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# The Catholic Register.

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VOL. IX.—NO. 30.

## Interesting New Books

(Written for the Register)

"Mother Mary Baptist Russell" By Rev. Matthew Russell, S. J., New York. The Apostleship of Prayer

If the record of great faith and valiant womanly courage be worth reading in these days of the "new woman," the life of Mother Mary Baptist, Sister of Mercy, written by her brother, is a book to be warmly recommended. It was the late Lord Russell of Killowen who suggested that his sister's life be written by Father Russell, and the unconventional style in which the record is drawn up makes it evident that no feeling of family pride or vanity suggested the wish. In the matter-of-fact account of this great nun's virtues and loving accomplishments for God's creatures, there is much inspiration, not less for persons of devout lie than for men and women whose tasks are of the world and whose cares are not for the treasure that is laid up in heaven. The book is pleasingly illustrated with photographs of the scenery around Newry, Warrenpoint, Killowen and Rostrevor. From this land of holy women the third nun of the Russell household went forth as the pioneer Sister of Mercy in California. In January, 1861 the California mission was established. Cholera was at the time raging in the city. The California Daily News tells how the Sisters of Mercy took hold of the situation. They did not stop to inquire whether the poor sufferers were Protestants or Catholics, Americans or foreigners, but with the noblest devotion applied themselves to their relief. One Sister might be seen bathing the limbs of a sufferer, another chafing the extremities, a third applying the remedies, while others with pinches were calming the fears of those supposed to be dying. If the lives of any of the unfortunate be saved they will owe their preservation to these noble ladies."

Such was the beginning of Sister Mary Baptist's long and heroic life. She was chosen to establish the first branch of the Convent at Sacramento. In 1869 Mother Baptist was in charge of the smallpox hospital in San Francisco. Incidentally, in a book so largely composed as this is of letters, extracts from papers, etc., a great deal comes to be said of other members of the Russell family. And one thing about them is the way their Irish training breaks out in them. It is amusing to read, for example, an account of a farewell between Lord Chief Justice Russell and his son, as the latter was embarking with his regiment for South Africa. The steam whistle was blowing all was noise and excitement and the father on the quay was endeavoring to convey a last sign message to his boy. But unlike the father of Cas-

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Kingston, July 22.  
Dear Sir:—I have received the picture. It is lovely. Thanking you for the same. Yours respe-  
ctfully, John Morrissey, 28 Alma St.

Peterborough, July 19.  
Dear Sir:—Having received the "Holy Family," I must say it is a most beautiful picture and I thank you very much for it. Treille Leveque, 12 Louis St.

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Lord Russell who was doing the son who had never heard, until "growing despondent." The Lord Chief Justice placed two fingers in his mouth and blew a shrill whistle with an ease which a boy might have envied." And that has the desired effect.

Mother Baptist paid one visit to Europe and to Ireland, and on her return took up with renewed zeal the founding of charitable institutions and the carrying on of charitable works. No adequate account of these can be given in this brief notice. Upon her death the entire community of San Francisco sorrowed, the public feeling being well expressed through the press of every shade.

\* \* \*

"The Crisis." By Winston Churchill. Toronto: The Copp Clark Co.

The author is at pains to make it known that he is an American, as though the name might mislead. He is constantly referring to "our army," "our soldiers," "our country."

The story begins before the Civil War, and runs along to the end of that grim struggle. The hero is a northerner, and the heroine a red-hot sympathizer with the South. They become man and wife in the last chapter but one, when the heroine learns to love Lincoln, whom she had previously regarded as "dirty white trash." These points stake out the patriotic sympathies of Mr. Churchill. On the whole "The Crisis" is a romance in which young people will take a great deal of pleasure. But the critical will find that the work has not been evenly performed, many pages being filled with cheap padding that might have been taken out of the "funny" columns of the newspapers. We have the hardihood to say this, in face of the unqualified praise so freely lavished upon this story, as well as the same author's "Richard Carvel."

The most conscientious reviewer, however, need not stint his appreciation of the merit of both books from the moral standpoint. Mr. Churchill's lovers are invariably honorable and high-spirited, living up to the ideals of more-or-less vague aristocratic affiliations. So it is with Stephen Briece, the hero in this case.

The heroine, Jenny Carvel, is for her part an aristocrat to her finger tips. In fact there are very few characters in the book who are not aristocrats, and hints are thrown out that some of them whose forefathers came over in the "Mayflower" are remotely connected with English lords and ladies, and therefore cannot help being aristocrats. Blood will tell. Stephen Briece, however, is poor, the family fortune having been lost in Boston. Abraham Lincoln is one of the few un-aristocratic persons encountered from first to last of "The Crisis." Incidentally the author professes to reveal those true touches in Lincoln's character which made him the idol of the nation when a great man was needed. But these touches are not true to nature or probability, any more than is the thoroughly up-to-date British adjective "beastly" put into the mouth of an American youth of fifty years ago. Lincoln is all the time telling funny stories in this book. At least they are considered funny; but if Old Abe were alive today and should spring one of these pointless gags upon a political convention, or a quiet gathering of his friends, they would unquestionably lynch him. We copy one of these character sketches just as we find it: The President is talking with the hero:

"Did you ever hear the story of Mr. Wallace's Irish gardener?"  
"No, sir."  
"Well, when Wallace was hiring his gardener he asked him whom he had been living with."  
"Mister Dalton, Sorr."  
"Have you a recommendation, Terence?"

"A recommendation is it, Sorr? Sure I have nothing agin Misther Dalton, though he mightn't be knowing just the respect the likes of a first class gardener is entitled to."

This is a specimen of Abe Lincoln's stories. When such "humor" is put in to lighten up the pages, we are not surprised to see real though unconscious humor put forward in all the seriousness of boastful language, as when the hero turns heavy periods upon the superiority of "our Anglo-Saxon countries." If the extensive draught made by the author upon cheap grade cast of the day be skipped by the reader he will still have enough reading matter left for the upholstering of the plot, which is a good one and evenly conducted through five hundred pages to a happy conclusion.

## EDITORIAL

### PHENOMENAL FAITH IN HUMBUG

In another place we publish a modest and manly letter from Mr. D'Arcy Scott, of Ottawa, in reply to an anonymous reference to his nationality made through the columns of The Citizen. The letter speaks for itself, and we are glad to have the opportunity of placing it before our readers, to whom, if Mr. D'Arcy Scott's nationality is not a matter of knowledge, his unfailingly well-directed activity as a public-spirited Canadian Catholic most certainly is. As a public man and as a citizen Mr. D'Arcy Scott is well enough known in his native city to make the purport of his objection to a civic observance of the 12th of July appear quite beyond and above question or cavil. The anonymous letter in The Citizen may be dismissed with this remark.

The "flag incident," in which the discussion has had its origin, is one of the signs of the times we live in, when the flag is the first, last and universal refuge of the fakir. Mayor Morris finds the flag as useful to himself as does the auctioneer who hangs it outside his door to attract the crowd to a sale. Naturally he is greatly impressed with the many-sided importance of so useful an article, and he has been telling the newspaper reporters that in a flying visit he paid to the United States last week he noticed flags everywhere. They seem to have inspired him to take the liberty of flying one on July 12th.

"Is it any wonder," said the mayor in conclusion, "that there are narrow gauge people in the city that object to the British flag flying on occasions here when the education of the children in this matter is neglected?"

It may appear deplorable to say, Morris that the education of the children of Ottawa is neglected with regard to the historical lessons of the battles of Aghrin and the Poyné, to commemorate which he would fly the flag from the top of the City Hall on the 12th of July. But our own opinion is that even the school children of Ottawa know him so well that they see the "vote catcher" behind his seeming ignorance of the meaning of the Orange anniversary. When a man occupying the position of Mayor in a city where no excuse exists for the introduction of racial and sectarian

symbols and observances, rises up and tells the school children that it is only "narrow gauge" people who would desire to live in harmony with each other, he ought to be a professional humorist. Indeed only that we know his worship of Ottawa to be utterly devoid of the saving grace of humor, we could believe that the mantle of Mark Twain had already come to the Canadian capital on reading in The Journal the Mayor's reply to Mr. D'Arcy Scott's letter. It is a gem:

"I have learned since my return," said the mayor, "that the men that really represent the Catholic sentiment of the city, the wide-gauge people—do not claim the feelings that Mr. Scott has expressed, and I do not believe that he represents in any manner five per cent. of the forty he claims to speak for."

"If Mr. Scott would pay more attention to the instilling of true patriotism into the minds of the youth of this country rather than to propagate strife and sectionalism, he would be doing far more good than at present."

No one who does not know Mayor Morris, of Ottawa, upon reading the foregoing can possibly be convinced that he is not a joker. Conceive him if you can wrapped in the flag, preaching down sectionalism and strife and preaching up true and "wide gauge" patriotism by a new patent plan of propagating the doctrine introduced here from Ireland that Protestants and Catholics are each other's natural prey in whatever community they may both happen to be planted. Mayor Morris, as he cannot take himself humorously, must, we suppose, be taken seriously by others. When he was over in the United States he seems to have unfortunately escaped the knowledge that they have a law there prohibiting the use of the national flag for advertising purposes. All this elaborate knavery of his is indulged in with the gullible hope of catching the votes of Ottawa Orangemen, whose very prejudices he must insult. The silly pretense that the Catholic sentiment of the city supports him in the introduction of sectarian irritation into a mixed community is a compliment to their intelligence with which we need not concern ourselves.

### The King's Declaration in the Lords

#### Remarkable Speech of Earl Grey in Favor of Abolishing the Declaration in toto.

London, July 9.—In the House of Lords to-day, on the order of the day being reached for the consideration of the report of the Select Committee on the declaration of the Sovereign against Transubstantiation,

The Lord Chancellor said he was certainly under the impression that the report would be merely laid upon the table that night, and that the noble lord (Earl Grey) when that was done would move resolution. He (the Lord Chancellor) must certainly repudiate the responsibility for moving that the report be now considered.

The Archbishop of Canterbury said he thought the best motion would be that the report be referred back to the Committee for further consideration, and that certain members be added to the Committee. The report did not even emanate from a Committee representing every element in that House which might fairly ask to have a voice in the matter. The position of the Church of England and the relation of the Church of England to the Sovereign in this country did make it a matter of some importance that the episcopal bench should take a part in such a question as this. As it was, the report before them was one which he thought it would be wise to consider very much more fully than it had yet been considered. He did not think it was a matter which ought to be hurried, as there had been a great deal of objection to it from various parts of the country. There was an amendment standing in

ed discussion indeed. He hoped he had given reasons for asking that this report be referred back to the Committee.

Earl Spencer urged most strongly upon their lordships the desirability of avoiding any lengthened and detailed debate upon the question on the present occasion (hear, hear). He, therefore, hoped the Prime Minister would consent to the proposal which the Archbishop of Canterbury had made. It was a most delicate subject, and if they could come to some conclusion satisfactory to all parties, without having a heated and excited discussion, it would be a most desirable thing.

The Marquis of Salisbury understood that the Most Rev. Prelate desired to have the report referred back to the Committee, but he had not suggested where the faults were in the report. If their lordships accepted that proposal without demur or amendment the Committee would go back to their room and say they had to consider their report again, but that nobody had suggested any reason why objection had been taken. His belief was that it was not desirable to enter into details upon this question, and he apprehended that the proper course was that the report should be laid upon the table, and after that the Government or anybody else should bring in a bill founded upon that report, and that upon the second reading of the bill and afterwards in Committee it would be quite proper and usual to raise all the points, great and small, which it might be sought to raise; but he never heard of an attempt being made to send back a report to a Committee without a hint of what was wrong in that report, and with only that amount of censure which was conveyed in a suggestion that there should be a large infusion of Bishops into the Committee.

Earl Grey, in seconding the proposal back to the Committee, said that those who were opposed to the suggested form of the declaration have now no alternative but to give some hint as to why it should be referred back to the Committee. Notwithstanding the influential and important character of the Committee, he must say that the declaration they had recommended was open to the greatest objection; firstly, because it was unnecessary, and, secondly, because it was not effective for its intended purpose; and, thirdly, because it offered gratuitous and unnecessary insult to twelve millions of loyal and dutiful subjects of the King. He asked the House to consider whether any declaration such as that required in the Bill of Rights was any longer necessary. The declaration was originally formed for the express purpose of preventing Papists entering the Houses of Parliament or holding office under the Crown, and the law on the subject was set forth in the Bill of Rights in language too clear to admit of any doubt. It was held that no person who was reconciled to or held communion with the Church of Rome or who should marry a Papist should be allowed to exercise Regal powers, authority, or jurisdiction in any part of the British realm, and, further, that the people of these realms were absolved from allegiance to a Sovereign who belonged to the Church of Rome. Those words were so clear that they admitted of no doubt that a Roman Catholic was expressly excluded from sitting on the Throne. If, however, it were necessary, it was not effective for its intended purpose; and, thirdly, because it offered gratuitous and unnecessary insult to twelve millions of loyal and dutiful subjects of the King.

He asked the House to consider whether any declaration such as that required in the Bill of Rights was any longer necessary. The declaration was originally formed for the express purpose of preventing Papists entering the Houses of Parliament or holding office under the Crown, and the law on the subject was set forth in the Bill of Rights in language too clear to admit of any doubt. It was held that no person who was reconciled to or held communion with the Church of Rome or who should marry a Papist should be allowed to exercise Regal powers, authority, or jurisdiction in any part of the British realm, and, further, that the people of these realms were absolved from allegiance to a Sovereign who belonged to the Church of Rome. Those words were so clear that they admitted of no doubt that a Roman Catholic was expressly excluded from sitting on the Throne. If, however, it was thought desirable that a Protestant declaration should be required from the Sovereign upon his succession, why should that declaration be identical with the oath required of the Sovereign before his coronation? The Sovereign before he was crowned was required to solemnly swear that he would "govern the people according to the statutes, maintain the laws of God and truth, and the Protestant religion as established by law," and he was requested to seal his oath with the most sacred form of consecration that the Church provided. Without any want of respect for the eminent persons who were responsible for the present recommendations, he ventured to describe the form of declaration which they recommended for the person ascending the Throne as eminently ridiculous. It would hardly be credited that the declaration contained nothing—not a sentence, not a single syllable—which would prevent an infidel, even of the most outrageous type, from subscribing to its terms, or which would prevent any Buddhist or Kaffir, Mahometan or Atheist, or even the Mahdi or the Empress of China from

## D'Arcy Scott Replies

Ottawa Citizen: In your issue of Monday a person signing himself An Irishman commenting on my action in protesting against the flying of the flag on the city hall on July 12th, asks how it comes that I so identify myself with Irishmen adding that I am not an Irishman, but a Scotchman. It seems to me that any citizen, whatever his origin, or religious belief, who desires to see peace and harmony preserved in a mixed community such as this, would have been justified in pointing out to his worship the mayor how undesirable it was that the flag should fly on a public building like the city hall on a day set apart, as is July 12th, for the keeping alive of sectional and religious bitterness and animosity. The celebration of March 17th is far from being a parallel case—St. Patrick is the patron of all Ireland, and his day may be, and is, celebrated by Irishmen of every denomination. I hardly flatter myself that my nationality is a matter of public interest, but since your correspondent endeavors to make it one, let me say that I am both by birth and feelings, a Canadian—by origin, however, I am Irish. My father, like myself, was born in Canada, but his father belonged to the Scotts of Cahirciveen, county Claire, Ireland—a family who have been settled in that county for upwards of 250 years. If your correspondent wishes to delve still further back into the dust of history I may tell him that so far as I can learn the family was never Scotch—but at least to the time of Edward 1st. I am proud to say that a relative of mine, Mr. Richard Scott, a Dublin solicitor, was elected agent for the great liberator, O'Connell, in the historic Clare elections, which brought about Catholic emancipation. Taking the other side of the house, my mother was born in Dublin of Irish parents. Let me add that, while first of all a Canadian, I am in sympathy and feeling, intensely and entirely Irish. With apologies for having been forced to make this letter so personal, I remain,  
**D'ARCY SCOTT.**  
Ottawa, July 16, 1901.

## HOT AIR!

People who are trying to keep cool these blistering days may still have enough energy left to wonder at the vast quantities of hot air which Grand Sovereign Clarke Wallace allowed to escape from the "Orange Hall" Tuesday last, upon an insidious public. A shrewd guess, however, is that Deputy Grand Master Ned Clarke cannot stand the heat test and will not now venture too near the throne or tamper with the Grand Sovereign's tenure of office.

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(Continued on page 5.)

**The CATHOLIC  
CHRONICLE ...**

DEVOTED  
TO...  
FOREIGN  
NEWS

**ROME**

The number of years that Leo XIII. has occupied the See of Peter is brought home to people more at this season than at other times. On Sunday last, 23rd June, His Eminence Cardinal Mario Mocenni, Cardinal-Bishop of Sabina, presented to His Holiness specimens in gold, silver and bronze of the medal coined annually at this season by order of the Sovereign Pontiff.

This is the 24th annual medal coined since the beginning of the reign of Leo XIII. It seems difficult to believe that his Pontificate has endured so long, and it is not to be wondered at that people in Rome should be beginning to prepare for the celebration of the 25th year of his Pontificate, which will enter on the 20th of next February.

Cardinal Mocenni, in presenting these medals to His Holiness at the audience specially granted to him on this occasion, was accompanied by the Cavalier Francesco Bianchi, medallist of the Apostolic Palaces, and engraver of these medals.

