

FAITHFUL UNTO DEATH.

The Story of Kateri Tekakwitha.

WRITTEN FOR THE REGISTER BY TERESA.

No, never dreaming that the object of their anxious solicitude would raise any objections to their settlement of her future, the two well-meaning women fixed upon the most desirable part in their circle of acquaintances, and having settled everything, including the date of the wedding, to their entire satisfaction, they broached the subject to the unsuspecting Kateri.

Completely taken aback, Kateri could only reply that she did not wish to marry, that she did not love anyone in that way, and that she was quite happy and wanted for nothing.

When Anastasia remonstrated that the winter was approaching, and she would require plenty of furs to keep her warm, she enquired, with the playful sarcasm for which she was noted, whether her friend advised her to marry merely to have somebody to provide her with furs, and whether she did not consider love a necessary adjunct to a happy union?

Whereupon Anastasia waxed angry, and threatened to go to the blackguard and ask him to use his influence to make Kateri alter her mind.

Kateri replied simply that she did not think she would ever alter her mind, unless the blackguard said marriage was necessary to salvation, when she would submit at once.

Fused beyond measure at what they considered her silly obstinacy, Kateri's sister and Anastasia determined to go to Father Cholewo and lay the case before him. Accordingly Anastasia repaired to the priest, and represented to him the advisability of a young girl like Kateri having a suitable protector in the shape of a husband, besides the necessity for warm clothing which she could not otherwise procure.

The blackguard concurred in the wisdom of the idea, and inquired if Kateri had expressed any wish to marry. Anastasia said no, that was what she had come to ask his assistance for; Kateri refused to marry under any circumstances, and they did not know what to do with her.

Somewhat surprised, and, possibly, secretly amused at his being requested to play the role of matchmaker, Father Cholewo promised to speak to Kateri herself upon the subject, but he said they must not attempt to coerce her in such a matter, as she herself was probably the best judge of what was expedient for her.

Accordingly he questioned Kateri, telling her he merely wished to hear from her own lips whether she had any wish to marry or not.

Kateri asked whether it was necessary for her to marry, and being told no, not unless she wished to, she replied modestly that she would much rather remain single, and upon the priest asking her how she could provide for herself, she said that God would provide for her. He had not yet failed to do so, and, for the cold, did not suffer cold and hunger, and what he had suffered she could endure. The priest marvelled much at what he heard, but refrained from pressing the question upon her further, and warned Anastasia that she must leave Kateri alone for the future, for God was drawing her towards some purpose of his own.

Kateri's friends were much annoyed at the turn things had taken, but they did not dare to say any more to her, though they showed their annoyance unmistakably.

But this trial by her peace was nothing compared with what she was yet to endure.

The Indians were accustomed to take to the woods in the winter, as food was more easily obtainable there than in the village. They would go with their wives and children, and set up their lodges in the forest, leaving behind them the old and infirm who were not equal to the journey or the privations attendant upon it.

On the first winter of Kateri's stay in Canada, she was persuaded to accompany her brother and sister and the rest of the able bodied Indians in their annual migration.

She would much rather have remained in the village, as it would be impossible for her to go to church in the woods, the priests of course remaining behind in charge of the mission. But her sister overruled her objections, urging upon her the fact that she herself would be very glad of Kateri's help with the children. Any appeal to Kateri's good nature was enough, she always put self into the background to help another.

The Lily went to the woods; better, far better for her peace of mind had she remained at home, suffering cold and hunger, for a far bitterer trial awaited her than any she had yet experienced.

When the party reached the woods a large tent was erected which accommodated the majority, including Kateri. Those who could not find room in the lodge built small huts for themselves.

sin was hooded and many a robe cown during the awful cold of that winter in the woods, and the one who afterwards repaid her unfaithfulness with the blackest ingratitude.

On one occasion the young man came in and told the assembled women that he had just finished making a canoe which would have to be sewn, and, turning to Kateri, he asked if she would do it for him.

She at once assented, and the jealous wife saw in this simple and innocent incident all sorts of suspicious circumstances.

