

Death of President McKinley

A Nation Mourns for the Chief Struck Down at Buffalo by the Assassin Czolgosz

Buffalo, Sept. 14, 2.15 a.m.—President McKinley died at 2.15 a.m.

The last two hours of his life were moments almost of grandeur. With exhaustion and pain numbing his senses, he finally closed his eyes, in unconsciousness, and then, as if reluctant to leave the side of one who shared his joys and sorrows since young manhood, he awoke and asked for Mrs. McKinley. The last private meeting with all that it meant for both of them is for the stricken wife alone. With a beautiful courage that seemed to rise with the need of the hour, Mrs. McKinley, though broken in health and racked almost to the breaking point with her overwhelming sorrow, walked bravely to the bedside of the President and gave him a farewell embrace and kiss.

Buffalo, Sept. 14.—Theodore Roosevelt, who to-day was tragically elevated to the Chief Magistracy of the American Republic by the death of President McKinley, entered this black-walled city of mourning this afternoon, after a remarkable and perilous journey from the heart of the north woods. He had been President under the constitution and law of the land since the minute the martyred President ceased to live. All the duties and powers of the office had devolved upon him, but he was as powerless as the humblest citizen to exercise one of them until he had complied with the constitutional provision requiring him to take a prescribed oath to support and defend the constitution and laws of the United States. He took that oath at 3.38 this afternoon in the library of the residence of Ansley Wilcox, a personal friend, with whom he stopped earlier in the week, when the physicians thought President McKinley would recover from the wound inflicted by the assassin.

THE REMAINS TAKEN TO WASHINGTON

Washington, Sept. 16.—Through a living lane of bareheaded people, stretching from Buffalo up through the Alleghenies down on to the broad valley of the Susquehanna, and on to the Marble City on the banks of the shining Potomac, the nation's martyred President to-day made his last journey to the seat of the Government over which he presided for four and one-half years. The whole country seemed to have drained its population at the sides of the track over which the funeral train passed. The thin lines through the mountains and the sparsely settled districts thickened at the little hamlets, covered acres in towns suddenly grown to the proportions of respectable cities, and were congested into vast multitudes in the larger cities. Work was

suspended in field and mill, city. The schools were dismissed everywhere appeared the tramp and tokens of woe. A million flag at half-mast dotted hillside and valley, and formed a thicket of color over the cities. And from almost every banner streamed a bit of crepe. The stations were heavy with the black symbols of mourning. At all the larger towns and cities after the train got into Pennsylvania, militia drawn up at "present arms" kept back the enormous crowds.

CONVEYED TO CANTON.

Washington, Sept. 17.—All that is mortal of Wm. McKinley is speeding to its last earthly resting-place at his beloved home in Canton. The nation has officially and with State ceremonies paid its tribute of respect and love to the memory of its stricken Chief Magistrate. This was almost the closing act in the awful tragedy which has drawn the civilized world to tears. Beneath the great white dome of the Capitol funeral services of State were held to-day over the remains of the dead President. It was eminently fitting that the services should be conducted in that beautiful rotunda hall owned by the history of the last sad rites of two other martyrs to the cause of the Republic. Gathered around the bier were representatives of American national life, including the President and the only surviving ex-President of the United States, together with representatives at the capital of almost every nation of the earth. Great Britain, France, Germany, Italy, Spain and all the republics to the southward of the United States mingled their tears with those of the American people. Despite the fact that no attempt had been made to decorate the interior of the rotunda beyond the arrangements made about the catafalque, the assemblage presented a memorable sight. The sombre black of the attire of the hundreds of civilians present was splashed brilliantly with the blue and gold of the representatives of the army and navy and court costumes of the diplomatic corps.

Cardinal Vaughan Praises the King.

London, Sept. 14.—Cardinal Vaughan made a striking address at the opening of the Catholic conference in Newcastle this week. The Cardinal implored Catholics to call themselves Catholics—Roman Catholics, if they pleased, but preferably Catholics. "Indeed," the Cardinal went on to say, "it is important in this country that we call ourselves Catholics rather than Roman Catholics, because a false meaning is more often attached to the latter than the former term."

In speaking of the Royal declaration, the Cardinal said that it was the accepted decision of the country that the King must be a Protestant. It was expedient that the King should be of the religion of the overwhelming majority of his subjects. Catholics, however, had no difficulty in giving their loyal allegiance to a Protestant Sovereign, and in this they seemed more liberal and of a more confiding temper than those who refused allegiance to a King not professing their creed. Catholic Belgium placed Protestant Leopold on the throne and gave him as hearty devotion as had ever been shown to his Catholic successor. Sixteen millions of German Catholics were not less loyal to their Protestant Emperor than the millions of his subjects who were Protestants or of no religion.

The Cardinal pointed out that it would be no gain to the English Catholics to have a Catholic King. The King was not an absolute monarch. They must first convert the House of Commons.

Next session, continued the speaker, Parliament might settle forever the position of Christianity in this country, when secondary and middle-class education would be "thrown in the melting pot."

The gravamen of the King's declaration, said the Cardinal later on in his speech, did not lie with His Majesty, but on religious prejudice. Bigotry had never tainted King Edward's conduct.

So rapidly does lung irritation spread and deepen, that often in a few weeks a simple cough culminates in tubercular consumption. Give heed to a cough, there is always danger in delay, get a bottle of Bickel's Anti-Consumptive Syrup, and cure yourself. It is a medicine unsurpassed for all throat and lung troubles. It is compounded from several herbs, each one of which stands at the head of the list as exerting a wonderful influence in curing consumption and all lung diseases.

A DOUBLE LOYAL WELCOME.

The heir-apparent to the throne, accompanied by his noble consort, landed in the historic Catholic City of Quebec on Monday. It was entirely in harmony with the traditions of our country that the Canadian portion of the State function in which the Duke of Cornwall and York is engaged, visiting the trans-oceanic Empire which he is destined to rule, should be inaugurated in the ancient capital of the colony. Most fitting, too, was the character of the reception that awaited him there. The occasion demanded the most impressive demonstration of loyalty that could be made. In the state, as acknowledged by all British subjects without exception, the person of the heir-apparent fills an essential place in the constitutional structure. He is therefore entitled to due respect and affection. Nothing could add more either of emphasis or enthusiasm to the splendid expression of this fact given by the Catholic clergy of Canada in the address presented at old Laval. That address, couched in terms of loyalty to the Church and throne we publish in another column, along with the Duke's reply, the general tone and candid sincerity of which will be marked with pleasure by every Catholic throughout the Dominion. His reference to the hallowed memories of the martyred missionaries as a priceless heritage, was eloquent of Christian faith. We have no doubt that the words will long be remembered by all Canadians regardless of creed. Loyal and adequate in every way as the welcome at Quebec has been, Their Royal Highnesses are assured of equal enthusiasm wherever they shall be seen from one end of this broad land to the other.

The Patrick Boyle Testimonial

The committee entrusted with the furtherance of the public testimonial to the late Mr. Patrick Boyle experienced the usual difficulty in getting meetings attended during the hot weather. Now, however, the work has been well started; and, from the opening list, which we publish to-day, it will be seen that the committee has been well chosen. Indeed, to Mr. J. J. Foy, K. C., and the other gentlemen associated with him all credit is due for the manner in which they are proceeding.

A meeting of the committee was held in Mr. Foy's office on Tuesday; but several found it impossible to attend all sending word, however, of their hearty concurrence. The meeting, however, decided to open the subscription list then and there.

The following subscriptions were handed in to the treasurer, Mr. Eugene O'Keefe:

- J. J. FOY, K. C. \$100.00
EUGENE O'KEEFE 100.00
M. J. HANEY 100.00
GEORGE P. MAGANN 100.00
WILLIAM DINEEN 100.00
JOHN RYAN 100.00
L. J. COSGRAVE 100.00

The Secretary, Mr. Cronin, said he had received letters from various parts of the country, among others from Mr. D'Arcy Scott, Ottawa, intimating a desire to aid the testimonial in every way possible. The committee will be glad to hear from gentlemen in other centres willing to take charge of subscriptions in their localities. It has been decided that all subscriptions be acknowledged upon appropriately designed receipt forms bearing the signatures of the chairman and treasurer, Messrs. Foy and O'Keefe. Upon these receipts will be inscribed the text of the testimonial itself and the names of the committee, making a memorial card to be prized by all into whose hands it shall come. All subscriptions will furthermore be acknowledged in The Register, which will next week begin the publication of the names of subscribers. It is the desire of the committee to close the testimonial with the least possible delay, ample notice to the late Mr. Boyle's admirers and friends having already been given. Intending subscribers should therefore send in their names and contributions at the earliest convenient time.

Two Irishmen Stopped the Assassin.

Buffalo, Sept. 12.—James Parker, the colored waiter, who, according to his own story, prevented Czolgosz, the assassin, from shooting the President the third time on Friday afternoon last in the Temple of Music, is going to have a hard time to establish his claim to that distinction. It seems to be a question after all whether Parker did all that his admirers say he did, for the evidence is piling up in the office of District Attorney Penney that the credit for overpowering Czolgosz belongs primarily to Private O'Brien, 73rd Company Coast Artillery, one of the dozen or more guards close to the President on Friday afternoon. O'Brien's friends have come to the front with a mass of corroborative evidence, which is being most seriously considered by District Attorney Penney, Superintendent of Police Hall and George B. Corticou, Secretary to the President. The evidence thus far collected tends

to establish the following general facts: That Private O'Brien crushed Czolgosz's pistol to the floor. That Czolgosz's pistol was wrested from him by Albert Gallagher, a Chicago secret service detective; that Parker was fifteen feet from the President when Czolgosz fired the shots, and that Czolgosz's face was bruised by the blows of several persons, Parker among the rest.

James D. Wells, a Buffalo newspaper man, who stood close to the President and John G. Milburn last Friday afternoon at the time of the shooting, is one of the witnesses whose statement concerning the shooting has been requested by District Attorney Penney. Mr. Wells, when seen yesterday by a reporter, said: "O'Brien was the man who floored Czolgosz. I was looking right at him when he did it."

Secret Service Detective Foster said yesterday: "I think that O'Brien was the first man to get at Czolgosz, and I am equally confident that I was the second; I made a grab for Czolgosz's pistol hand, but on account of so many people being in the mix-up I could not quite reach it. I called to Gallagher, who was bending over Czolgosz: 'Al, get his gun.' Gallagher grabbed the revolver and the handkerchief which was partly wound about it. He still has the handkerchief. The gun was taken away from him by Parker and a corporal of the guards, who probably took Gallagher for the assassin. Parker grabbed Gallagher by the throat and nearly choked him to death, while the corporal wrenched the revolver away from him. This is the substance of the statement that I have given to District Attorney Penney."

Cheers for the Pope.

(From The Chautauquan.)

One rarely hears anything more hearty and spontaneous than the cheer which bursts from a thousand throats as the Pope appears. "Viva il Papa! viva il Papa!" (live the Pope!) they cry; and the audience goes wild with enthusiasm, clapping hands, waving handkerchiefs and shouting. As the Pope advances up the aisle he extends his hands on either side in benediction, but they are seized and held so firmly by eager devotees that his progress is impeded, and he is forced at last to hold them closely to his sides. On the altar the picture and relics of the blessed have been expo ed. Before these the Pope kneels and remains in veneration some twenty minutes. He then rises and sits on his throne, surrounded by his Cardinals and other clerics, and receives the homage of his court, and after that a special offering from the postulator of the cause of the newly beatified—a richly ornamented reliquary containing his picture, some relics and a richly bound book of his life.

All through the ceremony hymns and psalms of joy have been chanted by the choir to the accompaniment of the great organ; at its close the Pope returns as he came; the throngs emerge upon the piazza and melt into the world multitudes of old Rome.

If nobody took calumny in and gave it lodging, it would starve and die of itself.

I have lived to know that the secret of happiness is never to allow your energies to stagnate. — Clarke.

Taken altogether, this poor human house, so often repaired, so much criticized, is still a pretty good abode; we may find enough in it to satisfy our wants, if we know how to set bounds to them; the happiness of the wise man costs but little, and asks but little space.

Royal Visitors at Quebec

The Heir-Apparent Lands—An Address from the Catholic Clergy—Noble Reply

Quebec, Sept. 16.—The Royal yacht "Ophir," bringing the Duke and Duchess of Cornwall and York, arrived to-day. A welcome worthy of the heir-apparent to the throne awaited the Royal visitors. The first to be taken out to the "Ophir" were Lord Binto and Sir Wilfrid Laurier.

This afternoon Their Royal Highnesses paid a visit to the University of Laval. It was a double function. The Catholic clergy of Quebec and the University authorities both presented their homage. The scene was the large assembly room of the university, which was crowded with students, professors and clergy. Archbishop Begin had the honor of accompanying the Duke and Sir Wilfrid Laurier the honor of escorting the Duchess.

