

good relations with the French government, the former reproaching his lack of firmness, and combativity, and the latter declaring him to have been vanquished, adding that defeat came before his death. The Soliel also dwells lengthily on the pope's special affection for France, which, it says was so ill-requited by the government. The Figaro affirms that Foreign Minister Delcasse's telegram advising the French Cardinals of the pope's death included a request that they come to the foreign ministry before starting for home.

How well these eulogies tally with those given the Supreme Pontiff even before his death.

No Man Stood Higher.

There is no man who stands higher than the pope in the esteem, admiration and affection of civilized mankind. The members of his own communion naturally regard him with a special reverence and a special love, but his life has been such that all instructed, intelligent and right minded men are ready to pay honor to his character and virtues and acknowledge the immense value of the service which, in the discharge of the duties of his exalted office, he has rendered to humanity. As a statesman, as a philosopher, as a philanthropist, and as a Christian, Pope Leo XIII has attained to a leading place among the great men of modern times. For all time to come he will remain a conspicuous and distinguished figure among the great men who were most prominent and influential in making history during the century which lately closed. The world is the better for his having lived, and than that, there is no finer epitaph.—Philadelphia Inquirer.

The Dying Leo.

The world stands at the bedside of the dying pontiff. The grief of his own flock, the vast communion of which he is the visible head, is direct, immediate and personal—the sorrow of children for a father who passes away. But this good man is loved by all the world, and all feel with sorrow the departure of the great pope who lies between the life he has used so well and the death for which he is so ready. The world which held his flock and which he yearly blessed, last night wherever the tidings came that his life hung in doubtful balance, breathed gratitude for his labors, love for the man and reverent honor for the priest.—Philadelphia Press.

A Marvelous Individuality.

His is a marvelous individuality. None of the valiant old men of his generation—neither Gladstone nor Bismarck—made such a wonderful impression as has the latest of the popes. It may, indeed, be doubted if any of those who had before worn what Dante calls the gran manto of the papacy ever succeeded in captivating the imagination of the civilized world in the way of Leo the aged. At ninety he was able to astonish even a Frenchman, the painter Benjamin Constant, by the brilliancy of his intellect * * * His refined intellect, his simplicity of life, his unaffected piety, all exalted to eminence by his extraordinary career, have made him an inspiring personage even to those who will not mourn him as a spiritual ruler.—New York Evening Post.

When The Pontiff Speaks.

Say what men will, when the Pontiff speaks, Rome catches and holds the attention of the Christian world as no other Bishop doctor can. Why is this? Because he comes to his position by right. Men feel instinctively that the pope is the leader in things spiritual. He is felt to have power behind him. This instinctive feeling cannot come to men in general from what we call "long usage"; for the majority who listen with all seriousness, have all their lives been indoctrinated with the most positive repugnance to the Papacy. This thought is full of suggestiveness. It surely goes to prove most strongly that the See of Rome is really the coping stone and the hope of reunion; and that the quicker Christians as a whole get rid of their nightmare as to the pope, so much the better. It is more than a nightmare it is a sin the way men in our own communion treat the papacy.—San Francisco Catholic Witness (Anglican).

The Consummate Flower of the Christian Religion.

History will doubtless say that the dominant characteristic of Leo XIII throughout his wonderful life, embracing more than ninety-three years, was simple goodness. The angelic hymn, "Peace on earth, good will to men," seemed to be the music of his existence. Set like a light upon the hilltop, the simplicity, gentleness, kindness of his life was an example and an inspiration to all. He will be mourned, not only by the two hundred and fifty millions of Roman Catholics, who saw in him the successor of St. Peter, and their supreme guide in the interpretation of the scriptures in matters of faith, but by the entire civilized world, which recognized in him that disposition the creation of which is the purpose of Christian religion and its fine consummate flower * * * And yet this aged man with so many ties with the past was abreast of the foremost thought and impulse of his own time. While sympathizing with the aspirations of the toiling masses of the world for betterment of their condition by all lawful means, he exerted all his moral influence and spiritual power to repress the socialistic doctrines founded upon an atheistic and false philosophy and the success of which results in anarchy. For his services in this field alone civilization must honor the memory of Leo XIII.—New York Herald.

Such testimonies are certainly most gratifying and surely sentiments of noble pride would fill the hearts of all true Catholics, were they not overwhelmed with grief and sorrow over the immense loss sustained by the Church in the death of her glorious Pontiff.

Knowing how eager are our readers to be made acquainted with all possible details regarding the last moments of his Holiness' mortal life as well as all the solemn ceremonies which follow a Pope's death, we here reprint the information transmitted by the Associated Press as we find them in the Telegram and the Free Press.

FINAL SCENES AT DEATHBED OF THE AGED PONTIFF.

