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VOL. XI, No. 31

TORONTO, THURSDAY, AUGUST 6, 1903

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CARDINAL SARTO CHOSEN

The Democratic Patriarch of Venice succeeds Pope Leo on the chair of St. Peter

Rome, Aug. 4.—To-day the Conclave after being in session for four days, elected Giuseppe Sarto, Patriarch of Venice, as Pope, to succeed Leo XIII. and he now reigns at the Vatican and over the Catholic world as Pius X. To-night all Rome is illuminated in his honor. His election and the assumption of his office were marked by a striking demonstration and impressive ceremonies at the Vatican, which only ended this evening. Tomorrow the new Pope will receive the members of the diplomatic corps, the Cardinals, and the Bishops, who will then offer official homage, this notwithstanding the fact that twice today the Cardinals and many high officials of the Vatican went through a similar ceremony. The date upon which the coronation of Pius X. will occur has not yet been officially decided, but the impression prevails that it will take place August 9.

THE CONCLAVE DISSOLVED.

Although the election was over at 11 o'clock this morning, and was announced to the world 45 minutes later by the appearance of the new Pope at the window of St. Peter's, the Conclave was not formally dissolved until 5.30 this afternoon. The Cardinals then returned to their various apartments in Rome, with the exception of Cardinals Oreglia and Rampolla, who temporarily retain their official suites in the Vatican, and Cardinal Ferrero y Espinosa, who is too ill to be moved for several days. It was to the sick Cardinal that the new Pope paid his first visit after being formally proclaimed Pontiff. The Cardinals will remain in Rome for to-morrow's ceremonies, and should the coronation be fixed for next Sunday they are not likely to return to their respective homes until after that ceremony. With the exception of the Spanish Cardinal, Ferrero, all the others are now in fairly good health.

THE ELECTION UNANIMOUS.

The election of the Patriarch of Venice this morning was unanimous. After Monday's ballot it was a foregone conclusion that he was the only candidate satisfactory to all to secure the necessary two-thirds vote. One of the Cardinals said to the representative of the Associated Press that he believed Pius X. would follow the broad lines of Leo's policy, although not likely to accentuate it. This voice the general feeling here, which is one of satisfaction. The new Pontiff is a man of simple origin, and, although not a very prominent candidate, he had been frequently mentioned, in several respects he resembles his venerable predecessor, notably in his reputation for culture

and piety. Pius X. was humorously described as "a country mouse, who could not possibly find his way about Rome." Venetians who know the new Pope well say that he will soon be as much beloved as Pontiff as he was yesterday as the beloved Patriarch of the poor of the Adriatic. In appearance Pius X. is a very handsome man. He has a fine, erect figure despite his sixty-eight years. When he pronounced his first benediction to-day at St. Peter's his voice rang out with splendid resonance.

SCENE OF ENTHUSIASM.

The announcement of Cardinal Sarto's election was received with wild enthusiasm on the part of the thousands of persons who had gathered outside St. Peter's. The scene within the Basilica, when the Pope pronounced his benediction, was one of unparalleled excitement and enthusiasm. Thousands of persons within the cathedral cheered and waved their hats.

While Prince Chigi, the master of the Conclave, was drawing up the official act of the election and acceptance of the new Pope, the latter, surrounded by his friends, disappeared into a small room near the altar, where he donned the white robes of his office. Pius X. was assisted by his Conclavist, who first knelt and kissed his hand, and thus received the first apostolic blessing given by Pius X. When he was robed, the Secretary of the Conclave, Monsignor Merry del Val, kneeling, offered him the Papal white cap amidst breathless silence. He did not follow the precedent created by Pope Leo, who declined to give his red cap to the master of ceremonies, but, with a slight smile, Sarto took the white cap, placed it calmly on his head and dropped the red one lightly on the head of Mgr. Merry del Val amidst a murmur of approval. This is taken as a certain indication that the happy recipient is soon to be raised to the Cardinalate.

THEIR "FIRST OBEDIENCE."

As the new Pontiff stepped from behind the altar, the only touch of color about him being his red and gold shoes, he really seemed the embodiment of his holy office. His face was pale and clearly softened by emotion. He paused a moment as he came before the expectant Cardinals, then seated himself on the throne, with a hurried movement, as though he had suddenly grown weak. His back was to the altar, and he was enthroned to receive the so-called "first obedience" of the Cardinals.

All kissed his hand and foot, while he saluted each on the cheek with the kiss of peace. Then all broke into the Te Deum with such effect that scarcely an eye was dry. Pius X. then rose, and in a voice at first tremulous, but gradually becoming full and firm, administered the Papal blessing to all the members of the Sacred College. It was received with bowed and uncovered heads. The fisherman's ring not yet having been found, a new one designed by Camerlengo Oreglia, was placed on the Pontiff's fingers as a symbol of renewed power, and evidence that the Catholic Church has once more a sovereign head. Sarto bore himself with becoming dignity, and gave no outward sign of exultation in this the supreme moment of his life.

THE OFFICIAL ANNOUNCEMENT.

In the meanwhile masons and carpenters had been breaking down doors so that the Cardinal Deacons, with the Master of Ceremonies and the Conclavists and many others, might proceed to the balcony of St. Peter's. The populace, waiting in the piazza, had already, at 11.30 o'clock, seen the tiny thread of smoke, which warned them what to expect, so that when the windows on the balcony slowly opened and the great gleaming cross was seen the excitement and impatience heightened to the extreme. Slowly Cardinal Macchi, Secretary of the Congregation of Apostolic Briefs, advanced and exclaimed in a loud voice:

"Annuntio vobis gaudium magnum papam eminentissimum ac reverendissimum dominum cardinalium, Joseph Sarto, qui sibi imposuit nomen Pium X." As Cardinal Macchi returned to the Sistina Chapel, after having performed his pious duty, the new Pope rose and was literally carried in triumph



HIS HOLINESS POPE PIUS X.

to his cell, followed by a great concourse and preceded by the cross. He was stopped every step or two by those anxious to kiss his ring and receive the Papal blessing, which Sarto accorded with great benignity and patience. When he arrived at the door of his cell the Pope turned, and, raising his hand, gave in a voice almost suffocated with emotion, his benediction which he was about to give to the people of Rome.

BLESSING THE PEOPLE.

The formal salutations having terminated, a procession was formed. The Pontiff in his white robes, silver hair gleaming under his white cap, was surrounded by the Cardinals in their violet robes, and preceded by the Pontifical cross. When the procession approached the window looking into St. Peter's from below rose a murmur of voices. The Pope was seen to grow pale, and then turning to Cardinal Baciheri, who stood beside him, he said:

"Now, I understand the emotion Pope Leo always showed when going into St. Peter's to have the eyes of a great crowd focussed on him. It is almost terrifying." Standing in the window crossing himself, Pius X. raised his hand and pronounced the benediction, which called forth such applause that several minutes elapsed before the Pontiff could retire. He then drew back and the procession returned to the ducal hall. When leaving the window Pius X. turned to Mgr. Bisleti and said: "I shall never again feel just the same emotion."

Although little is known of the Pope's political tendencies, he is considered to be one likely to avoid conflicts, and to continue the moderate policy of Pope Leo. The officials here recall Sarto's taciturn course in receiving the King and Queen of Italy at Venice, which removed much of the friction hitherto existing, and led to a warm friendship between Sarto and Queen Helena. This incident is cited as an evidence of his conciliatory disposition, and the likelihood of no material change taking place in the policy of the Vatican.

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Bishop Cameron of Antigonish Celebrates His Golden Jubilee

Oldest Member of the Canadian Hierarchy
(Antigonish Casket, July 30.)

On a July morning in the year 1852 the Rector of the famous Urban College proposed to one of the bishops deputed by the Holy Father for the government of the diocese of Rome that a youthful levite named John Cameron, who had come from distant Nova Scotia, should be raised to the sacred priesthood. "Dost thou know him to be worthy?" the bishop asked in the solemn words of the Pontiff, to which the Rector answered: "As far as human frailty can know, I know and testify that he is worthy." Half a century has rolled by since those momentous words were uttered, and now the accumulated testimony of fifty years bears loud and joyous witness that the answer was correct. Returning to his native land, young Dr. Cameron threw himself with the energy inherited from a sturdy Scottish ancestry into the work of Christian education, a work which has never ceased from that day to this to feel his inspiring influence. The struggling college at Arichat was entrusted to his charge, and for eight months he carried on its work almost single-handed. Of his pupils at that time only three or four survive, the best known among them being the present Right Rev. Bishop of Harbor Grace, and the venerable Father Kenneth McDonald so long the zealous pastor of Mabou. The removal of the college to Antigonish in 1855 coincided with the appointment of Dr. Cameron to the pastorate of St. Ninian's, a parish which then included the present St. Joseph's, West River, and a good portion of what to-day is known as Lakeville. Dr. Cameron's first Sunday at old St. Ninian's is well remembered by him. He was aroused at 2 a. m. to attend a sick call at the West River, after travelling forty miles on horseback he heard confessions, sang High Mass, baptized several children, at 4 p. m. sat down to breakfast! The progress of the diocese renders these arduous exertions no longer necessary, but such was the life of a parish priest fifty years ago. In contrast between now and then, it may here be noted that in the year of Bishop Cameron's ordination, the diocese of Antigonish—or Arichat, as it was called at that time—had only 19 priests; to-day it has 82. Then it had 29 churches; now it has 96. Then St. Francis Xavier's College had fewer than a score of students; now it has close upon two hundred. Then the diocese had not a single religious community; now it has seven communities distributed in nineteen houses. The Congregation of Notre Dame of Montreal has eight houses with forty-five Sisters, the Sisters of Charity of Halifax, five houses with thirty-five Sisters; the Sisters of St. Martha, Bishop Cameron's own foundation, have 33 Sisters in their Antigonish convent and 7 assisting the Sisters of Charity in St. Joseph's Hospital, Glace Bay. The Daughters of Jesus are at Sydney and Arichat, the Sisters of Providence at Cheticamp; while at Tracadie there are the Trappist monks, twelve in number, and the Trappistine sisters. Of this splendid growth Bishop Cameron has not been merely an onlooker but a zealous promoter. Twenty-five new churches have been built during his episcopate; the present St. Francis Xavier's College may justly be called his work, and arrangements similar to those now existing in England have been made whereby 1,600 children have been gathered into parish schools operated under the public school law. Bishop Cameron no longer rides forty miles before breakfast, but there are still bad roads to be

HIS ELDER BROTHER.

The elder brother of the Pope, Angelo, lives in the village of Dellegrazie, Province of Mantua, being the postman of the district, and receiving \$80 a year for his duties. He adds to his income by keeping a shop in which he sells tobacco and park. His two daughters are the belles of the villages, being known for miles around as the "handsome Sarto sisters." When Pius X. was Bishop of Mantua his brother Angelo used often to go there for reasons connected with his postal service. The other clerics would ask him jokingly why his brother did not find him a better position. Angelo, with sturdy independence, replied that he preferred only what he could make himself. Still, following Papal precedence, the tobaccoist and postman of Dellegrazie should now become a Roman Canon.

ELECTION GIVES SATISFACTION.

London, Aug. 5.—Despatches from the capitals and many other cities of the civilized world say that the election of Sarto gives entire satisfaction. It is generally believed his policy will be a conciliatory one. Many congratulatory messages have been sent him.

Te Deum for Pope Pius X.

By the order of His Grace Archbishop O'Connor, already published, a solemn Te Deum will be sung in the Cathedral on Sunday next, immediately after High Mass, in gratitude to God for the election of His Holiness Pope Pius X., which event has been officially announced to the Archbishop.

Prominent Canadians who Have Passed Away

Rev. Abbe Bayle, P.S.S., one of the founders of the Seminary in Montreal, passed away on July 31st, 1888, at the age of 88 years. In October, 1886, he celebrated the sixtieth anniversary of his consecration to the priesthood. This was the second instance of the kind in the history of the Canadian Catholic clergy, Bishop Bourget having celebrated his some years before his death.

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Religious Persecutions in France

Action of the Irish Party in Westminster in Behalf of Benedictines

London, July 24.—In the debate on the Foreign Office vote yesterday Mr. John Redmond focussed attention on the persecution of the Religious Orders in France, and effectively exposed the pusillanimous attitude taken up by the Government in regard to the expulsion of the English Order of Benedictines from Douai. As Mr. Redmond pointed out, all the money spent on the collegiate buildings and monastery at Douai is English money yet the French Government ruthlessly drove the Benedictines out and seized their property, being thereby guilty, as Mr. Redmond puts it, of open and barefaced robbery.

Ireland Under English Rule

In consequence of England's penal laws and her policy in the management of the National Schools, the Irish people and their descendants in this country are most ignorant of the extent, beyond all other peoples, to which they have cause to be proud of the past history of their country. With the effort now being made throughout the world, wherever the Irish people have been scattered, to rekindle the National spirit by reviving a knowledge of the Irish as a spoken language, and with the study of Ireland's grand history and traditions, which must follow, the necessity becomes all the greater that even the most humble effort to teach should be accepted, for its worth, as a contribution towards the reviving interest in Irish matters. A movement which must accomplish so much towards educating the people to respect themselves the more from the fact of their Irish origin and a knowledge of the truth as to what does justly exist to the credit of the Irish race, will eventually command the respect of all nations.—From the preface of Dr. Thomas Addis Emmet's new work just published by G. P. Putnam's Sons.

Prayed on Walk for Dead Pope

One of the most pathetic occurrences reported at the news of the Pope's death was one this afternoon near the Soldier's Monument at Lafayette Square. "Extra! Extra!" shouted a passing newsboy. "All about Pope Leo dead." There was an old man, his hair snowy white and his shoulders bent and narrow, who sat on one of the benches. He listened to the words of the newsboy. Tears came from his eyes and he sobbed aloud. "Pope, Leo dead," he was heard to murmur.

Without another word he took off an old, discolored derby hat, and wiping his forehead, knelt down on the hard stone walk, where he offered up a prayer, first in silence and then aloud. Seldom has a more solemn scene been enacted in the city of Buffalo. The crowd of hangers-on in the park looked on with solemn faces and bared heads. After offering a prayer for the dead prelate, the old man died his feet and tottering along with the aid of a cane, disappeared in Main street.—Buffalo Courier, July 21.

New Appointments in Montreal Diocese

The following appointments were announced by His Grace Archbishop Bruchési: Rev. Father A. Cullinan, Assistant priest at St. Mary's Church the vacancy left by the appointment to St. Patrick's of Rev. P. Heffernan; Rev. C. DeLaurie was named vicar at Ste. Anne de Bellevue, to fill the vacancy caused by the death of the Rev. Father Chevrelis; and Rev. A. Lessard was made assistant priest at Lachine.

IT WILL PROLONG LIFE.—De Sota, the Spaniard, lost his life in the wilds of Florida, whether he went for the purpose of discovering the legendary "Fountain of perpetual youth," said to exist in that far unknown country. While Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil will not perpetuate youth, it will remove the bodily pains which make the young old before their time and harass the aged into untimely graves.

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One line of Panamas, lot of different shapes, were \$5.00, 7.50, \$10.00, while they last.....	4.25

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Requiem High Mass for the Late Pope Leo

Held in St. Joseph's Church, Stratford

Stratford, July 29.—This morning, with deep solemnity, St. Joseph's Church mourned the death of Pope Leo XIII. The heavy black drapings of the altar and auditorium, set off with the Papal colors, the Solemn Requiem High Mass—celebrated only on the death of some high dignitary of the church—the funeral tenor of the music, the black vestments of the priests, the large attendance of both Catholics and people of other denominations, the eloquent panegyric—all spoke plainly of the sorrow which the passing of "Leo the Good" had occasioned in Stratford.

The Mass for the repose of the late Pontiff's soul was sung by Rev. Fr. Tobin, with deacon and sub-deacon. The facade of the main altar was almost hidden by sable drapings, relieved by the pure white hangings of the tabernacle. From pillar to pillar in the auditorium and round the walls were hung festoons of black, with bows of the Papal colors, white and yellow. The choir gallery also was heavily draped.

Facing the congregation as it entered the church and again as it left were portraits of Pope Leo with his hands raised in blessing.

On either side of the sanctuary were hung banners bearing the triple tiara and keys—emblematic of the keys of heaven—crossed beneath it. The triple tiara is worn by the Pope and is a figure of the Papal dignity.

Rev. Father Gnam of Hesse, delivered the panegyric.

"Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord for their good works follow them."—Revelations xiv., 13. My Dear Brethren—Leo is dead, and we are his mourners. He has died the death of the just; he has walked in the footsteps of his ancestors; he has slept the sleep of his forefathers. By his death we have lost one of our best fathers in the faith; the church has lost one of her greatest Pontiffs, and the world its wisest and most prudent counsellor.

