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The Catholic Register.

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PRICE FIVE CENTS

The Prospects of Catholicism

We make the following further extracts from the impressive article by Dr. William Barry, in the current number of The National Review: Rome holds up an ideal which comes to us from the New Testament and is directly opposed to the prevailing Atheism. This has been admirably shown in a volume of "Letters," published two years ago by one, himself not a Catholic, who was profoundly aware of the truth so often overlooked, that all the complex agencies, hierarchical, monastic, or devotional, which strangers believe are parts of an ambitious secular policy, do aim, in effect, at something very different and are only means to a supernatural end. I am astonished, by the way, that pages so full of thought, so genuine in their sympathy, and so penetrating as criticism, have not attracted the attention which they deserve. Viewing the Roman Church in a variety of aspects, and letting its opponents speak their unvarnished mind, the writer throws out these pregnant suggestions, which I take to be the drift of his reasoning: First, that "at a certain psychological point, perhaps, a man can only choose between the Catholic Church, and entire rejection of supernatural Christianity." Such a moment, one would say, has arrived for the Latin races in general, and is approaching faster than most of us think for the intellectual and devout in these islands and even in America. But, second, the volume reminds us that mere historical or philosophical objections to Rome miss the centre of attack, for "the Catholic Church also reasons but it relies for victory upon prayer, that is to say, upon desire or will to win souls, a desire or will multitudinous, yet disciplined to act collectively, and skillfully directed to its end. This is the faith which moves hearts, it is not mountains." And, third, says that one of the correspondents from whom we are quoting, "It seemed to me that the Church centred at Rome alone — far, of course, from perfectly, but yet in some measure — realizes the idea of a church extending itself to all countries, races, languages and generations. Visible unity seemed to me of the essence of the Christian Church in idea, and its chief utility, so far as realized, in practice." In reply to these arguments, or enforcing them from a slightly different point of view, it is said by the man to whom they are addressed: "I find in the Church of Rome much that satisfies my reason, a strong deciding authority, a continuous and unbroken history, a far wider community with fellow human beings than any other Church can offer. Like you, I think that the Catholic Church best fulfills the great ends of religion, namely, association and common worship on the widest scale, continuity, assertion of the mysteries, maintenance of the direction of the heart toward the centre." Bertram Bevor, who subscribes to these apologetics, is not unacquainted with present abuses or past scandals in the long history of Catho-

lic ages, but he goes on to say: "Yet, like St. Peter, Rome, has always shown the power to return to the true order of ideas. Like him, too, the Church of Rome has ever been saved by her profound belief in the divine nature of Christ. She believes in that, and she believes in herself, her commission, and her destiny. Alone among churches, she claims the world as her kingdom. All this is very impressive.

Surely it is so, and none the less that it strikes upon us unbidden, at times or in situations where the controversies of the day, their politics and personalities, seem the most remote from our meditations; perhaps when we look down from the sculptured solitudes of a great foreign cathedral like Chartres upon a land torn with revolutions, or as we contemplate the golden mosaics of St. Mark's, or listen to the fervent singing of a Catholic folk, gathered in their thousands under the soaring spires of Cologne, we know for certain in such hours that the heart of Catholicism is divine worship, addressed to the Supreme in facie Christi Jesu.

That is something very ancient, sublime, affecting, and powerful to change us for the better, that it needs no proof but experience, which is within reach of all, the illiterate, the young, the outcast, and that an astonishing harmony runs through the diversities of operation, as if one inexhaustible anodyne had been discovered for human ills; this, at all events, is worth considering, that in every spiritual crisis the Catholic Church knows what to do, has her fit principles and methods at hand, by which to treat the malady with decision, and without embarrassment. Her confidence in her own resources is unbounded, whether she confronts a Bismarck who relies on his culture and his edicts, or has to tame and civilize Australian blacks into such pieties as are possible for them. She, and she alone, has sounded human nature to the top of its compass; she knows all its stops; and, if we may believe our own record, she would play on them to some divine intent. For millions of us can say, and, indeed, are bound to say, that from the lips of this mighty Mother we have learned religion pure and undefiled.

When, therefore, it is asked, "What are the prospects of Catholicism?" we shall not ascertain them simply by consulting parochial figures, or by casting our lead into the residuum which is made up of lost souls, or by taking a microscopic view of prelates diplomating in the Curia, unless we will measure the Atlantic by its froth or its weeds. A more philosophical method is suggested by De Toqueville as I find him quoted in the "Letters" of Onyx: "Men in our time are naturally little disposed to believe, but as soon as they are drawn by a hidden instinct toward the ancient Church." And conditions of modern life tend to raise that instinct, in many hearts, to an imperious desire. Not only do they long after a religion which is something else than their own fancy, but they want the peace, the support, which will bear them up under the daily growing burden of business and competition. To the few, in our time, the prizes; to the many such a strain of anxious care as in a campaign where no armistice ever suspends the fighting, no, not for an hour. Pass from the street or the workshop into a Catholic Church, and you will feel the force of that argument. It will not lose its attraction while monopolies flourish.

To say that history, art, religion, present comfort, and future hope, recommend the Catholic devotions, would almost appear to be one thing with affirming that unless ideals are utterly to die, humanity must one day pass on into a great Roman period. If some have left us only to give up the religious life altogether, and are now secularist in their philosophy, the inference for those who believe in God is that Catholicism alone can satisfy our highest aspirations. Countless numbers are indifferent, not because they have rejected the faith, but because they never knew it. What I find it impossible to suppose is that a society which was once Christian will deliberately choose to be "atheist and thana-tist," to forswear the noblest beliefs, and to acknowledge nothing beyond its five senses. For how long would any form of West- n civilization last under these conditions? Men and women will come back, simply because they must, to the traditions of idealism. Not to a dead Christ, but to a living and present Redeemer; in other words, to a history which they can grasp with their hands, and feel with their hearts, at any moment; which is always there when they look up to it. This actual religion, more lively than books, however

DEATH OF FATHER STANTON.

Brockville, Ont., November 18.—The death of Rev. Father Stanton, parish priest of Brockville, which occurred on Saturday, removes one of the most beloved priests in the Archdiocese of Kingston. Since coming to Canada from the County Galway, Ireland, where he received his classical education, he has labored in this diocese at Wolfe Island, Brinsville, Westport, and Smith's Falls and Brockville. He was ordained by the late Bishop Moran, in St. Mary's Cathedral, Kingston, in 1865, after a brilliant theological course at Regiopolis College in that city. Wherever he has labored his work has been of the most satisfactory nature. In 1899 Archbishop Gauthier chose him to take the parish of Brockville which the Archbishop held at the time of his election to the Archbishopric. The deceased priest was very popular in Brockville, and his flock greatly mourn his death. He was 59 years of age. When in Westport, Rev. Father Stanton was instrumental in having a convent erected and at Smith's Falls he was the organizer of several pilgrimages to St. Anne de Beaupre.

THE FUNERAL ON TUESDAY.

Brockville, Nov. 19.—The funeral of the late Father Stanton to-day was signalized from the public point of view by every mark of respect that could be shown the re-

mains of the respected priest. About 2,000 people, including representatives from all churches, gathered in St. Francis Church at the funeral services. The Solemn Requiem Mass was celebrated by His Grace Archbishop Gauthier of Kingston, formerly pastor of the now breaved congregation. Choral dignitaries and priests were present from different parts of the Province and the United States, including His Lordship Bishop MacDonell of Alexandria, Archdeacon Casey, Peterborough; Dean O'Connor, Marysville; Very Rev. Vicar-General Masterson, Prescott; Very Rev. Vicar-General Conroy, Ogdensburg, N. Y.; Very Rev. Vicar-General Swift, Troy, N. Y.; Very Rev. Vicar-General Larose, Ogdensburg, N. Y.; Very Rev. Vicar-General Corbett, Cornwall, Rev. Father St. Clair, representing the Grand Seminary, Montreal; Rev. J. Murphy, representing the Ottawa University, Rev. Father McPhail, representing the Redemptorist Fathers; Rev. Father Patton, Holy Angels' College, Buffalo. The clergy from the various Protestant denominations were present, and very many public men, including Hon. F. R. Latchford, Commissioner of Public Works for Ontario; Hon. R. Harcourt, Minister of Education. The tribute to the deceased was made by Rev. Father Kehoe of St. Mary's Cathedral. The remains were interred in the mortuary vault beneath the sanctuary.

inspired, close to us than sermons be they as eloquent as Bossuet or Chrysostom — an atmosphere which we open our mouths and breathe in — is found nowhere else than in the Catholic ritual which, be it observed, never ceases, for its centre is the Real Presence. In this everlasting Sacrament, the unknown God, if we believe, is not far from every one of us. What, in comparison with such a gift, are the petty discords, the obscurities in detail, and the human miseries, which can be paralleled in every system, but not the gift that makes them of little account? "To do justice," said Hawthorne in a striking sentence, "Catholicism is such a miracle of fitness for its own ends, many of which might seem to be admirable ones, that it is difficult to imagine it a contrivance of mere man." \* \* \* If there were but angels to work it, the system would soon vindicate the dignity and holiness of its origin.

