion politics. There is much talk in the newspapers that the New Brunswick elections were corrupt. All Canadian elections are corrupt, more or less. It is the Post Spencer who speaks of a thing rotten at the core like the maple tree. Bribery is the rottenness that has got into the heart of our national maple.

Death of President Faure.

Within the past week the hap of death has stricken down with appalling suddenness the official head of the French republic, President Felix Faure. The occasion caused by this tragic occurrence, and the disorder stirred up by the boulevard press and patriots in connection with the election of a new President on Saturday, when the choice fell on Emile Loubet, have given an opportunity for the thousandth time to English journals to forestall another French revolution and the certain restoration of monarchy. The eternal Dreyfus question threatens now to entangle Loubet, and the worry of it is reported to have hastened Faure's end. Loubet like Faure is a man of the people but with somewhat different tastes. Faure was infatuated with "style" and ceremony; Loubet is derided because both himself and his wife never lived in "style," and she is suspected of the evil habit of cooking her husband's meals. But these revelations about democratic presidents do not prevent royal sovereigns from testifying their overwhelming sympathy for France in the death of the head of the state, who whether he adopts the airs of a king like Faure, or goes to the opposite extreme, is in either event one of the great personages of Europe. Both the Osar and Lord Salisbury in expressing the sympathy of Russia and England respectively, have referred to France as a "friend and ally." Death is a great softener and is sometimes the prompter of truth. It would be well to believe that Lord Salisbury's cordial words indicate the real relations of France and England more accurately than the rasping jingoism that has been in vogue for so many months, especially on the English side of the channel. In connection with President Faure's death the Freemasons are

manufacturing a grievance out of the stricken man's cry for the consolations of religion when he found himself in the brink of eternity. They say it is strange that Faure who was "a staunch Mason" should have cried out for a priest. But there is nothing strange about it. Faure was a politician whose success depended upon his standing with Freemasonry, which has outlived democratic institutions as tightly in France as in Italy and other countries. It will be remembered that when he entered Notre Dame cathedral in company with the Osar, during the visit of the latter to France, he stood before the altar like a stork, while the Russian autocrat went on his knees and prayed before the Lord in the Blessed Sacrament. Had Faure done the same it would have been as much as his political popularity was worth. But when faced with death he sent messengers in every direction looking for a priest, and happily one was brought to him. He was then past the possibility of injury by Freemasonry, but not so with the mercy of God. Still there was a little sneer the Masons could indulge in. They say the reason so many messengers were sent for a priest was that one might be found "who was not at dinner." What a gem of irony! The French state has not allowed the French priest much of a margin for dinner luxuries. The French priest is a most unlikely person to dilly over his meals. The suggestion is merely a bit of chagrin at Faure's penitence.

Report that Mr. Blake is coming back.

The London correspondent of The Montreal Gazette telegraphs as follows under date, Feb. 20.—Hon. Edward Blake will return to Canada for good in May, possibly before. He will be tendered a farewell banquet under the auspices of all sections of the National party. Mr. Redmond appreciates just as much as Mr. Dillon and Sir Thomas Edmond the immense personal sacrifices Mr. Blake has made for the cause of home rule and the great value his services have been to it. The Canadian colony here is interested in what Mr. Blake will do on reaching Canada. He has made no public statement respecting his return, but friends of his say that "old Liberals" in Canada will be glad to see him back.

New Liberal Leader on Home Rule.

LONDON, Feb. 16.—Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman, the Opposition leader, speaking upon an amendment to the address in reply to the speech from the throne, proposed by Mr. John Redmond, which declared that local self-government in Ireland was essential to the welfare of the country, said that the Liberal party had not changed its attitude regarding home rule, but could not accept an amendment demanding unconditional priority for any measure. Mr. Redmond's amendment was rejected by 300 votes against 49.

Wedding at Hastings.