Leo is dead! but as successor to Peter he shall continue to live in those who succeed him, for the Papacy is eternal, because it is divine, and the gates of hell shall not prevail against it.

Leo is dead! but he died the death of the just, and his good works shall follow him. Therefore, whilst our hearts are stricken with grief over our sad bereavement, whilst every child of the church sits in mourning at the bedside of a departed father, there still remains within our breasts sweet memories of his past and the happy consolation that a life well spent will continue to live and bear fruit, even after death.

"Non omnis moriar," "I shall not wholly die!" said a pagan poet, and his words are verified in all truly great men for their good works shall follow them.

Christ, the Divine Architect, who came down from Heaven to renew the face of the earth, accomplished not so much during his life, as in his death. "When I shall be lifted up from the earth," said He, "I shall draw all men to myself," and His prophecy has been verified, for Jesus hanging on the cross has drawn to himself greater multitudes than the combined standards of an Augustus, Caesar and Alexander.

Of the 256 Pontiffs that have occupied the chair of Peter, and ruled the church of God during the 1900 years of her existence, few have equalled Leo in embodying so beautifully in their lives, the characteristics of the Master, whose whole life is summed up by the evangelists in these words: "He went about doing good."

Leo's death was like his life—peaceful and serene. It was the echo of a life well spent in the services of God, His church and of the whole world, which was the field of his mission bequeathed to blessed Peter: "Go ye therefore into the whole world and preach the gospel to every creature." A life full of years and ripened fruits, ever bent on carrying out the divine injunction, the great Pontiff, after a reign of over 25 years closed one of the greatest careers the world has ever witnessed, by a peaceful and saintly death. Calm and ever resigned to God's will, Leo retained even to the last that clearness of perception and mental activity which made him the wonder of the age.

In his last hours he was surrounded by all the Cardinals of the Apostolic College, by his attentive physicians, and a faithful servant, Centra, whose kindly acts he had never forgotten. And whilst the outside world stood, awaiting in awful silent suspense, his passing hour, whilst those who prayed and wept at his bedside, knelt down to receive from his trembling lips his last long blessing, the great Pontiff sank into a state of unconsciousness and fell asleep in the Lord.

Leo is dead! Leo is dead! was the sad tidings that came forth from every Vatican gate, and scarcely had his soul returned to its Maker and his body assumed the cold chill of death, the sad news sped with lightning speed over countless wires to the utmost parts of the earth. And immediately there arose to Heaven's throne, from the hearts of millions of his devoted children, the prayer, "May God have mercy on his deserving soul and grant him eternal rest."

Leo's death was but the transfiguration of his life, for never before had his life shone forth so beautiful and transparent as in his death. The world looked up to Leo, and beheld in him its greatest benefactor, its wisest and most prudent counsellor, and kindest father, wherefore, it mourns his death, with such depth and latitude, as it never mourned before.

Leo's profound scholarship, his deep knowledge of and love for the Scriptures, his keen insight into, with an ever ready solution of the most difficult problems that have baffled the denning the oppressor, the lawless and libertine; his unswerving tenacity in sustaining the rights of the poor and oppressed, the sanctity of the home, the family and the marriage tie; his fatherly love and solicitude to all, even those outside of his flock; his gentle and amicable disposition, even under the most trying circumstances; his simplicity of life, his charming personality, his purity of purpose, his nobility of character, all have been transfigured in his death, and have won the esteem and admiration of the whole world, and the love and respect of every individual soul, and have merited for him the honored titles of "Leo the Good," "Leo, the Mouthpiece, the Oracle, the Pontiff of the Age." Thus like blessed Peter of old, who was spokesman of the Apostles, so Leo was the Mouthpiece, the Oracle of the Age.

The way to true greatness is humility, and knowledge of one's self. In these, Leo surpassed all great men of coeval age. The true secret of his greatness, apart from his divinely appointed office, lay in his perfect knowledge and mastery of self. "To conquer one's self," says St. Augustine, "is a greater achievement than to conquer the whole world." Before conquering the world Leo conquered himself. By prayer and humility he gained complete control over his passions, which he elevated and ennobled by directing them to the services of God and His church. He was never known to have guided by impulse or fancy. His every act was preceded by reason and executed with discretion. Never, even under the most trying circumstances, did he betray signs of weakness or yield to some misguided passion. "Where is the man, where is the wise man," cried Napoleon after his downfall, "who knows how to act, to suffer and to die, without weakness, without ostentation?" Here at last the world has found such a man, an ideal, a type of perfect manhood, a perfect Christian man! a man who first conquered himself, and then set about to conquer the world.

There have been great men of history whom we have justly admired. Men who, whether as statesmen in framing laws, or as conquerors leading armies on the field of battle, or as civilizers, carrying the Gospel light to those who sit in darkness, have become renowned for their greatness, but invariably by some misguided passion. Alexander the Great, after having conquered the whole world, wept because there were no other worlds to conquer, fell a prey to the passion of drink, and died a drunkard. Napoleon when in the height of his power and in the zenith of his glory, fell, and died in exile, because he yielded to the passion of an unlawful ambition. Bismarck, the greatest of German statesmen, who ruled that country with an iron-clad hand, fell, because he unjustly sought to undermine God's church in the Fatherland, with the iniquitous May Laws. How little is known of these great men outside of a college theme, who conquered the whole world but failed to master themselves. How little the good they have left to the world, and to suffering humanity, when compared to the good that shall follow Pope Leo. And how little the love they have received, when compared to the love given to Leo! They conquered nations, and have not gained a friend. Leo conquered himself and is loved by the world; they captured cities, Leo captured the citadel of the heart, they conquered with the material sword, Leo conquered with the sword of the spirit, which is the word of God; they conquered by enslaving men's bodies, Leo by rescuing their souls from the slavery of sin; they conquered by shedding men's blood—by force of arms; by frowning fortifications and floating squadrons, Leo conquered by the power of love, which is stronger than death, by charity, which St. Paul says, "conquereth all things."

Under the long and peaceful reign of Leo the church waxed strong in power and wisdom. When Pius IX. died, and the Papacy had been robbed of the patrimony of Peter, many of you will remember how it was proscribed by the press, the pulpit and the platform, that the Papacy had been overthrown. "Pius the IX. would be the last Pope," said the prophets, "for the Papacy had fallen." But lo! what has been the result? Like the human body, when deprived of a member, gains increased strength and vigor in those members that remain whole; so the Papacy, shorn of its temporal possessions, gained new strength and vigor in spiritual supremacy. Pius IX. died, as Pius might die, but Peter lived, and will continue to live until the end of time. Yes, Peter lived; for upon the throne of the outraged and saintly Pius, the world beheld a great Pontiff, whose voice would reach to the utmost bounds of the earth.

Never before had the Papacy exerted such a far-reaching power and influence in the social, political and religious world, as under the long and peaceful Pontificate of Leo XIII.

Never before was a Pope so universally loved and esteemed, as was this truly great Pontiff. Never before has the world—regardless of creed, of race or color—shed such tears of sympathy at the bedside of a dying Pontiff, as it did during the last days of the great Pope Leo.

The reign of Leo will be known to future generations as the age of peace and enlightenment—as the golden age in latter times. It will be known as the age in which a new impulse was given the Saviour's words: "Behold I give you a new commandment, that you love one another." New courage to fulfil His commands; "Peter launch out into the deep and search the Scriptures," and new zeal to carry out His injunctions: "Go ye into the whole world and preach the Gospel."

Leo, therefore, was not an ordinary man, who like other men appeared upon the theatre of life, played his part, and then suddenly disappeared. He was not a meteor that flashed across the horizon of time, and then was suddenly extinguished. No! he was a light upon earth during life, and he will continue to be a "lumen in celo" after death—"a light in heaven," according to the prophecy of St. Malachi, shining down through future ages upon men, enlightening their minds, warming their hearts, and speaking peace to their souls.

Like the divine Master, seated upon the Mount of the Beatitudes, preaching to the assembled multitudes; so Leo, his Vicar on earth, sat upon the Vatican hill proclaiming to the world his immortal encyclicals, like so many Beatitudes bringing peace and happiness to all people. Leo's encyclicals, touching on every state and condition of life, how like the eight Beatitudes of the Saviour on the mount? "Blessed are the poor in spirit, for theirs is the Kingdom of Heaven." "Blessed are the meek, for they shall possess the land." "Blessed are the peacemakers, for they shall be called the children of God." "Blessed are they that suffer persecution for justice sake, for theirs is the Kingdom of Heaven."

And now, my dear people, as a last duty of true children of faith, let us not forget to pray for our departed father, for although he led a holy life and died a saintly death, we know that there are few who leave this life so pure and holy, as to be at once admitted into the heavenly Jerusalem into which nothing defiled can enter, let us, therefore, pray for his departed soul. Let us build unto him a monument with our prayers and good work, beseeching God at the same time to give us a worthy successor in the Chair of Peter, O Sacred Heart of Jesus! ever burning with love for poor captive souls, look with clemency upon Leo, Thy zealous promoter and faithful servant. Grant him eternal rest and to the souls of all the faithful departed. Amen.

The Absolution followed immediately after the Mass. The regular funeral service was carried out and prayers were recited over a catafalque placed in front of the sanctuary railing, just as if the body of the late Pontiff had laid within.

DEAN KILROY PRESENT. For the first time in several months Very Rev. Dean Kilroy was able to appear at public service this morning. He is looking remarkably well and is gaining in strength rapidly.

Cremona

(By Sir Arthur Conan Doyle.)

(The Spanish, French and Piedmontese forces, including part of the Irish Brigade under Marshal Duke de Villeroi held the fortified town of Cremona during the winter of 1702. Prince Eugene with the Imperial army representing Austria, England, Holland and other powers, surprised the town one morning and occupied the whole city before the alarm was given. Villeroi was captured, and together with many of the French garrison. The Irish, however, consisting of the regiments of Dillon and of Burke, held a fort commanding the river gate, and defended themselves all day, in spite of Prince Eugene's efforts to win them over to his cause. Eventually Eugene, being unable to take the post, was compelled to withdraw from the city.)

The Grenadiers of Austria are proper men and tall; The Grenadiers of Austria have scaled the city wall; They have marched from far away Ere the dawning of the day, And the morning saw them masters of Cremona.

There's not a man to whisper, there's not a horse to neigh; Of the footmen of Lorraine and the riders of Dupres; They have crept up every street, In the market-place they meet, They are holding every vantage in Cremona.

The Marshal Villeroi he has started from his bed; The Marshal Villeroi has no wig upon his head; "I have lost my men," quoth he, "And my men they both have lost Cremona."

Prince Eugene of Austria is in the market-place; Prince Eugene of Austria has smiles upon his face; Says he, "Our work is done, For the Citadel is won, And the black and yellow flag flies o'er Cremona."

Major Dan O'Mahony is in the bar-rack square, And just six hundred Irish lads are waiting for him there; Says he, "Come in your shirt, And you won't take any hurt, For the morning air is pleasant in Cremona."

Major Dan O'Mahony is at the bar-rack gate, And just six hundred Irish lads will neither stay nor wait; There's Dillon and there's Burke, And there'll be some bloody work Ere the Kaiserrites shall boast they hold Cremona.

Major Dan O'Mahony has just reached the river fort, And just six hundred Irish lads are joining in the sport; "Come, take a hand," says he, "And if you will stand by me, Then it's glory to the man who takes Cremona!"

Prince Eugene of Austria has frowns upon his face, And loud he calls his Galloper of Irish blood and race; "MacDonnell, ride, I pray, To your countrymen, and say That only they are left in all Cremona!"

MacDonnell he has reined his mare beside the river dyke, And he has tied the parley flag upon a sergeant's pike; Six companies were there From Limerick and Clare The last of all the guardians of Cremona.

"Now, Major Dan O'Mahony, give up the river gate, Or, Major Dan O'Mahony, you'll find it is too late; For when I gallop back 'Tis the signal for attack, And no quarter for the Irish in Cremona!"

And Major Dan he laughed: "Faith, if what you say be true, And if they will not come until they hear again from you, Then there will be no attack, For you're never going back, And we'll keep you snug and safely in Cremona."

All the weary day the German stormers came, All the weary day they were faced by fire and flame, They have filled the ditch with dead, And the river's running red; But they cannot win the gateway of Cremona.

All the weary day, again, again, again, The horsemen of Dupres and the footmen of Lozanne, Taafe and Herberstein, And the riders of the Rhine; It's a mighty price they're paying for Cremona.

Time and time they came with the deep-mouthed German roar, Time and time they broke like the wave upon the shore; For better men were there From Limerick and Clare, And who will take the gateway of Cremona?

Prince Eugene has watched, and he gnaws his nether lip; Prince Eugene has cursed as he saw his chances slip; "Call off! Call off!" he cried, "It is nearing eventide, And I fear our work is finished in Cremona."

Says Wauchop to McAuliffe, "Their fire is growing slack," Says Major Dan O'Mahony, "It is their last attack; But who will stop the game While there's light to play the same, And to walk a short way with them from Cremona?"

And so they snarl behind them, and beg them turn and come; They have taken Neuberger's standard, they have taken Diak's drum; And along the winding Po, Beard on shoulder, stern and slow, The Kaiserrites are riding from Cremona.

Just two hundred Irish lads are shouting on the wall; Four hundred more are lying who can hear no slogan call; But what's the odds of that, For it's all the same to Pat, If he pays his debt in Dublin or Cremona.

Says General de Vaudray, "You've done a soldier's work! And every tongue in France shall talk of Dillon and of Burke! Ask what you will this day, And be it what it may, It is granted to the heroes of Cremona."

"Why, then," says Dan O'Mahony, "one favor we entreat, We were called a little early, and our toilet's not complete. We've no quarrel with the shirt, But the breeches wouldn't hurt, For the evening air is chilly in Cremona."

Prosperity gets follows, but adversity distinguishes them. The Most Sacred Heart of Jesus is the Heart of our best friend.

A PLAIN QUESTION: Do you really get the only Painkiller—Perry Davis—when you ask for it? Better be sure than sorry. It has not, in 60 years, failed to stop looseness and pain in the bowels.

History of the Pontificate of Leo XIII.

(Continued from page 6.)

they fling aside religious discipline, they scorn duties and clamor only for rights; they are working incessantly on the multitudes of the needy which daily grow greater, and which, because of their poverty, are easily deceived and hurried off into ways that are evil. It is equally the concern of the State and of religion, and all good men should deem it a sacred duty to preserve and guard both in the honor which is their due."

Another letter, addressed March, 1902, to all the Bishops of the world on the occasion of his entering on the twenty-fifth year of his pontificate, reveals, incidentally as it were, the marvellous unity of the Bishops of the world to the Apostolic See, "centre and mainstay of all the sees of Catholicity." Reference is made to the persecution suffered by the Church in several places; in the encyclicals that from the very beginning of his pontificate Leo XIII. issued, he endeavored to place in the clearest light the designs of the Church, "and to increase, as far as possible, along with the treasures of her doctrine the field of her salutary action." Such was the object especially of the encyclicals on Christian philosophy, human liberty, Christian marriage, Freemasonry, the powers of government, the Christian constitution of States, socialism, the labor question and the duties of Christian citizens and other analogous subjects. In this letter also he refers to his condition under the hostile domination of the Government ruling in Rome, and he said: "Stripped of the temporal sovereignty and consequently of that independence which is necessary to accomplish his universal and divine mission, forced in Rome itself to shut himself up in his own dwelling, because the enemy has laid siege to him on every side, he has been compelled in spite of the derisive assurances of respect and of the precarious promises of liberty to an abnormal condition of existence which is unjust and unworthy of his exalted ministry."

This solemn assurance in the twenty-fifth year of his pontificate showed that he protested, at the end of that time, against that condition to which he had been reduced by Italy as on the first day he uttered a protest against it. Another encyclical on the "Most Holy Eucharist," addressed to all the Bishops of the world "in peace and communion with the Apostolic See," which was purely religious in its scope, demonstrates the care for the spiritual welfare of the Church of which he was the head that possessed the soul of Leo XIII. He rejoiced to learn that in those last years the minds of the faithful seem to have been renewed in love and reverence for the Sacrament of the Eucharist, and he hoped that efforts would be made to revive widely among Catholic nations the frequent use of it.

The end of 1902 witnessed the publication of another encyclical addressed to the Bishops of Italy, urging them in the most persuasive terms to promote with still greater diligence the education of the clergy in their dioceses, so that these ministers of religion might be better fitted to cope with the difficulties consequent on the present condition of the times. The duty of teaching and the task of putting before men the high ideals of Christianity animated the closing years of the life of Leo XIII.