Yes, and since its ministers are not angels, yet its forms bear upon them such tokens of the supernatural, will the philosopher conclude that the dignity and holiness were invented by those too inferior demigods? Perhaps the saddest of all sights in this melancholy world is the mishandling, worse than neglect, of our Catholic treasures, our ceremonies, music architecture, our philosophies and our devotions, by those who would watch over them as at the gate of Heaven. Reformation is always called for, now as in more scandalous times, and in no slight degree. But whether it comes soon or late, a growing number will say with Gerlad Beecheroff, in the volume I commend to all serious readers, "I feel that my true country is the Catholic Church centred at Rome, and that all other forms of thought and religion, however good in themselves, however good they were then for me, and however good they are for others, were but resting places on my journey home."

THE LATE MGR. MURPHY.

The Antigonish Casket just to hand, says: On Wednesday of last week all that was mortal of the Rt. Rev. Mgr. Murphy, D.D. Vicar-General of the Archdiocese of Halifax, was laid to rest in Holy Cross Cemetery. The day was bright and warm, more like a day in June than a day in November, and the streets through which the funeral procession passed were lined with people. Some forty priests in their cassocks and white surplices, three Bishops with their Archbishop, members of temperance societies and of charitable organizations, wearing their badges, walked in the procession before the hearse, which was followed by a multitude of citizens of all denominations. Striking proof of the affectionate esteem in which men not of his faith held the deceased clergyman was given on the Sunday before his death, when prayers were offered for him at both the morning and evening services in St. Luke's (Episcopal) Church. On the evening before, the office for the dead was chanted by the

Rev. Dr. Teefy in Hamilton

Hamilton, Nov. 18. — Winter is fast approaching and the members of St. Vincent de Paul Society are giving thought to the needs of the poor in the various parishes. To swell the funds that must soon be called on, the large congregation that assembled in St. Mary's Cathedral last evening was invited to contribute freely to the good cause. The appeal was made by Rev. Father Teefy, C. S. B., of St. Michael's College, Toronto, who founded his address on the words, "Blessed is the man that understandeth concerning the needs of the poor." Some flowers, said the preacher, quickly blossomed and quickly died, while others grew slowly and lasted longer. So it was with the deeds of men. Some started forth and quickly faded away, while others were more lasting. They had their roots around the clods of earth, but their results were in heaven.

Such was charity. It would be said it was an old, old theme, with which the years were weary and the hand tired of answering the appeal. But it was not so, nature was never worn out. It was governed by the laws of grace. So it was with man's duty. The Confraternity had always been to him a school of piety and charity, where one could learn better than teach. He was appealing on behalf of a society which had the sweetest souvenir in his life, the Conference of St. Mary's Cathedral.

Looking around at the good work he was struck with the strange conjunction of contraries — light and shade, cold and heat, strangely mingled to produce the wonders of God. There was not all wealth, nor was there all poverty; they went strangely side by side. Both conduced to the welfare of man. There could not be all wealth or all poverty. In men's hearts were virtue and vice, constancy and inconstancy, resolution and irresolution. It was a strange thing, yet all these characteristics were intended by God for the sanctity of man and the welfare of all.

Christ came essentially to redeem man; to establish the relationship between God and man and between man and man. He placed these relations on the great law of charity; the whole man was to go out. Christ's command was that man was to love his neighbor as himself. The Lord did not violate or seek to interfere with the rights of man. He did not do away with the law, but he put a crown on the law. Christ announced His doctrine in two great parables.

Was he preaching socialism? God forbid. It was not socialism in the modern sense of the term. It was a stewardship, guaranteeing every right, but enforcing all obligations. It was introducing God into the relations of wealth and poverty. Take God away and there would remain the abominable doctrine of modern socialism. Introduce God, and wealth would come to the altar of God and lay down its treasures there; while poverty would be ready to go and learn the trials of life. Men must render an account of their stewardship, and the parable of Dives and Lazarus was dwelt on to emphasize the point.

Was there such excess of selfishness-to-day? He thought not. Nevertheless, with so much wealth, and by its side the direct poverty, there was not enough giving done to carry out the great law of charity and readjust the equilibrium that should rest between wealth and poverty. Much wealth could be gathered on earth, but it must be left behind, and its owner must answer for it before the Judge at the last day.

With St. Vincent de Paul love for the poor was a passion. He was a man of no great talent; the son of poor pious parents. He was educated for the priesthood, and after being ordained wanted to suffer martyrdom. Eventually he went to Paris at the time when France was passing into a nation. There was war and the priest heard a voice calling on him to serve the poor. He, accordingly, went forth and begged of, nay almost forced the rich to give of their abundance, and more than a million of money passed through his hands for the benefit of the poor and needy. In his zeal he would carry a child through the streets. His motto was to "give," and for 50 years, till he was an old man of over 80, he went about looking after the poor.

There was no other method. Wealth must give; poverty must receive. Wealth must be charitable; poverty must be patient. The church of God had understood the call, as given in the text, and had sent out women and men into the

highways and byways to succor the need? They had taken the vows of chastity, obedience and poverty, and went forth under the guidance of St. Vincent de Paul.

A short time ago, continued Father Teefy, these faithful ones in France had again been told to leave their homes, unless authorized by the state. France before sowed the whirlwind and reaped the storm in the revolution. To-day she was again sowing the whirlwind and the young people would yet see her reap the storm again. The Almighty God visited a nation with His wrath in His own time.

Proceeding, the preacher said that in 1836 in Paris a party of university students had gathered. They included many Socialists, and these sneered at the Catholics, telling them their church had done great things in the past, but now they were but dreaming. The words fell on the ears of Frederick Ozanam. He felt them keenly, for he felt there was some truth in them; and he resolved to bring together his co-students and form a society to give the lie to the charges made against the church. Seven men at first formed the society for the benefit of the poor and placed it under the patronage of St. Vincent de Paul. Such was the origin of the present society. A little heaven got into the mass and spread and spread from Paris to province, from France to Italy, England and out to Quebec, Toronto and Hamilton. It was a society of laymen under the direction of the priests. Its members visited the poor and entered into their lives, and many souls were saved.

In conclusion, Father Teefy appealed to his hearers to be generous to the poor during the coming winter, and in beautiful language contrasted charity with the stars in the heavens. While the latter in time meant death, acts of charity meant the resurrection into endless glory.

The choir of the cathedral, under the direction of J. M. Boyes, with J. L. Cherrier at the organ, sang Est's Vespers; Magnificat (Marzo); Tantum Ergo (Wiegand); and O Salutaris (Martin). F. A. Filigiano sang O Jesu Deus Pace (Haydn).

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FORESTER'S CONCERT.

St. Joseph's Court, C. O. F., will hold their annual concert and social on Nov. 28 (Thanksgiving night), in Dineman's Hall. The entertainment is in the hands of Miss Kate Rigney. This is sufficient guarantee of success of the concert. Miss Rigney is widely known as a successful entertainer, being thoroughly familiar with all kinds of music. She is in a position to ratify the tastes of all. Don't forget the date of the Forester Concert—Nov. 28th.