The medal of the present year bears on one side the effigy of the Holy Father, the same likeness which was engraved at the beginning of the reign; and around it is the inscription:

LEO XIII. PONT. MAX. AN XXIV.

On the reverse, according to the express desire of His Holiness, Cavalier Bianchi has represented in an admirable manner the tomb of Pope Innocent III. in the Lateran Basilica. This tomb was made by order of Leo XIII. in honor of the great Pontiff of the early 13th century. Innocent III. was buried at Perugia in a very modest tomb. Leo XIII. had the remains removed to Rome and placed in the magnificent monument in the transept of the Lateran, and which is the work of the sculptor Luchetti. A recumbent figure of the Pontiff lies on a sarcophagus, and at one side is a soldier of the Cross and at the other a nun-like figure holding a book; above in the pediment is seen a half figure of Christ between S. Francis of Assisi and S. Dominic. In the medal every detail is worked out with the greatest care.

The inscription which surrounds this representation of the monument was written by Monsignor Volpi, and is thus concealed:

SEPIICRVM. INNOCENTIO III.  
IN LATERANO. EXTRVCTVM.

In the frieze of the monument there is the following inscription:

LEO XIII. INNOCENTIO III.,  
MDCCXXI,

and in the esergue,

LVCETTI SCVLPSIT.

Innocent III. is one of the Pontiffs that Leo XIII. has taken as an example and as a guide. It was the high appreciation he had of the great deeds of this 13th century Pope that induced Leo XIII. to have his remains brought to the Lateran and placed in a tomb worthy of so great a memory. What adds a special interest to this monument is the rumour that prevails that Leo XIII. has provided a sepulchre in this same great Basilica of the Lateran, and has selected a monument similar to this, and corresponding to it on the other side of the transept, for his burial place, allotting the sum of 300,000 francs for the work. Thus the space of the apse will divide seven centuries in this history of the Papacy, from the time of Innocent III. at the beginning of the 13th century to that of Leo XIII. at the beginning of the 20th century.

To-day, the feast of St. Peter, the Apostle of Rome, is observed as a general holiday. The summer has come on a sudden, and the heat is very great, reaching to near 90 degrees in the shade. Nevertheless, the streets leading to St. Peter's are crowded with people on foot and in carriages on their way to this greatest and grandest of churches. All the doors, with the exception of the Porta Santa, or Holy Door, which stood open all last year, the year of jubilee, are thrown open to-day to the vast crowds coming and going constantly. The guards of the Basilica, the San Pietrini as they are called, and the municipal police guards are on duty, and enforce the regulations that the two doors on the right admit to the great Church, and the two on the left are used as exits. Standing here and watching the numbers of persons coming and going, one might be led to think that half the population of Rome has visited this church to-day. Here are to be seen the peasant and the prince, the tourist and the pilgrim from the boundaries of the ancient Kingdom of Naples. The bearded, sallow complexioned priests one sees here are Orientals; an English colonel and his wife look on with wondering, unsympathetic eyes at the ceremonies taking place; a group of Benedictine nuns are seated against one of the pillars supporting the dome reading their Office books, and looking up from time to time.

The sound of many feet on the marble pavement is scarcely heard amidst the magnificent choruses which come from two choirs, one on each side of the temporary altar erected behind the high altar at which Cardinal Ranolla is celebrating Mass. The high altar above the tomb of the Apostles is decorated to-day with a wealth of exquisite candelabra, and richest flowers fill vases on the balustrades of the confession, and the lights burn amidst the perfume of magnolias and blossoms of rare colors.

Over the central door hangs the symbolic myrtle-adorned, egg-shaped globe, which originally represented a net—a most fitting symbol for the "fisher of men." There are records extant of the very early centuries when this net was formed in silver, and constituted a sort of chandelier for tiny lamps with which the old church of St. Peter's was illuminated on the feast of the Apostle. In the various invasions of barbarians into Rome these rich ornaments were stolen; and, in the course of time, they came to be represented by bands of myrtle around which bands of cloth of gold are wound.

The bronze-seated statue of St. Peter, which stands against the pillar of the dome on the right of the nave, was adorned to-day with a rich cope of jewel-studded tiara. This statue, so richly robed on this feast, counts no less than fifteen centuries of existence. Some even ascribe it to the period of Constantine. The most reliable authors, however, attribute it to the time of Saint Leo the Great, who had it made as a memorial of his meeting with Attila, King of the Huns, known as the "scourge of God." It is said that the bronze used in its casting was that of a pagan statue—the statue of the Capitaline Jupiter.

To this statue of St. Peter, commemorating the victory of the Pope over barbarism, was given the title of Invicta, because that in the invasions, wars, persecutions, revolutions, sackings, and profanations that ruined the Holy City, and the effects of which were felt even in the Vatican Basilica, never has this statue been overthrown or cast down from its pedestal, nor has it ever suffered any kind of damage.

This evening the church was much more crowded than during the morning. All seemed anxious to hear the celebrated hymn, beginning "Decorat lux aeternitatis," and having in its third stanza the words, "O Roma felix!" which are sung again and again with a sweetness and joyousness that move all hearts. The writer of this classic hymn is said to be the poetess Elpis, who was of Sicilian origin, but who lived at Rome and died there at the beginning of the 6th century. Her sepulchre was to be seen in the portico of the ancient church of St. Peter, the Vatican Basilica, built by Constantine, and it was honored by a classic epitaph in Latin verses, the first hexameter of which referred to her Sicilian origin: "Elpis dicta fui, Sicula regnos alumna." She has been held by some writers to have been the wife of the celebrated Christian philosopher and pat.ian Severinus Boethius, victim of the tyranny of King Theodoric; but other writers deny this honor to Elpis. However that may be, her verses in honor of the Apostles have echoed and re-echoed from the two grand choirs in St. Peter's this evening, with a grandeur of sound and sense, a triumph of music, which was marvelously effective. After this noble hymn was finished the people began to leave the Basilica. The wealthy Romans and dwellers in Rome will now seek the hills or the sea-side, but it is not the custom to leave the city until the echoes of "O felix Roma" fade away in silence.

In spite of the heat prevailing here tourists still continue to visit the Eternal City. A group of 500 Americans came to Rome at the beginning of the week, and they might be seen in galleries and amongst the ruins, eagerly listening to the stories told them by their guides. Amongst other visitors may be mentioned Mr. and Mrs. Sheehy, of Hobart Town, Tasmania, originally from Ireland, and preserving still the good characteristics of their race and their faith; Rev. Father O'Reilly, from Capetown, and the Rev. Father Frazer, from Port Elizabeth, South Africa, the diocese which is ruled by the Right Rev. Bishop M'Sherry. The Sulpician Rev. Father Colin, Superior of the College of St. Sulpice, Montreal, is also in Rome at the present time.

**ENGLAND & ST. PETER.**  
His Eminence the Cardinal Archbishop attended St. Peter's, Hatton Garden (the Italian Church), where he presided and assisted at High Mass, the Celebrant of which was the Rev. Father Meagher, Deacon Rev. Father Aloisius, and Sub-Deacon Rev. Father Zepf.

After the First Gospel the Cardinal preached from the altar steps, and in the course of his remarks said that Our Lord Jesus Christ made use of three human instruments in the accomplishment of the great work which He came to perform. He took to Himself a Mother, and was born of her. He took to Himself a foster-father, and He and His Mother were watched over by him for thirty years. And when He founded His Church, He called one of His Apostles St. Peter, to whom He gave the charge of the whole of the flock that He had gathered together. Our Lord made Peter His vicar representative; He gave to him His powers, put into his hands the keys of the Kingdom of Heaven, gave him supreme jurisdiction over the whole Church. Our Lord Jesus Christ Himself ended His life by being crucified outside the gates of Jerusalem, and as He would have his first Vicar walk in His footsteps, Peter was in like manner martyred outside the gates of Rome. However, in order that the likeness to His Master should not be such as might create in the minds of his (St. Peter's) followers some confusion of thought, Peter begged that he might be crucified with his head downwards because his Divine Master had been crucified with His head upwards. The Cardinal further detailed the story of St. Peter's martyrdom, and continuing, said that when the martyrdom was taking place England was simply a wild and savage country; the Romans had left certain traces of civilization, but altogether it was an uncivilized land; the people were given to Druid worship, and therefore they knew little of what had been happening in Rome. It had indeed been said that one or other of the Apostles had visited England, but traces of this were extremely rare, even if they were to be found at all. Well, some hundreds of years afterwards Gregory the Great sent St. Augustine to convert, or rather reconvert England. He came, and it was wonderful to relate how the people of this island showed their heart's love for Peter; they felt that they could not do too much to honor the Vicar of Christ, especially His first Vicar, St. Peter, and for over fifty years every church that was built was dedicated to him. As time went on cathedral churches arose in great magnificence—England's two great Ministers, Westminster and York Minster, bore the name of St. Peter—monasteries and convents were dedicated to him, and when they came down to the time of the sixteenth century, when many of the churches were destroyed, records showed that over 1,200 bore his name.

\* \* \*

**NORFOLK PEERAGE.**  
The Norfolk Peerage case is, says The Daily News, a very interesting and curious affair. The position, so far as it is to be understood by people outside the legal profession, is this: Lord Mowbray, who is also Lord Seagrave, and Baron Stourton of Stourton as well, claims the ancient earldom of Norfolk, which was created by Edward the Second in 1312. It fell into abeyance in a few generations for want of a male heir, and no claim has been set up since 1420. Now comes Lord Mowbray and says that it is his, on the ground that he is the descendant of the true representative of the original Earl, Thomas of Brotherton, upon whom Edward the Second conferred the title nearly six hundred years ago. The Duke of Norfolk is opposing this claim of Lord Mowbray's on the following ground: If the Earldom granted in 1312 exists at all, he says, it is vested in himself, for in 1644 the Duke's ancestor was created Earl of Norfolk by Charles the First. The curious point then arises, can there be two peerages of the same title in existence at one time? This the Lord Chancellor appears to think may happen. But the Duke's reply (through his counsel, Lord Robert Cecil) is that this is a question of one peerage alone, for the Duke's ancestor was made Earl of Norfolk because he was thought to be the descendant and true representative of that same Thomas of Brotherton from whom Lord Mowbray descends.

**IRELAND**

The Irish Episcopacy has received a very valuable recruit by the consecration of the Most Rev. Dr. O'Neill, Lord Bishop Dromore. Of a truth Ireland has never really forfeited its right to be called the island of scholars and saints. Most generous are her gifts to the Church throughout the world. This little island of ours, says The Dublin Freeman's Journal, is called upon to supply Bishops for dioceses in all parts of the world, and more especially in America and Australia. Yet she is still able to reserve her most excellent material for human consumption. The new Bishop's father was one of the best type of North of Ireland Catholics, always zealous in the cause of the faith. He gave three children to the Church. His daughter is a distinguished member of the great Order of Charity. One of his sons died in the position of President of the Diocesan Seminary, and the other has just been

consecrated, amid applause and welcome, Bishop of Dromore. His Lordship is by universal consent evidently fitted by nature and education for the onerous duties of the high position which he has now to discharge. He has been distinguished alike as a student, a teacher, and a worker. At the great College of Maynooth his place was ever amongst the first in a crowd of brilliant and distinguished competitors, and his College successes found their climax in the capture of a distinguished place on the Dunboyne establishment. From a distinguished student he was easily transformed into a distinguished professor, and for twenty years at its president he swayed the destinies of the Diocesan College. A multitude of the faithful and devoted priests whom he is now called upon to rule over as Bishop of the diocese graduated in the College during the term of his presidency in devotion and learning. For a long period the new Bishop was the right-hand man of Most Rev. Dr. Leahy, a former occupant of the See. In the days of his failing health the Most Rev. Dr. Leahy leaned confidently on his aid, so that in truth the new Bishop may be said to have already served a term of apprenticeship to the Episcopacy, and to have proved his pre-eminent fitness for the position.

No wonder that his consecration was the signal for universal rejoicing in the diocese. At the close of the impressive ceremonial, presided over by His Eminence Cardinal Logue, in the Cathedral of Newry, innumerable addresses of welcome and congratulation were presented to the Bishop alike by the public bodies and by religious communities and associations of his diocese. The people of Newry, in a vast public meeting assembled under the presidency of the Parliamentary representative — Mr. Carrville, M.P., the Urban District Council of Newry, and the St. Vincent de Paul Society were amongst those that took a leading part in this universal chorus of congratulation and rejoicing. In his reply to an address of welcome and gratitude from the priests and newly-consecrated Bishop of Dromore, His Eminence Cardinal Logue, by his high praise of the Most Rev. Dr. O'Neill, whom he had known from a boy, justified the enthusiastic and universal rejoicing in the diocese. His share in the appointment, His Eminence declared, would be a comfort to him in this world and the next, and with characteristic generosity he handed back a valuable testimonial which accompanied the new Bishop for the embellishment of his Cathedral.

\* \* \*

**AN IRISH VIEW OF THE DECLARATION.**  
(Dublin Freeman's Journal.)

The blasphemous declaration of the King was yesterday the subject of some hours' irregular discussion in the House of Lords. The report of the Committee appointed for its consideration and reconstruction came before the House, and a motion was made by the Archbishop of Canterbury that the report should be returned to the Committee for further consideration, and that to assist their deliberations some Protestant Bishops should be appointed as experts in theology. In seconding this motion a manly and straightforward speech was made by Lord Grey, a Protestant peer, as strongly opposed to the declaration as any member of the House to Catholic doctrine. He held that the oath, even in the amended form, which was suggested by the Committee, was offensive to Catholics, as for example, in the phrase "adoration of the Virgin Mary." But Earl Grey took higher ground, and appealed for the total abolition of the insulting declaration. Why, he asked, should the Catholic religion be singled out for special insult by the Sovereign? The oath is, in truth, no more than a clumsy version of the well-known couplet—"Turk, Jew, or Atheist may enter here, but not a Papist." As Earl Grey pointed out, there was not a word in the oath which would exclude a Buddhist or a Mahomedan from the British Throne. The Declaration might be taken by the Mahdi or by the Empress of China. If desired that the Government should rise to the height of their opportunities and altogether abolish the worthless and insulting declaration. The Coronation Oath, he maintained, was sufficient for all reasonable purposes.

To this view the Lord Chancellor and the Prime Minister, on behalf of the Government, strongly objected. The Lord Chancellor, indeed, not obscurely hinted at the danger of altering the form of the declaration, which a large number of persons desired to have retained in its existing form of outrageous insult to Catholics. Lord Salisbury, not less strongly than the Lord Chancellor, insisted that a special refutation of Catholic doctrine, which, in whatever terms made, is a special insult to Catholics, must be maintained as a fundamental principle of the Constitution. He carried his point, of course, and the question will come on for discussion again in a bill embodying the recommendations of the Committee.

In the course of his speech Lord Salisbury stigmatized the discussion as irregular. The whole proceeding is tainted with irregularity and absurdity. The insulting and disgusting declaration, with all its gross blasphemy and egregious offence to Catholics throughout his kingdom and the world, has been already publicly made by the Sovereign. It is not proposed that he should repeat it. The amended form will not be required until the next accession to the Crown. The proceedings of the Government seem an elaborate closing of the stable door when the steed has been stolen. They could, if they chose, have relieved Edward VII. from making the declaration. His making it at all at the time he did was an irregularity. The Catholics of Ireland view alike the declaration and the Government performance with absolute contempt. It does not hurt them or their laity if a piece of outrageous blasphemy by the British Sovereign is in very truth a fundamental part of the British Constitution, nor are they deeply interested in the amendment or the blasphemous declaration just after, instead of before, it was made with every aggravation of insult. But the discussion is serviceable as showing how the old bitter spirit of bigotry which inspired the declaration is still alive. By some Protestants it was declared to be a mere jumble of high falutin' devised by Titus Oates, but in the present enlightened days destitute of all semblance of meaning or force. But now we have it on the authority of Lord Salisbury and of the Lord Chancellor that the old bitter spirit of bigotry prevails, and that the special repudiation of the Catholic faith and of no other is still a fundamental part of the British Constitution to which their loyalty is demanded.

\* \* \*

**LORD O'BRIEN MAKES A SENSATION.**  
T. J. O'Brien, M.P., the Member for Cork, has been elected to the House of Commons. He is the son of the late Sir John O'Brien, a former Member for Cork, and the brother of the late Sir John O'Brien, a former Member for Cork. He is the son of the late Sir John O'Brien, a former Member for Cork, and the brother of the late Sir John O'Brien, a former Member for Cork. He is the son of the late Sir John O'Brien, a former Member for Cork, and the brother of the late Sir John O'Brien, a former Member for Cork.

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EEEEEHOME CIRCLE  
EEEEEETHE ANIMALS' FAIR.  
(Selected)

'Twas long ago, they say, in the Land of Far-Away,  
The beastsie clibbed together and they held a big bazaar;  
Not an animal was slighted, every single one invited,  
And they all appeared delighted 'cause they came from near and far.

The bear brushed his hair and dressed himself with care;  
With the Lynx and two Minks he started to the fair;  
The Tapir cut a caper as he read his morning paper,  
All learned about the great bazaar and all the wonders there.