The new International College of St. Anselm of the Benedictines, on the Avetine Hill, at Rome, with the severely magnificent church attached to it, from the designs of the Abbot Hempline, O. S. B., primate of the order, was executed through the Pope's initiative and munificence. Ever desirous of advancing studies, Leo XIII. purchased the splendid collection of Pontifical coins which belonged to Cardinal Randi, and which is unequalled elsewhere, to add it to the collection in the Vatican Museum. The Randi treasure consisted of 26,000 pieces, of which 1,100 were of gold; and, besides, the 700 Roman scudi it contained were of inestimable value.

The grand ceiling of the Latran, in carved cedar wood, which is eleven upon four centuries old, has fallen in to such condition that it was necessary to such repair it. Cardinal Satelli, Archbishop of the Lateran, was appointed president of a commission for its restoration, and over \$30,000 was set aside by the Pope from his private gifts for this purpose of repair. In the department of the fine arts and of antiquity the encouragement and assistance given by Leo XIII. have been great. It was a constant surprise how, in the midst of the burdens that weighed upon him, he was able to contribute so generously.

March 3, 1903, having then entered on his ninety-fourth year, he appeared in St. Peter's before a crowd of no less than 60,000 persons. Though weak and feeble, he rallied for this twenty-fifth anniversary of his coronation, and blessed the assembled multitude with great tenderness. On that occasion he wore the tiara of gold which had been presented to him in the name of the whole Catholic world, whence contributions had come for its purchase. After the fatigues consequent on this great ceremony Leo XIII. was obliged to retire himself up for a few days to quiet and repose; but the extraordinary physical and nervous energy with which he was endowed induced him to abbreviate the period of rest and return again to his former habit of giving audiences every day.

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An Unspoken Oration At the recent commencement exercises at Harvard University occurred an incident full of instruction for those who saw it. It is often the habit of boys to judge of things by the way they look, but as one grows older he learns that appearance is not all. "Handsome is as handsome does" is an adage that becomes clearer as one learns more of the world. At these exercises at the big college there were over one thousand students ready to receive diplomas; their friends had come from all over the country, besides scores of wise men and great. President Eliot conferred honorary degrees upon many distinguished guests who were present. One of these was Theodore Roosevelt, President of the United States, who arose in the fullness of his sturdy manhood and bowed his thanks. There were scientists, inventors, famous preachers, great judges, diplomats and statesmen. Once when a name was called a soldier in full uniform, bedecked with gold braid and shining buttons, arose. He was a surgeon of the army, and was thus honored by Harvard because he has discovered how to check the dreadful scourge yellow fever, an enemy that mows down more soldiers than the bullets. Each of those men, seated in a circle on the stage before the vast audience, arose in turn and bowed in all his honor and glory. It was a sight magnificent and inspiring to see these distinguished men famous, worthy of honor, handsome. The President of the college then read from his list another name that Harvard wished to honor. His deep, full voice pronounced these words: "Charles Proteus Steinmetz, the foremost expert in applied electricity of this country, and therefore of the world."

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BENEDICTINE SALVE

This Salve Cures Rheumatism, Felons or Blood Poisoning
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A FEW TESTIMONIALS

188 King Street East, Toronto, Nov. 21, 1902.
DEAR SIR—I am deeply grateful to the friend that suggested to me, when I was a cripple from Rheumatism, Benedictine Salve. I have at intervals during the last ten years been afflicted with muscular rheumatism. I have experimented with every available remedy and have consulted many of the best physicians of repute, without perceptible benefit. When I was advised to use your Benedictine Salve, I was a helpless cripple. In less than 48 hours I was in a position to resume my work, that of a tinsmith. A work that requires a certain amount of bodily activity. I am thankful to my friend who advised me and I am more than gratified to be able to furnish you with this testimonial as to the efficacy of Benedictine Salve.
Yours truly,
GEO. FOGG,

Tremont House, Yonge Street, Nov. 1, 1901,
John O'Connor, Esq., Toronto:
DEAR SIR—It is with pleasure that I write this unsolicited testimonial, and in doing so I can say that your Benedictine Salve has done more for me in one week than anything I have done for the last five years. My ailment was muscular rheumatism. I applied the salve as directed, and I got speedy relief. I can assure you that at the present time I am free of pain. I can recommend any person afflicted with Rheumatism to give it a trial. I am,
Yours truly, (Signed) S. JOHNSON,

288 Victoria Street, Toronto, Oct. 31, 1901.
John O'Connor, Esq., Nealon House, City:
DEAR SIR—I cannot speak too highly of your Benedictine Salve. It has done for me in three days what doctors and medicines have been trying to do for years. When I first used it I had been confined to my bed with a spell of rheumatism and sciatica for six weeks; a friend recommended your salve. I tried it and it completely knocked rheumatism right out of my system. I can cheerfully recommend it as the best medicine on the market for rheumatism. I believe it has no equal.
Yours sincerely,
JOHN MCGROGAN,

475 Gerrard Street East Toronto, Ont., Sept. 18, 1901,
John O'Connor, Esq., Nealon House, Toronto Ont.:
DEAR SIR—I have great pleasure in recommending the Benedictine Salve as a sure cure for lumbago. When I was taken down with it I called in my doctor, and he told me it would be a long time before I would be around again. My husband bought a box of the Benedictine Salve, and applied it according to directions. In three hours I got relief, and in four days was able to do my work. I would be pleased to recommend it to any one suffering from lumbago.
I am, your truly,
(MRS.) JAS. COSGROVE,

7 Laurier Avenue, Toronto, December 13, 1901,
John O'Connor, Esq., Toronto, Ont.:
DEAR SIR—After suffering for over ten years with both forms of Piles, I was asked to try Benedictine Salve. From the first application I got instant relief, and before using one box was thoroughly cured. I can strongly recommend Benedictine Salve to any one suffering with piles.
Yours sincerely,
JOS. WESTMAN,

12 Bright Street, Toronto, Jan. 15, 1902,
John O'Connor, Esq., Toronto:
DEAR SIR—It is with pleasure I write this word of testimony to the marvelous merits of Benedictine Salve as a certain cure for Rheumatism. There is such a multitude of alleged Rheumatic cures advertised that one is inclined to be skeptical of the merits of any new preparation. I was induced to give Benedictine Salve a trial and must say that after suffering for eight years from Rheumatism it has, I believe, effected an absolute and permanent cure. It is perhaps needless to say that in the last eight years I have consulted a number of doctors and have tried a large number of other medicines advertised, without receiving any benefit.
Yours respectfully,
MRS. SIMPSON,

66 Carlton Street, Toronto, Feb. 1, 1902,
John O'Connor, Esq., 199 King Street East:
I was a sufferer for four months from acute rheumatism in my left arm; my physician called regularly and prescribed for it, but gave me no relief. My brother, who appeared to have faith in your Benedictine Salve, gave enough of it to apply twice to my arm. I used it first on a Thursday night, and applied it again on Friday night. This was in the latter part of November. Since then (over two months) I have not had a trace of rheumatism. I feel that you are entitled to this testimonial as to the efficacy of Benedictine Salve in removing rheumatic pains.
Yours sincerely,
M. A. COWAN,

Toronto, Dec. 30th, 1901,
John O'Connor, Esq., Toronto:
DEAR SIR—It is with pleasure I write this unsolicited testimonial, and in doing so I can say to the world that your Benedictine Salve thoroughly cured me of Bleeding Piles. I suffered for nine months. I consulted a physician, one of the best, and he gave me a box of salve and said that if that did not cure me I would have to go under an operation. It failed, but a friend of mine learned by chance that I was suffering from Bleeding Piles. He told me he could get me a cure and he was true to his word. He got me a box of Benedictine Salve and it gave me relief at once and cured me in a few days. I am now completely cured. It is worth its weight in gold. I cannot but feel proud after suffering so long. It has given me thorough cure and I am sure it will never return. I can strongly recommend it to anyone afflicted as I was. It will cure without fail. I can be called on for living proof. I am,
Yours, etc.,
ALLAN J. ARTINGDALE, with the Boston Laundry,

256 1/2 King Street East, Toronto, December 18, 1901,
John O'Connor, Esq., Toronto:
DEAR SIR—After trying several doctors and spending forty-five days in the General Hospital, without any benefit, I was induced to try your Benedictine Salve, and sincerely believe that this is the greatest remedy in the world for rheumatism. When I left the hospital I was just able to stand for a few seconds, but after using your Benedictine Salve for three days, I went out on the street again and now, after using it just over a week, I am able to go to work again. If anyone should doubt these facts, send him to me and I will prove it to him.
Yours forever thankful,
PETER AUSTEN,

Toronto, April 16, 1902,
Mr. John O'Connor:
DEAR SIR—I do heartily recommend your Benedictine Salve as a sure cure for rheumatism, as I was sorely afflicted with that sad disease in my arm, and it was so bad that I could not dress myself. When I heard about your salve, I got a box of it, and to my surprise I found great relief, and I used what I got and now can attend to my daily household duties, and I heartily recommend it to anyone that is troubled with the same disease. You have this from me with hearty thanks and do with it as you please for the benefit of the afflicted.
Yours truly,
MRS. JAMES FLEMING, 14 Spruce Street, Toronto,
Toronto, April 16th, 1902.

J. O'Connor, Esq., City:
DEAR SIR—It gives me the greatest pleasure to be able to testify to the curative powers of your Benedictine Salve. For a month back my hand was so badly swollen that I was unable to work, and the pain was so intense as to be almost unbearable. Three days after using your Salve as directed, I am able to go to work, and I cannot thank you enough.
Respectfully yours,
J. J. CLARKE, 72 Wolseley Street, City,
114 George Street, Toronto, June 17th, 1902,

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Table with 4 columns: DAY OF MONTH, DAY OF WEEK, COLOR OF VESTMENTS, and liturgical text for August 1903. Includes dates for Pentecost and Assumption.

I determined to trust implicitly to Nero and gave myself up to a comfortable siesta. After a ten minutes' doze Nero got up, looked about him, stretched himself and said in dog language: "Come now, my friend, we must be moving on." We plodded on together like old friends, taking it easy under the trees, both enjoying the cool quiet of the place. Out on the highway Nero had walked quickly, firmly, steadily; he wished to get out of the dust and heat. Now he strolled along, as if merely for the pleasure of walking in one of the loveliest spots in the Vaud Canton. The road became very steep and rocky, and I had to pick my way with the greatest care. Nero sprang from rock to rock, but always with a watchful eye on me. Presently I began to hear in the distance a sound as of fiercely boiling water. Nero barked loud and joyously. "Courage, courage," he said. "We are almost there—now you will see the Caldron." The Caldron turned out to be a small, insignificant stream of water falling from an insignificant height into a hollow rock—the boiling sound produced by the echoes. It was a pretty sight, but would not have repaid me for such a hard climb had I not had Nero as a guide—he being much more interesting than the celebrated Caldron. On either side of the stream were tiny cottages in which two pretty peasant girls in their national costume sold milk to the weary traveler. One was blonde, the other brunette. I thought the blonde had the prettier eyes, and was approaching her little cottage—looking like a toy cut out with a jig saw—in the door of which she was standing, when Nero planted himself in the path before me and began to bark furiously. What was the matter? Had he a preference for the brunette? I turned in the other direction and he quieted down at once. I sat down at a table under the trees and ordered a pitcher of milk. The brunette entered the house, closely followed by Nero. I peeped through the window and watched him, the "sinnet"—he was not above being bribed. I found that he was served before me to a large bowl of cream. He came out presently, the cream dripping from his black moustaches, and watched me earnestly while I drank my milk. I then gave him a lump of sugar and, perfectly satisfied with each other, we sat for half an hour enjoying the invigorating breezes that blew on that hilltop twelve hundred feet above the sea level. Presently Nero began to show signs of restlessness. I got up, paid for the milk and starting on the same path up which we had come was surprised to see Nero lead off to the left, to the entrance of another path. I had made so much progress in dog language that I understood his eyes to say: "What do you take me for? Do you think I would take you over the same route twice? No, indeed. I know my business. We will go down by a new road." The new road was even more beautiful than the old one. Nero, delighted with himself, kept turning towards me with looks of triumph. As we crossed the road on our way to the railway station the dogs of his acquaintance again tried to attract his attention, but he repulsed their advances as before. "Do you not see that I am on duty? I am taking this gentleman to the railroad station." It was only when I was safely deposited in the waiting-room that he would consent to leave me, having gaily devoured the last two lumps of sugar, and this is the way I interpreted his glances of farewell: "You are twenty minutes too early. You don't catch me losing people's trains for them. Good-bye, good luck, good-bye."

Chats With Young Men
THE SPUR THAT MAKES MEN STRUGGLE.
It is astonishing how much power there is in an intense longing or divine hunger to achieve the particular thing which lies nearest the heart. Napoleon used to say that a firm resolution can make realities out of possibilities. When I see a youth who has a deep purpose stamped upon his features, when I see him working for this pearl of great price, early and late, so that he cannot be turned from his course a hair's breadth, no matter what tempts him, I feel sure that he will succeed. I never knew a person who struggled hard, persistently and enthusiastically for years toward a certain object, who did not at least approximately, attain his end. On the other hand, when I see a boy shirking his duties, who is listless, shiftless, indolent, ambitious and shows no desire to get on, no ambition or aspiration which leads him to look upward, I feel sure that this boy will not succeed. It is this divine hunger for knowledge or skill which measures our success-power. No you cannot accomplish much without a clean-cut purpose, a lofty ambition, and a longing to accomplish the thing on which he has set his heart. A worthy ambition is the spur that makes man struggle with his destiny. The surest sign of the genius that can accomplish things—that can bring things to pass—is a divine longing for accomplishment, or yearning to do something and be somebody in the world. Lincoln had this divine hunger, which impelled him to tramp hundreds of miles in the forest, barefooted, to borrow books which he could not afford to buy. This hunger for knowledge, this yearning aspiration, struggling for expansion and growth, this longing which ever looks upward and toward the light—this is the kind of genius which every youth should cultivate. The boy Garfield showed this divine hunger when he applied for a chance to ring the academy bell and sweep the floors for his tuition, and when he cut wood for fifty consecutive days in order to earn a few dollars to make his way at school.—Success.

AN IRISH FOLK-TALE
Once upon a time there lived in Erin on the lovely rivers and verdant vales a certain king named Lochra, and his habitation was high unto the sea. He had an only and beautiful daughter, Evaline. She was tall and graceful and spoken of as the prettiest woman in all Erin. Her golden hair she wore coiled around her head like a Grecian goddess. Her voice was sweet as the wild birds' lay that wakes the grove at morn. Blue were her eyes as the fairy flax, and her cheeks like the dawn of day. And her bosom white as the hawthorn buds. That ope in the month of May. There came to the court of Lochra many suitors, but Evaline did not find among them a suitable husband. The King made a law that every stranger who came to his court should be served with a fried fish. The servants were directed to take notice if, when the stranger had eaten the fish to the bone on one side, he turned it over and began on the other side. If he did, whether old or young, married or single, he was immediately seized and on the third day thereafter he was to be put to death; but by a great stretch of clemency the culprit was permitted to utter one wish each day, which the King pledged himself to grant, provided it was not to spare his life. The young man who, having eaten the fish to the bone on one side, did not turn it over would receive the King's daughter in marriage. Many had already perished in consequence of this edict, when one day a chieftain and his son presented themselves at court. The fish was served as usual, and when the chieftain had removed all the fish from one side he turned it over and was about to commence on the other when he was suddenly seized and thrown into prison and told of his approaching doom. Sorrow stricken, the chieftain's young son besought the King to allow him to die instead of his father—a favor which the monarch was pleased to accord him. The chieftain was accordingly released from prison and his son was thrown into his cell in his stead. As soon as this had been done the young man said to his jailer: "You know, I have the right to make three demands before I die. Go tell the King to give me his daughter in marriage." This first demand was not much to the King's taste. Nevertheless he felt bound to keep his word, and he therefore complied with the request, to which the Princess had no objection, for the prisoner was very handsome. On the second day of his imprisonment the young man demanded the King's treasures. If his first demand was a bold one, the second was no less so; still, a King's word is sacred and having made the promise he was forced to keep it, and the treasures of gold and silver were placed at the prisoner's disposal. On getting possession of them he distributed them profusely among the courtiers, and he soon made a host of friends by his liberality. The King began now to feel exceedingly uncomfortable. Unable to sleep, he rose early on the third morning and went with fear in his heart to the prison to hear what the third wish was to be. "Now," said he to the prisoner, "tell me what your third demand is that it may be granted at once and you may be promptly hung, for I am tired of your demands." "Sir," replied the prisoner, "I have but one more favor to request of your Majesty, which when you have granted I shall die content. It is merely that you will cause to be put out the eyes of those who saw my father turn the fish over." "Very good," replied the King. "Your demand is but natural and springs from a good heart. Let the chamberlain be seized," he continued, turning to his guards. "I, sire!" cried the chamberlain. "I did not see anything; it was the steward." "Let the steward be seized, then," said the King. The steward protested with tears in his eyes that he had not witnessed anything of what had been reported, and said it was the butler. The butler declared that he had seen nothing of the matter and that it must have been one of the servants; but they protested that they were utterly ignorant of what had been charged against the chieftain. In short, it turned out that nobody could be found who had seen the chieftain commit the offense, upon which the Princess said: "I appeal to you, my father, as to another Solomon. If nobody saw the offense committed, the chieftain cannot be guilty, and my husband is innocent." The King frowned and forthwith the courtiers began to murmur; then he smiled, and their visages became radiant. "Let it be so," said the King. "Let him live, let him live, though I have put many a man to death for a lighter offense than his. But although he had not been hung he is married. Justice has been done."—St. Patrick's.