A very pretty wedding took place on Wednesday the 16th, in St. Mary's church Hastings, when Miss Maggie Lynch, eldest daughter of Mr. John Lynch, was united in marriage to Mr. John English, of Norwich. The bride was assisted by her cousin Miss Minnie McMartin, of Peterborough, and the groomsmen were Mr. Wm. English, of Hastings, cousin of the groom. The nuptial mass was celebrated and the marriage ceremony performed by Rev. Father O'Brien.

Will Cardinal Sottoli come to Canada?

The Rome correspondent of the Philadelphia Standard and Times writes: Some say that the report of Cardinal Sottoli's future visit to America has this much truth in it—that he has been invited to Montreal by Mr. Bruch, and the Archbishop of that city, and that he will make a visit in the United States after his journey to Canada.

C. M. B. A.

At the last meeting of Branch 49, Toronto, a resolution of sympathy was unanimously adopted on the death of Brother Thomas Frandible.

Western Canada Loan and Savings Company.

The "Western," as such, held its last meeting in the old premises, Church street, on Monday of this week. When the next annual gathering takes place the "Western" will be part and parcel of our largest loan companies have been welded into one. But before taking its leave of the public the "Western Canada" presents an exhibit of its operations for the year 1898—and a very creditable showing it makes. After deducting cost of management, interest on debentures and reserves and all other charges, there remains a net profit of \$97,994.71, out of the rate of 6 per cent. per annum, and the taxes thereon have been paid. The balance, \$4,464.71, has been carried to the Contingent Fund. "Western" stock has always maintained a high place in the market list, and as a result the dividends have been up to the standard. "Western" stock would do well to continue to bear the gilt-edged mark. How the stock will turn out in the new deal a little time will tell; but if its owners are as fortunate in the future as they have been in the past, they will be lucky indeed.





"The Lost Mission of the Irish Gael"

On February 2, at the weekly meeting of the Dublin Literary and Debating Society a lecture was delivered by Dr. George Edgerton, F.R.U.L., on the "Lost Mission of the Irish Gael." The chair was occupied by the Very Rev. William Delaney, S.J.

The lecturer, who, on rising, was loudly applauded, said:—"Nations have their functions, their faculties, and their fates. Placed between sky and earth, mankind has grown and developed amongst the great energies of nature, using, resting, and influenced by them. In this immemorial struggle with the great destructive cosmical forces, the survival of the fittest race, like that of other nations, has depended on the perfection of the organization it presented to its surroundings. Considering this, we contemplate mankind as a whole, in its history, and see that it has advanced not through each of its members acting separately, but by means of many, acting collectively. The simplest group, the family, did not suffice; it required that numerous lesser groups should co-operate, and this great complex group we name a Nation. Its members are natural for men to gather into nations as for bees to assemble in swarms. This, then, is the organization-unit of humanity (applause). Each Nation is an organ, developed because it was NECESSARY FOR THE GENERAL WELFARE OF THE RACE, therefore essential for a purpose, of great importance, or perhaps of little—but of some, so long as it fulfils its function. It differs from the lesser groups, because of its greater power of assimilation. Families of different races, of diverse blood, even intruding foes are seized, and by some mighty influence are wrought upon, and combined into one great interdependent and self-helpful association. Such is the magical power of Nationhood (applause). To develop normally a Nation must develop freely; to develop well it must be true to its proper function. Magnitude is not the measure of its importance in the world's life. The smallest, indeed, may hold predominant sway. How insignificant numerically, compared with Jewish nations were Israel and Hellas, yet how majestic in spiritual and intellectual control! Over the troublous seas of time from the night of the past, those two sovereign stars still shine unclouded, and shall for ever. Nations have different functions, which thus illustrate: one is the exponent of profound spirituality, the other of brilliant intellectuality. Differing in their gifts, they were both inspired by the common instinct of ardent patriotism. This is the preservative principle of the organism. Without this, there is no promise of strong life, the great associates in its cohesiveness, because the more intimate groups grow comelier, blinder, antagonistic, and from external shock or inward decay, one great organism after another perishes. All are subject to this law, but the history of the human race shows us this great truth, for our learning; those Nations of the world

important for us to learn what are the predominant faculties of this ancient nation to which we belong, in order that we may rightly comprehend the function it has been formed to fulfil, so that we should understand whether it is going on the true lines of its mission? For on this, whether it be faithful to its inner, greater, inner life-energies, or whether it fall off from them, and fail, surely depend its future and its fate (applause). No doubt the subject is one of much complexity, and time and space and capacity for a thorough and keen analysis are lacking. Still, one may act as pioneer, and direct attention to untrodden ways which others may clear and follow. So, justifying hesitations aside, though conscious of all deficiencies, I would classify the predominant characteristics of the ancient Irish as threefold:

FIRST SPIRITUALITY, SECOND INTELLECTUALITY, THIRD CHIVALRY.

No nation has more clearly shown its possession of a leading characteristic than the Celt that of spirituality, nor has any been so true to it (applause). Caesar saw, with surprise, on his arrival in Gaul, that the Druids occupied the highest positions in the public and social life of the people. They taught, he said, the course of the stars, the magnitude of the world, the power of the divinity, and the immortality of the soul. Under Divitiacus, the Chief-Druid of the Aedui, Cicero studied their religious rites. From our earliest records we know that the same words may be used to paint the picture of the ancient people of our island. In Pagan times, their interest was not limited by the black bulwarks of the material world; these fell away before their seeing eyes; they beheld the worlds beyond—full of beauty, delicacy and delight; not always apart and aloof, but the invisible perpetually present, permeating, and influencing the visible. When Christianity came, it came to a cultured people, it was welcomed by an understanding spirit, and, in a brief time, the entire island took flame. Who can fully realize the vast energy this nation then displayed, when, remote in the Western sea, isolated, alone, it sent forth year after year, generation after generation, hosts of spiritual champions, admirably equipped, to convince and convert the wrecked world of Europe. Their lives are held in the hearts of foreign nations; their names are names of honor, amongst the monuments of time none so noble as their eternal memories (applause). Has the nation preserved this in a quickening faculty still, or is it gone? No longer the Continent of Europe gives welcome to such converts; for it needs them not now. But, when one looks to the illimitable expanses of since discovered continents, and to the new gigantic realms, unexplored, then, through the vast populating wastes and crowded Babylonians of to-day, the

SPIRITUAL DESCENDANTS OF THEIR ILLUSTRIOUS ENVOYS WILL BE FOUND,

and with respect to this question, the world's verdict must be, "No, the nation has been faithful, and has not failed" (applause). Chivalry unquestionably a distinguishing character of the ancient race (hear, hear). "Two things," wrote a Latin author, "Gaul men above all: martial courage and polished eloquence," virtutem bellicam et argute loqui. The Greeks bore the same testimony. Strabo said:—"The common character of the entire Celtic race is that it is irritable and wild for war, prompt to battle, yet simple, and without malice. If provoked, they march straight on the foe, attack him face to face, without other thought. Hence, they readily fall victims to ruses and ambushes; they do not matter to fight whenever one likes, no matter what the motive; they are drawn ready, even though they have no other aim than their strength and daring. Nevertheless they can be led, through persuasion, without any difficulty, towards useful things, and are open to culture and literary learning. Content in their tall statures and in their numbers, they readily assemble in great multitudes, simply and spontaneously, and willingly take in hand the cause of anyone who is oppressed." The description is fair, though imperfect, and applies sufficiently to the ancestors of those gallant Irish soldiers of whom Mr. Walter Scott sang that "They moved to death with military glee" (loud applause). Certainly as a race they delighted in chivalrous warfare, gladdening whatever they deemed noble, or mean. In our old heroic romances, the perfect examples may be found, the pursuit of which should tend to exalt the ideals of generations. The record of their prowess does not depend only on native writers, for we know from foreign sources that

