

The Catholic Register.

Truth is Catholic; proclaim it ever, and God will effect the rest.—BALMEZ.

VOL. IX.—NO. 4.

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PRICE FIVE CENTS.

THE QUEEN IS DEAD

LONG LIVE THE KING

The Greatest Woman of the Century has passed away

Queen Victoria is dead. Drooping flags and tolling bells all around the world today testify to the universal respect in which Britain's Queen was held. Throughout her Empire, the Empire which it was her chief care to foster and extend during her long and brilliant reign, the mourning is profound. Her people mourn her, their gracious sovereign, and in every part of her Empire, in the homeland, in the Isles of the sea, in every part of the world where the blood red flag floats today, the loyal subjects of Victoria mourn her as with a sense of personal loss. In Canada, where the events of the past few years have drawn us so close to the Crown and made of this country an integral part of the Empire, the sorrow is deep felt and sincere. Canada yields to no colony of the Empire in devotion to the Queen, and the announcement of the death of the beloved ruler has occasioned universal grief. Although Queen Victoria crossed the allotted line of life many years ago, and although her people have been expecting her death at almost any time, still the actual event comes as a shock to her loyal subjects. It had almost seemed as if this world and noble life were going to be indefinitely prolonged. But at last the Sovereign Lady of Great Britain has passed away, beloved at home, revered abroad, having left her name to history as the greatest woman ruler that has ever lived. And not only will her name go down to history as the greatest queen, but as one of the noblest women of all time. Her graces of disposition and traits of character have long been the admiration of the world, her womanly goodness, as wife and mother has furnished an ideal for every lady in the land who called her Queen.

A GREAT QUEEN.

The august and illustrious figure, which has been the centre, the token, and the imperial presiding genius of progress and prosperity, can never be detached in history from the magnificent records of her time. The story of her life and the story of her people's life have flowed onward together, inextricably blended, indissolubly connected. At the bottom of the might and energy and enterprise illustrated by all majestic chapters in the chronicles of England have ever been from the first the deep religious instincts and the strong family affections of the people, both of which the Queen's royal nature was created to embody, reflect, and exemplify. Her household, from its days of bride-joy and domestic sunshine to its days of widowhood and lonely duties, has been like that chief and special golden queen-cell in the hive, round which all the others cluster, and by the welfare of which they measure an dregrate of their own. Among the wives of England this accepted wife, among the mothers, among the widows of her people this throne Lady Victoria, whose sorrow seemed the sorest, as her burden was the greatest, has always been one of the women of the realm, representing them all, leading them all, understood by them all. The English have homely and domestic ways of manifesting national feelings; for example, they love their navy and take enormous pride in it. In consequence of which strangers in our country are amused to notice how very many boy-children are dressed by their fond mothers in the garb of a British blue-jacket. The least reflective visitor can perceive that here, at least, is a people which will grudge no public money to sustain the navy. So it could be curious and significant to know how many girl-children in the realm bear for good fortune and for royalty the names of their Royal High-

nesses, the Princesses of the Blood, a goodly number of whom have grown up round the knees of the Queen. At the root of her greatness has surely been her gentleness. The half-forgotten Court gossip of the past is full of little tales of the tenderness which underlies the well-known force and firmness of her Majesty. When, on the death of King William the Fourth, Queen Adelaide wrote to the young Victoria announcing the event, the aged Princess replied by a gentle and respectful letter which she addressed to "The Queen of England"; and when a lady of the court humbly remonstrated, saying: "Your Majesty, you only are Queen of England," the pretty reply was given: "Yes, but Aunt Adelaide must not be reminded of that by me." And when, at taking the oath of allegiance, the two royal dukes bowed low before her to touch her hand with their lips, she kissed them gravely, raising them from the ground, saying to the Duke of Sussex: "Do not kneel, dear uncle; if I am Queen, I am also your niece!"

A LOVING WIFE.

The heart of gold, the will of iron, the royal temper of steel, the pride, the patriotism, and the deep piety of Victoria were enshrined in a small but vigorous frame, the mignonette aspect of which especially struck those who beheld her for the first time in her later "chair-days." It was reported how, when Prince Albert was dying, he roused himself from a period of wandering to turn with ineffable love to his spouse and sovereign, saying to her with a kiss, "Good little wife!" And when the Prince Consort was actually passing away, after those twenty-one years of wedded happiness, it was told how the Queen bent over him and whispered: "It is your little wife," at which last words the Angel of Death stayed his hand, and the dying lips smiled. "But though this be so, no one who has been honored by near approach to her Majesty, or has ever tarried in her presence, will fail to testify to the extreme majesty of her bearing, mingled always with the most perfect grace and gentleness. Her voice was, moreover, always pleasant and musical to hear. The hand which held the sceptre of the seas was the softest that could be touched, the eyes which had grown dim with labor of state for England, and with too frequent tears, were the kindest that could be seen. Not for a day nor for an hour did the Queen ever suspect the performance of her royal and imperial duties during the many sorrows which fell upon her, nor in the comparative seclusion which she sometimes kept. The Duke of Argyll truly wrote once: "It ought to be known to all people of this country that during all the years of the Queen's affliction, and thro' when she has lived necessarily in much retirement, she has omitted no part, or portion, of that public duty which constantly concerns her as a sovereign of this country; that on no occasion during her grief has she discontinued work in those royal labors which belong to her exalted position."

AN ABLE STATESMAN.

How great and experienced a statesman she showed herself, every competent British minister has testified. She was, in fact, the highest living authority upon the practical politics of Europe, and knew and understood constitutional problems with an intellectual grasp which has never been relaxed. It is from a radical and republican source that the subjoined tribute has been called: "Broadly speaking, it may be said by all her ministers, Liberal and Conservative, that she had more know-

ledge of the business of governing nations than any of her Prime Ministers; more experience of the mysteries and intricacies of foreign affairs than any of her foreign secretaries; as loyal and willing a subservient to the declared will of the nation as any Democrat in Parliament; and as keen and passionate an imperial patriot as ever beat in any human breast."