The chattering Chinchilla trotted in with the Gorilla,  
High elated, so they stated, by the prospects of the fun,  
While the Yak, dressed in black, came came riding in a hack,  
And the Buffalo would scuffle, oh—because he couldn't run.

The Donkey told the Monkey that he had forgot his trunk key,  
So an Ox took the box and put it in the way.  
Of a passing Hippopotamus, who angrily said, "What a muss!"  
As he trod upon the baggage and observed the disarray.

A graceful little Antelope brought a delicious cantaloup,  
And at a table with a Sable sat primly down to eat;  
While a frisky young Hyena coyly gave a philopena.  
To an Iber who made shy becks at her from across the street

A Bison was a-priin' a tea-chest of young lison.  
So cheap, said the Sheep, that it nearly made her weep;  
The Izzy Armadillo brought a satin sola-pillow,  
Then found a cozy, dozy place and laid him down to sleep.

An inhuman old Ichneumon sang a serenade by Schumann,  
The Giraffe gave a laugh and began chaff and chaff;  
A laughing Jaguar says, "My, what a wag you are!"  
And the Camel got his camera and took a photograph.

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## FINDING THE LOST LAMB.

Shortly before the death of Eugene Field a friend from one of the Southern States told him a pathetic story of a girl who had wandered away from her home in the country. She had grown weary of the drudgery and dreariness of her life on the farm, and her vanity and pride having been touched by unfortunate compliments to her beauty, she had run away from the farm and taken refuge in a large city, with the usual results of that dangerous step.

Her old father, who in his rough way had been devoted to her, mourned for the girl he had lost, but in his simplicity it never occurred to him to try to find her, for the world beyond the limits of his township was vast and forbidding. But word came to him one day that somebody had seen his daughter in the city, a hundred miles away, and with only that to guide him he went in search of her.

Once in the city he shrank from the noise and confusion of the crowds. He waited until night, and then when the streets were comparatively deserted he roamed up and down from one street to another, giving the peculiar cry he had always used when looking for a lost lamb—a cry the girl herself had heard and given many times in her better days. A policeman stopped the old man and warned him that he was disturbing the peace, whereupon the father told his story and added:

"She will come to me if she hears that cry."

The officer was moved by the old man's simplicity and earnestness and offered to accompany him in his search. So on they went up and down the thoroughfares and into the most abandoned sections of the city, the former giving the plaintive cry and the officer leading the way that seemed the most promising of success.

And success did come. The girl heard the cry, recognized it and intuitively felt that it was for her. She rushed into the street and straight to her father's arms. She confessed the weariness and misery of her lot and begged that he would take her back to the farm, where she might begin a new and better life. Together they left the city the next day.

The story deeply touched Mr. Field. He often spoke of it and declared his intention of making some literary use of it. But he never quite made up his mind whether he should treat it in prose or in verse, sometimes favoring the one form and sometimes the other, and before he had settled the matter death cut him off, and so the story of the old farmer and his lost lamb awaits another poet. — Youth's Companion.

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## PLANTS THAT SEE.

Canada plants stretch themselves out in search of support and food in a

## A PROTEST.

Where are the names, the pretty names,  
The names we used to know,  
The sweetly simple, girlish names,  
We knew so long ago?  
There are no Marys any more  
In this enlightened age,  
The old name's never used to-day.  
"Marie" is all the rage.

The Kitties are all "Kathyrines,"  
In this late age and day;  
There are no Mammies any more,  
For "Mayme" is the way.  
The Fannies are all "Fanys" now.  
The girls we used to know  
Named Alice have all changed their names  
Since "Alvs" is the go.

The Pearls have gone to join the rest,  
For "Pyrle" is up to date,  
The Heties spell it "Helyn" now,  
For it is very late.  
The Ediths are all "Eddyths" now,  
And much as we may rue,  
The girls named Lillie have gone o'er,  
They spell it "Lyly," too.

O, gyris, pray tell me why you do  
This silly, silly thying;  
If we should yito dayly lyfe  
Thys kynd of spelling bryng,  
Confusion woud be ryde yndeed,  
We'd lose our E's and I's  
Yn keepyn track of spelling whych  
Ys veru much too Y's.  
Bismarck (N. D.) Tribune

wears no shoes. Mcbbe 'tain't true, eh? Now don't be 'bout it," he added, triumphantly.

"Pat's true, Fawder," replied Tommy in a sorrowful tone of voice. "But den, ye see, I couldn't help it, fer true. Fer see Fawder, I never wears no shoes, and de Sisters dey gives me shoes de mornin' of my first communion. I puts dem on ter go ter Mass, but den I couldn't pray w' dem tingin' on, so I yanks 'em off, and when de time comes ter go ter communion, I couldn't put 'em on no more. So I goes ter communion widout dem, but den I keeps on my stockings. Some cravv fillers says dat I busted my assolusion. Den I arid de Sisters, but dey larid and says 't wasn't even a venial sin, 'twasn't.'

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## TREES THAT WHISTLE

The musical tree found in the West India Islands has a peculiarly shaped leaf, and pods with a split or open edge. The wind passing through these forms the sound which gives the tree its peculiar name. In Barbados there is a valley filled with these trees, and when the trade winds blow across the island a constant moaning, deep-toned whistle is heard from it, which, in the still hours of the night, has a very weird and unpleasant effect. A species of acacia, growing abundantly in the Soudan, is also called the whistling tree. Its shoots are frequently, by the agency of the larvae of insects, distorted in shape and swollen into a globular bladder from one to two inches in diameter. After the insect has emerged from a circular hole in the side of the swelling, the opening, played on by the wind, becomes a musical instrument, equal in sound to a sweet-toned flute.

## EARLY IRISH IN CANADA.

A writer in *The National Hibernian* writes: Retracing our steps to Canadian territory, we find there the footprints of an early Irish immigration. As far back as 1518 Baron de Lury, the French descendant of a Munster family, led a company of colonists to Sable Island, off the coast of Nova Scotia.

The Dalys, Jells, Caseys, Caniffs, McBrides, Gambles, Creelmanns, Archibalds and other Irish families were established in Canada in the last century. In 1784 Dr. O'Donnell, afterwards consecrated bishop of the island, led a company of Irish settlers to Newfoundland. One of the most romantic chapters in Canadian history is the story of the Talbot settlement, founded by Hon. Thomas Talbot of Malahide, the scion of a distinguished Norman-Irish family.

In his youth he was the brother aide-de-camp of Arthur Wellesley, afterwards the victor of Waterloo. Having seen service in Canada, Talbot retired from the army after the peace of Amiens, and obtained a grant of land in the wilderness on novel terms.

He had devised a social experiment of his own, and his stipulation was that every settler he located on fifty acres of land should receive a grant of 200 acres up to a limit of 5,000, with the privilege of obtaining an extra 100 acres for every farmer who might desire them.

His rule was arbitrary and in some things eccentric, but generous and just, and the fertile tract settled under his superintendence now comprises twenty-nine flourishing townships. Hundreds of farmers, whose holdings are to-day worth \$25,000 apiece, had little more capital than an ox when they first met the aristocratic pioneer c' Malahide. Doubtless some people will be surprised to learn that in Canada to-day the Irish element is numerically stronger than either the English or Scotch.

The first governor of Prince Edward Island was Captain Walter Patterson, a native of Ireland, whose younger brother, Robert, settled in Baltimore and became a wealthy merchant. It was the daughter of the latter who married Jerome Bonaparte in 1803, and who was so shamefully deserted by the parvenu prince at the command of his despotic brother, the Emperor.

At this juncture another junior member of the press appealed, or rather swooped down on the scene:

"Paper, cap'n?" he said, addressing me. "All 'bout de fight, Paper, sir?"

"Git away, from here, Cat-fish," said Tommy indignantly, his eyes dancing in his head. "Don't yer know better dan tryin' t' bluff a priest? Some of dem sellers, Fawder, ain't wufs sweepin' up; no dey ain't. But den dis seller can't help it; yer see, he don't belong t' de home, he's a reglar tramp, he is. Dere ain't no use puttin' him in jail, because he steals there, and he won't work in de workhouse. He don't go to no school; he don't know his letters; he don't know no prayers, he don't know nothin' bout his religion, in fact, he don't know the difference b'tween a prayer-heads and a ham-sandwich, he don't."

"Yer know wot you is, Seven," blurted out the new-comer, who had listened with a meditative face to Tommey's denunciations.

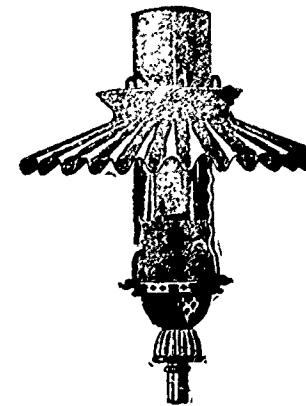
"I'm a gentleman from way back, if yer wanta know," replied Tommey, throwing back his head and striking his chest. "I'm a perfect gentleman, me, and a Catholic, and I don't care who knows it."

"Dat seller's a fake, Fawder. He wants t' make out he's a good Catholic, but he ain't. When he makes his first communion last year, he never

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THURSDAY, JULY 25, 1901.

## ENGLISH CATHOLICS AND THE DECLARATION.

The Register offers no excuse on account of the space devoted in this issue to the report of the discussion in the House of Lords on the King's declaration. The speech of Earl Grey is so refreshingly independent that it deserves the widest publicity. This Earl declared himself an extreme Protestant, yet he struck at the very root of the declaration. Mr. William Redmond, M. P., describing the scene in the Lords writes, "In a slashing speech this noble lord denounced the King's Declaration as unnecessary altogether, and offensive to millions of the King's subjects. He illustrated the unfairness of singling out the Catholic Church as the one religion in the world to be denounced by the King, by pointing out that any Pagan, or any person of any religion save the Catholic, even the Mahdi or the Empress of China, might conscientiously repeat the words put into the mouth of the King of England. Any person in any religion or any person of no religion—anyone save a Catholic—might take the King's Oath. In a single word, both the old declaration and the amended form proposed by the Committee are offensive, and offensive only to the Catholic Church, and Lord Grey vigorously said so, while the 'Right Reverend and Most Reverend Prelates' fluttered their lawn sleeves and swayed about in the corner where they sat huddled together, as though such sentiments were outrageous and altogether unsuited to the House of Lords."

"The views of the Catholic Peers were put forward in a speech of much ability by Lord Llandaff, more familiarly known as Mr. Henry Matthews, once Home Secretary and once member for Dungarvan. He protested in vigorous language against the idea that the King should be called upon to particularize for denunciation the Catholic or any other Faith, and he dispelled the hopes of those who might have anticipated that the new declaration recommended by the Committee would be acceptable to Catholics by pointing out that the phrase, "adoration of the Virgin," is still retained. Venerably, Lord Llandaff protested that the reverence with which Catholics regard the Mother of God and seek her intercession has never been, and is not, adoration.

"The Archbishop of Canterbury and his 'Right Reverend and Most Reverend' friends in the lawn sleeves smiled in a superior way as though to indicate that they knew far more about the Catholic religion than any Catholic Peer possibly could do. The Duke of Norfolk, dark and taciturn, sat upon the edge of his seat, clearly approving of the utterances of his co-religionist and brother Peer, but saying nothing himself. Lord Llandaff's speech was marred by one phrase. He declared that if the views of the Catholics were not met they would only have to 'bow their heads.'

Obedience has ever been the attitude of English Catholics. And who can criticize them for it? Living in England, they must be admitted to take quite as intelligent a view of the right line of conduct for them to pursue as Catholics in any other part of the Empire. Certainly their attitude has never been unworthy of the spirit of the Catholic religion, for though less in speech and heedless of opposition, they are thick and thin believers in the authority of the Crown and respect for that authority. It is an easy matter to remind them that reforms have in most cases been won by methods the reverse of "bowing of heads." But that is not their view, and they are the best judges of their own policy. Clearly Lord Llandaff spoke with the approval of the English Catholic bishops, in view of the following memorandum just issued by Cardinal Vaughan:

"As guardians of the truth of revelation, we venture earnestly to implore the Committee of the House of Lords appointed to report upon the Royal Declaration and Oath to counsel the Legislature not to encroach upon the domain of theology by continuing to single out doctrines professed by the majority of Christians for denunciation by the Sovereign upon his accession to the throne. It is our fervent desire to assist in

maintaining unimpaired the loyalty of all races and creeds within the Empire—a loyalty that has called for the admiration of the world. We therefore hold that it would be an act of national folly to begin this century by raising a storm of religious anger and indignation, that would grow in extent and gather in intensity throughout the Empire, around the august person of the Sovereign, should the throne be used as a party weapon for striking at the articles of a particular creed. There can be no excuse for retaining the declaration as it stands to while the Empire is itself divided into a multitude of religious denominations and the Coronation Oath secures the alienation of the Sovereign to 'the Protestant reformed religion established by law.' It must be felt generally that the Constitutional Sovereign of this realm ought to be raised high above the strife and controversy that rages amongst the people, earnest in their profession of different religions, so that he may hold the Empire together by drawing to himself the unabated and generous loyalty of all his subjects."

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## WILL O' THE WISP.

For a space Lord Rosebery essayed the mission of leading the British Liberal party. It did not take him long to verify the apprehensions of those who knew him best, that his leadership would make straight for the slough of entanglement and misunderstanding, in which Liberalism, that had only just lost the bold guidance of Gladstone, would quickly become the laughing stock of all who had feared its work of reform. Happily for the party, there were men within it who cared not one jot for Lord Rosebery's titled position and grand manner; and the Will o' the Wisp leader was extinguished in a moment in the storm they raised. From that hour Lord Rosebery has been sulking in his tent, a Tory at heart, jealous of the popularity of the men who flouted him, and watchful of every opportunity to get even with them. All the time he professes himself a Liberal, but too ideal and too patriotic for the ways of politics. For motives of single-minded patriotism Lord Rosebery endeavored to wreck his party on the Home Rule issue. For reasons of lofty statesmanship he has time and again sought to turn the attention of the people from the plain platform of domestic reform to the showy stage of Imperialism. Whenever Liberalism has displayed a determination to reassert its traditional principles Lord Rosebery has bobbed up in whatever quiet resort of idlers he may have been frequenting at the moment to defile the New Liberalism, which, when you come to analyze it, is but old-fashioned Toryism decked out in unfamiliar phrases. At first there were some persons who seemed inclined to regard the lazy lord as an oracle. But their number has experienced a steady decrease and their opinion no longer carries any weight. To-day Lord Rosebery is looked upon either as a political imitator of those old Greek recluses who made for themselves retreats upon stairless towers and other inaccessible places where they could be seen at all times by the vulgar crowd but not touched or talked to. During the last week Lord Rosebery has for the fiftieth time risen upon his perch to edify the mob below. He has with characteristic modesty described his individual position as one of "splendid isolation," which is but a hackneyed imperialistic phrase. He also says he will plough his furrow alone, an occupation in which no one is likely to molest him. But why does the noble lord at this time suffer from one of his periodical fits of loquacity? It is because he sees the Tory Government in peril and this is the only sight that ever stirs him to sympathetic activity.

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## FORTHCOMING TIMBER SALE

It will be seen by the advertising columns that the Government of Ontario proposes holding a timber sale by public auction on the 17th September next. Some of the berths are those which were intended to be sold on the 15th March last, but were withdrawn as the prevalence of smallpox prevented prospective buyers from examining and estimating. Several townships in the vicinity of Sault Ste. Marie are also offered. These townships have been surveyed for a great many years, but being inaccessible were not required for settlement. Now, owing to the good land in the vicinity of Sault Ste. Marie being all taken up, and the construction of the Algoma Central R. R. giving miners and settlers easy access to these townships a number are going in and the timber is exposed to danger from fire. It is therefore considered expedient to dispose of the pine timber so that the townships can be thrown open for sale or settlement and the Province may get the benefit of the value of the timber.

## PUTTING THE DECLARATION BILL THROUGH

The majority in the House of Lords seem determined to put the bill incorporating the modification of the King's declaration through without delay. The second reading has been carried, but we are not told whether the alteration of the ignominious phrase "adoration of the Virgin" has been changed. We presume, however, after Lord Salisbury's statement, that a better informed expression has been used. Such an improvement, however, is not enough to satisfy the Catholic conscience. The latest newspaper de- scription says

London, July 24.—The second reading of the bill altering the terms of the Royal declaration was carried last night in the House of Lords by an overwhelming majority. Roman Catholic Peers did not, however, vote for the bill, and as extreme Protestants will be alarmed lest the security for the maintenance of the Protestant succession should be diminished it is impossible to expect that the measure will be passed into law without a prolonged and acrimonious debate.

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## WELL WON HONORS

We have much pleasure in calling attention to the success of one of our Catholics in the late Normal School examinations. In the second class professional examinations, whose results have just been published, Miss Clara McKenna, of Dublin, Ont., came first of 127 competitors, securing the gold medal. Miss McKenna is at present engaged in the professional work at Dublin—her native town. We compliment her on her well won honors.

## EDITORIAL NOTES.

Amongst its social announcements The London Chronicle lately had the following: "Cardinal Vaughan is to be 'at home' on Monday afternoon for the first time in his new house." The festivity was all his own. No other Cardinal in England opened his doors in this way to gentlemen and ladies at tea-time. The Chronicle, however, goes on to say: "With a charming informality, which might yet raise eyebrows in Rome, where etiquette sits very tightly on Princes of the Church, the Cardinal may even be seen on occasions handing to the hungry a plate of bread and butter. Monday's function is likely to be a very full one, and overflow parties will no doubt wander into the new cathedral, which is connected with the Archbishop's House by a spacious passage."