THE IRISH GAELS INVADED GAUL,

that they brought over thousands of captives, that they waged valorous war against the Roman legions in Caledonia, that Britannia wept when the sea foamed beneath the Irish oars. This is Claudian's view, and Claudian spoke on behalf of the Britannia which had become a Roman province, not had free Britons kindred of the Gaul, whose allies they were; for the ancient Irish were by no means the sole hope of all in those islands who still cherished the principle of independence, as against the terrorizing power of Rome. The author of the life of Agricola asserted it, when he wrote: "I have often heard Agricola declare that a single legion, with a

moderate band of auxiliaries, would be sufficient to achieve the conquest of Ireland. Such an event, he said, would contribute greatly to bridging the stubborn spirit of the Britons, who, in that case, would see with dismay, the Roman arms triumph, and every spark of liberty extinguished under their coast." We may put aside Agricola's boast of what he could do, since he did not even attempt to invade Ireland. At that time, indeed, the Irish Gael were more willing to meet him half-way, as

HE DISCOVERED IN SCOTLAND WHETHER THEIR ARMIES HAD GONE

to the succor of their colonies and the assistance of their allies. The most renowned of the Caledonian chiefs was one called in Latin Galgacus, a name confessedly Celtic, and very Irish, seeing that Doire Galgach was the name of the Ulster City which was frequently changed to that of Doire Columelle. The ovation which the Latin author ascribes to Galgacus expressed, no doubt, the very sentiments of the Gaels in their strife against Roman domination, and the fact that such a speech should be composed for him indicates that the Romans found the Celts of these islands as expert in eloquence as those of Gaul. It also shows that the Roman could do justice to the motives of the enemy. The address, indeed, resembles it of Bruce to his army, and Burns probably found the idea of this poem in the speech of Galgacus. "When I reflect on the need that calls for our staunchest vigor, I expect all that is great and noble from that union of feeling which pervades us. From this day, I date the freedom of Britain. We are the men who never crouched in bondage. Beyond seas, there is no land where Liberty can find a refuge. Even the sea is shut against us, while the Roman fleet is hovering on the coast. To draw the sword in the cause of freedom is the true glory of the brave. In our condition cowardice itself would throw away the coward." Again, "We have lived in freedom, and our eyes have been unpolished by the sight of ignominious bondage. This end of the earth is ours; defended by our situation we have till this day preserved our honor and the rights of men." This follows a scathing indictment of Roman tyranny and greed, and a solemn description of the degeneracy of their subjugated serfs. "Are the nations rich, Roman armies? Are they poor, Roman armies? lords it over them. To rob, to ravage, and to murder, in their imposing language are the arts of civilization. When they make a desert they call it peace." "Our money is conveyed into their treasury, and our crops into their granaries. Inevitably and sternly the wages of work. The lot of conquered was worse than that of the born slave, for by his master, and brought into the habit of the mirth and ridicule. In the general servitude to which Rome has reduced the world the case is the same; we are treated at first as objects of derision, and then marked out for destruction." He warns the soldiers that Roman glory grew on their disensions, and reminds them that the enemy's forces were now largely mere mercenaries that the victory of the Celts would cause the Gauls and the Germans to remember that they also were once free men. He concludes, "In me behold your general; behold an army of free-born men. Your enemy is before you, and in his train, heavy tribute, drudgery in the mines, and all the horrors of slavery. Are these calamities to be entailed upon us, or shall this day relieve us by a brave revenge? There is the field of battle; let that decide. Let us seek the enemy, and, as we rush upon him, remember the glory delivered down to us by our ancestors, and let each man think that upon his sword depends the fate of all posterity" (applause). This speech, composed by a generous foe, is designed to show

THE MOTIVES WHICH MOVED THE CELTIC RACES AGAINST THE ROMANS,

and demonstrates their unconquerable spirit, their virile courage, and their union of sentiment. Strange as it may seem, paradoxical even, it is yet true that in those early ages the Irish nation was looked to by free-born Britons as their protectors, and proved itself the saviour of the freedom of Britain by assisting to expel the Romans (loud applause). Has the martial and chivalric spirit which animated our nation in former times disappeared

AS EXPRESSED BY MENTAL WORK AND ESPECIALLY BY LITERATURE,

with the generations who exemplified it then? If there could be such an assertion, but there is none, how convincing would be the contradiction given by the great nations of Russia, Austria, Spain, and France, where the exiled Irish and their noble descendants upheld the honor of their adopted lands, and the memory of their forefathers with heroic fidelity. The New World, American, both North and South, would be silent witness, nor could Great Britain be silent when the chief commander of her armies and navy are Irishmen (applause). There remains another characteristic of the Celtic race which I have kept for the last, that of intellectuality.