His Grace Archbishop Begin, on behalf of the Catholic clergy, read the following address: "May it please Your Royal Highness: The Visit of Your Royal Highness naturally recalls to our mind the memorable solemnities of 1860. We remember well the enthusiastic demonstration which greeted on the shores of the St. Lawrence the illustrious visitor who at that time bore the title of Prince of Wales, and now gloriously reigns under the name of King Edward VII. We deem it a great privilege to welcome in Your Royal Highness the son of the Prince who on that occasion made such a favorable impression on his future Canadian subjects. The forty-one years which have elapsed since that date have wrought many changes. Death has taken away from the affection of her subjects the noble Queen who then reigned with such goodness and wisdom. We beg, Your Royal Highness, to express anew on this solemn occasion the respectful esteem we bore our illustrious Sovereign and the profound sorrow which here as elsewhere followed her to the grave. But she still lives in the son who has succeeded her on the throne. We joyfully greet the heir not only to her power, but likewise to her eminent and noble qualities. Your Royal Highness, you bring us in your person, with the memory of the gracious Sovereign we mourn, the living image of the illustrious Prince who has just received her immense heritage. It is not, therefore, astonishing that our people joyfully hail you and prepare for you a triumphal path on the banks of our mighty river. The Church of Quebec cheerfully shares in these joyous sentiments, and we have much pleasure in coming here in her name to offer to Your Royal Highness the expression of our respectful homage and to wish you a most hearty welcome. In fulfilling this duty we remain faithful to the traditions of that church and to the true spirit that animates her. The history of our country proves that to the Catholic Church belongs the honor of having forged between the English throne and the French-Canadian people solid bonds, which neither adversity nor bribery could sever. The body was subdued to master the soul, to make mind and heart obey respectfully and faithfully to cause the vigorous plant of unwavering loyalty to the new domination to spring forth from the memories of a beloved and unforgettable past. All these needed nothing less than the gentle and powerful authority of the church, and all who have read our history know with what marvellous efficacy she devoted herself to the work of pacification, of order and loyal submission. It would be difficult at the present time to contest the loyalty of the French-Canadian people. Recent events have offered our fellow-countrymen an opportunity of proving it. The dangers that have been faced, the blood that has been spent and the lives that have been sacrificed are proofs more eloquent than words, and their sincerity cannot be questioned. The Catholic Church respectfully claims the honor of having brought forth and of fostering such sentiments of loyalty. In the eyes of her children religion and country are inseparable, and they demand that both be inviolate and respected. The tenets and practices of their faith constitute the very founda-

tion of their patriotism. And when they die on the battlefield for the Crown, it may be taken for granted they would not hesitate to spend their blood for the integrity of their faith. These two sentiments harmonize and complete one another. Both inspire great and noble deeds; both deserve respect and command admiration. We are the watchful guardians of the Catholic faith; over these Canadian Catholics, so loyal to the British Crown, we extend our pastoral care. That faith inspires us, and in the name of that people we come to-day to lay at the feet of Your Royal Highness the homage of our faithful attachment to the illustrious family which you so worthily represent. We Her Royal Highness, your worthy consort, to accept with our humble respects the wishes we form for her happy sojourn in this Canadian land. To our homages and wishes we add a prayer that God may bless Your Royal Highness, may grant you a long and happy life, and, realizing our hopes, may in your person give one day to the throne of England a Sovereign such as the people need for its happiness and such as the church desires for her children.

Rev. Father O. E. Mathieu, on behalf of Laval University, read an address.

The Duke replied as follows: "Monsieur et Monsieur le Recteur: We have listened with much gratification to the words of welcome with which you have greeted us to-day on behalf of the Bishops and clergy of your diocese and of the Laval University. The kind and sympathetic tone in which your addresses refer to our late dearly loved Queen has touched my heart, and I rejoice to think that her memory will be so closely and gratefully associated with the story of this distinguished institution. I am glad to acknowledge the noble part which the Catholic Church in Canada has played throughout its history. The hallowed memories of its martyred missionaries are a priceless heritage, and in the great and beneficent work of education, and in implanting and fostering a spirit of patriotism and loyalty it has rendered signal service to Canada and the Empire. Abundant proof of the success of your efforts has been afforded by the readiness with which the French-Canadians have arisen in arms, and shed their blood not only in times long gone by, but also in the present day, on behalf of their King and his Empire. If the Crown has faithfully and honorably fulfilled its engagement to protect and respect your faith, the Catholic Church has amply fulfilled its obligations, not only to teach reverence for law and order, but to instill a sentiment of loyalty and devotion into the minds of those to whom it ministers. Of your work in the cause of education, the beautiful building and splendid equipment of the university and the many eminent men who have been trained within its walls are sufficient testimony and proof that the spirit of self-sacrifice which inspired the noble Bishop whose name it bears survives in those who to-day guide its destinies. I am deeply sensible of the honor which I have now received at your hands, and I shall value it all the more that it is one which I shall share with my father. You may rest assured that I shall ever watch with the keenest interest and sympathy the work of the Laval University. I shall have great pleasure in conveying to my dear father your assurances of loyalty and devotion, and the kindly terms in which you refer to his visit and his association with your university for over forty years."

DINEEN Fur Garments. We want to impress you with the desirability of buying furs to-day—Summer prices are still in vogue. Our new stock for the Winter is now in and you have a large stock from which to select. Buying now means money saved and satisfaction in every way. Our garment designers returned these weeks ago from Paris. He has all the latest fashions being worn there. Our showrooms, the finest of their kind on the continent, are now open and wait your call. We have every garment of which you can think, in every known form. WRITE FOR CATALOGUE The W. & D. Dineen Co. Limited Cor. Yonge and Temperance St.

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The CATHOLIC CHRONICLE ...

DEVOTED TO... FOREIGN NEWS

ENGLAND

THE LITTLE SISTERS OF THE POOR IN CONSTANTINOPLE.

At all seasons and in all weathers, writes a correspondent of The London Standard from Constantinople, quiet pairs of women, shrouded in voluminous cloaks, explore the streets and alleys of Constantinople, knocking at every door, and receiving a gift or a rebuff with gratitude or meekness, but never ceasing their quest till evening. When first the Little Sisters of the Poor came to Constantinople, a city where begging in the name of charity had long since become almost venial, many a gate was shut in their faces, but their invincible patience, the modest gentleness of their prayers for the smallest mite, and the unselfish gratitude with which the most insignificant offering was always received, quickly made friends for them and their work. Cruets of bread, old clothes and shoes, soap, cast-off hats or underclothing, any and every odd scrap or article, are stowed away in the bags under their cloaks, and they now rarely pass a shop or private house without taking a toll for their aged poor. If we follow them home we are led past the Taxi and a mile or two out to Shishli, where they turn to the left and bring us through Perikeui to their asylum, an imposing-looking brick structure, well and happily situated on the hills overlooking the Sweet Waters, and standing in several acres of its own grounds. The gate is opened by a brisk old man, who rings a loud-tuned bell, the sound of which brings one of the sisters to the entrance door. We are invited to enter, and shown up into the parlor. This is a small room, furnished with a table and four or five such-seated chairs, but the boards are spotlessly clean, and need no carpet. A plaster figure of Anthony of Padua occupies a corner, and, together with a picture of the Virgin, is the only attempt at decoration. After a few minutes two sisters appear, and offer to show us over the establishment. One is English or Irish, quite young, with a pretty face and sweet voice and smile; the other is Italian or French, small, quick, and alert, with what, in everyday life, might be called a mischievous twinkle in her gray eyes. They tell us that they are fifteen in all; six of whom go out every day "questing," while those who stay at home have their hands full with their hundred and thirty old pensioners, of whom about forty are women. Our first visit is to the man's recreation room. As we pass the door one old fellow tries to rise, but his feet slip, and he collapses gentle to the floor. "Oh, Michel, Michel," cries the sister, "you should not be so hasty. Have you hurt yourself?" He rubs his shoulder and mutters something unintelligible as he persists in trying to stand up. He is made, however, to resume his chair, and, being a Pole, is much delighted in having a few words addressed to him in Slav, commencing incontinently to launch into the story of how he served under the present Czar's great-grandfather. Most of the men are outside enjoying the sunshine, but some are playing dominoes and strange games of cards, while others are engaged in tailoring. Those who patch despise the maker of new clothes, saying their own job is much more difficult, while the latter takes conscious pride in the accuracy and fashionable character of his cutting-out. In another room are the chronically infirm, men who are blind, or paralyzed with rheumatism or other ailments. Here is one old creature, supposed to be nearer 100 than 90 years old. He cannot move any of his limbs, and has to be waited on hand and foot. As we pass him he murmurs, "I know your face," speaking of a lady visitor. "She stops to speak to him, and he makes violent struggles to remember her name, if ever he knew it. With difficulty he rises his hand to his forehead, and his face works painfully in the effort to capture the stray memory which eludes him. It is no use though, and he cries, "I have nothing left—nothing, no sight to speak of, no strength, and no mind—no memory!" and he bursts out sobbing. The next room is the infirmary. There are only two inmates, the one slowly dissolving of old age, and the other said to be dying of consumption—a curious case in a man well past sixty, under which age nobody is admitted into the Asylum.

IRELAND

IRISH PRE-REFORMATION MISALS.

The Dublin Freeman's Journal says: Our pre-Reformation Missals, or "Mass Books," in Ireland are so very few—in all only five in number—that they are naturally regarded as most valuable, and hence the account

of the "Kilcormic Missal," recently printed in the Royal Irish Academy Transactions, by Rev. Hugh Jackson Lawlor, D.D., of Trinity College, Dublin, is a boon to liturgical scholars. The Missal in question was written in the Carmelite friary at Kilcormic, or Frankford, Kings County, about the middle of the 15th century, and contains a calendar, with obits of twenty remarkable persons and an Irish character. Aedh (Odo), incorrectly called Hugh, O'Molloy gave Kilcormic to the Carmelites, and died in 1454, being buried in the Monastery "on the Feast of St. Remigius, before the High Altar." This Missal was written by an Irish scribe, Brother Dermot O'Flanagan (a Carmelite of the Loughrea house), who finished his transcription on March 4th, 1457. Edward O'Hacayn (O'Higgins) being Prior of Kilcormic at said date. It contains 13 sequences, and in some cases musical notation is given. Dr. Lawlor's description is fairly good, but he writes from an unsympathetic standpoint; and it is a pity that he did not compare the Irish Missal with a 13th century printed one, instead of a cursory comparison with the Carmelite Missal in the Bodleian Library, dated 1574, printed at Venice. It was not till 1025 that the Teresian, or Discalced, Carmelites, under "Father Edward of the Kings" (Father John Sherlock, of Nass, Co. Kildare) got a foundation in Dublin. One glaring criticism reveals a non-acquaintance with Catholic hagiology. Dr. Lawlor confounds St. Bridget of Ireland, with St. Bridget of Sweden; and, indeed, it were well that our Irish children who are called after the "Mary of Ireland" would spell the name Bridget, and not Bridget. Again, he invariably writes "Postcommunion" for "Postcommunio;" but it is satisfactory that he admits the fact of St. Patrick having been "elevated to the Episcopate at Rome." His explanations of the sequence for the Feast of St. Patrick are simply puerile—e.g., equating "male sine fuso" with "maleficum effuso." All the same, it is well that a description of this Irish Missal (now housed in Trinity College, Dublin) should be generally known.

SCOTLAND

SCOTCH COMMON SENSE.

Rev Mr. Miskimmin, hailing from Newry, Ireland, had had some experiences in Dumbarton. He proceeded to deliver violent lectures outside the licensed premises of a Catholic in that town. According to the Lord Advocate of Scotland, the reverend gentleman made use of very insulting language in reference to the publican and his wife. A second time Mr. Miskimmin repeated the proceeding, causing great obstruction and nearly entailing a dangerous riot. On the second occasion the publican retorted by a gratuitous distribution of beer and porter, which he threw over his reverend assailant's clothes. Counter-charges of assault and obstruction were lodged, but the Crown Counsel, taking a common-sense view, directed that there should be no proceedings taken on either charge. "Why," asks an Irish exchange, "is it that none of this Scotch common-sense can be imported into the Irish administration? Recently, at Camolin, Co. Wexford, some street-preachers erected a hut in offensive proximity to the priest's house and in an almost solidly-Catholic district. The Catholic parishioners indignantly threw it down. What is the result? Ten Catholics are hauled out of their beds between three and four in the morning, hauled before a magistrate, and a miniature State trial instituted. Had Mr. Miskimmin pursued his tactics in Ireland instead of Scotland, he would have been elevated to the dignity of a martyr, and the whole cumbersome machinery of a castle prosecution would have been speedily at work. They do these things better in Scotland."

GERMANY

THE CATHOLIC CONGRESS.

At the annual German Catholic Congress opened at Osnabruck, the house was crowded to overflowing at 8 o'clock on Sunday evening, when a meeting was held to bid the delegates welcome. Judge Engelen, a nephew of the late Dr. Windthorst, presided. The burgomaster, Dr. Riessmuller, tendered the greetings of the city. The speakers included Parliamentary men, representatives of foreign countries and missionaries. Dr. Karl Trinborn, of Cologne, was chosen for the position of President of the Congress. A remarkable feature of the proceedings was the festersammlung of the Workers' Societies. It was held in the large hall of the Guild House, and so closely packed was the gathering that there was scarcely a single inch of standing room to spare. The first committee

meeting was held at 10 o'clock on Monday morning, after the celebration of Mass in the Cathedral. The following telegram was sent to the Holy Father: "Catholics from all parts of Germany assembled in the city of Osnabruck, where eleven hundred years ago the first Kaiser of the Roman Empire established an Episcopal See, seek the Apostolic Benediction as a pledge of your paternal good will and a stimulus to love for Christ, His Holy Church, and His Vicar on earth." Telegrams were also sent to Cardinal Rampolla and the German Emperor.

It was decided that resolutions on the following subjects should be proposed during the Congress: The position of the Holy See, contributions to Peter's Pence, the support of the African Association for the promotion of Catholic interests, the furtherance of the Association of St. Boniface, the merchants guilds and the Society of St. Cansius, and the creation of German professorial chairs abroad.

The first general public meeting was held at 5 o'clock on Monday under the presidency of Herr Trinborn, amongst those present being the Bishop of Osnabruck (Dr. Voss) Bishop Bitter from Sweden, and Bishop von Euch from Denmark. The president, beginning, as usual on such occasions, with the words "Praised be Jesus Christ," delivered a spirited address. He regretted to say that a new Kulturkampf seemed to be in sight—not an official one, but an agitation of the "Los von Rom" kind. Apologetics in the press and at public meetings had been recommended as a means of defence, and the recommendation would be acted upon at the Congress. The Bishop of Osnabruck followed with a thoughtful address on the objects of the Congress, and the work of Dr. Windthorst was the subject of an able speech by Dr. Porsch. Mgr. Baumgarten spoke on foreign missions, and Dr. Karl Bachem on "Catholics and modern requirements in the domain of trade, industry and art."

UNITED STATES

CATHOLIC SOCIETIES TO UNITE.

We take the following from The New York Sun: The convention of delegates of various Catholic societies of the Eastern and Middle West States, which met at Long Branch on Wednesday to effect a national federation of Catholic societies, closed its labors by establishing a temporary organization. The need for such an organization has been long felt and the proposition has been advanced and favored by many prominent Catholics within the last two years.

As outlined by its promoters, the scheme is simply to unite the various societies as Catholics, each society preserving its own individuality. The Catholic societies of Ohio are already united in a State federation, and it is proposed to use this as a nucleus for the national organization.