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Children's Corner
A CLEVER GUIDE.
Ladovic Halevy, author of the Abbe Constantine, tells one of the best of good dog stories as an experience which befell him while journeying through Switzerland. Having lost my train through the stupid conceit of the stage driver, who declared that in all his fifteen years' experience he had never belated a passenger, I found myself, writes M. Halevy, stranded in a small Swiss village with three hours to get rid of before I could continue my journey. It was a dismal, unpromising looking place and I inquired of some of the people standing about the station if there were any points of interest in the neighborhood which could be visited in the space of three hours. With one accord they answered: "The Caldron; go to see the Caldron; it is well worth a visit." "Where and what is the Caldron?" "It is half way up the mountain, but the road is somewhat complicated. You must have a guide. Go to yonder little white house with the green blinds and you will find the best guide in the country, and the best fellow, too—Father Simon." I knocked at the door of the little white house. It was opened by an old woman. "Does Father Simon live here?" "He does, but—is it to go to the Caldron?" "Yes." "Well, he is unable to go out today. His legs have given out and he cannot leave his bed. However, that makes no difference. I have some one who will do just as well as he—Nero." "All right; send Nero to me." "But I must tell you that Nero is not a person!" "Not a person!" "No, he is our dog." "What do you mean?" "He will guide you just as well as my husband would. He is accustomed to do it. For years he has accompanied his master; knows all the points of view and can guide perfectly alone by himself. He often guides parties of travelers, and they always compliment us on his cleverness. You need not fear. He has quite as much intelligence as you or I. All he needs is the gift of speech. That is not necessary in this case, as it would be were he showing a monument, where he would have to know dates and relate anecdotes about it. Take Nero. It costs less, too. Only thirty cents for Nero, and he will do as much for you as my husband would for three dollars." "Well, where is Nero?" "Sleeping outside in the sun. He has already taken a party to the Caldron this morning—Nero! Nero!" He came leaping through the open window, an ugly little black poodle, with long, curly, woolly hair. He certainly was not handsome, but he had a grave, decided, important manner that was most impressive. He looked at me with a searching, comprehensive glance that said:

COMMON SENSE TIPS.
Polly was stringing up her shoes and having such tribulations with them. The tags had come off from the strings and the frayed ends were acting as only frayed ends of shoestrings can act when you are in a hurry. At every hole they refused to be coaxed through, no matter how much Polly's pudgy little fingers rolled and twisted. "Come here, Polly, I'll stiffen them," said Aunt Mary, and she brought out a bottle of library paste. Applying a small portion to the offending ends of the strings she rolled them between her thumb and fingers, and in a moment two neat little cone-shaped ends slipped through the holes with utmost ease. "There's nothing like the paste bottle," laughed Aunt Mary as a smiling little girl skipped away to wash her face. "There's nothing like common sense," answered Polly's little mother. "The tags are always off from Polly's shoestrings, and we've both wasted more time and temper over them than I can count, but I never thought of pointing them that way."

Paralysis and Locomotor Ataxia
The Certain Result of Neglected Nervous Troubles—Prevention and Cure in Dr. Chase's Nerve Food.
Sleeplessness, indigestion, headache and neuralgic pains, twitching of the nerves, weak or irregular heart action, inability to concentrate the mind, discouragement and despondency are among the symptoms which warn you of approaching prostration and paralysis. By forming new, rich blood, and creating new nerve force Dr. Chase's Nerve Food prevents and cures the terrible nervous diseases which lead to so much suffering and helplessness. Being composed of nature's most powerful nerve restoratives, it is certain to do you good. Fifty cents a box at all dealers.

The Catholic Register

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY BY THE CATHOLIC REGISTER PUBLISHING CO. PATRICK F. CRONIN, Business Manager and Editor.

Subscription rates: In City, including delivery, \$2.50; To all outside points, \$3.00. Offices—9 JORDAN ST., TORONTO.

Approved and recommended by the Archbishops, Bishops and Clergy. ADVERTISING RATES: Transient advertisements, 10 cents a line. A liberal discount on contracts.

THURSDAY, AUG. 6, 1903.

POPE PIUS X.

On Tuesday morning last the Conclave assembled in the Palace of the Vatican elected a successor to the chair of St. Peter in the person of Cardinal Joseph Sarto, Patriarch of Venice, who has taken the title of Pius X. Though the name of the Patriarch of Venice had been mentioned among the lesser papabili, he certainly enjoyed a singular immunity up to the very last moment from the clamorous public discussion of the august choice which by divine power was to descend upon him.

The deliberations of this Conclave occupied a comparatively brief space of time. True it is that the Conclaves of 1846 and 1878 arrived at much quicker decisions, but the records show that other Conclaves have lasted two weeks and over. Gregory XVI, for example, was chosen after a 15 days' interval. The despatches of the past week contained repeated references to the irritation and disappointment of the Roman populace on account of the delayed announcement of this election, but such manifestations are an ancient tradition of the inhabitants of the Eternal City, happily of a subdued and orderly character in these days of popular government as compared with the good old times, when the Roman nobles made riot in the streets whilst the Cardinals were locked up in the Vatican apartments.

The translation of a Patriarch of Venice to the See of Peter is an event of historical interest apart from the supernatural succession of the Papacy. Medieval history proclaims the Republic of Venice as the possessor of power in the world second only to the Papacy for a space; and its Bishopric dates back almost as far as its magistracy. The first Bishop of Venice was appointed in the early part of the 8th century, whilst the first Doge was chosen at the close of the 7th. One phase of a question of church and state that probably had its origin in the remotest days of the Venetian rivalry with Rome reappeared only a few years ago when the present Pontiff, Pius X., was elevated to the Patriarchate that was destined to be the final stage in his advancement to the chair of St. Peter. Cardinal Sarto was created and proclaimed in June, 1893, the year of his preferment to the Venetian Patriarchate. The Italian Government, flushed with the strong wine of international ambition, saw fit to dispute the new Cardinal's possession of his See. The plea was made that the Patriarchate belonged to the patronage of the Sovereign, and for a time it looked as if the State had determined to make a test of its strength. The daring thought that has recently taken hold of Premier Combes in France was then supposed to be in the heart of Signor Giolitti, the Italian political leader of the hour. Was a Cardinal of the church to acknowledge to the civil government or to the Pope the appointment to his See? That was the issue. But it never came to a head. Giolitti fell, and neither King Humbert nor the Crispi ministry afterwards apparently dreamed of interfering with the rule of the Patriarch of Venice, which has been blessed in every way during the decade of its duration since elapsed.

Much gossip concerning the policy of the new Pope may be regarded as quite inevitable. Catholics do not as a rule like the use of the word policy in reference to the government of the Church of God, but in many ways its employment is quite appropriate. The new Pope abides in the love of the Italian people, and standing in the esteem of the Italian King and government enjoys also, as his election

proclaims, the confidence of the Catholic world. He was born at Riese in the diocese of Treviso on June 2, 1835. Popular superstition will have some difficulty in reconciling his career thus far with the characteristics of the anticipated successor to Leo XIII, the "Ignis ardens," or burning fire of Peter's line. Nothing of a tangible description in the known record of Pius X. as priest or Cardinal seems to fulfil this main portion of the supposed prophecy of St. Malachi, of Armagh, except it be the burning fire of piety which has marked his whole life. The second portion of the prophecy, however, the words "et a litore veniet," would appear clearly to be fulfilled. Pope Leo's successor did come from the seashore, from the ancient capital of the commerce of all the earth's seashores. He rules a Church and a world a thousand times vaster in commerce and population than the old world of Venice, or of Rome in the days of Malachi. May his reign be blessed. Long live Pius X.

ROYAL VISIT TO IRELAND.

What we have said during the past two weeks concerning the reception of King Edward and Queen Alexandra in Ireland would seem inadequate to the deeper triumphs of the visit. The King has indeed earned his popular new title of "Edward the Peacemaker." The complete success of the tour of the Island is all his own. Neither politicians nor police helped to clear his pathway. He warned the police of the course before the start, and he went on his way rejoicing without the escort of a single member of his Cabinet. King Edward has the reputation of being a decided stickler for precedent; but in both foregoing particulars he set aside all former precedents. As long as there have been police in Ireland they have been utilized on occasions of royal progresses to do the official cheering at all points of the journey. They never allowed the visitors and the people to get close to each other. The police thought it was neither safe nor proper and they were supposed to know. When George IV. visited Ireland in 1821, he was everywhere accompanied by his Secretary of State, Lord Sidmouth. The late Queen Victoria likewise never omitted to have the Secretary of State or other member of the Cabinet on the ground. King Edward left the Cabinet Ministers behind with the police when he set out to visit "his Irish people." Had they been along they would have seen perhaps to it that he used the word "subjects" instead.

It was eighty-two years since an English King had set foot in Ireland, and probably the occasion could stand a more modern set of phrases and more liberal ideas. These novelties to the Irish King Edward abundantly provided. On the day of his landing he recognized the Catholic Church in Ireland by expressing through Cardinal Logue and desiring His Eminence to convey to the Sacred College in Rome his sincere condolence over the death of the Pope. Nothing could be more appropriate. But an active politician might not have done it. Next the King in making his acknowledgments to Trinity College expressed his personal pride in having his name associated with that of Gratian. An Irish paper points out that T. C. D. in these degenerate days has no statue of Gratian inside its walls, though one stands outside the rails.

Obviously the King's point of view was the one calculated to appeal to the sentiment of the Irish people. But it was in his closing address to "my Irish people" that King Edward included his most significant words. Here is the document: "I desire on leaving Ireland to express to my Irish people how deeply I have been touched by the kindness and good will they have shown to the Queen and myself. Our experience on previous visits had indeed prepared us for a traditional welcome of a warm-hearted race, but our expectations have been exceeded. Wherever we have gone, in town or country, tokens of loyalty and affection, proffered by every section of the community, have made an enduring impression upon our hearts. For a country so attractive and its people so gifted, we cherish the warmest regard, and it is, therefore, with supreme satisfaction that I have so often during our stay heard the hope expressed that a brighter day is dawning upon Ireland. I shall eagerly await the fulfilment of this hope. Its realization will, under Divine Providence, depend upon the steady development of self-reliance and co-operation, upon better and more practical education, upon the

growth of industrial and commercial enterprise, and upon that increase of mutual respect which the responsibility my Irish people now enjoy in the public administration of their local affairs is well fitted to teach. It is my earnest prayer that those and other means of national well being may multiply from year to year in Ireland, and that the blessings of peace, contentment and prosperity may be abundantly vouchsafed to her. (Signed)

"EDWARD R. AND L." "August 1, 1903."

We need not try to color the language here employed. The Irish people found it to their liking. The King was invited by the cheering multitudes to "Come Back to Erin," and his words need no expansion to give wings to the hope expressed by an English Liberal paper that upon the occasion of his next visit Ireland will see what the King himself wishes to see, Home Rule. The London Speaker, the personal organ in his day of the late Mr. Gladstone, says:

Queen Victoria, to whose temperament the Irish genius was alien and unattractive, had a cordial welcome in the rare visits she paid to Dublin. So has King Edward, who is popularly believed to be much more well disposed to the ambitions of Ireland. When he enters Dublin as the capital of a self-governing Ireland the King will have a splendid reception, and every Englishman who can understand the spirit of Nationalism will look forward to a time when Irishmen can greet an English King without fear of its being supposed to care less for their country and its dignity and its freedom than Englishmen or Scotchmen care for theirs.

ILLNESS OF HON. EDWARD BLAKE, M.P.

Canadians have heard with regret during the week of the indisposition of Hon. Edward Blake, M.P., which, though not alarming, appears to have been of so serious a nature as to necessitate the abandonment of his legal work upon the international commission. The Register wishes the honorable gentleman a speedy restoration to vigorous health.

EDITORIAL NOTES

The London Saturday Review says: "We have often been struck by the astonishing number of Irishmen to be found among American athletes. It is scarcely too much to say that the greatest weight putters, hammer throwers and jumpers in Britain or the States have all been Irish or of Irish extraction. The success of the Americans in the Palma competition at Bisley, though due in the main to the perfection, we may say the excessive perfection, of their weapon, may be claimed as an Irish victory." The first three names were all Irish, surely an extraordinary instance of the way in which Irishmen come to the front as soon as they leave their own country.

"We have heard much lately of the degeneration of British physique. It is probable that the physique of the men in some parts of Ireland is the best in the civilized world, not excluding the Sikhs; and perhaps the Tawareks only excel them from among the less civilized."

With regard to the foregoing it is pointed out by an Irish contemporary that since the Elcho Shield competition was started in 1863 Ireland has won it 13 times, including the victory at Bisley the other day. The competition is for teams of eight from England, Ireland, Scotland and Wales, 15 shots per man at 800, 900 and 1,000 yards. Wales did not compete. At 800 yards Mr. Barnett, of Ireland, had the highest score of the 24 competitors, 72, made up of 13 bulls and 2 inners. The Irish total was 556 against 536 for Scotland and 553 for England. The Irish team did not do well at 900 yards, even Col. Miller, the crack long-distance shot of the present meeting, making only 58. Yet it was a Belfast resident who in the Scottish team made the best score, Mr. Caldwell, with 70, in the last competition.

The Conclave that elected Pope Pius X. on Tuesday is said to have been the largest held in the history of the Church. There are now sixty-four members of the Sacred College of Cardinals, or six less than the full strength of seventy. Forty-two of the present Cardinals are Italians. With the exception of Cardinal Oreglia all members of the Sacred College were elevated by the late Pope Leo.

In this motor age of ours it is curious to recall the fact that when a former English King visited Ireland railway travelling was unknown there. The journey to Maynooth of King Edward made a railway record in this respect.

The late Pope Leo XIII. was known as the workingman's Pope. Pius X. has also identified himself with the interests of the laboring classes. He is one of the greatest orators of the Church, and on no other more eloquent than the rights and dignity of labor.

The late Pope Leo was a Tertiary of St. Francis, and received the Franciscan Benediction, special to the members of that association. Amongst the many titles given him was that of "Pope of the Tertiaries." It is said that to the Third Order of St. Francis he conceded an opportune reform of the Rule and new spiritual treasures.

The patience of the late Pope Leo with the French Government was the subject of frequent remark. The chance for peace with the Holy See may be found in the election on Tuesday of Cardinal Sarto. There cannot be the most remote expectation of Pius X. proving less forbearing than was Leo XIII. The French Government has the golden opportunity for repairing a stupendous national blunder.

The names chosen at the recent Chapter to nominate for the vacant Archbishopric of Westminster include those of: 1, Dr. Headley, Bishop of Newport, dignissimus; 2, Very Rev. Dom. Gasquet, O. S. B., dignior; 3, Monsignor Penton, V. G., dignus. The two first named are Benedictines very famous in their learning—Dr. Headley as a Latinist, Dom Gasquet as an historian, Father Fenton (an Irishman) is the popular and beloved Vicar-General of Westminster.

In redemption of pledges given in Parliament some time ago in connection with the needs of Catholics in the Royal Navy, the Admiralty, with the approval of Monsignor Penton, the Vicar Capitular of the Archdiocese of Westminster, has authorized the Rev. Hamilton MacDonald, a Catholic priest, to accompany the "B" Fleet during the coming naval manoeuvres. The Catholics on board the "X" Fleet are looked after by the permanent Catholic chaplain of the Mediterranean Station, the Rev. Peter Grobel.

Indian Ordained Priest

Oklahoma City, Oalghama Territory, July 27.—An impressive service was that in St. Joseph's Church in this city when High Mass was said by Father Albert, the first full blooded Indian ordained priest. Father Albert was born and reared in Pottawatomie County, Oklahoma Territory, and is a Pottawatomie Indian. He has the erect manly bearing for which his tribe is noted, although in physique he is somewhat undersized for an Indian. His voice is pleasing, but not strong.

