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The Catholic Register.

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

BALMEZ.

VOL. VII.—NO. 34.

TORONTO, THURSDAY, AUGUST 24, 1899.

PRICE FIVE CENTS.

Consecration of the World to the Sacred Heart.

ENCYCLICAL LETTER OF OUR MOST HOLY LORD, LEO XIII. BY DIVINE PROVIDENCE POPE.

On the Consecration of Mankind to the Sacred Heart of Jesus.

To the Patriarchs, Primate, Archbishops and Bishops of the Catholic World in Grace and Communion with the Apostolic See.

POPE LEO XIII.

Venerable Brethren, Health and Apostolic Benediction.

But a short time ago, as you well know, We, by letters apostolic, and following the custom and ordinances of Our predecessors, commanded the celebration in this city, at no distant date, of a Holy Year. And now to day, in the hope and with the object that this religious celebration shall be more devoutly performed, We have traced and recommended a striking design from which, if all shall follow it with hearty good will, We not unreasonably expect extraordinary and lasting benefits for Christendom in the first place and also for the whole human race.

Already more than once we have endeavored, after the example of Our predecessors Innocent XII., Benedict XIII., Clement XIII., Pius VI., Pius VII., and Pius IX., devoutly to foster and bring out into fuller light that most excellent form of devotion which has for its object the veneration of the Sacred Heart of Jesus; this We did especially by the Decree given on June 28, 1899, by which We raised the Feast under that name to the dignity of the first class. But now we have in mind a more signal form of devotion which shall be in a manner the crowning perfection of all the honors that people have been accustomed to pay to the Sacred Heart, and which We confidently trust will be most pleasing to Jesus Christ, Our Redeemer. This is not the time, however, that the design of which We speak has been mooted. Twenty-five years ago, on the approach of the solemnity of the second centenary of the Blessed Margaret Mary Alacoque's reception of the Divine command to propagate the worship of the Sacred Heart, many letters from all parts, not merely from private persons but from bishops also, were sent to Pius IX., begging that he would consent to consecrate the whole human race to the Most Sacred Heart of Jesus. It was thought best at the time to postpone the matter in order that a well considered decision might be arrived at. Meanwhile permission was granted to individual cities which desired it thus to consecrate themselves, and a form of consecration was drawn up. Now, for certain new and additional reasons, We consider that the plan is ripe for fulfilment.

CHRIST OUR KING.

This world-wide and solemn testimony of allegiance and piety is especially appropriate to Jesus Christ, who is the Head and Supreme Lord of the race. His empire extends not only over Catholic nations, and those who, having been duly washed in the waters of holy baptism, belong of right to the Church, although erroneous opinions keep them afar, or dissent from her teaching, but over them if from her care; it comprises also all those who are deprived of the Christian faith, so that the whole human race is most truly under the power of Jesus Christ. For He who is the Only-begotten Son of God the Father, having the same substance with Him and being of the brightness of His Glory and the figure of His substance (Hebrews 1, 3) necessarily has everything in common with the Father and therefore sovereign power over all things. This is why the Son of God thus speaks of Himself through the Prophet: "But I am appointed King by Him over Sion, his holy mountain. . . . The Lord said to me, Thou art my son, this day have I begotten thee. Ask of me and I will give thee the Gentiles for thy inheritance and the utmost parts of the earth for thy possession" (Psalm, ii.). By these words He declares that He has power from God over the whole Church, which is signified by Mount Sion, and also over the rest of the world to its uttermost ends. On what foundation this sovereign power rests is made sufficiently plain by the words, "Thou art my Son." For by the very fact that He is the Son of the King of all, He is also the heir of all His Father's power; the Gentiles for thy inheritance, which are similar to those used by Paul the Apostle, "whom he hath appointed heir of all things" (Hebrews 1, 2).

But we should now give most special consideration to the declaration made by Jesus Christ, not through the Apostle or the Prophet, but by His own words. To the Roman Governor who asked Him, "Art thou a king then?" He answered unhesitatingly, "Thou sayest that I am a king" (John

xviii, 37). And the greatness of this power and the boundlessness of His kingdom is still more clearly declared in those words to the Apostles: "All power is given to me in heaven and on earth" (Matthew xxviii, 18). If then all power has been given to Christ it follows of necessity that His empire must be supreme, absolute and independent of the will of any other, so that none is either equal or like unto it; and since it has been given in heaven and on earth it ought to have heaven and earth obedient to it. And verily He has acted on this extraordinary and peculiar right when He commanded His Apostles to preach His doctrine over the earth, to gather all men together under the one hope of the Church, by the baptism of salvation, and to bind them by laws, which no one could reject without risking his eternal salvation.

CHRIST OUR REDEEMER.

But this is not all. Christ reigns not only by natural right as the Son of God, but also by a right that He has acquired. For He it was who snatched us "from the powers of darkness" (Colossians 1, 13), and "gave Himself for the redemption of all" (1 Timothy 2, 6). Therefore not only Catholics, and those who have duly received Christian baptism, but also all men, individually and collectively, have become to Him "a purchased people" (1 Peter ii, 9). St. Augustine's words are therefore to the point when he says, "You are what price He paid! See what He gave and you will understand how much he paid. The price was the blood of Christ. What could cost so much but the whole world, and all its people?" The price He paid was paid for all" (2, 120 on St. John).

How it comes about that infidels themselves are subject to the power and dominion of Jesus Christ is clearly shown by St. Thomas, who gives us the reason for it. For having put the question whether His judicial power extends to all men, and having stated that judicial authority flows naturally from royal authority, he concludes decisively as follows: "All things are subject to Christ as to a superior power is necessary, although they are not always subject to Him in the exercise of that power" (2a, 2, q. 59, a. 4). This sovereign power of Christ over men is exercised by truth, justice, and above all, by charity.

VOLUNTARY CONSECRATION.

To this twofold ground of his power and dominion He graciously allows us, if we think fit, to add voluntary consecration. Jesus Christ, Our God and our Redeemer, is rich in the fullest and perfect possession of all things, we, on the other hand, are poor and needy; that we have nothing of our own to offer Him as a gift. But yet, in His infinite goodness and love, He in no way objects to our giving and consecrating to Him what is already His, as if we were really offering Him anything from retaining our offering. He positively desires it and asks for it: "My son, give me thy heart." We are, therefore, able to be pleasing to Him by the good will and the affection of our soul. For by consecrating ourselves to Him we not only declare our open and free acknowledgment and acceptance of His authority over us, but we also testify that if what we offer as a gift were really our own, we would still offer it with our whole heart. We also beg of Him that He would vouchsafe to receive it from us, thoughtfully His own. Such We speak, such is the meaning underlying Our words.

And since there is in the Sacred Heart—as not which is nothing else—as offering and binding of oneself to Jesus Christ, seeing that whatever honor, veneration and love is given to this divine Heart is really and truly given to Christ Himself.

For these reasons We urge and exhort all who love and love this divine Heart willingly to undertake this act of piety; and it is Our earnest desire that all should make it on the same day, that so the aspirations of so many thousands who are performing this act of consecration may be borne to Him who dwells in heaven on the same day. But shall We allow to slip from Our remembrance those innumerable others upon whom the light of Christian truth has not yet shined? We hold the place of Him who came to save that which was lost, and who shed His blood for the salvation of the whole human race. And so We greatly desire to bring to the true life those who are in the shadow of death. As we have already sent messengers of Christ over the earth to instruct them, so now, in pity for their lot which all Our soul we commend them, and as far as in Us lies We consecrate them to the Sacred Heart of Jesus. In this way this act of devotion, which We recommend, will be blessing to all. For having effected it those in whose hearts the knowledge and love of Jesus Christ will feel that faith and love increased. Those who knowing Christ, yet neglected His law and His precepts, may still gain from His Sacred Heart the same old help, and lastly, for those still more unfortunate, who are struggling in the darkness of superstition, we shall all with one mind implore the assistance of heaven that Jesus Christ, to whose power they are subject, may also give them the light of His life to come when He will fulfil His will upon all men, by saving some and punishing others (St. Thomas, *ibid.*), but also in this mortal life by giving them faith and holiness. May they by those virtues they render to honor God as they ought, and to win everlasting happiness in heaven.

THE NEED OF IT.

Such an act of consecration, since it

can establish or draw tighter the bonds which naturally connect public affairs with God, gives to States a hope of better things. In those latter times especially, a policy has been followed which has resulted in part of all being raised between the Church and the society. In the constitution and administration of States the authority of sacred and divine law is utterly disregarded, with a view to the exclusion of religion from having any constant part in public life. This policy almost leads to the removal of the Christian faith from our midst, and, if that were possible, of the banishment of God Himself from the earth. When men's minds are raised to such a height of insolent pride that they would not recognize the part of the human race should have fallen into such disquiet of mind and be buffeted by waves so rough that no one is suffered to be free from anxiety and peril. When religion is once discarded the pathway of misery that is the surest foundation for the public welfare must give way, whilst God, to inflict on His enemies the punishment they so richly deserve, has left them the prey of their own evil desires, so that they give themselves up to all manner of sins, and finally wear themselves out by excess of lust.

Hence that abundance of evils which have now for a long time settled upon the world, and which pressingly call upon us to seek for help from Him by whose strength alone they can be driven away, can be but the just and necessary result of the neglect of the Only-begotten Son of God? "For there is no other name under heaven given to men whereby we must be saved" (Acts ii, 12). We must have recourse to Him who is the Way, the Truth and the Life. We must give up our evil ways, and we must return to the right path; darkness has overshadowed our minds, and the gloom must be dispelled by the light of truth; death has seized upon us, and we must lay hold of life. It will be worth the while, if our many wounds be healed and all justice spring forth again with the force of restored authority; that the splendors of peace be renewed, and swords and arms drop from the hand when all men shall acknowledge the empire of Christ forever and every good, not long ago, "Every tongue shall confess that Our Lord Jesus Christ is in the glory of God the Father" (Philippians ii, 11).

When the Church in the days immediately succeeding her institution was opened to the world, the Emperor Nero, a young Emperor saw in the Cross a cross, which became at once the happy omen and cause of the glorious victory that soon followed. And now, to-day, behold another blessed and heavenly sign, the Sacred Heart of Jesus, with a cross rising from it and shining forth with dazzling splendor amidst flames of love. In that Sacred Heart all our hopes should be placed, and from it the salvation of men is to be confidently hoped.

Finally, there is one motive which we are unwilling to pass over in silence, personal to ourselves it is true, but still good and weighty, which moves us to undertake this consecration. God, the Father of every good, has long ago preserved Our life by curing Us of a dangerous disease. We now wish, by this increase of the honor paid to the Sacred Heart, that the memory to this great mercy should be brought prominently before our eyes, and Our gratitude be publicly acknowledged.

THE DATE OF THE CONSECRATION.

For these reasons, We ordain that on the 11th, 12th and 13th of the month of June, in the principal churches of every town and village, certain appointed prayers be read, and on each of these days there be added to the other prayers the Litany of the Sacred Heart approved by Our Authority. On the last day the names of consecrations shall be written on the Sacred Heart in the Lord the Apostolic Benediction Given in Rome at St. Peter's on the 25th day of May, 1899, the twenty-second year of Our Pontificate.

LEO XIII.

THE PROPAGANDA, ROME, May 31, 1899.