Bishop McPaul of Trenton presided. Plans were offered for a constitution and form of organization and committees were appointed to hold office until a permanent organization is effected. The delegates present represented about 300,000 associates. The temporary officers elected were: President, Henry A. Fries, Erie, Pa.; vice-president, Thomas W. Fitzgerald, New York; secretary, John J. O'Rourke, Philadelphia; treasurer, M. P. Mooney, Cleveland; spiritual director, Bishop McPaul; executive board, J. J. Coyle, Pennsylvania, E. D. Reardon, Indiana, J. C. McGuire and L. J. Kauffman, New York.

The convention for the formation of the permanent organization will meet at Cleveland on Dec. 10.

THE DIRECTOR SAW THE POINT.

(From Youth's Companion.) A railway director, who can take a joke, as well as he can give one, is the good-natured subject of the following story:

One of the employes of the road made application to him for a pass, in order that he might go home to visit his family.

"You are in our employ?" asked the director.

"Yes, sir."

"And you receive your pay regularly?"

"I do."

"Well, let us suppose that you were working for a farmer. Would you expect your employer to take out his horses every Saturday night and drive you home?"

"No, sir," answered the man, without a moment's hesitation. "I should hardly expect him to do that; but if the farmer had his horses out and was going my way, I should think he was a pretty nice man if he refused to give me a lift."

And the more the director thought of it, the more it seemed to him that his question had been very satisfactorily answered.

The man got his pass.

EXCELLENT REASONS exist why Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil should be used by persons troubled with affections of the throat or lungs, sores upon the skin, rheumatic pains, corns, bunions, or external injuries. The reasons are that it is speedy, pure, and unobjectionable, whether taken internally or applied outwardly.

THE WISEST WAY.

"Monday, I think is the nicest day," said Ted, as he merrily left his play.

On Tuesday, too—why, nothing went wrong. So happy was he the whole day long.

"Of Wednesdays I wish I had a ton—They bring a fellow such heaps of fun!"

Thursday, though raining the morning through, saw him get done what he wished to do.

Friday he spent in helping his brothers, and somehow, that day surpassed the others!

Saturday, with so many errands to run, really equalled his Wednesday's fun.

Now isn't our Ted's the wisest way—To make the most out of every day?

—Adelbert F. Caldwell, in the Household.

FACE TO FACE.

There is more than a kernel of truth in the following letter on "Supernaturalism and Modernism," which appeared in last Sunday's issue of The New York Sun. A reader would infer that a writer who speaks of "the triumph of Rome" and "Romanism" not too respectfully, is not a Catholic, and he certainly is not a Protestant. He does not recognize Protestantism as a religion at all. Whatever he is and whatever he believes he has laid his finger on a vital point. "Modernism" is the great foe of Catholicity to-day, and her battles against it will be the most desperate, because of the fineness and subtlety of the weapons, of any that she has fought in all her militant history. She is divine; therefore she will conquer. But the battle will be none the less fierce for that. It is for nothing less than the world's salvation.

"To the Editor of The Sun: Sir—The present 'trek' of Protestants into the Catholic Church is no proper cause for elation on the part of Rome. Protestant theology is not reversing itself after three hundred years; but, on the contrary, passing on to its logical destination, rationalism. Newman defined the Protestant Church, with great accuracy, as the half-way house to infidelity. What is happening in this half-way house is that it is breaking up, most of it to move on, some turning back to the mother Church—the heart and soul of supernatural Christianity—other few to stay where they are for a little time.

"Surely this is no triumph for Rome. In his review of the Roman Church, Macaulay expressed the opinion that, considering what that institution has survived, it is difficult to see to what she is finally to succumb, if she succumbs to anything. In a later generation it occurs to one that to the list of her enemies there remains to be added one more formidable than any she has encountered in her long and impressive career. I hope you will succeed in understanding the very definite thing I have in mind when I call this, for want of a less nebulous term, a modern age, or modernism.

"The last great modern age which preceded the present lived long enough to witness the birth of the Christian hierarchy, as secular history knows it. Respective dotage and infancy coincided. In so far as the dying civilization of antiquity retained vigor, it used it against the new Church, so that the latter grew only as despised and outcast religions are wont to grow, in one damp cellar and another. It was in the great vacuum that the world of the Antonines left behind it that the Christian hierarchy matured, so that to-day for the first time in history, the two systems—modernism and Christianity—are face to face, full grown.

"The nature of Christianity is well understood; but there are many people who imagine that the modern world is something essentially unique in history. It is not, however. It has existed before. Its main features are those of one of the many human systems with which history is familiar. It has its doctrines, orthodox and heretical, its truths and its fallacies, its superstitions—strange to relate—and its legends. It has, too, of course, above all, its object. It devotes itself with enthusiasm to the upbuilding of man, just as the Christian Church devotes itself to bearing witness to the Biblical teaching of Jesus Christ; or the Federal Union pursues the object of securing the blessings of liberty to ourselves and our posterity. All roads and by-paths of activity in the modern world—or any modern world, as for instance, that of Pericles or Augustus—lead directly or indirectly to the uplifting and culture of man as such—his empire, his art, his science, his comfort. Our only distinction is that we have been unprecedentedly successful in attaining some of these kindred objects.

"Hence a modern age is primarily an educated age, and therefore rational, and therefore irreligious, so far as supernatural religion is concerned. And right there lies the issue with Rome. It was a modern age that crucified Jesus Christ and ridiculed

Paul on the Hill of Mars and elsewhere, Paul himself describes Christianity as 'to the Greeks, foolishness, Moderns of every age are Greeks. If Christ's advent should recur to-day, the same drama would, beyond a doubt, be enacted. Our law would doubtless shield Him; but Christ was lynched. As it is His divinity, resurrection, miracles, etc., are set implacably aside, and supernatural Christianity has become transformed into a human philosophy and body of precepts.

"Such is the issue between modernism and Romanism. It is clear cut and downright, and the contestants are magnificently consistent and faithful to their far away founders. Protestantism is a half-way house, and henceforth there is to be no half-way anything. Seeing what the Church has blossomed into, many Protestants, loyal to supernaturalism, are looking backward to the parting of the ways in Luther's time, and can see that Protestantism was an aberration. What was veiled then is clear now. But such as these, though actually numerous, are, I imagine, relatively few.

"Rome will welcome them. But if she knows what she is about—and she usually does—she will look upon them as measuring not what she has won, but what she has yet to encounter.

"Howard Masten Cannon. 'Avon-by-the-Sea, N. J., August 28."

How Converts are Made.

Cardinal Manning, in his "Religio Viatoris," gives a splendid idea of how and the series of reasons by which such men as he became converts to the Catholic Church:

"I know that I am; I know that I have the light of reason, the dictate of conscience, the power of will; I know that I did not make all things, or even myself. A necessity of my reason compels me to believe in One higher and greater than I, from whom I come, and to whose image I am made. My perfection and welfare consist in knowing Him, in being conformed to Him. I am sure that He is good, and that He desires my happiness; and that, therefore, He has not hid Himself from me, but has made Himself known, to the end that I may love Him and be like Him. I find that the light of the knowledge of God has filled the world, and has been ever growing by fresh accessions of light, waxing brighter and clearer until it culminated in the face of Jesus Christ. In Him God and man were perfectly revealed. In Himself, in His words, and in His Commandments, I find the most perfect knowledge of God that the world has ever known; the most perfect knowledge of Himself that man has ever reached; the most perfect law of morals towards God and towards man, that men have ever received. All this is to be found in Christianity alone. Christianity is, therefore, the fullness of the revelation of God. Moreover I find that the maximum of human and historical evidence proves this true and perfect Christianity to be coincident and identical with the world-wide and immutable faith of the Roman Catholic Church. On these foundations—four square and imperishable—rests the faith to which God in His mercy has called me, in which I hope to live and die, for which I also hope that, by God's grace, I should be willing to give my life."—Convert.

Catholic Politicians.

Very sensible are the comments of the "Sacred Heart Review" on the recent election of a Catholic citizen to a high office in a New England State:

"Catholics in public life who remain true to the principles of honesty and virtue which the Church teaches are a great power for good in the community. Conversely, Catholics who will enter politics to be just as honest as the 'other fellows,' whose names are forever associated with smooth schemes and sharp dealings, are the means of placing the Church in a false light before the people of other creeds. They hinder the progress of God's kingdom on earth by their own selfishness. People are not much influenced by arguments to prove the abstract goodness of the Church when they have before their eyes a concrete example of Catholic politician.

"The Catholic who holds a public office worthily and fulfills its duties in an upright and impartial manner, whose name is a synonym for rectitude, is a living, breathing proof to his fellow-citizens of all creeds and classes that the Church of which he is a member inculcates true principles of life and conduct. A Catholic elected or appointed to public office must, if he is a worthy member of the Church, do even justice to all citizens—Catholics, Protestants or Jews. The better Catholic he is, the more impartial will be his dealings. He will be above any consideration except that of honesty and justice. The life of every Catholic, in whatever station, is day after day telling for or against the Church. By what each and every one of us does or says—be it good or evil—the Church is being judged by the people around us who differ from us in religion. We all have our influence, but the higher the station of a citizen the more widespread is the influence he exerts.

"Hence it behooves Catholics in office to give no scandal in private or public, to administer their duties faithfully and earnestly, to act, in fact, according to Catholic principles, and thus to be good representatives of the people whom they have been elected to serve."

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The HOME CIRCLE

CALENDAR FOR THE WEEK. Seventeenth Sunday after Pentecost.

- St. Thomas of Villanova, Apb. C. M. 23 St. Linus, P.M. 24 Our Lady of Ransom.

HEART TO HEART. Full oft have we seen How the flash of an eye, The clasp of a hand,

For the lips seldom tell Of the deeps of the mind And the eyes often veil The expression behind.

This human Divine When a still tender voice, Which maketh the angels Of heaven rejoice,

A PATIENT LIFE. Let me tell you of one who was truly patient. She had ever a bright saying, a cheery tone and word for all who came near her.

CONVENT SCHOOL EDUCATION. We have had some experience as a teacher and we do not hesitate to say that the training received in convent schools is far superior to that given in other schools.

It is a Wonder To Everybody. How Speedily and Certainly the Wretched Itching and Uneasiness of Piles is Relieved and Thoroughly Cured by DR. CHASE'S OINTMENT

TRUE FRIENDSHIP. Friendship is as delicate and timid as a dove. She must be approached softly and allured gently; but once taken, how faithful she is, and how she fills all life with her grace and beauty!

SPEAK TO THE SAV'OUR. Troubled, anxious soul, needing direction, looking vainly about you, too timid or unwilling to seek counsel, through fear of not being understood or not heeded, poor soul feeling yourself in the midst of circumstances which seem to encompass you like an iron circle gradually narrowing and stifling your forces!

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you would present a suffering little one to the physician, and say to Him: "Master, what do You wish it to do?" And work confidently in peaceful silence.

A JOYOUS LIFE.

Because they saw the love of God in everything around them, the immediate companions of the Saviour found the world a new world. The joyous and cheerful aspect of their life strikes every careful reader of the life in Galilee.

A writer in The Fashion World gives the following hints as to ways of using old stockings. Whenever possible, these are cut down for our baby or some other baby; but there are always a lot of legs accumulating, which can be varied in a variety of ways.

"He brought the Creator of all understanding to me," answered he old lad "and knew his duty better than to interrupt the silence of my soul at such a time."

"What a loss to the parish," said a religious, when told of her death, "but what a wonderful gain to herself!" — Marie Agnes Gannon, in Rosary Magazine.

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Children's Corner

WHERE'S MOTHER? Bursting in from school or play, That is what the children say; Trooping, crowding, big and small, On the threshold, in the hall— Joining in the constant cry, Ever as the days go by, "Where's mother?"

From the weary bed of pain This same question comes again: From the boy with sparkling eyes Bearing home his earliest prize; From the bronzed and bearded son Perils past and honors won— "Where's mother?"

Burdened with a lonely task, One day we may vainly ask For the comfort of her face, For the rest of her embrace; Let us love her while we may, Well for us that we can say: "Where's mother?" —London Mail.

A CURE FOR IDLENESS.

The following anecdote is related of the boyhood of Berryer, one of the most distinguished French advocates of the last century, whose school years were spent at the College of the Oratorian Fathers, at Jullily.

In those days, Berryer was terribly lazy. His teachers had the greatest difficulty in getting any work out of him, and he utterly refused to exercise his memory, which in latter days was to prove so unerring.

The boy was enchanted; he immediately ensconced himself in a corner of the room, while the Oratorian Father, paid no more attention to him than if he had been a piece of furniture.

The boy was beginning to discover that complete idleness is distinctively monotonous. So he ventured on a few remarks, but the Father did not answer. At last when he reached the bottom of the page on which he was writing, he said: "My dear boy, everyone has his tastes. You are fond of being idle; I am fond of work. I do not trouble you in your idleness, and I must beg you not to disturb me in my occupation."

At the end of three hours the Oratorian left his desk and went out into the garden to say his office under the shade of the trees. "That's all right," said Berryer to himself, "now I shall be able to amuse myself." As soon as he was outside, he prepared to run off and join his companions at their games.

But the Father Superior laid a restraining hand upon his shoulder. "My child," he said, "you are again forgetting our bargain. Playing is doing something; remain beside me, and we will go up and down this avenue; but, if you prefer it, you may go and sit on that bench."

The boy never imagined he could be so delighted to get back to his work, as he was when he had at length persuaded his superior to let him return to his place in class. Nor was the lesson soon forgotten.

FOR NINE YEARS.—Mr. Samuel Bryan, Theford, writes: "For nine years I suffered with ulcerated sores on my leg; I expended over \$100 to physicians, and tried every preparation I heard of or saw recommended for such disease, but could get no relief. I at last was recommended to give Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil a trial, which has resulted, after using eight bottles (using it internally and externally), in a complete cure. I believe it is the best medicine in the world, and I write this to let others know what it has done for me."

He is ha— whose circumstances suit his temper; but he is the more excellent who can quit his temper to any circumstances.

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THURSDAY, SEPT. 19, 1901.

PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT.

Inherited kings and money kings alike have been waiting in intense anxiety for the opening of President Roosevelt's lips. His first reference to policy was made on Saturday when taking the oath.

Thrust into office in the middle of the Presidential term by an appalling circumstance, it would be daringly contrary to ordinary common sense for President Roosevelt to change the national policy without any mandate from the people.

