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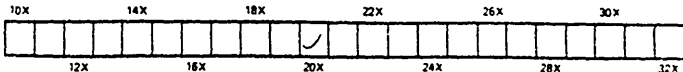
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THE MOTHERLAND

Latest Mail from ENGLAND IRELAND and SCOTLAND

ANTRIM

The Lord Chief Baron passed sentence on twelve persons who had been convicted before him of complicity in the Belfast riots of June 5th...

CORK

There was a rush for seats in the Cork court house for the hearing of a breach of promise case last week...

The dominant character of this year's offering to the Holy Father is its popularity. It is evidently and emphatically the people's gift.

FERRIMANAGH

At the Ferrimanagh County Council, the Right Hon the Earl of Erne, Chairman, presiding, it was resolved that three clerks be appointed for the Secretary's office.

TIPPERARY

Tipperary has entered into the United League movement with characteristic energy and determination. A great meeting was held in Fermoy, presided over by the Venerable Archbishop Jones...

TYRONE

A farmer named John Elos, who resided in the townland of Liskette, died at the advanced age of 101 years.

GALWAY

A lecture was given on the 27th inst. at the Courthouse, Gort, Co., Galway, by Dr. Douglas Hyde, D.D., on the language movement in Ireland.

LIMERICK

An address signed by Lord Montagu and the principal inhabitants of Foynes was presented to Sir Stephen Vere, in honor of his 87th birthday.

MONAGHAN

The Cunard liner Umbra, from New York, brought the oldest woman named Miss Alice McKenna, 106 years of age, who wishes to die in her native Monaghan.

On the Garden Wall, Umbra's deck had been visited also by another Irishman, in 1849, the Irishman was represented according to the model given on the English stage...

ENGLAND

There is danger in neglecting a cold. Many who have died of consumption date their troubles from exposure, followed by a cold which settled on their lungs...

POINTED PARAGRAPHS

The best remedy for an injury is forgiveness. Wise men are wrong much oftener than fools are right.

CATHOLIC TRUTH SOCIETY

The inaugural address at the Catholic Truth Conference in Stockholm will be delivered by Cardinal Vaughan, President of the Catholic Truth Society.

Mr. Lillie again has drawn attention in the British House of Commons to the re-enactment of the Arms Act in the Existing Laws Continuance Bill...

IRISHLAND

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FORBIDDING AIMS IN IRELAND

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THE "CLIPPING OUT" OF CARRIGNOR

The clearing out of Carrignor was done by a clever hand. The balliffs were Mountjoy Hawley of Tran, and hunch-backed Tim, who'd out his father's throat...

THE LATE BISHOP OILLIS

Mr. Gordon Milne says:—"The late Right Rev. Dr. Oillis, D.D., Bishop of Edinburgh, has the distinguished honour of being the first prelate who preached the Great National Sermon and panegyric on Joan of Arc in the Cathedral of Orleans about forty years ago."

THE JINGOISM AT OTTAWA

Dr. Goldwin Smith, writing in the Weekly Sun, says:—"The Parliament at Ottawa must know that, should war break out, it can afford no substantial aid to Great Britain."

A LIFE SAVER

A LIFE SAVER.—"I was confined to my bed with inflammation of the lungs, and was given up by the physicians. A friend advised me to try Dr. Cassell's Kidney Pills, and I was cured."

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The Catholic Register.

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY

OFFICE: 40 QUEEN ST.

CATHOLIC REGISTER PRINTING AND PUBLISHING CO. OF TORONTO, LIMITED

Subscription per annum, \$2.00

Approved and recommended by the Archbishop of Toronto

Advertisements 10 cents a line

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Notice of Births, Marriages and Deaths, 50 cents a line

THURSDAY, AUGUST 17, 1899.

- Aug 17—Ottavo of St. Laurence. 16—N. W. W. 19—B. W. 20—Solemnity of the Assumption of B. V. M. 21—S. Jane Frances de Chantal. 22—Ottavo of the Assumption 23—S. Philip Bourcier.

An Absurd Story.

Some of our Toronto daily papers have been publishing cabled reports of a sensational plan said to have been formulated by the Observatore Romano, organ of the Vatican, for the political capture of England for the Church. We believe an article printed conspicuously by the Observatore Romano has furnished the basis of these reports. The only reasonable conclusion, however, that can be drawn from this fact is that the best of editors are apt, during the "dog-days," to surprise the slippish attention of their readers with startling items. In India where the appetite of the European for food is so much affected by the climate, the appreciation of curry has passed into a proverb. The consequent ruin of stomachs is said to be truly deplorable; and this should warn editors not to put too much curry, [or "hot stuff"] as it is called in newspaper parlance, in the mid-summer bill-of-fare.

The Observatore Romano is, of course, above the suspicion of practicing such arts; but if it were to publish more than once in a decade so sensational a story as a London correspondent last month supplied to it, serious injury might accrue to its constituency. This remarkable article makes a flourish of trumpets over a "Catholic party" in English politics. The following statement will show the degree of positiveness with which the writer undertakes to speak: "This [Catholic political organization] will certainly take place sooner or later, and then the influence which the Roman Church exercises over every class of the English people, will be seen, whereas the Established Church has lost all influence over the governing and political classes."

Where is there any sign of such an organization? True, the Catholic cause in England is surely advancing and the Catholic body is experiencing many conditions and influences helpful to growth. But the gain has nothing whatever to do with politics. Catholic representation in the House of Commons, as far as England is concerned, is not at all in a satisfactory state. There is one Catholic on the Liberal side of the House. Nor is there need to look for a different condition of things in the Conservative party. The Weekly Register declares indeed that there were more Catholics sitting for English constituencies in parliament forty or fifty years ago than there are now. The bulk of the Irish representation is Catholic without a doubt; but that party is a national force and has never made religion a test of membership. The Catholic peers of England and Ireland are among the most uncompromising opponents of the Home Rule party. Again, who has ever heard of an Irish Nationalist, of a British Liberal, Tory or "Unionist" seeking the suffrage of his constituents as a "Catholic candidate"? It has never been done nor proposed.

Where then is the organization to take root? It is among the English Catholics peers? If so we doubt that it would prove a brilliant success. The English Catholic peers, with all their sterling worth as individual Catholics, are so wrapped up in the traditions of Toryism that the organization of a new political force in the country is perhaps the last thing they would undertake or desire. There is

not the slightest room for imagining that a Catholic party would have the sympathy of the hierarchy, because no English bishop would go further with political counsel than to encourage Catholics to take as active and intelligent a part as good citizens should in the public life of the country. The Catholic people of England themselves know that there is not room in English politics for a Catholic party. The correspondent of the Observatore Romano notwithstanding everything complacently assures the Catholic world that the new party will very soon obtain a dominant position in English politics equal to the German Centre Party. This is mid-summer lunacy.

Whatever injustice we may charge against the English method of treating Ireland and her Catholic people, we have no hesitation in saying that the character of English politics does not justify the calling of a religious party into existence. Indeed both political parties seem to discourage more and more the introduction of religious cries of any kind. We mean as far as England is concerned. The Orange vote in Ireland is a sectarian vote and nothing else; but many evils are encouraged in Ireland which are prudently put down in England.

Is It a Holy War?

Catholics are beginning to find themselves the objects of keen sympathy, springing from Mr. Chamberlain's declaration of their political ostracism in the Transvaal. The London (Ontario) Advertiser puts it this way: "The Transvaal Boers refuse to allow a Roman Catholic to occupy any public office or to sit in Parliament. This is enough to offend the little Dutch oligarchy in the eyes of Protestants and Catholics alike." Very true! Protestants, particularly in Ontario, are notorious for the promptitude with which they condemn governments that act ungenerously towards Catholics. Speaking however with a profound sense of gratitude for this enthusiastic and determined protection of Catholic rights in all other Protestant countries than the Boer republic, we still cannot see why British supremacy should smother republicanism in Africa. Why should the two things be confused at all? The Catholic notion of justice is not that one wrong should be wiped out by the infliction of another. In other words England should not steal the Transvaal from the Boers because the Boers had not been doing right by Catholics seeking fortune in the mine. Our contemporary The Antigonish Oaker takes this view also, and in the same paragraph in which it growls at Kruger's "antiquated bigotry," it declares "there is an adage which prescribes justice to even a worse and willier potentate than Oom Paul."

A Platform Venture.