MOST REV. LORD ARCHBISHOP—I hereby notify Your Grace that it is the wish of the Sovereign Pontiff that in those places where the Encyclical Letter of His Holiness regarding the consecration of all men to the Most Sacred Heart of Jesus did not arrive in time to hold the celebration on the day therein prescribed, the 11th June, that some Sunday be selected by the ordinary of each diocese for this solemn consecration, any time during the summer months up to the 21st of next September. Meanwhile wishing you every blessing.

Your Grace's most devoted servant, AUGUSTINE, Archbishop of Larissa, Secretary.

In accordance with the above letters, His Grace, the Archbishop of Toronto, has appointed the third Sunday of September, 19th day of the month, for the celebration of the Sacred Heart in all the churches of the archdiocese. And in compliance with the suggestion of our Holy Father, the Pope, His Grace wishes that the ceremony of consecration be preceded by a Triduum of propitiation, the exercises of which Triduum may be held after Mass, or in the evening when Benediction may be given. The prayers might be an Act of Reparation to which the Litany of the Sacred Heart, to which should be added the solemn Act of Consecration at the great service on Sunday. The exercises should be

held at the hours best calculated to secure a large attendance. Copies of the authorized Litany of the Sacred Heart, and the Solemn Act of Consecration, may be had at D. & J. Sadler's, 112 Church Street, Toronto, and it would be well to have both those leaflets distributed among the people. By order of His Grace, the Archbishop of Toronto.

F. RYAN, Diocesan Director.

SOLEMN ACT OF CONSECRATION.

MOST SWEET JESUS, Redeemer of the human race, look down upon us humbly prostrate before Thy altar. We are Thine, and Thine we would ever be; nevertheless, that we may be more sorely united with Thee, behold here to-day each one of us freely consecrates himself to Thy Sacred Heart. Many indeed have never known Thee; many too, despite Thy presence, and have rejected Thee. Have mercy on them all, most merciful Jesus, and draw them to Thy Sacred Heart. O Thou King, O Lord, not only of a faithful who have never forsaken Thee, but also of the prodigal children who have turned their backs upon Thee; grant that they may quickly return to their Father's house, lest they die of wretchedness and hunger. O Thou King of those who have been beguiled by errors or whose affections have been turned aside, and call them back to the harbour of truth and the unity of the faith, so that soon there may be but one flock and one Shepherd. O Thou King also of all those who still sit in the ancient superstitions of the Gentiles, and refuse not to enter Thy Kingdom, O Thou King, bring them to the light and kingdom of God. Grant, O Lord, to Thy Church assurance of freedom and immunity from harm; give peace and order to all nations, and make the earth resound from pole to pole with one word, Praise to the Divine Heart that wrought our salvation, to it be glory and honor forever. Amen.

St. Joseph's Convent, Toronto.

On the morning of the 16th, St. Joseph's Convent, Toronto was the scene of one of the most sublime and touching ceremonies of the Catholic Church, viz. the reception into religion of four young ladies who had resolved to renounce the world and devote themselves to the service of God. The postulants who received the veil were Miss Spencer, of Owen Sound, in religion Sister M. Clare; Miss O'Meara, of Oranmore, in religion Sister M. Lorett; Miss Tufty, of Toronto, in religion Sister M. O'Shea; of Peterboro, in religion Sister Emerita made profession of her vows.

The ceremony took place in the beautiful front chapel which was crowded with friends and relatives. The fortunate in securing a seat in the nave and, while awaiting the opening of the ceremony, had leisure to admire the beauties by which I was surrounded; from the gracefully springing gothic arches and pinnacles, to the exquisite carvings, angels that adorn the communion rail; and from the gorgeous stained-glass windows to the sanctuary, beautiful with lights and flowers.

A burst of music ushered in the presence of young ladies and faint little strains of music; and a silence fell upon the kneeling throng as they swept up the wide aisle to their places before the altar. In the sanctuary were His Grace the Archbishop who officiated, and the following clergy: Very Rev. V. M. Proctor, of Basilian Fathers, Rev. Father Miller, O.S.B., Rev. Fathers Devins, Brennan, La Marche, Murray, Frasdon, Minsch, Oruse and Cherrier. The service was opened with an eloquent sermon preached by the Rev. Father Miller, O.S.B. in which he congratulated the young ladies upon the happiness they would experience in their new vocation. After the ceremonies of reception and profession mass was celebrated by His Grace the Archbishop. The ritual was beautiful and kneeling as convent music always is; and, at the close, as the last strains of the Te Deum died away, and we found our way out into the noisy world again, with the odor of incense still clinging about us, and strange scenes and people filling our souls, I thought of those lines by Adelaide Proctor:

"Blessed are they who die for God And earn a martyr's crown, Yet he who lives for God may be A greater conqueror in His fight."

A WITNESS.

Knights of St. John.

The afternoon and evening under the auspices of St. Mary's Auxiliary No. 62 Knights of St. John by Steamer White Star to Oakville on August 19th, 1899 was participated in by about two hundred members and their friends and was a success. An excellent committee in charge did every thing possible to make it pleasant, by impromptu entertainments on both trips by the members. The singing of the Misses Kelly and Misses Curran the recitation by Miss Frendgast and the dext by Misses Kelly and McKeefay on the violin and piano were thoroughly enjoyed by those present. Dancing was also in order after reaching the grounds. A delightful supper prepared by the committee was indulged in by the hungry voyagers who did it amply justice. So far as the committee feeling the keynote of this worthy society prevailed throughout it is to be hoped any thing they undertake will receive the same patronage. Special praise is due the officers and owners of the boat for their kind and helpful assistance. It is the old story—Give the dog a bad name and then anyone may shoot him. In such a state of the case it is pleasant

THE FILIPINOS AND THEIR CRITICS.

(WRITTEN FOR THE REGISTER.)

When some one represented an American Senator as asking if the Filipinos were the same tribe St. Paul wrote to, he hardly expected to be believed literally. Still there was this truth in his statement, that under the form of a joke it represented, not inaccurately, the vagueness of notion prevailing about this eastern people. Who were they? Where did they come from? In what part of the earth are the islands found? These and many similar questions had to be asked by very many; and, up till this moment, the answers have not been entirely satisfactory, nor free from much self-contradiction.

At first whilst Spain was the enemy, and the Filipinos in a kind of alliance with the United States, they were pictured in very glowing colors as brave and, above all, bubbling over with the love of liberty. Aguineldo was highly educated, a hero, and in a very special and most remarkable manner opposed to ignorance and superstition. Indeed, since accounts figured him also particularly good, and so exceptionally high-minded and able that thoughtful men began to fear, no matter what might be the immediate issue of the war, in the long run victory must rest with the supreme civilization; and Aguineldo had it if his reports of him were true!

But this fear was mitigated if not quite assuaged after a while. Dewey—the immortal Dewey, the greatest admiral the world has seen, the man before whom Nelson was a pigmy—took Manila and showed his supreme devotion to liberty by a fixed determination to keep that article all to himself. And when the eastern leaders and people at first wildly objected to what they considered a one-sided arrangement, and, next, manfully rose up in arms against it, they underwent, at once, such a complete transformation, downwards, as has never been seen or heard of outside the island of Circe the enchantress. Their learning became in a moment only barbarism; from lovers of liberty they degenerated into mere thieves, and the bravery which so lately distinguished them faded away as if by magic, and the blood-thirsty cowardice of assassins stalked behind ditches and trees and big crops of high-growing rice, and actually daring to shoot down free born citizens from far off Minnesota and Nebraska, or other Christian states.

It makes one's head swim to read of the swift and awful retribution that befel these eastern tribes for their folly in not letting themselves be peacefully transferred from the domination of Spain to liberty under the great republic. The poor people have had even more than this to bear. For scarcely had Dewey's guns opened the harbor when there lighted from the west a flock of birds of different omen. The admiral bombarded in the interests of humanity. The new visitors inscribed their flag with lofter device.

Nameless as to sect, or having so many names that it was quite impossible to classify them, they adopted the general appellation of Christian missionaries. All, who were not professors, were doctors of divinity; which would be good enough if anybody, or even themselves, could tell what kind of divinity it was. And as for religion a keen old Boston man once said it was like the great some men folks at home going to buggers, so that it was doubtful whether it was cruel at all.

But of course they came—they said they did, anyway—to instruct and enlighten, and what they call uplift, which is a word I won't advise them to change. In many sections of the country it is a synonym for steal and they should be careful not to raise that idea in the public mind, in so close connection with themselves. It might be dangerous.

But at all events, whether to lift or uplift, there were, and must give out a show of reason for their presence. And how better do this than by vilifying the people they have pounced upon? Hence the diatribes of barbarism, degradation, superstition, and all the rest with which they have laden the columns of the religious (?) press, about the unfortunate Filipinos.

Nobody, we suppose, is expected to believe all this trash, so published. The fighting men, Ota and the others, think it necessary from the point of view of military necessity—and the missionaries all help in raising a wind in their favor; and so long as this persecution and the press continues under the auspices of the United States, the reports, and the gallant leaders in addition to being robbed and driven from their homes must suffer the misery of being calumniated before the whole world. Yes, they are fighting, and, possibly too, for what they simply believe to be their own, and for what is dearest of all the safety of their wives and children, and all those things which are usually held to make war just and honorable. But who cares for all that? They are strangers, Asiatics, barbarians, heathens? It is the old story—Give the dog a bad name and then anyone may shoot him. In such a state of the case it is pleasant

to meet with at least a few manly enough to despise this lying calumny, and speak out the truth as they found it by personal experience. And amongst these honorable mention is due to a Mr. Horrocks who has been on the ground, having served in the army of the Union. Writing in into *The Mail* and *Empire* he says: "The natives are not the uneducated savages that many suppose. The average intelligence among the Filipinos is really very high. (Listen to that!) They are affectionate, religious and highly moral—and capable of self-government." How does this compare with the notion sought to be inculcated upon us by the too common reports? How much would have to be added if the description were not of the Filipinos, but of the great Republicans themselves.

Funeral of Mrs. O'Keefe.

The funeral of the late Mrs. Eugene O'Keefe took place on Friday, at 9 a.m., to St. Michael's Cathedral, where a solemn Mass of Requiem was sung, and thence to the cemetery. The Cathedral, which was draped for the occasion, was filled with people, the very large attendance of ladies representing for the most part the Catholic societies and ladies societies. The Mass was sung by Rev. F. Ryan, rector of the Cathedral, assisted by Fathers Rohleder, Treacy and Hooley. In the sanctuary were Fathers Brennan, Hand, James Walsh, L. Minahan, C. S. Grogan, C. S. R., and the Vicar, Rev. J. M. O'Connell. P. Boyle, M. O'Connell, W. T. J. Lee, R. Davis, P. F. Cronin, W. T. Kernahan, Charles Heath, T. McTavish, R. Dissette, J. J. Lundy. Father Ryan pronounced the absolution. Hundreds followed the remains from the Cathedral to the grave, and seen on the street as well as in the church, the funeral was a most impressive tribute to the dead. R. I. P.