The history of this young Indian priest is interesting. His brightness and acquisitiveness in school attracted the attention of Mother Katherine Drexel, the daughter of the millionaire Drexel, of Philadelphia, who maintains numerous Indian missions in Oklahoma Territory. At her own expense Mother Drexel sent the young Indian to the Carlisle Indian School. He was later sent to Washington, D. C., to be educated for the priesthood. The Irish total was 556 against 536 for Scotland and 553 for England. The Irish team did not do well at 900 yards, even Col. Miller, the crack long-distance shot of the present meeting, making only 58. Yet it was a Belfast resident who in the Scottish team made the best score, Mr. Caldwell, with 70, in the last competition.

After visiting the College chapel the Royal party were conducted to the Senior Refectory, which had been completely transformed in appearance. The apartment was divided into two sections. The walls were exquisitely draped in red, white and blue and the salon was furnished in excellent taste; on a table in a prominent position was the solid silver statue of St. George and the Dragon, presented to the College by the Empress of Austria. At one end of the room was a slightly raised dais on which were three chairs and a couch. In the centre chair sat His Majesty the King, on his left sat Her Majesty the Queen, and on his right the Princess Victoria. Close by stood Their Excellencies the Lord Lieutenant and Lady Dudley, who were present.

The Right Rev. Monsignor Molloy then read the following address to Their Majesties: "May it please Your Majesties: We, the Catholic Archbishops and Bishops of Ireland, the President, Vice-President and members of the staff of St. Patrick's College, Maynooth, beg respectfully to offer to

Winnipeg Catholics' Grievances Ottawa, Aug. 5.—Messrs. Deegan and Russell, of Winnipeg, had a second interview with the Prime Minister and Mr. Fitzpatrick to-day in regard to the grievances of the Catholics of Winnipeg. The Prime Minister promised to give the delegation a written reply to their representations on Thursday. The latter are hopeful that the Federal Government may be able to induce the Provincial authorities to make such changes in the administration of the law as will put the minority in Winnipeg on a better footing. Mr. Deegan left for Toronto to-night, with the intention of returning to Winnipeg by way of Owen Sound. Mr. Russell follows by Canadian Pacific direct on Thursday.

King and Queen at Maynooth

Text of the Address and the King's Reply

Dublin, July 25.—Yesterday Their Majesties the King and Queen paid a visit to St. Patrick's College, Maynooth. The occasion, it need hardly be said, formed one of the most striking and interesting episodes of the Royal visit. It was particularly interesting and suggestive, in so far as the King was concerned, for, as he mentioned in his reply to the address, it "revived the pleasant memory of his reception there on a former occasion." The former occasion was in 1861, when as Prince of Wales, he was received at Maynooth by the Very Rev. Dr. Russell, then President, at whose rooms he met the present Archbishop of Dublin, who had just been appointed to a Chair of Theology in the college.

The station at Maynooth was very tastefully decorated. Long streamers of flowers hung along the platform, the waiting-room was covered with variegated floral wreaths and festoons in red, white and blue. The decorations were extended along the road to the College from one venetian mast to another, and spanning the entrance to the town was a large streamer which bore on a crimson ground the words "Cead mile Failte."

At the station the Royal party took their places in the carriages which, having come down early in the day, were in readiness. There were three carriages. In the first sat Their Majesties the King and Queen, in the second were the Court officials of the Royal Household, including the Duchess of Buccleuch, the Hon. Miss Knolly, and the Duke of Portland. In the third carriage sat the Lord Lieutenant and the Countess of Dudley, attended by A. D. C.'s. A number of people had assembled, and they greeted Their Majesties with loud cheers, the demonstration of welcome being extended with almost special enthusiasm to the Viceroy and Her Excellency. By the special desire of the King, and in view of the death of His Holiness, all military play of any kind was discarded.

Their Royal Highnesses, with the same motive of respect, were attired in mourning. Her Majesty was dressed entirely in black. The King wore morning dress of black, and the Princess and all the household were attired in the most sombre hues.

THE RECEPTION AT THE COLLEGE.

It was just half-past four when the Royal Party drove up to the College. The Royal Standard was floating in front of the College buildings, and as Their Majesties drove past the gates the people assembled outside gave a hearty cheer. His Grace the Archbishop of Dublin, the Archbishops, the Bishops, the President of the College (the Right Rev. Mgr. Gargan), the Vice-President, Dr. Mannix, and the staff stood under the towers of St. Patrick's. The Royal Party were loudly cheered by the people assembled, and the King and Queen, who seemed greatly delighted, repeatedly bowed their acknowledgments.

The members of the Hierarchy present were: His Grace the Most Rev. Wm. J. Walsh, D.D., Lord Archbishop of Dublin, Primate of Ireland; His Grace Most Rev. Thomas Fennelly, D.D., Lord Archbishop of Cashel and Emly; His Grace Most Rev. John Healy, Lord Archbishop of Tuam; Most Rev. Abraham Brownrigg, D. D., Lord Bishop of Ossory; Most Rev. John Lyster, D.D., Lord Bishop of Achonry; Most Rev. John Coffey, D. D., Lord Bishop of Kerry; Most Rev. Thomas McRedmond, D. D., Lord Bishop of Killaloe; Most Rev. Richard A. Sheehan, D. D., Lord Bishop of Waterford and Lismore; Most Rev. Robert Browne, D. D., Lord Bishop of Cloyne; Most Rev. Richard Owens, D.D., Lord Bishop of Clogher; Most Rev. John Clancy, D.D., Lord Bishop of Elphin; Most Rev. Henry Henry, D. D., Lord Bishop of Down and Connor; Most Rev. Patrick Foley, D.D., Lord Bishop of Kildare and Leighlin; Most Rev. Denis Kelly, D.D., Lord Bishop of Ross; Most Rev. Henry O'Neill, D.D., Lord Bishop of Dro-more; Most Rev. Thomas O'Dea, D. D., Lord Bishop-Elect of Confert; Most Rev. Nicholas Donnelly, D. D., Lord Bishop of Canea.

After visiting the College chapel the Royal party were conducted to the Senior Refectory, which had been completely transformed in appearance. The apartment was divided into two sections. The walls were exquisitely draped in red, white and blue and the salon was furnished in excellent taste; on a table in a prominent position was the solid silver statue of St. George and the Dragon, presented to the College by the Empress of Austria. At one end of the room was a slightly raised dais on which were three chairs and a couch. In the centre chair sat His Majesty the King, on his left sat Her Majesty the Queen, and on his right the Princess Victoria. Close by stood Their Excellencies the Lord Lieutenant and Lady Dudley, who were present.

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Your Majesties a hearty welcome to Ireland, and to thank you for your gracious visit to our National Ecclesiastical College.

"We rejoice at the opportunity this visit affords us of expressing to Your Majesties in person our grateful sense of your kindly sympathy with your Irish subjects—a sympathy which has already awakened a warm response in the hearts of our people.

"Your Majesties' Catholic subjects have been especially gratified at the visit lately paid by Your Majesty to the illustrious Pontiff Leo XIII.; and they are deeply touched by the words of condolence you have spoken, and the kind consideration you have shown for their grief in the day that they mourn his death.

"Heartily reciprocating, as we do, the kindly feelings and good wishes with which Your Majesties have come amongst us, we sincerely hope that your visit to Ireland may be attended with all agreeable associations, and leave behind none but pleasant memories.

"Signed on behalf of the Archbishops and Bishops, "W. J. WALSH, Archbishop of Dublin.

"On behalf of the staff of Maynooth College, "DENIS GARGAN, President. "GERALD MOLLOY, Secretary to the Trustess of Maynooth College."

His Majesty read the following reply: "My Lords, Archbishops, Bishops, and Very Reverend Gentlemen, the Queen joins me in thanking you for your hearty welcome to us on our visit to Maynooth. It revives the pleasant memory of my reception here on a former occasion.

"Your College has long been famous as a centre of ecclesiastical life in Ireland, and for the training of devoted men to the sacred office of the Ministry throughout my dominions and in every English-speaking country in the world.

"I value highly your true appreciation of my feelings towards my Irish people, who have contributed so much to the strength and honor of my Empire, and who bring such admirable gifts of mind and heart to the enrichment of our National life.

"It was with saddened feelings that I listened to your reference to the venerable Pontiff who has passed away, leaving a memory which will long be cherished far beyond the exalted dead.

"I shall ever retain a pathetic recollection of my interview with him, and of the friendly interest he showed in the welfare of my people and my Empire.

"Again let me thank you for your warm reception and your kindly feelings towards the Queen and myself."

St. Peter's Parish School Supporters

Editor of The Catholic Register.

Sir—You kindly printed and commented on, in your last issue, a communication from a supporter of Separate Schools in St. Peter's Parish, Toronto, in which a comparison was made between the record made by the children of that parish and those of various other city parishes many times larger. The object of the comparison was to show the injustice of depriving St. Peter's School of its 4th book form, from the standpoint of efficiency as well as distance to be travelled by the pupils. It was further stated that a deputation was appointed to wait on the Separate School Board and protest against its recent resolution. The deputation went, the School Board was notified and there was no quorum. All the lay representatives with one exception were present at the stroke of 8 o'clock, but with the exception of Father Hand not a cleric appeared. And as the clergy form the majority of the Board, of course there was no quorum.

Now, Mr. Editor, I wish to draw your attention and that of our Catholic people to a strange fact. Towards the evening of the first Tuesday of the month a certain microbe seems to invade a number of the clerical telephones of this city. The microbe passes over the wires with electrical rapidity and immediately sick calls or other matters of urgent business pour in. The poor clergyman to his intense chagrin is compelled to forego his presence at the School Board, and there is no meeting. The most wonderful feature of this mysterious phenomenon is that it frequently occurs just before School Board meetings and amongst clerical members of that Board, but never except to these and on such occasions. And so expected is its occurrence that a half-hour before 8 o'clock much more accuracy than the clerk of the weather often shows what would happen.

Now the strange phenomenon is worthy of the closest attention of scientists who are dealing in the mysteries of radium, etc. In the interests of the public health it will at once be brought to the notice of the Government. Above all Catholic parents and school supporters will be urged to give their best attention to this matter. Surely the interests of education imperatively demand that men who are not liable to attack from this terrible microbe referred to, and thus able to attend to their meetings with decent regularity, should be elected to the Separate School Board.

A SUPPORTER OF SEPARATE SCHOOLS.

Justice McCarthy on the Changeable Chamberlain

Justin McCarthy, writing in last week's Independent on "The Political Crisis in England"—the struggle of Protection against Free Trade—names Joseph Chamberlain, the Colonial Secretary, as the author of all the tumult.

Says Mr. McCarthy, with a touch of the delicate sarcasm of which he is master: "He (Chamberlain), is, as everybody knows, a man endowed with a marvellous capacity for rapid conversion. From being an extreme Radical, he suddenly became an uncompromising Tory, and now, after a lifetime of professed devotion to the principles of Free Trade, he has suddenly proclaimed himself an unqualified Protectionist. In the same Conservative Cabinet the Chancellor of the Exchequer, Mr. Ritchie, who, from his personal ability, as well as his official position, is one of the leading members of the Government, has replied to Mr. Chamberlain by declaring himself in the House of Commons a convinced and unchangeable believer in the principles of Free Trade. Sir Michael Hicks-Beach, who was Mr. Ritchie's predecessor as Chancellor of the Exchequer, and who resigned his place in the administration because he could not prevail upon his colleague to accept his views as to a policy of economy, has joined with Mr. Ritchie in publicly condemning Mr. Chamberlain's new and sudden declaration of policy. Several members of the Government have made it known that they, too, go with Mr. Ritchie and against Mr. Chamberlain. The Prime Minister, Mr. Arthur Balfour, has maintained thus far a somewhat cautious attitude, and while he has given no encouragement or support to Mr. Chamberlain's views, he has not gone the length of publicly repudiating his colleague and seems inclined to treat the whole dispute as one of an academic order, which might well bear postponement to some season of less pressing business. From all that outsiders can learn, there is no leading member of the administration who acknowledges any sympathy with Mr. Chamberlain's avowed policy.

But then it is at all likely that Chamberlain proclaimed his new principles out of mere bitterness of heart and without any particular concern for any result to come from the proclamation? I cannot believe that Mr. Chamberlain is in any sense a man likely thus to make play with his political utterances. I cannot doubt that when he made his announcement he had a deliberate purpose and personal object in pronouncing it, that he was determined to follow his words with actions and to accept the consequences. I take it that Mr. Chamberlain is growing dissatisfied in the Government, and is impatient of the comparatively subordinate part which he has to play. Ambition has always been his idol, and it is quite possible that his ambition would lead him just now rather to become the leader of a new political outbreak than to hold his official place quietly obedient to Ministerial discipline. I cannot help believing that Mr. Chamberlain is highly delighted with the whole situation. Everybody here is talking about him just now, and the whole prospects of the Conservative Government are regarded as depending for the present on the course of action which it may please him to adopt. If Mr. Chamberlain is not proud of such a position and determined to keep the attention of the public still fixed on him as on the one most important figure in the political crisis, then I can only say he is not the man I take him for.

SIGNALS OF DANGER.—Have you lost your appetite? Have you a 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 Parmentel's Vegetable Pills and speedily get himself in health, and strive to keep so.

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In the Footsteps of Father Damien

(From the Annals of the Propagation of the Faith.)

The leper colony at Molokai, made famous by the devotion and death of Father Damien in 1889, is still the home of a large number of unfortunates whose sufferings two Pious Fathers and five Brothers of the same society, together with six Franciscan Sisters, are doing their utmost to relieve.

The colony is made up of two villages, Kalawao and Kalaupapa. Father Wendelin was stationed at the latter, which is much the larger of the two places, since 1889. When this venerable priest was called to evangelize that part of the Island of Molokai known as Pukoo, he was replaced by Kalaupapa by the Rev. Maxine Andre, who for four years had had charge of the important station of Hilo in the large island of Hawaii.

It gives us great pleasure to be able to place before our readers the first letter which Father Andre has addressed to his superior general from Molokai:

"Since October I have been living with the lepers of Molokai. It was a heavy trial to leave the district of Hilo, where I had labored for fourteen years; nevertheless, I was consoled at thinking that I was to devote myself to the lepers of the great Father Damien. When the Christians at Hilo learned of the intention of my superiors, they sent a petition to Bishop Roper, our late beloved Vicar Apostolic, in which they asked him to prevent, if possible, my removal from their district. In order to avoid saying farewell to my people, which would have been too painful for all concerned, I quietly slipped off to the annual retreat at Honolulu without seeing any one, and on the 6th of October I set sail for the island of lepers. I was accompanied by the father provincial who was to install me at Kalaupapa, my new charge. Upon the following morning about 7 o'clock we drew near to Molokai, where, with the grace of God, I expect to pass the remainder of my days.

"At first I found the climate very trying, for it was much colder than at Hilo, but I have since become accustomed to it. My predecessor at Kalaupapa, Father Wendelin, lived entirely alone; the Franciscan Sisters prepared his meals, which were served to him at the hospital. I preferred, however, to change this arrangement, and asked that a Brother of our Congregation be permitted to live with me. My request was granted, and Brother Serapion now helps me in many ways, both at the church and at the house. As he knows music, he is able to teach the lepers hymns, and what I appreciate more than anything else, with his company I am enabled to live the community life and follow my regular spiritual exercises.

DESCRIPTION OF THE LEPER COLONY.

"The leper colony at Molokai is, as it were, a little kingdom of which the resident is ruler. It comprises an extent of territory about two miles in length and half a mile in width. Upon the north it is bounded by the Pacific Ocean; upon the south by a lofty mountain two thousand feet in height, an impassable barrier to all attempts at escape. However, the lepers who are confined in this place have no desire to run away; they live together as a large family. And then where could they go? They would be repulsed with expressions of horror wherever they might present themselves.

The colony is divided into two villages, Kalawao and Kalaupapa. In the latter the mission occupies a space of about an acre in extent. The huts of the lepers are all about. When I leave my house I meet everywhere people more or less disfigured; the ones who are in advanced stages of their disease are careful to avoid being seen. The limbs of many have been eaten away by the horrible malady; these people are incapable of motion and are obliged to lie miserably in their poor cabins. Those in whom the disease is so far advanced that they are from head to foot nothing but one hideous sore are taken to either of the two asylums which have been built for such cases. That for the men, called the Baldwin Home is in charge of the Brothers of our congregation; the one for women, the Bishop Home, is under the direction of Franciscan Sisters from Syracuse, N. Y. To one who is not used to looking upon these unfortunate lepers the sight of them is repulsive; in some the nose has disappeared; in others the lips have been eaten away.

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exposing the teeth to view in a manner which is peculiarly horrible. Some have no ears left at all; those of others are greatly enlarged and hang down upon the shoulders. After a time one becomes accustomed to all these disfigurements and can look at them without repugnance.