Attention has several times been drawn to the remarkable settlement of Welshmen in Patagonia. This remarkable colony is giving way before influences that are proving too strong for it— influences that are partly political, partly climatic. The Colonist, if we are to believe the London Daily Chronicle, have been offered refuge both in Rhodesia and Canada, and the offer of the latter, it appears, will probably be accepted. This is a rather sad ending to an experiment which at one time promised a really significant development of the Colonial spirit. The vision of a Gaelic Patagonia naturally appealed to the Celtic imagination. The Welshmen who had settled in the Chaput Valley had preserved their religion, language, and customs in a most marvellous way. The writer in The Chronicle refers to "the petty tyranny of the Chilian Government." This is a mistake, for the Chaput Valley is in the territory of the Argentine Republic.

Prince Hohenlohe, who has just died in Switzerland at the age of 82, was closely associated with the makers of the German Empire in their great work. At the time of the Danish war the first great move made by Bismarck, he was then Premier of Bavaria, then a practically independent state. At the opening of the war of 1870 Bavaria for a time hung in the balance, Napoleon doing his best to keep her neutral. She finally, however, threw in her lot with Prussia, and Prince Hohenlohe took a notable part in the struggle. Notwithstanding that fact, however, he was sent as Ambassador to Paris in 1872, and succeeded so well under very difficult and delicate circumstances that he retained the post till 1885, when he was immediately appointed to what was, perhaps, even a more ticklish position, the Governor-Generalship of Alsace-Lorraine. Nine years later, when Caprivi resigned, he was appointed Chancellor of the Empire, much to the disgust of many good German Lutherans, for Prince Hohenlohe was a Catholic. Nothing exceptional occurred during his tenure of this office, which he resigned about a year ago owing to his increasing inability to fall in with the Emperor's ideas.

## Pope Leo XIII and the Religious Orders

## LETTER TO THE SUPERIOR

To Our beloved sons the Superior General of the Religious Orders and Institutes,

LEO XIII. POPE.

Beloved sons, health and the Apostolic Benediction.

The religious Congregations have at all times had from this Apostolic See particular proofs of loving and thoughtful solicitude, not only in the days of peace which gave scope for fruitful activity, but still more in times of fierce hostility such as you are now passing through. We are extremely grieved at the gravity of the attacks recently made in some countries upon the religious Orders and Institutes under your direction. The Church also complains, for not only is she deeply injured in her rights, but her power of action, which is exercised by the harmonious work of the regular and the diocesan clergy, is greatly impaired; in truth, whoever touches her priests or her religious touches the apple of her eye. So far as we are concerned, you know we have left nothing undone that could avert such a disgraceful persecution from you or that could save the people of those nations from the bitter and undeserved scourge brought upon them. To this end we have already on several occasions warmly appealed to every Power for your cause in the name of religion, justice and civilization; but the hope that Our remonstrances would be listened to was vain. Just recently, in a country singularly rich in religious vocations, and to the interests of which we have always given special care, the authorities have approved of and promulgated exceptional laws, to prevent which we raised our voice some months ago in public protest. Mindful of our sacred duties, and following the example of Our illustrious predecessors, we strongly condemn those laws as contrary to the law of nature and of the Gospel as well as to constant tradition, upon which is founded the right of free combination for a form of life not only honorable in itself but also holy; contrary likewise to the absolute right of the Church to found religious institutions exclusively dependent on itself, which co-operate in the accomplishment of its Divine mission, ensuring great benefits to religion and the State.

Now, acting from deep feeling, we desire to open to you our heart as a father, in the hope of giving and receiving blessed consolation, and for the purpose of giving you all opportune proofs of sympathy, so that you may bear your trials even with increased firmness and may reap a copious reward from God and men. Amongst many sources of comfort supplied by the Faith, remember, beloved sons, those solemn words of Jesus Christ, "Blessed are ye when they shall revile ye, and persecute ye, and say all that is evil against ye falsely for My sake" (Matt. v. 12). No matter how they may multiply pretexts for assaulting you, the sad reality comes out of itself. The true reason is the deadly hatred of the world for the "City of God," that is, the Catholic Church, and the real aim is, if possible, to remove from the bosom of society the restorative action of Christ, so wholesomely and universally beneficial. Everyone knows that the religious of both sexes are a chosen part of the City of God, for it is they who more particularly represent in themselves the spirit and the mortification of Jesus Christ; it is they who by the observance of the Evangelical counsels strive to carry the Christian virtues to the height of perfection; and in many ways they render powerful aid to the Church. It is not strange, then, that against them, as in ancient times and with other iniquitous arts, the "City of the World" rages, especially that part of it which through sacrilegious compacts approaches "the prince of this world" himself most closely and obey him most slavishly. It is too clear that in their designs the disbanding and extinction of the religious Orders is a clever move calculated to further the studied project of the apostacy of the Catholic nations from Jesus Christ. But this is so, of you can be said with all truth, "Blessed are ye, since you are hated and persecuted for nothing else than for the kind of life you have freely chosen to lead in obedience to Christ. If you followed the dictates and wishes of the world it would give you no trouble; it would even pour its favors upon you: "If you had been of the world, the world would love its own;" but because you walk in entire opposition to it, it assails and makes war upon you; "Because you are not of the world. . . . therefore the world hateth you" (St. John, xv. 19). His Holiness goes on to speak of the good works of the Congregations, referring to the multitudes of the poor and abandoned, who are provided for by their institutions, and instructed in their schools with most admirable charity. He urges them to adore in confident humility

the designs of God. If He allows right to be trampled upon by violence, He only does it for good ends in order to raise up present-day society, weak and corrupted as it is, and lead it repentant to the feet of the Saviour, men of great virtues and apostolic hearts are necessary. You, says His Holiness, will be these men. The Authority of Christ imposes upon all religious an attitude at once firm and dignified, but also mild and indulgent. Recall the sublime words, "Conquer evil by good" (Romans, xii. 21). Keep before you the noble magnanimity of the Apostle himself "We are reviled and we bless, we are persecuted and we suffer it, we are blasphemed and we entreat" (Cor. iv. 12, 13). Above all, accustom yourselves to repeat prayerfully with Jesus, the Supreme Benefactor of the human race, hanging on the Cross, "Father forgive them."

Be strengthened, then, in the Lord (1 Cor. vi. 10). The Vicar of Christ is with you, the whole Catholic world is with you, and watches you with reverent affection and gratitude. Your glorious forefathers and brethren encourage you from Heaven. Jesus Christ, your Leader-in-Chief, protects and fortifies you with His own power. Beloved by Him, you will appeal to His Divine Heart in fervent prayer, sure to derive from it increased confidence and strength to conquer the hostility of the world. His words, "Have confidence, I have overcome the world," will fill you with courage and consolation.

Be also comforted and supported by Our Benediction, which on this day, sacred to the glorious memory of the Princes of the Apostles, we are pleased to impart in its fulness to each one of you and to every member of the Communities dear to us in the Lord.

Given at St. Peter's, Rome, on the 29th June, 1901, the twenty-fourth year of Our Pontificate.

LEO XIII. POPE.

## ST. BASIL'S SCHOOL.

## Prize List.

Senior Fourth Class—Maggie Smith, prize for general proficiency, 1st prize arithmetic, grammar and history, 2nd prize catechism and sacred history, literature and composition, 3rd prize geography, Harry O'Leary, prize for general proficiency, 1st prize literature and composition, 2nd prize grammar and history, 3rd prize catechism and sacred history, Maggie McGee, 1st prize catechism and sacred history, 2nd prize arithmetic and geography, 3rd prize grammar, Frank Keating, 1st prize spelling, 3rd prize literature, Thomas Cunney, 1st prize geography, 3rd prize history, Gertrude Ryce, 3rd prize arithmetic, mention for literature, grammar and composition, Cecelia Costello, prize for literature, grammar, and spelling, Gertrude Martin, prize for literature, history and composition, Rose Radnor, prize for application and ladylike deportment.

Junior Fourth Class—Gertrude Hale, prize for general proficiency, 1st prize arithmetic, history and spelling, 2nd prize geography, 3rd prize catechism, sacred history and grammar; Annie Todd, prize for general proficiency, 1st prize literature, 2nd prize catechism and sacred history, grammar and history, 3rd prize geography; Evelyn Brown, 1st prize catechism and sacred history, grammar and geography, 3rd prize history and spelling; Hannah McKenna, 1st prize composition, 3rd prize literature; Mamie Carney, 2nd prize arithmetic, literature and spelling; Clara Grant, 3rd prize arithmetic, Maggie Collins, prize for general improvement.

Third Form—Prize for deportment awarded to V. Culliton, S. Carney; prize for punctuality awarded to A. McLaren; prize for attendance awarded to N. O'Hara, J. McKenna; prize for improvement in singing awarded to R. Wallbridge; 1st prize for arithmetic, senior division, awarded to N. Rene, J. Kennedy; 2nd prize for arithmetic awarded to L. Brady; prizes for general satisfaction, C. Charlebois, L. McGee, A. Rene, M. Thomas, 1st prize for arithmetic, L. Kennedy, S. Bailey, 2nd prize for arithmetic, F. Smith, N. Quinn; prize for general satisfaction, H. Crocker, B. Crocker and E. Charlebois.

Second Class—Senior Division—Catechism, 1st prize awarded to Jack McPherson; honorable mention, Willie Albertie, Mona Clark, Eileen Clark, May Prior, Mamie Todd, geography, 1st prize awarded to Willie Murphy; honorable mention, Jack McPherson, Willie Albertie, V. Brown, reading, 1st prize awarded to Vincent Brown, honorable mention, Willie Albertie, Mona Clark, Wm. Murphy; arithmetic, 1st prize awarded to Tom Collins, B. Crocker, 3rd, M. Collins, C. Charlebois, M. Smith, obtained by H. Todd.

Confirmation Class—Boys, 4th year—1st prize, Ed. Mechan, 2nd, C. Roessler, 3rd, equally merited by N. Quinn and J. McLaughlin, regular attendance, Ed. Mechan; girls, 1st, V. Healy, 2nd, B. Crocker, 3rd, M. Mechan, regular attendance, M. Malcom and V. Culliton.

First Communion Class—Boys, 3rd year—1st prize, Robt. Miller; 2nd, equally merited by L. Kennedy, Frank Brown, A. Grant, T. Collins; regular attendance, Robert Miller, W. Brown, T. Collins, A. Grant, L. Kennedy; McCarthy, M. Ross, M. Clarke, C. Murphy; 2nd, E. Clarke, M. Prior, M. Oates; A. McLean, regular attendance, A. Rene, M. Clarke, E. Clarke, S. McKenna, M. Moore, G. Kelly, L. Roessler.

Second year, boys—1st, F. Mechan; 2nd, S. Duggan, 3rd, C. Grant, regular attendance, W. Brown; 2nd year, girls, 1st, L. Cosgrave; and N. Teevin; regular attendance, A. Kuily; 1st, K. Flynn; 1st year, girls, 1st, A. Rene, L. Roessler, M. Clarke; 2nd, E. Clarke, M. Prior, M. Oates; 3rd, M. McKenna; regular attendance, M. McKenna, M. Moore, G. Kelly, L. Roessler.

Second Class—Junior Division—Catechism, 1st prize to Frank Neelan, honorable mention, Joe Quinn, Kathleen Coulson, Basil Holland and George Oates; geography, 1st prize to Stuart Duggan, honorable mention, Emma Hallinan; reading, 1st prize to Charlie Somers; honorable mention, Fred Nokes, writing, 1st prize to Kathleen Coulson, regular attendance, 1st prize to Susan McKenna, arithmetic, 1st prize to Annie Moore, honorable mention, Anthony Cassidy, Harold Kormann and George Oates; composition, 1st prize to Anthony Cassidy, spelling, 1st prize to Joe Quinn.

Form 1—Prize for regular attendance equally merited by M. McCarthy, Hilda Ellard, Mildred Ellard, Anne Holland, Kathleen Flynn, Ellen Hinchee, Irene Hinchee, Norine Flynn and Mary Cronin, obtained by Anne Holland, special prize for excellency in catechism, arithmetic, reading, spelling and writing obtained by Mary McCarthy, 1st prize for prayers and petitions, equally merited by Mary McCarthy, Nellie Teevin and Hilda Ellard, obtained by Nellie Teevin; 2nd prize in catechism awarded to Tessa Somers, prize for arithmetic obtained by Kathleen Flynn, special prize for catechism and spelling awarded to Mildred Ellard, prize for writing obtained by Joseph O'Hara, special prize for written spelling and dictation awarded to Hilda Ellard; prize for drawing, equally merited by Laurene Cosgrove and John Copping, obtained by Laurene Cosgrove, prize for phonics awarded to Vera Mulcahy; price awarded to Irene O'Connor, first in mental arithmetic, second in

**The King's Declaration**  
(Continued from page 1.)

taking the oath. If, then, the object of the declaration was that this Protestant kingdom should be governed by a Protestant King, a form of declaration which might be formally taken by the Empress of China or by the Mahdi did not strike one as especially suitable. Not only so, but every word of the latter half of the declaration might be taken by a Roman Catholic. He denied the Lord Chancellor to dispute either of those two assertions, and the common sense of the House would agree that to put words into the mouth of the King which could be accepted by any man could not be regarded as the highest statesmanship, and yet this proposed form of declaration involved an unnecessary insult to our Roman Catholic subjects. Were our Roman Catholic fellow subjects in Ireland, in Canada, in Australia entitled to a smaller amount of consideration than the King's Mohammedan subjects? He was aware that certain offensive words had been withdrawn, but even in its amended form the fact would prominently stand out, and would be realized by Roman Catholics, that the King's language which any infidel might use in order to repudiate the doctrines of the Roman Catholic Faith. He would ask if there was any adequate reason why at the beginning of a new reign, when they desired to win, and not to alienate the hearts of the people to their new Sovereign, they should continue a form of declaration which injured the feelings of 16 millions of their people. There were no tests on the Continent. The Emperor of Germany was not required to take an oath on his accession; the Emperor of Austria had to swear to maintain the Church of God, but no particular church was specified. Personally, if he (Earl Grey) were Roman Catholic—and was probably no member of the House more opposed to their doctrine—he really thought he would prefer the declaration in its old unamended form, because he would regard it as an archaic, meaningless formula which had come down to us from many generations. But it seemed to him that the re-affirmation at the present day of the old anti-Catholic spirit was contrary to the ideas of religious liberty which this country had seen finally established. The opinions in the press showed that the common sense of the country realized that the declaration was contrary to the spirit of the day. The opinion of the Committee was that they should take this opportunity of removing a test which had no practical value. He, therefore, hoped that the port would be sent back to the Committee for further consideration.

The Lord Chancellor said he entertained a shrewd suspicion that neither the Archbishop nor Earl Grey had distinctly in their minds what this House had requested, the Committee to do. One would suppose that the Committee had been requested to say whether the Act of Settlement should be repealed or that there should be no declaration at all, but neither of these questions was referred to the Committee. If Earl Grey thought that there was not a general feeling in favor of the declaration he was in a very great error. In many places there was the strongest possible feeling that there should be no alteration of the text as it now stood. The noble lord knew that the declaration was not an expression of personal faith. The Act of Settlement was passed because there was danger to this country unless the Protestant religion was secured as the religion of the country, and these persons who were entrusted with authority, and undoubtedly the Crown, should be Protestant. The object was to prevent persons holding the Catholic faith from occupying the Throne. The noble lord seemed to suggest that no tests were necessary and none should be insisted upon, but that was not in accordance with the constitution or the practice of this country. Bishops, judges, and the holders of almost every office—even persons entering into the relationship of man and wife—had to make a declaration of one kind or another; yet the noble lord seemed to think that all these ought to be dispensed with.

Earl Grey was sorry to interrupt the noble and learned lord, but he expressly stated that the oath taken at the Coronation gave all assurances that were necessary. The Lord Chancellor said that was so, but the noble Earl did not seem to understand that the Committee was appointed because the declaration as it stood was insulting to millions of the King's subjects. It failed to get rid of that the Committee was appointed, and he ventured to say that everything which had been done had been removed.

Mount Llandaff said he had endeavored to ascertain the feelings of the Catholic members of that House, and found they were in favor of some of the more offensive parts of the former declaration, but the impression was equally clear that the House had a great opportunity at

present to remove an ancient wrong altogether (hear, hear). In the declaration as submitted by the Committee there were two of the cardinal doctrines of the Catholic Church picked out for disbelief and condemnation by the Sovereign. Was not that hateful to Roman Catholics? No other creed was thus picked out, and such exceptional treatment Roman Catholics could not help regarding as offensive and painful.

Lord Brayre, as the Peer who first introduced the subject to the notice of the House, said it seemed to him derogatory to the dignity of the Committee to send the report back, and he deprecated the proposal of the Archibishop for that reason. At the same time he might say that nothing would satisfy Roman Catholics except the removal of the offensive points of the declaration.

Lord Arundell of Wardour also spoke on behalf of the Roman Catholic view.