THE REGISTER has received the following sympathetic references to the death of the late Mrs. O'Keefe. The announcement in last week's Register of the death of Mrs. Eugene O'Keefe was read with profound regret by the many friends of that estimable lady throughout the Province. In Toronto where she spent her active and useful life, her death must have come to many in the sense of a severe personal loss. Her cheerful word, her open hand, her kindly nature and her hospitable home lightened materially the burden of human sorrow and lessened the pain of human suffering in the sphere in which she moved. Not until the great book of life has been opened and the innermost thoughts of men are revealed to their fellows will the unostentatious charity and beneficence of Mrs. O'Keefe be known. In her the poor had a constant and generous friend. No appeal to her charity was ever made in vain. Truly it may be said that the bitter mourning of the poor at her death was the most eloquent passage to which mortal ear could be attuned. The late Mrs. O'Keefe appeared at all times a splendid example of the Christian wife and mother. Her heart was in her home and she was the soul and centre of every happiness and goodness there. No labor was too great, no sacrifice too heavy if it would but minister to the happiness or increase the comforts of those she loved. To her friends Mrs. O'Keefe was always a delightful and lovable presence; her thoughtfulness and solicitude for her guests and charity, her enthusiasm and fidelity made her a favorite in her school girl days, and the popularity she then obtained was intensified when her splendid qualities of mind and heart found wider scope for their beneficence in the ripened years of her womanhood. Above all things the deceased lady was a devout Catholic. Her faith in Almighty God and the Wisdom of His inscrutable ways developed in her a beautiful Christian character, she recognized in the possession of wealth the responsibility of its proper disposition. She accepted with grateful heart the pleasures and happiness which life afforded, and bowed resignably under crosses—many of them bitter and hard to bear—which she had to carry. Nothing could have been more beautiful than the death-bed of this good woman. Fortified by every consolation that her holy religion could afford, she smilingly turned her face to the setting of life's sun, serene and happy in the thought that beyond the darkness and death would surely arise for her the light of eternal bliss. This, the second heavy bereavement that has fallen upon the home of Mr. O'Keefe, most within a month, will call forth for that worthy gentleman and his bereaved daughter the sincerest sympathy of the entire community. Within the circle of a sorrow so deep and so sacred, one can only intrude to express the hope that the courage and resignation which sanctified the trials of the dear mother may now sustain the bereaved husband and daughter in an affliction which seems too heavy to bear.

Death of Father McDonagh.

Boston, Ont.—Rev. John McDonagh died on Sunday of a complication of diseases. The foregoing announcement occasioned much sympathy in Toronto. Father McDonagh was a brother of Dr. A. J. McDonagh of this city.

THE MOTHERLAND

Latest Mails from ENGLAND IRELAND and SCOTLAND

Professor Mahaffy in the Nineteenth century...

DUBLIN

Father Fitzpatrick, O.M.E., of the Order of Holy Innocent...

maunder into 90 plots of 15 acres and build on each a sumptuous mansion...

SCOTLAND

HISTORY OF DEACON BRODIE

The remarkable allegations made against Dr. Colquhoun, of Glasgow...

A PIOUS OFFICIAL

Dr. Colquhoun, the pious ex-treasurer of Glasgow, who stands charged with embezzling upwards of £150,000...

LIMBERICK

A meeting of the East Clare Organising Committee was held in Tulla to arrange for the starting of branches of the United Irish League in East Clare...

MAYO

A meeting of the Executive of the U. I. L. was held in the chapel yard at Ballinahaglish...

CHOICE KILLARNEY BUILDING LOTS

According to Mr. Peck, the purchaser of the Muckross estate, Killarney ought to be an El Dorado in a year or two...

the British flag, and some martial spirits at Ottawa are evidently thrilling at the prospect...

The nations holiday... Toronto's Exhibition this year will undoubtedly be held on a greater scale than ever...

THE POPE IS UP-TO-DATE

The London "Daily Mail's" Rome correspondent telegraphs:—The Pope is essentially up-to-date with regard to those material inventions which lighten the load of humanity...

REV. GEORGE W. PEPPER

Rev. George W. Pepper died at his home in Cleveland on August 4, 1899...

BRITISH HYPOCRISY IN THE TRANSVAAL

The ostensible object of those who are instigating England to coerce the Transvaal Commonwealth is the enfranchisement of the Uitlanders...

from youth and took an active part in the Home Rule, Land League and other Irish national movements...

Mr. Pepper continued his church work until compelled to give up his charges on account of ill-health...

IRELAND'S NATIONAL COLOUR

In the current number of "The Gael," an interesting article is devoted to the study of the question:—What was originally the national colour of Ireland?

HEARD THEIR FORMER PASTOR

Galt Reformer, Aug. 14:—Yesterday a delegation of young men, members of St. Patrick's church, Hamilton, came on by bicycle and in carriages...

MR. VANDERBILT, JUN., AND CATHOLICISM

The London "Daily Mail's" New York correspondent cables:—A great sensation has been created in society circles by the report that Mr. William K. Vanderbilt, Jun., will shortly be received into the Roman Catholic Church...

ANCESTORS

Take a pencil and multiply—twice two are four, twice four are eight, and you will find that in the twentieth generation you had one million forty-eight thousand five hundred and seventy-six ancestors...

A Brief Chapter in recent history "SALADA" CEYLON TEA

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Lead packets only. 25c., 30c., 40c., 50c., 60c. By all Grocers.

AN OLD YARN FROM ROME

It was announced by a correspondent the other day that the reported scheme of General Ricciotti Garibaldi for establishing a Federal Italian Republic under the presidency of the Vatican had never had any existence in the mind of that gentleman...

BIRDS THROUGH AN OPERA GLASS

Florence A. Merriam, in "Birds Through an Opera Glass," says:—"When you begin to study the birds in the fields and woods, to guard against scaring the wary, you should make yourself as much as possible a part of the landscape..."

IMPERIALISM

Go stand where the sun-god sets, Go tent where he waits again; Go fence in the earth with bayonets And corral the tribes of men.

LOOK OUT FOR THIS SCOUNDREL.

In view of the large amount of talk there was about "Father Leo," the alleged ex-Capuchin monk, who was recently in Ottawa and vicinity, the following from the Winchester Press cannot get too wide circulation:—

A correspondent at Chesterville, a Protestant and gentleman of the highest reputation sends the following to the Press which fully explains itself:—

A short time ago a person styling himself Brother Leo Alexis Pelletier, after staying some time at Russell, came to Chesterville. He first visited a Roman Catholic family where he introduced himself as Father McPhail. He made several inquiries concerning the prominent Roman Catholics of the village and after learning their names and some other particulars left.

Almost immediately after he started a report that a prominent Roman Catholic was following him and trying to induce him to visit the priest's house. He said that he was an ex-monk, that he had escaped from the monastery at Hintonburg where he had been condemned to solitary confinement, that the teeth of his lower jaw had been knocked out by a Roman Catholic clergyman, etc.

It was said that he had been received into the Presbyterian church at Russell and a certain class of the community gave him a ready hearing, and some even talked of starting a P. P. A. Society in Chesterville. He gave several lectures or addresses in Chesterville, one of which was to men only. Silver collections were a prominent feature of his meetings. He stirred up a great deal of bad feeling and prejudice, and his language becoming violent and obscene a summons was, at the advice of James Leitch, J. C. of Cornwall, issued against him on a complaint laid before Mr. Frank Elk-Mott, of Morewood, the charge being "using obscene, grossly insulting and blasphemous language."

Leo was kept in hiding by his friends until Sunday when he could not be served with a summons, and after addressing a large meeting in Humeville he cancelled his other appointments and was taken hurriedly to Waddington, N.Y. He was not heard of in Iroquois until he registered in the hotel at C. Fitzgerald and called himself an engineer. Here he was identified and served with the summons issued in Chesterville, when after using some very profane language and accusing the party whose guest he was at Chesterville of keeping part of the collection, he hurriedly obtained a row boat passage and crossed to the United States.

ARRESTED AT OGDENSBURG.

In a day or two he turned up at Ogdensburg where he was arrested. In order to trace the man the party who laid the complaint against him at Chesterville had communicated with the chief of police of Ogdensburg and received the following letter. The description of Leo as he appeared here is so exact that there can be no doubt as to the identity of the person arrested at Ogdensburg. The letter of the chief of police is as follows:—

Office of Chief of Police,
Geo. H. McGlynn, Chief.
Ogdensburg, N.Y., Aug. 1st, 1899.
John Moore, Esq., Chesterville, Ont.
Dear Sir:—In reply to yours of July 31st I would respectfully refer you to the enclosed clippings relative to Brother Leo Pelletier. He was arrested Sunday afternoon and was released there not being sufficient evidence to hold him. It is my opinion that he is an impostor. His peculiar actions while in custody led me to the conclusion that he was weak mentally. He was about 6 feet 3 inches in height, smooth shaven face, complexion somewhat dark, had long black hair and the top of his head was bald. His lower lip protruded. Lower teeth out in front. He claimed that they were knocked out by a mob. When he wore a light-colored soft hat, black clothes and a Prince Albert coat, giving him a clerical appearance. He left here on the steamer Bettie for Brockville at eight o'clock Monday morning, and I think that he is stopping with some prominent members of an Orangemen's lodge in or near Brockville. He carried two large grips, one a light-colored telescope and the other a brown leather valise. The grips contained civilian clothes, a priest's vestments, a monk's robe, a large number of Catholic prayer books, etc. These I think he carried with him in order to do business in a Catholic community. One of the grips also contained a wig. He left the grips at a different hotel from the place at which he stopped. He registered at one of the hotels as Mr. Fitzgerald. He associated, while here, with the lowest hums in town. The correspondent found on his person when arrested showed him to be a Free Baptist minister. After his release from custody he stopped Sunday night at the hotel where he had left his grips. The landlord and his family were Catholics. He gave them a number of beads, his blessing, etc., and was a Catholic priest while there, and I think he carried the beads, beads, etc., so that he might take advantage of an opportunity to work in a Catholic community. Evidently he was prepared to work any creed by which he thought he could profit. He claimed that he was assaulted last spring while on the streets in Cobourg, Ont. Chief of Police John Ruse of Cobourg wires: "No traces of him here, never heard of such a man." There were two other men seen in his company last Saturday afternoon at the New York Central depot here. These two men departed on the afternoon train and Sovietki claimed that one was his brother, the other his cousin and that they were both Polish

monks. I was informed by telephone this afternoon by a minister at Deerpark village near Clayton, N.Y., that Sovietki is a fraud and that he would write me particulars. I trust this information may be of use to you. Yours respectfully,

GEO. H. MCGLYNN,
Chief of Police,
P.M.—Let me hear from you.
A DISPICABLE IMPOSTOR.
The Ogdensburg News of August 3rd contained the following—Chief George H. McGlynn received the following communication last evening. It is self-explanatory.