MRS. O'SULLIVAN'S APPOINTMENT.

The Globe has made the following announcement: "The Ontario Government has appointed Mrs. O'Sullivan, widow of the late D. A. O'Sullivan, M.A., LL.D., of Toronto, to the office of Superintendent of the Mercer Reformatory."

The present Superintendent, has been forced to resign owing to failing health, after having held the office with great success ever since the opening of the institution. Mrs. O'Sullivan will take charge of the reformatory on September 16."

This appointment is one upon which the Ontario Government will be congratulated. Mrs. O'Sullivan is a lady of first class executive ability. She has come before the public in many ways, and very creditable to her womanliness, and everywhere has shown a superior business talent.

DOMINATION OF MONEY.

President McKinley succumbed to the effects of Anarchist's bullet one week after the shooting. The public preparation for this news was hurried and scant, the physicians to the last keeping up the benevolent deception shall we call it? While the whole world sincerely deploras the cloud warner, there is little room for supposing that the purpose of those who held back expectation of the in-

evitable until the brow of the suffering President was actually damped with the dew of death was to save the public mind a sudden shock. Immediately after the end had come the truth was published freely enough. The President's wound had not begun to heal, blood poisoning had set in; and blood poisoning was the immediate cause of death. So sigidly was the suppression enforced that even Vice-President Roosevelt was denied, and had gone off hunting with the firm conviction that William McKinley would live. Such an experience must be due to a most imperative cause. Yet there is little use in blinking the apparent cause as the real one, that the sole and only motive in keeping the truth confined within the walls of the sick room was to save, not the public heart, but the nervous system of the stock market.

CATHOLICS LEAD IN IRISH EDUCATION.

The Dublin Freeman's Journal reviews the last official publication of its exhibition and prize lists by the Intermediate Education Board. It is a matter for congratulation that the Catholic Schools have closed the record with a splendid victory. Two-and-twenty years ago, when the Board held its first examination, the Catholic boys' school were represented in the Senior Grade by a single Exhibitioner, who hailed from old Tullabeg, and the Catholic Convents were simply nowhere. To-day the Catholic boys' school have won nineteen out of the thirty senior exhibitions awarded and the Convent schools thirteen out of sixteen. Measuring the merit of the schools by the gross total of exhibitions won the best ten boys' schools are Catholic; and six of the seven best girls' schools are also Catholic. The names of the Convent schools that have at length carried the flag to the front deserve to be especially noted—we all know the boys' school by rote. The Convents are—St. Louis, Monaghan; Dominican Convent, Eccles Street; Loreto College, St. Stephen's Green; St. Mary's University College, Donnybrook; Loreto Convent, Wexford, and the Convent of Mercy, Macroom, a school that has come to the front with a rush, and presented, perhaps, the most brilliant little girl that ever won first place in the Preparatory Grade. To sum up, out of a thousand and twenty-five exhibitions the Catholic schools have won seven hundred and fifty-one, and out of four hundred and twenty-seven exhibitions the Convents have won two hundred and forty-six.

CATHOLIC SUMMER SCHOOL.

A good deal of criticism of the American Catholic Summer School is appearing, and is being treated with mere impatience in some quarters. There is point in the remarks of The New Century (Washington) that when Catholics begin to fear reasonable criticism they are in a bad way. We have styled the summer school, American, because, from the Canadian standpoint, we have never discerned any reason for applying a broader description to it. Canadian membership is open of course, but that is the practical limit of our contribution to its success or non-success.

ANARCHY AND SOCIALISM.

In the prevailing tide of indignation raised by the assassination of President McKinley, Socialists are finding themselves inextricably mixed up with Anarchists, and the authorities themselves exert but little patience in trying to distinguish between the two classes. This condition of things has set many persons enquiring what relationship can exist between these movements. Speaking subject to correction, we take it that the professed aim of Socialism is to repose all responsibility in the State, under some form or other. On the other hand, Anarchy would have no State, and would impose all the responsibility—or no responsibility, as you please, to regard it—upon the individual. So that at the first glance they seem as wide apart as the Poles. Cardinal Ferrari has been looking into the subject more critically, however, and has arrived at the following logical conclusion: "It is said that Socialism has nothing to do with Anarchy. But although both systems have different authors and different means of propaganda, their final aim is the same. Anarchy and Socialism alike aim at the destruction of the present form of society—the one by means of dynamite, petroleum and the dagger, the

other by the banding together of the multitudes. Socialism corrupts the masses. Anarchy terrorizes the chiefs and the middle classes by bombs and burnings. From Socialism to Anarchy is but a step, and we have already seen ardent Socialists pass over to the ranks of the Anarchists." The Cardinal is speaking from actual Italian experience, where the Socialists have now practically got control of the State, with the result that Italy is on the brink of a revolution which has Anarchy for its rallying cry.

CATHOLIC WRITERS OF FICTION.

The Catholic Truth Society, Brooklyn, N. Y., issues its first catalogue of Catholic fiction. The object is to stimulate and develop among Catholics a taste for Catholic literature, and have such works placed in the public libraries of the country. The compilers of this list are Rev. John P. O'Donovan, S. J., and Mr. Eugene P. Weed. We are frankly surprised and pleased to note the scope of this catalogue and congratulate the American Society upon its appearance. The price is ten cents.

In connection with the foregoing, we may quote, by way of instruction, an article which appears in Donahoe's Magazine for September on the effect of "Fabiola." The writer, Rev. F. A. Cunningham, says: "The year 1854 was important in the life of Wiseman as marking the first publication of his 'Fabiola.' A novel from the pen of a priest was at the time an unheard of event. It was a time when the reading of such literature was looked upon as the dissipation of idle minds and when novel writers were considered as men of but superficial intellect. That a bishop, therefore, and a prince of the Church should descend to such fields of literary endeavor excited feelings little short of horror, especially in the minds of his colleagues at Rome, to whom literature signified the severest kind of disquisition. When, however, the volume had gone forth, when it was read, a cry of admiration arose from all sides, and a new glory was added to those that already hung about the name of the writer. It was eminently proper that such a book should have been written by Wiseman. No one so well as he had lived through years of appreciation in the midst of the Catacombs, and none could so well paint the manners, customs, feelings, the loves and the disappointments of those who centuries ago had therein found their homes."

PROTESTANTS AND THE BLESSED VIRGIN.

In one of the accounts of the funeral obsequies of the late President, sent to more than one of the Canadian papers, is seen the following remarkable way of telling a remarkable fact: "O death where is thy sting, O grave, where is thy victory?" repeated the minister (the Methodist minister who was not wanted at the death bed), and the cast of the Madonna on the wall above his head, seemed to reach her supplicating hands uplifted above the Christ Child, over toward the dead."

What! a statue of the Madonna in the death chamber of the President, as it was in the death chamber of Queen Victoria. And a statue showing the Madonna with "supplicating hands." For what? Praying for the soul of the dead President? What are our Methodist brethren doing that they have not met and passed resolutions condemning such rank "idolatry?" Why here are actually implied the power of the Blessed Mother of God and prayer for the dead.

CAPT. MASON MENTIONED.

A London despatch gives a list of Canadians mentioned by Lord Roberts for special and meritorious services in South Africa. Among others is that of Capt. Mason of this city, son of Col. Mason, manager of the Home Savings and Loan Company. It will be remembered that Capt. Mason was shot through the back, and after leaving the hospital, made every effort to be retained at the front. The acknowledgment of his soldierly quality was certain if slow in coming.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

President Roosevelt in his election campaigns has claimed a large cosmopolitan sympathy. Some of the Germans of the United States say he is of Hebrew extraction, and that the same should be spelled Rosenfeld, "field of roses." Mr. Roosevelt, according to himself, is Dutch; but he is pleased to think there is some Irish blood in his veins.

President Roosevelt's political ascension has been so rapid, in spite of the greatest obstruction, that he seems to be the modern "man of destiny." The Republican party nominated him for the Vice-Presidency, to shelve him for all time from the higher office. Now he has attained to that office by no desire of his

own, and if the Republican party would win again it must be with him as the Presidential candidate.

Our Irish exchanges announce the death of Judge Murphy of Dublin, who was the last survivor of the little group of which Sir Edward Sullivan was the centre, a group remarkable for the literary flavor which marked them all. He was a very cultivated man, and, to the last, a diligent student, a great lover of, and authority on, Virgil and Shakespeare. By Judge Murphy's death the unpaid but important office of Irish Judicial member of the Railway Commission is vacated. Judge Murphy leaves a widow (a daughter of the late Judge Keogh).

The annual conference of the Catholic Truth Society, to be held this year at Newcastle-on-Tyne, will be presided over by Cardinal Vaughan, with whom will be associated some seven or eight Catholic Bishops, as well as several distinguished laymen. His Eminence, who has been staying at Derwent Hall, Sheffield, will leave there for Newcastle-on-Tyne on Saturday. Amongst the subjects to be discussed at the conference will be one on Catholics and the press.

Of cranks the United States can boast a variety; but one of the most interesting specimens brought to the surface within the past week is the minister mentioned in the following despatch:

"Manchester, N. H., Sept. 8.—The Rev. J. Bunyan Lemon, pastor of the First Baptist Church here, in his sermon to-day took the ground that in the attempted assassination of President McKinley, he saw the hand of God because the President had an opportunity to suppress the liquor traffic in the Philippines, but failed to do his duty."

"Mr. Lemon said God had not only manifested his displeasure in this way but was teaching an impressive lesson to the American people."

This year being the centenary of the birth of Cardinal Newman, it is proposed to raise a memorial to his memory in Birmingham. Plans for a handsome church formed part of the Cardinal's original scheme, and a sum of money subscribed at the time of the Cardinal's death is still in hand. Dr. Ryder, Provost of the Oratory, has therefore issued a circular making an appeal for funds to build a church which shall be worthy of the illustrious name and of the association so intimately connected with the introduction of the Oratory into England, and the foundation of the Birmingham House. Plans have been prepared for a suitable church, which it is estimated will cost at least £3,000. The Duke of Norfolk has contributed £1,000 to the fund.

Mr. Hogan, M. P. for Mid-Tipperary, himself an Australian, says Ireland is well to the front in the first Federal Parliament of Australia. The Hon. R. E. O'Connor, the official leader of the Senate, or Upper House, is a lineal descendant of General Arthur O'Connor, of '99, renowned Senator Harvey, a member of the Irish Bar, who emigrated to Western Australia, is the acknowledged orator-in-chief of the Federal Parliament; whilst Mr. P. McMahon Glynn, Mr. Keating, Mr. Kirwan, Mr. King O'Malley and about a score of other Irishmen also occupy seats in the first Parliament of United Australia. Mr. Hogan describes the present position of the Irish in Australia as highly creditable and satisfactory. In every department of Colonial activity they have demonstrated their capacity to compete successfully with all other nationalities.

AN IRISHMAN AND SOUTH AFRICA.

A very distinguished member of the South African Bar—Mr. Henry Lardner Burke, K. C., Crown Prosecutor at Kimberley—is in Ireland visiting, after and absence of no less than two-and-twenty years, his native city of Dublin. Mr. Burke was born in No. 2 Great George's street, which is now the residence of Mr. John Dillon, M. P. He was educated at Lincoln College, Oxford, where he obtained a Scholarship, and was one of the founders of a Home Rule Club in the University of Oxford in the early seventies. He went to South Africa on his appointment to a Professorship in the Grey Institute, Port Elizabeth, and was subsequently called to the Bar, where he obtained a leading practice in the courts of the Eastern Province of Cape Colony. Four years ago he was appointed by the late Sir Thomas Uppington, another Irishman, to the position of Crown Prosecutor at Kimberley, which is a permanent Solicitor-Generalship, and a strictly non-political office, whose incumbent is unaffected by changes in the Administration.

ADVERTISING IN THE REGISTER TELLS.

"I have been benefitted by my advertisement in the Register, and can trace many customers as a result of it." H. C. Tomlin, Toronto Bakery, Bathurst street.

MIRACULOUS ESCAPE OF NUNS IN CHINA.

Pierre Loti, the novelist and Academician, who is also a naval officer, and at present on duty on the China Station, records in his letters from China (in The Figaro) an incident of the massacres which reads like a miracle. I shall tell the story in his own words. After the occupation of Peking by the Allies, he went out for a ride in the neighborhood, and after describing the scene where a massacre of Christians by the Boxers took place, he continues: "Hard by stood the convent and school, where Sisters of Charity were educating little Chinese Christian girls. Nothing now remains of the modest buildings but heaps of bricks and ashes. The trees in the garden have been pulled up, and ironically replanted upside down. The good Sisters' story is as follows: They were alone with their pupils on the night when over a thousand Boxers, after wrecking the next place, arrived under their walls, beating gongs and uttering cries of death. They assembled with their pupils in the chapel for a last prayer before the martyrs' death which was staring them in the face, and against which they were defenceless. They prayed and the uproar died away, and when the day dawned the neighborhood was deserted, and nothing was to be seen but smoking ruins in the distance. They were able to run to Peking, which stood close by, and found, with their frightened pupils, a refuge within the walls of the Catholic Bishop's Palace. When enquiries were subsequently made from Boxers as to the reasons why they had refrained from invading the nuns' house and killing them like their neighbors, they replied, 'We saw all along the walls of the convent soldiers' heads and rifle cannons peeping out. We took fright, and ran away.' They returned and sacked the place as soon as the nuns and their mysterious garrison were gone. It is only to this hallucination of torsioners that the nuns owed their life." This explanation may satisfy Pierre Loti, but Catholics cannot fail to find in it proof of Divine intervention.

The Lesson of the Tragedy

The assassination of President McKinley has evoked no stronger denunciations of Anarchist and kindred doctrines than have been heard from the Catholic Church, which is and has been the one uncompromising foe of the growing peril to modern States. The attitude of the Church was well described by Bishop McPaul, preaching on Sunday last in St. Mary's Cathedral Newark. The Bishop said:

"The President of the United States is the supreme representative of the nation. No matter what may be the political party to which he belongs, we all owe the government of which he is the highest officer loyalty and allegiance."

"A blow aimed at him is directed against the institutions which our fathers laid on such enduring foundations that, although the chief magistrate may pass away under the bullet of the assassin, the principles for which they died shall endure until time meet eternity."