The "ex-priest" betwining business has always been low enough; but of late years it has sunk quite beneath the contempt of self-respecting Protestants. Rev. Hugh Price Hughes, editor of The Methodist Times, would, however, appear to have determined to do something for it, while any shadow of a possibility of lifting it up to a paying basis remained. Mr. Hughes' ideas from the showman's point of view were not at all contemptible. Instead of an individual "ex-priest," he would have three or four. It is a well-known fact that the most popular lecturers and other platform artists never go on tour without some assisting talent to give variety to the entertainment. Mr. Hughes after a tour of discovery in France succeeded to all appearances in getting a company together. The first entertainment was given by the troops in St. James' Hall, London. We take the report of it not from any Catholic paper, but from The Saturday Review, of July 29th, which gives no little praise to the ability of one of the Frenchmen. This is what The Review says:

"We notice with real regret that the ex-Roman Catholic priests, who have recently abandoned the communion of the French Church, are being 'exploited' by Mr. Hugh Price Hughes in the interest of English secularism. Mr. Hughes himself loomed large in the heated atmosphere of St. James' Hall. He was conductor, interpreter, commentator; he filled the chair, and led the chorus, and

passed the bag. The role of the renegade is always difficult. Necessarily his motives are suspected and his utterances perverted. The Stoic maxim, 'Nature owes no man who is not a martyr,' has in their case a direct and rigid application. It is difficult to imagine a more unfortunate debut for the Reformers of France than that arranged for these French ecclesiastics by their new friends. The Abbe Bourcier has clearly proved himself an apt pupil. Nothing could be more suitable than the 'thoughts' which, with Mr. Hughes' assistance, he communicated to the assembled Methodists. Here is the first: 'England and France had one great enemy—ecclesiasticism in France and Ritualism in England.' Clearly the neophytes are already 'perfect.'"

The Review is a little hard on Mr. Hughes. It gives the impression that there was rather too much Hughes from beginning to end of the performance. Although aptitude is freely conceded also to Abbe Bourcier, it is obvious that the newspaper critic has no faith in Mr. Hughes' enterprise. The "ex-priest" business cannot be made to pay even on the company basis.

The Dreyfus Case.

Maitre Labori, senior counsel for Dreyfus in the re-trial at Rennes, France was on Monday morning last shot in the back as he was walking to the court-room. The theory of the crime generally prevailing is that the enemies of Dreyfus adopted this method of handicapping him in his fight for justice. On Monday General Mercier was to have been cross-examined by Maitre Labori, and it is supposed the shooting of the lawyer recommended itself as a method of letting the officer off lightly. This may be so or not. It is, at least, highly improbable. Until the criminal has been apprehended and tried no one can say whether the crime was perpetrated by a responsible agent of the organized enemies of Dreyfus or whether it was the work of a crank.

The trial is meanwhile unfolding a terrible lesson for the whole world. Militarism in France has unquestionably become cankered by the common disease of mankind in this age—greed of gold. And a Frenchman is not fonder of gold than any other national denomination of human being.

Treason in the Senate.

On Monday, 7th an urgent motion was brought before the Senate to empower the Queen's printer to print fifty extra copies for each senator of the Hon. David Mills' speech on the Transvaal difficulty. This remarkable effort of the Sage of Bothwell contained, it was said, the concentrated extract of the most elaborate possible research into the history and institutions of the Boers. And, as they were found to be a bad lot, the ignorant public could not too soon be convinced how richly these miscreants deserved removal from the face of the earth.

It must be considered a regrettable incident that the proposed public bonfire of a large extra distribution of free lore could not pass without evil. Senator Ferguson had the impudence of rising to a point of order. Before resuming his seat he had multiplied the point by four, and shown himself an evil-disposed person who would stand in the way of the education of the people. To come down to details, he asserted, with the most unblinking effrontery, that the Sage's extract of wisdom was an adulterated article and not worth the price of the paper that would be required to print it. Indeed according to Mr. Ferguson's analysis the speech was bad in its history, statistics, form, and spirit. It is simply amazing to read that these sweeping criticisms were based on the most flimsy foundation. Senator Ferguson was unable to produce any better authority in support of his insolent and defamatory harangue than The Statesman's Year Book and the Official Census Returns of the Transvaal. Needless to say when the Sage rose in his seat his indignation was overwhelming. With withering contempt he informed the trembling Highlander that Mr. Chamberlain and Sir Ashmead Bartlett were the highest living authorities upon the Transvaal situation. The former had made a speech and a latter had published a pamphlet; and he (the Sage) had burned the midnight oil extracting from these documents the thrilling truths which he had astonished the gaping

senate and confidant expected to set the world ablaze.

Senator Ferguson will now hide his diminished head. Even if the Sage had not quoted Mr. Chamberlain at all, he was unassailably entrenched behind Sir Ellis Ashmead Bartlett. Sir Ellis enjoys the distinction of being known in the British House of Commons, where he represents the parliamentary division of Ecclesall in the Tory interest, as "the member for the Suolim-Porte." He earned this title by proving, by a process of reasoning entirely his own, at the time, a few years ago, when the Turks were removing their pestilent Armenian subjects, that "Abdul the Damned" had been most magnificently and unwarrantably interfered with by Gladstone and the English Liberals in the undisputed right of a monarch to check the increase of an unpopular class of subjects. The pamphlet which Sir Ellis produced in vindication of the rights of the Sublime Porte is indeed a famous paper that will hand the glory of its author down to posterity. Nor is it at all difficult to see Sir Ellis and Hon. David Mills' point of view that by the same royal right of Abdul the Damned to regulate the Armenian population, England is rightfully entitled to remove these wretched Boers who menace her supremacy in South Africa. The Sage's speech taking it all in all was worthy of a Canadian Liberal or an English jingo.

No wonder there is a demand on the part of Canadian Liberals to abolish the Senate, when such speeches as that of Senator Ferguson can be delivered there with impunity. "It was a speech," said Mr. Mills, "purposely offensive to myself."

Maliginity thy name is indeed Ferguson! But we grieve to add that Senator Landry (who we believe is not a whit better than the Highlander, as neither can have a drop of Anglo-Saxon blood in his veins) deliberately prolonged the disgraceful spectacle, so offensive to the Sage of Bothwell. Mr. Landry actually was unable to conceal his feeling that the Boers ought to be given more time to find a peaceful solution of the difficulty. He quoted The Contemporary Review against Mr. Mills (the idea!); and argued that the Canadian public might be saved the infliction of the Sage's incursions. "There is something wrong in the whole speech," said the Senator, "and it should not be printed." These bold words, we are led to believe, temporarily deprived the Sage of the power of speech, because we cannot discover in Hansard that he made any reply to them.

Sir Mackenzie Bowell saved this painful incident from resulting fatally to the credit of the Dominion and the prestige of the Sage of Bothwell. He proved his Anglo-Saxon blood and his imperialistic pride by espousing the cause of his political opponents for the sacred principle of the vastness of the empire.

Apostolic Delegation in Ireland.

The Rome correspondent of The Tablet was no doubt well-informed when he communicated the following information to his paper: "I hear that the project of creating a permanent Apostolic Delegation in Ireland, which was mooted some years ago, is being considered in Rome. In the event of a decision in the affirmative being arrived at it is not unlikely that the Delegation will be created until the period of the National Synod, which I announced some weeks ago."

That Laurier-American War Cloud.

The Chicago Citizen is open to the suspicion of indulgence in sarcasm with regard to the Laurier invitation to the cornerstone laying in the Windy City. Sir Wilfrid, however, cannot complain if he should receive fact reports from the westerners. If he told Mr. Fitzpatrick that he had misgivings on the score of his safety from insult in Chicago—and the Premier has not denied saying so—any Chicagoan is fully entitled to reply in kind. The Citizen puts it this way: "If Laurier should come here, he might not be insulted—it is not the American habit to insult strangers—but his reception, after his belittling utterance, could hardly be expected to be very cordial. Sir Wilfrid may imagine we follow the Canadian plan in receiving obnoxious strangers, but we don't." This is very hard hitting; and the "insultation or war" speech is given

a rather pretty social application also in these concluding words: "Sir Wilfrid's first thought was wise—let him stay at home. Eventually 600,000 American soldiers may leave their cards with him in Ottawa."

War is No. in Sight.

Those who heretofore have not treated seriously the bullying attitude of Mr. Chamberlain towards the Boers received a shock on Monday, when the news appeared of Sir William Butler's recall from Cape Town. Sir William as a soldier is guilty in Mr. Chamberlain's civilian eyes of a grave offence. He has candidly advised the British Government not to treat with ostentatious disdain the Dutch settlers of South Africa. He has counselled deliberation and fairness in the Transvaal negotiations. This, coming from an Irishman, has been regarded by Mr. Chamberlain as little short of treason. For years he has not even pretended to conceal his personal hostility to the Irish general. And now, at his behest, an experienced and brave man has been recalled. This is the most ominous sign of war, rashly undertaken, which has come from the Cape since the commencement of this Transvaal business. Its effect upon the English public remains to be seen.

Hon. Edward Blake's Letter.