Depauville, N.Y., Aug. 1, 1899.
Dear Sir:—An item in the Post-Standard of Syracuse reports that one Rev. Francis Leo Sovietki has been arrested in your city on the charge of passing counterfeit money, etc. Having no knowledge of the matter with which the "reverend" is charged, I nevertheless can assure you that he is one of the most despicable impostors living. The woman he travels with (if she is now with him) was formerly the wife of a hard-working farmer named Smeck, of Castards, Crawford County, Pa. Sovietki came into that part of the country ten years ago under the guise and name of "Benjamin Smeck," calling himself "Father Smeck." He created quite an excitement by claiming to have received his wounds in trying to escape from a monastery (St. Mary's Priory) in Erie, Pa. He also desired to become a Protestant, and made application to me, the pastor of a Free Baptist church at Castards, Pa., to be baptized. I did so, but when I found out the man's statements as to his former life were false, I initiated enquiries, and he suddenly disappeared, taking with him the wife of Mr. Smeck, whom he claims he subsequently married. He gave me his name as "Francis Vandenburg," when I heard him. I found out also that he had made a business of being converted and getting baptized in other places and among other denominations. I lost track of the man and woman for nine years, until last week, while on a visit to Pennsylvania. I saw both of them in a church at Brookville, Pa., claiming to be Free Baptist ministers, and asserting that they had been married in Russia, after escaping from their respective convents; he asserted that he was a monk and that his wife was once a nun who had been in the convent near Niagara Falls. He gave his name as Sovietki. I at once wrote to Wisconsin and told our ministry there that the man's name was not Sovietki, but Vandenburg, and that he had been baptized by me in 1877. He had been expelled by the Church for joined heretics and practicing. Last June the conference in Wisconsin tried him and expelled him from the ministry, of which I have proof. He had applied to a Baptist, a Methodist, a Presbyterian, and again a Free Baptist clergyman for conversion and baptism when I baptized him in 1889, and in each instance he was baptized again, and by his hypocritical stories played upon the sympathies of the people and took their aims. They are a dangerous couple. If I can be of service to you, let me know. I have documents to prove Sovietki's rascalities. He is a liar and a perjurer. Yours for justice,

F. W. REEDER,
Pastor Free Baptist Church,
Depauville, N.Y.

P.S.—Since writing the above I have telephoned to you and have learned that Sovietki was discharged for want of evidence. I regret it, because he is a very dangerous man to be at liberty. I am satisfied that he will not stop short of any crime in order to carry out his scheme, and yet he is sly enough, with the help of his sanctimonious paramour, to escape the clutches of the law, as he did in Pennsylvania last year. Kindly answer and oblige,
F. W. R.

In conclusion our correspondent says:—In another letter to the chief of police, published in the Ogdensburg News of August 4th, Rev. F. W. Reeder gives a copy of certified proceedings against Sovietki and his wife in the Justice's Court, Jefferson County, Pa., where Sovietki and his wife were charged with false impersonation, etc. It is also certified that Sovietki had been baptized several times by ministers of different denominations. Mr. Reeder further says in his letter that Sovietki was expelled from the ministry of the Baptist denomination at the yearly meeting at Wisconsin, that he has no right to pass himself off as a clergyman, and that he never was a Roman Catholic priest. It is needless to say that Leo did not appear to stand his trial at Chesterville.

HIT VISITS IROQUOIS.
After quoting the item in the Press of two weeks ago about the alleged monk Leo libelling a Roman Catholic priest, the Iroquois News of last week says:—"The party referred to in the Press turned up at Iroquois last week and registered at the Powell house under another name, that of Frank Fitzgerald, of Prescott. He was attended by a young fellow. The pair, whether on account of their plot or for some other reason, dropped into the mid-week service in the Methodist church. During the Rev. Mr. Fletcher's address they seemed excited, and suddenly left, Early Friday morning Leo, alias Fitzgerald, was served with a summons by Mr. McCloskey to appear at Chesterville. As the document was not a warrant, but a summons, he could not be arrested by Constable Briggs. About 10 o'clock a.m., he skipped to the other side of the river. It would be better for himself and for the peace of the community for him to stay there."

SAID HE HAD AN ORANGEMAN.
The Morrisburg Herald of last week

also gave some interesting information regarding Leo. It said, "Father Leo who claims to be an ex-monk, visited 'Chesterville' last week and did well for Father Leo, so it is said. In fact, he is very much wanted there by some who wish he had stayed away. After returning there and adding considerably to his store of cash, he was hurriedly driven here, and was without delay ferried to Waddington. There he was ex-monk or priest, it depending upon him whom he was talking to. His actions aroused suspicion, and he was watched. From there he walked a few miles west, and was directed by request to the house of a fervent Roman Catholic."

Here he was a priest, and he had a well-earned talk which he recited off. It was that which he was stationed at "Chesterville," and during the Orange walk there, and that there was a general fight, during which he shot one of the Orangemen. He also said that the Bishop wanted him to stay and stand his trial, but he did not wish to be arrested, so he was smuggled out of the country, and now wanted further assistance. His auditor swallowed the yarn, parted with some of his cash, and drove the chap to the nearest railway station, where he disappeared. Whether he is ex-monk or priest, Father Leo makes it pay, apparently, and that well told Crayler story of his should prove a big help to him in some sections."

THE QUIET HOUR.

The only way to have a friend is to be one.
How patiently God works to teach us!
How long He waits for us to learn the lesson!

All generations shall call her blessed, the Virgin, full of grace, who was made the Mother of the Word.

If we fail to show the proper deference and respect for our parents, even after years of maturity, a curse must hover over us. Let us not consider that because we have come to man's or woman's estate love is no longer due the watchers of our blessed childhood. We are still children in a certain sense as long as God spares us our protectors, for when they are gone all these will come surging upon you tenfold. You will then see what should have been seen while they yet lived. Too much love and tenderness cannot be shown them. Have no fear of this, if you would always be happy.

It is not calumny nor treachery that does the largest sun of mischief in the world; they are continually crushed, and are felt only in being conquered. But it is the glistering and soft-spoken lie of the politician, the zealous lie of the partisan, the merciful lie of a friend, and the careless lie of each man to himself, that eat that back mystery over humanity, through which any man who pierces we thank as we mean seem while they yet lived. Too much love and tenderness cannot be shown them. Have no fear of this, if you would always be happy.

Have men ever fathomed the absolute sanity of saintliness, or the immense power over one's self and the world wielded by a soul that is pure of all self-seeking? It is easy to smile at the visions, the hallucinations, if you like, of a Saint Teresa; but what are these in all mytic literature but attempts to express the inexpressible, the things which St. Paul wisely kept silence upon as not lawful to be uttered? But turn from the holding in which the soul strives to express the infinite, to her mighty work of organization and reform; you do not find the hysteric visionary there, but an eminently wise, sane, and energetic woman, not of the world, but mastering it from a height above it.

If we only knew how much our actions in supreme moments of life—in times of crisis—depend on the little thoughts and acts that preceded them. We should keep vigilant watch on the little things that make the holding in which the soul strives to express the infinite, to her mighty work of organization and reform; you do not find the hysteric visionary there, but an eminently wise, sane, and energetic woman, not of the world, but mastering it from a height above it.

I know nothing more significant in all human history than what is recorded in the life of St. Lawrence. In the very zenith of his fame his pulpit in Toulouse was deserted, whilst the white train of France were bringing tens of thousands of professional men, barristers, statesmen, officers, professors, to a wretched village church only a few miles away, to listen to a poor country parish priest, illiterate, uncouth—but a saint. And I know nothing more beautiful or touching in all human history than the spectacle of the great Dominion coming to that village chapel, and kneeling for the blessing of M. Vianney, and listening, like a child, to the evening catechetical lecture, delivered in a weak voice, and probably with many a halt for a word, by the saint of Ars.

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Mrs. Mary J. Faulkner, 8 Gladstone Place, Toronto, Ont., says:—"After doctoring without success for 3 years for sick, nervous headache and liver complaint, I am glad to testify to my appreciation of Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills. At first they seemed a little rough, but being both searching and thorough in their action the results were most satisfactory. I am feeling better in every way, and my headache has entirely disappeared. Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills are certainly the best I have ever used, and I can freely recommend them. I may also add that my husband is using Dr. Chase's Catarrh Cure with satisfactory results."

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ACQUITTAL OF A CATHOLIC PAPER.

The "Vera Roma," an excellent and fearless Catholic weekly, published in Rome, some time ago exposed the machinations of a pervert to Protestantism, one Angelini, who, profiting of his position as a wealthy landowner, in the little village of Forano, near Rome, spared no trouble in order to sow the seeds of error and discord among the simple peasants of the district. This man was backed up financially by the Bible Society, and as he had plenty of money to invest in his diabolical scheme the poor villagers were exposed to temptation and to a grave danger. The "Vera Roma" courageously unmasked the apostate, exhorting the contumacious landowner to a man whose only aim was to rob from them the peace of mind and conscience that he himself had lost. Angelini considered this as a libel, and sued the "Vera Roma" for damages, with the result that, after a very lengthy law suit, the sentence of the Court of Appeal condemning the "Vera Roma" was reversed, and annulled yesterday by the Court of Cassation, although the Public Prosecutor strenuously maintained the charge. This act of justice has caused the greatest satisfaction throughout Rome, and it is to be hoped, will have the effect of putting a stop to the apostate's proselytizing mania.

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The Catholic Register.

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THURSDAY, AUGUST 24, 1899. A list of names and addresses for the current issue.

The Cry Against the Jesuits.

In the current issue of The Weekly Sun, Dr. Goldwin Smith writes: Catholics are still complaining, not without reason, of the insults offered to their religion by the form of the coronation oath. Every right-minded Protestant would gladly see the words at once struck out, if it could be done without raising a religious storm, of which there would be danger at present.

the first James' time had a free hand for the protection of any class of conspirators. Would Dr. Smith take the responsibility of saying that there is the slightest vestige of reason behind the foul libel upon the French Jesuits of to-day? The head of the Order, Father Dulac, has in the most solemn manner denounced the lie; but we see what has happened notwithstanding.

The vagueness of Dr. Smith's reference leaves us also, along with the Oath's panic, the choice of the so-called "Rye-House Plot" and the interference of James II. with the Test Laws, if we would get at his real meaning. It is of course impossible that the allusion can apply to the "Rye-House Plot" which was laid at the door of Whig Protestants to prevent the accession of James; and history curiously enough fails to accuse the Jesuits in connection with the Protestant animosities, conspiracies and rebellions evoked by James' toleration of Dissenters and Roman Catholics.

One of the English classic writers of the last century said many men are so unconsciously steeped in superstition that whenever a storm arises their first impulse is to look for the petrel that has brought it along. We are afraid that Dr. Goldwin Smith is one of those who see a "Jesuit" in every stormy petrel, and fall to cursing the bird of prejudice without further delay.

May we assume from this that Dr. Smith and the Jesuits are able to see eye to eye in a general way? Perhaps if the Oxford Professor knew more of them than he really does, they would be found in sound agreement in more than a general way. Dr. Smith's own university has not considered them unworthy of restoration to its halls. This fact should have some weight with a distinguished son of Oxford.

displays such names as Descartes, Torricelli, Cassini, Bossuet, Fermion, Comte, Strada, Volta, Daniel, Bernoulli. Every branch of science has been advanced, and every Christian nation shares in the renown of the scientific rivalry promoted by the Jesuit Fathers, whose names—such as Kircher and Bozovich, down to the old astronomer whom the American vandals thought to evict from the Observatory at Manila—are known to every schoolboy.

Cant for Catholic Ears.

The managers of the Catholic Summer School at Plattsburg, N.Y., have had the honor of a visit from President McKinley. He came and talked; and if his Catholic audience had expected any reference to the shameful incidents of Mr. McKinley's administration, which make Catholics throughout the world blush for the barbarism of a nation which counts 12,000,000 of Catholics in its population, they were disappointed.

The Boston Republic doubts the sincerity of Mr. McKinley's words. Is Mr. McKinley's patriotism "neither sectional or sectarian?" it asks. "If it is, how does it happen?" our contemporary further inquires, "that no Catholic has ever been selected by him as a member of any commission sent to deal with the Catholic residents of Cuba, Porto Rico or the Philippines? Every man appointed for this sort of work was a Protestant; and many of them were noted for their bitter hostility to the Catholic church and her institutions."