"The lepers, though they are afflicted to such a degree, are not wanting in good manners; they thank you without effusion for any service you may do them. They do not suffer pain even when the corrupted flesh drops from their bodies, because when a member becomes seriously affected it loses all power of sensation. Hence it is that they rarely complain, but, on the contrary, endure their miserable lot with great resignation.

WORK OF THE MISSIONARY.

"The ministry of the priest varies according as he visits the very bad cases in the hospitals or goes among those people who are living isolated in their own houses. At Kalaupapa there are at least one hundred and fifty huts for those who live alone. The total number of lepers at the place is one thousand; the colony at Kalawao contains seven hundred.

"If there are any among those who live at the hospitals who are not Catholics, it is not long before they are converted. Such is the sweet influence of the charity by which they are surrounded that in a short time they are invariably attracted to a religion which inspires so much devotion. They die edifying deaths and the generosity of their sacrifice is very consoling to us. Those who live outside the hospitals for the most part escape us altogether. These Kanakas, as they natives are called, are often pagans, and persist in practicing their superstitious rites and in leading ill-regulated lives. Some apostates present a like sorrowful spectacle. The progress of their disease would remain unknown to us if we did not frequently go into the village and enter their houses. By acting thus we keep informed in regard to their state and at the last hour are often enabled to reconcile to God the souls of heretics and pagans.

"For our own part we have no fear of contracting leprosy. However, we do not neglect to observe the precautions which common prudence would suggest and which our superiors strongly advise. After we have come in contact with a leper we carefully wash our hands. Whenever lepers come to speak to us they do not enter into the house, but remain upon the veranda. They themselves fully understand the purpose of these measures and are careful to observe them.

LIFE AT THE LEPER COLONY.

"The opinion prevails to a great extent that a leper colony is like a great charn house and that its inhabitants are always plunged in melancholy. The truth is much different. All day long sound of mirth may be heard. Our lepers amuse themselves like children, chatting, singing or running about; in fact, they take their recreation like all other people. They have no cares and not obliged to work, as the government furnishes them with everything they need.

"In our little commonwealth public duties are entrusted to the lepers. The judge is a leper; so is the sheriff; the lawyer, the policeman, the schoolmaster are all afflicted with the disease. I must not forget to mention that there is a jail for unruly members of the community. The only persons in the colony who are not lepers are the resident and the doctor; I ought to add also the postmaster. The American Government has decreed, in order to prevent contagion through the mails, that in Molokai the missionary shall fulfill the duties of postmaster.

"There is a great contrast between Kalawao and Kalaupapa. The latter, built near the sea, is very healthful, but the former, placed as it is at the foot of the mountain, is damp. Therefore Kalaupapa is much preferred by the Board of Health as a place of residence for the lepers. Any who desire to leave Kalawao for the neighboring colony is encouraged to do so by the government, which pays all the expenses of the removal and gives the newcomer a house in which to settle. The day perhaps is not far off when Kalawao will be entirely abandoned.

"Father Paul Julliotte is the resident missionary at Kalawao. We meet each other about every eight days. Sometimes I ride over to see him, while again I remain at home and he makes the journey to me. The distance which separates us may be covered in three-quarters of an hour on horseback. It is a great boon to me to be near this zealous fellow-priest. When I was ill he took charge of my entire district. Everybody without distinction of religion loves and esteems him.

"While Father Wendelin was stationed at Kalaupapa he built a fine church which was blessed in 1901. He himself was the architect and also directed its construction. Many details were left unfinished, however. I may mention in particular that the exterior greatly needs painting, otherwise the wood will rot. But where am I to find the money which is needed? I have just made an examination into my financial condition. There is in my purse only eight dollars."

Pope Leo Died on the Anniversary of a Remarkable Death

July 20th, the date of the death of Pope Leo XIII., was the anniversary of the death in Rome of Hugh O'Neill who since his escape from Ireland had resided in that city in the Salviate Palace, and received a pension from Paul V., the Pontiff of that day.

Father Meehan's well-known work, which recounts the tragic story of the extinction of the princely houses of Ulster, gives no hint of foul play; but he wrote before the publication of the proofs of Red Hugh O'Donnell's murder at Simancas, and with that knowledge the rapid dying of the exiled prince in bond seems gravely suspicious. O'Neill was visited in his last illness by an English doctor, and had in constant attendance two spies, whose correspondence with the English Court is quoted in Father Meehan's book. He died, moreover, opportunely at a time when great alarm was felt with regard to the outbreak of another rising in Ireland. Those who mysteriously predeceased him included his own son, the Baron of Dungannon, and a younger son, Brian, who was found strangled in his own room at the Court of Flanders. Cathbarn and Ruadhri O'Donnell, the head of the Clan MacMahon, and Cuconnaught Maguire (who died at Genoa within an hour of each other), the confidential secretary of Hugh O'Neill and his attendant physician, died in one week. Surely an unusually high rate of mortality amongst a set of young and healthy men in the prime of life, made all the more remarkable by the fact that no death or illness is recorded of any of the ladies of the large company of exiles. Those alone died whose death served towards the extinction of a dynasty.

Amongst the staunchest friends who furthered the cause of O'Neill at Rome, Father Meehan mentions, in addition to the Pope of the day, Cardinal Barberini, who afterwards ascended the Pontifical Throne as Urban VIII. He resembled Pope Leo XIII. in his distinction as a poet, having published a volume of Latin verse, revised the Hymns of the Church, and added to them odes from his own pen. He and his successor Innocent X. should be gratefully remembered in Ireland for their support rendered to the Confederated Irish under Owen Roe O'Neill, which Urban had formed when, as Cardinal Barberini, he entertained him on his arrival in Italy, gave him additional interest in the cause of Ireland.

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Legal Notices

In the matter of the Estate of Mary Elliott, late of the City of Toronto, in the County of York, widow, deceased. Notice is hereby given pursuant to the Revised Statutes of Ontario, 1897, Chapter 129, that all creditors and other having claims against the estate of the said Mary Elliott, who died on or about the 3rd day of August, 1901, are required on or before the 7th day of August, 1903, to send by post, prepaid, or deliver to Messrs. Hearn & Slattery, 47 Canada Life Building, Toronto, solicitors for Andrew Elliott, the Executor of the last Will and Testament of the said deceased, their names and addresses, descriptions and full particulars of their claims and accounts and the nature of the securities, if any, held by them.

And further take notice that after such last mentioned date, the said Executor shall proceed to distribute the assets of the deceased amongst the parties entitled thereto, having regard only for the claims of which they shall then have notice and that the said Executor shall not be liable for the said assets or any part thereof to any person or persons of whose claims notice shall not have been received by him at the time of such distribution. Dated at Toronto, this 13th day of July, 1903.

HEARN & SLATTERY, Solicitors for Executor.

In the matter of the Estate of Mary Foy, late of the City of Toronto, in the County of York, Widow, deceased. Notice is hereby given pursuant to the Revised Statutes of Ontario, 1897, Chapter 129, that all creditors and others having claims against the estate of the said Mary Foy, who died on or about the 25th day of May, 1903, are required on or before the 30th day of August, 1903, to send by post prepaid, or deliver to Messrs. Hearn & Slattery, 47 Canada Life Building, Toronto, Solicitors for James A. Gorman and George Foy, the Executors of the last Will and Testament of the said deceased, their names and addresses, description and full particulars of their claims and accounts and the nature of the securities, if any, held by them.

And further take notice that after such last mentioned date, the said Executors shall proceed to distribute the assets of the deceased amongst the parties entitled thereto, having regard only for the claims of which they shall then have notice and that the said Executors shall not be liable for the said assets or any part thereof to any person or persons of whose claims notice shall not have been received by them at the time of such distribution. Dated at Toronto this 14th day of July, 1903.

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History of the Pontificate of Leo XIII.

The history of the pontificate of Leo XIII, a sketch of whose life to his election as Pope we have already given, is told in the following:

Without conceding anything to King Humbert and his successive Ministers, while openly defying them at times and making protests against the repeated interferences of the monarchy with the cherished privileges and with the property of the Church Leo XIII. conciliated rather than estranged his adversaries.

By his diplomacy, his foresight and the curious shrewdness which distinguished him he also won the good will or respect of foreign nations. It was at the beginning of his reign his ardent wish to bind the Papacy to all the courts and rulers of the earth by diplomatic ties. As time rolled on he modified this ambition and made it his most zealous aim to gain the good-will, the honor and support not of the rulers but of their peoples. And as we know, his prudence, his sagacity, his horror of extremes did not exclude a certain quiet, dogged firmness. It was this firmness that led Bismarck to accord the Pope a deference which he reserved for few. Indeed, Pope Leo and Paul Kruger were the only statesmen whom he thoroughly and honestly admired.

When Leo XIII. succeeded to the Papal chair diplomatic intercourse had been broken between the Holy See and Russia. His Holiness took means to bring about a rapprochement between the Vatican and St. Petersburg, and through his admirable tact friendly intercourse was soon re-established. Leo XIII. at the same time opened friendly intercourse with the Emperors of China and Japan, and exercised his fatherly interest in regard to the missionaries and their work in these far-off lands.

Among the many grave problems that confronted Leo XIII. on his accession to the Papal chair the most urgent, perhaps, was the necessity of bringing about a reconciliation between the Holy See and Germany. Finished by his recent triumph over France, Bismarck undertook to make the Church in the Kingdom of Prussia and in all Germany a mere tool in the hands of the State. He essayed the impossible task—a task which more powerful than he failed to perform—of making the Catholic Church within the domain of his master's jurisdiction a mere State Church. The temporal power of the Pope had fallen before the Piedmontese vandals; the spirit of religious revolt had been aroused in Germany by Dollinger and the so-called Old Catholics; the secret anti-Christian societies had concentrated their forces in nearly all the European countries in an attack on the Catholic Church; and the German Chancellor deemed the moment opportune to carry out his cherished design. The Jesuits were expelled, the religious orders suppressed, the supremacy of the State in the ecclesiastical as well as in the civil order was proclaimed; the Bishops were shorn of their authority; the clergy were hampered in the performance of their pastoral duties; the seminaries were closed and the candidates for the priesthood were to be educated by the State and precluded from ordination unless they were first examined by the State authorities and granted a State certificate.

The Prussian Catholics offered a passive resistance to the attack on their religious rights, and soon the Archbishop of Cologne, Primate of Prussia, Archbishop Ledochowski, of Posen, and other distinguished prelates and clergy were imprisoned, so that in 1887 there was not a single Bishop in all the Rhine Valley. Four years later over six hundred parishes were without a priest, and nearly six hundred others, with a population aggregating over a million and a half, were in an almost equally deplorable condition. Emperor William testily declared that his Catholic subjects "must obey the laws," and Bismarck boasted that "he would not go to Gaosassa."

Such was the condition of affairs that Leo XIII. encountered at the very opening of his Pontificate. There is no need to dwell here on the patience, tact and masterly diplomacy with which Leo XIII. accomplished his object. Suffice it to say that he persisted in his wise and skillful policy until finally the most powerful statesman in Europe gave way before him; the obnoxious laws were gradually repealed; the rights of the German Catholics were restored without any compromise or yielding in their part. One day Prince Bismarck told the Prussian Herreroth that the May laws were a "blunder," inasmuch as they "aimed at achieving what was impossible."

But while Leo XIII. was successful in effecting an amicable understanding with many powerful governments, his relations with the kingdom of Italy remained strained. The accession of a new Pope modified in nothing the respective attitudes of the Quirinal and the Vatican. This antagonism revived, for the first time under the Pontificate of Leo XIII. the question of the Pope's departure from Rome on the occasion of the scenes that marked the transfer of the remains of Pius IX. to the basilica of St. Lawrence on July 13, 1881. The disorders that then took place excited a painful sensation throughout the Catholic world, and mob broke through the pro-

cession, assailed it with showers of stones, and the body of the late Pontiff, when crossing the bridge of St. Angelo, narrowly escaped being flung into the Tiber. It was declared by Pope Leo that these disorders were accomplished with the permission or connivance of the Italian Government. The idea of the Pope's departure was then agitated, not only in the press, but in diplomatic notes. The London Times said: "The Roman question is a problem of which the gravity grows each day." But Leo XIII. who had always shown himself one of the most cautious and calculating statesmen, was not the man to act precipitately, and allowed events to follow their course before he seized the opportune moment.

Nevertheless the gap widened between the Papacy and the Italian Government. A Minister of State denounced the Vatican as "the enemy of Italy." In the new Penal Code devised by Signor Zanardelli special articles were inserted to punish the Catholic clergy who should publicly attack the institutions or laws of the State. This was designed to silence the preachers who spoke in favor of a restitution of Pontifical claims. The Bishops denounced the new law. One hundred and two Neapolitan Bishops protested and also those of other dioceses in Italy.

During the Ministry of Francesco Crispi the statue of the apostate Dominican monk, Giordano Bruno, who was put to death in Rome, was erected in the Campo de Fiori, to the very great annoyance of the Pope. Leo XIII., in a letter addressed to Italy in October, 1890, insisted again upon the advantages that would come to it from a reconciliation with the Pontiff, when, faithful to religion, it would again resume its glorious march in the path of true progress. If Rome were "once again placed under the peaceful and paternal scepter of the Roman Pontiff it would become again what Providence and the centuries made it." Such was the tone of Leo's discourses and allusions on the Roman question, which divides Italy and the Papacy.

In March, 1884, the Italian Government announced its intention, supported by a decision of the Court of Cassation, of taking possession of the property of the Propaganda. As the money to fund the colleges belonging to this institution had been contributed by Catholics in every quarter of the globe, the act created great indignation among the Catholic people of every country. The American College was saved by the prompt diplomatic intervention of the Government of the United States. Pope Leo was deeply moved, and when an official order of the Vatican declared it had authority to announce that the violent conversion of the possessions of the Propaganda had reopened the question of the departure of the Pope a world-wide sensation was produced.

The landed property of this institution, which supplied the revenues for its maintenance, was sold out most disadvantageously by the Italian Government and the proceeds placed in the Italian funds, an interest being paid to the Propaganda. When special funds are required to assist missionaries or found churches mission must be asked from the Government before the necessary means are supplied. The Holy See, the Cardinal Secretary of State and nearly all the Bishops of the Catholic Church protested strongly against this act. Their published protests constitute two large volumes.

Leo's policy outside of Italy, however, was as successful in 1884 as it had been in previous years. A diplomatic arrangement with Switzerland put an end to a Kulturkampf that had lasted for fifteen years, and Belgium, which had for some time been on bad terms with the Papacy, renewed her allegiance and received a Papal Nuncio at Brussels.

The dispute between Germany and Spain for the possession of the Caroline Islands was referred to the arbitration of Leo XIII. on Sept. 24, 1885. In accepting this mission of pacification the Pope gave equal satisfaction to the two powers, and served the cause of peace without assuming responsibility. His decision, which was against Germany, was received with as much favor in Berlin as in Madrid, although neither of the governments had actually bound itself to submit to it. The prestige of Leo XIII. was enhanced by this incident, and many Catholics looked forward to the re-establishment of the Papacy as an international tribunal as it existed in the Middle Ages.

In September, 1886, he created a hierarchy for the whole of India, raising the Archbishop of Goa to the rank of patriarch and appointing seven archbishops—of Agra, Bombay, Verapoli, Calcutta, Madras, Pondicherry and Colombo—with their several suffragan Bishops.

The Pope exerted all his energies to prevent the suppression of the religious orders in France, but without success. To save the religious interest involved he looked with favor on a proposal made by some members of the French Government in 1880 that the religious orders should unite in signing a solemn declaration to the effect that they had no part, and would have no part, in political movements, and adhered to no political party.

"The Catholic Church," he said, "neither blames nor condemns any form of State constitution. The institutions of the Church herself, deriving their origin from purposes of public utility, can flourish under any government, whether the executive or judicial power be exercised therein by one or more."

The proposal, however, excited the hostility of a large number of French Catholics, and especially of Catholic journalists, and Leo XIII. was severely blamed for what they spoke of as a policy of unwise and fatal conciliation. Although he was not able to prevent the compulsory military service of ecclesiastical students and other measures hampering the action of the French church, he remained on moderately friendly terms with the successive governments of the republic.

As time went on the marked hostility of the French Government to Catholics on the suspicion that they desired a return of the monarchy, profoundly grieved the Pope. When several attempts to unite French Catholics in the preservation of their own interests had comparatively failed Leo XIII. said:

"Keep your fidelity, but do not place it in contradiction with the interests of religion by a political attitude which I consider fatal to the latter." And again he said: "Religion is not the servant of anyone, it is not irrevocably bound up with your political plans; then cease to speak in its name and to pretend to defend it by means which do wrong to it and exalt you at its expense."