Earl Spencer said he subscribed to the report of the Committee, but he expressed his preference for other words than those used. He thought the actual mention of doctrine should have been omitted from the declaration, but he sank his views in order to obtain unanimity. He did not agree with some extreme persons, but if this were altered there would be a danger of the Sovereign becoming a Roman Catholic. All that had been done by the Committee was to make as strong a Protestant declaration as possible, and to omit the offensive words which had been complained of. He to some extent sympathized with those who advocated that no mention of doctrine should be made, but there was an enormous difficulty in trying that out, and it would mean a very much larger change than the House contemplated when the Committee was adopted. So far as he knew all Protestants would be pleased to use the word "worship" instead of "adoration." He agreed generally with the Committee, and in case of a division would support their report.

Lord Rosebery said that, having listened to the debate, his opinion was that the feeling of the House was in favor of referring the subject back to the Committee, and he confessed he was strongly of that opinion for two reasons. One was that there were no bishops on the Committee. A declaration, in whatever form it appeared, must be a nice selection of theological terms. They had a body of theological experts in that House, but, strangely enough, for the purpose of revising this declaration they appointed a Committee entirely of laymen and studiously turned their backs upon the experts. Secondly, they had already been guilty, as it appeared, of some misstatement in one of the doctrines they wished the Sovereign to repudiate. They had heard from Peers of the Roman Catholic faith the words "Adoration of the Virgin" did not correctly represent a tenet of the Roman Catholic Church. If that be so their amended declaration required to be amended still further, because it brought it into contempt with those Roman Catholics who knew their faith.

The Archbishop of York explained that he did make a representation to a leading member of the Government to have the Episcopal Bench represented on the Committee, and the answer he got was such as to discourage him from any further idea that a change would be made. He would be glad if they could avoid a division, but if one was pressed he believed they had enough ground to go upon to ask for further consideration for the momentous points touched by the declaration before they finally approached the Bill.

Lord Portsmouth could not endorse the view of Lord Rosebery, and thought to postpone the matter would only accentuate rather than pacify religious animosities and discussion.

Lord Salisbury said he had heard no word in favor of referring the report back to the Committee except that theological experts should be called in. The one point of objection taken to all that had been done was that there were not additional members on the Committee, and if the resolution were passed there would be no security that they would have the theological experts appointed. But that was the smallest point of the matter. They would be referring back a report which had been agreed to unanimously without any indication of a hint of the direction in which they wished the terms that had been adopted to be modified. Three objections had been taken. One had been as to the construction of a sentence, but that could be met in a moment by making the meaning of the Committee plain. The other matter was in regard to the words which implied the "Adoration of the Virgin," and the substitution of one word for another would make it more agreeable to those Roman Catholics who criticized it. Now, his belief was that if they investigated it they would find that at the same time the declaration was made that the very fine distinction of technical terms had not been adopted. At any rate there was no difficulty in meeting that objec-

tion in the discussion of the bill. The other objection, which had loomed very large, was the objection to the declaration altogether (hear, hear), and on that the Government differed from the Sovereign. Was not that hateful to Roman Catholics? No other creed was thus picked out, and such exceptional treatment Roman Catholics could not help regarding as offensive and painful.

In the morning Miss Margaret McDonald of Alexandra will take the veil and make her final vows before the Bishop. Her name in religion will be Sister Margaret Mary.

In the evening the new hospital will be formally opened and in order to assist the Sisters in their good work a social and lecture will be held in the building. The Mayor, town Council and medical profession have been specially invited to be present. A splendid musical and vocal programme has been arranged and ice cream and other reasonable refreshments will be served by the ladies. The entire hospital and the surrounding grounds will be brilliantly illuminated.

The new Hotel Dieu is well worthy of a visit and this occasion will afford an opportunity for a thorough inspection of the building which everybody should take advantage of. The building is now complete with the exception of the balconies and the furnishing of some of the wards. Immediately after the opening the patients will be moved in from the old building which will hereafter be used as a residence for the sisters.

The Cornwall Standard says there are very few cities and certainly no towns in Canada more advantageously situated in regard to public institutions than the town of Cornwall. Within the last few years two first-class hospitals have been established here. One of these institutions, the Hotel Dieu Hospital—which, by the way, was the pioneer in the good work in Cornwall—was opened in the residence formerly occupied by the late Henry Sandfield Macdonald, by the Sisters of St. Joseph, Rev. Mother Hopkins and Sister Macdonald being sent from the Mother House in Kingston to inaugurate the undertaking. Rev. Mother Hopkins was compelled to give up the work, owing to ill health, and returned to Kingston, being succeeded by Rev. Mother St. Joseph. The building is large one and it was arranged in such a manner as to suit the purpose for which it was temporarily fitted up admirably. But the rapid increase in the number of patients very soon caused the good sisters in charge of the institution to commence to plan for the erection of a new and larger building. Indeed in a short time it became an absolute necessity, as the sisters themselves were compelled to put up with such scant accommodation for sleeping apartments that their health was endangered. Plans were prepared for a large and handsome structure, thoroughly up-to-date in all its appointments and equipped with the latest and most approved devices for the care of the sick and maimed. The Rev. Superior, Mother St. Joseph, and her colleague, Rev. Sister Macdonald, had gained much valuable experience during their long connection with the Hotel Dieu Hospital at Kingston, and they turned it to good account in arranging the details of the proposed new hospital with the architect. They also obtained information regarding the latest improvements in hospitals from the leading institutions of the kind in Canada and the United States. To-day they have the satisfaction of knowing that they have one of the most perfectly arranged and thoroughly equipped hospitals on the continent.

**A GRAND CELEBRATION.**  
On Friday, July 26th, 1901, St Anne's Day, there will be a grand celebration in Detroit, Mich., at St Anne's Church, this being the 200th anniversary of the founding of said church in the city of Detroit. There will be special services, at which it is understood many of the most prominent clergy in the country will officiate.

One of the main features of the celebration will be the inauguration of a magnificent Chime of Bells, presented to St. Anne's Church in honor of the occasion by various societies and members of said congregation. This is a beautiful gift, the bells being of exceptionally fine quality and tone. They were manufactured by the celebrated McShane Bell Foundry, of Baltimore, Md., which firm has a worldwide reputation as manufacturers of the finest musically attuned bells in this country. The chime mentioned consists of ten (10) bells, comprising an octave in the Key of E, and two additional bells—one a flat 7th, the other F sharp, the octave to the second; the addition of these two bells enables the playing of many pieces in the key of the fourth, or A, which otherwise could not be rendered. The largest, or tenor, bell is 46 inches in diameter, and weighs 2,100 pounds; the smallest is 21 inches in diameter and weighs 70 pounds. The ten bells total about 7,600 pounds, and with the addition of the frame, mountings, etc., will be a grand total of 10,000 pounds. The bells are to be hung in the latest approved manner, and equipped with the latest style attachments, and operated by a handsome quartered oak lever chiming rack. The celebration and inauguration will extend from Friday the 26th, to Monday, the 29th, inclusive, and during said time, at the various services, there will be rendered about 100 selections by an expert chimer from Baltimore. The bells were tested before shipment by experts of noted ability, and pronounced exceptionally rich, sweet and in perfect harmony.

The McShane Bell Foundry is the best equipped and the largest establishment in the country manufacturing chimes, peals and single bells, and no doubt their grand production as above, will be appreciated and listened to with pleasure, by the residents of Detroit on this grand and festal occasion.

**A PLEASANT OUTING.**  
Hamilton, July 20.—St. Patrick's Literary and Athletic Club made a great success of its first moonlight excursion, held last evening. A large crowd attended, yet there was room and comfort for all, and a perfect night added to the enjoyment. The Sons of England Band was on board the Macassa with the pleasure seekers and played a programme of the merriest Irish music. Songs were also sung by members of the Gle Club. Three hours, from 8 to 11 o'clock, were put in delightfully. The committee consisted of Messrs. James Cox, president, and Wm. Warrick, secretary of the club; J. Harris, C. Robinson, C. Shields, S. Robins and P. Mahoney.

**SUFFER NO MORE.**—There are thousands who live miserable lives because dyspepsia dulls the faculties and shadows existence with the cloud of depression. One way to dispel the vapors that beset the victims of this disorder is to order them a course of Parmales' Vegetable Pills, which are among the best vegetable pills known, being easy to take and are most efficacious in their action. A trial of them will prove this.

**HOTEL DIEU, CORNWALL.**  
Cornwall, Ont., July 19.—The new Hotel Dieu Hospital will be dedicated on Wednesday of next week by His Lordship Bishop Macdonell of Alexandria, who will be attended by all the priests of the diocese.

In the morning Miss Margaret McDonald of Alexandra will take the veil and make her final vows before the Bishop. Her name in religion will be Sister Margaret Mary.

In the evening the new hospital will be formally opened and in order to assist the Sisters in their good work a social and lecture will be held in the building. The Mayor, town Council and medical profession have been specially invited to be present. A splendid musical and vocal programme has been arranged and ice cream and other reasonable refreshments will be served by the ladies. The entire hospital and the surrounding grounds will be brilliantly illuminated.

The new Hotel Dieu is well worthy of a visit and this occasion will afford an opportunity for a thorough inspection of the building which everybody should take advantage of. The building is now complete with the exception of the balconies and the furnishing of some of the wards. Immediately after the opening the patients will be moved in from the old building which will hereafter be used as a residence for the sisters.

The Cornwall Standard says there are very few cities and certainly no towns in Canada more advantageously situated in regard to public institutions than the town of Cornwall. Within the last few years two first-class hospitals have been established here. One of these institutions, the Hotel Dieu Hospital—which, by the way, was the pioneer in the good work in Cornwall—was opened in the residence formerly occupied by the late Henry Sandfield Macdonald, by the Sisters of St. Joseph, Rev. Mother Hopkins and Sister Macdonald being sent from the Mother House in Kingston to inaugurate the undertaking. Rev. Mother Hopkins was compelled to give up the work, owing to ill health, and returned to Kingston, being succeeded by Rev. Mother St. Joseph. The building is large one and it was arranged in such a manner as to suit the purpose for which it was temporarily fitted up admirably. But the rapid increase in the number of patients very soon caused the good sisters in charge of the institution to commence to plan for the erection of a new and larger building. Indeed in a short time it became an absolute necessity, as the sisters themselves were compelled to put up with such scant accommodation for sleeping apartments that their health was endangered. Plans were prepared for a large and handsome structure, thoroughly up-to-date in all its appointments and equipped with the latest and most approved devices for the care of the sick and maimed. The Rev. Superior, Mother St. Joseph, and her colleague, Rev. Sister Macdonald, had gained much valuable experience during their long connection with the Hotel Dieu Hospital at Kingston, and they turned it to good account in arranging the details of the proposed new hospital with the architect. They also obtained information regarding the latest improvements in hospitals from the leading institutions of the kind in Canada and the United States. To-day they have the satisfaction of knowing that they have one of the most perfectly arranged and thoroughly equipped hospitals on the continent.

**TO BUILD CHURCH AT NOME.**  
The Daily Skagway News chronicles the arrival in that city of the famous Father Jacquet, who is waiting for navigation to open so he may proceed to frozen Nome and there erect a church.

Father Jacquet built the first church at Spokan and for years labored among the Cœurs d'Alene, Kootenai and Flathead Indians, and also in the mining camps that sprung up in those districts. He is therefore a good selection as the pioneer priest of Nome. He goes there to build a church and hospital. He has no material to build it with, but has all the enthusiasm of a zealous mind, and with a shrug of his shoulders, smilingly, says: "Other obstacles greater, have been overcome." He was born in Belgium, but educated for the priesthood in Maryland.

**THEIR REASON THEY WON.**

Of course it happened in the west, where women have full suffrage.

"How is it?" the political manager was asked, "that you failed to get the woman vote?"

"We were caught napping," he answered frankly. "We thought everything was all right, but the opposition got out an engraved ballot, while ours was only printed."—Chicago Post.

**A HUMORIST.**

"The man you sent to the horse show," said the managing editor, "seems to be a humorist."

"Why?" inquired the city editor.

"After describing the special class for donkeys, he says, 'Among those present were, Mr. and Mrs. Glawsey Stayre, Mr. and Mrs. Swillman Topham, etc.'"—The Catholic Standard and Times.



**Paraffine Wax**  
Don't let the top of your jelly and preserves jars in the old fashioned way. Seal them by the new, quick, automatic way with Myrtle refined Paraffine Wax. Has no taste or odor. Is air tight and acid proof. Applied in seconds. Full directions with each pound take. Sold everywhere. Made by IMPERIAL OIL CO.

**Tenders**



**NORTH-WEST MOUNTED POLICE**

**EXTENSION OF TIME.**

THE time for receiving Tenders for Mountie Clothing Supplies has been extended until Thursday, the 25th July 1901.  
**PRED. WHITE,**  
Comptroller N.W.M.P.  
Office of the Comptroller  
N.W. Mounted Police,  
Ottawa, 15th July, 1901.  
Newspapers inserting this advertisement with its authority will not be paid for.

**AUCTION SALE OF TIMBER BERTHS**

NOTICE is hereby given that pursuant to authority of certain grants, the Red and White Pine Timber in the following towns in the DISTRICT OF ALGOMA named: The Townships of GALTIER (part), HAIR, CARTIER, LYNN, JAMES, ANDREW, CHERYL, GILLOW, WILSON, LANS, and others in the District, and certain areas between the Rivers Bay and the Lake, in the District of THUNDER Bay, will be offered for sale by Public Auction at the Parliament Buildings, in the City of Toronto, on TUESDAY the 28th JULY, 1901, at 10 A.M. next, at the hour of ONE o'clock in the afternoon.

At the same time and place certain forfeited and abandoned berths in the Townships of DUNSHAW and LUTTERWORTH, in the District of HAMILTON and County of VICTORIA, will be offered for sale, the price of which after Berths to have the right to cut all kinds of timber.

Letters containing terms and conditions of sale and information as to areas and lots and concessions comprised in each berth will be furnished on application to the person or by letter, to the Department of Crown Lands, Toronto, or the Crown Land Agents at OTTAWA, SAULT STE. MARIE and PORT ARTHUR.

E. J. DAVIS,  
Commissioner Crown Lands,  
Department of Crown Lands, Toronto, June 1, 1901.

N.B.—No unauthorized publication of this advertisement will be paid for.

SEALED TENDERS addressed to the undersigned, and endorsed "Tender for Burlington Channel Works, Oct." will be received at this office until Friday, 9th August next, inclusively, for the renewal of the leasehold interest of all south end pier sheet piling and timber ends of piles, of the Burlington Channel, Wentworth County, Ontario, according to a plan and specification to be seen at the office of H. A. Gray, Esq., Resident Engineer, Confederation Building, Toronto, Ont., on application to the Postmaster of Burlington, or to the Burlington Engineers Office, Room 411, Merchant's Bank Building, 3 James St., Montreal, and at the Department of Public Works Ottawa.

Tenders will not be considered unless made on the form supplied and signed with the actual signature of tenderer.

An accepted cheque on a chartered bank, payable to the order of the Minister of Public Works, for ten thousand dollars (\$10,000.00), must accompany each tender. The cheque will be returned if the party declines the contract or fails to complete the work contracted for, and will be retained in case of non-acceptance of tender.

The Department does not bind itself to accept the lowest or any tender.

**FRED. GELINAS,** Secretary,  
Department of Public Works, Ottawa, 1st July, 1901.

Newspapers inserting this advertisement without authority from the Department will not be paid for it.

**Lake Navigation**

**The Niagara, St. Catharines & Toronto Navigation Co., Limited.**

Steamers Garden City and Lakeside.

**Change of Time.**

Commencing Wednesday, June 12th, steamers leave Toronto daily at 8 a.m., 1 p.m., 2 p.m., 5 p.m. making connections at Port Dalhousie with the Niagara, St. Catharines & Toronto Railway for St. Catharines, Niagara Falls, and Buffalo.

The best, the quickest, the easiest, and the cheapest route to the

**Pan-American Exposition.**

For information apply to Niagara, St. Catharines & Toronto Railway Co., St. Catharines, or to H. G. Luke, General Agent, Yonge St. wharf, Toronto, Ontario.

**Lake Ontario Navigation Co.**

**Str. ARGYLE**

Commencing first week in June.

For Whitby-Oshawa, every Tuesday and Friday.

For Bowmanville-Newcastle every Tuesday and Friday.

For Port Hope-Cobourg every Thursday 6 p.m.

Excursion committees will do well to get

## MIGHTY EVENTS PENDING IN HOLLAND.

Het Amsterdamse Algemeene Handelsblad in projecting the new Cabinet predicts that the greatest political and religious event in the history of Holland will occur to-morrow when the majority of the Queen's Ministry will be Catholics, thus placing them in a position to turn the balance of parties. This means that Holland, the birthplace of great reformers, the hotbed of Protestantism for centuries, ruled by the Protestant house of Orange, will gradually change from a Protestant to a Catholic country. This prediction of the leading conservative organ of the country has wrought up the people to an unusual pitch of excitement.

The ascent of the Church of Rome in this country may be judged by the remarkable results of the last election. Until a few years ago they were far in the minority. Now the members of the lower house of the states general elected consists of twenty-two Catholics, twenty Protestants (these two wings forming the clerical party), only nine Liberals, two historic Christians, twelve Democrats (his party is composed of Republicans and Socialists).