Such, and so great, so useful, so benign, so faithful—sketched in these most imperfect outlines—was the great and noble Sovereign Lady upon whom, sixty years ago, the vast burden of the British Empire was laid, and to whom, amid trials and losses as great as could be borne, sorrow and death and destiny constantly cried: "Break not, O woman's heart; but still endure!"

Broad not, for thou art royal, but endure!

Mrs. George Cornwallis West, formerly Lady Randolph Churchill, writes the following: "The Queen's personality was the most remarkable. I never met anyone who exercised such influence over me as did the possessor of this sweet personality. It was not the halo of royalty, but her manner, her wonderful smile and magnetism, her presence and dignity, her womanhood. Her wonderful charm, which all felt who came near her Majesty, took complete possession of me. Just before I left for South Africa, I had the honor of talking with the Queen in regard to the hospital ship Maine. The Queen repeated again and again in the most endearing words her gratitude to the American women for their wonderful kindness to her soldiers. Her Majesty has always been a great peace-maker and every nation has appreciated this. Many have been influenced by her personal pacific overtures. There has been no reign like it, and powerful and wise as any successor might be, there will probably never be another monarch whose influence will be quite the same."

HER ILLNESS.

The Queen's strong constitution manifested the first symptoms of serious decay during the stay of the Court at Windsor in November and December of 1899, when evil tidings of the South African war began to arrive in rapid succession.

The Queen did not look for any serious disaster to her army. She expected nothing but a series of easy victories. General Buller, before leaving England for the South African campaign, had assured the Queen that the war would be "difficult, but not dangerous."

In consequence of the news of the many reverses came to her with added severity. She felt that she had been deceived. When his name was submitted to her for a visit to Windsor after his return from South Africa, she stroked it through with her pen. It was at this time that the Queen had fits of crying in an aggravated form, which immediately preceded her critical illness.

The excitement incidental to her visit to Ireland, which, despite every warning stated to the contrary, was her own idea, seemed to revive her, but before the visit ended a reaction had set in. When she went to Balmoral, her Highland home, her spirits revived under the influence of Gen. Roberts' brilliant achievements in the South African war, but the improvement was short.

It always had been a source of wonder to her physicians that with her great appetite and physique, she had escaped an apoplectic stroke. About this time there was a falling away of her left side, accompanied by loss of power in her left arm and limb. These symptoms—

CAUSED APPREHENSION. Unfavorable war news and reports of the acute suffering of her dying daughter, Empress Frederick, affected the Queen keenly. She suffered with increasing frequency from fits of depression. She referred constantly to the death of the Duke of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha (Edinburgh), and expressed a wish to see the Duchess. Accordingly, the latter was summoned to Osborne, but at the first interview the Duchess left the Queen prostrated with grief. In the midst of these troubles came the sudden and unexpected death of her oldest and dearest friend, the Dowager Lady Churchill, Senior Lady of the Bedchamber, and member of the Royal Household for forty-six years.

While the Queen was sleepless at night she had had strange fits of drowsiness. At the day time, when her mind was clear she tried valiantly to combat this falling. She was carried to her bed last Tuesday, never to rise again. Dr. Pagenstecher, the German oculist, who was attending the Duke of Somerset for an injury to his eye, was summoned to Osborne. The Queen suffered acutely from her eyes owing to her constant crying. Dr. Pagenstecher made a general examination on Monday and reported that the Queen had nothing organically wrong, but was suffering chiefly from nervous exhaustion. In her periods of mental activity she talked so incessantly of war that the Colonial Secretary, Chamberlain, was commanded to go to Osborne to console her. In reassuring news, Mr. Chamberlain had led the war party when the Queen favored peace in South Africa. His efforts to console the Queen were fruitless and he abruptly closed the conference.

ROBERTS WAS TRUTHFUL.

Subsequently Lord Roberts was directed to appear at Osborne. He did not attempt to deceive the Queen but frankly explained the difficulties which had to be overcome before the war in South Africa could be terminated. The interview lasted some time, and it was the last time the Queen displayed the wide knowledge and shrewd common sense which played such an important part in her long reign. It was after the Roberts interview that the Queen, accompanied by the Duchess of Edinburgh, went for the drive which immediately preceded her being taken to her bed. Two weeks before the public knowledge of it, Sir Francis Laking and his assistant, Sir James Reid at Osborne, on Thursday last, Sir Douglas Powell, the famous heart and lung specialist, was summoned to Osborne, because of two attacks of heart failure from which she suffered on Wednesday night. At that time the Queen's condition had assumed the gravest complexion. The Prince of Wales, in order to prevent public alarm or suspicion, attended a dinner given to Lord Roberts, and subsequently appeared at the theatre on Thursday night.

On Thursday the Queen had a stroke of paralysis. Since then she has been in a comatose condition. The London correspondent of the New York Journal, says he was informed on high medical authority that the Queen was suffering from hemorrhages from blood vessels of the brain, the first bursting on Thursday. It caused the alarming collapse, from which Her Majesty rallied. Another burst soon afterward and caused a second relapse. Her suffering continued, with alternate relapses into a comatose state and rallies. This was expected to proceed until the vital blood vessel should burst, causing death. Physicians said she might live two or three days, or she might die any moment.

Her Majesty rallied on Sunday and remained conscious all day, but she fell into a sleep again and passed peacefully away on Tuesday, surrounded by her family, and undared not only by her own faithful and loving subjects, but by all the world. Thus passed away the greatest and best woman the world has ever known. May her soul rest in peace.

HER LIFE.