If Mr. McKinley's patriotism is free from sectarianism, why do his soldiers in Luzon amuse themselves by despoiling sanctuaries, looting churches and torturing and insulting Catholic clergymen? His attention must have been drawn to the terrible tales told in private letters of this sort of vandalism. The vestments of a bishop were exhibited in the window of a store in Minneapolis as the trophy of a volunteer officer.

for \$20,000,000 and who are now being shut down like overhalls because they object to the purchase? Fine phrases, Mr. McKinley, do not cover up the stern facts of the situation. Until you square your performances with your professions the people have a right to question your sincerity and to criticize your policies."

The Library Deadlock.

The Toronto City Council and the Public Library Board have reached a deadlock upon the question of library finance. It is an old wrangle which a combination of circumstances has this year forced to a head. The City Council has been lavish with the money of the tax-payers, advancing official salaries without any other reason than the evil one of paying tribute to the favorites of cliques.

But, as the end of the year is in sight, the Board of Control and the Council must make a name for economy in some way or other; and by force of habit the Public Library has come in for a plucking. A sum of \$5,800 was cut off the Library estimates. Then after the Council had ratified the action of the Board of Control bagging was begun to give back part of \$5,800. The Library Board after offering to accept a certain reduction, finally closed the branch libraries and so the matter stands.

With regard to the law of the case the Library Board is clearly in the right, and might even sue the Council, but of course the rate-payers would have to pay the cost of litigation. What the people, however, are likely to concern themselves with is the reasonableness of the course taken by the Library Board. It would appear that as far back as 1893 the amount received by the Library Board from the City Council was nearly \$88,000, and in that year the number of books in circulation was 442,378.

The matter accordingly stands in this way. If the City Council will insist upon starving the Library, the only thing for the Library Board to do, when it will not go to law, is to cut down expenses to suit the available means. The Board has chosen to cut down expenses by closing the Branch Libraries. This action, of course, contracts very considerably the public access to cheap fiction, though some will say that the hot springs of romantic literature flow freely enough from the Central Library to supply the whole city. The great need in Toronto is to have a good reference library, and we very often look in vain for books that the Toronto Reference Library should contain.

Character of Paul Kruger.

After all the great test of strength of character in men is patience of delay. President Kruger has been giving the world a magnificent display of patience during the past few months. All the ingenuity of Mr. Chamberlain has failed to pull an imprudent expression from him, whilst every act of President Kruger himself forces the conviction upon all observers that he is fully equal to the task of keeping his Boers in check and leaving to the English, if war must come, the unavoidable resort to blunt aggression.

Englishmen who know the forces Paul Kruger is contending against. The Manchester Guardian, one of the foremost provincial journals, The London Chronicle, edited by the gifted Mr. Messingham, W. T. Stead, and others are not afraid to speak the truth. The American press—shame upon it!—imitates the jingo journals of London in dealing with the little African republic; and as for the Canadian press—well it doesn't matter one way or another. The peculiar, slippery hypocrisy of our newspapers, very often purposelessly scurrilous, is wonderfully well exhibited by the eagerness with which Mr. Chamberlain's statement that Catholics are ostracized in the Transvaal has been seized upon. The Ottawa Free Press tells its readers that "Kruger has no use for Catholics" and the London Advertiser sneers at the absurdity of Catholic sympathy with the old man. Yet it is impossible to suppose that the editor of either paper is ignorant of the current news, which, if there were no other revelation of Transvaal affairs available, would show Kruger in perhaps a better light than the head of any other nation of our times.

A Catholic Death and Testament.

Some extracts from the will of the late Recorder of Montreal, which we publish elsewhere, have already been commented upon in the secular press as showing eccentricity in a novel form. But in truth the testament of Mr. De Montigny is that of a pious, practical Catholic, dying in the full possession of his faculties and confident in his faith. It may surprise those who suspected eccentricity in this will to know that the testator's death was entirely like his life. A short sketch of his career may be instructive to persons who find a difficulty in reconciling the duties of religion with the demands of active citizenship.

Benjamin De Montigny was a typical French-Canadian. Born in the country, he was educated at the diocesan college—Joliette—and was called to the bar at the age of twenty-one. His Catholic education and national traditions inspired him to join the Canadian regiment of Papal Zouaves, and with 2,000 comrades he saw a couple of years' active service in the cause of the Papacy. The services of the young French-Canadian against the Garibaldians were recognized by Pope Pius IX in an especial manner in 1861.

Bystander, in The Weekly Sun, makes the following observations, which are of additional interest coming from Dr. Goldwin Smith. "What has produced the burst of Jingoism is a question more easily asked than answered. Perhaps, some light may be thrown upon it by the statistics which show an alarming increase of lunacy. Seriously speaking, it seems to be part of the general restlessness and excitability which, probably from a variety of causes, has been coming over the world. What has produced globe-trotting? What has produced the craze for athletics, which passes all bounds of healthy exercise or rational amusement? What has brought prize fighting again into fashion? What has kindled the thirst for sensational novels, and the distaste for serious reading? The newspaper full of sanguinary war news is as good as a sleeping-chamber or a prize-fight. There is something, too, as a sort of civilization, which makes a short return to barbarism grateful. Perhaps the deepest cause

Do Montigny was stern, he was a blessed precursor of it; and he heard no case on the bench that could have been better disposed of in his private room.

Mr. De Montigny was a somewhat extensive writer as writing goes in Canada. He was the father of fourteen children and was but once married.

The man's life was successful in every essential of reasonable human happiness. The testament he left to his family contains the truth of a vigorous, earnest life which from beginning to end is but preparation for death. In a word Mr. De Montigny has given a consistent example throughout of the practical Catholic life.

Canadian Catholic Readers.

Part I. and II. of the First Book, with the Second and Third Books of the new Canadian Catholic Readers have come to us from The Copp Clark Company, Limited, Toronto, the firm which secured the printing contract.

With regard to the point of "value for the money," we may state at once that the publishers have left little to be desired, and, in comparison with the Public school Readers, nothing. This is our candid opinion.

The professional merit of reading books may fairly be a subject for difference of opinion. It may however be useful to compare this series with the latest Catholic readers produced in the United States, which have recently come under our notice. The phonetic method is unquestionably installed in high favor, and all we are properly concerned with in the First Book of the present series is to see whether a thorough comprehension of this way of teaching elementary reading was brought to bear upon its preparation. There is room for but one verdict. It is abundantly evident that the First Book of the new Canadian Catholic Readers is the work of an experienced teacher who knows the mental measure of childhood and has a rare sympathy with its receptive powers. Indeed the parent or teacher, who has watched the first difficulties of the child, will be quick to appreciate helplessness in the plan of printed lessons. There is much helpfulness in these first lessons now before us. Take the first six apart and we find presented in them all consonants (except z) in combination with the short sounds of the vowels. Without exception all the lessons in Part I. Book I. are based on the short sounds of the vowels. The introduction of the consonants is admirably easy and progressive. The picture scheme throughout comes into the combination most intelligently. Part II. of the First Book brings in the long and exceptional sounds of the vowels in different combinations. Altogether a very favorable impression of the entire series is likely to be got from a careful study of the excellent plan of the First Book.

The Second and Third Books also will be found to come up to anticipation of sound literary character. The publishers have forwarded a circular which speaks highly of the Fourth Reader, which we have not yet seen. With regard to the maintenance of a religious character throughout the entire series this circular gives the following information: The new "Canadian Catholic Readers have been prepared by some of the leading teachers of Ontario, named for this work by the Bishops and the Education Department. Rev. J. R. Teefy, M.A., LL.D., President of St. Michael's College, Toronto, who was appointed to supervise the series, has given special care to their preparation."

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They extend to you a hearty invitation to visit their warehouses. Everything they possibly can do will be done to make your visit pleasant, profitable and interesting.

Their large and commodious warehouses, and staff of courteous employees will be at your service the moment you enter the premises.

Every department is now fully assorted for the Fall Season's Trade. Imported and Domestic Staple Cotton Goods, Linens, Silks, Dress Goods, Hosiery, Gloves, Men's Furnishings, Haberdashery, Fancy Goods, Carpets, House Furnishings, Woolens, and Tailors' Trimmings.

Do not leave the warehouses without seeing their "Crescent" brand Black Dress Goods, Seabelle Dress Serges, Imperial Velveteens, special lines of Linens, Shirts and Drawers, Handkerchiefs, Italian Cloths, Linoleums, Tapestry, Curtains and Carpets.

The Great Assorting House of the Dominion

of all is the weakening of religious belief and of the morality which has hitherto been bound up with it. The public men of past generations may not have been exemplary Christians, or have carried much Christian sentiment into their practical statesmanship. Still, they professed and revered certain principles of righteousness and humanity, which in a measure restrained their action, and which are now giving way to ideas derived from the Darwinian theory of the struggle for existence, and from the belief, cynically avowed in certain quarters, that might makes right. History, however, recounts the flow of many tidal waves, which swelled as high as jingoism in their day, then ebbed and left no trace upon the sand."

Tonching our remarks of last week upon Hon David Mills' obligation to Sir Ellis Ashmead Bartlett for the material of his Transvaal speech in the Senate, comes news of the most suggestive nature. Roster's Constantinople agent cables as follows: "Sir E. Ashmead Bartlett has at length obtained concessions for electric traction in Smyrna and Salonica, for which he has been negotiating such a long time. 'Ikdam,' a Palace organ, commenting on the grant of these concessions, says—'Sir E. Ashmead Bartlett is one of the most distinguished well wishers of the Imperial Ottoman Government. It is, therefore, only meet that he should be the first to receive a concession of this nature. For twenty odd years past, during which he has been a member of the House of Commons, his speeches have testified to his sound and impartial judgment. He has demonstrated his friendship towards Osman Lis in a manner which can leave no doubt in the mind of anyone.'"

We submit that Sir Ellis has equally demonstrated his friendship towards the Seps of Bothwell by supplying him with material for a speech that fairly knocked the senate off its legs. And it is now Mr. Mills' turn to be as generous as Abdul Hamid. There are concessions going for a song in the Yukon to every "Dan" and "Bill" in the country. The government has an all-Canadian line to build into the gold region; and Sir Ellis, the devoted friend of Osman Lis and David Mills, should not be kept waiting too long, else he may think that his Canadian friends are ungenerally. It would never do to allow such an impression to get rooted in his mind. We never know when we may be called upon again to "stand by the empire, right or wrong," and it is always well to have a first-class pamphleteer in our confidence upon whom we may rest the national opinion of Canada. When Abdul Hamid can show his gratitude for similar services by granting the pamphleteer concessions in Smyrna and Salonica, Canada should not lose a moment in going the Ottoman government one better. We look to Mr. Mills to promote this laudable purpose in an elaborate article in the Canadian Magazine.

