

A Pen Picture of Leo XIII.

We take the following strong and disarming piece of writing from the Quilp Mercury, where it appears over the signature of "The Blacksmith," whose literary work is well known to Torontonians and to the Catholics of the city, albeit he is not himself a Catholic:—

"Two men—opposite as the poles in temperament, students in opposing schools of thought, but alike in the hold each has on the hearts of men—have been permitted to stand, during the last few days, within the shadows that separate life and death. Each has, in the goodness of Providence, been permitted to return to the path, way of duty and the sunshine of life. One is a very old man, whose span of life must, in the ordinary course of things, be nearing its close. The other has hardly reached the half-way house that lies between youth and middle age. The individuality of the former is marked by a rare sweetness of disposition and a will of adamant. He is a scholar of the widest erudition; he displays the most perfect manners; he is one who has stood as the Ambassador of Heaven in the court of an earthly King; pale and self-denying to the bitter verge of asceticism, a leader of men, and one in whose presence reverence is silent, and before whose life self-indulgence stands abashed. The younger man possesses a strong, rugged, and essentially masculine temperament; not a glutton, but one who rejoices heartily in the good things of this life. He is, often, on the most friendly terms with the spirit of retirement; he is a hard hitter, whose coarser fibre enables him to bear, with the semblance of equanimity, the ruder blows of an adversary. His chief characteristics are common sense, a wide range of intellect than of sympathies, and an utter absence of humbug. The gentle old man, first alluded to, wears the traditional white vesture worn by his predecessors—cassock, cinchuro, rochet, hood, white berretta, and so forth, with the episcopal shoes of scarlet, on whose upper surface is emblazoned in gold the emblem of our common faith. He sits in the chair of St. Peter, and he will be known in history as the saintly Leo, thirteenth of that name. The younger man of those twain is a spinner of sentences, a weaver of narratives, and the warp and the weft are human love and hate, borne swiftly backward and forwards on the shuttle of time. He is Rudyard Kipling.

All classes in the community, no matter what creed they adhere to, will rejoice unfeignedly that the life of the Sovereign Pontiff has been spared to further usefulness. His death, at the present critical juncture of European affairs, would be fraught with imminent danger to the continued peace of Europe. Nothing could exceed the charm of his personal presence. Never was there a human face that expressed greater refinement and the impress of a saintly life. Only those who have met him face to face can understand that fascination of manner which has won over bitter opponents to the side of the Ancient Church. Leo the thirteenth is one in whom the intellectual is only surpassed by the spiritual essence. Noble by birth, noble by nature, with the inestimable blessing of a godly father, the sainted Countess of the convent, as Papal Nuncio at Bergamo, as Cardinal, as Bishop of Perugia, as Cardinal, as Cardinal Camerlengo during the interim between the death of Pius and his own elevation to the throne, he has been marked by the greatest gifts and the humblest piety. All Christian men and women, in an age running so fast into reckless extravagance and increasing appetite for luxury, must hail the return of Gospel ideals and practices laid down by this good man, resting on high of the banner of the lovely Navarrese. To the scholars of every land he is especially endeared, not only because he has been all his life an unwearied student and an admired publicist, but because he has always been the consistent advocate and generous promoter of a thorough education for the people as well as the wealthy classes. His diplomatic skill in winning the confidence of governments and peoples, his saintly life, his high reputation for prudence, for moderation, and for learning, have enabled him to restore friendly relations between the Holy See and the most hostile non-Catholic powers. His exquisite tact in dealing with ecclesiastical matters in Great Britain has won for him the respect and deference of British statesmen. He is the only Pope who, since the reign of Henry VIII, has set his foot on English soil; and his visit to England was made in 1880, after his recall as Papal Nuncio to the court of King Leopold, at Brussels, and prior to his elevation to the See of Perugia.

of which the sons of Ignatius can be jealous. They have kept aloof from this controversy. They are abundant in room and work in the great vineyard of the American Church, for the national and all other similar organizations. He is not a friend of Catholicity who attempts to sow the seeds of jealousy in so promising a soil.

THE AMERICAN EXPA-SIONISTS MOVEMENT.

It is a long time since The Forum has had such an interesting list of subjects as that offered in the March number, which is veritably an index to the American mind craving for national expansion. "Is Our Army Degenerate?" by Col. Alexander S. Bacon; "The Future of Our Navy," by Capt. H. C. Taylor, of the United States Battleship "Indiana"; "What shall we do with the Philippines?" by Ex-Minister Charles Denby, are some of the papers.