Queen Victoria was born May 24th, 1819, in Kensington Palace. She was the only child of Edward, Duke of Kent, and her Serene Highness, Mary Louisa Victoria, daughter of the Duke of Saxe-Coburg, Saalfeld. Two hours after birth, the royal princess was carried into an adjoining room and presented to the great men of the realm, the Privy Counsellors, and Ministers of State, whom she was destined to console with in later years. Among those present in the early hours of that auspicious 24th of May were the Duke of Sussex, the Archbishop of Canterbury, the Duke of Wellington, the Marquis of Lansdowne, Earl Bathurst, the Bishop of London and the celebrated Gaining.

BAPTISMAL CEREMONY.

The ceremony of baptism was very imposing and took place with much splendor in the grand saloon of Kensington Palace on June 21st. The royal gold font was brought up from the tower in honor of the occasion, and the saloon was magnificently decorated. The Prince Regent stood in person to his niece in person. When asked to designate the infant he gave the name "Alexandrina," after his friend, the Czar Alexander; the Duke of Kent requested that another name

INFANCY AND CHILDHOOD.

The infancy and childhood of Queen Victoria was not without incident. While at Woolbrook Cottage, at Sidmouth, on the east coast of Devon, the young princess had a proverbial escape from death. A mischievous youth, while shooting at some birds, discharged his gun so near the nursery window that the shot penetrated one of the panes and passed close to the head of the child. On one occasion while driving the little princess was thrown out of her carriage, but was saved from injury by a soldier named Maloney, who was subsequently rewarded for his bravery. The manner of her life in her girlhood shows that it is no easy lot to be a princess royal. The old maxim, "There is no royal road to learning," has been no better exemplified than in the life of Queen Victoria. She was obliged to rise at seven o'clock in the morning when she was a mere child of ten years of age. She breakfasted at eight o'clock, enjoyed an hour's walk or drive, played in the garden for an hour, studied for two hours under her mother's tutelage, played again, had dinner, two hours more lessons, then a drive and a play around the gardens, and when the curfew rang at nine o'clock her day was done, and like other little girls, she was put to bed. From her fifth year, the Princess's perceptors were, Dr. Davys, afterwards Bishop of Peterborough, and the Baroness Leazen. At the age of eleven she spoke French and German fluently; could read Horace and Virgil; knew something of Greek and more of Italian, and had made some progress in mathematics. Moreover, she was thoroughly instructed in domestic duties; and she afterwards insisted that the knowledge of the home life and its requirements should be communicated to all her own daughters. She had special instructions in dancing, music and drawing, and in all of these she speedily exhibited great proficiency.

DEATH OF GEORGE IV.

In 1827 the Duke of York died, thus making the Duke of Clarence heir presumptive to the Crown. Three years later George IV, himself passed away and the Duke of Clarence succeeded to the throne as King William IV. The first public act of Princess Victoria, who was now direct heir to the Crown, was the presentation of a set of eons to the 89th Regiment of Foot at Plymouth. The Duchess delivered the address on behalf of her youthful daughter. After travelling extensively she was visited by her uncle, the Duke of Saxe-Coburg, and his two sons, the Princes Ernest and Albert, at Kensington Palace. The Princess now saw her future husband for the first time. He was a clever, handsome young man, with a charming, modest manner. He was strangely drawn towards the Princess, and on her 17th birthday gave marked evidences of his devotion. The separation when Prince Albert returned to his native land, was decidedly affectionate.

WILLIAM IV.'S DECEASE.

On May 21st, 1837, Princess Victoria attained her legal majority and a joyous celebration was held. In the evening she attended a grand State ball in St. James' Hall. On that very day William IV. was seized with his fever and at two o'clock on the morning of June 20, expired. Immediately afterwards the Archbishop of Canterbury, Dr. Howley, and the Lord Chamberlain, the Marquis of Conyngham, together with the Earl of Abernethy, the Master of the Horse, and Sir Henry Hallford, the late King's physician, started from Windsor for Kensington. They rode all night and arrived at Kensington

SHORTLY BEFORE FIVE O'CLOCK IN THE MORNING.

They knocked, they rang, they rumped for a considerable time before they could rouse the porter at the gate, says Mrs. Wynn, in the Diary of a Lady of Quality. They were again kept waiting in the courtyard, when turned into one of the lower rooms, where they seemed forgotten by everybody. They rang the bell and desired that the attendant of the Princess Victoria might be sent to inform her Royal Highness that they requested an audience on business of importance. After another delay and another ringing to enquire the cause, the attendant was summoned, who stated that the Princess was in such a sweet sleep that she could not venture to disturb her. Then they said, "We are come on business of State to the Queen, and even her sleep must give way to that." It did, and to prove that she did not keep them waiting, in a few minutes she came into the room in a loose white nightgown and shawl, her nightcap thrown off, and her hair falling upon her shoulders, her feet in slippers, tears in her eyes, but perfectly collected and dignified.

The Marquis of Conyngham was the bearer to the Queen of a request from the Queen-Dowager that she might be permitted to remain at Windsor till after the funeral," says Sarah Tytler in her "Life of the Queen." "In reply, Her Majesty wrote an affectionate letter of condolence to her aunt, begging her to consult nothing but her own health and convenience, and to stay at Windsor just as long as she pleased. The writer was obliged to address this, as usual, to the Queen of England. A bystander interposed: "Your Majesty, you are Queen of England. Yes, answered the unrelated, considerate girl-Queen, but the widowed Queen is not to be reminded of that fact first by me."

At nine o'clock in the morning, the Prime Minister, Lord Melbourne, called, and after half an hour's interview with the Queen, took his leave, having arranged to issue summonses for a Privy Council to be held in the course of the next two hours at Kensington Palace.