"It is to be expected that the President should have political enemies. No man who realizes that public office is a public trust and acts conscientiously can avoid coming into contact with those who are just as conscientiously opposed to his public policy. The President's private character was too noble to create personal enmity. It is therefore inconceivable that any one, except a half crazed fanatic, could have raised his hand against the life of such a man."

"The high moral character of the President is worthy of commendation. His affection for his wife, which has been so signally manifested in the hour of sickness; his profound respect for the sacred rites and obligations of marriage, which are fundamental to the purity and stability of civilized society, command our esteem and admiration. The influence of this man's conduct upon the people over whose destinies he presides is incalculable, since it is productive of the most beneficial results upon the family life of our citizens."

"If the vile wretch who committed this dastardly act is sane enough to be responsible I can imagine no punishment too severe for his offense, and to deter those who advocate similar acts from persisting in their evil designs."

"The representatives of anarchism can have no abiding place under our system of government, for it is based upon the freely expressed will of the people."

"The foul nest of anarchists which exists under the protection of our laws must therefore be destroyed; those noxious birds of prey must be prevented from making a home beneath the ensign of liberty. Why should such fanatics enjoy the blessings of a government which it is their purpose to destroy?"

"Freedom of speech and of the press is indeed essential to the existence of

free government, but it cannot be allowed to degenerate into license. We must remember that 'all excess is vice.' Freedom has its limitations. It is beyond question that many of the crimes against individuals and against society such as murder, suicide, divorce and the social evil are encouraged and propagated by an unbridled, licentious press. Bereft of all sense of justice, honor and decency, it caters daily to the worst passions for a pecuniary consideration.

"It behooves parents to keep these moral sheets away from their homes and out of the hands of their children; to train the rising generation in respect for authority, parental, religious and civil; to teach love for our free institutions, and to provide for those whom Providence has intrusted to their protection and guidance that education which will develop their intellectual faculties and form their hearts to virtue, to the love of God and of their fellow men."

"There is growing up among us a woeful forgetfulness of the nature of man, his eternal destiny, the obligation of striving to attain that destiny, of the sanction of human and divine law, and the responsibility of man for the tenor of his earthly life when he stands before the Infallible Judge."

"Let this deplorable occurrence convince Americans that religion is the foe of anarchism and the foundation of government."

"The Catholic Church has ever condemned the false and accursed doctrines lurking under socialism, communism and anarchism. Keep, therefore, your homes Christian, send your children to Christian schools, where the training of the intellectual and moral faculties will be perfected under those who have consecrated their lives to the education of youth. Be assured that the Christian religion will always supply the highest type of civilization as well as the best and most loyal citizens of the Republic."

A SPANISH PUBLIC MAN AND "DEAREST GREEN ERIN."

The following letter, dated Madrid, 15th August, 1901, has been addressed to Mr. John F. Taylor, of Dublin, by Captain O'Neill, Comde de Tyrone, of the Spanish Ministry of War:

Dear Sir—I received your exceedingly agreeable letter of the 7th inst., and I am much indebted to you for sending me the copy of your interesting and valuable book on my illustrious kinsman, Owen Roe O'Neill. You cannot imagine how much it pleased me, and I am especially grateful to you for the terms in which you alluded to his glorious memory. Allow me, then, to congratulate you, and to thank you at the same time for the pleasure I have experienced in reading your beautiful work, in which you have shown your great knowledge of history and the nobility of your style. I am proud of my Irish origin, and I feel much admiration and very much sympathy for Ireland and for her generous, valiant and lovable people, and in my character of representative of the old holders of my dearest Green Erin I authorize you to publish this letter in any form you deem convenient. If you should on any occasion come to Spain, I trust you will afford me the pleasure of your personal acquaintance and of renewing my thanks. I have the honor to be your obliged and faithful servant,

ARTURO O'NEILL, Comde de Tyrone.

ASSUMPTIONISTS GOING TO ENGLAND.

Father Bailly, the celebrated Assumptionist, who during the Dreyfus agitation was loaded with as much abuse as was Father Du Lac, the Jesuit, by French and English Dreyfusards, some being actually good Catholics, again corroborated the recent reports that members of his Order are going to London at the invitation of Cardinal Vaughan. Father Bailly himself, who has just returned from Lourdes with thousands of pilgrims, is now about to start for the Holy Land. A Benedictine who has been seen in Paris states that all the followers of St. Benedict have left or are preparing to leave, the country. It is believed that the Trappists and Carthusians, who have such large agricultural and commercial establishments in France, will easily obtain authorization from the Government, which would be foolish to send them into exile. A representative of The Ecclair who has been making diligent inquiries among members of the Order, states that the Oblate Fathers of the Rue St. Petersburg, are seriously thinking of applying for the authorization, as they have to recruit most of their missionaries in France. The Univers now calls emphatically on the French legislators who have framed the Associations law to state clearly what they mean by episcopal jurisdiction over the Orders, and to show whether they regard such jurisdiction in conformity with the views of the Sovereign Pontiff, as set forth in the instructions sent to the Bishops and to the Congregations by Cardinal Gotti. If the French Government be not explicit on this point, it will, says The Univers, be in open conflict with the Vatican, and that will be dangerous.

CATHOLICS AND THE PRESS.

(The Catholic Times.)

Amidst all the subjects dealt with at the German Catholic Congress, which has just been held at Osnabrück, there was one which, in the opinion of those present, was of pre-eminent importance — that of the Catholic press. After discussion, the following resolution, which deserves to be reproduced here, was unanimously adopted: "A press which meets all the just demands of our time is for the German Catholics more necessary to-day than ever; with the extension of the work that devolves upon it, its importance in political and social life has largely increased. Therefore it is the duty of every Catholic journal to show that it is alive to the requirements of its great mission, to see that the general and vital interests of the Catholic people are most energetically safeguarded, and the unity and concord of Catholics preserved and strengthened, and to take care that in dealings with colleagues Christian love, and in warfare with opponents wisdom and justice, are never lost sight of. On the other hand, it is a duty and an honor for all the Catholics of Germany to give to the Catholic press the necessary moral and material support; above all, no Catholic house should fail to have a Catholic paper. It is also earnestly to be desired that in the Catholic daily papers public attacks on our Holy Church, its teachings, regulations, and representatives, should be brought to the knowledge of the readers, together with thoughtful refutations." The German Catholics who passed this resolution expressed their approval of it with heart aplause, for they felt that the Catholic press is one of the most powerful weapons for the defence of Catholic truth.

In point of fact it was recognized during the Congress that without the aid received from the Catholic press the Catholic body in Germany would not occupy the position it now holds. The Centre party is strong and it derives its strength in no small measure from the well-organized local associations which are kept flourishing through the support and encouragement of the press. We are at present in this country considering the question of establishing a Catholic workmen's association. In Germany there has for years been a very vigorous "Catholic People's Association." The Secretary, Dr. Pieper, informed the Congress that the total members last year numbered 187,743, being thus divided: Rhine province 61,464; Westphalia, 33,617; Hanover, 16,466; Hesse-Nassau, 7,190; Province of Saxony, 128; Brandenburg, 121; West Prussia, 701; East Prussia, 654; Posen, 6; Pomerania, 51; Silesia, 10,647; Hohenzollern, 1,301; Bavaria, 14,742; Württemberg, 20,819; Kingdom of Saxony, 920; Baden, 8,004; Hesse-Darmstadt, 3,655; Oldenburg, 1,192; Brunswick, 16; and Alsace, 31. Dr. Lieber, in the course of an address, called this "People's Association" "the associations of all associations." Through its agency lectures on social questions are given to Catholic workers year after year by eminent writers and speakers and there can be no doubt that much of the credit due for the success of these lectures and of the organization generally belongs to the Catholic press, which not only reports the proceedings of the various meetings, but stimulates public interest by well-written articles. In the same way the press has been of immense service to the German Catholics in helping to found their societies for the young, for the protection of orphans, and for instruction and innocent entertainment. It has bound all the Catholics more closely together, and they are conscious that if they, a minority of the population wield preponderating power in the national Parliament the solidarity to which this result is due has been brought about by the wise and tactful policy which the Catholic press has pursued in harmony with the desires of able and unselfish leaders, clerical and lay. But, besides rendering most valuable assistance in organizing the Catholic forces, the German Catholic press has with zeal defended the doctrines and interests of the Church when misrepresented and assailed by bitter enemies. During the past year those enemies have been remarkably alert and active. They have

flooded the non-Catholic papers with their violent attacks upon Catholic practices and their caricatures of Catholic dogma. The Catholic press has fought the good fight against them with dignity and skill, and the result is that the Catholic cause has suffered no serious damage. The German Catholics, however, solemnly record their conviction at their annual Congress that the Catholic press is more necessary to-day than ever. In the account of the speeches delivered at the Congress which we gave last week, our readers will have noticed that the President, Herr Trimborn, expressed the belief that a new Kulturkampf in the shape of a "Los von Rom" movement is approaching. Unquestionably, whatever be the cause, the hostility of the enemies of the Church is growing in bitterness. And it will, we feel sure, be admitted that the lesson which the German Catholics teach as to the necessity of supporting the Catholic press, in view not merely of present but also of future exigencies, is likewise applicable to this country. Indeed there come into our hands week by week anti-Catholic newspaper articles, pamphlets, and books so ferocious and so disgraceful that their circulation would be prevented by the civil authorities in Germany. When the German Catholics recommend that no Catholic household should be without a Catholic paper, the advice should be taken to heart by Catholics in all countries. How many Catholic households are there in Great Britain and Ireland into which a Catholic paper does not enter? We fear the number is by no means small. Some Catholics will offer the excuse that they disliked this or that article, or certain suggestions made from time to time. The probability is that the people who reject Catholic papers on such grounds buy non-Catholic papers which differ far more widely from their views and are entirely out of sympathy with the Church. Again, there are not a few Catholics who declare that they would most gladly make themselves useful to the Catholic cause if they could find an opportunity of doing so. The opportunity continually arises. The pages of a good Catholic paper combat anti-Catholic arguments and prejudices, and as the number in this country who need enlightenment with regard to the Catholic Faith is legion, an easy and a fruitful way of aiding the Church is to circulate Catholic journals.

BISHOP FAVIER'S LOOT.

The following communication, which appeared in The New York Sun of Thursday, is self-explanatory: To the Editor of The Sun.—Sir: Last Wednesday you published an interview in which a certain Mr. Runge, who seems to be a jobber in Chinese articles, makes the following statement: "The moment the allied forces captured Pekin, Bishop Favier, the present Roman Catholic Bishop in Pekin, made a descent upon Yen Li Sen's palace and completely stripped it of the enormously valuable collection of art objects, leaving the articles of coarser grain and of less value to followers whose culture was not up to the Bishop's standard." He then goes on to make some undignified insinuations about Mr. H. G. Squiers cheating the Custom House out of the sixty per cent. duty there is on such articles. Mr. H. G. Squiers is an honorable gentleman, and the First Secretary of the United States Legation in China. I beg to repeat in rebuttal a cablegram published April 2, 1901 in the daily press: "Pekin, April 1.—Bishop Favier denies utterly the accounts published in Europe and America to the effect that he conducted an immense loot sale. The Bishop says he never looted in his life. After the siege many presents were made to him by rich people, and he ordered them to be sold on behalf of the native Catholics. Probably some of the things at the time of the general loot may have been acquired that way by the dealers, but not to Mgr. Favier's knowledge." The following statement from Washington protects Mr. Squiers' character: "Washington, March 7, 1901.—Secretary Hay to-day received a cablegram from Minister Conger at Pekin, stat-

ing that the reports that have reached America to the effect that H. G. Squiers, the United States Secretary of Legation, has been guilty of looting, was based on misinformation. As a matter of fact, the Minister states, Mr. Squiers is entirely guiltless of any such thing." These two statements ought to settle the matter at once and for all. A. P. DOYLE. New York, September 8.

SOME RECENT CONVERTS.

Miss Helen E. De Master, a student of Chicago University; the Rev. A. J. Bratt, who was a curate of St. Matthew's Church, Sheffield, England; Miss Howard, an English lady who was received into the Church on her deathbed at Florence, Italy; Mrs. Alfred I. Eucyer, formerly Miss Rose Peterson of Butte, Montana; Miss Emma Madonia and Miss Maria Cristina Asplet, John Asplet and the Misses Lucy and Josephine Salvatorelli, all in Tunis.

Lord O'Hagan died a member of the Catholic Church. Father Bradley, a Catholic chaplain, attended Lord O'Hagan at Springfontein, South Africa, and received him into the Church.

Dr. Mary J. Putnam, of Boston, a physician of note, the beautiful resignation of whose daughter, Mrs. John C. Clair, on her deathbed so impressed Dr. Putnam with the deep religious nature of the Catholic Church. Mrs. Clair was the first fruits of the non-Catholic mission given in Boston a year ago by Father Doyle.

The late Alfred Martin Ebsworth, the highly esteemed publisher of The Melbourne Argus and Australasian, had the consolation of being received into the Catholic Church before he died. He had been a member of the Church of England (says The Advocate), but a man of considerable culture and of a singularly just and generous disposition, he had for many years shown in a marked degree an appreciation of the holy work accomplished by the Church. On the day of his death he expressed a desire to see a priest, naming the Rev. G. A. Robinson, B. A., of Camberwell, in whose district he resided. Father Robinson was immediately sent for, and he had the happiness of receiving the deceased into the one True Fold.

The ranks of the Church of England clergy in Sheffield have furnished another convert in the person of the Rev. Hugh Nanney Smith, of Walkley. Mr. Smith has been received into the Church of St. Gregory, Longton, Staffordshire. Mr. Smith held his first curacy at Caverswall, near Longton, where he was stationed from '8 to 1894. He then went to Walkley as curate to his father, the late Rev. Thomas Smith, a position which he occupied until the death of the vicar a few months ago. Clay M. Greene, the New York playwright who arranged the "Passion Play" that was twice rendered at the recent jubilee of Santa Clara College, has become a Catholic.

Recently Bede College, established for English convert clergymen studying for the priesthood, was the scene of a most interesting ceremony when the deaconate was conferred upon Rev. Mr. Chase, a well-known Anglican clergyman for thirty-nine years, and Rev. Mr. McDonald, a Protestant chaplain in the navy. Rev. Mr. Goldbird, late secretary to Lord Halifax, was ordained a sub-deacon.