The two papers, "The Future of Our Navy," by Capt. Taylor, of the "Indiana," and "Is Our Army Degenerate?" by Col. Alexander S. Bacon, will repay perusal. Capt. Taylor is of the opinion that the results of the recent naval battles indicate the propriety of diminishing the thickness of the armor plates at the water line, of carrying this thickness higher up, to protect the men at the upper-deck batteries, and of extending the metal to the bow and stern. The question of liquid fuel; the need of more marines to be at the call of the commanding admiral; the number and class of torpedo-boats, are details which Capt. Taylor considers, deeply concern the future of the American navy. Col. Bacon claims that the Americans are the most resourceful military power on earth, and that as a whole the army is not degenerate—the rank and file being superb. But, so far as well-disciplined battalions are concerned, America is as poorly equipped as any accreted nation of the globe. Col. Bacon points out that all the greatest soldiers have been young men who were appointed to the rank of captain at fifty years of age. He also ridicules the bureau system. "Who can imagine Caesar," he says, "winning victories over the Helveti by advancing the right wing instead of the left in obedience to a message from a Strategist Board in Rome?"

What has our fleet to do in the future? Is a question which Capt. Taylor undertakes to satisfy the curiosity of the world. He says—It has certain peace duties for its cruisers and gunboats; such as surveys and the occupation of bays and rivers needing the presence of the flag in order that trade may feel secure. In addition to these duties, commercial in their character, the navy during peace, should select the roadsteads and harbors where great fleets may assemble in time of war or when hostilities are impending; where the battleships and their attendant vessels may lie secure and in some degree of comfort, well provided from day to day with coal, water, ammunition, and provisions, yet not put up in some small-necked bottle of a bay, which may be corked at will by a "Mermaid" or a "Merceden"; where powerful fleets may wait, but not waste all their energies in waiting; where they may rest and yet not impair their mobility and their strategic vitality. These works of preparation for war and of clearing the path of sea trade are for times of peace; and among them must be included the estimating of war forces needed, and the number of battleships our line of battle will require among the seas and islands south of us.

Upon such estimates, carefully made, the ships to be built and the men to be enlisted must be based, and their disposition prepared with reference to strategy, the natural strength of our position, the hostile forces, and the national policy. It may be said that the hostile force likely in the next generation to contest our supremacy in the West Indies and in the adjacent coasts and waters will be about twenty battleships with their usual following of cruisers, colliers, supply-ships, and repair-ships. This estimate is based upon the probability that for a generation to come the relations of our country with England will be those of friends, if not of allies. It is based, too, upon the probable fact that no one of the Continental Powers will be disposed to undertake single-handed a naval campaign against us in West Indian waters. The forecast may be wrong; but preparations for the future must be based upon something; and a carefully studied estimate is the only basis available. I select, therefore, some such combinations of Continental navies, and deduce therefrom a force of twenty battleships as the probable maximum available in future years to contest with us our positions in the West Indies. It is not expedient to designate here the various points of attack possible for such a force in the regions under consideration, or the localities it might select as bases of operations from such attacks. Whatever its plans might be, the work must be undertaken at a great distance from home ports, and from the base of supplies.

FATHER VAUGHAN IN ARGENTINA.

A Spanish correspondent writes to the Register from San Sebastian, under date February 16th, as follows:—