Shortly after eleven o'clock, the Royal Dukes and a great number of Privy Counsellors arrived. Lord Melbourne expallied to her what she would have to do, and she acted with perfect self-possession and made no mistakes. After the reading of the proclamation, she read her speech in a clear, distinct and audible voice, and without any appearance of fear or embarrassment. Her Uncle Ernest, Duke of Cumberland, and King of Hanover, and her Uncle Augustus, the Duke of Sussex, were the first to acknowledge allegiance. Mr. Groville thus describes the scene: "As these two old men, her uncles, knelt before her, swearing allegiance and kissing her hand, I saw her blush up to the eyes, as if she felt the contrast between their civil and their natural relations, and this was the only sign of emotion which she evinced. Her manner to them was very graceful and engaging, she kissed them both and rose from her chair and moved towards the Duke of Sussex, who was farthest from her, and too infirm to reach her. She bowed to her bewildered at the multitude of men who were sworn, and who came one after another to kiss her hand, but she did not speak to any body, nor did she make the slightest difference in her manner, or show any in her countenance, to any individual of any rank, station, or party. Particularly, she watched her when Melbourne, and the Ministers, and the Duke of Wellington and Peel approached her. She went through the whole ceremony occasionally looking at Melbourne for instruction, when she had any doubt what to do, which hardly ever occurred, and with perfect coolness and self-possession, but at the same time with a graceful modesty and propriety, particularly interesting and ingratiating. Never was anything like the first impression she produced, or the storm of praise and admiration which is raised about her manner and behaviour and certainly not without justice. Sir Robert Peel said he was amazed at her manner and behaviour, at her apparent deep sense of her situation, her modesty, and at the same time her firmness. She appeared, in fact, to be well, but nothing distant."

On the 17th of July the Queen went to a state to prodigious par lament. The King's health, the famous actress, who was present, wrote an account of the scene. She says "The Queen was not (Continued on page five.)"

Our Weekly Sermon

CONFIDENCE IN GOD.

We must not doubt that God, who has promised to hear all our prayers, will keep His gracious promise, because as St. Paul says, "He who is faithful cannot deny himself."

A very holy religious who was in charge of a large workhouse, was roused one night from a sound sleep by a message to say that a man was dying in the infirmary there, and earnestly desired the last Sacraments.

A similar case happened to a priest in the Aberdeen diocese. He was also suddenly roused to go to a woman whom he did not know, and the name of the street and the number of her house were carefully given to him.

A still more curious and awful event of this sort happened to another Scotch priest. There was a gentleman living in a remote highland place, and a Catholic, but one who had neglected his duties for many years and lived a bad and immoral life.

He went to bed and was almost in the pair that she went on praying, full of confidence in God that He would not let her die without the Sacraments, for which she has always so earnestly prayed.

SUCCESSFUL INSTITUTION

An Almost Miraculous Temporal and Spiritual Growth of the Quebec Franciscan Missionaries.

As the readers of the Catholic Register peruse the simple recital below, they will admit the miraculous growth of the institution referred to, which is that of the "Franciscan Missionaries of Mary," Quebec.

The completed establishment stands on high ground on Grand Allee one of the noted thoroughfares of Quebec, overlooking a grand expanse of natural scenery, districts of historic interest, and especially the celebrated Plains of Abraham.

By keeping these properly, so that domestic employes may be secured at the smallest outlay financially, that virtuous habits may be instilled, and that life may have all of its legitimate comforts.

Sowing and a variety of work from business houses are taken in and all sorts of vestments and clerical robes are manufactured in the establishment, and, I think, printing is done there too.

The chapel is properly designated the Church of the Blessed Sacrament, and the confraternity of the Perpetual Adoration is officially recognized in the diocese.

The Franciscan Nuns have a branch house in Ste. Anne de Beaupre, Ave. in Manitoba, and from two headquarters in Europe they have established missions in India, Japan, Africa and the Congo, among which missions about 400 Canadian nuns laboring zealously, along with other devoted servants of the Master.

FRENCH PRESS AND THE POPE.

The account of the interview which was accorded to M. Henri des Haux, a representative of the Latin, by the Pope, and the publication of the text of the letter from his Holiness to Cardinal Richelieu on the policy contemplated by the Government against the religious congregations in France have formed the main topics of conversation here for the past few days.

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In Alberta published a despatch from Rome describing a farewell meeting of missionaries in the presence of a number of cardinals.

A CHARTY HOSPITAL. Announcement has been made that Mrs. R. C. Kerwin, of St. Louis, will build a charity hospital to cost \$50,000.

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FRENCH CONGREGATIONS

Letter From the Pope to the Archbishop of Paris.

To Our Dear Son Francois, Cardinal Priest of Santa Maria in Via, Archbishop of Paris, Dear Son, Health and Apostolic Benediction.

Amid the consolations afforded us during the Holy Year, by the pious eagerness of the pilgrims who have flocked to Rome from all parts of the world, we have been struck with sadness at the news of the dangers which threaten the religious congregations in France. By dint of misunderstanding and prejudice it has come to be thought that it will be necessary for the good of the State to put restraints upon their liberty, and perhaps to proceed against them with even greater rigour.

In the name of the heavy cares which you share with us it is for you to dissipate the prejudices which exist among your countrymen, and to prevent as far as possible any irreparable misfortunes befalling the Church and France.

ORIGIN AND OBJECT.

The religious orders, as everyone knows, have their origin and the reason of their existence in those sublime evangelical counsels which our Divine Redeemer gave to those who in every succeeding age would attain to Christian perfection—to those brave and generous souls who by prayer and contemplation, by pious austerities and the observance of certain rules, endeavor to climb to the highest summits of the spiritual life.

Their vows, made freely and spontaneously after ripening in the meditations of the novitiate, have ever been regarded and respected by people in every age as sacred things, and the source of the rarest virtues. Their object is twofold: first, the raising of those who take them to a higher degree of perfection; and secondly, by purifying and strengthening their souls, to prepare them for a ministry which is exercised for the everlasting salvation of their neighbor and for the alleviation of the numberless miseries of humanity.