Madame Arabella Goddard, whose music was sweet to our fathers' ears our grandfathers—known to her friends as Mrs. Davidson — is alive and alert enough, it seems, to take her own initiative, for at Folkestone the other day she presented herself for admission into the Church. The well-known lawyer, Colonel A. B. Hotchkiss, and his wife were received into the Church at Santa Monica, Cal., by Rev. P. Hawe two weeks ago.

SEPTEMBER.

Great big trunks, packed to the brims; Worn-out shoes, hats without rims; Faces brown with sun and weather; Clothes grown small—scarce hook together, Journeys home with lots of fur. Thoughts of school that's just begun, Lots of lessons to remember, Cooler days—and that's September!

The Two Scourges ALCOHOL AND MORPHINE. As Antidotes Discovered. A recent remarkable discovery in medicine which has been found to annihilate the appetite for alcoholic drinks and all drugs, even in the most hopeless cases, is attracting a good deal of attention among those interested in temperance work. The medicine is purely vegetable, perfectly harmless and absolutely free from narcotics. It leaves no evil after-effects and can be carried in the pocket and taken in absolute privacy, thus dispensing with the publicity, loss of time and expense of an institute treatment. The medicine has been tested and is vouched for by "The Voice of St. Michael's" Rev. Father Quinlivan, Rev. Father Strubbe, Rev. Father Fitzgerald, Rev. Father Egger, Rev. Father Oauld, Rev. Father Coventry, Rev. Father McCallon, Rev. Father Gaughan, Rev. Sister Augustine, Sister William, S.S. H. Sister Ethelburga, and many others. Full particulars regarding this medicine can be obtained by writing to Mr. J. J. Jones, No. 81 Wilcox Street, Toronto, Canada.

Amour of Afghanistan. The Amour of Afghanistan, Aburhman Khan, was born about 1830. He has been a very strong man, and held his throne by the power of his sword. During the civil war of 1864 he took a leading part in support of his father's claim to the throne. He was successful for a time, and won the battles of Shakhshah and Ghilghil. But in 1868, his father having died, he was defeated by Yakoub Khan, son of Shere Ali, and took refuge in Russia. He was provided with a residence at Samarcand and a pension, and remained in Turkestan until 1879, when he made his way to the Kabul frontier, and having gained the allegiance of the leading men of that city, he was acknowledged by the British Government as Amour of Afghanistan. It was afterwards seen that his ambitions were more British than Russian. In September, 1883, a British mission, sent with the object of settling British-Afghan boundaries, and so getting rid of frontier disputes, was received with marked cordiality, and an agreement was come to which has since been carried out. His subsidy from the British Government was also increased from twelve to eighteen lakhs of rupees, about \$370,000, and he was appointed a G.C.S.I. in January, 1891.

Tea-rooms in London. The opening of "tea-rooms" in London has proved a great success, owing to the fact that domestic help being much more difficult to obtain than in former years, many people take their friends to these tea-rooms in preference to returning to their own houses and giving additional work to their domestics. There is a capital opening for such a business enterprise in Toronto, and it is curious that the opportunity afforded has not yet been seized upon. Canadian women, as a rule, are inclined to fight shy of anything but business enterprises in their own country, which is generally supposed to have not yet reached that stage of prosperity which would allow of ideas of this kind proving a success. I hear that in London, England, Miss McCaul, the daughter of the late Dr. McCaul of Toronto, has a most charming photographic studio, where, in partnership with another Canadian lady, she carries on a most successful business. I hear that she has a reporter and grapher in Toronto, though the opening for such a business is excellent, I believe.

French-Canadian Congress. According to an article by Monsieur J. L. K. Lafamme, in The Revue Canadienne for August, a congress of all the French-Canadians settled in the State of New York and in the New England States is to be held on the first and second of October next. The objects of this congress are the consideration of the following subjects: (1) the position occupied by the French race in the United States of America; (2) Beneficent societies; (3) naturalization; (4) education; while the second day is devoted to the matters relating to (1) the situation in regard to religious instruction in the States, and statistics; (2) what it would eventually become; (3) measures necessary to improve the present condition of religious affairs. It appears, according to the article by Monsieur Lafamme, that the beneficent societies are federated under the jurisdiction of the organization, the Union of St. John Baptiste of America, and that the establishment of charitable societies under this union has been astonishingly rapid. The work of naturalization is one which, of course, affects their political influence in the States, and the writer remarks that as the numbers of naturalized French-Americans increase, their position in many regards is rendered more pleasant by the citizens of the republic who have chosen to cast their lot with them. Monsieur Lafamme writes that he has seen a list of naturalized French-Americans, and that the number of naturalized French-Americans increases, their position in many regards is rendered more pleasant by the citizens of the republic who have chosen to cast their lot with them. Monsieur Lafamme writes that he has seen a list of naturalized French-Americans, and that the number of naturalized French-Americans increases, their position in many regards is rendered more pleasant by the citizens of the republic who have chosen to cast their lot with them.

Postal Reform Needed.

A postal reform advocated by The Baltimore News may interest us in Canada. The News refers to the annoyance and confusion caused by the varying rates on different kinds of postal matter. Books, parcels, etc., are carried through the mails at a lower rate than letters; but if any kind of communication is sent by letter, the writer is charged at letter rates, and sometimes a penalty is incurred. Then there are regulations about leaving book-packets open at the ends, in order to facilitate inspection. All this complicated machinery is devised for what purpose? Simply to deprive the possessor of two cents being occasionally lost to the public revenues. "The amount the Government gets for over-weight letters is insignificant. The amount it squeezes out of literary workers, who are charged letter postage rates upon manuscripts (when unaccompanied by printers' proofs), is too trifling to be considered. The sole object, therefore, worth thinking of in the maintenance of the distinction between letters and other matter, is the getting of two cents instead of one cent for an ordinary letter." The News says that this object can be attained by the simple regulation that any parcel, containing a letter shall pay a minimum rate of two cents; but that over that there shall be no discrimination against letters. "Thus, a letter or manuscript would be charged at the same rate as a book; a book, with or without written matter in it, would pay one cent for every two ounces; merchandise, in general, whether a written message went along with it or not, would pay one cent for every ounce." These are American rates, but we see no reason why the principle should not be applied to Canada. It might be briefly put in this way: "Under one ounce, letter rates; over one ounce, parcel or book rates, in addition to the two cents." As a matter of fact, communications are charged the ounce limit; and if a parcel weighs two or three ounces what does it matter whether it is a book, a letter or a pair of gloves? The reform would do away with the necessity for writing on envelopes descriptions of their contents, for leaving parcels open at the ends for deciding to what class a mail package belongs. It would save work for the shippers and for the postoffice clerks.

Visitor—"Charlie, your father is calling you." Charlie—"Yes, I hear him, but he is calling 'Charlie.' I don't have to go till he yells 'Charles.'"—Tit-Bits.

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AFTER DEATH. She is gone! No longer shrinking from the winter wind, or lifting her calm, pure forehead to the summer's kiss; no longer gazing with her blue and glorious eyes into a far-off sky, no longer yearning with a holy heart for Heaven, no longer toiling painfully along the path, upward and onward, to the everlasting rock on which are based the walls of the City of the Most High; no longer here; she is there, gazing, seeing, knowing, loving, as the blessed only see, and know, and love. Earth has no angel, less, and Heaven one more. Already, kneeling at the Throne, she has received her welcome, and is resting on the bosom of her Saviour. If human love have power to penetrate the veil (and hath it not?) then there are yet living, here a few that have the blessedness of knowing that an angel loves them.

RACES AND CHASES Toronto Hunt OPEN MEETING. WOODBINE SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 21 SEVEN DAYS SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 26. Regimental band each day. At least five flat races and one Steeplechase daily. Admission to stand and ring \$1. Badges for members' enclosure and boxes can be obtained at O.J.C. Office, Leader Lane.

Photographers Gold Medalist for the World, Paris Exposition, 1889. E. J. ROWLEY PHOTOGRAPHER 63 Spadina Ave. (1 door N. College St.) Toronto Telephone Main 3782.

Zuland Navigation The Niagara, St. Catharines & Toronto Navigation Co., Limited. Steamers Garden City and Lakosid. Change of Time. Commencing Wednesday, June 12th, steamers leave Toronto daily at 8 a.m., 11 a.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.

LAKE ONTARIO NAVIGATION CO. Str. ARGYLE Commencing first week in June. For Whitby-Oshawa, every Tuesday and Friday 6 p.m. For Downsville-Newcastle every Tuesday and Friday 6 p.m. For Fort Hope-Cobourg every Thursday 5 p.m. Excursion committees will do well to get our rates to Pan-American Exhibition and other places before closing, as special inducements are offered. Excursions booked to any point on Lake Ontario, including Pan-American Exposition, going via Oshawa (Coney Island of Lake Ontario) and electric car ride through the most charming part of New York State, landing passengers at Exposition gate. Further particulars from principal city ticket agents, or B. H. JEFFORD, General Agent, 35 Yonge St., Picton, Ont. Phone Main 270.

Niagara River Line Five Trips Daily. Except Sunday. CHIPPEWA—CHICORA—CORONA On and after MONDAY, JUNE 17th, steamers will leave Yonge Street wharf (east side) at 7 a.m., 9 a.m., 11 a.m., 2 p.m., and 4 1/2 p.m. For Niagara, Lewiston, and Queenston, connecting with New York Central and Hudson River R.R. and Niagara Gorge R.R. JOHN FOY, Manager Toronto Navigation Co., Limited STEAMERS

Canada and Niagara Cheap Excursion TO CHICAGO On September 24th, 27th and 30th Wabash Railroad will sell round trip tickets to Chicago at the lowest single first-class fare for the round trip; tickets good to return until October 14th, 1901. Tickets should read via Detroit and over the Wabash, the shortest and true route from Canada to Chicago. All Wabash trains have free reclining chair cars, and are solid wide vestibule from headlight to rear platform. Full particulars from any R.R. Agent, or J. A. Richardson, District Passenger Agent, North-east corner King and Yonge streets, Toronto.

Notice to Creditors. In the matter of the Estate of Ellen Grogan, late of 23 Anderson street, in the City of Toronto, married woman, deceased. Notice is hereby given pursuant to R. S. O. 1897 Chapter 129, Section 35, that all persons having claims against the Estate of the said Ellen Grogan, who died on or about the 7th day of January, 1901, are required to send by post prepaid or delivered to Messrs. Hearn & Slattery, solicitors for the executors, on or before the 30th day of September, 1901, their names and addresses and full particulars of their claims, and that after the said day the executors will proceed to distribute the assets of the deceased among the parties entitled thereto, having regard only to the claims of which they shall then have notice. Dated at Toronto, this 27th day of August, 1901. HEARN & SLATTERY, 46 King Street West, Toronto. Solicitors for Peter Hastings and J. F. Holland, Executors.

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THE CATHOLIC REGISTER PREMIUM. To Pay-in-Advance Subscribers. The agents of THE CATHOLIC REGISTER are authorized to offer the following famous pictures at special prices: "The Holy Family" - \$1.00, "The Virgin and Child" - \$1.00, "Christ Entering Jerusalem" - \$1.00. Never before have pictures so expensive and beautiful been offered at newspaper prices. In order to extend this offer to the largest possible number, we will send the pictures upon receipt of money within 30 days after the subscriber's name has been placed on our list. THE CATHOLIC REGISTER PUBLISHING CO. 8 JORDAN STREET, TORONTO.

DISOWNED

(By the Rev. A. Belanger, S.J., in Messenger of Sacred Heart.)

THE ENIGMA

We will now bring plainly to light the disguised confiscation and violated equality which congreganistes are the victims.

Here, for instance, are live individuals who, smitten with love for suffering humanity, decide to relieve it. They buy property valued at 100,000 francs, improve, embellish and furnish it at a cost of 10,000 francs, and into it receive either poor old men and women or orphans, whom they feed, care for and educate.

What will they have to pay? The land tax, personal tax, license tax, and the tax on doors and windows (from the last they may perhaps be dispensed). That is all. And since it is but too evident that there are no profits, no 4 per cent, income tax is demanded. Moreover, being laymen, they are not asked 10 per cent on the gross assets.

But some fine day our five charitable proprietors decide to make vows; they elect a superior, and perhaps make such extreme use of their liberty as to adopt a special habit of black or brown.

Then everything changes! They must pay the same taxes as in the past, and if they every enjoyed any exemption it is immediately withdrawn.

As formerly, should one of them when dying wish to leave his estate to the others, he must pay the 11-12 per cent.

Moreover, thenceforth the community property will be reputed to yield 5 per cent. of the gross capital, and on that created income they will pay 4 per cent., 220 francs.

They will pay 40 per cent. on the gross value of their real estate to make up for the droits de mutation, which they nevertheless pay elsewhere—400 francs.

They will pay on the same title 30 per cent on movables—30 francs. Hence, by way of chastisement for having pledged themselves to the perpetual service of the poor, they will pay yearly 650 francs.

If they are fortunate enough to be authorized, they will have the advantage of being unable to sell or acquire without the authorization of the State. And, indeed, they are pretty sure of being denied the privilege of accepting any legacies that might be left them.

They will continue to pay the taxes of common law, and, in addition:

Table with 2 columns: Tax description and Amount. Includes 'The tax of 4 per cent. on an imaginary income' (20), 'The mortmain tax on real estate' (120), 'The tax of 30 per cent. on the gross value to all their property' (330).

Total 670. We will deduct, if you wish, the mortmain tax, which gives them the right to transmit their real estate without paying any other droits de mutation.

Again, in this case, they will pay as punishment for having made vows and devoted themselves to a life of doing good, 550 francs a year over and above ordinary taxes.

To write of these things seems like a dream, and yet it is a harsh reality. Poor, dear, honest Frenchmen! In what absurd iniquity do you co-operate?

Another example: After comparing the taxes, paid by a societe de rentes viageres, having gross assets amounting to 20,000,000 francs, with what would be demanded of an authorized congregation possessed of the same wealth this was the result obtained:

Where the anonymous society would pay 14,496 francs (maximum figure), the congregation would pay 117,596 francs (minimum figure): that is, more than eight times as much. Besides, there is a means, simple indeed in its mathematical severity, of proving that the taxes levied on congregations are instruments of inevitable ruin.