Despite the diminutiveness of the country there is no end of factions. The members of the right in the second chamber are almost as divided as their opponents. In addition to the Catholics, the party known as the Protestant anti-revolutionists are subdivided into those who acknowledge Pastor Kuyper as their leader and those who follow Savornin Lohman. Finally, there are the historic Christians or orthodox Calvinists, led by Pastor Visser. These divisions are, perhaps, more apparent than real and a coalition is spoken of between the historic Christians and the anti-revolutionists.

Despite these trying factional troubles the young Queen shows herself to be an ideal sovereign and she promises to maintain the grit of her illustrious ancestors in this crisis, ready to obey the will of the majority of her people, whether Catholic or Protestant.

## THE ANTI-CATHOLIC LAW.

It is affirmed that the Carthusians are about to leave their great monastery near Grenoble and to seek refuge in Austria, owing to the Associations Bill, which has now become law, after having gone through the Chamber and Senate. It is even stated that the contractor for the monks is building a new monastery for them at Pletrach, in Austria. If the Carthusians really go, and there are doubts about this, the district around Grenoble will be ruined, and the French Government will lose the immense sums paid annually by the monks as dues on their "liquor," and by way of general taxation.

The Czechs, among whom religion has given way to the feeling of race and nationality as the motive force, have been receiving M. Dausset, President of the Paris Municipal Council, with the warmest enthusiasm at Prague. M. Dausset, be it remembered, is a Nationalist, and he is accompanied by Nationalist colleagues. The French Nationalists are opposed to the cosmopolitans, such as the Jews, etc., who have been trying to run France for years. It is probably this tendency which has made the Czechs take to M. Dausset and his colleagues, for the Czech is a Nationalist above all things, and he likes people who love their country. France, moreover, has often, but not unfortunately, in these later days, been the friend of struggling nationalities. Hence the enthusiasm with which the Paris Municipal Councillors were greeted at Pilsen, Prague, and every other place in Bohemia which they traversed.

## POPE WRITES TO MGR. IRELAND.

St. Paul, Minn., July 4—Archbishop Ireland has received the following autographic communication from Pope Leo XIII., referring to the recent celebration of the fiftieth anniversary of the establishment of the diocese of St. Paul:

"To Our Venerable Brother John, Archbishop of St. Paul: Venerable brother, health and the apostolic blessing. Fifty years having happily passed since to the city of St. Paul

was given the honor of being made the see of a bishop, it is but right that its Catholic people should rejoice and prepare to give thanks to God with the greatest possible solemnity. As memory goes back over those past fifty years, there arise before us the pioneer days of that nascent church, small and humble indeed, but the faithful men numbered but a few hundred, and to minister to them there were but three priests. But now the see of St. Paul, raised to metropolitan honors, has five suffragan dioceses, and all of them singularly flourishing, not only in numbers of clergy and faithful, but also in religious spirit and Catholic institutions.

With great pleasure, therefore, venerable brother, do we share in your joy, and with you give thanks to God, reseeing Him who gave such abundant and happy growth to your beginnings to grant you greater and more joyful increase in the future. Moreover, being well aware that the present condition of your province, so full of consolation, is due in very great part to yourself and your service of thirty-nine years in the church of St. Paul, we give special credit to your energy and what great things it shall accomplish in the future we confidently infer from the results of the past. Meanwhile, as an earnest of our affection and as an augury of divine favors, we impart most lovingly to yourself, the suffragans, the clergy, the faithful, of the province of St. Paul the apostolic blessing:

"Given at Rome, at St. Peter, this 18th day of June, in the year of our Lord 1901, in the twenty-fourth year of our pontificate LEO XIII."

## A MINISTER DENOUNCES MARGARET SHEPHERD.

In Taunton, Mass., the other day the notorious Shepherd woman received an advertisement she was not looking for. It was furnished by Rev. Francis Carruthers, pastor of Taunton Presbyterian Church.

We learn from The Taunton Gazette that at the evening service in his church on Sunday, June 23, the Rev. Mr. Carruthers said he had been requested to notify his congregation, at the morning service, that Mrs. Margaret L. Shepherd, the "ex-nun,"

would deliver a lecture on the "Confessional" in the Odd Fellows Hall. The notice was sent around to the different churches in the city. He had not given the notice out, and he only mentioned it now because the lecture had been delivered, and was a thing of the past. He was, he said, always willing to help out any legitimate enterprise, in a religious way, but this ex-nun, Mrs. Margaret L. Shepherd, was not engaged in anything of that sort. Instead of giving notice of her lecture and requesting his congregation to attend it, he felt much more inclined to head a party to hoot the ex-nun, Shepherd, out of the city. These lectures, he said, were an outrage on the moral sense of the community, Protestant and Catholic alike.

Continuing, the Rev. Mr. Carruthers said:

'Would Protestants like to be treated the same way? A number of Episcopalian and Presbyterian ministers have gone over to the Catholic Church during the last quarter of a century. What would we think if the Catholics were to bring some of these to Taunton to lecture on 'The Morals of Protestant Ladies,' and advertise the lecture 'For Women Only'?' or a lecture on 'The Practices of the Protestant Ministry,' advertised 'For Men Only.' Would it not be necessary to call out the police to keep order? It certainly would. Then this Mrs. Shepherd resorts to the stale old trick of inviting the Bishops or priests to attend her lecture and contradict her if they dare. If a Catholic were to come to this city denouncing the 'immoralities' of the Protestant ministry and challenging any minister in the place to contradict his statements, would any one assume they were guilty if they treated him with the same silent contempt as the priests do the statements of Mrs. Shepherd? Surely not. Now, these things are understood among intelligent people. But what is the result among a certain class of those who are not so intelligent? In the workshops sometimes a man will say to his Catholic fellow-workman, 'Why do not you

priests come out and contradict Mrs. Shepherd? She invites them, but they dare not come!' The result is always bad feeling and possibly a fight. That's what Mrs. Shepherd is here for. She is willing to do all that sort of thing for 15 cents admission per head to her lectures. Now, as a matter of fact, some Catholics in New York did call this Mrs. Shepherd to account, and not long ago. What did she do? Stay and answer them? No. She skipped out of the State, and has not been seen there as a lecturer since."

## WITH THE WISE AND THE VIRTUOUS

Human beings are a good deal like suspended harmonies, craving to find the home key. Some are resolved into concord in this life, some later.

Men imagine that they communicate their virtue or vice only by hidden actions, and do not see that virtue or vice emit a breath every moment.

The dolphin is said to be the fastest swimmer in the sea. It is often seen swimming round and round a vessel which is steaming at its highest speed.

As the Sandwich Islander believes that the strength and valor of the enemy he kills passes into himself, so we gain the strength of the temptation we resist.

Everything contributed to try you, but God, who loves you, will not permit you to be tempted beyond your strength. He will make use of the temptation for your advancement.

If we have a petition to present to august and powerful men, with what respect and deference do we not approach them! How much more profound, then, should be the respect and humility with which we offer our supplication to the Lord God of the Universe?

Sin consists in the voluntary confusion of the independence which is good with the independence which is bad, it is caused by the half indulgence granted to a first sophism. We shut our eyes to the beginnings of evil because they are small, and in this weakness is contained the germ of our defeat.

Sin consists in the voluntary confusion of the independence which is good with the independence which is bad, it is caused by the half indulgence granted to a first sophism. We shut our eyes to the beginnings of evil because they are small, and in this weakness is contained the germ of our defeat.

The world always judges a man (and rightly enough too) by his little faults, which he shows a hundred times a day, rather than by his great virtues, which he discloses perhaps but once in a lifetime, and to a single person—nay, in proportion as they are rarer, and he is nobler, is shyer of letting their existence be known, at all.

To know the worth of work we must consider, first of all, what is its effect upon the worker. If it warms, cripes and degrades him, it is not true work, though he should thereby amass vast wealth or gain great reputation. That work is best which best helps to make men and women wise and virtuous, and that which breeds vice is worst — is little better than idleness, which is evil because it breeds vice.

"Indeed!" smiled the visitor, "And what may the other question be?"

"What I calls question number two," replied the sexton, "It is jest this. Samiwell, is tips allowed?" And Samiwell allus answers, "Tips is allowed!"

"Samiwell" watched the party leave with a lighter heart and a heavier pocket.—Tit-Bits.

## BIRDS CAPTURE A POSTOFFICE.

An Irish exchange says: At Kilcoda a highly novel and peculiar incident has taken place. In the place named there is a wall-box erected by the Postoffice authorities for the reception of any letters belonging to the people of the district, and very frequently the collection is a heavy one, as a good many farmers and gentry reside round there. When the letter-carrier (Francis McCarthy) came to the box he found it besieged by a swarm of bees, which had "lived" in the neighborhood during the day, and at the end of their journey alighted in the box, turning it into a kind of beehive. The postman was immediately assailed by the bees, when he approached the box to empty its contents, with the result that he had to beat a hasty retreat. The bees have, so far, established the box as the scene of their honey-making operations, and are busy at work, passing in and out, as in a hive, through the aperture into which letters are dropped. The local authorities have up to the present taken no steps to dislodge them, except that they have entered into communication with the Postmaster-General as to what they will do in the matter. The action of the bees in constituting the letter-box their hive has seriously inconvenienced many persons who have been in the habit of using it.

## HE GOT HIS TIPS.

The sexton of a certain country church usually makes the most of an opportunity, and is not above giving what he describes as "a gentle 'int'" to the sightseer.

The other afternoon he had conducted a party round the church, and despite casual dropping of more than one "gentle 'int,'" it appeared as if the sexton was to go unrewarded.

In the porch the leader of the party paused a moment, thanked the old sexton profusely, and wished him "good afternoon."

"I suppose," he added, "you've been here many years?"

"Forty," replied the old man, "an it's a werry strange thing, as whenever I'm showing a party out o' the porch they allus asks me that question, or?" (with emphasis) "the other 'n'"

"Indeed!" smiled the visitor, "And what may the other question be?"

"What I calls question number two," replied the sexton, "It is jest this. Samiwell, is tips allowed?" And Samiwell allus answers, "Tips is allowed!"

"Samiwell" watched the party leave with a lighter heart and a heavier pocket.—Tit-Bits.

## A CONSIDERATE DAUGHTER.

"Hard at it, I see, Mrs. Blucher."

"Yes, Mrs. Brown; this is my washing day, and looking after a family of ten does not leave much time on my hands."

"Is that Mary's voice that I hear at the piano in the parlor?"

"Yes; that's her. I don't see how I'd get along without that girl, now. Always on these days, when I have the tiringest work, she picks out her choicest pieces, like, 'Sweet Rest By and By,' 'Mother's growing old,' 'Love will roll the Clouds Away,' and sings 'em for me while I'm running the things through the first water. Tain't every gal would be so very thoughtful, I can tell you."

Since we are grass and like a brief day of years at best, what is the use of so much anxious care, of so much fussing and fretting? What is the good of hoarding money for other people to ruin themselves with when you are dead? What is the good of hating to act a part, of seeming to be other than we are? What is the gain of guile, or envy, or evil-speaking? What? I should like to know. For, since you are grass and shall soon lie down in the grave, God knows you and I do not want our dreams in that sleep of death to be of hate, or malice, or evil-speaking. Then be swift to forgive. Rev. George W. Huntington.

We can understand how the Church can look fearlessly at the storms that ever and anon burst upon her, because built upon the solidity of her belief, she knows that the waves can but break harmless at her feet. She has no need of human means to secure her existence, for that has a promise of perennial duration. The condition, too, of her being in one of struggle and warfare, and when it comes upon her, her only act is to oppose the shield of Faith and the sword of the Word of God—her only arms the truth. And as it is written that truth will prevail, so in every battle in which she has been engaged she has come forth at last with victory inscribed on her banner—victory through the truth.

"I was spinning a web in the rose vine," said the spider, "and the little girl was sewing patchwork on the doorstop. Her thread knotted and her needle broke, and her eyes were full of tears. 'I can't do it,' she said; 'I can't, I can't!' Then her mother came and bade her look at me. Now every time I spun a nice silky thread and tried to fasten it from one branch to another the wind blew and tore it away. Thus happened many times, but at last I made one that did not break, and fastened it close and spun other threads to join it. Then the mother smiled. 'What a patient spider!' she said. The little girl smiled, too, and took up her work. And when the sun went down there was a beautiful web in the rose vine and a square of beautiful patchwork on the step."

**FIRST AID TO THE INJURED POND'S EXTRACT**

FOR BURNS, SPRAINS, WOUNDS, BRUISES OR ANY SORT OF PAIN.  
Used Internally and Externally.  
ONCE UPON A TIME the weak watery Witch Hazel prepared Extract of the same as Pond's Extract which easily absorbs and oftentimes "wood alcohol" on drinking externally, and taken internally, a poison.

**CHURCH BELLS**  
Chimes and Peals  
McSHANE BELL FOUNDRY  
Baltimore, Md.

ASH FOR  
**Labatt's**  
(LONDON)

An Ale free from the faults of Lager and heavier brands of Ale and having the virtues of a pure beverage.

**J. E. SEAGRAM**  
DISTILLER AND DIRECT IMPORTER OF  
WINES, LIQUORS and MALT and FAMILY PROOF  
Whiskies, Old Rye, Etc.

ALSO MANUFACTURERS OF THOSE RENOWNED BRANDS  
"OLD TIMES" and "WHITE WHEAT"  
Conceded by Connoisseurs to be the Choicest Flavored Whiskies in the Market.

J. E. SEAGRAM, WATERLOO, ONT.

## OUR BRANDS



**The O'Keefe Brewery Co., Limited, TORONTO.**

## MONUMENTS

Fine work and best designs at lowest prices in Granite and Marble Monuments. We are the largest Manufacturers in the Dominion.

**The McIntosh Granite & Marble Co.**

Limited 1119 & 1121 YONGE ST. (Terminal Yonge St. Car Route.) Telephone 4364, TORONTO.

Manufacturers of the celebrated

THE...  
DOMINION BREWERY CO.  
Limited.

Brewers and Malsters

Toronto.

Ask for it and see that our Brand is on every Cork.

Our Ales and Porters have been examined by the best Analysts, and they have declared them Pure and Free from any Delicous Ingredients.

Wm. ROSS, Manager.

## WHITE LABEL ALE

The Yorkville Laundry, 45 ELM STREET.

E. P. PALSER, Proprietor.

ALL HAND WORK.

The Best Equipped Establishment in the Finest Building in Canada

**The Hunter Rose Company**

Printers and Bookbinders

Temple Building, cor. Bay and Richmond Sts.

Telephone Main 546.

TORONTO.

Are supplying the trade with their superior

ALES AND BROWN STOUTS

Brewed from the finest Malt and best Bavarian brand of Hop. These are highly recommended by the Medical faculty for their purity and strength.

Awarded the Highest Prizes at the International Exhibition, Philadelphia, for Purity of Malt and General Excellence of Quality. Honorable Mention, Paris, 1878. Medals and Diplomas, Antwerp, 1885.

Brewing Office, 295 Niagara St.

TELEPHONE PARK 140.

THE...  
COSGRAVE BREWERY CO.

OF TORONTO, Limited.

Maltsters, Brewers and Bottlers

TORONTO.

Are supplying the trade with their superior

ALES AND BROWN STOUTS

Brewed from the finest Malt and best Bavarian

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Awarded the Highest Prizes at the International Exhibition, Philadelphia, for Purity of Malt and General Excellence of Quality. Honorable Mention, Paris, 1878. Medals and Diplomas, Antwerp, 1885.

LOVE AND SCORN—A BALLAD.  
A maiden stands at her father's gate,  
At her father's gate in the evening  
gloom;  
All earth is fair, and everywhere  
The roses are in bloom.

A knight rides up on a milk-white  
steed,  
A milk-white steed, his lance at  
rest,  
Careless his song; as he rides along  
Sparkles his golden crest.

Admiring his glance as he gallantly  
steeps,  
Stoops to speak to the lady fair,  
But cold was she as a maid can be,  
Even when no one is there!

The knight he smiled and he rode  
away,  
Rode away to a maid more sweet.  
Was the lady right?—ah! never a  
knight again did the lady meet!

—Ernest Sholes.

♦ ♦ ♦

## A Modern Martyrdom

It was a summer's day strayed into late October. The whistle of the two big mills in Whitefields had blown the after-dinner recall but half an hour ago. The sunshine that flooded the little sitting-room of the rectory was still of a midday potency to excuse the shirtsleeves of stout, massive Seth Miller, the mason and builder, and his constant mopping of his flushed face and bald head as he sat in conference with the slender, pale young priest of the parish, Father Morris, as the Irish portion of his stock and Protestant Whitefields called him. The two were alone in the room, and Father Morris was struggling to compass into uniformity and symmetry a fat sheaf of bank bills he had just counted over twice under the eyes of his companion, the second time before the latter had declined to enumerate them himself.

"It is a good job done," Father Morris said, as he slipped elastic bands about the finally tied bundle and slid it across the table to the overheated giant, "and I hope it's done for the next fifty years. In that case Holy Souls' parish needn't judge the twenty-one hundred dollars its new cemetery has cost, though I know the people find fault that it was planned on so large a scale, and we all know that it's been a long pull all a hard pull to raise the money. Thankful to give it to you at last full, and I cannot say how grateful both my predecessor, Father Nugent, and I have felt for your patience in waiting for your payment. I hope you haven't been too patient, for you know you could have had a few hundred on account almost any time you had wished them."