So admirably is the activity of the French congregations that it could not be kept within the frontiers of the country, but has gone forth to carry the Gospel to the ends of the earth, and with the Gospel the name, the language, and the prestige of France. Exiles of their own free will, the French missionaries go out across stormy seas, sandy deserts in search of souls to gain for Christ in the most distant and often unexplored regions. They are often seen settling amongst savage tribes in order to civilize them by teaching the elements of Christianity, the love of God and their neighbors, work, regard for the weak and cleanly living; and they devote themselves to this without looking for any earthly reward even till death, which is often hastened by fatigue, the difficulties of the Church, or the sword of the executioner.

This is why whenever the Church is in possession of her liberty, wherever the natural right of a citizen to choose the sort of life he considers best suited to his taste and his moral advancement is respected, there too, the religious orders have arisen as a spontaneous product of Catholic life, and the bishops have rightly regarded them as valuable auxiliaries in the sacred ministry and in works of Christian charity.

SERVICES TO CIVIL SOCIETY.

But it is not the Church alone that the religious orders have from their first appearance rendered immense services; they have benefitted also civil society itself. They have had the merit of preaching virtue to the multitude by the apostolate of good example, as well as by that of word of mouth, of forming and adorning men's minds by the teaching of sacred and profane knowledge, and of enlarging the heritage of the fine arts by splendid works that will live.

Whilst their doctors shed renown on the universities by the depth and breadth of their learning, and their houses became the refuge of divine and human knowledge and in the shipwreck of civilization saved from destruction the masterpieces of ancient wisdom, other religious have penetrated into the most inhospitable regions, swamps or tangled forests, and there braving every danger in draining and clearing and cultivating the land by the sweat of their brow they founded round their monasteries and beneath the shadow of the cross centres of population which grew into villages and flourishing towns, whence, under a kindly rule, agriculture and industry began to spread abroad.

the needs of the day demand it, legions of apostles eminent for their piety and learning were seen issuing forth from the cloisters, who, by their valiant co-operation with the bishops, exerted the immense influence on society, by putting an end to feuds, stifling animosity bringing people back to the thought of duty, and by setting up again in honor the principles of religion and Christian civilization.

Such briefly indicated are the merits of the religious orders of the past. They are registered by the hand of impartial history, and it is superfluous to dwell on them at any greater length. Nor is their activity, their zeal, or their love of their fellow men diminished in our own day. The good that they do strikes every eye, and their virtues shine with a brilliance which no accusation, no attack can tarnish.

In this noble arena in which the religious congregations vie with each other in beneficent activity those of France, we say it again with joy, occupy a foremost and honorable place. Some devoted to teaching instructed the young in secular knowledge and the principles of religious virtue and duty, upon which public peace and the welfare of the State absolutely depend. Others, consecrated to various works of charity, afford effective aid to every physical and moral misery in the numberless houses wherein they tend orphans, the deranged, and the incurable; and they may meet with to reap their courage or check their ardour. These meritorious services, recognized again and again by men above any suspicion of favoritism, and thus after time rewarded by public honors, make these congregations the glory of the Church at large, and the particular and shining glory of France, which they have ever nobly served, and which they love, as we have many a time seen, with a patriotism that feared not to face death itself with joy.

The disappearance of these champions of Christian charity would, it is evident bring on the country an irreparable loss. By the drying up of such an abundant source of voluntary aid public misery would be notably increased, and at the same time an eloquent preaching of brotherhood and concord would be silenced. A society in which so many elements of trouble and animosity are fermenting needs assuredly great examples of self-sacrifice, love and disinterestedness. And what is better fitted to raise and purify men's minds than the sight of these men and women, who, giving up a happy, distinguished, and oftentimes an illustrious position, voluntarily make themselves the brothers and sisters of the children of the people, practising in their regard true equality by utterly forgetting themselves to the disinterested, the abandoned, and the suffering?

WORK OF CONGREGATIONS ABROAD.

So admirably is the activity of the French congregations that it could not be kept within the frontiers of the country, but has gone forth to carry the Gospel to the ends of the earth, and with the Gospel the name, the language, and the prestige of France. Exiles of their own free will, the French missionaries go out across stormy seas, sandy deserts in search of souls to gain for Christ in the most distant and often unexplored regions. They are often seen settling amongst savage tribes in order to civilize them by teaching the elements of Christianity, the love of God and their neighbors, work, regard for the weak and cleanly living; and they devote themselves to this without looking for any earthly reward even till death, which is often hastened by fatigue, the difficulties of the Church, or the sword of the executioner.

This is why whenever the Church is in possession of her liberty, wherever the natural right of a citizen to choose the sort of life he considers best suited to his taste and his moral advancement is respected, there too, the religious orders have arisen as a spontaneous product of Catholic life, and the bishops have rightly regarded them as valuable auxiliaries in the sacred ministry and in works of Christian charity.

It is moreover precisely upon the ill-dominant patient and tireless action of these admirable missionaries that the Protectorate of France is founded, which government after government has always been jealous to preserve, and which we ourselves have publicly acknowledged. The inviolable attachment of the French missionaries to their country, the eminent services which they render her, the great influence which they secure for her especially in the East, all these are facts recognized by men of the most varied opinions, and only lately proclaimed by the voice of the highest authority.

Under these circumstances to deprive the religious congregations of the home of the freedom and peace which alone can ensure the recruiting of their members and the long and laborious task of their training would not only be to require so many great services with inexplicable ingratitude but would also, at the same time, be a clear renunciation of the benefits that flow from them. Other nations have already had sorry experience of such a policy. After having checked the expansion of the religious congregations at home, and so gradually dried up their seed they have seen their own influence and prestige around proportionally decline, for it is useless to seek fruit of a tree from which you lop the branches.

It is the Protectorate, to lapse. It is easy to see that all the great interests at stake in this question would be seriously compromised, even if the missionary orders were spared. That one others might be struck, for careful consideration shows that the existence and the action of the one are bound up with the existence and action of the others. As a matter of fact the vocation of the missionary religious germinates and develops under the word of the preacher religious and even under the supernatural influence of the contemplative religious. One can imagine, too the difficult situation in which the missionaries would be placed, and the decline of their authority and prestige which would follow on the people whom they are seeking to evangelize learning that the religious congregations, far from meeting with protection and respect in their own country, were there treated with hostility and harshness.