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CALENDAR FOR THE WEEK

Twenty-sixth Sunday after Pentecost
Gospel, St. Matt. xxiv. 15-18:
S. 21 St. John of the Cross, O.
M. 22 St. Catherine, V.M.
M. 23 St. Conrad, B.
T. 24 St. Leonard of Port Maurice.
W. 25 St. James of La Marcha, C.
Th. 26 St. Saturninus, M.
F. 27 St. Andrew, Ap.

want you to see the foolishness of what I must call

THIS INFERNAL ATROCITY (hear, hear). Why, in this country — certainly in my part of the island — public executions have been abandoned. Why? Among other reasons because it was felt they were not deterrent. Well, if they were not deterrent here, why do you suppose they will be deterrent in South Africa? (Cheers.) All war kindles hateful passion; and evil war heats the furnace hotter still; but civil war, with its ingredient of race feud, race jealousy, race animosity, makes the cauldron boil and seethe at its fiercest, and my charge is that all this has aggravated the essential mischief of the situation, and that for days that will pass beyond the memory of any of us here these transactions will not be forgotten (hear, hear). Would they be forgotten in Scotland? (Cries of "No" and cheers.) One more of these incidents — in many ways the most distasteful of them all — of the painful circumstances of the situation, I am coming to, the concentration camps. I am not going to carry you through all the controversy of vital statistics as to whether it is fair to take the death rate for a month and calculate what the death rate for a year would be, whether it is fair to compare them with the average death rate of children in Arbroath or in Pretoria or anywhere else; but the fact remains that with reference to these concentration camps the death rate among children, measure it as you like,

IS HIDEOUS, IS EXCESSIVE, IS APPALLING

(cheers). When they tell us what we went into the war, as an eminent man did the other day, that we went into this war with a good conscience and clear hands, what sort of hands shall we come out of it with? (Cheers.) When these figures are studied and measured it is horrible. But now I will beg you to notice this, that the policy of concentration camps in which the women and children are placed is directly connected with that evil policy of devastation, of farm burning, which I think I was the first, certainly one of the first, to call public attention to, and which has been — this policy of devastation of which the concentration camps are an incident — has certainly been one of the worst of all the mistakes of this war — and mistakes are admitted. I think it has been one of the worst mistakes of all. Just look at it. We burn the farms. Why? to prevent the Boers from getting food, and then having burned the farms women and children were on our hands, but the policy of devastation carried with it, as I think you will all understand without further description from me, carried with it the policy of concentration. The women and children were on our hands. That was one result —

A HIDEOUS AND GHASTLY RESULT.

But look at the policy of devastation a little more widely. I want you to measure the common sense of these things. Do not let them call me sentimentalist. I want you to consider them from the point of common sense, this policy of laying waste and concentrating. We relieved the Boer, the fighting Boer, of all responsibility for his wife and his children. Second, we destroyed the chances of the fighting Boer giving up his command and returning home, because we left him no home to return to (hear, hear). We quite forgot — our object being to prevent the Boers from getting food — we quite forgot the natives in enormous numbers who remained, and who grew grain, of which I understand the fighting Boer has had ample benefit.

THE BOER HAS NOT WANTED FOOD.

You have not cut off the supplies of the Boers. The whole policy of devastation has been, and is admitted really by those who are more impartial judges if you like than I am, the whole policy of devastation is now admitted to have been a mistake. It missed fire completely, missed fire in its special object, and it has done more than anything else to embitter and exasperate the quarrel and to make the chances of peace more remote; and I will say, too, if that matters to the conscience of the people of this country. And now the Government tell us an extraordinary thing. They say, well, but we have done nothing, and we shall not do anything for which a precedent cannot be found. Where? Russia in Poland or the Caucasus; Austria in Bosnia; and so on. Was there ever such a sinister parallel drawn in the history of this country (hear, hear, and cheers). We had a great high-spirited British minister, with whom plenty of fault may be found I dare say — Lord Kimberston (cheers). I wonder what Lord Palmerston would have

said of a Government that justified its proceedings by the fact that Russia in Poland, and Austria had done something of the same kind, or perhaps even worse (cheers). I ask myself sometimes whether Englishmen and Scotchmen are the same as they were in these days. Why, I recollect — I am old enough to recollect the story of an Austrian general who was severely assaulted and maltreated by some London drayman. Why? Because he was believed — I think that is the story — to have flogged the women. It is an old story now. I never felt very sorry that the drayman broke the law against assault. But what are we come to when these are the precedents that are held up to you in order to induce you to acquiesce in these matters? (cheers). Let us look at the effect of severity as a deterrent. What has the effect been? The more farms you burned the more fierce has been the resistance (hear, hear). The more lands you laid waste, the more lads you flogged, THE MORE "REBELS" YOU HANGED

under what is called martial law, the larger the area to which martial law has had to be extended. Why, it was only the other day — when the Lord Chancellor himself admitted the war was over, but there was still a sort of war going on (laughter) — it was only then when this judicial utterance was delivered that martial law was extended into Cape Town because the state of things was become there too dangerous to be dealt with by ordinary law. I am not going to weary you by going through the farago of proclamations with which South Africa has been flooded, proclamations, some of them ridiculous, some of them unlawful, all of them futile. There is the last FAMOUS PROCLAMATION OF SEPTEMBER 15th:

It threatened banishment and demands for maintenance of wives and children. That proclamation, perhaps the most ridiculous of all, has proved about as futile as the others. My right hon. friend, Sir William Harcourt (cheers), at the very moment when that proclamation was brought under the notice of the House of Commons, at once put his finger upon it, and he said: "These men whom you propose to banish have as much of the rights of legitimate combatants, though you may call it a guerilla warfare if you like, as if they were the biggest battalions that you can put into the field" (cheers). Gentlemen, you have read in the papers of the setting up of drumhead courts, soldiers' jurisdiction, of military tribunals, of martial law in parts of the colony which before were perfectly peaceful. You have read of the arrest and deportation of peaceful citizens. If reports are to be trusted, you have read of all that, where circuit courts were holding regular sittings. I hope you will first let me, for a moment, read to you a short extract as to WHAT MARTIAL LAW IS,

and what its limits are in a case of this kind, and I really do not apologize to you for reading it, because it is important that we should all of us know, as closely and as accurately as we can, exactly what are the charges, and what is the law, as to which we are talking. You

know the newspapers—I would not on any account speak disrespectfully of them (laughter) — but they have this advantage, that they are their own judge, their own jury, and their own witnesses (laughter and cheers). You must admit that gives them a considerable advantage in any issue that is submitted to this country (cheers). Now, this is a lawyer's opinion — the opinion of Sir John Campbell, afterwards a Chief Justice — upon martial law, and — I do not apologize to you — I beg of you to take note: "The right of resorting to such an extremity as martial law is a right arising from, and remedied by, the necessity of this case. For this reason we two lawyers, advising the Government, are of opinion that the prerogative of the Crown does not extend beyond the case of persons taken in open resistance, and with whom, by reason, of the suspension of ordinary tribunals it is impossible to deal, according to regular courts of justice. When regular courts are opened, so that criminals might be delivered over to them to be dealt with according to law, there is no, as we conceive, any right in the Crown to adopt any other course of proceeding. Such power can only be conferred by the Legislature, as was done by the Acts passed in consequence of the Irish Rebellion in 1793 and 1803, and also of the Irish Coercion Act of 1833.

THESE ARE NICE PRECEDENTS

for you. That is what the law officers of that day said, and they added this: "It is hardly necessary for us to add that in our view of the case, martial law can never be enforced for the ordinary purposes of civil or even criminal justice, except in the latter, so far as the necessity from actual resistance compels its adoption." Gentlemen, if you do me the honor to read these words to-morrow morning — or at any later date — recollect this was an opinion given by two law officers of the highest authority upon the proclamation issued by the Governor-General of Canada, which in essentials was entirely analogous to the proclamations of martial law and proceedings under martial law of which we hear so much to-day, and of which we shall hear much more in days to come (cheers). That is what I say, I confess with no likelihood of influencing the King's Government upon such a point, but I do say that if the other difficulties of the situation in South Africa are too complex to be dealt with, at all events this we should insist upon, that a Civil Administration of Justice shall be set up in the Cape Colony, so that these offences shall be dealt with as in this legal opinion, and in other judicial respects shall be dealt with on the ordinary principle of civil courts and civil administrations, and that the law of the sword shall cease. Now, gentlemen, look to the future. We have looked for two years past. What sort of two years are there ahead? (hear what is the settlement of this destroyed country in South Africa to be founded? It is very plain that from every word used by responsible persons it is to be founded upon THE PRINCIPLE OF ASCENDANCY.