"Yes, yes, I knew that. Father Nugent told me that at the start, but from the first I'd kind of settled in my mind that I'd do without this money if I could and have it at the end in a lump. You see, I knew 'twas safe to wait, and I've been earning other mony straight along, because Father Nugent and you've let me take my time over the job and put my men and teams on it between jobs of other jobs that had to be justified. I guess the accommodatin' ain't been all on my side. And now I expect it would seem pretty mysterious to anybody that just knows me in public so to say and that I must have earned a good deal of money in my time, and that I'm a very plain man without expensive habits, to be told that this sum that I'm going to take straight to the bank is the very first I could ever deposit calculatin' to have it stay, and not fore-casting any occasion to draw upon it either for my family or my business. Sixty-five's rather old to be puttin' away the first nest egg of savin's, but I don't know as I could do much better, set me back forty years. It cost a good deal to settle my father's estate and keep the old homestead, and I've had eight children to rear and see 't they should have the schoolin' and some advantages I missed and have always hankered after. Can't give them fortunes, but they're good children, not a black sheep among them, and except my blind daughter they're all doin' well for themselves."

"You've given them better than me," Father Morris answered, seriously. "According to what I've been told, you're trained your children to be a blessing in any community. As for your old homestead, it's now place of the town for its shade and flowers."

"I've taken a heap of considerin' at it," Mr. Miller said. "My wife declares sometimes that I had my last dollar for a new shrub from Japan, but she allow anybody else to say it. And her figurin' it out to one of us one day that father never took a glass of spirits, nor smoked, nor had a vacation, nor took a trip anywhere unless 'twas on business; that he wasn't much of a hand for politics and that she was thankful he'd got somethin' outside of his work

to take such an interest in. Well! Well!" rising slowly, "I'm only hindering you, and I must be getting down to the bank. I hope your church folk'll get reconciled to the size of their cemetery. 'Twon't be any too big, give it time enough Good-day, Father Morris."

"Good afternoon," Father Morris answered, and then his eye catching the packet of bills held uncovered in the contractor's hand: "Why, surely, Mr. Miller, you're not going to carry your money like that? Wait a moment and I'll find a wrapper for it," and, springing up, the priest turned toward his desk near the window.

"No, no; never mind, father," Mr. Miller interposed, hastily, "it's all right. There! I'll fold it in this newspaper and slip it into my coat. At this time o' day I shan't meet anybody between here and the bank, and if I do, nobody'd guess Seth Miller's got his savin's of a life time slung over his arm!" And with another friendly "Good-day" he was out of the room, and presently Father Morris saw him walking down the narrow boardwalk to the street, going circumspectly, with characteristic care not to bruise a flower or tendril from the borders of gay annuals that overflowered in masses upon the walk.

It was but little more than a half hour later when Father Morris was roused from work at his desk by the sound of heavy running along the quiet road, the violent bursting open of the rectory gate and the crash of its closing, flung from the impatient hand of some one plunging reckless footed up the walk. The contractor had again! and such a figure of amazed haste that the priest himself went hurriedly to the door to let him in. Miller did not speak, but strode forward into the sitting room, glanced swiftly about it, then dropped, spent, upon a seat. The priest looked at him and went into his dining room, whence he quickly returned with a glass of water. "You are not built for racing in such heat as this, Mr. Miller," he said, as the latter drank from the glass.

"No," Miller said, briefly; then, after a minute, "that's better I didn't run very far. My money, Father Morris. You haven't found it here? When I got to the bank and unfolded my coat and opened the newspaper, the bundle of bills was gone! I hadn't met a creature between this and the bank nor seen a bit of soul anywhere except old Dan Powers, asleep in his hammock, so I made sure that if I came straight back on my tracks I'd find the bundle on the sidewalk, where it had worked out of the paper and coat with the motion as I walked and dropped, but not a sign of it! I didn't meet anybody as I came back and old Dan is still asleep, so I hoped the packet had slipped out here before I got out of the house and that it would be the first thing my eyes would light on, in this room, and it floured me when I saw that it wasn't here and that you knew nothing about it."

"I sat down at my desk when you left," Father Morris said, "and only rose from it to let you in, and no one else has been in the room. You must have overlooked the package along the road somewhere. How could it really disappear in such a short time, when apparently you have been the only person stirrin'? There are only four houses the whole distance, one of them empty now, and nobody's at home at this hour except the mothers of the families, the babies and old Dan, who but just hobbies about with a crutch, and he was asleep, you say. If you've got your breath, I'll go back with you and we'll search the ground thoroughly."

Miller rose at once, and they passed out of the house, the priest throwing wide open the outer door so that every inch of the small hall could be scrutinized at a glance.

"Let us begin right here at the steps," he said; "you take one side of the walk and I'll take the other, and we'll hunt these flower-beds carefully."

They reached the gate—nothing—and turned down the walk the contractor had gone, the one on the opposite side of the road from the four houses. The houses were well separated from each other by orchards and bits of garden ground. Not a depression, not a gully, not a tuft of grass, not a patch of weeds, not a bush at either hand of the uncared-for walk that escaped keen inquiry; but no bundle of bank bills, a little fortune in country reckoning, was forthcoming.

In the first two houses they came to the solitary woman in each had been too busy to take any note of the road. The third was vacant, having been sold within the month for debt. It had belonged to Dennis Powers, old Dan's drinking, disreputable oldest son, and was built with the money of the young fellow's wife. The wife, happily for herself, died at the birth of her first child, a toddler between two and three years. They found him fast asleep in the hammock at the next house, old Dan's. The grandfather, too, old from disease and decrepitude rather than years, was there smoking his pipe in a chair, alongside. The old man had seen no one going by in the road, but "shure a procession

would have wist, for he'd tak more than his forty winks trying to read the paper in the hammock just after dinner!"

Searching every foot of the way the two men reached the entrance of the bank building, and the earth might have opened and swallow'd the bundle of notes for all race they could find. They talked with sympathizing bank officials, old, warm friends of Miller's, and it was at the suggestion of one of these that the contractor had the constable called, and, reinforced by him, the two retraced what was becoming for Miller, at any rate, a "main-traveled road," seeking the lost packet over a preposterous width of area till the quest ended fruitlessly and in utter perplexity at the sitting-room of the rectory. The constable examined this latter carefully, asking only: "Is everything here exactly as it was when Mr. Miller left the first time, Father Morris?"

"Precisely," returned Father Morris, "except that now my desk is open."

"I was sorry you asked that question of Father Morris," Mr. Miller said to the constable as they walked back to the main street. "The money's gone through my fool trick of carrying it as I did, but Father Morris knows no more where it went than I do. He went to get me a proper envelope, but I wouldn't have it."

"Well, I hope he's all right, but you know there's some folks' will think this business might have easily an ugly look for him," the constable replied.

"I suppose so, but they needn't advance any such theory to me," Miller said, with some emphasis. "I'm no detective, but if there's a better man in this town than that young fellow, I'm as much out as I ever was in my life."

The news of Seth Miller's loss was all over Whitefields before sunset, and for many days was the subject of hot discussion wherever a knot of people gathered. To have lost even fifty dollars would have been an event in the country village, where everybody knew everybody else by sight, name or repute, if not personally, and where serious crime and criminals were unheard of, but for a sum like that which vanished from Miller's slack guardianship to disappear, leaving no faintest clue, Whitefields was lost over the puzzle. And it was not strange that in a New England village, even in the earliest talks over the mystery, there should be some darkly that the Catholic priest could clear it up if he would, for in the circumstances where could the package have been dropped, to evade almost instantaneous search, save in the house? Had Father Nugent been the priest involved, his years of life and labor in Whitefields would have shielded him from suspicion in many minds, but who knew anything reassuring about his lately installed successor? From evil hint to open remark, "Guess the new priest up there knows pretty well where Miller's money is!" was not long, and as weeks, months passed, and the problem was still unsolved, the sinister impression spread, deepened, and Father Morris was practically boycotted by Protestant Whitefields. He was omitted from every meeting and function wherein his predecessor had been invited to take part; not a social courtesy was extended him. Most of the people with whom he came in business contact made the contact brief and treated him with cool or scant ceremony, the ruder sort, indeed, with rank incivility. One sweet drop there was, in his bitter cup—Seth Miller could never be brought to admit a doubt of his innocence and never let slip an occasion to show him respect or do him a kindness. As for his parishioners, while they indignantly resented the Protestant belief in his guilt and the obliquity with which he was treated, Father Morris was too recent a comer amongst them for ties of familiar affection to bind priest and people together, and he was so shy with youth and the terrible cloud upon him that their faith in and sympathy for him were necessarily nute.

Late in the following spring old Dan Powers sickened in a grip epidemic. He weathered the first attack, but a relapse found him so weak that the doctor advised him to set his affairs in order. "Bring the priest," was his first injunction when the doctor had gone, "and bring him to wanst!"—a pious haste as surprising as comforting to his wife and daughter, for old Dan had ever been of those ready to brag and fight for their religion than to practice it, though he had never given any flagrant scandal. Father Morris returned with the envoy, and the family were banished from the room. Old Dan before he began the confession of his sins had something to say to Father Morris. His breath was short and there were many pauses. There was evidently a matter of weighty nature on his mind, concerning which he wanted some advice. His strength was hardly sufficient to bear him through the ordeal. He began his story in a hesitating fashion, but it

was not long before the weakness of the sickness overcame him.

Father Morris waited. He looked at the sick man; the blood seemed ready to burst through the wrinkled old face, writhing with some terrible emotion.

At last, "No more to-day, father; I can't," old Dan said faintly, and when the priest would have urged him to finish his story if possible, he turned himself silently and obstinately to the wall.

"He was obliged to stop," Father Morris said to the anxious, waiting women he summoned. "Send for me again the moment he will let you or if he takes a turn for the worse."

Two days passed and the messenger was sent again. Could Father Morris come directly? The sick man had had a bad night and was in a hurry for him. Father Morris went at once, but when the moment came to resume the interrupted conversation the host seemed over and there was a long silence.

"Begin where you left off," the priest said, gently.

"It's no use, father," Dan burst out; "I can never tell you. I must have another priest—any priest but you."

"You are too sick to wait," Father Morris answered. "Put me or any man out of your thoughts."

"Lord help me, I'm a lost man entirely!" the old man groaned. "It was me, father, that got Mr. Miller's money." Father Morris neither moved nor spoke. "It was this way, father. I was minding the baby—Dennis' little Hugh—the afternoon the money was lost. I fell asleep in the hammock, and when I woke up he'd slipped out of the yard into the road. He came back when I called with a parcel hugged up in his arm. I took it away from him, thinking 'twas some advertising book, and sent him to granny; but when I saw 'twas banknotes, and a power of 'em, I fell back in hammock wake and all in a cold sweat. The notes were old, so I knew they were good, and I hid 'em to see what I'd do with 'em. I mislaid something when you came with Mr. Miller, and when we heard that night that he'd lost money, I knew I'd got it, though I did not get a chance to count it till next day, for I didn't want the women to know anything about it."

"And why did you not restore it to its owner at once?" the priest asked. "You know perfectly well that you were committing a mortal sin in keeping it, and that your soul would be damned if you died before giving it back."

"Yes, father, but 'twas an awful temptation! Here was I past work, my old bones murdered wid earning this place and trying to put by a bit for the time when we'd need it—the women and me—everything going out, nothing coming in, and little Hugh to be feared, for his father's good. And nobody would ever think of that baby finding it, and him too young to know what it was or to remember two minutes that he'd had it."

"Do you mean to tell me that you've used any of that money?" demanded Father Morris, sharply.

"No, father, that I haven't. The bundle's just the same as when I got it."

"And you are sorry that you ever concealed it?"

"That I am. I've had no end of trouble about it."

"And you will return it at once to its owner?"

"I can't, father; don't ask me. Think of the disgrace to my family wid my name and thief in everybody's mouth!"

"The money can be returned without your name or any detail, but back it must go, and by your own will, or there is no hope for you."

"Oh, it's hard, father, mortal hard! I'd give it up, but there's reasons I can't. I haven't told you all; I'm too weak to talk any more. You'll have to go away now, father, and I'll send for you as my strength comes back a little."

That force of mind or body should ever animate again that exhausted figure seemed hopeless. "Pray that our Lord will give him a little more time," Father Morris enjoined the women, and slipping into the church on his way home he spent a long hour there in supplication for a soul in peril. He was roused a little after midnight that night by the third summons.

"As quick as you can, father," the messenger said. "He's calling you, and he's going fast."

In his burning anxiety to annihilate the distance, not to be too late for that passing soul, Father Morris ran all the way. When he reached Powers' house it was lighted up and filled with relatives and village friends.

"Tis the third time the old man's sent for his clergy," he overheard one man murmur to another in the group lingering just outside the door. "Sure he's making a terrible pious end at last."

The sick man had his eyes fixed on the door, all the life in him seeming to be in their gaze.

"Lock the door, father," he said,

without waste of a word in greeting, "and hang something over the key-hole. Hang something over the window, too. Dennis is here spying about. Dennis knows about the money," he went on, as Father Morris sat down at the bedside. "He was here the day Hugh found it and was looking out of the window when I took it from the child, though he never mistrusted anything till he heard Mr. Miller's money was in such a bundle. Since then he's threatened everything if I didn't share it with him, says he should have it by all rights because Hugh found it. But I couldn't somehow break into Mr. Miller's money, and just in these few months Dennis has made me draw nine hundred dollars from the fifteen hundred I had in the bank—all I had in the world except the place here—to keep him quiet. I know 'twas my own fault he got the hounds on me, and I'm kilt wid rememberin' how I've let him rob his old mother and his sister. 'Twas thinking how they'd manage without money, and the child to provide for, and fear of Dennis that kept me quiet and hanging on to the package, and may the Lord forgive me my sins! You'll send the money back, father—I've no one to trust wid it—and secret, for the sake of them that's innocent. It's in the cupboard, the third shelf from the top, under some papers. This is the key to the cupboard," feebly drawing a bunch of keys from beneath the bedcovers. "Quick, now, father, and then I can make my confession and be forgiven and die in peace."

Needless to exhort Father Morris—haste—a glance at his penitent was enough—and carefully separating the indicated key from the bunch, he speedily had it in the ward and the door open, but his heart sank as he saw the crammed curiosity shop exposed. "The third shelf," right, and "under some papers?" "but what papers?" he moaned to himself as he felt here and there among the old day books, almanacs and bundles of yellow bills and papers and nowhere came upon the package sought, his heart bursting with the anguish of delay. Then with the same anguish, the sick man rose to a sitting posture: "Take me over there, father," he pleaded, "shure I weigh nothing now, and I'll get it at once."

Was there any other? "But I'm afraid you can't hear it," Father Morris said, coming back to the bed.

"I'll bear it," the old man said. "What does it matter now? Lift me up!"

Cold with the horror of the thing the young priest gathered the dead weight of helplessness in his arms, bore it to the cupboard and held it there through an age that old Dan himself fumbled in vain amongst the shelf's collection. "Ah!" he breathed at last, with feeble triumph, "I remember, 'twas in this I put it," drawing out an old bill-book, "now tak me back."

Father Morris felt the collapse of the old man's last spark of energy as he staggered with him to the bed, but life, understanding the vivid beaming shone still in the eyes that still looked at him from the pillow, and not till the priestly hand was lifted in blessing and the full confession made and the absolution uttered to its last words did their light fade, and the faint "Jesus, mercy!" escape with the last sobbing breaths.

Whitefields was stirred with another great sensation when Mr. Miller's money, in its original package, was returned to him by express, with no hint of its experiences—just a typewritten slip accompanying it, "From a repentant man." Old discussions of the mystery were waged anew, but any true elucidation of it was as remote as at first. Nor did the cloud of suspicion lift from Father Morris. Not much reference was made to him, but the mostly unexpressed opinion was New England's own implacability: "'Twas a mercy, of course, that he repented stealing the money, but to steal it in the first place." And just as sternly as before he was ignorant on all possible occasions.

Once Father Morris appealed to his Bishop to station him elsewhere, explaining the situation. "You think some other cross would be easier to carry?" his chief asked.

The young man reddened. "Perhaps that, a little," he said; "but might not it be better for the parish in Whitefields that its priest should be unoccupied?"

"That I must determine with such wisdom as is given to me," the Bishop replied, and Father Morris reddened more deeply still. "There! there!" the Bishop added, putting a kind hand on the priest's shoulder, "I do not in the least believe you would really throw away such a chance for one of the little martyrdoms we're reduced to nowadays."

The entire village joined to erect the monument to Father Maurice de Lyster that is the pride and place of pilgrimage of Holy Souls' Cemetery. A beautiful figure of charity crowns it. One side of the pedestal one reads that the memorial is the tribute of Whitefields; the other are briefly recited the important facts of his life and the story of his heroic death, and below, "Greater love hath no man than this."

The boycott is broken, the martyrdom gloriously ended.—Catholic World.

## CANADIAN NEWS

## CALENDAR FOR THE WEEK.

Ninth Sunday after Pentecost.  
Gospel St. Luke xix. 44-47: Jesus weeps over Jerusalem.

Su. 28 St. Lazarus and Com., MM.  
M. 29 St. Martha, V.  
T. 30 SS. Abd'n and Lennon, NM.  
W. 31 St. Ignatius Loyola, C.  
Th. 1 St. Peter's Chains.  
F. 2 St. Alphonsus Ligouri, B.C.D.  
S. 3 Finding St. Stephen's relics.