But, looking at the question from a higher standpoint, we may point out that the religious congregations, as we have already said, represent the public practice of Christian perfection, and it is certain that there are in the Church and always will be elect souls aspiring to it under the influence of grace, it would be unjust to hinder their designs. It would, moreover, be an assault on the liberty of the Church which is in France guaranteed by a solemn treaty, for every thing that hinders her from leading souls to perfection injures the free exercise of her mission. To strike at the religious orders would be to deprive the Church of devoted co-operators, at home where they are the necessary auxiliaries of the bishops in the exercise of the sacred ministry and in the function of Catholic teaching and preaching which the Church has the right and the duty of dispensing, and which is demanded by the conscience of the faithful, and abroad where the general interests of the apostolate and its chief power in all parts of the world are for the greater part represented by the French congregations. The blow which struck them would be felt everywhere, and the Holy See, bound by a divine command to provide for the spread of the Gospel, would find itself under the necessity of offering no opposition to the occupation of the vacancies left by French missionaries by the missionaries of other nations.

Lastly, we should point out that to strike the religious congregations would be to forsake to one's own advantage those democratic principles of liberty and equality which form the very foundation of constitutional right in France and guarantee the individual and collective liberty of every citizen so long as his actions and manner of living have an honest aim which in no way injures the rights and legitimate interests of anyone. Now, in a state of such advanced civilization as France, we refuse to think that there is anything protection nor respect for a class of citizens who are honest, peaceable, and devoted to their country, who, possessing all the rights and fulfilling all the duties of their fellow countrymen, have, either in the towns they make or the life they lead in other lands in view but to work for the perfection of their own souls and the good of their neighbor. They only ask for liberty, and the measures taken against them would appear to be all the more unjust and odious since so many of them are so generous at the same time in their treatment altogether different.

SECULARS AND REGULARS. Of course we are not unaware that as a justification for these rigours there are people who, without declaring that the religious congregations encroach upon the jurisdiction of the bishops and interfere with the rights of the secular clergy. This assertion cannot be sustained if one cares to consult the wise laws published on this point by the Church, and which we have recently enacted in perfect harmony with the decrees and spirit of the Council of Trent. They regulate the one hand the conditions of existence of persons vowed to the practice of the evangelical counsels and to the apostolate, and on the other they respect as far as possible the authority of the bishops in their respective dioceses. Whilst they safeguard the dependence due to the Head of the Church, they also in a majority of cases give to the Bishop supreme authority over the congregations by way of delegation.

It is a liver pill. Many of the ailments that man has to contend with have their origin in a disordered liver, which is the seat of the organs, and is the cause of the disturbance that comes from irregular habits or lack of care in eating and drinking. The accounts for the great many liver ailments now pressed on the attention of sufferers. Of these there is none superior to Parnell's Vegetable Pills. Their operation through gentle is effective, and the most delicate can use them.

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the attempt to make out that the episcopate and clergy of France are disposed to give a favorable welcome to the ostracism with which it is desired to strike the religious orders, it is an insult which the bishops and prelates can only resent with all the energy of their priestly soul.

There is no need to give any more importance to the other reproach that is being made against the congregations, of being too rich. Even if we admit that the value set upon their property is not exaggerated, there is no contesting that they are in honorable and legal possession, and consequently to dispossess them would simply be an attack upon the rights of property. It is, moreover, necessary to remark that they possess nothing for their personal interest or for the good of their individual members, but for works of religion, charity and beneficence, which turn to the profit of the French nation at home and abroad, whether they go to increase its prestige by contributing to the mission of civilization which Providence has entrusted to it.

THE HOLY SEE AND POLITICAL GRIEVANCES. Passing over in silence other considerations which are made on the subject of the religious congregations, we confine ourselves to this important remark: France maintains amicable relations with the Holy See founded upon a solemn treaty. If then, the inconvenience in that I have upon given points any reality the way is open to bring them to the notice of the Holy See, which is ready to make them the subject of a serious investigation, and if need be to apply suitable remedies. We desire, however, to re-echo upon the guiltless impartiality of the men who guide the destinies of France and upon the fairness and good sense which distinguish the French people. We feel confident that they will not wish to lose the precious moral and social heritage of which the religious congregations are the representatives; that they have no desire, in seeking to secure general liberty by laws of exception, to wound the feelings of Catholics, and to aggravate to its own great detriment their country's internal disorders. A nation is truly great and strong, and can regard the future with any assurance of security, only if its people are closely united in working for the common good in full regard for the rights of all, and with conscience free and undisturbed. From the beginning of our pontificate we have never omitted to make an effort to further this work of pacification in France, which would have brought her incalculable benefits not only in the religious, but also in the civil and political order. Undeterred by any difficulties we have not ceased to give France particular proofs of our respect, solicitude, and affection, always feeling sure that she would respond to them as a great and generous nation should.

We should be overwhelmed with the deepest sorrow if in the opening of our days we should discover that we had been deceived in these hopes, deprived of the price of our fatherly solicitude, and condemned to watch in the country which we love a rancorous struggle between party passions, with no power to know how far their excess would extend or toward off the misfortunes which we have done all we could to prevent, and for which we decline, in advance, to be held in any way responsible.

In any case the duty which is at present incumbent on the French people is to labor in perfect harmony of thought and action to prevail upon the people to save the rights and interests of the religious congregations, which we love with all our fatherly heart and whose existence, liberty and prosperity concern the Catholic Church, France, and humanity.

May the Lord vouchsafe to hear our ardent prayers and to grant success to the efforts which we have now for so long made in this noble cause. And as a token of our benevolence and of divine favors we grant you, dear Son, and to the whole episcopate, clergy and people of France the Apostolic Benediction.

Given at Rome, at St. Peter's, on the 23rd day of December, in the year 1900, and in the twenty-third of Our pontificate.