A New York newspaper correspondent in a hot particularly friendly reference to Irish matters during the session of the Imperial Parliament just closed, concedes the faithful and effective work performed by Mr. Dillon, Mr. Blake and Mr. Davitt from beginning to end. In this connection our readers will peruse with warm sympathy the letter which we publish in our current issue, written by Mr. Blake on the eve of his departure for Car. Ja. It is a letter full of interest, candid in its expression of regret and disappointment for the delay which the cause of unity has encountered, but strong in declaring confidence in the determination of the people to obliterate factionist activity in the approaching elections. Mr. Blake's past services are eloquently acknowledged by The Freeman's Journal; and his own letter tells how completely his faith in the Irish cause and its ultimate success fills him. Coming from a statesman who speaks so seldom and with so much deliberation, we must regard as important in the highest sense Mr. Blake's reference to the possibilities of the next few months' events. The United League is the accepted channel through which real union by the popular verdict must come.

New Phase of the Anglican-Struggle.

The Montreal Star favors us with the complete text of the decision rendered by the archbishops of Canterbury and York touching the use of incense and lighted candles and the holding of religious processions in the English Established Church. The decision is worded most carefully so as to avoid offending the Ritualists to whom it is adverse. It concludes with an appeal to the clergy to submit to episcopal authority. But in point of fact the decision is a mere document. Inquiry into the state of feeling among the clergy establishes the fact that a very small percentage of the Ritualists have any intention of obeying the ruling of the Archbishops. The inquiry has been made by the Ritualist party and is therefore in its nature a challenge to the episcopal authority. The result, promptly made public, scrupulously converts the challenge into open defiance. The decision of the Archbishop in this view of the situation is but the prelude to the real fight which the Ritualists intend to enter upon. Their doctrine is that all who are not with them are against them, and they will organize for self defence without delay. Their programme, as outlined in the English papers of later date than the Archbishops' ruling, contemplates concerted action in every diocese where the Bishop intends to put the Public Worship Regulation into force. They will resist all prosecutions, and scandalize the imposition of authority. How the struggle may end is still hard to say. The Ritualists are proving at least one truth, that a man-made church must die the death of all human institutions. If the Ritualists know their actual strength the Established Church is

even nearer to its doom than any past stage of this struggle could have indicated.

"Events," Ottawa, says: "Canada, Imperial Canada, is determined to have a say in matters affecting the Empire. Accordingly the Commons deemed it their duty to pass a strong resolution of sympathy with the Ultra-loyalists of the Transvaal. Kruger and the Boers generally deny that the Queen's suzerainty over the Transvaal any longer exists. They aver that it is and has been practically dead, and has been revived to suit the occasion. If the British government is allowed to stop in and dictate to the Boer government, where does the independence of the Transvaal come in? If the Ultra-loyalists are to be admitted to full rights of citizenship, seeing that they outnumber the Boers so greatly, what is to prevent the former from ultimately taking over the country, for which they have fought and bled, to Great Britain? It is all very well to talk of humanity and civilization; it was with these same cries that the United States wrestled Cuba from weak Spain, and it is with these cries that the United States is torturing the life out of the unwilling Filipinos."

There is a pretty general feeling among Catholic writers of all grades that their work is neither appreciated by readers who have the faith nor tolerated by those who have not. An instance of unmistakable prejudice is reported by the Berlin correspondent of The New Era. He tells us that Herr Olo Hansson, the well-known Swedish author, and his wife Laura Marholm, who were converted to Catholicism about a year ago, are at present residing at Munich, and sad to say are in very reduced circumstances owing to the fact that after their conversion many of the German publishers and Press editors revoked their contracts and refused their interest and popular contributions which, previous to that event they had been only too eager to procure. Olo Hansson is a clever novelist and essayist, and his wife has written a great deal on the "feminist" question. She is the authoress of the well known work "The Woman's Book."

The "ritcherlicious row" would at last seem to have broken out in Canada. A press despatch from Quebec on Friday last reported that the "summer residents of Murray Bay have been thrown into a state of great excitement by a letter from S. H. Blake, of Toronto, published by himself, violently attacking the ceremonial followed at the recent dedication of the new Anglican church of St. Anne in the Fields there, at the Rev. the Lord Bishop of Ottawa, Right Rev. Dr. Charles Hamilton, presided in the absence of the Bishop of Quebec, now in England. Mr. Blake refers to "the Bishop dressed up in the gawdaw ornaments of the Church of Rome; with mitre and all sorts of military hitherto unknown to our Reformed Church." Mr. Blake is a warm supporter of the union chapel at Murray Bay, and is joined by the Presbyterians and some of the Church of England residents of the place. Its services were distinguished by the presence of the adherents of the Church of England who, therefore, erected the Anglican church with the approval of the Bishop of the diocese."

The Melbourne Advocate, the paper of the Irish-Australians, discusses the forces that are winning the cause of Federation. It points out that in the Federal ranks there are two antagonistic motives, which work singly in some cases, jointly in others. "Imperialism counts for something and, though numerically weak, could not have been dispensed with without failure. The heavy minority in New South Wales is proof of that. Australian patriotism is a still more powerful factor on the Federal side and, without any deduction, may be credited with victory. The Imperial idea exercised its influence in a few of the daily organs of public opinion, and in their weekly numbers, but the force, they brought to bear on the question, was purely Australian, and so that force the victory must be credited. Federation has been won for Australia by the Australians. For their country, and for nothing else, they fought for it, and so that purpose they will direct it in opposition to any attempt that may be made to make it subordinate ends in which they are not immediately concerned."

Some excellent persons in the city of New York have been burning Mr. William Waldorf Astor in effigy because he thought well to change his citizenship from American to British. The New York mob, taking the advice of the pope, would mark Mr. Astor as a wretch who never saluted America as his own, his native land. It is not likely, however, that the popular indignation of his repudiated fellow-citizens will trouble the millionaire very much. What he most fondly desires to make is a title; and as these things can be had in the open market in England Mr. Astor's naturalization as a British subject is a mere incident. Mr. Astor's particular fancy in titles is "Lord Astor of Clive."

don." Mr. Labouliere contends that no man can attain it, although, says Truth, "a Sir" or a "Half Sir" (honors that are freely thrown to Canadians) is within his reach. Astor's grandfather was an American rag-picker, and the ambitious lordling is determined to wipe out this stain upon his own scutcheon. In his publication, The Pall Mall Magazine, he has been endeavoring to prove that he had ancestors before the rag picker's time, and that they were a haughty breed, yeolpt d'Astorg. The parish records of their German habit of course spoil the fairy tale. But the English aristocracy will promptly swallow the hand-me-down ancestry and take a rich and vanity-astened American to its heart.

At the recent annual convention of the English branches of the St. Vincent de Paul Society The Marquis of Ripon, president, in doltering his annual address, dealt with one of the socialistic doctrines of the day. He pointed out that some objections have been made to the society, especially by those who said that charity should be administered by the State and not by individuals. Much had been done by the State to alleviate the wants of the poor; but he was afraid the day would not come in their time when the Legislature would remedy all the evils that existed in the world. The members of the St. Vincent de Paul Society did not want to damp the ardor of those who were labouring with energy for the betterment of the people, but they could not wait till the Legislature remedied the evil before they assisted in alleviating the misery and misfortune of their fellow-men. Let them as members of the Society of St. Vincent de Paul go to work day by day, week by week, to help those amongst them who were suffering from distress. They were their brothers, all were children of the common father, and the members of the society should go amongst the poor and assist them as brothers and not in a spirit of patronage.

William J. Bryan, the Democratic leader, is very effective in an article contributed to the New York Independent, when he seems to compare the present state of America mad for conquest with the strange case of Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde:

"An individual," says Mr. Bryan, "may live a double life when only one life is known. When both lives are known he can only lead one life and that the worst. A republic cannot enter upon a colonial policy. It cannot advocate government by consent at home and government by force abroad. The Declaration of Independence will lose its value when we proclaim the doctrine familiar in Europe, but detestable here, that governments are bound in shape, about thirteen inches in diameter, and are fixed out of cannon.

For more than a century this nation has been travelling along the pathway which leads from the low domain of might to the lofty realm of right; and its history has been without a parallel in the annals of recorded time. What will be our fate if we turn backward and begin the descent towards force and conquest?

It is not sufficient to say that the forcible annexation of the Philippine Islands is a benevolent undertaking entered upon for the good of the Filipinos. Lincoln pointed out that this has always been the argument of kings. "As for his words," he says, "they always bestrode the neck of the world not that they wanted to do it, but because the people were better off for being ruled."

It is surprising that any believer in self-government should favor forcible annexation, but still more surprising that anyone who believes in the Christian religion should favor the substitution of force for reason in the extension of our nation's influence.