## DR. THOS. O'HAGAN'S NEW BOOK.

We beg to draw the attention of our many readers to the advertisement of Dr. O'Hagan's new work, entitled "Canadian Essays." The book appeals especially to all interested in our country and its history and will prove invaluable to the scholar, the teacher and the parent. It is a decided acquisition to our Catholic Canadian literature. The price of the book is \$1.

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## A BRILLIANT YOUNG PUPIL.

London, July 22.—Miss Eva L. Traher, the winner of the Murphy gold medal at the recent entrance examinations, secured the highest number of marks of any pupil from the separate schools of this city, was formerly a pupil of the Ladies' Academy of the Sacred Heart, Queen's Avenue, and spent the last three years at the Holy Angels' separate school. She is only 13 years of age, and is to be highly commended for her brilliant work. She is the daughter of Mrs. Traher (widow of the late John C. Traher) 387 Dufferin Avenue, and is also a niece of the Rev. Father Traher, of St. Mary's Church, this city. The family are well known in musical circles, Mrs. Traher being the leader of St. Mary's Church choir, and Mr. Hubert Y. Traher, a brother of Miss Eva, is the organist of St. Peter's Cathedral.

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## MEAGHER-McGUIRE.

Peterborough, July 16.—At Peter's cathedral this morning about 9 o'clock, Miss Catherine McGuire, daughter of Mr. John McGuire, of Douro, and Mr. John Meagher, of Chicago, formerly of town, were united in marriage. Rev. Father O'Sullivan officiated. The bride was assisted by Miss Maloney, of Lindsay, while the groomsmen was Mr. W. E. Meagher, brother of the groom. The bride was becomingly attired in a travelling suit of grey cloth with a tucked bodice of white silk, and wore a white hat with chiffon trimming. The bridesmaid wore a pretty gown of white organdie trimmed with valenciennes lace and insertion, and wore a white chiffon hat.

After the ceremony the wedding party repaired to the residence of Mr. Fred. Cook, brother-in-law of the groom, where a sumptuous wedding repast was partaken of.

Mr. and Mrs. Meagher left on the 11-34 G. T. R. train for their future home in Chicago. Many friends were at the depot to say farewell and extend best wishes.

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## BURDET-GALVIN.

Hamilton, July 22.—St. Mary's Cathedral was the scene of an early morning wedding to-day, but a large number of the friends and well-wishers of the couple were on hand to witness the ceremony. The parties were Mr. Frank Burdet and Miss Nora Galvin. The bride was charmingly gowned in a travelling costume of pearl grey cashmere, and her maid, Miss Monica McKeever, looked beautiful in white muslin. Mr. John Cummings was groomsman. Rev. Father Mahony officiated. Mr. and Mrs. Burdet left for Toronto after the wedding, and will proceed to St. Anne's, joining the pilgrimage to that celebrated shrine to-morrow.

## High School Entrance

The following are the successful candidates at the entrance examinations of the Catholic schools held at the De La Salle Institute. The total number of pupils writing were 98, out of which 90 received sufficient percentage to pass. The total number of marks obtainable was 870. Each pupil to pass was compelled to receive 50 per cent., and Inspector Brother Odo Baldwin, in speaking of the results, expressed himself well satisfied:

## BOYS.

St. Basil's School—F. Keating, H. O'Leary.  
St. Helen's School—P. Foley, J. Halloran, E. McAleer, H. O'Byrne, W. Pegg.  
St. John's School—A. Latremouille.  
St. Mary's School—P. Dee, R. Kinsella, E. McCafferty, M. O'Reilly.  
St. Michael's School—L. Annette, W. Finucane, T. Glover, N. Hennessy, T. Hynes, F. Kennedy, J. Seltz.  
St. Patrick's School—W. Hanna, E. Malone, J. Mohan, H. O'Donoghue, J. O'Hearn, J. Ryan, A. Schreiner, C. Smith.  
St. Paul's School—W. Carter, A. Clancy, L. Dickson, F. Gallagher, F. Hallinan, E. Hurley, J. Hurley, J. McAuliffe, J. Ryan, G. Somers.  
St. Peter's School—D. Balfour, H. Quinn, R. Collier.

## GIRLS.

St. Anne's School—A. Ferry, M. Holland, M. Nolan.  
St. Basil's School—C. Costello, M. McGee, G. Martin, G. Ryce, M. Smith.  
St. Francis School—M. Carey, V. Carey.  
St. Helen's School—C. Fayle, F. Gibson, M. James, M. Marlborough, A. Nugent, F. Ryan, A. Wallace.  
St. John's School—E. Giroux, L. Kew, B. O'Neill, K. Quigley.  
St. Mary's School—A. Bolger, T. Corcoran, M. Coughlin, G. Curran, M. Curran, B. Fitzgerald, M. Harte, G. Hartnett, M. McGarrigle, A. Nolan, M. O'Neill, M. Shea.  
St. Mary's Convent—V. Evans, K. Hallarn, N. Lehane.  
St. Michael's School—J. Johnson, L. Lavry, V. O'Leary, J. Townsend, T. Townsend.  
St. Patrick's School—L. Bissett, M. Dilworth, E. Ford, K. Gilly, S. McGarry, E. Mahoney, E. O'Grady.  
St. Peter's School—M. Finerty, S. Ryan.

## ORDINATIONS IN THE BASILIAN ORDER.

On Friday morning, the 26th inst., the Rev. E. Pageau will be ordained to the Holy Priesthood, in Sandwich, by the Rt. Rev. F. P. McEvay, Bishop of London. Mr. Pageau made his course at St. Michael's College, and his Novitiate and scholasticate at St. Basil's Novitiate. He will be professor of the 1st Commercial class in Houston, Texas, next year.

On Sunday morning at the nine o'clock mass His Grace Archbishop O'Connor will ordain to the Holy Priesthood Rev. Messrs. A. Staley, W. Roach and M. T. Roach. The three named gentlemen made their course at St. Michael's College, their Novitiate and scholasticate in St. Basil's Novitiate. Mr. Staley, who was born on Wolfe Island, but whose parents at present reside in Kingston, bears the distinction of being the first person of that parish to whom God granted a vocation to the Holy Priesthood. He will sing his first High Mass in St. Mary's Cathedral, Kingston, on Sunday, Aug. 4th. Next year Father Staley will have charge of the 1st Commercial class in Sandwich.

Mr. T. and W. Roach will enjoy a blessing which is granted to few, that of two brothers being ordained together. Their parents at present reside in Brechin, but lived for years on Church street, this city, and are very well known in St. Basil's Parish. Father M. T. Roach will sing his first High Mass in St. Anne's Church, Brechin, on Sunday, Aug. 4th, and Father W. Roach one week later. Father M. T. Roach will be in St. Michael's College till Christmas, when he will take charge of his class in Waco, Texas. Father W. will teach the class in Belles Lettres in Sandwich.

## OBITUARY.

## MRS. D. J. DONAHUE.

The St. Thomas Times of July 18 says: The obsequies of the late Mrs. Mary Teresa Donahue, wife of D. J. Donahue, K. C., County Crown Attorney, took place yesterday morning at 9 o'clock, the cortège moving from the residence, No. 106 Wellington street, to the Church of the Holy Angels, where the full requiem service, including the mass, was held. Rev. Jos. Bayard, Vicar-General, officiating as celebrant, with Mrs. Hebert, organist, in charge of the choir. W. P. Reynolds, formerly a member of the choir, and now residing in London, came down to assist at the service. The church was filled to its capacity and overflowing with the sorrowing relatives, friends, sympathizing neighbors and acquaintances of this city and vicinity, including many

from other cities, towns and communities adjacent. Members of every religious denomination were present to testify the high esteem in which the deceased was held, and to pay her memory the last tribute of respect.

The three altars—the large main altar, the altar of the Blessed Virgin, and the altar of St. Joseph—and the statue of the Sacred Heart, were beautifully illuminated with candles. Mrs. Donahue was President of the League of the Sacred Heart, President of the Altar Society, and a member of the Confraternity of Mount Carmel.

The impressive rubrical requiem service lasted about one hour. Owing to the length of the service and the fact return from the Catholic cemetery to celebrate the last mass at 11 o'clock, memorial remarks were omitted.

At the Offertory Mrs. Chas. Waters sang with much feeling and pathos hymn, "Calvary."

As the remains were being conveyed from the church by the bearers, the hymn, "Nearer, My God, to Thee," was feebly rendered by the choir, Miss Emily Chalut singing the solo. The great majority of those present were visibly affected, many being unable to refrain from sobbing as the casket containing the earthly remains of their noble exemplary relative and friend was silently, gently and reverently removed from their midst forever, in the last stage of its journey to the silent tomb. The shrine of her numberless visits and pious aspirations in life has paid its final visit in silence. The soul, glowing with devout, zealous charity in confraternity and at large, has winged its way to its eternal reward, and its void in the community, religiously and socially, will stand in the hearts of the people as a permanent monument to her virtuous memory.

The Vicar-General accompanied the remains to the cemetery and performed the last religious rites over the grave.

The bearers were His Honor Judge Hughes, A. E. Wallace, A. McCrinnon, D. E. W. Gustin, D. McLaws and S. B. Pocock.

The relatives and friends present from a distance were Sheriff Brady, father of deceased, and the Misses Brady, Woodstock; Frank Brady, Toronto; D. A. Poole, brother-in-law, Woodstock; Mr. Dawson, London; Mr. and Mrs. E. Insel and son, Port Huron; Mrs. Baker and Miss Mary Donahue, Detroit; Peter Kennedy and P. C. Enright, Ingersoll; W. McMillen and D. Coughlin, London; Miss Minnie Keating, Ingersoll.

The floral offerings were of unusual beauty.

## HOW SHE SOLVED THIS PROBLEM.

A lesson in arithmetic is no joke, a painful reality, rather, yet a Boston school boy is alleged to have been inspired to humor by the very worst of the problems in long division, says The Youth's Companion. After he had failed on the sums the teacher set, he asked permission to give one of his own. The privilege was granted.

"My aunt has eight children," he said, "and she doesn't like to favor one above another. She was at the market the other day, and she bought eight apples for them, one apiece; but when she got home she found she'd lost one apple. All the same, she divided the apples so as to give each child the same number. How did she do it?"

The class hadn't got along to fractions, and the boy insisted that his aunt knew nothing about algebra. So the puzzled teacher finally asked: Well, how did she divide the seven apples so as to give each of the eight children an equal number? "She made apple sauce."

TELL THE DR. AF.—Mr. J. F. Kellock, Deugriff, Peru, writes: "A customer of mine having been cured of deafness by the use of Mr. Thomas' Electric Oil, wrote to Ireland, telling his friends there of the cure. In consequence I received an order to send half a dozen by express to Wexford, Ireland, this week."

D'EATHS

## LATEST MARKETS.

Receipts of farm produce were 200 bushels of oats, 15 loads of hay, 2 of straw, 30 dressed hogs and a few lots of potatoes.

## Grain—

|                         |                 |
|-------------------------|-----------------|
| Wheat, white, bush..... | \$0 68 to \$... |
| " red, bush.....        | 0 67            |
| " rye, bush.....        | 0 67            |
| " goose, bush.....      | 0 62            |
| Peas, bush.....         | 0 66            |
| Rye, bush.....          | 0 50            |
| Beans, bush.....        | 1 20            |
| Barley, bush.....       | 0 43            |
| Oats, bush.....         | 0 39            |
| Buckwheat, bush.....    | 0 53            |

## Hay and Straw—

|                              |                  |
|------------------------------|------------------|
| Hay, per ton.....            | \$1 50 to \$1 00 |
| " new, per ton.....          | 8 00             |
| " straw, sheaf, per ton..... | 10 00            |
| " straw, loose, per ton..... | 6 00             |

## Fruits and Vegetables—

|                              |                  |
|------------------------------|------------------|
| Potatoes, per bag.....       | \$0 25 to \$0 30 |
| Potatoes, new, per bush..... | 1 00             |
| Cabbage, per do.....         | 0 60             |
| " loose, per ton.....        | 1 00             |

## Poultry—

|                                |                  |
|--------------------------------|------------------|
| Chickens, per pair.....        | \$0 60 to \$0 80 |
| Spring Chickens, per pair..... | 0 40             |
| Turkeys, per lb.....           | 0 10             |
| Spring Ducks, per pair.....    | 0 60             |

## Dairy Produce—

|                             |                  |
|-----------------------------|------------------|
| Butter, lb, rolls.....      | \$0 16 to \$0 20 |
| Eggs, new laid, per do..... | 0 14             |
| " old, per do.....          | 0 18             |

## LOCAL LIVE STOCK.

The run of live stock at the cattle market was the largest for many weeks, 104 car loads, composed of 1,751 cattle, 702 hogs, 1,402 sheep and lambs, with 170 calves.

William Levack bought a large number of cattle, 230 butchers' and exporters, at the following prices: Exporters, at \$4.80 to \$5 per cwt.; choice picked lots of butchers' cattle, equal in quality to best exporters, at \$4.60 to \$4.85 per cwt.; loads of good butchers, at \$4.35 to \$4.45 per cwt.; medium mixed, cows, heifers and steers, at \$4 to \$4.25 per cwt.; fair to common, \$3.75 to \$3.85; common butchers' cows, \$3.35 to \$3.50, and inferior, rough, cows and bulls, at \$3 to \$3.15 per cwt.

James Harris and J. L. Rountree bought for the Abattoir Company, 54 butchers' cattle, at prices ranging from \$3 to \$4.60 per cwt.; 150 sheep and lambs, at \$3.75 per cwt.; for ewes, and \$4 to \$4.25 each for lambs, 15 calves, at \$6 to \$9 each.

W. H. Dean bought 5 loads of exporters, 1,200 to 1,275 lbs. each, at \$4.80 to \$5 per cwt.

S. Malligan brought 9 loads of exporters, 1,250 to 1,400 lbs. each, at \$4.90 to \$5.90 to \$5.20 per cwt.

John Scott sold one load of cows, heifers and steers, at \$3.90 per cwt., and 19 exporters, at \$5.10 per cwt.

Corbett & Henderson bought one load of exporters, 1,210 lbs. each, at \$4.80 per cwt.

## Fresh Meats—

|  |       |       |
|--|-------|-------|
| Export cattle, choice.....                             | 5 00  | 5 25  |
| " light.....   | 4 60  | 4 80  |
| Export bulls, choice.....                              | 4 00  | 4 25  |
| Butchers' cattle, picked lots.....                     | 4 60  | 4 85  |
| Butchers' loads of good.....                           | 4 35  | 4 45  |
| Butchers' medium mixed.....                            | 4 00  | 4 25  |
| Butchers' common.....                                  | 3 25  | 3 50  |
| Butchers' inferior.....                                | 3 00  | 3 25  |
| Feeders, heavy.....                                    | 4 10  | 4 25  |
| Feeders, light.....                                    | 3 25  | 3 50  |
| Stockers.....  | 2 50  | 3 25  |
| Milch cows.....  | 25 00 | 45 00 |
| Calves.....  | 2 00  | 8 00  |
| Sheep, ewes, per cwt.....                              | 3 50  | 3 65  |
| " bucks, per cwt.....                                  | 2 50  | 3 00  |
| Sheep, butchers.....                                   | 3 00  | 4 00  |
| Lambs, spring, each.....                               | 2 50  | 4 50  |
| Hogs, choice, not less than 100 and up to 200 lbs..... | 7 25  | ...   |
| Hogs, lights, under 150 lbs.....                       | 6 75  | ...   |
| " fats.....  | 6 75  | ...   |
| " sows.....  | 3 50  | 4 00  |
| " stores.....  | 4 50  | ...   |
| " stage.....   | 2 00  | ...   |

## WOULDN'T NEED IT.

A good story is told of an Irish sergeant who was wounded in the head and invalided home from South Africa. The doctor who removed the bullet accidentally removed a little bit of the brain with it. Prompted by a sense of honor he wrote to the sergeant and asked him if he would like this bit of brain returned to him. The soldier with true Irish wit, replied: "Thank you, no. I shall not want it, as I have got a situation in the War Office."

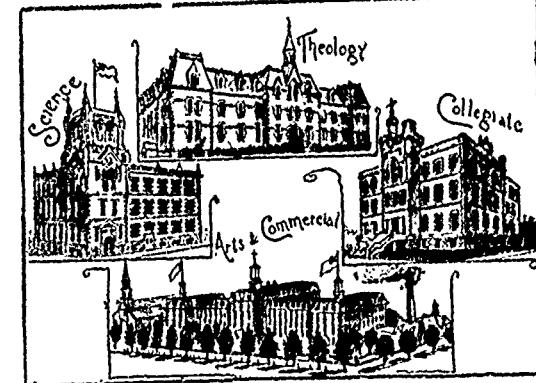
## QUINN—In Montreal, on the 18th instant, John Quinn, son of the late John Quinn and brother of Patrick, Morgan and Edward Quinn.

O'FLAHERTY—On the 19th inst., Catharine Evelyn, beloved daughter of John O'Flaherty, of Montreal, aged 18 years and 1 month.

GALLAGHER—At his late residence, 38 Winchester street, on Tuesday, July 23, 1901, Robert S. Gallagher, in his 48th year.

Funeral from above address on Thursday, July 25th, at 9.30, to Our Lady of Lourdes' Church, thence to St. Michael's Cemetery.

## H. C. TOMLIN



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