LEO XIII., POPE

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COLONIAL CATHOLICS. The census of 1891 gave the following religious returns with regard to: R. Catholics 1,900,000. C. of Eng 615,000. Methodists 850,000. Presbyterians 755,000. Baptists, etc 600,000.

THE HOUSE—most of the brute creation when suffering from a catarrh of the nose, derives as much benefit as the master in a like condition from the healing, soothing action of Dr. THOMAS' CATARRH OIL. Lameness, swelling of the neck, stiffness of the joints, throat and lungs are relieved by it.

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NOTICE.

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THURSDAY, JANUARY 17, 1901.

DEATH OF HER MAJESTY

As we were preparing our last number for the week's issue the sad news was flashed along the wires of the world, that Queen Victoria had died at Osborne in the Isle of Wight on Tuesday the 22nd inst. at about 7 00 P. M.

Her court was pure; her life serene; God gave her peace; her land rejoiced.

A thousand strains to reverence closed in her as mother, wife and Queen.

The bells toll over hill and vale and busy street. A nation mourns in the death chamber where lies the remains of that gentle sovereign who swayed her royal sceptre for sixty years and more according to her people's kindly will.

FROEBEL.

We were very glad to see in the report of the Normal School opening last week that Father Ryan did not allow Inspector Hughes' eulogy of Froebel to go unchallenged.

expressed the opinion that the world had known something about training children even before the days of Froebel.

While claiming great independence of thought modern educators are really more dependent than medieval or ancient teachers. But they are faddists. As long as there is no flavor of Catholicity, and as far as possible, no deductive taste about it they do not care.

They will serve it up in every form imaginable—object lessons to young children, grammar to older pupils, and contempt for tradition and religion in the highest forms.

But the latest fad is the Kindergarten or garden of children—whose author was Froebel a German philosopher and teacher. There are good points in the system which serves to develop the powers of observation and construction in the young child.

SENATOR McHUGH.

By the appointment of Mr. George McHugh of Victoria County to the Senate, the Government has made a choice that must be agreeable to everybody.

Senator is no more than his due. The appointment is decidedly a popular one and one that comes through energetic and unremitting toil for his party.

We congratulate Senator McHugh upon his newly attained honor and hope that he may enjoy it long; we congratulate too the government upon its excellent appointment.

DISHONEST FARMERS.

From time to time protests reach Canada from the Old Country against the dishonesty shown in the shipment of Canadian goods. Wheat has been mixed; cheese is not the same quality all the way through, and the like.

It keeps them in touch with the church, which of course means the checking of a tendency to fall away through a want of something to keep them in line.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

Some of our Protestant Societies are subscribing funds to enable Mrs. Deloit to prove that she was not a Catholic at the time of her marriage.

The difficulty over the Chinese and Japanese immigration question does not seem to be very serious. The British Columbian Government passed a law excluding these immigrants on the ground, presumably, that the Orientals were taking the place of the Canadians in the factories and mines of the West.

The Boer War is still dragging its weary length along. It will soon be as bad as the struggle in the Philippines. Recruiting is now going on in England to raise 5,000 yeomanry, who must be good riders and marksmen.

We call the attention of our charitably inclined subscribers to a letter from the International Truth Society which appears in this issue. The idea is simply to send Catholic papers to such people as are unable to subscribe for themselves.

Rev. Father Sinnott was the centre of an enthusiastic reception and presentation held at Ridgeway on his return from South Africa last week. Father Sinnott seems to have been almost as popular among the Canadian soldiers as was Father O'Leary.

The usual announcement of the Pope's failing health which is invariably doomed to be contradicted on the following day, has been changed somewhat.

with the Papal arms. The private secretary of one of the members of the Sacred College, while not professing to speak with authority expressed the opinion that the document contained the Pope's political testament.

It seems a rather peculiar thing and one wholly inexplicable to the ignorant lay mind that medical men should so totally disagree in their expert evidence. We have failed to find a single case in which expert medical evidence was unanimous.

THE MADONNA AND CHILD

Lecture Delivered before the Catholic Truth Society, Toronto.

The St. Mary's Branch of the Catholic Truth Society held one of their successful meetings in St. Andrew's Hall Monday evening last.

This Branch holds regular meetings in this hall, to which non-Catholics are especially invited—and a goodly number avail themselves of the opportunity.

Not the least successful was the meeting above referred to. During the evening a musical programme of a high order was presented by the following ladies and gentlemen, Mrs. Farrow; Mrs. A. Farquhar, Miss Foy-Crean, Miss Cecilia Rollett, Messrs. Harris C. Halle, Frank Fulton, Corney Meehan and the Queen City Quartette.

The Rev. lecturer, who was listened to with rapt attention, spoke as follows:

When we reflect upon the majestic resources and consolations of our holy religion, we who enjoy the blessings of Catholicism feel somewhat surprised that it does not convert more of the intelligent Protestants that come under its influence.

which has the currency of a broad and cultured scholarship. "Let us never," pleads Dean Stanley, "impute to our opponents intentions which they themselves disclaim, nor fasten upon them appropos names which they themselves repudiate."

With both our eyes, is easier than to think. We disclaim paying any creature that homage reserved to God alone, and we do not give His mother divine honors by any means.

Let us never, pleads Dean Stanley, "impute to our opponents intentions which they themselves disclaim, nor fasten upon them appropos names which they themselves repudiate."