When Greek meets Greek something must happen like what we are threatened with in the Transvaal when Protestant clinches with Protestants and both have "got religion." The Canadian Baptist, echoing the Kipling-like freedom of invoking the Lord in the cause of all British warfare, reminds its readers that the subjugation of the Boers means security for the Bible and the mission of the Gospel. It happens that the Boers beat the English; Fathers, the Society for the Promotion of Christian Knowledge and other competitors for the Protestantism of faith; Kruger, in his speech in the Volksraad on Thursday last, declared he was glad they had all agreed to stand by the Lord as the head of the state. The Boer, he continued, was said to go off the right path and away from the Lord. Now the question is, which side owns the Protestant banner? and how is it to be discovered when the ball of strength has taken place whether it is a case of victory for the Bible and the missionary or a triumph for the strongest battalions?

While we are upon this subject it may be as well to refer to a cable despatch which appeared in the daily papers last week, quoting Mr. Chamberlain's reply to the House of Commons to Mr. George Drage, who asked the government

whether it was not a fact that Roman Catholics in the Transvaal are excluded from all offices under the Republic. Mr. Chamberlain answered in the affirmative quoting the constitution of the Republic for proof of his reply. The Catholic party is so strong in Germany to-day that it would be a very telling stroke for Mr. Chamberlain to make it appear that the Catholic is the most injured class of the Transvaal. But Dr. Kruger, the European representative of the Transvaal, tells only half the truth and in that way is guilty of a still more reprehensible falsehood. Dr. Kruger states the real position to be as follows: On the 24th June, 1894, the Volksraad, in response to a memorial from the burghers, passed a law declaring Catholics ineligible for positions under the Republic. On the 10th of June, 1899, however, the Volksraad, acting at the request of President Kruger, repealed that law, so that more than three years later Mr. Chamberlain says that the law is still in operation.

Basilian Ordinations.
His Grace Archbishop O'Connor officiated at the annual ordination service, which this year was held on the 14th and 15th instant, at St. Basil's chapel, St. Basil's Church respectively. The week previous was passed in the exercise of a retreat which was conducted by the Very Rev. Provincial at the Novitiate. On the morning of the 14th instant the following candidates were promoted to Orders in the Novitiate chapel: Timone - F. Foster, J. Sharpe, W. Roach, Minor Orders - A. J. Staley, A. E. Harley, J. E. Pagan, M. T. Roach, Jos. Kennedy and Jno. Ryan. Sub-deacon - A. E. Hurly. On the 15th instant in St. Basil's Church here in the city A. I. Staley, J. E. Pagan, M. T. Roach were ordained sub-deacons, A. E. Hurly deacon and O. Collins and T. Finnigan, priests. Father Collins will sing his first Mass next Sunday at Maldatos, his native parish. Father Finnigan will sing his first Mass at St. Basil's at 10.45 next Sunday. Father Finnigan is a native of Toronto. We offer our congratulations to the Basilian Fathers on this important accession to their ranks. The works they have in hand are amongst the most necessary to the success of Holy Church in this country and the many young men joining the Community give a guarantee to the performance of these good work.

The Boers will Blow up the Mines.
London, Aug. 11.—The Boer organ in London, The Standard and Digges News, publishes a Johannesburg dispatch threatening Great Britain, in the event of war, saying the Boers are determined to wreck the mines and irretrievably ruin the general body of shareholders by blowing up the pillars of support, adding that this was well mean the absolute ruin of Johannesburg, both as a town and as a mining centre, and saying:—"While it will doubtless end in a victory for England, the price of that victory will be the ruin of thousands who ought to consider the price they must pay before authorizing the Government to declare war."

A Souvenir Catholic Almanac.
The enterprising editor of the Catholic Almanac of Ontario is making the same for the year 1900, we understand. A Souvenir Almanac of the Holy Year. Such a work will be most opportune and of more than ordinary historical value, while the proposed illustrations in halftone of cathedrals, churches, schools, the educational and ecclesiological institutions of the different religions, will make it a most interesting and attractive volume. The undertaking is warmly commended by the archbishops and bishops of Ontario and is well worthy of the hearty support and co-operation of all Catholics.

Met to Pray and Received to Sheet
CAPE TOWN, Aug. 14.—A despatch from Pietermaritzburg, capital of Natal, says that at a farmers' meeting, called there to consider the defence of the colony, it was resolved that the duty of every able bodied colonist, able to rise and shoot, was to aid in the defence of the colony against invasion, and it was announced that the volunteers would be sent to the front in the event of war and that the rifle associations would be left to defend their own districts.

Appointed Teacher.
Miss McDermott Sibley has been appointed teacher of the Society's school at Maynooth, Ontario. Miss Sibley comes of a talented family, four members of which are professional teachers. She is the fourth daughter of Mr. Richard Sibley, of Toronto. The Catholics of Maynooth have made a good appointment.

ST. BERNARD AS A STATESMAN.
M. Luchate, of the Academy of Moral and Political Sciences, has been trying to depreciate the political work of St. Bernard. We have already heard a good deal of this sort of depreciation from the sneering Gibbon who, however, admits that in a speech, in which, in his action, Bernard stood high among his contemporaries, and that "his companions are not devoid of wit and eloquence." M. Luchate, in a somewhat similar vein, after alluding to the alleged political remarks that the Saint's work "resumed the opposition of a man of genius to the currents of his century, and that he left an example of energy and virtue that surprised mankind." Catholics can afford to smile at all hostile criticism on one of the greatest of their Church.

DIOCESE OF LONDON

London, Aug. 11.—At High Mass in the Cathedral to-day His Lordship, Bishop McEay, made an important announcement which deeply touched the congregation as it had reference to the ill-health of the reverend rector of St. Peter's, Father Tierman. His Lordship said:—"Instead of the usual High Mass sermon, I wish to make a few general remarks to you this morning. In the first place, I wish to extend my thanks to the good people of this congregation, especially to the gentlemen of the committee, and the choir, and to all who assisted in making the celebration of last Sunday's ceremony so grand. You did honour to the clergy of the diocese, to your bishop, and to your bishop. Your conduct was orderly, and in every way equal to the great occasion. I hope you will always be what the cathedral congregation should be—a model to the diocese of London. It gave me great pleasure this morning to administer the holy sacrament of communion for the first time to the children of this congregation. We were very happy to see their bright and happy, filled with the grace of God and a good conscience. I asked the little ones to abstain from all intoxicating liquors and I they attained the age of twenty-one years. Also, I tried to impress upon them the virtues of truth, and to avoid lying and deceit, and particularly to be on their guard against the sin of cursing, swearing and blasphemy. I request you to protect the little ones and to render to them the utmost care and attention. We should be very happy to see you and your children a good example. Do nothing that would scandalize them. Woe to the man who scandalizes the little ones. It were better that he never were born. Woe to the world because of scandal. And certainly there will be special woe against parents who scandalize the little ones whom Almighty God has given them to protect and to educate. We should obtain eternal happiness in the next. It is your duty to advise them from time to time, but above all, to show them good example."

"You are aware that during the interregnum of the diocese it is the duty of the administrator to keep things going in the usual order, and do nothing that would in any way embarrass the incoming bishop. Hence a great many things are left over until the arrival of the new bishop, and it is his duty to attend to these matters. One of these most-urgent affairs is of great interest to you, since it refers to your good and zealous pastor, Rev. Father Tierman. For months past his health has been going down. Doctors have advised him to get away from the toil and care and worry of the rectorship of the cathedral. How the good priest stood it so long is a wonder to me. As far as I am concerned I do not wonder that his health is broken down. I know well the duties of a rector, for during my time I have held the rectorship of two cathedrals. The rector must always work seven days a week, and his day often includes sixteen hours—not counting the inevitable sick calls at night. In the course of all this time he is always supposed to be good-natured, never showing anything like impatience in his manner. One might suppose that with all this work the rector gets a magnificent salary. Well, I find it is exactly the contrary. The rector gets a salary of \$300 a year, and there is scarcely a day that he is not requested by someone for an alms. He must dress like a gentleman. That the good father has, during nearly 25 years' work in this parish, not that many dollars, I am sure I would be safe in saying. All honour to the priest who does not hoard up money. A priest to my mind should have no money and no debts. The priest with money reminds me of the traitor Judas, who sold his Master for 30 pieces of silver."

"While it is in my power to grant the reverend father three months' vacation I want you to enable him to take an ocean voyage, which he has been recommended to take. I am sure you will show him your gratitude. I would like the whole congregation to get up together one testimonial for him. We will all pray for his restoration to health and strength, and on his return I will do the best I can to make the balance of his days happy. I have appointed Rev. Father Alward to succeed Rev. Father Tierman as rector of the cathedral, and I have also requested the Rev. Peter McKean to be chancellor of the diocese and first assistant in the cathedral. I will also bring back Father L. Heures, whom I will appoint bishop's secretary. This is a world of work, and things must go on just the same. I am doing what I consider the best and proper thing to do under the circumstances. You will miss Father Tierman, so all I can say for his restoration to health, and to enable you to give every one encouragement to the priests who come here to assist. Pray, also, for your new bishop, that God will give him strength to do the work awaiting him."