The Very Rev. Kenneth Vaughan, an ever zealous missionary, has made his debut in Buenos Ayres, and under the most favourable circumstances has already secured unprecedented success, as is evidenced by the long list of subscriptions published in the local "Almanaque de la Familia Cristiana" just to hand. Leaving the Mother Country when the echoes of war were wafted from its colonies in the East and in the West, and which instantaneously reverberated through the hills and glens of the Peninsula, at once exclaiming that "quitting" there would no longer yield the rich and satisfactory harvest of the previous two years, he very prudently left its shores in the August of last year, by one of the steamships of the German line from Vigo, and in less than a month, with the benediction of the glorious Pope, the recommendation of his illustrious brother, His Eminence the Cardinal Archbishop of Westminster, and with, last, not least, the hearty support of his Grace of Buenos Ayres, he was once more appealing to the generous sons of Spain, in their new and prosperous homes beyond the Atlantic, and beneath the Southern Cross. Evidently never was an appeal to Spanish nationality, or to Spain's incomparable love of Jesus in His sacramental Hour, so generally received, and so open-heartedly responded to, as it has been. Yes, the Spanish chapel, with God's blessing, will, in the early days of the new century, proudly raise aloft its dome within the sacred precincts of the gorgeous Basilica of Westminster, whilst its fair beauty as the sacramental residence of the Eternal Son of the Unbegun Father, will be the honour and the glory of the Spanish home and abroad, the brightest gem in its corona. The noble Catholic sons of Spain, whilst not forgetting the many appeals now made by the Mother Country to her exiled children in these days of her dire affliction, necessarily ever imploring aid to clearize the wounds of their fellow-countrymen of the old land in appeals to which they have responded with donations high-hearted and princely; yet notwithstanding these patriotic demands on their resources, still they do not hesitate to take up another and a glorious work, so auspiciously inaugurated in the Mother Country, but in which presently she is unable further to co-operate and participate in the crowning labours of its completion. The few provinces—noble, patriotic Navarre, the Catholic Vascongadas, Malaga, Seville, and Santander, which Father Vaughan had traversed with apostolic ardour and with constant, unflinching confidence in God's blessing, responded nobly to his eloquent appeal, and to that persevering Eucharistic propaganda which for three years he was unfolding with a harmony of enthusiasm and love. Truly never was man's life so inseparably bound up with the object of his ambition as Father Vaughan's has been, and is still, with an ardent longing that ever burns within his bosom to see completed a sanctuary which, like its prototype, will be a veritable "Home of the Bread of Life" in the British metropolis. For of it may it be truly said, in the inspired language of the Psalmist, "This is my rest for ever and ever; here will I dwell, for I have chosen it."

Happily for Father Vaughan, auspiciously for the glorious object of his mission, he has found the old allies of Spain in the Argentina, "sallying with an enthusiasm and open-heartedness that recall the glorious days of their forefathers, whom the "wild geese" mocked to the standard of Charles and of Philip, and fought the good fight of faith and fatherland beneath the red and golden banner of Leon and Castille, in to-day a cause that unfurls the same banner, intertwined with the arms of Leo, as its shelter and its shield, has, as of old, attractions for them, and thus they hasten to enrol themselves amongst the hosts, with no other warranty than that of the Archangel Michael—"All for God," and for the honour of the creed now hoary with the snows of fifteen centuries. Yes, the sons of St. Patrick, to their honour be it recorded, are rich, respected, influential, and numerous, not alone in the crowded cities, but amongst the trackless wastes of the pampas of the Southern Republic, and there to-day, in order that Jesus may be more loved and God more glorified, and that their example may effect this and still further awaken a similar chord of charity in the hearts of other nationalities, have and are sustaining with unstinted liberality Father Vaughan's noblest of missions, the completion of the Royal Spanish "Sagrario" of Westminster. For the Irish race have not to-day to learn, for they have imbibed it years ago, at their mother's knee, that the riches of this world will leave no impression, or transfer no lives, to Eternity; but that the offering now, graciously presented, to raise a Home for our Divine Vine, will, with God's blessing on it, find there its everlasting record. Profiting by such and similar cherished truths of their faith, they hasten to add their generous contributions to those of their Spanish fellow-citizens, who are closely allied to them by the golden hair of faith. Yes, from that inevitable contest with equal chances a battle of twenty ships in the region under consideration.

HON. JOHN COSTIGAN ASSERTS HIMSELF.

The following appeared in the Montreal Star of March 4:—

To the Editor of the Star:—

Sir,—During the long series of years I have given to the Liberal-Conservative party such proofs of fidelity as would justify me in believing at least one thing with unshaken confidence. That one thing is that no Conservative worthy of the name, worthy, indeed, of the name of an honest man, would seize on my attitude in the recent New Brunswick elections as a valid reason for treating me with insult and contumely in the fashion that seems to have commended itself to many Liberal-Conservative organs. Were those pure-minded, great-souled, patriotic journalists to grind out a tune of decent criticism, or even in condemnation of my course in provincial politics, I would pass it over, knowing especially how real state of affairs in New Brunswick.

I cannot imagine what objection there was to throwing the body of the Mahdi into the Nile. There are no villages betwixt Khartoum and Cairo in any way have had their water supply contaminated by the dryness of the climate of Egypt, and the pres-

ence of the crocodiles would no doubt have removed all fear of infection at Cairo.

Under these circumstances the course pursued was legitimate, and as we went to the Sudan, primarily, to introduce civilization, a good object lesson was required.