One morning she found her husband fast asleep near Kateri's partition in the lodge.

The fact was, the tried hunter had come in late the night before and thrown himself down in the first place he could find, as was the custom among the Indians, who sleep anywhere when tired.

But this explanation did not satisfy the infuriated woman, and when Kateri, all unconscious of wrongdoing, came into the lodge, she was greeted with a torrent of vile accusations and abuse. She heard her accuser silently and made no effort to defend herself beyond a simple denial, which was emphatically confirmed by the now angry braves.

But denials were useless, the party returned to the village, the squaw went straight to the blackgown with a slanderous story against Kateri, and, worst of all, she was believed.

Kateri was silent after that first indignant denial, which was repeated to the priest, she said no more. She made the only sacrifice remaining, she did the one thing left for her to do, she submitted to the abnegation of the belief in her honor.

Her confessor said afterwards that he soon became convinced of her innocence, but he could not break the seal of confession, even though by that means he could have silenced her slanderers.

Kateri's heart was nearly broken now, it was a trial so immense, so severe, that an ordinary mind would have given way under it.

Even Anastasia sided against Kateri for some time, and she was left literally without a friend in the world.

But God does not try us beyond our strength, gradually Kateri's innocence was established, and she gained also a devoted friend in the person of a young Indian widow named Theresa.

The two girls became inseparable companions. Theresa, though very different in character to Kateri, was very devoted and earnest, and her devotion was increased by beholding that of her saintly friend.

The two went to confession every week, and used to confess themselves by retiring to a deserted hut and flagellating each other.

Kateri's health was declining fast, the fearful mortifications she practised unknown to her friends were slowly and surely sapping her strength. On one occasion she secreted a thorn branch and placed it under her blanket, and for three nights she slept upon that cruel bed. But Anastasia discovering it and reproaching her she obediently threw it away.

A visit which she and Theresa paid to a convent at Montreal revealed to Kateri the true meaning of virginity and she resolved to consecrate herself to God. She informed the priest of her resolution, and he, after trying her, consented to her taking a vow of perpetual chastity, which she did on Lady Day, 1679.

A little nephew of Kateri's having died, the squaws were burying him when one of them said, "Where will your grave be, Kateri?"

"Over there," she replied without hesitation, pointing to the very spot where she was afterwards laid by Father Cholewo, who knew nothing of her having pointed the place out until long afterwards.

She was growing weaker and weaker. Theresa in terror went and told the priest about their floggings in the deserted hut every Saturday, and he, considerably astonished, blamed her severely for not revealing it before.

Kateri was at last so ill as to be unable to rise. Water and food consisting of meal and oatmeal cakes were placed beside her while the women went to their work in the fields, and she lay the whole day alone except for the children whom the priest would sometimes collect by her bedside and catechize.

The end was evidently not far off; it was decided that the Blessed Sacrament should be brought to Kateri's hut, an honor never before accorded to an Indian, the sick being usually laid upon a litter and carried to the door of the church.

After Viaticum had been administered to Kateri, Theresa offered to stay with her, fearing that she would die while they were in the fields. But Kateri, to whom God had revealed the hour of her death, assured her friend that she would find her alive on her return.

And so it was, when the women returned a little before the usual time, a radiant smile greeted them. They greeted themselves around the Lily and repeated the prayers for the agonizing. Kateri's lips moved silently, and once or twice she raised her hand as though to make the sign of the cross, but she was too weak. The end was very near. Theresa, in an agony of grief, knelt beside her dying

friend, holding her hand and speaking with the sobe she could not repress. Kateri raised herself and looked at her. "Theresa, I am going, do you not hear?" "They are calling me, farewell. I will pray for you in Heaven," and, sinking back, she gave her pure soul into the hands of the Lord.

After her death her face changed and became suffused with a wondrous beauty that amazed everyone who saw it. She was laid out in the lodge for the Indians to see her for the last time. Two Frenchmen passed through the village and, impelled by curiosity, entered the lodge. "That young woman sleeps soundly," remarked one of them. An Indian who overheard him told them that it was Kateri Tekakwitha and that she was dead. They immediately returned and, kneeling at her feet, commended themselves to her prayers, for her fame had already spread far beyond the limits of the village.