OVERSPREAD EUROPE AND CALLED VISITORS TO THEIR HALLS

from all the adjoining kingdoms, Norsemen and Saxons and Gauls had nests named after them in our university towns; Romans came, and the words of authority witnesses, was the "New Home," the "School of the West." In no place, at no period, was there shown such intense zeal for the cultivation of letters, nor such cordial hospitality as that lavished on foreign students by the Irish nation. On the evidence of that great Saxon, the venerable Bede, we learn that Ireland received all comers with a liberal welcome, and hospitably entertained them, giving them books to read when books were scarce and precious—instruction in every art and science then known and all gratuitously (applause). When Rome fell, amid the wreck of nations, its intellectual sceptre did not pass to any country of the Continent, but was caught from the ruins by Ireland, and borne for three centuries at least by Ireland in sovereign supremacy over the known world. It is a great claim, but it is admitted. That glorious period Irish authors help to give classic letters from degradation and mold; they laid the deep and strong foundations of modern literature. They gave of their higher culture and elaborated methods to the Anglo-Saxons to the Germans, to the French, and to the Spaniards, directly or indirectly. They

TAUGHT THE NEW NATIONS THE SYSTEM OF VERSE AND MUSIC,

of rhymed and non-rhymed lines, on which all later poetry has been fashioned. Beyond the classical world they created new realms of heroic romance, imaginative fiction, aerial visions of other states, mystic dreams, and heroic tales, which inspired or influenced much of the great intellectual efforts of other and later men. It is an undeniable fact that ancient Ireland was the Mother of Literatures (loud applause). What of modern Ireland? Have her people of the present proved faithful to the noble characteristics that glorified her past, and made her name famous among men. Is this faculty exercised, is this function rightly fulfilled, is Ireland now faithful to the great mission bequeathed her in illustrious heritage? All this can be put forward as foreseen and admitted. No doubt, storm after storm has swept over our country, wrecked our universities, destroyed our great schools, and at last, for a time, swept

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the lord of earth and time. No one can contest its possession to our predecessors. It was the passion and the pride of the ancient nation. In Pagan times men of learning held the foremost rank in Ireland next to the monarch, and their hands conferred protection and sanctuary. When the Christian Church, emerging from the gloom of the asceticism and many persecutions, began like a bird on whose wings the sunshine falls after a thunderstorm, to raise its voice in hymns of praise, the gift of song came into the Western Church from the Celts. St. Ambrose was born in Gaul, where his father was a Governor; St. Hilary was himself a Gaul, and when the first Council of the Church met in Rome, he decided as to what books should be approved and what rejected, one work which went with the highest commendation—his own almost every year since has been published in new editions was the "Carmen Paschale" or Easter song by Sedulius, an Irish bard. Most of the nations of Europe have been proud to produce this poem, which is the first epic of Christendom, but Ireland has been silent. So great was the enthusiasm for learning in the old days, so high was the honor of literature that the Irish universities counted their students by thousands. Their renown

OVERSPREAD EUROPE AND CALLED VISITORS TO THEIR HALLS

from all the adjoining kingdoms, Norsemen and Saxons and Gauls had nests named after them in our university towns; Romans came, and the words of authority witnesses, was the "New Home," the "School of the West." In no place, at no period, was there shown such intense zeal for the cultivation of letters, nor such cordial hospitality as that lavished on foreign students by the Irish nation. On the evidence of that great Saxon, the venerable Bede, we learn that Ireland received all comers with a liberal welcome, and hospitably entertained them, giving them books to read when books were scarce and precious—instruction in every art and science then known and all gratuitously (applause). When Rome fell, amid the wreck of nations, its intellectual sceptre did not pass to any country of the Continent, but was caught from the ruins by Ireland, and borne for three centuries at least by Ireland in sovereign supremacy over the known world. It is a great claim, but it is admitted. That glorious period Irish authors help to give classic letters from degradation and mold; they laid the deep and strong foundations of modern literature. They gave of their higher culture and elaborated methods to the Anglo-Saxons to the Germans, to the French, and to the Spaniards, directly or indirectly. They

HER MAJESTY AS GREAT-GREAT-GRANDMOTHER.