CROMWELL IN PARIS.

"The proclamation of the English Republic" in 1649 by its first "President," Oliver Cromwell, drew a large and mixed gathering recently to the Salle des Conférences in the rue Monsieur le Prince. The Tercentenary of the Protector was celebrated by music and by a series of lectures, the chief of these being by Mr. G. Hubbard, former deputy for Seine et Oise. The lecturer described Cromwell as a soldier and a Puritan, and in graphic language narrated his campaigns. He frankly owned that the Cromwellian Republic

though full of who some historical lessons, had only been an interim between two kings, the one Charles I. regardless of Parliament in his worship of his own divine right, and the second the fitting figure head of a disunited Restoration. The monument of Oliver Cromwell had only produced that most distinctive of mice, Richard Cromwell, who came back from his Dutch exile not to continue the regal Republic of his father, but to end his days in seclusion. Other speeches were made by Messrs. Mowbray, Havelock, Alphonse Argeris, Noel Terrier, and the representatives of several social groups.

E. B. A.

The Toronto Branches of the Emerald Beneficial Association held their annual convocation on O'Connell's Anniversary to the town of Oakville, and were met there by the members and their friends from Hamilton, when a grand picnic was held in the park. A very lively contest of the Emeralds was played by the Emeralds of Toronto and Hamilton, "Hamilton being the victors." Many games were contested and valuable prizes given. A first-class quadrille band was in attendance that gave general satisfaction to those patronizing the dancing platform. And for the convenience of others the O'Connell band gave selections in a manner that left nothing to be desired. The Rev. Father Burke and his able staff of assistants were kept busy attending to the wants of the excursionists in the interest of the church fund. The excursion was the largest and most successful that has been held for several years. A very pleasing feature of the day was the presentation to D. A. Carey, the retiring Grand President, of a first-class gold watch, locket, and guard, with a very handsomely illuminated address by W. Markie, Toronto, by the members of the association, in recognition of his ability as an officer and advocate for the organization. On the staff at the presentation were the Rev. Father Burke, W. H. Jamieson, Grand President; W. Lane, Grand Secretary; P. J. Bell, D. Shea, and J. J. McCarthy, Organizers. R. J. Crotty and other prominent Emeralds. After a few introductory remarks W. Lane, Grand Secretary, read the following address, W. H. Jamieson, Grand President, presenting the watch, etc. To David A. Carey, Esq.:

Dear Sir and Bro.—At the convention of the Grand Branch of the Emerald Beneficial Association of Canada, held in the city of Hamilton on July 1st, 1899, the members were informed that you desired to retire from the office of Grand President, a position you have held since May, 1890. And it was unanimously decided that they could not allow you to do so without tendering you some token of their respect and as a slight recognition of the very able manner in which you have discharged the duties of the office. Also for the great energy displayed by you for the good of the association. And we trust that as Grand Chancellor you will still be found ready and willing to defend and promote the interests of the E.B.A. for which you have been for so many years a most distinguished member.

We now beg your acceptance of the gold watch, guard, and locket purchased by the voluntary contributions of the members of the association. And in their name we wish you many happy years to wear the same. Signed in their behalf by the executive officers:
W. H. JAMIESON, G.P.
W. H. JAMIESON, G.P.
T. R. O'NEILL, G.V.P.
A. McDONALD,
G.V.P.
T. H. HEARE,
J. H. McARTHUR,
J. W. LANE, G.S.T.
The following inscription was engraved upon the watch:—"Presented to D.A. Carey, Esq., by the members of the E.B.A., upon his retiring from the office of Grand President." And upon the locket the seal of the association. In reply to the address, D.A. Carey thanked the members for their most unexpected gift for the little he had been able to do for the association. He dwelt upon the advantage it had been to him in being a member of the E. B. A., and his remarks were unusually short, it being that he was too much affected by the proceedings to make a lengthy address. Short speeches were made by the Rev. Father Burke, W. H. Jamieson, G. P. W. Lane, G.S., and R. J. Crotty.

AN ESTEEMED PRIEST.

The Ottawa Citizen.—Mr. Finbar Hayes, chief English translator of the House of Commons, returned to the city yesterday from Chicago, where he was attending the celebration of the fiftieth anniversary of the admission of his esteemed brother, Rev. James Mark Hayes, into the Society of Jesus. The celebration took the form of solemn high mass in the Church of the Holy Family. The edifice was filled with the parishioners of the occasion. Alluding to the ceremony, one of the leading Chicago papers says:—"Our hearty congratulations to a venerable pioneer of the Catholic Church in Chicago and sterling veteran promoter of faith and morals. In his various capacities, lay and clerical—a capable business man, successful teacher, pious and energetic priest, able and brilliant editor, eloquent and convincing preacher, and indefatigable organizer and director of religious bodies—the Rev. James Mark Hayes, S.J., has woven for himself a bright chapter of fame with which he has been deservedly crowned."

with the faculty of the rectorship of the cathedral, says:—"Father Hayes, who is well known to a great number of Chicagoans as the founder of the American League of the Cross, and as the editor of the Catholic Home, the forerunner of The New World was born of highly respected parents in Cord, Ireland, in 1827. His father, Dr. Hayes, was at that time closely associated with Ireland's great son, Daniel O'Connell, in organizing the famous 'Catholic Association' to which he has the triumphant success of the Clare election and the subsequent passage of the Catholic Emancipation Act of 1829 was mainly due. Of the County of Cork branch of this association Dr. Hayes was first secretary, and by him was drawn up the first draft of its constitution a document which was long preserved as a precious heirloom in the family, being doubly valuable on account of the interlinear alterations in the handwriting of O'Connell."

The Register adds its congratulations. Father Hayes is an uncle of Mr. P. Hayes, manager of the Toronto Carpet Co., and of Louis Martin Hay, S. of the firm of Hall and Hay's, barristers, Peterborough. Dr. Hayes afterwards came to Toronto, and was elected a member of the University Senate. Probably he was the first Catholic member of that board.

CHAMBERLAIN IS BENT ON WAR

London, Aug. 15.—Major-General Sir William Francis Butler, as a result of his alleged Boer sympathies, has been recalled, and Sir Frederick Forester-Walker has been appointed to replace him. General Walker, who replaces General Butler as commander-in-chief of the British troops in South Africa, is regarded as one of the ablest generals in the army. His appointment, therefore, is taken to indicate that the situation is graver.

Lieut. General Sir Frederick William Edward Forester-Walker, K. C. B., has been in command of the western military district of Great Britain since 1888. He is the eldest son of the late General Sir Edward W. Forester-Walker, K. C. B., who was born in 1814, and entered the Scots Guards in 1832. He served in the Kaffir war of 1836-78, was military secretary to Sir Bartle Frere from 1878 to 1879, served during the Zulu war, was Quartermaster-General in Bechuanaland in 1884, commanded the infantry brigade of Aldershot from

1889 to 1891, and commanded the troops in Egypt from 1892 to 1895.

London, Aug. 16.—The Daily Chronicle which regards General Butler's virtual dismissal as "an indication that the country is being hurried into war," says:—"His offense was that he spoke rough words of truth about that precious organization, the South African League. We are convinced that he acted for the honour and clear interests of the Empire."

One Town, Aug. 15.—No reply has been received here up to the present from the Transvaal Government on the subject of the latest British proposals for a possible settlement of the question in dispute, and a dispatch from Pretoria says the reply, when sent, will be disappointing, and that it is feared the result will be the breaking off of negotiations. Great anxiety prevails at the capital of the Transvaal.

Pretoria, Aug. 17.—The Executive Council concluded its session at 12.30 p.m., when orders were issued to the field cornets to give out Mauser rifles in exchange for Martini-Henry rifles. A great crowd gathered to receive the arms. The possibility of war with Great Britain is about the only subject discussed, and it is generally felt the burghers should be consulted before extreme measures are adopted.

London, Aug. 16.—The Daily Mail says that Lord Wolsley, the Commander-in-Chief, has called 100 volunteers of the London Scottish Rifles going to South Africa, in the event of war.

Canadian Teachers Wanted.

More vacancies than teachers. POSITIONS OPEN IN THE U.S.A. UNION TEACHERS OF AMERICA, Washington D.C.

CITY OF TORONTO.
TAXES, Monday, Aug. 21
Thursday, Oct. 12
1899. Tuesday, Dec. 12

The municipal taxes of the City of Toronto for the year 1899 are due and payable as above under City By-Laws Nos. 3739 and 3740, and certain local improvement By-Laws.

Taxes are Payable at the City Treasurer's Office, New City Hall Buildings, Queen Street.