Her funeral was observed with every solemnity. No work was done, and every Indian for miles around, pagan and Christian, came to do honor to her whom all recognized as a saint. The inscription upon her tomb is as follows:

KATERI TEKAKWITHA. April 17, 1679. The fairest flower that ever bloomed among the redskins.

Several apparitions of Kateri appeared to her friends. One, six days after her death, was seen by Father Cholewo at 4 o'clock in the morning. She appeared as a rising sun, and two symbols, one an overturned church and the other an Indian burning at the stake, appeared also. At the same time the priest heard the words, "Adieu visio in dies." The two symbolic prophecies were fulfilled, one in 1680 and the other in 1688.

Thus lived and died Kateri Tekakwitha, one of the most beautiful souls and the greatest monument of divine grace ever vouchsafed to a savage race.

(THE END.)

OUR SORTS.—Symptoms, Headache, loss of appetite, furred tongue, and general indigestion. These symptoms, if neglected, develop into acute disease. It is a trite saying that an ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure, and a little attention at this point may save months of sickness and large doctor's bills. For this complaint take from two to three of Parmentier's Vegetable Pills going to bed, and one or two for three nights in succession, and a cure will be effected.

Obituary.

A deep sadness was felt throughout the entire community when it became known that on Tuesday night, Feb. 16th, after a long and painful illness Almighty God in his mercy and wisdom had called to his reward one of our old and much esteemed residents, Mr. Andrew Fogarty, Pomona, Grey County. The deceased was born on the 10th of August, 1831, in the county of Kerry, Ireland. In 1850 he left his native land to seek for himself a home in the forests of Canada. Shortly after his arrival he settled in the county of Grey as one of the pioneers and endured the hardships and privations, trials and disappointments, incident to the early settler. As time wore on and success crowned his efforts he never lost sight of the one great object of his life—the salvation of his soul. And well was he rewarded for his fidelity to his faith for almost daily did he receive the comforts of the Catholic church of which he was such an ardent and consistent member. The funeral which was one of the largest ever seen in this section took place from his residence to St. John's Church where High Mass was sung and an appropriate sermon on the shortness of life compared to eternity, preached by the parish priest Rev. Father Hauck.

REMARKABLE CASES.

Chorea Intractable. After From Sick Bed Recovered. Being Up Hope.

London, Ont.—Henry R. Nicholls, 170 Rectory street, catarrh; recovered. Dr. Chase's catarrh cure, 26c.

Marksdale—Geo. Crowe's child, itching eczema; cured. Chase's Ointment.

Turo, N.S.—H. E. Sutherland, traveler, piles—very bad case; cured; Chase's Ointment, 60c.

Lucan—Wm. Beaton, gardener, pin worms in child; Chase's Pills.

L'Amable—Pere Van Allan, eczema for three years. Cured. Chase's Ointment.

Growler Point—Robano Bartard, dreadful itching piles, 30 years. Well again; Chase's Ointment, 60c.

Myersburg—Nelson Simmons, itching piles; cured. Chase's Ointment.

Malone—Geo. Richardson, kidney and liver sufferer; better. One box Chase's Pills, 25c.

Cheley—H. Will's son crippled with rheumatism and suffering from diabetes, completely recovered. Chase's Pills.

A SUCCESSFUL FESTIVAL.

The Forty-Fourth of St. Mary's Orphan Asylum.

HAMILTON, Feb. 25.—Those who at tend the St. Mary's Orphan asylum festival never fail to receive full musical value for the money expended. Last evening's festival—the forty-fourth in the Grand Opera house was no exception to the rule.