Show me if you can a symptom of

a design, within any reasonable or measurable distance of time, a desire to treat the two races equally. Don't you perceive — I shall be disappointed if you don't — that the war has now completely changed its character? It was originally a war for the defence of the civil rights of certain of our countrymen in the Transvaal dominions. Well, that was the first. Do those of you — if there are any in this hall who approved of this war as a proper war for securing civil rights — do you go further to-day, and say you approve of a war for asserting the mastery of one race over another, because that is the language used by more than one Cabinet Minister? But now, suppose I put the third proposition to you: Suppose you approved of the war for the civil rights of the Outlanders in the Transvaal — suppose you approve of the war for breaking and pulverizing the Boer power — do you approve of the third kind of war which is now approaching, a war which I can only describe as

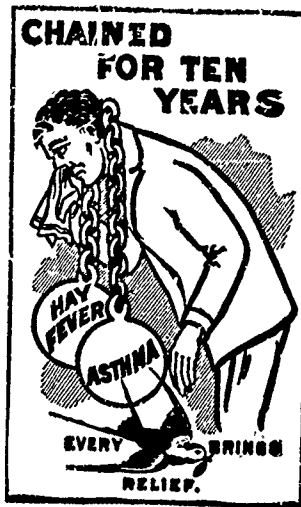
A WAR OF EXTERMINATION.

Depend upon it — it may horrify you to hear such a word — but you are, just as you drifted into the first war, so this war is drifting and degenerating into nothing less than a war of extermination (hear, hear) So it is a war for the extermination of the Boers in the Orange Free State; so with the war that we went into with a good conscience and clean hands. (A Voice—"In self-defence.") That may be true, if my friend likes, although I am quite willing to have an evening with him on that point (laughter and cheers). Granted that you went into the first war for reasons of self-defence; are you now, in Arbroath, prepared to justify the war which is, as I tell you, drifting and degenerating into a war for the extermination of the people? That is the point (A Voice—"If necessary.") Ah! if necessary. Who are these men? I will tell you — not in my own words — I will tell you in the words of a person of far greater authority than I am. These are the words describing these men the other night at Edinburgh: "We are ready to pay some meed of admiration to the brave men, for brave men they are (loud cheers), who have fought against such odds, with a tenacity, a courage, that are worthy of their race and of their history, and maintained their resistance against our overwhelming forces." These are the words of the Colonial Secretary, and if there is a gentleman in the whole of Arbroath — (A Voice—"Rub it into him," and cheers) — and yet there is a gentleman in this hall who says that these men, described in that language by the Colonial Secretary himself, are to be exterminated if necessary (loud and prolonged cheers). I don't believe that any good friend voted for me at the last election (laughter). I am afraid not. I use this language to him and to anybody who justifies extermination of a people fighting for their own land (cheers).

I SAY THAT THAT IS A MONSTROUS INIQUITY

(loud cheers) Aye, and he would not like to try it on in Scotland. Suppose that you had got into a war with England and that we had come down and laid your lands waste, and stuck your women and

ASTHMA CURE FREE!



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Write Your Name and Address Plainly There is nothing like Asthmalene. It brings instant relief, even in the worst cases. It cures when all else fails

The Rev. C. F. WELLS, of Villa Ridge, Ill., says: "Your trial bottle of Asthmalene received in good condition. I cannot tell you how thankful I feel for the good derived from it. I was a slave, chained with pained sore throat and Asthma for ten years. I despaired of ever being cured. I saw your advertisement for the cure of this dreadful and tormenting disease. Asthma, and thought you had over-spoken yourselves, but resolved to give it a trial. To my astonishment, the trial acted like a charm. Send me a full size bottle."

Rev. Dr. Morris Wechsler,

Rabbi of the Cong Bnai Israel New York, Jan. 3, 1901. Gentlemen: Your Asthmalene is an excellent remedy for Asthma and Hay Fever, and its composition alleviates all troubles which combine with Asthma. Its success is astonishing and wonderful. After having carefully analyzed, we can state that Asthmalene contains no opium, morphine, chloroform or other Very truly yours, REV. DR. MORRIS WECHSLER.

Dr. Taft Bros. Medicine Co., Avon Springs, N. Y., Feb. 1, 1901. Gentlemen: I write this testimonial from a sense of duty, having tested the wonderful effect of your Asthmalene, for the cure of Asthma. My wife has been afflicted with periodic asthma for the past 12 years. Having exhausted my own skill as I as many others, I chanced to see your sign upon your windows on a street, New York, I at once obtained a bottle of Asthmalene. My wife commenced taking it about the first of November. I very soon noticed a radical improvement. After using one bottle her Asthma has disappeared and she is entirely free from all symptoms. I feel that I can consistently recommend the medicine to all who are afflicted with this distressing disease. Yours respectfully, O. D. PHELPS, M.D.

Dr. Taft Bros. Medicine Co., Feb. 5, 1901. Gentlemen: I was troubled with Asthma for 22 years. I have tried numerous remedies, but they have all failed. I ran across your advertisement and started with a trial bottle. I found relief at once. I have since purchased your full-size bottle, and I am ever grateful. I have a family of four children, and for six years was unable to work. I am now in the best of health and am doing business every day. This testimonial you can make use of as you see fit. Home address, 235 Rivington street. S. RAPHAEL, 67 East 129th St., New York City.

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156 SONGS Complete with words and music. A grand collection of musical gems, which every lover of music should possess. The songs contained in this book comprise the finest popular music of the day... (Detailed description of the song book)

children into concentration camps, and lung men whom we called rebels, and flogged lads, and then said: "Now we are going to have you down on your knees — unconditional surrender and unconditional submission. If you don't agree we will exterminate you." If I know anything about Scotland, you would say: "Exterminate us if you can" (Loud cheers). I was glad to notice that at present all the demands for wholesale confiscation and wholesale executions do not recommend themselves to the King's Government as either likely to conduce to the termination of the war or to a satisfactory peace at the end of it. I am glad to say that, but I confess — and I say this with the utmost sincerity and gravity — I was so sorry to see qualified words introduced at Edinburgh that His Majesty's Government is not convinced up to the present time

WHOLESALE CONFISCATION AND WHOLESALE EXECUTION

will be a prudent or a justifiable policy. I do hope at all events that that grim idea will never be justified by any responsible statesman in the King's employment (cheers). Although I cannot believe — I will not believe — that responsible statesmen will enter upon any such course, I would like to read you a paragraph from an article in a highly responsible and serious journal upon this point of killing them out, which is extermination. This is the paragraph written by a man

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SYMINGTON'S EDINBURGH COFFEE ESSENCE makes delicious coffee in a moment. No trouble, no waste. In small and large bottles, from all Grocers. GUARANTEED PURE! 360

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An Extreme Case of Nervousness and Female Weakness—Was Pale and Weak and Fainted Often—Doctors Failed to Help Her.

There is scarcely a limit to the sufferings which women endure when their nervous systems become run down, and give way beneath the burdens which they are forced to bear. There are ill peculiar to women, which in nine cases out of ten are the result of depletion of nerve force. Dr. Chase's Nerve Food cures women of their ills, irregularities and weaknesses by thoroughly restoring the vigor of the nerves.

Every woman will read with interest the following letter from a lady who has been cured of a serious illness by Dr. Chase's Nerve Food. She says the testimonials she reads are not half as strong enough.

Mrs. Beatrix Hatfield, Hillyard Street, St. John, N.B., writes:—"For three years I was a sufferer from extreme nervousness and female weakness; I was pale and weak, had no appetite, and would sometimes faint two or three times a day. I had three miscarriages, and underwent a very painful operation. For seven weeks I was under the doctor's care, but he seemed unable to help me. Despairing of recovery, I took the advice of a friend, who told me that Dr. Chase's Nerve Food would build me up and make me strong and well again. After four months' use of this preparation I found myself greatly improved, but continued the treatment for one year, using in all sixteen boxes. I have been blessed with a young daughter now, and believe that I am as strong and well as ever in my life. As a result, I cannot say too much in favor of Dr. Chase's Nerve Food. It has performed a complete and thorough cure in my case, and I am healthier and fresher than I have been for years. The testimonials I see are not half strong enough. I tell my friends and neighbors about it, and many of them join me in pronouncing Dr. Chase's Nerve Food the most effective restorative obtainable. Desiring that other sufferers may benefit by my happy experience with Dr. Chase's Nerve Food, I willingly give you permission to use this testimonial."

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is an up-to-date, scientific preparation of most extraordinary merit. It has proven itself the most effective nerve restorative of the age. It is certain to benefit everyone who uses it, because it forms new red corpuscles in the blood and creates new nerve force. It is especially efficacious in the cures of female ills and weaknesses. 50 cents a box, 6 boxes for \$2.50. At all dealers, or Edmondson, Bates & Co., Toronto.



Mrs. BENJ. HATFIELD.

The Catholic Register PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY BY THE CATHOLIC REGISTER PUBLISHING CO. PATRICK F. CROHIN, Business Manager and Editor.