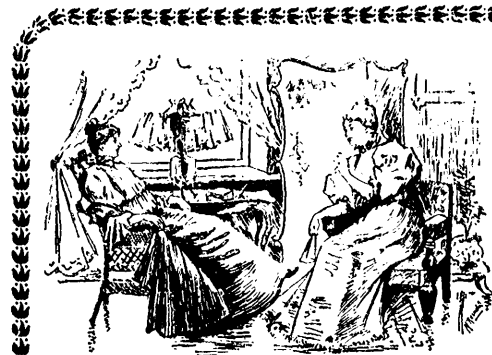
It is ridiculous to make any bones about the matter. We killed 11,000 of the "Niggers," we destroyed their capital, if we did "chuck" the carcass of the so-called Mahdi into the Nile, it should be remembered that he had the hardihood to prefer his religion to ours, and to persist in living in the country where he was born.

But the whole scope of the question put by Mr. William Redmond is misleading, and calculated to bring discredit upon England. In fact, in my mind, it furnishes (if it were required) another argument against Home Rule. It is most significant, and should not be forgotten, that all the body of the Mahdi was not thrown into the Nile. Herein appears the malignancy of Mr. Redmond's question. It is undoubted that the teeth, finger and toe-nails, and other somewhat essential portions of the body of the (so-called) Mahdi have been preserved, as curiosities.

Hence it is most unfair and unpatriotic of Mr. William Redmond, by suppressing the whole truth, to endeavour to cast a slur upon a nation, which appreciation of its own virtues—I am, sir, yours faithfully,

R. B. CUNNINGHAM GRAHAM,
Devonshire Club, St. James's S. W.,
February 22.

The leading physicians of Toronto patronize and recommend Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People, 256 Queen St. West, opposite the Fire 11. This is a fact well worth knowing if you have anyone sick at home. Lemaitre's Pharmacy has long enjoyed the best reputation for careful dispensing and pure medicines. Bi-cycle messengers call for prescriptions and promptly deliver medicines at all hours. Phone 1088.



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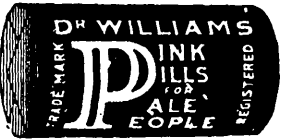
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shows itself in the rosy cheeks and clear, bright eyes of those who use them. These pills are not a purgative; they give strength instead of taking it away. They act directly on the blood and nerves; invigorate the body; regulate the functions, and restore health and strength to the exhausted woman when every effort of the physician proves unavailing. Mothers anxious for the healthy development of their growing girls should insist upon their taking Dr. Williams' Pink Pills.

IN A DECLINE.

Mrs. W. Goodwin, Argyle Sound, N.S., says:—"After the birth of my first child I was in poor health and unable to recover my strength. I had a severe pain in my left side and lung, which almost made it impossible for me to breathe. I had a bad cough day and night, and was troubled with night sweats, and on awakening found myself very weak. My complexion was sallow, and my appetite entirely gone. All my friends believed me in a decline. Our family physician attended me for a long time but I got no better. Then a friend advised me to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. Acting on this advice I bought a supply, and continued their use for a couple of months, when my health was fully restored. I am sincere in saying that I believe Dr. Williams' Pink Pills saved my life."

The wonderful success of this remedy has led to many attempts at imitation and substitution, but these never cured anyone. Refuse any package that does not bear the full name "Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People." Put up in packages that look like the engraving on the right, the wrapper printed in red ink. Sold by all dealers, but if in doubt send to the Dr. Williams Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont., and they will be mailed post paid at 50 cents a box, or six boxes for \$2.50.



and abroad. The following in no way represent the bulk of Irish contributions: they are but a few selected from a long list of Irish names:—Senator Dr. Santiago O'Farrell, member of the Argentine Congress; Senator Juan Hall, Senator Edward T. Mulhall, Senator Juan Duggan, Senator Juan Harrington, Senator P. Llambar Campbell, Senator Eduardo Hoally, Senora Marcela C. Duggan, Senora MacCarthy, Elena Muller, Clementine Stewart, Anna Solade Arnastrong, each £50. Senator J. J. Murphy, Senator Joaquin M. Cullen, Senator Joaquin Walker Martinez, Ambassador to Chile; Senator Santiago Kenny, Senator Eugene O'Gorman, Senora Dux Elaraz E. Marañal, Elena Green, Isabel Pearson, Anata Hughes, Carmen O'Gorman, Tomasa Gaban, each £10.

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