In the boxes were seated his lordship, Bishop Dowling, Mr. McEvay, Rev. Fathers O'Reilly, Mahoney, Brady, Mayor Colquhoun, Burke, Oakville, Hancy, Colquhoun, H. H. Matthews, M. P., T. Middleton, M. L. A., Rev. Father Geoghagan and Rev. Dr. Burns. The audience crowded the parquette and the balcony, and was most enthusiastic all evening. The programme was as follows:

- Selection—Wizards of the Nile. VICTOR HEBBERLY. Thirtieth Battalion. Song—The Anchorites. WEAVER. DUBOIS HAROLD JARVIS. Song—Autumn Love. CHAMBERLAIN. II Profeta. M. NEYER. Violin solo—Valse Capriccio. WIENIAWSKY. GLOBE FOX. Song—Oh for a Day of Spring. STERN. Song—The Silver King. MAMMADO. Miss EDITH J. MILLER. Vulcan's Song—At the Forge. GOUNOD. SHIRAZ. P. DELASCO. Duet—Dusky Night Now Spreads Her Plumes. MISS LIZZIE ADDISON AND HARBOLD JARVIS.

- Ballets—La Belle Lucie. LUZZI. Song—Drinking Song. STANIS P. DELASCO. Aria—Kathleen Mavourneen. CROUCH. Miss EDITH MILLER. Song—Island of Dreams. ADAMS. HARBOLD JARVIS. Violin solo—Fantasie de Concert. ALARD. Song—Stars Look on Me. MATEL. LIZZIE ADDISON. Duet—After the Play. BONHEUR. H. JARVIS AND P. DELASCO. James F. Morrissey accompanist.

At the close of the first part the curtain was rung down, and when it was lifted the audience saw upon the stage 120 children of the asylum—60 boys and 60 girls—all healthy looking, neatly dressed and apparently somewhat surprised at their novel position. To the accompaniment of Margaret Bowie on the piano they first sang a chorus, "Happy Land," and then Charles McLaughlin, a ten-year-old, stepped to the front and in a loud, clear voice, delivered the following address:

"My Lord, Reverend Fathers, Ladies and Gentlemen: Just think of a little lad like me making a speech about orphans, a subject upon which he has never had any experience. I have already been made. Wouldn't it puzzle the G. O. M. himself to say anything new on the subject? But why say anything at all? Is not the living God, the living character, written by God's own hand? Just look upon this platform and see those little boys and girls who have come once more to thank you for your kindness towards them. See their happy smiling, beautiful faces, and you will surely feel that such a sight is speech enough for your generous hearts."

Dear friends, nearly 50 years have passed since the first orphan's festival, and though many of the noble hearts that took part in that good work are now numbered in the dust, yet, thank God, the charity that provided for the little ones of that day, and long ago, still lives among the devoted people of Hamilton. Oh, what, indeed, would have been the fate of those poor children whose parents had died in the wilderness, were stricken down by cholera, and died in the sheds erected by the city to give them temporary shelter had there been no friendly voice to cheer their little hearts? But that voice was near—the voice of the sisters, who had not only ministered to their dying parents, but when life was gone, laid their bodies in the coffin, as no remarkable act, but a simple duty of their last sad office; and then, when all was over, took to their hearts and homes the poor orphan children. Two of those sisters still live, and some of the children of those dreary days. At that time the sisters' means and accommodation were limited; but the good people of Hamilton cared for their relief, and irrespective of creed or colour, they were ready to help. Hence arose the orphan's festival.

"Many changes have since then taken place. In those days in our quiet little city, upon the side of the steeply rising mountain, there was scarcely a sound to be heard; nothing save the cry of the whippoorwill or the music of our native Canadian band. (Laughter.) There was no locomotive whistle to startle the people from their slumbers; no trolleys to frighten the lives out of the horses; no incline railway to help the boys scale the mountain reach of berries, and no street cars to bring the poor little ones home. And many an aching heart they left among the poor birds by their unthoughtful depositions. There was no electric light to enable the unwary traveler to pursue his journeying across the banks and brass that on every side beset his path. Happy the street that at that time could boast its solitary lamp post. No curfew bell—(laughter)—reminding in the balance to deter boys and girls wandering at their own sweet will through the highways and byways of the city during unseasonable hours."