Cardinal Laviege, Archbishop of Algiers, expressed the feeling of the Pope in 1890 in a celebrated toast addressed to the officers of the French naval squadron. "When the will of a people has clearly affirmed," said the Cardinal, "that the form of Government has nothing in itself contrary—as Leo XIII. recently proclaimed—to the principles which alone can vivify Christian and civilized nations... the moment has come... for each of us to sacrifice ourselves for the safety of the country."

The spirit that animated this speech was that of Leo XIII. For ten years he tried every feasible method to induce Catholics to unite in the defense of their own interests, but all his efforts failed to render them a force to be counted with in the making of laws that vitally concerned them.

The sacerdotal jubilee of Leo XIII., beginning Dec. 31, 1887, the anniversary of his ordination fifty years before, afforded a striking proof of the large place the Papacy occupies in the world. From all quarters of the globe deputations pressed to the Vatican bringing gifts. This demonstration was not confined to Catholic nations or their rulers; congratulations and presents came equally from the Queen of England, the Emperor of Germany, the King of Greece, the Sultan, the Empress of China, the Shah of Persia and the Emperors of Japan and Morocco. The Pontiff expressed particular gratification on the reception of a copy of the Constitution of the United States, sent by President Cleveland, and of an ancient Bible, adorned with precious stones, from the Grand Rabbi of Germany, surnamed the "Pope of the Jews." The ceremonies during the jubilee were remarkable for splendor. The Vatican exhibition, opened on Jan. 6, 1888, consisted entirely of the gifts presented to the Pontiff.

On Feb. 19, 1893, the Episcopal Jubilee of Leo XIII., the fiftieth anniversary of his consecration as titular Archbishop of Damietta in the Church of San Lorenzo, in Panisperna Rome, which took place on that day in the year 1843, was celebrated with joy by Catholics in many countries. Pilgrimages went to Rome for this occasion, several important publications were issued, a grand ostensorium was presented to him with a large offering of Peter's Pence, and several charitable institutions were established, the most notable being an international home for Catholic students studying to become teachers.

But the exigencies of the triple alliance, and the necessity of a cordial understanding between Austria and Germany and the Italian Government neutralized the efforts of Leo XIII. to improve the position of the Papacy in Rome. The Italian premier, Francesco Crispi, who succeeded Depretis toward the end of 1887, counteracted the policy of the Pope abroad, and added to the difficulties of his position at home. A penal code which dealt with the clergy with great severity, punishing expressions in favor of the temporal power with long terms of imprisonment, was passed by the Italian Legislature in November, 1888. The Pope protested strongly against the law.

Leo XIII.'s feelings toward the United States were especially friendly. Frequently he expressed his admiration for that country. Archbishop Satolli was delegated in November, 1889, to represent the Pope on the occasion of the celebration of the centenary of the creation of the American hierarchy and at the opening of the theological department of the Catholic University at Washington. The department had been definitely and finally established by a brief of Leo XIII. addressed to Cardinal Gibbons and the American Bishops, March 7, 1889.

On Jan. 10, 1890, an encyclical appeared on "The Duties of Christians in the State." In it the Pope referred to the disrespect for authority, the lapse of veneration for things sacred, the growth of immoral ideas and the various unchristian forces that were working everywhere for the overthrow of society as constituted by the Divine Lord and maintained by the Church. He exhorted the citizens to throw around the family, as the well-spring of good government, every safeguard that could keep it pure, and by the instruction of the young in the principles of religion, as well as in the rudiments of a commercial education,

to prepare them for the temptations that threaten on every hand.

In June, 1891, the Pope issued an encyclical on labor and socialism, in which he took the position that all difficulties would be solved by an adherence to the teachings of the Church. The document was translated into many languages and forwarded to the heads of dioceses throughout the world. In its composition he drew from Cardinal Manning, of England; Cardinal Gibbons, of Baltimore, and other distinguished prelates. On their reports of the industrial and social situation in their respective countries the conclusions of the encyclical were based.

The letter discussed the subject from a religious and secular standpoint. The seriousness of the questions involved was pointed out and the necessity emphasized of a remedy for the miseries which press so heavily upon the large majority of the very poor. The Pope next discussed socialism and its proposal to abolish private property as a remedy, and declared that if this fallacy were carried into effect the workingman himself would be among the first to suffer. The first and fundamental remedy, the Pope held, was to be found in the spirit of charity, good-will and mutual forbearance inculcated by Christianity. The duty of the State is to make sure that the laws and institutions, the general character and administration of the Commonwealth shall be such as to produce of themselves public well-being and private prosperity.

To the State the interests of all are equal, whether high or low. "When work people have recourse to a strike," said the Pope, "it is frequently because the hours of labor are too long or the work too hard or because they consider their wages insufficient. The grave inconvenience of this not uncommon occurrence should be obviated by public remedial measures. The laws should be beforehand and prevent these troubles from arising." The letter placed "cessation of work and labor on Sunday and certain festivals" as a logical obligation from the nature of man's spiritual and mental constitution. Agreements as to wages should be free, without the element of force. Workingmen's associations should be so governed as to help each individual member to better his condition.

The year 1892 was made memorable by Pope Leo through his appointing an apostolic delegate to the United States as a resident representative of the Papal authority in the republic. With the modest title of apostolic legate Monsignor Francis Satolli, Archbishop of Lepanto, had been constituted by the Pope a court with plenary authority to settle such questions as might be referred to him, notably those arising between the clergy and the Bishops. Monsignor Satolli was afterward succeeded by Monsignor Sebastian Martinelli, and he again by Monsignor Falconio.

On Feb. 19, 1893, the Pope celebrated in St. Peter's Cathedral the fiftieth anniversary of his consecration as Bishop. A recent encyclical of the Pope was on the question of the so-called "Americanism" in the Church here, and was addressed to Cardinal Gibbons, a this the Pope said: "We are not able to give approval to those views which, in their collective sense, are called by some 'Americanism.' But if by this name are to be understood certain endowments of a kind which belong to the American people, just as other characteristics belong to various other nations, and if, moreover, by it is designated your political condition and the laws and customs by which you are governed, there is no reason to take exception to the name. But if this is to be so understood that the doctrines which have been adverted to are not only indicated, but exalted, there can be no manner of doubt that our venerable brethren, the Bishops of America, would be the first to repudiate and condemn it as being most injurious to themselves and to their country. For it would give rise to the suspicion that there are among you some who conceive and would have the Church in America to be different from what it is in the rest of the world."

The publication of this encyclical was followed by many declarations of adherence to its doctrines by American prelates. In 1899 Leo XIII. determined that a solemn jubilee should be proclaimed for the final year of the century, and that the Holy Door in the four basilicas of St. Peter, St. Paul, St. Mary Major and St. John Lateran should be opened with as much ceremony as was compatible with the altered conditions of the Papacy through the presence of the Italian Government in Rome. On May 11, Ascension Thursday, the Pope's bull promulgating the jubilee was read for the first time in the vestibule of St. Peter's by Monsignor Bell Aquila Visconti, and afterwards read in the vestibules of the other three greater basilicas. Seventy-five years had passed since the former jubilee had been thus promulgated.

On Christmas Eve, Dec. 24, 1899, Leo XIII., wearing a richly embroidered cope of white silk and a jeweled mitre, went about midday into the vestibule of St. Peter's, and with the customary ceremonies opened the Holy Door, entering by it and chanting the "Te Deum." Pilgrimages from every part of Europe and from many parts of America—two being from the United States—went to Rome during the year. All were received by the Pope. On Christmas eve of 1900, the jubilee year being ended, Leo XIII. closed the Holy Door. Early in 1899 the Pope began to

suffer acutely from a cyst, or sac filled with morbid secretions, in his thigh. The cyst was removed by a surgical operation which the Pope endured with great fortitude.

Late in 1900 the Pope issued an encyclical on Christ the Redeemer. This long document, which filled eight columns in the Latin original of The Osservatore Romano, was prepared, conceived and drawn up by him from its first to its last line. It was an indication of the marvellous energy and capacity for work left to the "great old man" of the Vatican.

This encyclical was purely religious and reached a high region of thought. Its exhortations and yearnings were not confined to Catholics alone; much in it led to the conclusion that he desired that at the opening of the new century not only the Catholic, but the non-Catholic, world would devotedly and gratefully acknowledge Christ as the Redeemer. The letter bore the date of Nov. 1.

The ninetieth birthday of Leo occurred March 2, 1900. The last year of the century was marked by many pilgrimages to Rome, Americans being among the number. The labors which Leo XIII. projected or began in the later years of his Pontificate were continued after the beginning of the present century, and their consequences in all their fullness of effect can only be measured in the future.

The hostile attitude of the Government of France towards the religious orders in that country increased in intensity. Leo XIII. had already remonstrated through one channel or another, but without achieving any success. On the day preceding the closing of the Holy Door he felt the necessity of expressing once more, in a letter to Cardinal Richard, Archbishop of Paris, his sense of the rigorous treatment to which these orders were subjected. Praising the religious orders in general, "who derive their origin and their right to exist from those sublime evangelical counsels which our Divine Redeemer addressed to those who desire to reach Christian perfection," he lauded in a high degree those of France.

In June, 1901, he again felt called upon, through the necessities of the condition of things, to address a letter to the superiors-general of religious orders and institutes. He declared that the gravity of the action which in some nations was taken against the orders and institutes directed by these generals grieved him deeply. "The Church groans over it," he said, "for, besides being deeply wounded in her rights, she feels it is a great detriment to her action." The letter, which is noted for the dignified and impressive language in which it is written, was called forth by the increasing asperity of the persecution of the religious orders in France. A few days previously he had sent a "diplomatic note" to the French Government conveying his energetic protest against the law that was promulgated against the orders belonging to that country, "the eldest daughter of the Church."

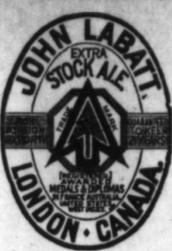
A law was presented by Premier Minister Waldeck-Rousseau and was sanctioned by Parliament March 29, 1901. In 1902 and 1903 it was applied by the new Premier, M. Combes, who had once studied for the priesthood in a Catholic seminary. This ended in the wholesale removal from their houses of all the religious orders, with few exceptions, in France.

The relations between the Pope and the United States continued to be marked by cordiality. In November, 1901, Leo XIII. addressed a letter to "his venerable brother, Placide Louis Chappelle, Archbishop of New Orleans," congratulating him on the fulfillment of his mission to the Philippines and with his having measured up to the trust the Pontiff placed in him.

In the following year, on the last day of May, a mission arrived in Rome, sent to the Pontiff by the President of the United States to regulate interests of a religious character regarding the Philippines. The Civil Governor of the Philippines, the Hon. William H. Taft, was at the head of this mission; the other members of it were the Right Rev. Thos. O'Gorman, Bishop of Sioux Falls; Mr. James Smith, Judge of the Supreme Court of Manila, and Gen. Port-Carroll Rampona received the mission two days after its arrival, and the Pope granted an audience three days later. At the latter Governor Taft presented to the Pope a letter from President Roosevelt and all the published works of the President.

The mission was followed by the appointment of a Delegate Apostolic, Monsignor Guidi, to the Philippines. He arrived at Manila in November, 1902, and in presenting his credentials to the Governor declared that the scope he had in view was the same as that of the Governor—the settlement of affairs that concern important interests in those islands, the Governor working in the name of civil authority and he in the religious. A Papal bull for the rearrangement and extension of dioceses and other provisions for ecclesiastical administration followed the arrival of the Delegates.

Immediately on the death of Queen Victoria, Jan. 22, 1901, Leo XIII. sent a telegram of condolence to Edward VII., her son and successor; the King replied by a telegram thanking the Pope. This was followed by the Pope sending Monsignor Pignatelli di Belmonte on a mission to London to offer the Pontiff's condolences to the King on the death of Queen Victoria and congratulations for his coming to the throne. The envoy was accompanied by Monsignor Peri-Morasin, auditor of the Nunciature at Belgium.



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One of the most interesting incidents of this time was the act of courtesy paid to the Pope by Mr. Herbert Story, prefect and vice-chancellor of the University of Glasgow. This institution was celebrating the four hundred and fiftieth anniversary of its foundation, and although since the Reformation it is Protestant, yet it desired to demonstrate its gratitude to the great Pontiff, Nicholas V., who deserved so well of letters and sciences, who had founded it in 1451 and endowed it with many privileges. The director of the university sent an admirable address to Leo XIII., regretting that he could not assist in person at the celebration and requesting him to send a representative. The reply of the Pope, addressed to the rector, the professors and all the students of the Glasgow University, was conveyed in an affectionate letter, in which, after complimenting them, he prayed that God might direct their studies toward truth.

Later in the season an interesting pilgrimage from Ireland, in which the whole country was represented by addresses from civil and religious bodies, was received by Leo XIII. Among those of Irish origin present were Cardinal Moran, Archbishop of Sydney; Monsignor MacSherry, Vicar Apostolic of the Cape of Good Hope; and Monsignor Riordan, Archbishop of San Francisco. The Pope expressed his sovereign complacency at seeing around him so numerous a gathering of the sons of Catholic Ireland, and he gave them his benediction.

The question of labor and the new movement known as "Christian Socialism" constituted the subject of a long and important encyclical letter, which Leo XIII. issued in January, 1901. In this he turned again to put before the Christian people principles to regulate their action in the burning question of social economy regarding the working class. "The condition of things at present," he said, "and proclaims vehemently, that there is need for a union of brave minds with all the resources they can command. The harvest of misery is before our eyes, and the dreadful projects of the most disastrous national upheavals are threatening us from the growing power of the socialistic movement. They have insidiously worked their way into the very heart of the State, and in the darkness of their secret gatherings, and in the open light of day, in their writings and their harangues they are urging the masses onward to sedition."

(Continued on page 2.)

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BLUNDELL'S IMPROVEMENT

Venia Turnbull, in a quiet, unobtrusive fashion, was enjoying herself. The cool living room at Turnbull's farm was a delightful contrast to the hot sunshine without, and the drowsy humming of bees flying in at the open window was charged with hints of slumber to the middle-aged. From her seat by the window she watched with amused interest the efforts of her father—kept from his Sunday afternoon nap by the assiduous attentions of her two admirers—to maintain his politeness.

"Father was so pleased to see you both come in," she said softly. "It's very dull for him here of an afternoon, with only me."

"I can't imagine anybody being dull with only you," said Sergeant Dick Daly, turning a bold brown eye upon her.

Mr. John Blundell scowled; this was the third time the Sergeant had said the thing that he would have liked to say if he had thought of it.

"I don't mind being dull," remarked Mr. Blundell casually.

Neither gentleman made any comment.

"I like it," pursued Mr. Turnbull longingly; "always did, from a child. The two young men looked at each other; then they looked at Venia; the Sergeant assumed an expression of careless ease, while John Blundell sat his chair like a human limpet. Mr. Turnbull almost groaned as he remembered his tenacity.

"The garden's looking very nice," he said, with a pathetic glance around. "Beautiful," assented the Sergeant. "I saw it yesterday."

"Some of the roses on that big bush have opened a bit more since then," said the farmer.

Sergeant Daly expressed his gratification and said that he was not surprised. It was only ten days since he had arrived in the village on a visit to a relative, but in that short space of time he had, to the great discomfort of Mr. Blundell, made himself wonderfully at home at Mr. Turnbull's. To Venia he related strange adventures by sea and land, and on subjects of which he was sure the farmer knew nothing he was a perfect mine of information. He began to talk in low tones to Venia and the heart of Mr. Blundell sank within him as he noted his interest. Their voices fell to a gentle murmur, and the sergeant's sleek, well-brushed head bent closer to that of his listener. Relieved from his attentions Mr. Turnbull fell asleep without more ado.

Blundell sat neglected, the unwilling witness of a flirtation he was powerless to prevent. Considering her limited opportunities Miss Turnbull displayed a proficiency which astonished him. Even the sergeant was amazed and suspected her of long practice.

"I wonder whether it is very hot outside!" she said at last, rising and looking out of the window.

"Only pleasantly warm," said the sergeant. "It would be nice down by the water."

"I'm afraid of disturbing father by our talk," said the considerate daughter. "You might tell him we've gone for a little stroll when he wakes," she added, turning to Mr. Blundell.

Mr. Blundell, who had risen with the idea of acting the humble but, in his opinion, highly necessary part of chaperon, sat down again and watched blankly from the window until they were out of sight. He was half inclined to think that the exigencies of the case warranted him in arousing the farmer at once.

It was an hour later when the farmer awoke, to find himself alone with Mr. Blundell, a state of affairs for which he strove with some pertinacity to make that aggrieved gentleman responsible.

"Why didn't you go with them?" he demanded.

"Because I wasn't asked," replied the other.