We have seen that their gross assets, although in general producing nothing or almost nothing, would yield at most one-half of 1 per cent. of these gross assets if exploited by a skillful society or company wholly intent upon realizing profits.

The powerful Bank of France gives only .56 per cent. (a trifle more than one-half of 1 per cent.) of its gross assets; the Rentes viageres, .32 per cent. (a barely one-third of 1 per cent.).

Now, the droit d'abonnement consumes 30 per cent. of the gross assets, and the 4 per cent. income tax .20 per cent., which makes .50 per cent. of the gross assets.

Therefore, if there were any income, it would be totally absorbed by these two taxes alone. It is 100 per cent. on the income, and, in addition, there remains to be paid all the common-law taxes, and also that on mortmain.

Thus it is clearly not deemed sufficient to absorb the whole of what the income would be (if, indeed, there were any); the public treasury demands even more. And since each year beholds capital encroached upon, what can be reasonably expected but entire ruin, and that at an early date?

This will surprise none but honest men. Sectarians are well aware of it, for they have contrived these laws with this express end in view.

Such, then is the enforced situation of congregations, and it can be summed up in a few words:

1. They are placed outside the pale of common law and, as regards taxation, are the victims of a violated principle of equality. Taxes are imposed in the guise of punishment on men who are obnoxious to the would-be sectarian majority.

2. Taxes are paid upon incomes which do not exist, and are reckoned at a fabulous rate.

3. Taxes are paid twice or three and a half for the same object.

Probable result:—the early ruin of many congregations and their works; the lessening of the number of poor helped, children instructed and cared for; the extinction or embarrassment of congregations in France, echoing sadly in the missions and causing there incalculable evil both to civilization and French influence.

It is in order to have no co-operation in such dire consequences that these congregations have offered a passive resistance.

Do you still find them rebellious and aggressive?

THE END.

A SPRAINED ANKLE is not an uncommon accident. Pain-Killer relieves and cures almost as if by magic. The greatest household remedy. Avoid substitutes, there is but one Pain-Killer, Perry Davis'. 25c. and 50c.

THE FINIAN GIRL.

These never sat cleric in church, where melodiously they chant psalms, more true to his word than the Finians, the men who never shrink from fierce conflicts.—Translation—Ossian to St. Patrick.

Dim lays that glimmer thro' the misty Past— Weird, shadowy days beloved of Eire's bards—

Days of the Finian chivalry, I sing Your sombre glory and the unrivalled fame

Of Goll the son of Morna—and of Finn And Oisín, son of Finn, and Conan brave, And Oscar, fletcher than the hunted roe,

Genie in hall, but fearful to the foe When his long hair streamed 'mid the battle-crush.

Ye Finians! greet your joy to lead the chase When the dun deer leaped swift thro' Glen da Vault, While baying hounds waked lonely Knock-in-Ar:

To hear the echoing horn upon Slieve Grot And the white waters roar at Assa-roe;

To plunge spear-armed, light-buskined In the woods Of Clu Mail where the huge-branching trees

Made gloom as of a cloudy winter's eve, And the winds' tumult 'mid the gnarled boughs

Thrilled like the Ocean's voice when booming waves Burst in with thunder-shock at Bunda-trore.

These your delights, oh Finians!—the fierce chase And fiercer brunt of furious battle-shock Shaking the shadowy fields whose glory fame

Comes down athwart the mist of centuries: Dubh-Cumair, Cnucha, Moy-Much-rúine the red, And Gabhra (I) where your flaring glory-torch

Plunged deep in blood, hissed out in rayless gloom.

All hail ye Finian warriors, true types Of Eire's manhood, virtuous and strong, Kind to the weak and generous to the poor,

Gentle in converse, friendly unto all, Peerless in battle, scornful fear and death.

(1) Dubh-Cumair, etc.—names of battle-fields on which the Finian hosts fought.—Rev. James B. Dollard (Shannon), in Boston Pilot.

Catholic Unsociability.

(From The San Francisco Monitor.) Catholic unsociability is a perennial topic of comment with writers for the Catholic press. It is a live question, too, and touches a matter that vitally concerns the social and religious welfare of the Catholic community at large. Indirectly, but no less surely on that account, can be traced to this source a serious leakage in Catholic numbers. Thousands have been lost to the Catholic faith who would not have strayed away if there existed a closer fellowship with their brethren in the fold in social as well as spiritual affairs. The effect of this condition is apparent in the life around us to all who have eyes to see. The children of Catholic parents who find their associations exclusively among non-Catholics, naturally in the course of time get out of touch with those with whom they share community interests of the highest importance. Unless they are exceptionally blessed in their home religious influences, against which this circumstance itself is a strongly adverse surface indication, there is nothing very surprising in the fact that they gradually yield to the pressure as in other things. That this has been an actual force working to the loss of Catholic numbers for generations, is sadly demonstrated in the lives of thousands of non-Catholic descendants of Catholic ancestors to be found in every part of this country. The promotion and cultivation of sociability among Catholics is a subject worthy of the most serious attention and consideration of every person who has at heart the highest interests of the Church and faithful.

lieve to be the one Church and the one Communion of Saints this evening, if it is so ordained. Father Dominic, the Passionist, is here, and I have begun my confession to him I suppose two friends will be received with me.

May I have only one-tenth part as much faith as I have intellectual conviction where the truth lies! I do not suppose anyone can have had such combined reasons pouring in upon him that he is doing right. So far I am most blessed; but, alas my heart is so hard, and I am taking things so much as a matter of course, that I have been quite frightened lest I should not have faith and contrition enough to gain the benefit of the Sacraments. Perhaps faith and reason are incompatible in one person, or nearly so.

Ever yours, most sincerely, JOHN H. NEWMAN. GREAT EXPECTATIONS.

(To Cardinal Acton.)

November 25, 1845.

I hope you will have anticipated, before I express it, the great gratification which I received from Your Eminence's letter. That gratification, however, was tempered by the apprehension that kind and anxious well-wishers at a distance attach more importance to my step than really belongs to it—to me, indeed, personally, it is, of course an inestimable gain; but persons and things look great at a distance, which are not so when seen close, and, did Your Eminence know me, you would see that I was one about whom there has been far more talk for good and bad than he deserves, and about whose movements far more expectation has been raised than the event will justify. . . . JOHN H. NEWMAN.

A Little Talk. Children, now's the time for you to be getting out your school books and planning a little programme for the coming year's work. There's nothing like making up your mind beforehand, you know. If you go back to school simply because you have to, and with no definite idea in your head as to the good that you are ever to get out of history, geography, writing, spelling, etc., why I'm afraid you will not have a happy year at all, and your poor teachers will find their work so much harder and more wearing and discouraging. So you must make up your minds to be, from now on, as studious and quiet and sunny tempered in school and out of school, as you possibly can, in order that your mothers and teachers may find their burdens lighter day by day. If you could just once experience the feelings of those in charge of you when you are disobedient and disrespectful, and unwilling to do what is asked of you, I am sure you would profit by the lesson. Now is the time, dear children, to take up the work of beautifying your characters. Don't forget that you are going to take your disposition into eternity with you. Don't forget, either, that neither in this life or any other will you ever get anybody to like you—much less love you—unless you are kind and loving hearted, unselfish and truly humble. A cold ugly temper and selfishness and pride, as you would so many snakes. And above all, do not forget the advice of the great saint who said: "In all efforts in the line of self-mastery (and that's only another name for getting rid of one's faults), strive as if everything depended on yourself and pray as if everything depended on God."

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Signals of Danger.—Have you lost your appetite? Have you at coated tongue? Have you an unpleasant taste in the mouth? Does your head ache and have you dizziness? If so, your stomach is out of order and you need medicine. But you do not like medicine. He that prefers sickness to medicine must suffer, but under the circumstances the wise man would procure a box of Parlane's Vegetable Pills and speedily get himself in health, and strive to keep so.

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RIPAN'S TABLETS. Doctors find A Good Prescription For mankind. (Small text at bottom: Ripan's Tablets are a powerful purgative...)

On the Threshold of the Catholic Church. The following letters speak the thoughts of Cardinal Newman at the moment when he was standing on the threshold of the Catholic Church: GOOD-BYE. (To a Number of Friends.) Littlemore, October 8, 1845. I am this night expecting Father Dominic, the Passionist, who, from his youth, has been led to have distinct and direct thoughts, first of the countries of the North, then of England. After thirty years' (almost) waiting, he was without his own act sent here. But he has had little to do with conversions. I saw him here for a few minutes on St. John Baptist's Day last year. He is a simple, holy man, and withal-gifted with remarkable powers. He does not know of my intention; but I mean to ask of him admission into the one Fold of Christ. RECEIVED INTO THE CHURCH. (To the Rev. F. W. Allies, M. A.) Littlemore, October 9, 1845. My Dear Allies: I am to be received into what I be-

TO CHARM THE KARN PIANO is an instrument built to charm its hearers and delight its possessors. In grace of design and beauty of finish it is unexcelled. Its thoroughness of construction insures against disappointment. But its truest excellence is the marvellous quality of tone it produces. The D. W. KARN CO., Limited. HARRIS, HART, REED ORGANS AND PIPE ORGANS. WOODSTOCK, ONTARIO.

DYGNONES.

Ye doubts and fears that once we knew. Ye bitter words, of anger born; Ye thoughts unkind, and deeds un-true.

Ye feelings of mistrust and scorn; Against your memory we rebel— We have outlived your foolish day; No longer in our hearts you dwell— Dygnones! Dygnones! pass away!

But, oh, ye joyous smiles and tears, Endearments fond, and pleasures past; Ye hopes of life's first budding years, Ye loves that seemed too bright to last;

Ye charities and words of peace, Affection's sunshine after rain; Oh, never let your blessings cease— Dygnones! Dygnones! come again!

—Charles Mackay.

"A Man's a Man"

By MARY S. GILMORE

"The rank is but the guinea's stamp, The man's the gowd, for a' that.

"Give fools their silks, and knaves their wine, A man's a man for a' that.

"The man of independent mind, He looks and laughs at a' that.

"The piper of sense and pride o' worth Are higher rank than a' that."

Private Phil Burns, U. S. A., son of the people, cheerfully humming his favorite snatches of his favorite song, marched to the front as a "common soldier"—one of the poor, untitled rank and file.

But, like all men of Celtic blood, high or lowly, he was born to rise above his original status, instinctively as the blackbird soars toward heaven, as the thrush and linn-strain skyward from the nest of birth.

Phil Burns' ascent from obscurity to eminence was a three-winged flight toward fortune, fame and happiness. Heroic service at a crisis of battle won him immediate martial promotion; the patriotic associated press of the country simultaneously established his national fame, and third, last and best, came his sweetest guerdon—a beautiful young girl's love.

The girl in the case was Madge, only child of General Gastonridge, a born and bred patrician, a social belle, a famous beauty of sumptuous brunette style—conservative and haughty as only Southern girls can be.

Yet, when the general's spoiled and wilful motherless daughter, in spite of paternal warnings of hardships and peril and imperative official prohibition, followed the protesting general to the seat of war, the sick and wounded soldiers to whom she devoted her service detected no sign of pride or aversion, but only tender woman pity in her beautiful, high-bred face.

Many a brave fellow sank peacefully into his last dying sleep holding her soft white hand; many a so-called reprobate died with his eyes on her face, sobbing of angels and heaven. When the new-made but already famous Lieutenant Burns, convalescent from well-nigh fatal wounds took sick-leave passage on the identical transport by which the ailing general, considerably recalled by the War Department, returned on the unwelcomed furlough, the same touch of nature which had harmonized the girl of society with the tragic mien of the battlefield made her and Phil Burns kin.

Before they met the martial blood of the general's daughter had thrilled at her father's account of the humble, valiant soldier's valor.

Face to face with the simple, self-respecting, unconsciously dignified as well as handsome hero from the ranks it was her woman heart that quickened and cardiac pulsations are no less subtly responsive than "mind waves," seldom awakening save when reciprocity has leapt to spontaneous birth!

Before the voyage was well begun the promoted private knew that he loved his general's daughter. In sight of port the man determined to make the incredible, tempting, sweet-bitter discovery that stripped of an arbitrary social conservatism, the woman of his heart loved him! Then Phil Burns had a good quarter of an hour with Madge, followed by a correspondingly bad quarter of an hour with himself, from the torture of which he escaped by force of manly resolution; with the desperate purpose of facing the general and defying the fate of war!

The forward deck chanced to be deserted, momentarily, by all save the lamed veteran. Games and smugglers and pipes were in session in saloon and smoking room, monopolizing the sociable sides of the ship, undertone human voices rising in various vocal and emotional keys from the quarters of festivity below. Human voices—what were these, compared with the voices of the deep and the eloquent silence of the eternal stars? Puffy, transient, tinkling things they seemed to Phil Burns in that love-inspired hour of revelation even as the ebb of mercenary world seemed suddenly false and ignoble, pitted against the primeval law of supremacy and dominance of man, per se, monarch of material matter? Measured by the soul and brain of humanity, by its

vital heart and its strong right hand, what were pride of birth, pomp of gold, shibboleth of social position, that their phantom should dare divide human creature from creature, heart from heart, man from his complementary woman?

"The man of independent mind, He laughs at a' that!"

Hummed the young vocalist, by force of venerable habit, as he forward marched toward the general. Yet the windows of his soul turned a wistful appeal rather than of flashing defiance upon the autocrat of his fate; and the laugh of its proud heart knew its own bitterness.

Perhaps the alert old server of Mars had not been blind to Cupid's signals as his juniors had taken for granted. In any case, he scented approaching battle as the young soldier advanced and braced his heart to resist it. That his herculean frame shined a heart was the general's closet skeleton, vociferously defied by word of mouth, while betrayed by deed with the most unconscious ingenueness.

The discrepancy amused his daughter and touched the world, but the general lived on in blissful ignorance that he hoodwinked and terrified nobody. He was a man of powerful physique and commanding presence, with a leonine head of iron gray hair, dark eyes flashing with the unquenched fires of immortal youth, and a military moustache which bristled fiercely when its owner's mood was aggressive. The initiated Madge would have postponed action, recognizing the danger signal, but Phil Burns rushed to his fate.

"General," he announced without preface or apology; "General, I love your daughter!"