But any ratepayer, by taking his or her tax bill, may (if more convenient) pay the same to any of the undermentioned Collectors, at the following branch offices on the days named:
T. B. WHITESIDE, St. Paul's Hall, Yonge St. North.
SAMUEL YANCO, 736 Queen St. East, near Broadview Ave.
S. H. MCCOMB, Dundas St. near Queen St.
J. D. WOODS, St. Alban's Hall, Queen St. West, corner Cowan Ave.
E. F. RUSH, St. Andrew's Hall, Farley Avenue.
SAMUEL BAIRD, College St. Fire Hall, cor. Bellevue Ave.
J. H. PRITCHARD, City Hall Buildings.

The City Hall and Branch Offices will be open from 9 o'clock a.m. to 5 o'clock p.m., for the first four of the special days of collection (Sundays excepted), and from 9 o'clock a.m. to 7 o'clock p.m. on the last mentioned special days, viz., 21st August, 12th October and 12th December.

First Instalment Payable from Wednesday, 16th of August, to Monday, 21st of August, both days inclusive.

Notice is hereby given, pursuant to By-Law No. 3740, passed on the 26th day of June, 1899, that provision is therein made for the payment of taxes for the current year in the manner following:

DIVISIBLE PAYMENTS.
The amount of general taxes may be divided into two instalments and the local improvement rates, and on the payment of the first of each instalment one or before the 21st day of August, an extension of time shall be given for the payment of the local improvement rates to the 15th day of October; and on the payment of the first instalment an extension of time shall be given for the payment of the second instalment of general taxes to the 15th day of December.

ALLOWANCE FOR PAYMENT IN ADVANCE.
1.—Ratepayers who prefer paying their taxes in full on or before the 21st day of August shall be entitled to a reduction of one and one-half per cent. on the payment of the local improvement rates, and the second instalment, which might be deferred to the 15th day of October, and the 15th day of December respectively, but if only local improvement rates are paid with the first instalment, a reduction of one per cent. only will be allowed on the local improvement rates.

PERCENTAGE.
An addition of five per cent. shall be made to every tax rate or assessment, or any part or instalment thereof, remaining unpaid after any of the dates herein mentioned for the payment thereof, and before the actual instalment is received. This shall be the duty of the Collector of Taxes to collect, and it shall be the duty of the ratepayer to pay the same, together with the said five per cent. addition, on or before the day or days herein fixed for payment, the following percentages shall apply:
On taxes payable on the 21st of August, if paid before the 20th of September, one-half of 1 per cent., after 20th September 5 per cent. will be added.
On taxes payable on the 15th of October, if paid before the 15th of November, one-half of 1 per cent., after 15th November 5 per cent. will be added.

Failure to pay and only local improvement rates by instalments but brings the ratepayer under the penalty of the Assessment Law, which means that in case of any party shall REFUSE or FAIL TO pay the taxes imposed upon him in the space of fourteen days after demand the Collector shall have the same with costs of five per cent. and the ratepayer shall be liable to pay the same. Do not get out of the way of the LAST DAY, and much time will be saved by paying the exact change due on the day or days herein fixed for payment of taxes. The payment of taxes must be made payable to the order of the City Treasurer. Addressed and stamped envelopes should be enclosed to insure the prompt return of receipts.
R. T. COADY, City Treasurer.
City Treasurer's Office, Toronto, July 30th, 1899.

MODERN MIRACLES

The annual novena to St. Anne attracted unusual attention to the shrine at the Church of St. Jean Baptiste, Seventh-street and Third Avenue, New York City...

"My eyes failed me about four years ago, and I was unable to gain any aid from the best oculists. Gradually my sight was leaving me. I determined to visit the shrine of St. Anne at the novena one year ago. I did so, and was benefited. I attended the novena again this year, and my sight is as good as ever. I have no use for glasses now. Good St. Anne has given me back my sight."

"The greatest blessing that the holy relic has wrought upon my family is the restoration of hearing to my daughter and the full use of his limbs to my little son."

"My daughter, who is eighteen years old, was deaf from her birth. When the novena began a week ago I took her with me to the relic at St. Jean's. On our way home she said she thought she heard sounds. Well, we visited the relic again on Tuesday, and I took along my little boy, who was a cripple. We prayed to the saint to assist us."

"After remaining in the church for two hours and kissing the relic we started for home. To my surprise my little boy could walk without limping. My daughter can hear now with a little effort. Formerly she could not hear sound."

"Thanks to the good St. Anne! I know she will help anyone who will have recourse to her and pray."

"Mrs. Farley came to my office about a year ago. Her eyesight was fast leaving her, and she could see with difficulty."

The Roman papers, the Catholic journals affirming that there was not the slightest chance of Catholics uniting with Republicans even for such an end. Now a telegram comes from Buenos Ayres, in which it is said Ricciotti Garibaldi exonerates himself from all connection with such a scheme. The cablegram, published in the weekly XIX, denies the news spread abroad of his pretended access to the clerical, and declares instead that he is in concord in all and for all with his relatives. His brother, Menotti, was reported to have said, on the reading of the New York Herald's interview, that he disowned Ricciotti henceforth. This part of the telegram shows that Ricciotti has been consistent to the family tradition. His object in going to South America is to have Italians colonize Patagonia, which he describes as a humanitarian work, for which he asks the assistance of all men of good heart, who will not only not deny him, but will, he thinks, contribute ten million sterling to the work. All political character is excluded from the undertaking. The promoter of the scheme hopes that the Italian Government will exempt intending colonists from military service. The Italian Government is likely to answer Ricciotti Garibaldi by asking, as Peter the Great asked the English Quaker—"Of what use can you be in any kingdom or government, seeing you will not bear arms and fight?"

THE PROFESSOR AND THE BOOT-BLACK. It is said that Professor Blackie frequently told this anecdote on himself. The professor was a very old patriarch, with handsome features and hair falling in ringlets about his shoulders, no one who has seen him could possibly forget him. One day he was accosted by a very dirty little bootblack with "Shine your boots, sir?" The professor was impressed by the littleness of the boy's face.

"I don't want a shine, my lad," said he. "But if you'll go and wash your face, I'll give you sixpence."

"Well, my lad," said the professor, "you have earned your sixpence. Here it is."

"I didn't want it," returned the boy, with a lordly air. "Ye can keep it and get yer hair cut."

THE JOKE CROP. Pre-empting—"Ma, I'm at the head of my class." "How's that, Dick?" "Teacher says I'm the worst of all the bad boys in the school."

The others came from St. Thomas and the country surrounding the Port. The officers of the Irish Benevolent Society are—President, Thos. W. Scandrett, Vice President, J. L. Fitzscandrett, Second Vice, James Murray, Secretary, P. F. Boyle, Treasurer, John W. Poole. And among the others who were active in making the outing a success were Messrs. John Forrester, Jerry Collins, M. F. O'Mara, H. C. McCann, James Egan, Al. McPhillips, John M. Daly, John Lewis, Dennis Mason, John M. Kearney, Wm. Brophy, Jas. Murray, W. D. Hogan, R. M. O. Touhy, James S. Brown, N. P. Gwynn, Jerry McDonald, Mayor Wilson, Wm. McPhillips, Al. Carrothers, W. A. Martin, and P. H. Boyle.

A DIRGE FOR PAPERS DEAD. And ever the papers come, And ever the papers go, The little papers born to die, When we have loved them so!

And ever the papers come, And ever the papers go, These little papers born to die, When we have loved them so.

And mother tells the servants that of course they must contrive To manage all the household things from four till half-past five.

And mother tells the servants that of course they must contrive To manage all the household things from four till half-past five.

And mother tells the servants that of course they must contrive To manage all the household things from four till half-past five.

Every Woman Understands.

It isn't necessary to name over the symptoms of disorders which come under the heading of "female troubles." Every woman understands the meaning of the terrible headaches, backaches, pains in the shoulders and limbs, bearing-down feelings, irritability, nervousness, despondency and gloomy forebodings.

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ITALIAN CATHOLICS AND REPUBLICANS. The Rome correspondent of the Dublin Freeman writes under date Rome, July 27th. A couple of weeks ago the English-speaking world interested in the fate of Rome was called upon to consider the probability of a union between the Catholics and the Republicans of Italy, which was to make for the overthrow of the Monarchy of Savoy and the establishment of a confederated Republic.

LONDON IRISHMEN HOLD A PICNIC. London, Ont., Aug. 9.—The Irishmen made a record yesterday. Port Stanley, in all its history of monster picnics, was never so crowded before. Fully 15,000 people swarmed on Fraser's Heights, and the fun lasted all day long.

THE FAIRY BOOK. In summer, when the grass is thick, if mother has the time, she shows me with her pencil how a poet makes a rhyme.

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THE BOOK O' FIRE.