A view of the struggle of the Catholic people of Ireland for justice in the matter of university education, the following remarks of The Freeman's Journal are significant: "We publish" says our contemporary "a tabulated list of the distinctions won by the various colleges at the recent examinations of the Royal University. The list brings out more strongly the wonderful achievement of our Catholic unendowed Col-

leges in Cork and Galway. Queen's College, Belfast, has a most creditable record, and heads the list with 40 distinctions. But considering its heavy handicap the position of University College, Stephen's green, with 34 distinctions, is a success of a far more striking kind. We have already referred to the distinguished position in the list obtained by the Loretto College, St. Stephen's green, and by St. Mary's University College, Merion square. We are glad to notice the high places secured by an unendowed provincial College—Mungret College, Limerick, which is conducted by the Fathers of the Society of Jesus. It will be seen that Mungret College, with a total of 20 distinctions far out-distances Queen's College, Galway, which has a total of but 26, while Queen's College, Cork, has not achieved even one solitary distinction."

With regard to what we said last week about the refusal of the Ritualists in the English church to obey the recent decision of the Archbishop of Canterbury and York, we find the grounds of the refusal stated by a leading Ritualistic authority, preaching at St. Ethelburga's Church, Rev. Dr. Cobb, Assistant-Secretary of the English Church Union, said the Archbishop's decision was based upon a secular law which practically laid down that the Church was the bond slave of the State. The sole course left was to demand disestablishment. He was certain disestablishment would be successful at the next general election.

One thousand delegates were present in Chicago last week representing two hundred societies and speaking in the name of 150,000 German-speaking American Catholics. Among the resolutions passed were the following:

"That we are prostrate with grief and shame at the reports of the indignities offered God and our holy religion in the name of our nation and under the shadow of our glorious banner, which we always believed and still do believe to be the emblem of liberty, of conscience and equal respect for all forms of religion.

"That we raise our solemn protest against these high handed outrages and call upon our representatives in congress to cause an immediate investigation of these matters so nearly concerning every lover of the fair name of this country, but more especially every Catholic citizen in the United States.

"That we will do our utmost to avenge general condemnation of the sacrilegious actions of our soldiers and the contempt shown our religion by their superiors in letting them go unpunished; that we will to this end agitate for mass meetings and protests everywhere and among all classes of citizens, and not cease with our agitators until we are assured that our government has investigated the reported outrages and taken steps to prevent them from recurring."

Mr. Bentley, the eminent baritone, who has been heard more than once in Toronto, has been made a Knight Commander of the Order of St. Gregory the Great, by Pope Leo. The Tablet pays the following well-deserved tribute to Mr. Bentley upon this honor. Known and esteemed the world over as a singer, Mr. Bentley has since his conversion been uniting in zealous effort for the interests of the Church and of Catholic charity. Not only has he given the regular assistance of his superb voice to the services of the Church, but he has willingly undertaken the fatiguing duty of

conducting choirs. He has also devoted his talent to the composition of Masses, the devotional dignity of which won for them special appreciation. All this unparagoned labour has been done without thought of the personal sacrifice it frequently entailed. Whilst his fellow-Catholics in this country congratulate him on the reception of so well-deserved a distinction from the august Father of Christianity, we are sure that the wider circle of his friends in all parts of the world will rejoice in his recognition that it has accorded to his eminence as a singer and his generosity as a Christian man.

A Catholic Will.

The following are extracts from the will of the late Recorder De Montigny of Montreal:

"I give my soul to God, who I hope will order that it come to Him as I have asked daily, on a day consecrated to the Holy Virgin, to whom, many years since, I confided all my merits."

"I leave to the discretion of my children to pray and have others pray for me, relying upon their goodness of heart which will understand all that I suffered for them."

"I order implicitly that my funeral be most humble, pleasing my belief and that of the Roman Church, in a pall bearing the crucifix and my kept of Zezaveo."

The heirs will be drawn by two horses to the church or one of the chapels of the parish where I die and that a mass of the lower class be said or chanted at half past eight o'clock, my friends being requested not to send any flowers."

"I recommend to my children, as the secret of their happiness, to govern themselves according to the rules of the Catholic religion."

"God submitted me to sufferings in body and soul: I ask pardon of all whom I may have offended or hurt, as I forgive with all my heart all who may have contributed to make me suffer, because they were but the instruments of God, who, of the mercies he granted me, the signal privilege of never having been wanting in my duties, without having been severely punished."

"I will die comparatively poor and my heirs will have to submit necessarily to the laws of labour, justly light and agreeable, when it is religiously accepted as all burdens when properly borne."

Let them remember the lesson given by the Master of Galvary that with the same cross one may lose or save himself according to the spirit, in which it is accepted."

"To assist them as best I can to support life, I ask those who are charged with the execution of my last will to give to those of my children who have not yet received it at the time of my death the best possible Christian education in keeping with the means which I leave."

"If it pleases some one to write anything upon my humble existence they may mention, that I am of the Order of St. Francis D'Assise and of the Novitiate Adoration and of some other societies and my children and my friends who love me sincerely will have more consolation in learning that I belonged to those Philantropes of Prayer, rather than to clubs of amusement which I blamed for all."

"I desire that from the pulpits and through the press I be recommended to the prayers of the faithful and that they ask for me pardon for all offences towards my fellow-men."

"I pray to God that the little I may leave my children shall not be for them an occasion of discord; let them be united in the future and may they be led against all dangers to Heaven, where I hope to meet them with their alliance."

Mr. de Montigny's wish, expressed in the opening sentence of this will, was realized. He died on the day set apart for the feast of the Assumption.

Rev. Father Quillivan.

The Montreal True Witness of Aug 19 says: "We made inquiries at the Hotel Dieu regarding the condition of Rev.

father Quillivan, who recently underwent a very painful operation. It is a source of much satisfaction to us to be able to announce that the esteemed pastor of St. Patrick's has still further improved since we last referred to him. His progress towards recovery is necessarily slow, as the part operated upon is tender and tardy in healing. It may be said, however, that his complete recovery is only a matter of time, the danger having passed. He is really any—having been safely passed."

Diocese of London.

LONDON, Aug. 21.—At St. Peter's Cathedral yesterday morning, Father Tiernan, took leave of the congregation. There was not a dry eye in the church. The reverend father was deeply moved, but he bore himself strong and cheerful. Only once his voice broke, and he passed on with an emotion.

High Mass was celebrated by Rev. Father L'Houroux, Rev. Father Dadoeur warden, and Rev. Father Cleary sub-deacon. His Lordship the Bishop of London occupied the episcopal throne and was attended by Rev. Father Tiernan.

At the Gospel, Rev. Father Tiernan ascended the pulpit. He spoke briefly upon the text, Luke, vii., 11 to 16, and then addressed his hearers as follows:

My dear brethren, I wish now to direct your mind to a different theme. No doubt you were all more or less surprised at the announcement made by his lordship, our good bishop, in his address last Sunday. Well, it was no surprise for me, as it was just what I asked for, any therefore, my dear brethren, I this morning most gratefully and most cordially thank our good bishop for granting me my request viz.: a few weeks' vacation. "Not only a few weeks, but three months and more, if necessary," replied the bishop. Could he be more kind and generous than this? and what is still more in my favor, that on my return he will give me a home commensurate with my present position and relieve me of the onerous duties of cathedral work. If these things are misunderstood or misinterpreted as regards his lordship's words last Sunday have gone abroad in the parish, I wish, here and now, to rectify these misunderstandings or misinterpretations and to state to you that what he said was my own speaking; that although you will not have Father Tiernan to go to your trials, troubles and sorrows, you will have your good and zealous bishop, and you will also have Fathers Levesque and Holkown to have recourse to."

Now, it remains for me to say to you farewell! Since my coming among you, nearly 25 years ago, when I was then a young priest, I have ever found you to be kind and generous; and for the good will you have manifested towards me, I now return you my sincere and heartfelt thanks; and rest assured, dear brethren, that I will ever cherish for you the fondest recollections. And how could it be otherwise? You know that whenever we enter any new sphere of life, that the first actions and words which we perform in that new sphere are never forgotten by us. Though memory may fail in other things, it will never forget those. Well, I came among you in the very beginning of my priestly career. The holy oils that anointed a minister of the Most High God were scarcely dry upon me when I began the work of the ministry by preaching to you the word of God and dispensing to you those life-giving and life-saving sacraments that fit us for immortality, and this work we have continued ever since in your midst. And, think you, I can ever forget it? Never; and you, my dear brethren, with whom those works have been associated, I will ever kindly remember. I now bid you farewell, and I ask you, daily to remember me in your prayers during my absence, that I may return to the diocese strong and vigorous, well fitted to do God's work in this portion of his vineyard."

Shamrock in American Waters. New York, August 18.—Sir Thomas Lipton's cup challenger, Shamrock, with her consort, the steam yacht Erin, arrived off Sandy Hook at eight o'clock this morning.

She was under her own sail, consisting of her ketch rig, or mainsail and foresail. Her arrival was unexpected. She left the Clyde on August 2, taking only sixteen days for passage. She was not expected to arrive here before August 25 at the earliest, and her quick trip will give yachting sharp something to think about. On the passage across she was sighted but once. Then she was in tow of the Erin. It was calm at the time. It is surmised that the Erin's steam had considerable to do with the Shamrock's quick passage across her when the wind was light and following her when it permitted her to make good time under canvas. From the Shamrock's main truck flew the private signal of her owner, the Green Shamrock in a yellow field with green borders. The ensign of the British naval reserve had been hoisted to the head of her yawl mast. She is painted a light green and although not very beautiful in her present rig she is not a sorry craft. The steam yacht Erin followed close in her wake. She is painted white, flew the owner's private signal from the fore truck, and the naval reserve ensign floated over the taffrail. The yachts, as they passed the Hook, were saluted by the marine observers.

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The late Mrs. John Vaughan.

We have to chronicle this week the death of a venerable and esteemed lady, Mary Vaughan, relict of John Vaughan, one of the pioneers of the township of Ramsey, in Essex County. The deceased, who had lived to the patriarchal age of eighty-three, died at Ottawa City, where she spent her declining years with her daughter Miss Ann Vaughan. Mrs. Vaughan left a numerous collection of relatives in London, Liverpool and Chicago, who will all sincerely regret her demise. She was a daughter of John Walsh, formerly of Westport, County Mayo, Ireland. She was a sister of the late Rev. Thomas Walsh, of London, England, and a sister-in-law of the former Rev. Edw. West Bentley, (in Carlton County, Canada), the Rev. Edward

Vaughan, whose name is held in loving remembrance by his surviving parishioners. The funeral of Mrs. Vaughan took place to St. Bridget's Church Ottawa, and was attended by a large number of citizens, testifying the esteem in which the deceased lady was held. Rev. Canon McCarthy chanted the solemn Mass of Requiem, after which the cortege proceeded to the West Huntley Chapel Cemetery, where interment was made in the burial ground of the Vaughan family. Requiescat in pace.

London, Liverpool and Chicago papers please copy.

A SCHOOL

which receives THIRTY-EIGHT CALLS for young men and women for office positions within twenty days enjoys the confidence of business men. The

Central Business College

Toronto, was thus favored since July 25th, and certainly enjoys that confidence. Young people desiring the influence of a reputable school cannot do better than attend this school. TERMS REASONABLE. RESULTS GOOD. FALL TERM OPENS SEPT. 6th. Eight regular teachers. Proper equipment. Write for particulars. W. H. BILAW, Principal.

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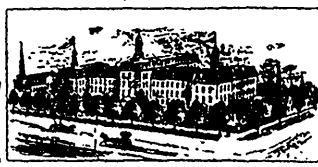
Canadian Teachers Wanted.