Telephone Main 489 THURSDAY, NOV. 21, 1901.

GRAVE DISCLOSURES.

M. Waldeck-Rousseau, the French Premier, and his Cabinet colleagues are impeached by a Parisian journalist of being in the pay of Mr. Chamberlain.

Observe that the letter writer asks which would "Flaneur" choose. Only one construction can be placed upon these words.

This "Flaneur," besides being extremely modest, is really as clever as any Costermonger passing for a lord in the colonies.

Most people will find little difficulty in recalling the fact that it was at the time Mr. Chamberlain decided to throw over his Radical associates in Birmingham and play to become King of a reunited England and France that "Flaneur" swept into the literary firmament like some new planet.

Right Rev. Dr. Clancy, Bishop of Elphin, will be pleased to learn that His Lordship, before returning to Ireland, will find an opportunity of including a little of Canada in his trip.

BISHOP CLANCY COMING TO CANADA.

Readers of The Register who have already seen the accounts of the arrival in the United States of

They have in their hands the machinery for discovering whether the charge is susceptible of reasonable proof before bringing the matter before a tribunal, whether judicially constituted or otherwise.

MISCHIEVOUS LIARS.

A villainous despatch came over the wires to the Toronto and other eastern papers on Wednesday (yesterday). The "Seattle liar" had concocted a story on Sunday last about another "Jameson raid" into the Yukon from Skagway having been nipped in the bud by the vigilance of the authorities.

FINANCE AND THE WAR.

"The trail of finance is over it all," said Mr. Lecky, in the early stage of the war. He implied that the Government made the war at the bidding of powerful financial interests.

GAMBLING IN TORONTO.

Last week the police commissioners of Toronto opened an investigation into the alleged evil of protected gambling in the city, which we are annually informed at election times influences the Mayoralty campaign.

Catholic religious do not keep from the world in the 20th Century any more than in the middle ages those surpassing gifts of faith that have enriched through the Christian ages the treasuries of art and music.

PEROSI'S "MOSES"

The Government to summon Parliament in December. The cost of the war continues at an increased, rather than an abated rate, without bringing the end perceptibly nearer.

IMPERIAL PARLIAMENT.

"I am convinced," says Prof. Lapponi, "that Leo XIII. will not only be spared to celebrate his Pontifical Jubilee, but that he will survive many of those imaginative gentlemen of the press who are now so freely and indelicately discussing the probability of his speedy demise."

MERE INVENTION.

Lady Catharine Jane Carew, of Waterford, Ireland, is dead. She was 104 years of age and danced at the Brussels ball on the eve of the battle of Waterloo.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

The cable despatches are again burdened with long reports of the alleged impending death of Pope Leo. In face of all this, The Osservatore Romano publishes official contradiction of all pessimistic rumors concerning the Holy Father.

THRIFT OF CANADIANS.

Mr. Clouston, of the Bank of Montreal, last week addressed the Canadian Bankers' Association, of which he is president. He asked Canadians not to dwell unduly upon the slow growth of population, but to think of pleasanter things.

too, implies the possibilities which the country offers for the practice of it, but in a country the size of Canada those possibilities can only be widened by increased population.

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creases on account of the appointment to a Bishopric of the Rev. Charles Gore, Canon of Westminster. The new Bishop of Worcester is not merely a pronounced friend of Boer, but a pronounced friend of the Irish National cause.

Sir Rowland Blennerhasset, in The Cornhill Magazine, writes some interesting reminiscences of the late Cardinal Newman. Even when far advanced in years the great Cardinal was wont to rise as early as 5 a. m.

In connection with the first pilgrimage to Lourdes organized by the Catholic Association the following remarkable fact is recorded. A young novice suffering from hip disease was desirous of making the pilgrimage, and preliminary steps were taken with this end in view.

BRANFORD.

Rev. Father Lennon, St. Basil's, preached a very eloquent sermon on the parable of the mustard seed before a large congregation last Sunday.

BRANFORD.

Rev. Fr. Cummings, St. Mary's, exchanged with Rev. Fr. Cleary, Paris.

A Mission opens on Sunday at St. Basil's Church, conducted by the Carmelite Fathers of Niagara Falls.

THE MASS To me nothing is so consoling, so piercing, so thrilling, so overcoming, as the Mass, said as it is amongst us. I could attend Masses forever and not be tired. It is not a mere form of words—it is a great action, the greatest action that can be on earth.

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The Usurper By HAVELOCK ETRICK

There was a strange silence brooding over Paris. The moon looked down upon a white city and frosted the snow that rested on every pinnacle and fretted carving with a silver glory.

thoughts were none of the pleasantest. After a bit Silvestre took his brother's arm. "It is strange, Armand, that you and I — brothers and the best of chums all our lives — should be rivals now. Isn't it?"

may alter the whole aspect of affairs." "At what hour will the man expect a messenger, sir?" "At 2 o'clock. There is no time to be lost."

certainly the cleverer, and possessed of the greater wit and fun. Armand, to do him justice, was conscious that Silvestre had points to which he could not lay claim.

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COWAN'S PERFECTION COCOA QUEEN DESSERT CHOCOLATE CHOCOLATE WAFERS, ETC.

deadly stupor into which he had fallen. His wounded arm had been attended to, but the loss of blood that he had suffered had made him as weak as a child, and for a couple of hours he lay in the guard room unable to move.

When consciousness returned to him, his first question was as to the safety of the papers. He was told that they had been duly delivered, but that Armand had met with an accident, and had been taken to the Rue Blanchard. The corporal who was in charge of him was mystified as to the business of the papers - he only knew that the young officer had run some danger in procuring them. Silvestre did not enlighten him as to the mission with which he had been entrusted; the fewer who knew of such matters the better.

The morning was well advanced before he felt strong enough to walk up to the Rue Blanchard. However, he must see Armand first, and then report himself at the commandant's office to give an account of his doings the previous night.

He was very weak, but he somehow managed to reach the house of Madame Raudin. He almost dreaded to ring at the door. What was the accident that had befallen Armand - and so serious a one as to necessitate his removal from barracks? He braced up his courage - he must know the worst, anyhow - and rang the bell.

The sound of lightly hurrying footsteps came to him, and the door was flung open.

A pair of laughing eyes met his own, and in them was a strange look of happiness such as Silvestre had never seen before. It was Therese who was standing there, but a glorified Therese! How could she look so radiantly happy with Armand sick in the house?

"Oh, Silvestre, it is you! Where have you been all this time?" she gasped. Then catching sight of his arm in its sling, she cried: "Oh, mon Dieu! You have been wounded, too! Was it by the same shell?"

"How is Armand?" he interposed, almost fiercely. "Never mind about me. How is Armand?"

They were standing in the little salon, and he leaned against the table for support.

"He is doing well. His head is badly hurt, but the shell -"

"What shell?" stammered Silvestre, confusedly.

"You don't know, you haven't heard?" the girl asked, her face still in a glow of excitement. "Oh, Silvestre, was it not hard on poor Armand? To risk his life for those papers, and then at the last minute to be struck down! It is grand, though," she continued, her eyes sparkling. "He has done a splendid thing. I don't believe another man in Paris would have dared to go alone into the Prussian camp and risk being caught and shot as a spy, and all for the sake of a few papers. Dear, brave boy, I always knew he would be a hero some day."

A curious grayness spread over the face of Silvestre de Quetteville, and a dull understanding reached his numbered brain.

"Tell me," he said. "I was wounded last night - a stray shot hit my arm - and I know nothing of all this. They only told me that Armand had met with an accident."

"A look of infinite pride filled the girl's eyes.

"Oh, Silvestre," she cried, "you don't know? Why, you have got a hero for your brother - all Paris is talking of him by now! Listen - was it not chosen by the commandant to undertake a work of great danger? He went alone last night into the enemy's camp and got hold of those papers that a spy wanted our army to have - something very important. Then he managed to get away safely, and just as he was passing across the courtyard he was shot and burst quite close to him. It might have killed him! They took him to the commandant's office, where the papers were found clutched tightly in his hand, and then they brought him here."

"Who told you of all this?" asked Silvestre gently, with a curious choking sensation in his throat - "Armand himself?"

"Oh, no. He was too weak to talk. No, the men who brought him here early this morning told us, and when I asked Armand if it was all true he just nodded and smiled. Oh, I am so proud of him, Silvestre -"

"Has he spoken at all?" Silvestre put the question with dry lips, a horrible feeling of helplessness came over him.