It is expected that the Queen will shortly attain the very unique position of being a great-great-grandmother, as it is expected in the family of the Prince of Wales, the Princess being a granddaughter of the Emperor Frederick. This will make her a descendant of a great-grand uncle, and the very youthful Kaiser a grand uncle.

A FISHERMAN'S TRIALS.

Exposure While at Sea Remained on an Attack of Delirium Which caused the Boat Striking a Rock. Mr. Geo. W. Shaw, of Sandford, N. S., follows the occupation of a fisherman, calling it a very frequently to inclement weather. Some years ago, as a result of exposure, Mr. Shaw was attacked by delirium, and for months suffered intensely. He says the pain he endured was something agonizing, and he was not able to do any work for some months. His life was drawn out of shape by the trouble, and the doctor who attended him said that it had also affected his spine. After being under the care of a doctor for several months without getting relief, Mr. Shaw discontinued medical treatment, and resorted to the use of plasters and liniments, but with no better results. He was advised to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills and finally decided to do so. After using them for a couple of weeks, he found a decided relief, and in about two months' time every trace of the trouble had disappeared, and he has not since been troubled with the illness. Mr. Shaw says he occasionally takes a box of pills to ward off any possible recurrence of the trouble. Those attacked with sciatica, rheumatism, and kindred troubles will avoid much suffering and save money by taking Dr. Williams' Pink Pills at the first sign of the trouble. Sold by all dealers for \$2.50, by direct mailing Dr. Williams, Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

FIRESIDE FUN.

Said the Big Man—"You're a little second!" Said the Little Man—"Don't be on your size!"—Puck

No man should scold his wife for keeping plants in winter, when leaving the window open on a cold night will have more effect than cross words.—Aitchison Globe.

Engrossing Clerk (Ohio Legislature)—Here is this bill proposing to restrict marriage to persons of sound mind and sane mind; how shall I entitle it? Married Love—An Act prohibiting matrimony.—Cleveland Leader.

Aunt—"Wouldn't you like to study languages, Bobby? Bobby—"You can talk two languages now, Aunt. "You can't. What are they?" "English and baseball."—New York Weekly.

Wife (aghast)—Henry, where did you get that appetite? Returned Soldier (lavishly eating away)—That appetite, Jane, was presented to me by the War Department for gallant and meritorious service in the field.—Chicago Tribune.

Philanthropist—Do you believe capital punishment, may I ask? Cynic—I certainly don't. "Why, how's that?" "Because I never let met a man that I thought it worth while hanging a other for."—Brooklyn Life.

"Wal, Jim, wot d'ye think about 'raz of Russia and this 'ere unlive disarmament?" Jim—Well, it's a mat like me and my ole woman, I when there's a bit of shindy bray, I the one wot proposes peace is th' one aint got 'old of the poker.—Fun

Leon—Pavlobrake's shop in east of London. Time, 9:30 p.m. Boy enters with Irwinpan and shouts "Punence." "What's it over. Why, you young rascal, it's hot!" said the shopman. "In the sausage, and ain't mother jest ferried the supper here?"—Spare Moments.

Mrs. Wiggins—Let the children have their fun, Henry. You and I must not forget that you were young once ourselves. Mr. Wiggins—What's the use of talking back to the storm, sir, at your time of life? The storm siren was then hoisted.—Cleveland Leader.

"Don't you think it's too bad to lose the good old-fashioned custom of rotting from door to door singing 'Christmas carols'?" asked Willis Washington. "Oh I don't know," answered Miss Mayenne. "Our forefathers had to put up with such primitive methods. The piano organ wasn't invented then, you know."—Washington Star.