Mr. Turnbull sat up in his chair and eyed him disapprovingly. "For a great, big chap like you are, John Blundell," he exclaimed, "it's surprising what little pluck you've got."

"I don't want to go where I'm not wanted," retorted Mr. Blundell.

"That's where you make a mistake," said the other, regarding him severely; "girls like a masterful man, and, instead of getting your own way

you sit down quietly and do as you're told, like a tame—tame—"

"Tame what?" inquired Mr. Blundell, resentfully.

"I don't know," said the other, frankly; "the tamest thing you can think of. There's Daly laughing in his sleeve at you, and talking to Venia about Waterloo and the Crimea as though he'd been there. I thought it was pretty near settled between you."

"So did I," said Mr. Blundell.

"You're a big man, John," said the other, "but you're slow. You're all muscle and no head."

"I think of things afterward," said Blundell, humbly, "generally after I get to bed."

Mr. Turnbull sniffed and took a turn up and down the room, then he closed the door and came toward his friend again.

"I dare say you are surprised at me being so anxious to get rid of Venia," he said, slowly, "but the fact is I'm thinking of marrying again myself."

"You!" said the startled Mr. Blundell.

"Yes, me," said the other, somewhat sharply. "But she won't marry so long as Venia is at home. It's a secret, because if Venia got to hear of it she'd keep single to prevent it. She's just that sort of girl."

Mr. Blundell coughed, but did not deny it. "Who is it?" he enquired.

"Miss Sippet," was the reply. "She couldn't hold her own for half an hour against Venia."

Mr. Blundell, a great stickler for accuracy, reduced the time to five minutes.

"And now," said the aggrieved Mr. Turnbull, "now, so far as I can see, she's struck with Daly. If she has him it'll be years and years before they can marry. She seems crazy about heroes. She was talking to me the other night about them. Not to put too fine a point on it she was talking about you."

Mr. Blundell blushed with pleased surprise.

"Said you were not a hero," explained Mr. Turnbull. "Of course, I stuck up for you. I said you'd got too much sense to go putting your life into danger. I said you were a very careful man, and I told her how particular you were about damp sheets. Your housekeeper told me."

"It's all nonsense," said Blundell, with a fiery face. "I'll send that old fool packing if she can't keep her tongue quiet."

"It's very sensible of you, John," said Mr. Turnbull, "and a sensible girl would appreciate it. Instead of that, she only snifed when I told her how careful you always were to wear flannel next to your skin. She said she liked dare-devils."

"I suppose she thinks Daly is a dare-devil," said the offended Mr. Blundell. "And I wish people wouldn't talk about me and my skin. Why can't they mind their own business?"

Mr. Turnbull eyed him indignantly, and then, sitting in a very upright position, slowly filled his pipe, and declining a proffered match rose and took one from the mantelpiece.

"I was doing the best I could for you," said he, staring hard at the ingrate. "I was trying to make Venia see what a careful husband you would make. Miss Sippet herself is most particular about such things—and Venia seemed to think something of it, because she asked me whether you used a warming pan."

Mr. Blundell got up from his chair and without going through the formality of bidding his host good-by quietly the room and closed the door virtuously behind him. He was red with rage, and he brooded darkly as he made his way home on the folly of carrying on the traditions of a devoted mother without thinking for himself.

For the next two or three days, to Venia's secret concern, he failed to put in an appearance at the farm, a fact which made flirtation with the sergeant a somewhat uninteresting business. Her sole recompense was the dismay of her father, and for his benefit she dwelt upon the advantages of the army in a manner that would have made the fortune of a recruiting sergeant.

"She's just crazy after the soldiers," he said to Mr. Blundell, whom he was trying to spur on to a desperate effort. "I've been watching her close, and I can see what it is now; she's romantic. You're too slow and ordinary for her. She wants somebody more dazzling. She told me only yesterday afternoon that she loved heroes. Told it to him to his face. I sat there and heard. It's a pity you ain't a hero, John."

"Yes," said Mr. Blundell; "then if I was I expect she'd like something else."

The other shook his head. "If you could only do something daring," he murmured; "half kill somebody to save somebody's life and let her see you do it. Couldn't you dive off the quay and save somebody's life from drowning?"

"Yes, I could," said Mr. Blundell, "if somebody would only tumble in."

"You might pretend that you thought you saw somebody drowning," suggested Mr. Turnbull.

"And be laughed at," said Mr. Blundell, who knew his Venia by heart.

"You always seem to be able to think of objections," complained Mr. Turnbull; "I've noticed that in you before."

"I'd go in fast enough if there was anybody there," said Mr. Blundell. "I'm not much of a swimmer, but—"

"All the better," interrupted the other; "that would make it all the more daring."

"And I don't much care if I'm

drowned," pursued the younger man, gloomily.

Mr. Turnbull thrust his hands in his pockets and took a turn or two up and down the room. His brows were knitted and his lips pursed. In the presence of this mental stress Mr. Blundell preserved a respectful silence.

"We'll all four go for a walk on the quay on Sunday afternoon," said Mr. Turnbull at last.

"On the chance?" inquired his starting friend.

"On the chance," assented the other; "it's just possible Daly might fall in."

"He might if we walked up and down 5,000,000 times," said Blundell, unpleasantly.

"He might if we walked up and down three or four times," said Mr. Turnbull, "especially if you happened to stumble."

"I never stumble," said the matter-of-fact Mr. Blundell. "I don't know anybody more sure-footed than I am."

"Or thick-headed," added the exasperated Mr. Turnbull.

Mr. Blundell regarded him patiently; he had a strong suspicion that his friend had been drinking.

"Stumbling," said Mr. Turnbull, "conquering his annoyance with an effort, 'stumbling is a thing that might happen to anybody. You trip your foot against a stone and lurch up against Daly; he tumbles overboard, and you off with your jacket and dive off the quay after him. He can't swim a stroke.'"

Mr. Blundell caught his breath and gazed at him in speechless amazement.

"There's sure to be several people on the quay if it's a fine afternoon," continued his instructor. "You'll have half Duncenburgh round you praising you and patting you on the back—all in front of Venia, mind you. It'll be out in all the papers and you'll get a medal."

"And suppose we are both drowned?" said Mr. Blundell soberly.

"Drowned? Fiddlesticks!" said Mr. Turnbull. "However, please yourself. If you're afraid—"

"I'll do it," said Blundell decidedly.

"And mind," said the other, "don't do it as if it's easy as kissing your fingers; be half-drowned yourself, or at least pretend to be. And when you're on the quay take your time in coming around. Be longer than Daly is; you don't want him to get all the pity."

"All right," said the other.

"After a time you can open your eyes," went on his instructor; "then if I were you I should say, 'Good-by, Venia,' and close 'em again. Work it up affecting, and send messages to your aunt."

"It sounds all right," said Blundell. "It is all right," said Mr. Turnbull. "That's just the bare idea I've given you. It's for you to improve upon it. You've got two days to think about it."

Mr. Blundell thanked him, and for the next two days thought of little else. Being a careful man he made his will, and it was in a comparative cheerful frame of mind that he made his way on Sunday afternoon to Mr. Turnbull's.

The Sergeant was already there conversing in low tones with Venia by the window, while Mr. Turnbull, sitting opposite in an oaken armchair regarded him with an expression which would have shocked Iago.

"We were just thinking of having a blow down by the water," he said as Blundell entered.

"What? A hot day like this?" said Venia.

"I was just thinking how beautifully cool it is here," said the Sergeant, who was hoping for a repetition of the previous Sunday's performance.

"It's cooler outside," said Mr. Turnbull, with a willful ignoring of facts; "much cooler when you get used to it."

He led the way with Blundell and Venia, and the Sergeant, keeping as much as possible in the shade of the dust-powdered hedges, followed. The sun was blazing in the sky and scarce half a dozen persons were to be seen on the little curved quay which constituted the usual Sunday afternoon promenade. The water, a dozen feet below, lapped cool and green against the stone sides.

At the extreme end of the quay underneath the lantern they all stopped, ostensibly to admire a full-figured ship sailing slowly by in the distance, but really to effect the change of partners necessary to the afternoon's business. The change gave Mr. Turnbull some trouble ere it was effected, but he was successful at last, and, walking behind the two young men, waited somewhat nervously for developments.

Twice they paraded the length of the quay and nothing happened. The ship was still visible, and the Sergeant halting to gaze at it the company lost their formation, and he led the complainant Venia off from beneath her father's very nose.

"You're a pretty manager, you are, John Blundell!" said the incensed Mr. Turnbull.

"I know what I'm about," said Blundell slowly.

"Well, why don't you do it?" demanded the other. "I suppose you are going to wait until there are more people about and then perhaps some of them will see you push him over."

"It isn't that," said Blundell, slowly, "but you told me to improve on your plan, you know, and I've been thinking out improvements."

"Well!" said the other.

"It doesn't seem much good saving Daly," said Blundell; "that's what I've been thinking. He would be in

as much danger as I should and he'd get as much sympathy, perhaps more."

"Do you mean to tell me that you are backing out of it?" demanded Mr. Turnbull.

"No," said Blundell, slowly; "but it would be much better if I saved somebody else. I don't want Daly to be pitted."

"Bah! You are backing out of it," said the irritated Mr. Turnbull. "You're afraid of a little cold water."

"No, I'm not," said Blundell; "but it would be better in every way to save somebody else. She'll see Daly standing there doing nothing while I am struggling for my life. I've thought it all out very carefully. I know I'm not quick, but I'm sure, and when I make up my mind to do a thing I do it. You ought to know that."

"That's all very well," said the other; "but who else is there to push in?"

"That's all right," said Blundell, vaguely. "Don't you worry about that; I shall find somebody."

Mr. Turnbull turned and cast a speculative eye along the quay. As a rule, he had great confidence in Blundell's determination, but on this occasion he had his doubts.

"Well, it's a riddle to me," he said slowly. "I give it up. It seems—Hullo! Good Heavens, be careful! You nearly had me in then."

"Did I?" said Blundell, thickly. "I'm very sorry."

Mr. Turnbull, angry at such carelessness, accepted the apology in a grudging spirit and trudged along in silence. Then he started nervously as a monstrous and unworthy suspicion occurred to him. It was an incredible thing to suppose, but at the same time he felt that there was nothing like being on the safe side, and in tones not quite free from significance he intimated his desire of changing places with his awkward friend.

"It's all right," said Blundell, soothingly.

"I know it is," said Mr. Turnbull, regarding him fixedly; "but I prefer this side. You nearly had me over just now."

"I staggered," said Mr. Blundell. "Another inch and I should have been overboard," said Mr. Turnbull, with a shudder. "That would have been a nice how d'ye do."

Mr. Blundell coughed and looked seaward. "Accidents will happen," he murmured.

They reached the end of the quay again and stood talking, and when they turned once more the Sergeant was surprised and gratified at the ease with which he bore off Venia. Mr. Turnbull and Blundell followed some little way behind, and the former gentleman's suspicions were somewhat lulled by finding that his friend made no attempt to take the inside place. He looked about him with interest for a likely victim, but in vain.

"What are you looking at?" he demanded, impatiently, as Blundell suddenly came to a stop and gazed curiously into the harbor.

"Jelly-fish," said the other, briefly. "I never saw such a monster. It must be a yard across."

Mr. Turnbull stopped, but could see nothing, and even when Blundell pointed it out with his finger he had no better success. He stepped forward a pace and his suspicions returned with renewed vigor as a hand was laid caressingly on his shoulder. The next moment, with a wild shriek, he shot suddenly over the edge and disappeared. Venia and the sergeant, turning hastily, were just in time to see the fountain which ensued on his immersion.

"Oh, save him!" cried Venia. The Sergeant ran to the edge and gazed in helpless dismay as Mr. Turnbull came to the surface and disappeared again. At the same moment Blundell, who had thrown off his coat dived into the harbor, and rising rapidly to the surface, caught the fast-choking Mr. Turnbull by the collar.

"Keep still!" he cried sharply, as the farmer tried to clutch him; "keep still, or I'll let you go!"

"Help!" choked the farmer, gazing up at the little knot of people which had collected on the quay.

A stout fisherman who had not run for thirty years, came along the edge of the quay at a shambling trot with a coil of rope over his arm. John Blundell saw him, and, mindful of the farmer's warning about kissing of fingers, etc., raised his disengaged arm and took that frenzied gentleman below the surface again. By the time they came up he was very glad for his own sake to catch the life skillfully thrown by the old fisherman, and be drawn gently to the side.

"I'll tow you to the steps," said the fisherman; "don't let go o' the line."

Mr. Turnbull saw to that; he would the rope round his waist and began to regain his presence of mind as they were drawn steadily toward the steps. Willing hands drew them out of the water and helped them up on the quay, where Mr. Turnbull, sitting in his own puddle, coughed up salt water and glared ferociously at the inanimate form of Mr. Blundell. Sergeant Daly and another man were rendering what they piously believed to be first aid to the apparently drowned, while the stout fisherman, with both hands to his mouth, was yelling in heart-rending accents for a barrel.

"He—pu—ush—pushed me in," gasped the choking Mr. Turnbull.

"He—he's shamming," bawled the neglected Mr. Turnbull.

"Shame!" said somebody, without even looking round.

"He pushed me in," repeated Mr. Turnbull. "He pushed me in."

"Oh, father," said Venia, with a scandalized glance at him, "how can you?"

"Shame!" said the bystanders, briefly, as they watched anxiously for signs of returning life on the part of Mr. Blundell. He lay still with his eyes closed, but his bearing was still acute, and the sounds of a rapidly approaching barrel trundled by a breathless Samaritan did him more good than anything.

"Good-bye, Venia," he said, in a faint voice, "good-bye."

Miss Turnbull sobbed and took his hand.

"He's shamming," roared Mr. Turnbull, incensed beyond measure at the faithful manner in which Blundell was carrying out his instructions. "He pushed me in."

There was an angry murmur from the bystanders.

"Be reasonable, Mr. Turnbull," said the sergeant, somewhat sharply.

"He nearly lost 'is life over you," said the stout fisherman. "As plucky a thing as ever I see. It 'adn't 'ad been 'andy with that there line you'd both 'a' been drowned."

"Give—my love—to everybody," said Blundell, faintly. "Good-bye, Venia. Good-bye, Mr. Turnbull."

"Where's that barrel?" demanded the stout fisherman crisply. "Going to be all night with it? Now, two of you—"

Mr. Blundell, with a great effort and assisted by Venia and the sergeant, sat up. He felt that he had made a good impression and had no desire to spoil it by riding the barrel. With one exception everybody was regarding him with moist-eyed admiration. The exception's eyes were, perhaps, the moistest of them all, but admiration had no place in them.

"You're all being made fools of," he said, getting up and stamping. "I tell you he pushed me overboard for the purpose."

"Oh, father! How can you?" demanded Venia, angrily. "He saved your life."

"He pushed me in," repeated the farmer. "Told me to look at a jelly-fish and pushed me in."

"What for?" inquired Sergeant Daly.

"Because—" said Mr. Turnbull. He looked at the unconscious sergeant and the words on his lips died away in an articulate growl.

"What for?" pursued the sergeant, in triumph. "Be reasonable, Mr. Turnbull. Where's the reason in pushing you overboard and then nearly losing his life saving you? That would be a fool's trick. It was as fine a thing as ever I saw."

"What you 'ad, Mr. Turnbull," said the stout fisherman, tapping him on the arm, "was a little touch o' the sun."

"What felt to you like a push," said another man, "and over you went."

"As easy as easy," said a third.

"You're red in the face now," said the stout fisherman, regarding him critically, "and your eyes are staring. You take my advice and get 'em and get to bed, and the first thing you'll do when you get your senses back will be to go 'round and thank Mr. Blundell for all 'e's done for you."

Mr. Turnbull looked at them, and the circle of intelligent faces grew misty before his angry eyes. One man, ignoring his sodden condition, recommended a wet handkerchief tied round his brow.

"I don't want any thanks, Mr. Turnbull," said Blundell, feebly, as he was assisted to his feet. "I'd do as much for you again."

The stout fisherman patted him admiringly on the back, and Mr. Turnbull felt like a prophet beholding a realized vision as the spectators clustered around Mr. Blundell and followed their friends' example. Tenderly, but firmly, they led the hero in triumph up the quay toward home, shouting out eulogistic descriptions of his valor to curious neighbors as they passed. Mr. Turnbull, cherishingly keeping his distance in the rear of the procession, received in grim silence the congratulations of his friends.

The extraordinary hallucination caused by the sunstroke lasted with him for a week, but at the end of that time his mind cleared and he saw things in the same light as reasonable folk. Venia was the first to congratulate him upon his recovery, but his extraordinary behavior in proposing to Miss Sippet the very day on which she herself became Mrs. Blundell convinced her that his recovery was only partial.—W. W. Jacobs, in The Strand.

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