Therese flushed and again the look of supreme happiness shone in her eyes.

"Yes," she faltered, "just a few words."

"And they were, Therese?" said the listening man gently, leaning forward as he spoke.

"He - he said he loved me - and asked me to marry him."

"The blood rushed with one wild throbbing from out of his eyes."

"Yes," he said, softly, "I will be your brother. I - I am so glad, dear Therese. God bless you - both."

"You will see Armand?" she asked, after a little silence. "He can talk now."

"Yes, I will see him - just for a few minutes," he assented. There was something in Silvestre's face which made her hesitate on the threshold of the sick man's room. Then she let him go in alone and closed the door behind him.

As she stood outside she heard the low murmur of voices within. They were very low, but she could distinguish Armand's now and again raised a little, and as if in expostulation. But it was answered by the low, even tones of his brother's voice, and after a while the expostulation ceased, and Silvestre came out of the room.

"He is doing well," he said, "and there is nothing like a mind at rest for helping the body to recover! And his mind is at rest - now."

Therese wondered a little at the words, but something checked her from asking their meaning.

"God bless you, little one," murmured Silvestre. "You have got your heart's desire - and so has he! I hope you will be very, very happy!"

The expression on his face haunted Therese as she watched him pass slowly down the street, but in the light that flashed from the lover's eyes when she stood beside him she soon forgot it. One sentence rang in the ears of the lonely man as he knelt with bowed head before the altar of a neighboring church:

"The men who brought me here told her - they knew no better, and they told her - and I, God pardon me! had not the courage to confess the truth! Forgive -"

And Silvestre had forgiven! The kindly faced priest whose confessional became so popular in later years was noted, with some justice, for his extraordinary severity in dealing with all faults that sprang from a lack of moral courage. This, and anything approaching the nature of a lie, caused the weary blue eyes to flash with the light of renewed youth, and the penitent would leave the confessional not a little awed by the holy man's austerity.

Therese de Quetteville has often wondered at her husband's tacit avoidance of his brother, Armand, though a successful soldier and one marked for distinction, cannot meet the calm, clear glance of the priest's eyes without daggers of knowledge being plunged into his soul. He realizes bitterly that there is a human love that finds its highest ideal in laying down its life on behalf of another. He is uselessly conscious that Silvestre's love for Therese was a nobler one than his own. He sees, too, in those tired blue eyes the reflection of an old sin, the reminder of an hour of cowardice, in which upon one who had done him no wrong he had cast the burden of a great silence. - Catholic Fireside.

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Mrs. A. Kronck, of Huntington, Ind., was cured after thirty physicians failed; Mrs. Flora Gractor, of Bristolville, O., after twenty-two; Jas. R. Waite, the noted actor, after a score had pronounced him incurable; Mrs. Frank Smith, of Chicago, after five leading physicians had given her up; Mr. Julius Keister of Chicago, after ten; Mrs. R. Parker after sixteen.

A thousand references to, and testimonials from Bishops, Clergymen, Bankers, Farmers and their wives will be sent free upon request.

Send at once to Franklin Miles, M. D., LL. B., 209 State St., Chicago, U. S. A., for pamphlets and free treatment. He pays all duties.

YOU MAY NEED Pain-Killer at any time in case of accident. Cures cuts, bruises and sprains, as well as all bowel complaints. Avoid substitutes, there's only one Pain-Killer, Perry-Davis', 25c. and 50c.

Mr. Morley on the War.

(Continued from page 3.)

of great repute and seriousness and published in a serious journal also. "This is the city point of view. The prolongation of the resistance is involving the permanent removal of the most bitter of our opponents from large districts of the Transvaal and Orange Free State, as it is quite impossible that many of the prisoners with their families can ever return. Their property is gone, they are incapable of industry, and there is nothing to justify their being restored to their country. All this," says the cold-blooded observer, "makes for peace in the Transvaal and Orange Free State in future. Then industrious inhabitants may settle in peace all the more easily that the restless elements are eliminated."

You are going to eliminate and banish the men who have fought for their independence. Who are you going to keep? You are going to keep the mine owners, you are going to keep all those gentlemen who justified Mr. Lecky, the Unionist, in saying, "The trail of finance is over it all," and bear with me another minute. Here is the explanation of the extermination policy. "Unless," says one of the Lords of the Admiralty, speaking the other day, at Belfast, "unless at the close of the war we do something to settle under favorable conditions Anglo-Saxon men with Anglo-Saxon sympathies we shall have fought this war in vain." Do you take that point? That is to say, we shall have fought this war in vain unless we turn out the old inhabitants, the old tillers of the soil, and put in under favorable conditions, Anglo-Saxon men and women with Anglo-Saxon sympathies. Gentlemen, that is a very ghastly, and I will say

A VERY HIDEOUS PROSPECT (hear, hear). I have had to travel over a very long piece of road, and I hope I have made my various points tolerably clear to you. I will add this, that the policy of unconditional surrender, of unconditional submission, which is the present policy of the Government - remember the passage I read to you about the prisoners at Ahmednuggur - the just as it would mean here - it means the policy of extermination and annihilation, and what is their prescription - the only prescription that they have to offer now? A most important and responsible member of the Government, speaking the other day, said the only prescription they have to offer to this country is but a double, treble, quadruple dose of that fierce drug, violence and force - that fierce drug that has been futile during the last two years, and has in fact done all the mischief. The prescription is more severity. Looking back over the picture that I have merely sketched to you, do you think severity has been a success? (No.) Well,

WHAT IS THE PRESENT ATTITUDE OF THE GOVERNMENT?

I can only call it an attitude of sullen desperation (hear, hear). They are just as much or more drifting to-day in view of the enormous and complex and entangled problems that the restoration of peace will present to them. They are drifting just as much as they drifted two years ago. No doubt they use high language; and the people of this island will never fail in spirit, in fortitude, in tenacity, and in energy. We all know that perfectly well. Whatever view we take of this war, we know that this country is a country of a martial race, and of unbounded fortitude; but when I look at their present leaders and advisers I am reminded of the old saying - there is NOTHING SO DANGEROUS AS METTLE IN A BLIND HORSE (laughter). Let us ask ourselves what are our ends, now after our experience, knowing, as we did not know two years ago, the enormous difficulties of the question - what are the ends we are now about to see? I have never concealed my view that the moment the sword was drawn we should have placed upon our shoulders what a Minister of the day two years ago called the unmitigated misfortune of taking over these two States. I have never changed, and I do not change now (cheers). That being admitted, what are our ends? What is the road along which we have to travel, assuming that we do so in order to gain not only the momentary arrest of military operations, but the reconstruction of a new society in place of that society we have destroyed - to our shame have destroyed! Well, are these ends of ours, held by nearly all of us, in any degree apprehended by our enemy? The Government don't agree among themselves as to what these ends are. That I could easily show you if it were not so late. Are the Boer leaders unalterably opposed to the essential conditions of our policy, if they believed the negotiators were negotiators in real faith? Is it not possible that practicable terms might be found within reach? I know the difficulties well. It may be that events will give no favorable answer to that view. I do not know how that may be, but in sight of a year or two years in front of us, with dilapidated finances, with military pressure, with weakened diplomacy in Europe,

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surely it is worth while to make any attempt consistently with the maintenance of the ends which we have in view - surely it is desirable not to sit with folded arms and say we leave it all to the soldier Gentlemen, to leave it to the soldier is to show that you are

BANKRUPT AS STATESMEN (applause). I don't believe in that. I don't believe that the leading men in this land are so devoid in resources, so stubborn, so narrow, see the problem before us in so constricted a way, as to have no further resource. (A Voice - "Chamberlain hasn't"). Well, I will not mention any names. If that Minister hasn't - I am not sure of it - then I think the King will propose at no very inordinate distance of time to seek for other Ministers (loud applause) with better insight into facts and with a more pliant mind in face of one of the most dangerous and complex situations that has ever confronted the statesmen of this island (loud applause, amid which Mr. Morley resumed his seat, having spoken 77 minutes).

CATARH CAN BE CURED. Catarrh is a kindred ailment of consumption, long considered incurable; and yet there is one remedy that will positively cure catarrh in any of its stages. For many years this remedy was used by the late Dr. Stevens, a widely noted authority on all diseases of the throat and lungs. Having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases and desiring to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge to all sufferers from Catarrh, Asthma, Consumption, and nervous diseases, this recipe, in German, French or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail by addressing, with stamp, naming this paper, W. A. Noyes, 847 Powers Block, Rochester, N. Y.