(By Rev. J. B. Doherty, M.A., in-mom, in Donohoe's Magazine for August.)

To say that old Shaun Mahaffy had a wonderful old "book learning" would be only stating what every man, woman and gossamer in the three parishes knew. There were those that said—and Father Dunphy the Parish Priest was one—that it would be better for him if he only knew as much as the neighbours. There wasn't a train from Dublin that stopped at the little station of Kibballymore that didn't bring a parcel of books addressed to Shaun—and when Father Dunphy, God rest his soul, saw a saint in Heaven—met him one day coming home and said—"Well, Shaun, let me see what new books are those you have." Shaun grew very confused, and didn't like to give them up. But the priest looked them over, and saw they were old books written by some French or German fellow, who didn't believe in God, and wanted to put everybody else in the same trouble like the fox without the tail. And he looked at Shaun very seriously and solemnly, and said—"So, this is what has been keeping you from coming to mass the last half year. You think now you know more than the neighbours."

"I know I do," said Shaun, during the priest of God, "I know I do, and you can't show me in the Bible anything about going to mass."

"But I can show you something about going to hell in it, Shaun," said Father Dunphy, sharply, "and let me tell you that's where you're driving fast and furious, and I heard that you've also been trying to corrupt some of the young men, undermining their faith. Go home in God's name, Shaun Mahaffy, and burn those poisonous books of yours, and pray to God to open your eyes before 'tis too late."

"And if I don't burn them?" asked old Shaun.

"If you don't," said the priest, "let me tell you your thirst for unholy knowledge will bring your body and soul to a bad end."

That would have been the happy day for old Shaun Mahaffy if he had taken the good priest's advice; but he was so proud of his book knowledge that it never entered his mind to ask God's pardon for his sins, and all the time the sentence of the priest was hanging over him.

It might be about a month from that day Shaun was walking home over the lonesome road between Blay-Alken and his own place, coming from the Fair of Rathmore. He had been delayed on the way, and it was now drawing near midnight, and dark as pitch, when he came to the loneliest part of all near the Black Wood. But old Shaun never thought of the place, or of the hour. He walked along at a smart pace, his head sunk in his breast, thinking of his books and his knowledge. For the first time he was doubtful with regard to the latter. There were so many things that as yet he knew nothing of—so many mysteries to be solved—so many wonders hidden from him which he could never hope to unveil. A sort of despair, heavy as the night shadows, settled down upon him, and at the same time there came a great desire to know all that could be known at whatever cost there might be. He never passed to think what of danger might be in this new passion. Gradually the desire brought with it a sort of delirium, unholy joy, and though he was scarcely conscious of it his lips were already forming a prayer to the Father of all Evil.

Then all at once he felt a shock pass through his body, and a feeling came over him that he was not alone on the dark road.

He raised his head. The tall, black figure of a man confronted him, but the gloom prevented him from distinguishing the stranger's features.

"Shaun Mahaffy," said he, "this is a late hour for you to be out of your bed."

The tone of the stranger's voice struck Shaun with a sense of something ominous and disagreeable, but summoning his courage, he answered boldly and testily—"Tis the same for you, my man. I see you know my name, but I haven't the pleasure of your acquaintance, I'm sorry to say."

The stranger laughed a jarring and discordant laugh. "Ha, ha, that's good. Why, we're old acquaintances now, and have been very intimate during the last half year since you gave up attending mass. But," he added, "I have something here would interest you. It's a book you'd give your two eyes to see."

Now, at these words, Shaun Mahaffy, in his eagerness, forgot everything else.

"Give us a look at it—one look," he burst out, forgetting the dark night.

The stranger said no more, but produced the Book and held it before Shaun's eyes. Now, though it was pitch dark, a sort of red, sulphurous, shifting light played around the wonderful volume, and the title glowed in letters of living fire—"The Book of all Knowledge and Fear."

In the glow that came from the Book Shaun Mahaffy's face showed hesitation, fear and overmastering desire. The face of the stranger was still in shadow.

"Shaun Mahaffy," he said, solemnly, "what would you give to read all this Book contains?" "What'd I give?" repeated Shaun, gasping, "I'd—'d give my soul's salvation!" "Tis a bargain," said the stranger.

You can have the Book from now till this time to-morrow night, and then I'll come for it, and remember, your promise!"

When Shaun looked up from the Book, which had been placed in his hand, he saw that the stranger had disappeared, and he found himself there alone in the dark at the midnight hour, with that terrible Book whose fearsome title blazed into his life excited brain.

The situation would have overwhelmed a man of a different stamp of character; but Shaun's lust of knowledge was so great that it outweighed even his natural fears as well as his superstitious. Holding the book very lightly in his two hands, from him he hurried homeward, fear and doubt and desire lending wings to his feet.

When he arrived at the little cabin at the cross-roads, where he lived all alone, he laid the terrible Book upon a table, double-locked the door, and closed all the window-shutters. The fire on the hearth had long gone out, but he needed not to light his lamp, for the light from the fiery book filled the whole room, and every nook and corner, leaving never a shadow anywhere, as if it had the power of passing through everything.

Having secured himself from intrusion Shaun drew a chair to the table and opening the book commenced to pore over its contents with hungry eyes. In a short time he was so absorbed in it that he forgot everything else, even his own identity, for the things that he read of in that book were so wonderful as to claim all his attention.

And first he read of the secrets of the earth, and as he read he saw the treasures of its innermost recesses. He saw the great veins of gold and silver that could be touched by the hand of Him who had the power to lay thick where gems of precious value lay thick as the sea-shore pebbles, the hidden hoards of men long dead, of kings and princes in lavish piles of gems and coins and ingots, all this glory of wealth broke upon his astonished vision and he saw himself rich beyond all dreaming in the knowledge he was so eagerly devouring.

As he pored over the book the night hours flew by, yet he knew it not. The silver dawn showed on the hills and the chattering birds began their songs, and the white mist rolled from the green fields as the sun bearded his near approach with a phalanx of flashing spears. But his rays could not enter the closed cabin at the cross-roads, and its interior was still illuminated with the baleful glow of the Book of Fear.

Shaun Mahaffy still read on without raising his head. And now he read the secrets of Souls, and his own wicked spirit revealed therein like a glutton at a luculent feast, and in reading he saw the innermost thoughts of his fellow-men, men whom he knew—men alive and men dead. He saw all the sins they had committed, he saw the foulness of the souls of some who were esteemed virtuous by their fellowmen, and he exulted in the revelation.

And so he read on and paid no heed to time. And as he sat there in his guilty loneliness with that forbidden book the sun rose his full height in the light skies, the lark was soaring in the air, the angelus bell from the little church spoke out sweetly and solemnly, but neither light nor sound entered that solitary house.

The day passed hour by hour, the evening shades came down upon the brown hills, but the reader made no sign or move. He was reading now of all the evil knowledge possessed by those who make compact with the demons, how they take control of even the souls of men, how they become possessors of her hidden treasures and influence in any way they pleased the lives of their fellow mortals.

The second night fell dark and heavy outside, and still the evil fascination of the book held his hapless reader spell-bound. He forgot even the dreadful would turn over a leaf that crackled and rattled, flashing its unholy light on his haggard and ghastly features. The cold sweat dropped from his forehead, his mouth was opened wide and his eyes protruded with eagerness.

The early hours of the night slipped by as he had the others, and it was now drawing close to midnight. Outside, the wind was moaning dimly, with long-drawn cadences like the weird crooning of the Banshee. Suddenly by an irresistible impulse Shaun Mahaffy felt himself obliged to step in his reading and look up. From the raised his eyes a shock passed through him as though a red-hot brand had been pressed to his brow. At the other side of the table a stranger sat quietly, but intently regarding him. Shaun Mahaffy gibbered in mortal fear, and looked about him as if for means of escape, but as he did so again the glow of the book caught his eyes and he was enraptured. Once more he began to read, as if he had not been interrupted. And as he read the terrible stranger sat there watching him.

Once again by the same irresistible impulse he was compelled to look up from his task. This time he saw a look of mocking triumph in the eyes of his companion, upon the same dread filled his whole being. And now the stranger spoke.

"Shaun Mahaffy," he said with awful menace in his tones, "forget not our compact. It is now the time."

"What would you have," asked Shaun, trembling as with palsy. "You would not carry off my soul now?"

"Your soul is mine," said the stranger, "and I must have it now."

"Give me a year—a month—a week, but do not take me now," said Shaun Mahaffy, piteously. "I would read more from this book."

"It may not be," said the stranger. "Not even an hour can you have of respite. You can no longer live on earth with the knowledge of evil you have gained, but you are company worthy of the demons below and they demand your presence there."

"But I would read all—all—all!" screamed the demented Shaun.

"You shall, but not here," said the stranger, reaching across and closing the terrible book.