More vacancies than teachers. POSITIONS GUARANTEED. Placed 305 Canadian teachers in U.S. last term. UNION TEACHERS OF AMERICA, Washington, D.C.

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Degrees in Arts, Philosophy and Theology. Preparatory Classical Course for Junior Students. Complete Commercial Course.

Private Rooms for Senior Students. Practical Business Department. Fully Equipped Laboratories.

Terms: \$160 a Year. Send for Calendar.
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(ORANGE—4 size.)

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(WHITE OR CREAM—3 size.)

V.R.

(WHITE OR BLUE LEAF BOOK—2 size.)

These are our new lines in Writing Tablets. Put up in fifty sheets and one hundred. Very attractive tops handsomely lithographed.

Ask your Stationer for these unrivalled goods, manufactured by
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BALLAD OF THE FALCON.

The sea is slumbering. Vast, breathing lazily here on the shore, it has already fallen fast asleep, and in the sitting it lies motionless, flooded with the blue radiance of the moon.

Heastly away, but soon comprehended that but two or three minutes of life remained to the bird. It crawled to the wounded bird and inhaled straight in his face: "What now are you dying?"

soul, and disturbing to the mind with a sweet expectation of some revelation. All lies slumbering, but slumbering with strained attention, and it seems as though with every succeeding second everything will rouse itself and ring with a melodious harmony of inexpressibly sweet sounds.

Nestle Food advertisement featuring an image of a child and the text 'Raised on it'.

St. Michael's College advertisement detailing its affiliation with the University of Toronto and its various courses.

Loyola College Montreal advertisement listing classical and commercial courses.

Brass and Iron Bedsteads advertisement listing various household items.

Renfrew's Fur House advertisement for fur goods and repairs.

Advertisement for a printer seeking work, mentioning 'Progressive Printers'.

Labatt's Porter advertisement claiming it is the best brewed on the continent.

J.E. Seagram Distiller advertisement for wines and liquors.

The Home Savings and Loan Company advertisement with financial details.

P. Burns & Co. advertisement for coal and wood.

The Cosgrave Brewery Co. advertisement for maltsters and brewers.

The Temperance and General Life Assurance Co. advertisement.

Empress Hotel advertisement for accommodations.

The York County Loan and Savings Company advertisement.

Advertisement for Croisiers, Beads, and other religious items.

The Catholic Register advertisement for its job department.

CONTINUITY. Dr. St. George Mivart contributes an article to the August "Nineteenth Century" entitled "What Church has Continuity?"

THE BLOODLESS SPORTSMAN

I'm not hunting, but I'll take no gun. I fish without a pole. And I'll hit good game and catch such fish.

TOM'S HOME-COMING.

Outside, the apple trees were black and silver in the moonlight, and the daffodils that bordered the path shone faintly golden.

"It's borne in on me to say something to you, Mary," she began. "I've set out to do it more'n once, an' then I've backed out. I hope you won't lay it against me if I tell you what's for your own good."

"There was no answer. The little figure opposite took on a certain alertness like that of an animal about to spring, yet there had been no perceptible motion; it was rather the wariness of the brown eyes that seemed oddly at variance with the wrinkled, weather-beaten face, and short, grey curls. The silence baffled the visitor, but it was too late for retreat.

"It's four years now since Tom went away, an' three since he was married, an' he ain't never come home, though he know how to 'turn a lookin' for him. I guess there ain't been a night since he was married that you ain't lit up the best room an' opened the front door as if you thought he ain't that city wife of his might come walkin' up the path any minute. Sometimes I've got fairly raging over it. All this time you've never set eyes on him nor his wife nor baby. Now, I tell you what it is, I'd jest make up my mind, if I was you, to let it all go."

"Miss Martha had risen in tragic indignation, but the news was too much for her. She turned back in undisguised amazement. "For the land's sake! why didn't you say so!" she exclaimed. "Can't I help you get ready? How long do you calculate to stay?"

"I calculated I'd be gone about a week. Being in the spring of the year I can't stay longer, for there's the garden to see to. I ain't got much to do to get ready. If you'd feed the cat once a day, 'twouldn't do no good to bring him over, he wouldn't stay—'but I'll leave a saucer on the back porch, an' you can put him milk there."

"I will, certain," answered Miss Martha. She had quite forgotten her resentment in the keen relish of the news; the sewing circle would meet the next day. She looked back when she reached the doorway, and nodded and smiled cordially.

"I won't say good-bye," she said, "being as I'll see you to-morrow. I guess 'twill be real good weather for travelling. What time will you be along?"

"The stage passes at 8. I'll be over about 7:30."

"All right, I'll watch for you, an' if there is anything else I can take care of, bring that, too. Good night, Miss 'Hazelwell."

"Good night," she answered. Her voice was curious, half-frightened tone in it, and her eyes were full of dismay. She hurried into the house and shut the door; then she looked around her, and the look was that of an exile about to leave home forever.

"I said it before, I thought, an' now I've got to go. An' Tom might come, too—supposin' we should pass each other, an' he come while I'm gone! But I've got to go. 'Tolka shinn'—my such things about Tom—as if Tom wouldn't be glad to see his mother! What if he ain't been home? Here's comin', he always says so. An' there's the baby, too. Haven't I wanted to see her more than anything in the world? It's—It's only that I can't get used to it, somehow. I thought Tom would come here, so that I wouldn't have to leave home. I allus thought Tom would come in the spring; I knew just how he'd look comin' up between the daffodils—when he was a little fellow he used to love 'em so 't' he thought 'em Tom's baby would love 'em, too."

"She went to the window and looked down the path, where the daffodils were set like lights to guide the wanderer home. Then she turned resolutely away. Though so small and frail looking, she had a will that in an emergency was better than strength. She worked nearly all night packing her valise and shutting up the house. When morning came she made herself a cup of tea before going carefully over the house for the last time; then she dragged her valise out on the doorstep, and locked the front door behind her and went over to Martha Whipple's.

Martha welcomed her with effusive congeniality. "Come in, an' have a bite, Miss 'Hazelwell, do," she urged. "I meant to ask you last night, but I was so flustered I forgot it. I've got hot bits; cut here, an' they're good, if I do say so."

"Mr. Hazelwell was standing very erect; she looked pale and tired, but her eyes seemed to defy any one to detect it. "I'm obliged to you, Martha," she said, "but I've had my breakfast, an' I guess I'd better go back. You won't forget to feed the cat?"

"No, I won't forget. I hope you'll have a real good visit, Miss 'Hazelwell. You must tell us all the sights when you get back."

"Yes, I will," she answered, stepping lightly. She went back to her own house, and sat down on the doorstep beside her valise. When the stage came she walked steadily down the path between the daffodils, she looked straight ahead, but her old face was working pitifully, and the yellow blossom seemed to dance, like flickering lights before her eyes.

The day was close and sultry—an unseasonable one for spring. The old woman sat bolt upright beside her valise, holdin' her ticket in her hand. As they left the fresh air of the great heat became worse, she grew faint, and a terrible fear began to sweep over her, as if she would never reach the city. With a strong effort she put it aside, and beckoned a sand-stripped boy who was passing through the car. She selected a ham sandwich; to her simple country taste both the bread and the butter were unpalatable, but she forced herself to eat every mouthful; then sat up again, and through the long hours of the afternoon watched the dizzy race of trees and landscape past her window.

As they neared the city the train began to be crowded. Presently a lady stopped beside her, and asked her if the seat was engaged. She did not understand the phrase, but, obeying a sudden instinct for companionship, she moved her valise.

"You can set here if you want to," she said. "The car's real full now." The lady thanked her and took the seat. She was evidently used to travelling; the old woman looked at her wistfully; presently she leaned over and touched her.

"Is 'is Boston very big?" she asked, timidly. The lady glanced at her companion with a quick smile that changed as she saw the worried old face.

"It's pretty big," she replied, gently. "Are you going there?" The old woman smiled at her eagerly. "Yes," she said. "I thought I'd go. You see, my boy, Tom—'s married, and I haven't seen him for four years. I ain't even seen the baby; they kept telling me to come, an' I ain't never made up my mind to, an' I up an' started. I hope it won't be hard to find the place."

It seemed as if her very character had been left behind with the familiar hills; her face was full of a hesitating appeal that blotted out its strong accustomed lines, as the misty sweeps of her own mountains. "Won't Tom be at the depot to meet you?" asked the lady, indignantly.

The old woman looked up with quick suspicion. "Of course, he would if he'd a know'n," she answered, eagerly. "Tom was allus the best boy! But I couldn't seem to make up my mind till last night, an' then I thought I'd surprise him. I picked a bunch of daffodils for him—he used to notice daffodils when he was jest a little fellow—'but they're real withered now."

The stranger tried to cheer her. "Your flowers will freshen in water," she said, "and Tom will feel like a boy again when he sees them. Suppose you tell me the address, and then I can put you on the right car."

"I'd take it real kind of you," answered Tom's mother, gratefully. She pulled a piece of paper from her glove and unfolded it carefully. The stranger read it, and her face cleared.

"That will be easy to find," she said. "It is right on the car line, and the conductor will put you off very near the house if you tell him

number. There, now, let me take 'em valise and put you on the car!" The old woman rose convulsively, the train had rolled into the depot, and the sudden change of light and sound bewildered her. She clutched her valise and looked with desperate eyes across the crowd. Then a face that she recognized and had loved, her friend had put her on the car, and said good-bye. She had never seen a street car before, and she clung to the seat, her first, frightened face set in lines of rigid endurance.

Every moment she expected an accident, and when the conductor helped her off, her first feeling was one of almost intolerable relief, then suddenly she saw the number that she wanted, and darted forward. She was panting with the weight of the valise, but she did not know it, she hurried up the high stone steps and eagerly rang the bell.

The bell echoed through the house, but no one came. She pulled it again and again, a nervous terror stealing over her—she must make Tom hear! Presently a window opened in the next house, and a girl's pretty face smiled down at her. "Did you want to see Mrs. Hazelwell?" she called. "They went away yesterday."

"What did you say, dear?" she faltered. "I didn't understand. I want to see Tom—I'm his mother!" The girl's face once softened with quick pity. She left the window and ran down the steps and across to the old woman.

"I'm so sorry," she said gently. "Don't you understand? They went away; I don't know when they'll be back—they couldn't tell. Oh, don't look so! Come in our house and rest. You must come. You can't stay here, you know."

She lifted the valise and the old woman followed her; she did not seem to know what she was doing; she obeyed as a little child might have done.

The people were very good to her. She wanted to go back that night, and they had to tell her over and over that there was no train before they could make her understand, and even then she seemed dazed and bewildered. So she gave her a quiet room and left her alone. For hours she sat there in the dark trying to order her dizzy thoughts, and gradually one idea became clear—that no one must ever know. It was her fault—all hers—but people would not understand, and they would blame Tom, and they must not blame Tom.

She might stay in the city a week, but her whole soul rejected that; she felt as if she was smothering, stifled, in this hot, noisy place!

At last home the apple blossoms were shaking their perfume down through the night and the valley brimming over with moonlight. She must go home—home! she leaped her tired hand on her head and thought. Gradually the noises in the street below died away, and a strange stillness followed; then the air grew chill and the street lamps blinked, and finally morning, a dim, sickly imitation of the mornings she had known and loved, crept back to the city.