Associated press dispatch to the Evening Telegram.

Rome, July 20.—The pope is dead.

The pope's death occurred at four minutes past 4 o'clock this afternoon.

Rome, July 20.—The whole day was one of continued emotion, one distressing scene following after another when it became known shortly after four o'clock that the pope's journey through the valley of death was almost finished. Cardinal Vannuttelli hurried to his bedside followed shortly afterwards by what is called in vatican phraseology, the "papal secret family" and the noble family, besides the personal family, including the late pope's nephews, Comte, Ludovico, Ricardo and Gamillo, and also all the cardinals at the vatican, who afterwards retired to the adjoining library after they had been allowed to kiss the pope's hand and pass along, presenting another of those pictures which will live in the memory of all those participating in it.

The aged Pontiff was lying unconscious, propped up to assist him in breathing, one hand laid on the red silk coverlet, the heavy pontifical ring being in danger of falling from his shrunken finger, while the other hand clutched his rosary and crucifix. Though he was entirely unconscious, gleams of intelligence seemed to flicker across the worn face, and the shadow of a smile fell over the pallid lips when the nephews passed and reverently knelt and kissed the Pope's hand.

No word was spoken. The only sound which broke the silence of the death-room was the rattle of the arms of the noble guards who were stationed at every door of the Pontiff's private apartments, it being their privilege and right under these circumstances, to take possession of the apartments and guard the body of the Pope.

The Final Scene.

The final scene in the death-chamber was profoundly impressive. The Pope's death having been

expected since noon, his deathbed was surrounded by practically all the members of the sacred college now in Rome, and the whole papal court; while the Pontiff's nephews remained in the papal library until they received word from the doctors, which announced that his last expiring breath was approaching. Then they moved silently within the death-chamber, some standing, some kneeling, all awaiting the awful moment of dissolution.

In the anti-chamber had assembled the high ecclesiastics, members of the diplomatic corps and representatives of the papal aristocracy, awaiting the announcement that the final moment had come. Profound silence reigned in the Pope's bedroom, only broken by the doctors rising to render their expiring patient more comfortable, by the sobs of the ever-faithful valet, Pio Centra, or the murmured prayers of Monseigneur Pifferi, the papal confessor, himself 84 years of age, who had to be assisted to the bedside. Softly recited the prayers for the dying, the Pontiff at one moment appearing to follow them as though conscious of what was transpiring, but he could not speak. Then the dying Pope murmured something to himself, in which those bending over him heard the words, "father" and "mother."

Death Struggle.

Dr. Laponi, who almost constantly had his fingers on the Pope's pulse, felt it grow gradually weaker and weaker, at the same time the Pontiff's extremities began to get cold, his lips became blue, his eyes sank more deeply into his head, his breathing became evermore difficult and there were strange rattlings in his throat.

Finally the Pope was asked to bless his nephews and all the others present. He attempted to raise himself and the extreme emaciation of his person, covered with a fine night shirt, was rendered more pronounced by the surroundings.

The portieres dividing the door were drawn back to the utmost to admit as much air as possible, while the light filtering through the green shades of the window rendered his sunken eyes and shrunken features absolutely ghastly.

It was a solemn moment. The head of the Pontiff, with its white skull cap no whiter than the fringe of silver hair, rising above the crimson coverlet, his hand raised in the familiar gesture of benediction, the kneeling assemblage being too earnestly absorbed in deep affliction, veneration and weeping to even make a movement.

The doctors again examined the dying Holy Father, and this time found that he was at the extreme limit of his powers of respiration, his eyes began to become dull and clouded and Leo XIII. entered into the real agony of death, which was recognized by all present kneeling. The last conscious act of the Pontiff was to turn his eyes towards the great crucifix on the wall, after which he suffered from a paroxysm of choking, during which he passed away.

Heart Rending Scenes.

The silence of the awe-stricken assemblage was broken by the solemn voice of Cardinal Serafino Vannuttelli, the grand penitentiary, intoning the requiem aeternam (rest eternal). This was the signal for an outburst of tears and the sound of weeping which could no longer be repressed, all the kneeling prelates, and others, kissing the dead hand, that hand which had dispensed so many benefits, charities and benedictions.

Outside the death-chamber expectation was intense, but the sight of the sorrowing faces of those leaving the room was sufficient without word to spread the sad news, which was not long in spreading through Rome. The occurrences in the death-chamber immediately following the Pope's death were of impressive solemnity. Couriers had been dispatched to summon those who are delegated to perform the first religious offices toward the dead Pope, and soon the chanting of the Franciscan monks was heard as two by two in coarse brown habits and with sandalled feet, they proceeded to the room in which Leo lay dead.

In the Death-Chamber.

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