The night wind sang through the sails, and sailors changed watch and paced the lookout monotonously. Their footsteps beat a deafening refrain in the general's stunned ears. The sea took it up and the winds, and the mute stars traced it in fire. "I love your daughter, your daughter, your daughter!" Sky, sea, air, all alike pulsated with the impassioned rhythm of audible human heart beats. Love, all love, only love thrilled the voice of creation. But the general defied the primeval lyric, in allegiance to Gastonridge pride.

"May I request you to repeat what you were condescending enough to remark, young man?" he inquired, finally with scathing irony.

"With pleasure, general. I reported—that I love—your daughter."

"And a deuced presumptuous, impertinent, intrusive, altogether unparadonable report it is, you shoulder-strapped beggar on horseback," bluffed the general, working himself into a passion. "I consider you guilty of a breach of faith, sir. You have taken undue advantage of your position and of my trust in you. What is your excuse for venturing upon such an unjustified liberty with my daughter's name—what is your excuse, sir?"

The impetuous young Celt could deliberate when the stake was life or death. The repose of the Vere de Veres is the heritage of courage. He ran his hand slowly through the bright brown curls framing his temples, stared at the scowling general meditatively, with calmly surprised blue eyes, gave his heavy mustache an adjecting tug and admired the vamps of his well-shaped boots, dispassionately considering his commander's challenge. But once roused to action, the young soldier's methods were always decisive. In this case they routed the general.

"My excuse is—your daughter's love for me, sir," he explained, simply.

"Bah! Bah! Bosh! You conceited, presuming, deluded young jackanapes!" spluttered the haughty Gastonridge.

But he was wasting his vocabulary on the ocean air. With a military salute, his subordinate officer had withdrawn. The general was left the field—but not the victory!

Port was reached in the morning, and in consideration of an arrival which a patriotic populace was pleased to regard as a national ovation, the generous general waived his private grievance to crown by his tribute of social compliment the honor greetings to the hero from the ranks. With a royal-heartedness typical of the grand old South, the veteran shared every laurel of the hour; and in consequence the former private found himself whirling Washingtonwards, side by side with his commander, in a railroad king's private car. But the luxurious journey was to be no thornless bed of roses for the recruit to the realms of capitalism. Even the general's generosity had its limits. With malice prepense he renewed the charge that a noble expediency had interrupted. The proximity of the alerted Madge in her stateroom adjoining the main saloon was a spark to the gunpowder of paternal assertion.

"Did I understand you to inform me last night, you inflated 'Tommy Atkins,'" he demanded, with sudden loud-voiced ferocity, "that my daughter authorized you to avow your impossible matrimonial pretensions?"

"Yes, general," assented the junior idol of the hour with modest but invincible firmness. Already establish-

ed in the hearts of the great American people as the general's co-equal rival of war, domestic rivalry in the name of love, even upon the Gastonridge hearthstone, seemed a less hopeless cause than heretofore.

"Incredible, sir, incredible! Do you dare to tell me that my daughter demanded no password from a slinking, spying, traitorous intruder within my private likes?"

"There was no slinking, no spying, no treachery in question, general. And my password was nature's—love!"

"Love!" scorned the man of warfare. "No daughter of mine, sir, gave the countersign to any such fool pass as—love!"

Yes, general, begging your pardon! Love's own sweet countersign—a kiss!"

"Madge, Madge!" thundered the incensed general. "Present arms, miss, and refute this young miscreant to his impudent face. He insists that you want him for my son-in-law—a my son-in-law! Tell him it's all a mistake on his part, my girl, and—considering his pluck on the field of war—I'll—I'll let him off—and down—casual!"

"Dear old paw!" laughed Madge, in Southern patois, emerging from her fortress and obeying military orders in the letter if not in the spirit, by flinging caressing arms about the general's apologetic neck; "I'm right sorry to confess that I just can't get to oblige you; but—but it isn't a mistake, you see! I warned Phil that you'd fire all your bombshells at first but who cares; you dear old darling! We all know your awfulest cannon balls are only blank cartridges!"

"But, my darling," expostulated conscientious Phil, heroically rushing to the discomfited general's rescue, "your father's objections are valid and justified—remember that! There is every possibility of mistake for you—in what all the world will agree in calling a social mesalliance. You know you are of the class, while I am distinctively and typically of the human mass—"

"The rank is but the guinea's stamp"

quoted Madge, who, with the miraculous adaptability of a loving woman, had mastered her lover's mental weapons, and now turned them against himself.

"Ah, but I lack the guinea as well as the rank, more's the pity, dear," admitted Phil, sadly, "and, as the general will tell you, Madge, you have no conception of what straitened finances imply—the daily sacrifices of luxurious habit, of dainty taste and desire—"

"Gie fools their silks and knaves their wine,"

scorned Madge, magnificently!

"But—but will the pride of my American princess not yet regret that, socially speaking, she has 'stooped to conquer'! Sooner or later, perhaps, the plain man is fated to cut a sorry figure in a gentleman's eyes, compared with those of leisure and wealth conveniently called 'gentlemen'!" he finished, bitterly.

"The pith o' sense and pride o' worth Are higher ranks than a' that!"

trilled Madge, incorrigibly. "Well, Lieutenant Phil, have you finished for ever and ever? Because if you haven't, I shall suspect you of proposing in haste and repenting at leisure, which would be a nice record indeed for a military man of honor, wouldn't it now, Paw General Gastonridge?"

"I refuse my consent to your marriage!" announced the unrelenting general.

"Then we'll elope!" proclaimed Madge, rising like a queen of Sheba in her Oriental draperies of subdued old gold and reds. "Now, I must be going to my ole black mammy," to be made lovely for my engagement dinner! You have got to elope with 'ole brack mammy,' too, Phil. If you were even to suggest parting mammy and her 'bestest lil' white child,' you'd be only 'poo' white trash' to us both forever after!"

"Poor white trash," echoed Phil's thoughts when the laughing Madge had departed, and the worsted general retreated to the smoking room. Was he not but social "trash," indeed, in comparison with the rich old Gastonridge family? Under Madge's girlish frivolity, he knew, existed a strong sweet woman nature. Yet being what he was by birth and breeding and material circumstances, had he not done selfishly to take advantage of her susceptible maiden affection? But the manly heart of Phil Burns cried, "No!" and the heart voice is ever truthful. Pure and holy natural selection is the manifestation of a higher will than worldly match-making dreams of! It is the perversion of instinct, not obedience to it, that brings about fatal human conflict with the creative plan of God!

The outnumbered, yet unsundering general meanwhile was facing his domestic Waterloo. Well he knew that the man chosen by Madge for husband must be his own "Hobson's choice"; but Phil Burns in the character of a Gastonridge by alliance still seemed the illusion of a dream,

rather than the conquering hero of wideawake reality! True, he was goodly to look upon—a young, hardy, handsome specimen of manhood, scarcely less evidently sans peur—public heroism notwithstanding—than likewise sans reproche, for the cleanly and pure carry visible credentials; and the open glance and fresh glow and inspiring personal atmosphere of chaste-lived, moral, high-principled youth are never successfully counter-felted by unworthy pretensions, nor unrecognized by the kindred pure of heart. Nevertheless the general could not soar instantaneously above the traditions inherited from generations of ancestors born and bred to all the class of prejudices of fortune's heritage and social prestige. That such so-called blue blood as ran in his own veins was too often tainted with the evils that the red blood of the masses escaped—that the glitter of gold was by no means synonymous with the sterling radiance or moral, manly merit, and that the law of precedence whereby, at each and every function of his social life the general had sat at the right of his hostess, was but a mockery of the natural supremacy of virtuous, honorable, heroic human manhood, the general did not deny! Yet it was no easy thing for him to put his theories into practice, and perhaps he must have failed to attain the miracle but the transient resurrection, under the spell of war, of his youth's unworldly ideals. Just for the patriot hour, while flags were waving and cannon booming and regiments of brave men marching to the front, dearer to the general than gentle birth, than his golden fortune, than the social autocracy that were the inglorious idols of peace was the soldierly attribute of manly heroism; and Lieutenant Phil Burns had stood a hero in the face of death! Then how could any woman—even a Gastonridge—be other than crowned by this man of honor's love? The general's noble capitulation was his defeat as a worldling—but, as he realized later, his triumph as God's image, man!

The depot at Washington was crowded to suffocation. An immense throng awaited the returning officers. Bands played and the Stars and Stripes floated. Political, financial and social celebrities officially welcomed the heroes of the field, while the mob cheered national approval. Madge, radiant in her grace of sex and grand young beauty, stood like princess royal encircled by courtiers. Her pose was regal, her simple gown worn with the air of a robe of coronation. But the queenliest woman at heart is ever but queen consort! In her maiden thoughts, the imperial Madge was hailing Phil Burns as king.

"Suddenly there was a disturbance in the throng. A woman was forcing her way through it—a shabby little old woman with thin gray hair and a plain, worn face, and gloveless hand clasped before. Her bonnet of rusting mourning, eloquent of long and impoverished widowhood, her dowdy black shawl, humble black skirt revealing well-worn shoes, even the pathetic stoop of her frail figure bowed by the burdens of life, told the common old story of middle-class struggle and poverty. Yet her face, in spite of its tears of emotion, was transfigured by supreme glory. As she emerged from the crowd her arms strained tremulously toward the lieutenant of the distinguished group.

"My boy!" she sobbed, rapturously. "My boy! My boy!"

From the exquisitely curled and perfumed attache of one of the foreign embassies Phil Burns turned sharply. One appealing look he flashed upon Madge as he sprang forward—a look of love's faith, in whose flame yet flickered potential renunciation! Then an unthought light dawned in his Celtic blue eyes—the light of filial love and fidelity—as he folded the plain little woman to his heart.

"Mother!" he cried, between his kisses "dear, dearer, dearest little old mother!"

The general and his daughter started simultaneously, in common discomfort. Phil Burns' mother—this poor, shabby, typical woman of the populace, never by any necromancy of gold or fashion to be adapted to the patrician Gastonridge mold! What was to be done? Upon the irrevocable action of the present moment hinged Madge's future; since the Gastonridge line was a line of honor, abiding by his word. The general, as a gentleman, lifted his hat to the woman and mother, but as a father he stood aside for Madge's initiative. At this crisis of her life he would influence her by no glance or word. In the tense suspense of the moment he turned his eyes in an unconsciously ferocious stare upon the shoulder-shrugging attache. The dapper and slipshod diplomat's flow of persiflage languished. He adjusted his eyeglass with vague resentment. Why was the old warhorse ogling him so belligerently? After all, these savage Americans were a bourgeois set!

Madge, meantime, was dallying with the decision which must make or mar her life. Useless to say that no ignoble sentiments tempted her. The human respect and sensitive vanity inseparable from the unconscious

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snobbishness of dazzled youth, joined forces with racial pride and caste traditions against the nobler ideals of girlhood's heart. The pride and pomp and material glory of the world seemed to her, of a sudden, life's single reality! From all save the glittering gilt and tinsel of convention's standards she shrank as from barren dreams. With the humble, the poor, the socially obscure, what had she in common—she, proud, rich, beautiful Madge Gastonridge? Nothing indeed, by acquired habit; but what by the divine law of nature, making young hearts akin? What title of worth boasted all the gilded baubles of her Gastonridge birthright compared with the joy in her woman's heart because the manly Phil Burns loved her? A sudden tenderness thrilled her soul looking on Phil's old mother! Here was the primitive type of motherhood—a type she did not know. The vedded beauties and belles to whom marriage means social leadership, the coquettish matrons of a society where venerable womanhood is an anomaly, the selfish young wives slaying love on the altar of vanity, the flippant girl brides jilting true Christian manhood for mammon, the unmaternal mothers of the fashionable whirl, resentful of sacrifices and responsibility and untender in heart and spirit—all these were her familiar social chaperons, her dead mother's substitutes; but not to one among them all, as to this humble woman of the people, was motherhood the crown of feminine life! A prophetic tremor quickened her maiden heart beats; the half-sweet, half-sad shadow cast before, of the pain and glory entwined at love's meridian—the zenith of woman's life!

"Oh, Phil," she cried, softly, impetuously surrendering her soul's divine impulse, "aren't you going to present me to—our—mother?"

"God bless you, Madge," whispered Phil. "Mother—"

But the rest of his speech fell on ears unheeding. Woman and woman, mother and maiden, were blending heart with heart.

The diplomat attache mistook the situation. He divined romance; but taking it for granted that the general disapproved it, ventured a delicate hint that the conservatism of old Europe espoused the paternal side.

"Your America, general, is a great country socially," he emphasized, with a disparaging glance of contemptuous significance at the plebeian old person in the rusty weeds, when Madge and Phil by simultaneous impulse had presented the general to her.

But if he expected gratitude the condescending foreigner was unpleasantly surprised. The American general turned on him like an exploding cannon, even as he courteously offered his chivalrous escort to the mother of brave Phil Burns.

"Yes, sir!" he thundered, leading the way to the carriage. "My America is a great country, socially and nationally. And why is it great, sir? Not because of its great men, alone or primarily, no, sir! but because it is the country of noble mothers;—of the pure, earnest, selfless, maternal women of the people whose virtues, sir, the best and grandest sons of the great American Republic but reflect!"

The disconcerted attache hastily lifted his hat and retreated in silence. It was the "common soldier's" plain old mother who rose to the occasion, leaning back against the luxurious cushions like one to the manner born.

"In the name of your own dear mother, alive or dead," she said to the general, "I thank you, sir! That a good mother is the first best thing in the world just stands to nature. You and my son Phil, with your swords and cannon, may be making the history of the nation, but it's the loving lives of women that is making history of the nation's men."

"Amen, mother!" laughed the embarrassed lieutenant, flushing furiously.

But the general was bending towards Madge.

"The daughters of the Gastonridges have always been ladies," he was saying, "but it is left to you, Madge, to imitate shining alien example and prove that the lady may reach the loftier stature of simple womanhood."

"Well!" gasped the amazed Miss Gastonridge, "of all utter routs, the abject surrenders, the ignominious defeats I ever heard of—"

But the general interrupted her.

"On the contrary, my love," he corrected, "it's the case of all round victory, attesting right's supreme achievement—the triumph of failure!"

And who shall say that the general was not right?—Catholic World.

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