"Oh, those things have been changed. But among all the changes, the orphan's festival still lives and flourishes, thanks, dear friends, to your kindly zeal and generous donations. You have, indeed, taken to your hearts the little orphans of St. Mary's, in whose behalf you have never been appeased to in vain. Surely, when called to your great account so page on your life's record you will be glad that which records your charity to the little orphans. May their prayers ascend for you to the throne of the Most High, and bring down upon yourselves and families health and contentment."

The little orator was heartily applauded and Bishop Dowling rose to speak. He said that in presenting the annual report of the asylum it was a great pleasure for him to meet the friends of the orphanage. Among the duties of a bishop was one of more interest to the church than this looking after the orphan children. They gloried in their institutions, but none did them more credit than such institutions as the orphanage. He thanked all for their portion of assistance in making the festival so successful. Turning to saviours, his lordship said that since the foundation of St. Mary's Orphan asylum in 1852, over 3,000 children had been reared for: 1,400 boys and 1,600 girls were admitted and 44 boys and 17 girls were provided

Best. Rest. Test. There are two kinds of rest: the best—and the rest. The trouble is they look alike. And when the rest dress like the best who's to tell them apart? Well, the true is known by its fruit. There's an old test and a side one. And the latter the true the deeper the rest. It's all another test. What's the rest—the rest of the rest? The one with the deepest root is Aye's. The one with the best fruit: that, too, is Aye's. Aye's rest-parilla is a record of half a century of rest; a record of many medals and awards—culminating in the medal of the Chicago World's Fair, which, admitting Aye's Rest-parilla as the best—set it down against the rest. That's greater honor than the medal, to be the only rest-parilla admitted as an exhibit at the World's Fair. If you want to get the best rest-parilla of your druggist, let him an infallible rule: Ask for the best and you'll get Aye's. Ask for Aye's and you'll get the best.

with homes. At present there were 89 boys and 68 girls in the institution. It received 21 cents a day for each inmate from the Ontario Government, and this, with the civic grant and private donations, was all they had to depend upon for the asylum's maintenance. They had also incurred considerable expense by providing a large playground and enlarging the building. Mayor Colquhoun said he had never seen a more pleasing picture than that he saw upon the stage. He had visited the orphanage and it had been found one of the best managed he had ever seen. He trusted that it would receive from the public ever better support, than it had done in the past.

T. H. Macpherson, M.P., was called upon by the bishop. He said that it was not the first time he had been present at orphan's festivals and he always enjoyed them. Apart from creeds and beliefs, he thought, this helping the orphan was the one thing on which all could agree. It was one of the pleasures allotted to mankind to attend to the wants of the orphan and friendless. He wished continued prosperity to St. Mary's Orphan asylum.

Mr. Middleton, Dr. Burns and Father Geoghagan followed with brief speeches, in which they spoke highly of the work of those in charge of the orphanage, and expressed their delight at being able to meet on the one common ground of love for the little ones.

The boys on the stage then sang a chorus, "The Silver King," and then G. S. Lynch-Staunton, master of ceremonies and the festival was under the direction of Chancellor Craven, of St. Patrick's church, who is worthy of all praise for the grand programme provided and the uniform excellence of the arrangements.

An immense audience was present at the matinee performance. The orphans sang the opening chorus, and also took part in a four-act operetta, Red Riding Hood. The fun makers for the afternoon were Mrs. Mary Devody, E. Ramsay, who sang a number of comic songs and gave several funny sketches, to the great delight of the audience. Others took part, Reid Murphy, recited Aunt Polly's Georgie Washington; Nora Galvin, The Little Quaker Sister; and Mary Devody, Jerry. They all did well and were applauded.

Officer—"The opponents of our military system say the standing armies are disastrous to the country. Can you name anything that is more disastrous?" Cadet—"Yes, a runaway army."

IT DOESN'T PAY TO PARLEY WITH RHEUMATISM. Rheumatic joints, and aching limbs mean inability to work, and inability to work means poverty, and poverty means a life of wretchedness. So from that point of view it doesn't pay to parley with Rheumatism. There's another side of the question—the days of agony and suffering.

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