MY HUNTRESS. I know a huntress fair indeed And womanly sweet is she; Full many a trophy of the hunt In her home you may daily see; And many a story of the glory Of the chase she has told to me.

How far away in the morning light Where the forests drip with dew, With shortened skirts and still-shod feet She wanders the woodland through, And swiftly creeps or quiet keeps For her prey to come in view.

She has caught the deer in their lissom grace As they drank from some rock-bound pool, And the birds that come for their morning dip In its waters sweet and cool. Yes, and many a raid has my huntress made On the pupils in nature's school!

But never the forest has heard her gun, Or its shadows seen its flame, And never a bird or beast has known They were prey of her deadly aim.

Yet those she sought were surely caught When into her range they came.

A camera only my huntress takes, And she joys in life so free; Then there comes no thought of struggle or pain When she shows her "game" to me.

And her eyes are bright with kindness light, For womanly sweet is she. -Alice Louise Brown.

AN END TO BILIOUS HEADACHE. - Biliousness, which is caused by excessive bile in the stomach, has a marked effect upon the nerves, and often manifests itself by severe headache. This is the most distressing headache one can have. There are headaches from cold, from fever, and from other causes, but the most excruciating of all is the bilious headache. Parmake's Vegetable Pills will cure it - cure it almost immediately. It will disappear as soon as the Pills operate. There is nothing surer in the treatment of bilious headache.

One of those "healers" who was in Georgia some time ago was ap-



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The CATHOLIC CHRONICLE...

DEVOTED TO... FOREIGN NEWS

ENGLAND

DEATH OF CANON BAGSHAWE.

We deeply regret to announce the death of the Very Rev. Canon Bagshawe, D. D., which occurred at Brighton. The deceased, who had been in failing health for some time past, had ministered to the spiritual wants of the Catholics at Richmond for the long period of forty-four years, and previous to that he served as chaplain to the troops during the Crimea War. He was the author of several interesting works, notably "Catholic Sermons," "Skeleton Sermons," and "Conversations on the Blessed Sacrament," all of which had an enormous sale. May he rest in peace.

We have just received the report of the half-yearly meeting of the Catholic Truth Society at the Archbishop of Westminster's residence at Westminster. His Eminence Cardinal Vaughan (President of the Society) was in the chair, and amongst those present were: The Duchess of Newcastle, Lady Anabel Kerr, Lady Herbert of Lee, Bishop Hanlon (Uganda), the Hon. Mr. Fraser, the Rev. J. Gerard, S. J.; Mr. Lister Drummond, K. S. C.; the Rev. C. H. Bowden, Monsignor Myles, the Rev. Basil Maturin, Mr. Evelyn Stansfield (treasurer), the Rev. W. H. Cologan and Mr. James Britten (hon. sec.), etc.

Mr. Britten gave a brief sketch of what the Society had done during the past year. The most interesting event had undoubtedly been the conference of the Society at Newcastle. No preceding conference had exceeded this in the usefulness of the papers and the discussion of them, and in the local interest which it evoked. There was great need for extension in the matter of membership, which now reached 1,300. There was also a great necessity for the Society to supply the antidote to the attacks, some of them of an offensive type, which were flooding the country. The Jesuits had been attacked with more than usual violence, and the hospitality to religious orders from France had been a pretext for an outbreak against them, and great criticism has been directed against Catholicism generally. It was, however, a matter for congratulation that these attacks had gained for them sympathy, and he had no doubt, would ultimately tend to their advance (hear, hear). He was glad to say that, on the whole, Catholics in these controversies got fair treatment from the press. He wished the progress of Catholicism here was as great as the attacks of their enemies would seem to indicate. If it were so, the conversion of England would not be far off (hear, hear).

Cardinal Vaughan said they were grateful to Mr. Britten for his exposition of the work of the Society, which had gone on progressively during the past six months. He was pleased that there was some promise of a very considerable addition to the literature which the Society would circulate, for it was indeed, very much needed. The account of the work of the Society, given by one who had first knowledge, ought to give them considerable encouragement (hear, hear).

Mr. J. B. Evelyn Stansfield (treasurer), having alluded to the satisfactory financial condition of the Society, spoke of the necessity of an effort being made to bring new recruits into their ranks. Bishop Hanlon (Uganda) testified to the work the Society was doing in India, China, Japan, Africa and even Uganda. The people of Uganda were now getting very anxious to learn English, and he had himself introduced amongst them publications of the Society.

The Rev. J. Gerard, S. J., observed that all along the line there was an attack upon every Catholic. Charges were raked up and the spirit of animus shown was positively bewildering (hear, hear). It was their duty to show the truth of those attacks. Several clergy and laymen then

spoke as to the best means to be adopted to propagate Catholic principle. Amongst the speakers were the Rev. C. H. Bowden, the Rev. Basil Maturin and Mr. Lister Drummond.

The last-named said he had often mixed with Anglicans, and he learned enough from them to know that many of them were getting tired of the "Mr. Facing-both-ways" of their Church. In his opinion, the chance for the Catholic Church was now greater than it had ever been before (cheers).

The other gentlemen who addressed the meeting referred chiefly to the attacks made on Catholicism.

Cardinal Vaughan said he has just had handed to him a copy of "The Bible Reader's Very Best Companion," which was a specimen of what Catholics had to contend with. His eminence laughingly read from it the following extract: "That religious impostor and blasphemer, Cardinal Vaughan, is guilty of the crime of supporting the old swindler, the Pope of Rome, and both of them ought to be sent to jail as religious rogues and vagabonds. Cardinal Vaughan is also guilty of breaking the law of 1850, and if he had his deserts would be imprisoned as a dangerous criminal. Possibly he will be at an early date. Let him expect to be dealt with in a thoroughly effective manner by several true Protestants, who are determined to cleanse our Protestant Empire from the pollution of his leprous presence. He is a most dangerous Jesuit, absolutely unfit to be allowed to live under the British flag" (loud laughter).

A vote of thanks was then accorded to Cardinal Vaughan for the use of the hall for the meeting.

His Eminence in reply said he was glad the first meeting should have been in connection with the Catholic Truth Society, (hear, hear). He thought there were at the present time a good many people who had become a little scared by the violence of attack of some of their non-Catholic opponents. There was no need, however, for that. To ascertain the position about a year ago he sent to the clergy of the Diocese of Westminster for a return of the number of converts during the previous year, thinking that possibly it would be less than for the previous year. To his surprise when the returns were tabulated he found that the number of converts during what it was supposed would be a disastrous year, had run up to about three hundred more than in the preceding year. There were 1,500, as against 1,200 (cheers). Therefore they need have no fear of the bluster which had been made (hear, hear). Let them keep a good temper, and be good friends with their opponents through all their controversies (cheers).

SCOTLAND

CATHOLICITY IN SCOTLAND.

Wednesday last, 24th October, witnessed at Aberdeen a ceremony which stirred the hearts of Catholic Scotland. This was the dedication and opening of the new church erected at Blair's College, Aberdeen, at the expense of some £17,000, defrayed by Mgr. Lennon, of Liverpool. High Mass was celebrated by the donor, Mgr. Lennon, the Rev. Dr. Mullen (St. Patrick's, Glasgow), being deacon, the Rev. E. Milley (Dundee) sub-deacon, and Professor Welsh (Blair's College) master of ceremonies.

At the first gospel the Right Rev. Bishop Chisholm preached an eloquent sermon. He did not know (he said) in whose heart that day vibrated the feelings of greater joy, in his own who was celebrating the first Mass in that church, the offspring of his own large-hearted generosity, or in his (His Lordship's) who was but the medium of his munificence. He did not forget his other dear and venerable friend, Provost Tochetti, to whom they owed the internal fittings of the church, the most gratifying feature

of which was that he had been pleased to express himself well satisfied with the result. After expressing his gratitude to all benefactors, His Lordship proceeded to give an interesting historical account of the trials which had attended the founding of Scanlan Seminary, in 1712, on the banks of the Crombie, amid the wild hills of Upper Banffshire. Twice within sixteen years of its commencement

ITS INMATES WERE DISPERS-ED BY THE SOLDIERY.