It shut with a hollow, deep-reverberating sound, the knell of doom for the soul of Shaun Mahaffy.

And as it shut the house was filled with darkness.

Next day when the people, knowing something had happened, burst in the door they found but the dead body of the old man. The face was black and distorted, and a terrible book was on it that those who saw could never afterwards forget. But the table before him a black mark was burned deeply. It was where the Book of Fear had rested. And the people seeing this crossed their foreheads with the holy sign, saying, "God between us and the power of a Hell," for they knew he had come to this end from reading bad books and scorning the words of the priest of God.

THE END.

THE QUIET HOUR.

A wide, rich heaven hangs above you, but it hangs high; a wide, rough world in around you, and it lies very low.

It is remarkable with what Christian fortitude and resignation you can bear the sufferings of other people.—Dean Swift.

Recall to mind the heavier trials of others, than you may bear more lightly your own troubles.—Thomas a Kempis.

Look not mournfully into the past—it comes not back again. Wisely improve the present—it is thine. Go forth to meet the shadowy future without fear, and with a manly heart.

"I said to myself, you have heavier troubles in store; but why should I anticipate? The worst troubles are those that never arise. And where's the use of preaching to a man with the toothache about the perils of typhoid fever?"

Shine forth, O Lord, as when on Thy nativity Thine angels visited the shepherds. Let Thy glory blossom forth as bloom and foliage on the trees. Change with Thy mighty power this visible world into that diviner world which, as yet, we see not. Destroy what we see that it may pass and be transformed into what we believe.—Cardinal Newman.

I pity the man who has never, in his best moment, felt his life consoled and comforted in its bitterness by the larger lives that he could look at and know that they too were men living in the same humanity with himself, only living in it much more largely. So much of our need of consolation comes from the bitterness of our life, its pettiness and its weariness insensibly transferring itself to all life, making us sceptical about anything great or worth living for in life at all. It is our rescue from this debilitating doubt that is the blessing which falls upon us when, leaving our own insignificant behind, we let our hearts rest with comfort on the mere fact that those men are of great, broad, generous, and healthy lives—men like the greatest that we know.

It is always a pleasant thing to have been at Mass; it sweetens and savours the whole day. It is indeed a wonderful thing, as we walk about, to think that "we have seen the Lord"—seen Him with our eyes, have actually been in His company, have stood within a few feet of Him! What a privilege to enjoy over ordinary men and women whom we pass by in the streets! No one, therefore, who can do it, should miss this evening of our Lord every day.

Now and again you see two women passing down the street who look like sisters. You are astonished to learn that



They are mother and daughter, and you realize that a woman at forty or forty-five ought to be at her sweet and fairest. Why isn't it so?

The general health of woman is so intimately associated with the local health of the essentially feminine organs that there can be no rich cheek and round form where there are debilitating drains, and female weakness. Women who have suffered from these troubles, have found prompt relief and cure in the use of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. It gives vigor and vitality to the organs of womanhood. It clears the complexion, brightens the eyes and renews the cheeks.

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continued last after day during life, it forms a strong habit of piety and a sure protection. It brings confidence and protection, and may be a stepping-stone to better things. We think of accidents and of sudden death with less apprehension, for we know that we are the humble friends of Almighty God—"we have seen the Lord."

A STRANGER IN HER NATIVE PLACE.

The Montreal Star tells this pathetic story—Some six weeks ago, as was duly chronicled in the Star at the time, Mrs. Margaret Hogan arrived in Montreal from Toronto, on her way to Londonberry, Ireland.

Mrs. Hogan is seventy-eight years of age, and sixty-five years ago she left her home and sailed for Canada. She has lived in this country ever since. On reaching Montreal Mrs. Hogan found that her steamer—the Lake Ontario, of the Beaver Line—had sailed at daybreak, a few hours before her arrival in the city. She was sent forward to her destination by the Dominion Line boat sailing the next Saturday, thus saving the delay of waiting for the next boat by the Beaver Line.

But disappointment awaited Mrs. Hogan when she reached Ireland. A tall tree with waving branches stood on the spot where the old homestead had been, and strange faces confronted her at every enquiry. Hogan? Hogan? No; nobody remembered any one named Hogan. Certainly they had not lived there within the memory of even those whose locks were now quite grey.

So Mrs. Hogan stayed a day or two about the old place, vainly trying to find anyone who knew her, or even remembered the family or the old home, and then she made her way to Londonderry, and applied to the steamship company to take her back to Canada again. She had hoped to spend the closing days of her life on the old sod, but existence was unbearable where she was not even remembered, and whence all the old familiar landmarks had disappeared.

Irish people are ever good-hearted and generous, and the homely peasants to whom she told her story pitied the old woman, and from their not too heavily laden purses freely raised a sum sufficient to enable her to open for a few days and enable her to open negotiations with the steamship company to take her back to Canada. The steamship people, too, were susceptible to the influence of sentiment; and so Mrs. Hogan found herself once more on the ocean, with the prow of the steamer headed for the Dominion.

She arrived in Montreal on Saturday last, and at once left over the Grand Trunk for Toronto.

THE POPE AND THE COPTIC CHURCH.

The London Times' correspondent at Alexandria, writing on July 23, says:—"Bishop Macarius was publicly enthroned on Friday, on his appointment by the Pope as Coptic Coptic Patriarch of Alexandria with the title of Cyril the Second, thus completing the relations between the Catholic Coptic Church and Rome, after an interruption of about seven centuries."

The See of the Patriarch of Alexandria extends over all Egypt and Abyssinia, but since the schism of Dioscorus in the fifth century, the Church has been divided, and the Catholic branch has dwindled until today it numbers only 25,000 in a total of 40,000 Copts. But it is showing elements of revival, possessing better educated clergy than the other branch, styled Orthodox, which disavows Papal jurisdiction.

There are now two Patriarchs of Alexandria, one appointed by the Pope, the other by the Coptic community of Egypt."

THE TRANSVAAL AND THE QUEEN'S SPEECH.

The Queen's speech at the prorogation of the Imperial Parliament contained the following reference to the Transvaal crisis:—"We have received a petition from a considerable number of my subjects residing in the South African republic, praying for assistance to obtain a removal of grievances and disabilities of which they complain. The position of my subjects in the South African republic is inconsistent with the promises of equal treatment, whereupon my grant of international independence to that republic was founded, and the unrest caused thereby is a constant source of danger to the peace and prosperity of my dominions in South Africa. Negotiations on this subject with the Government of the South African republic have been entered into, and are still proceeding."

REV. DR. KOLBE.

The Rev. Dr. Kolbe, whose powerful letter denouncing Mr. Chamberlain for directly aiming at a war with the Transvaal we printed last week, is one of the most eminent Catholic ecclesiastics under the Southern Cross. Dr. Kolbe is a member of a Dutch family who have been settled for upwards of two centuries in Cape Colony, and was brought up as a member of the Dutch Reformed Church. At the Cape University he won every honour and prize in the subjects of classics, mathematics, and mental science, outdistancing all competitors. His adoption of the Catholic faith and his ordination as a clergyman of the Catholic Church alienated many friendships and severed close family ties, but the sacrifice

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of so much for conscientious conviction endeared him to the public at large, and the Pope, in recognition of his high scholarship, conferred on him the degree of Doctor of Divinity. Dr. Kolbe, who is in the prime of life, is rather above than below the medium height, with thick dark brown hair, and large, lustrous eyes, protected by spectacles. He has very pallid features, broad forehead, aquiline nose, and firmly-set mouth, indicative of determination of character. He is a very successful preacher and platform speaker, and charming in conversation and manners, although he suffers from the infirmity of deafness, which even with the aid of an ear trumpet renders oral communication with him somewhat difficult.

A BRAVE PRIEST.

The Royal Niger Co. has presented to Father Rousselot, of the French Catholic Mission in Africa, a watch bearing an inscription:—"In recognition of his Christian heroism in remaining at the mission during the native rising at Isselle in the autumn of 1898." The horror excited by the butcheries of the King of Benin, in the form of sacrifices to Ju Ju, will be remembered by our readers. Pending details, which we are compelled through want of space to hold over till next issue, we may say that after the capture of Benin by the English, a local society—the Rousselot went to meet the raiders, and turned its attention to Isselle. Father Rousselot went to meet the raiders, and by his fearlessness absolutely cowed them, so that they left without injuring anything. An English (Protestant) officer who was there at the time said:—"Father Rousselot is as plucky a man as they make 'em."

LORD KELVIN.

Lord Kelvin, an Irishman, whose retirement from the Chair of Natural Philosophy in Glasgow University we announced, is in his seventy-sixth year, and by far the most distinguished mathematician and physicist of his day. Three years ago he celebrated his jubilee as an English (Protestant) officer who was there at the time said:—"Father Rousselot is as plucky a man as they make 'em."

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