She rose and straightened her hair and dress; she was pale and tired, but quite her old self again. The girl was delighted at the change, and sat beside her at breakfast, coaxing her to eat, and finally went to the depot with her and put her on the train. Not until she reached home again did the hospitable girl know that the bed had not been touched, and fully understand that the night had been to their guest.

All through the day the old woman sat looking out of the window. She did not realize that she was tired; all her resolution was bent to the carrying out of her plan. When, late in the afternoon the train began climbing up the hills once more, she pushed open the window and breathed the keen air with a sigh of content. She had left the city behind forever.

The train would reach Holmesburg about 7. Four miles before that was Farrar's, a new station, and between Farrar's and Holmesburg was a road nearly all through the woods, and not much used, except in summer. She had never been over this road but once, but she was sure that she could find the way. Only one or two other people, strangers to her, left the train at Farrar's; that was as she had hoped, and she plunged resolutely into the woods.

It was a long walk, and her valise was heavy for her; as it grew dark, too, she began to stumble on the road; she had to stop and rest more and more frequently, but her resolution never faltered. Several times she heard some one coming, and she hid in the bushes until all danger of discovery had passed; once she fell and hurt her wrist, so that after that she could only carry her valise in one hand; but nothing could daunt her.

It was 10 o'clock when she finally reached the house; she had crept around through back ways, and felt she had not been seen; indeed, for an hour the lights had been out in many houses. She stood still for a moment in the sweet, silent night; the apple trees were all silver in the moonlight, and the daffodils gleamed faintly down the path. She unlocked the door and crept in her valise, and fell down in a heap on the floor. She was home at last!

When she came to herself there were yellow streaks of light under the door, and the room was full of a bright gloom. Her wrist was aching badly; she crept to her feet, and started to get the arnica; then she stopped and shrank down on the stairs, for outside she could hear Martha talking to the cat. She sat there guilty till she heard the heavy footsteps down the path, then

she rose cautiously, as if Miss Martha could hear her, and went to the parlor. She longed for some tea, but dared not make a fire, so she ate a little dry bread and jelly. Then she went upstairs to her bedroom, and lay down.

When she woke she was startled by the darkness at first, but as memory came back to her she slipped downstairs; for a moment she stood thinking; then softly opening the door she crept out to the woodpile. As she was returning with her arms full she almost stumbled over an animal at the door. Checking her exclamation, she leaped down, it was her cat, purring softly about her feet. With a little cry of joy she picked him up, and carried him into the house with her. She carried a fire, and went busily to work, so that by daylight, when she put out her fire, her breakfast was ready, and fresh bread and cake in the oven. About eight o'clock she heard Miss Martha come and call the cat. After she was gone the old woman took in the milk and gave it to him, but she did not let him go out, she wanted someone to talk to. Late that afternoon she lay down again, but not at all sleepily, but she would not get up until midnight, when she again did her cooking.

She was very lonely and oppressed by a strange sense of uneasiness, as she sat behind her closed blinds and watched the neighbors go by; she felt almost as if she had died, and from another world were looking back upon her old life. Once the doctor came to the gate, and she heard Miss Martha call across to him that Miss Hazelwell was in the city visiting her son. A hot flush burned in her old cheeks, and she turned hastily away.

Monday was the last day of her imprisonment. At daylight Tuesday she slipped out of the house with her valise and began to journey back to Farrar's.

The first up-train from Boston came at 10 o'clock, so that she had several hours to wait, but she had known that, and until the station was opened she sat on the platform outside with stoical patience. When the train came she rode the four miles back to Holmesburg, and then took the stage back to the house. She drew a long breath as she walked again up the path between the daffodils. She went in the front door and began pulling up the shades and uncovering all the ornaments. When Martha came over she talked much of the city and of Tom's nice neighbors, but little of Tom and his family. After her visitor had left she dropped her face in her hands.

"Oh, Lord, I hope I ain't done anything dreadful," she cried, "but I couldn't let her say anything against Tom—I couldn't!"

She looked very old and tired as she went feebly about getting supper, and then she forgot to get one, and when she remembered it as she was going to sit down to her supper, she was hurried to open it. A young man was just coming with springing steps up the path between the daffodils—a sturdy young fellow with a yellow-haired baby in his arms. She looked at him absently, but he ran forward and caught her.

"Mother, mother, don't you know me?" he cried, as he hugged and kissed her.

After supper she went over to the Whipples. Tom was lying out under the apple trees as she used to do years ago, but Tom's baby was clinging to her with one dimpled hand, while the other was full of daffodils. Miss Martha met her at the gate.

"Well, now, I guess you are happy," she said. "When I see you come, thinks I, 'Well, that explains it; I couldn't understand what made Mary seem so sort o' numb this afternoon, but now I do see.' And 'tis in Tom's baby'! It certainly does favour him! Do come in—"

"I've got something to tell you first," she said. "I deceived you awfully, Mar-

tha. I was mad because of what you said about Tom, so I went off in a hurry, an' when I got to the city the house was all closed up. Flora's mother was taken sick sudden, an' they had gone there, but I didn't know it then, so Tom folks was real good to me, an' I took me in, an' I come back the next day. I've been living in the house ever since. I thought I'd go would talk against Tom if they knew, an' I wasn't goin' to have it!"

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Martha's eyes followed her with admiring interest. "The baby's named for you, ain't she?" she said. The old woman turned back, her face all alight. "Yes," she answered. "Tom said she shouldn't have any name but his mother's. Tom allus was good to his mother." She stopped a moment, and then caught the child up in a passion of tenderness. Her brown eyes looked with a sudden softening over the yellow-haired baby.

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I am persuaded that your Holiness will behold with a sympathetic regard the meeting of this conference, and I shall be very happy if, in testifying to me the assurance of this deep sympathy, you would be so good as to give your precious moral support to the generous designs of the magnificent Emperor of All the Russias, which will be carried out in my Residence. I seize with pleasure the present occasion, most august Pontiff, for renewing to your Holiness the assurance of my high esteem and of my personal devotion. WILHELMINA.

THE RURAL CRITIC.

After the well-known pianist's concert was over, the rural critic took us aside, and gave vent as follows:—"I tell you, mister, she was a slasher. Our Jennie couldn't hold a candle to her. When she first sat down she looked wild, then with a howl dug her finger-nails into them 'ere rough notes and shot 'em like lightning up into the thin ones. Then she paused for a reply, mister. She then commenced at the right-hand side, went a-ripping down, hand over fist, till she got clean down, making a noise like thunder."

"She then yanked a handful out of the centre, and planted them at the end, then wiggled with two fingers, grabbed up another fistful, punched right and left, went ripety-punchy-scotch up and down and I tell you that 'ere thunder howled. "She then gave another snort, and when she went she bustled in like mad, raised up off her chair, stuffed three finger-tails there, crammed six more in the corner, gobbled up a few more tunes, and settled their hash in about a minute.

"After that she tackled it with her left hand alone. Between you and me, mister, the man that owned that 'ere planner vent shifflin' about on his chair as though he had a carpet sack under him."—Tid Bits.

HOW BIRDS HELP US.

Birds do an immense amount of drudgery for man, if they do now and then reward themselves by a dainty titbit of ripening fruit. A pair of robins have been watched while they carried a thousand earthworms to their brood. Woodpeckers destroy eggs and larvae which would develop millions of destructive creatures in forests and orchards; and one of the most inevitable foes of the canker worm (the inevitable oriole, were it not allowed to live and hang its swarming cradle to the elm. For every wing of black and orange on a young girl's hat an apple tree is stripped of leaves and young fruit, or an elm is denuded of its graceful foliage by the canker worm.

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A CAT THAT LIKES ELEVATORS.

The Philadelphia House is the home of a very intelligent cat. This feline, which is coal black, without a single white spot upon her, has a fondness for travelling in the elevator. She is perfectly at home there, and travels up and down many times daily. She goes to the door of the elevator and peers until the elevator takes her on. The various elevator men are very careful of her, for she is a great mouser, and in the House, as in other big buildings, mice are troublesome. These little pests frequently destroy valuable documents supposed to be safely stowed away in desks and drawers. Tabby notices the elevator men what floor she desires to get off upon by howling loudly as the car comes to the particular station. In this way she makes a tour of inspection of the entire building.

A SEAL'S LONG SWIM.

Earnest Whitehead captured a young seal near Anacapa Island, California, recently, and took him on board his ship. As the vessel started the mother seal was noticed swimming about, howling piteously. The little captive barked responsively. After reaching the wharf at Santa Barbara the captive was tied up in a jute sack and left loose on the deck. Soon after coming to anchor the seal responded to its mother's call by casting itself overboard, all tied up as it was in the sack. The mother seized the sack, and with her sharp teeth tore it open. She had followed the sloop eighty miles.

HIS PROFESSION.

A Parisian flourish relates that the following conversation took place in an emigration office.— The father of the family presents himself and asks for tickets. "How many are you?" asked the agent. "Three—I, my wife, and my child." "Good, your age, your profession?" "Thirty years; carpenter; my wife, twenty-four, needlewoman." "The boy?" asks the agent. "Seven months." "His profession?"

The father's eyebrows formed Gothic arches on his forehead. "His profession, I say," repeated the agent, angrily. "We have no time to lose." The father reflects, and at last replies:—"Bachelor."

STREET CAR ACCIDENT.

Mr. Thomas Sabin says: "My eleven year old boy had his foot badly injured by being run over by a car on the Street Railway. We at once commenced bathing the foot with Dr. Thomas' Eucalyptic Oil, when the inflammation and swelling was removed and in nine days he could use his foot. We always keep a bottle in the house ready for any emergency."

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I am persuaded that your Holiness will behold with a sympathetic regard the meeting of this conference, and I shall be very happy if, in testifying to me the assurance of this deep sympathy, you would be so good as to give your precious moral support to the generous designs of the magnificent Emperor of All the Russias, which will be carried out in my Residence. I seize with pleasure the present occasion, most august Pontiff, for renewing to your Holiness the assurance of my high esteem and of my personal devotion. WILHELMINA.

THE RURAL CRITIC.

After the well-known pianist's concert was over, the rural critic took us aside, and gave vent as follows:—"I tell you, mister, she was a slasher. Our Jennie couldn't hold a candle to her. When she first sat down she looked wild, then with a howl dug her finger-nails into them 'ere rough notes and shot 'em like lightning up into the thin ones. Then she paused for a reply, mister. She then commenced at the right-hand side, went a-ripping down, hand over fist, till she got clean down, making a noise like thunder."

"She then yanked a handful out of the centre, and planted them at the end, then wiggled with two fingers, grabbed up another fistful, punched right and left, went ripety-punchy-scotch up and down and I tell you that 'ere thunder howled. "She then gave another snort, and when she went she bustled in like mad, raised up off her chair, stuffed three finger-tails there, crammed six more in the corner, gobbled up a few more tunes, and settled their hash in about a minute.

"After that she tackled it with her left hand alone. Between you and me, mister, the man that owned that 'ere planner vent shifflin' about on his chair as though he had a carpet sack under him."—Tid Bits.

Birds do an immense amount of drudgery for man, if they do now and then reward themselves by a dainty titbit of ripening fruit. A pair of robins have been watched while they carried a thousand earthworms to their brood. Woodpeckers destroy eggs and larvae which would develop millions of destructive creatures in forests and orchards; and one of the most inevitable foes of the canker worm (the inevitable oriole, were it not allowed to live and hang its swarming cradle to the elm. For every wing of black and orange