In 1746, after the defeat of Prince Charlie, the college was completely burned down and the students compelled to flee to the hills for their lives. It was, however, shortly afterwards established, and a more commodious house built, on the opposite bank of the mountain stream, and added to from time to time, notably by Bishop Hay, until its transference to Aquhorthies on the banks of the Don. In January, 1797, Bishop Hay obtained 107 years' lease of the farm of Aquhorthies, the house to be fitted up to accommodate thirty students besides masters and servants. It was a great advance on the old Highland home. Scanlan was a house of two stories and an attic—thatched as was the custom then—about 50 feet in length and 16 in width. Compared with Scanlan, Aquhorthies was a mansion. It was a building of solid granite three stories high with an attic 80 feet in length, and 22 in width. At the western extremity was the chapel, 20 feet by 14 feet, rising to the second floor. The small congregation attached had an entrance from the outside, while the students had theirs through a door leading to a gallery on two sides, one of which was occupied by the Leslie family, to whom the Bishop was indebted for the house and the long lease of the farm. The room on the same floor as the boys' entrance to the chapel at the eastern extremity had a small closet to the back, and this was Bishop Hay's room, in which he died in 1811, at the age of 82. Yet though the change was for the better both as regards amenity and surroundings, they had the good Bishop expressing his sorrow at leaving Scanlan, round which a history had grown, and a tradition formed. What gave them

A VERY VIVID PEN PICTURE OF THE TIMES

was the fact that the Bishops had contemplated building one college for the Highlands and Lowlands, but by the advice of the Government—which was inclined to be friendly to them—the scheme was abandoned on the plea that a large establishment would be certain to rouse the bigotry and enmity of the people against them. The Lord Advocate advised them to begin with a few students, and increase their numbers by degrees. The Bishop of the Highlands, Bishop John Chisholm, accordingly began to collect funds for a new seminary, and purchased a site in the island of Lismore, with a good substantial house, which cost £4,900. It is closely connected with the names of the two brothers, Bishops John and Aeneas Chisholm, but, like Aquhorthies, its existence was not long enough to create a history and a tradition, and the students of both colleges were transferred to Blair, where the combined college for all Scotland was established by the princely munificence of Mr. Menzies, of Pittodrie, who, in 1827, made over in free gift the estate of Blair, with mansion house and gardens. In the first year at Aquhorthies Bishop Hay informed them that there were twenty-one students. In 1829, when Mr. Badenoch conducted the students to their new home on the banks of the Dee, he brought thirty-one boys with him. When he (the right rev. preacher) entered the college as a student, in 1848 there were forty-five students, several of whom had taken refuge in their old Alma Mater from the storm of the French Revolution. The memory of the students of Scanlan has almost passed away, but with Aquhorthies and its inmates they were more familiar. The names of Dr. McPherson and Dr. Strain, the latter of whom was the first Archbishop of Edinburgh; Bishop Kyle, upon whose worthy shoulders fell the mantle of Bishop Hay, Fathers Donald Carmichael and James Sharp, the procurators, the Rev. John Sharp, who may be called the first rector of Blair; that grand old priest, the Rev. Charles Gordon, of Aberdeen; Monsignor James Clapperton, whose name was the first in the college books of Blair College, and who but a few short weeks ago looked forward with great interest to be present with them that day, but was not permitted to see the rising walls of the new wing and the college tower, with which his name connected as a generous benefactor—these names, and many more of old Aquhorthies boys, rose before them that day. How they would have rejoiced to see the days that they had seen and

REJOICED IN THE FRUITS OF THE SEED.

which they had sown in toil and hardships, in prudence and foresight. And Blair—dear old Blair—so closely connected with the history of the Catholic Church in Scotland since its opening in 1829! Almost every Scottish priest in the country since that time has passed through its portals. What a hallowed tradition had grown round it. How many life-long friendships had commenced within its walls, how the cares and toils of mission life had been softened and melted by the old associations and the old memories. Many names rose before them I turn to you, my fellow-priests (continued the Bishop); as you sit in those beautifully-carved stalls perhaps a little feeling of envy might be natural enough that such things were not in your days. But do you not look back upon the old chapel, with its plain row of seats, with feelings akin to those of Bishop Hay when he left the rude surroundings of Scanlan—the old chapel, with its associations of days of innocence, and the many graces and favors you received there in prayer, in preparation for the life before you as toilers in God's vineyard? and now my Lords, fathers and brethren, we find ourselves in the church of New Blair. A new Blair is rising up to take the place of the old house—and the home. It is not for me to contrast the new house with the old—the present with the past; it is not for me to say, look upon this or upon that. But as we look back upon the past the vista of the old days rises before us, and we see the smallness and insignificance of the old order of things. We see the struggle for a bare existence, we see the steps taken one by one, cautiously, steadily, ever in advance. But we know that with it all from the beginning and through it all was a Presence—the same alike in the little room at Scanlan, in the more capacious chamber at Aquhorthies, in the chapel of the old college, in the stately altar of the new church—whose power is not restricted by His surroundings; a wisdom sweetly and strongly disposing of all things; Adonia, the key of David, and expected of nations; the presence of Him who called Himself the way, the truth, and the life; the presence of Him who said of Himself, "Heaven and earth may pass away, but My words shall not pass away;" the presence of Him whose presence is the fulfillment of His own promise, "I will be with you always." His Lordship concluded: Need I say more. We are

GRATEFUL BISHOPS, PRIESTS, STUDENTS, AND LAITY, that our hopes and expectations are being realized in the completion of new Blair and its college church—nay, the realization has gone far beyond our most daring hopes, our most sanguine anticipations. I feel grateful to Almighty God that He has been pleased to make use of me in any way as the medium and instrument of His designs for the good of the Church in Scotland. The thought fills me with wonder and with a sense of humiliation when I consider the great men, the giant minds of those who laid the foundations. But if, like Paul of old, they planted and watered, it was God that gave the increase.

FRANCE

RELIGIOUS AFFAIRS IN THE REPUBLIC.

A good deal of attention has been bestowed in France on the appointment of Dom Benzler, a Benedictine of the Maria Laach Monastery, near Bonn, to the See of Metz. This bishopric of the great Lorraine city, lost to France since 1870, has been vacant for the past two years. The cause of this was the reluctance of many priests, both secular and religious, to accept the heavy charge of a diocese where they would have to reconcile the solicitude due to their clergy, who are all French, or nearly so, with the loyalty due to the Kaiser, and not only the clergy, but many of the lay Catholics, of Metz, still turn their thoughts towards France, and are practically in the same position. Dom Benzler has thought fit to assume the tremendous task of reconciling the conflicting elements, but, according to the first despatches from Metz, he was very coldly received by the Catholics of that city. Later despatches from the capital of Lorraine state that the new Bishop has proved that the coldness displayed towards him on his arrival was a mistake. There is a revulsion of feeling in his favor, and he is winning the veneration and the confidence of both French and Germans. However this may be, the new Bishop has a difficult task before him. His Lordship was received by the Kaiser at Potsdam in a manner which was intended to be very impressive, but which the French correspondents treat as theatrical. The Kaiser, clad in Garibaldi's uniform and seated on a throne in the Festival Hall, received the oath of fealty of Dom Benzler, who subsequently lunched with the Imperial family in the Castle.

THE USUAL DENIAL HAS BEEN GIVEN TO THE NEWS

The usual denial has been given to the news agency reports about the meeting between the Sovereign Pontiff and H. H. Cardinal Richard. It is absolutely false that the Pope talked to the Cardinal Archbishop of Paris about the Concordat and its bearing on the situation brought about in France by the Associations Bill. His Holiness confined himself to deploring the acts of sectarian animosity committed

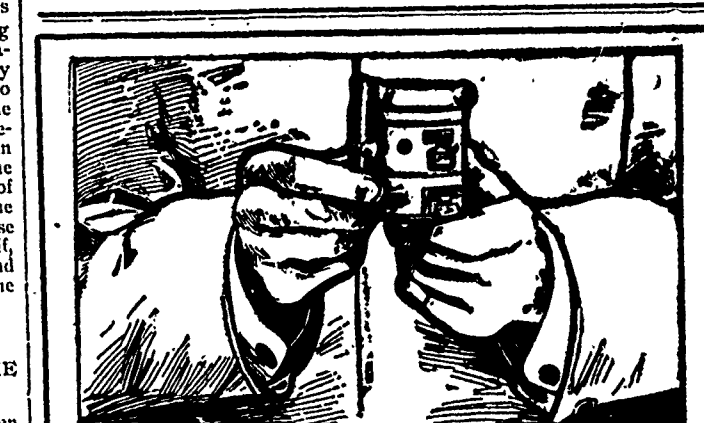
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