"This is outrageous; it ought to be hiked off the stars." "What's all that?" "Why, this 'Uncle Tom's Cabin' with two Cyrano in it."—Detroit Free Press.

Mrs. Peck—Prof. Reader, the palmist looked at my hand to-day and told me He said I had the hand of an artist. Mr. Peck—My before! I'm sorry you didn't find that out before! Who knows? You might have got wedded to art.—Chicago News.

"I reckon," said Senator Sorghum, "that I am one of the most unbusiness in congress. I kin always hear all aspects of a case discussed without any leaning of one way or another." "You befohand?" "Certainly. What's the use of being? Both sides generally have money."—Washington Star.

DEATH OF JOHN FOIK.

After only two days' illness the death of Mr. John Foik occurred on Monday morning, February 13, from a stroke. Deceased was proprietor of the Arlington hotel, Tavistock, and formerly one of the best-known residents of Stratford. John Foik was born 14th of December, 1845, in the town of Gielwice, in the Province of Silesia, Prussia. Prussian army, fighting for the Fatherland through the terrible Franco-Prussian war. He came to this country in 1877, and was proprietor of the Ontario house, this city, for a number of years. After disposing of it, he established a tailoring business, and on July recently purchased the Arlington hotel, a handsome structure in Tavistock. During his short residence in this village Mr. Foik had made himself very popular, and his unexpected demise will bring heartfelt grief to all who knew him, both in that place and in Stratford. Besides a sorrowing wife, he is survived by a family of three: Gertrude and Paul, at home, and Henry, High School teacher, of Colborne, Ont. The deceased was a member of Branch No. 11, C.M.B.E.A. for seventeen years, and served a term as President of the branch. The funeral took place at 10 o'clock Wednesday morning from the station, the body being brought up from Tavistock. A large number of friends of the family were at the station, and the funeral was large, being under the auspices of Branch No. 12. The pall-bearers were: —Brothers O'Donoghue, Dely, Goodwin, Devlin, Hagarty, and Seiler. The services at the church were conducted by Rev. Father Coot, interment being made at Avondale cemetery.

When Beauty Fades.

In response to repeated inquiries from ladies with whom Dr. Chase's Ointment has become so popular for skin diseases, asking if face powders are injurious and can be used while using the ointment, we state that while the use of face powders are injurious we can recommend the recipes given in Dr. Chase's supplement to his book on page 45, which will be sent to any address on receipt of 5c. In stamps. Dr. Chase's Ointment for the ladies' friend for skin diseases. Address Dr. A. W. Chase Co., Toronto.

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Little Miss Ugly.

Thomas Dunn English in Harper's Bazar.

The Orringtons were by no means... The Orringtons were by no means... The Orringtons were by no means...

It was about time that Maria... It was about time that Maria... It was about time that Maria...

Marian knew all about Elmore... Marian knew all about Elmore... Marian knew all about Elmore...

She had been taught a smattering of... She had been taught a smattering of... She had been taught a smattering of...

Marian put forth her whole fascinat... Marian put forth her whole fascinat... Marian put forth her whole fascinat...

It was soon rumoured around who... It was soon rumoured around who... It was soon rumoured around who...

Marian knew all about Elmore Brax... Marian knew all about Elmore Brax... Marian knew all about Elmore Brax...

note in it and had some words writ... note in it and had some words writ... note in it and had some words writ...

It was two weeks from that time... It was two weeks from that time... It was two weeks from that time...

One day at dinner, after Braxton... One day at dinner, after Braxton... One day at dinner, after Braxton...

"Matter? It's a case of 'so near... "Matter? It's a case of 'so near... "Matter? It's a case of 'so near...

"Yes. It is all right," replied Brax... "Yes. It is all right," replied Brax... "Yes. It is all right," replied Brax...

"No other than I. I did not remain... "No other than I. I did not remain... "No other than I. I did not remain...

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A. N. ROSEBRUGH, M.D., Eye and Ear Surgeon to St. Michael's Hospital.

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