And surely this devotion of the primitive church is not derogatory to the mediocrity of Christ. This all-embracing principle of Catholic faith, and its little no-

is everywhere felt in Catholic thought. It is the sun of our religious system, the source of all its light and heat. Without Christ our religious world would be in a more gloomy and desolate condition than our natural universe would be if deprived of the sun's light and warmth. Christ is the divine mediator of all the children of Adam, and well did the blessed Virgin herself acknowledge His saving hand, "My soul hath rejoiced in God my Saviour." Christ is our independent and necessary mediator and we freely acknowledge "there is no other name under heaven whereby man may be saved." Mary is but a secondary mediator, by virtue only of the power invested in her by her divine Son, and we only recommend our wants to her, not because we distrust our Lord, but because we know He is pleased to dispense His favors through Mary's intercession, and prayer. Did not God refuse to hear the supplicants except through the mediation of Samuel and Moses, did He not bid the friends of Job to seek pardon for their offenses through the intercession of his friends, should His glory be obscured and not rather exalted by the intercession of His fair mother in our regard? The glories of Mary, are for the sake of Jesus alone. If the elements of the material world, the sun by day and the moon by night, all the beauties of sea and land, proclaim the glories of Him who made them shall not the wonders of God's spiritual world still more rebound to the Creator's wisdom and power? Therefore the more we glorify His Blessed mother, the more we exalt and magnify the God who made her His masterpiece of grace as well as of nature. Why should Protestant churches resound with the praises of Rebecca and Ruth, Esther and Judith, Elizabeth and Magdalen, while the name of Mary is pronounced with bated breath lest her Son should be offended? Yet the leader of the so-called Reformation eulogized and revered the name of Mary, the hour of his death. Luther tells us even after his separation from the Church, that all dignities are embraced in this title (mother of God). No one can speak greater things of her, if he had as many tongues as there are blades of grass, or stars in the firmament or grains of sand in the ocean. And again He intimated that unvarying rule the Catholic Church had taught, since his infancy, "Mary does not wish to be an idol. We should only invoke her, that God, through her intercession, may grant our requests." This is precisely the teaching of the Church at the present day. Mary is not held up to her children as a goddess, but as the fairest of God's creatures, the humble handmaid of the Lord. Many Protestants may be surprised to learn that not a few of their best authorities uphold the beauty and salutary influence of this Catholic devotion. Lecky, the great champion of Rationalism and opponent of Catholicism candidly avows that "the world is governed by ideals; and seldom, if ever, has there been a more salutary ideal than the medieval conception of the Virgin Mary. It was best in Europe clustered round it, and it is the origin of many of the purest elements of our civilization. John Ruskin, of our day, plays great bitterness towards the Church, yet here are his sentiments in regard to Mary: "I am persuaded that the Madonna and Child have been one of the noblest and most vital forces of Catholicism, and has never been productive of aught than true holiness of life and purity of character. There has probably not been an individual cottage throughout the length and breadth of Europe where the imagined presence of the Madonna has not given sanctity to the household duties, and comfort to the sorest trials of women." This devotion had an indefinable charm, for Nathaniel Hawthorne, for the great American novelist was frequently heard to remark, "I have always envied Catholics their faith in that sweet sacred virgin mother, standing between them and the deity; intercepting somewhat of His awful splendor, but permitting His love to stream upon the worshipping more intelligently to human comprehension through the medium of a woman's tenderness." Protestant poets have paid tributes to the Madonna's shrine so lofty in sentiment and unclouded in fervor as to irresistibly claim the most gallant reader.

LETTER TO LADY MARY
 Ave Maria, in the hour of prayer,
 Ave Maria, in the hour of love,
 Ave Maria, oh, what face so fair,
 Those downcast eyes beneath the
 Almond-blossom's shade,
 Or to Shelley,
 "Sweet Benediction in thy eternal
 Vell'd Glory of the hapless un-
 Welld, all thy halls her;
 My heart (bless'd virgin) blossm' was
 My heart,
 With the least blade of thought to
 stilled;
 Woman! where all women glorified,
 On (bless'd) nature's solitary
 Noe,
 The Episcopalian, Kobler, apostro-

phizes her with Catholic fervor:
 "Ave Maria, thou whose name
 All but adoring love can claim,"
 And Kipling has latterly made the
 virgin mother of Christ the Madonna
 of the battlefield by his loving verse:
 O Mary, pierced with sorrow,
 Remember, reach and save
 Who soul that goes to-morrow
 Before the God that gavel
 As each was born of woman,
 For each is utter need,
 True comrade and brave foeman,
 Madonna, intercede!

But some may enter a - plurrer
 that poetry is not logic, and allego-
 rical, far from being based on the au-
 thority of Scripture, Catholic devotion
 to the Madonna seems opposed to
 Christ's attitude in the Holy Gospels.
 Men have not been wanting to assert
 that the Son publicly dishonored His
 mother upon certain occasions, to
 leave us in the lap of His feelings to-
 wards her as an antidote against any
 future devotion His followers might be
 tempted to proffer her. We know that
 words, too caustic, change color
 with their surroundings, and when
 men peer into the Gospels with a pre-
 judicial eye and passion has been sub-
 stituted for equitable investigation,
 we are not surprised that they find
 our Lord "unkind" to His mother. But
 when weighed analogically with those
 innumerable passages of Holy Writ
 where the Son manifests the most ten-
 der mark of affection and reverence
 for her who gave Him birth, those so-
 called objectionable passages neces-
 sarily unfold a different story, and no
 marks of resentment are there dis-
 closed. When, for example, the sor-
 rowing mother had sought the Divine
 Child for three long days, from a con-
 scientious motive of love and duty,
 surely Jesus did not comfort her only
 with coldness and reproof (as some al-
 lege), when she had found Him at
 length in the temple with the doctors.
 In those words, "Did you know I must
 be about My Father's business?" the
 Saviour wished only to teach future
 generations that earthly ties of flesh

THE QUEEN IS DEAD

(Continued from page one.)
 handsome, but very pretty, and the
 singularity of her great position lent
 a sentimental and poetical charm to
 her youthful face and figure. The
 serene, serious sweetness of her ca-
 did brow and clear, soft eyes, gave
 dignity to the girlish countenance,
 while the want of height only added
 to the effect of extreme youth of the
 round, but slender person, and grace-
 fully moulded limbs and arms. The
 Queen's voice was exquisite, nor have
 I ever heard any spoken words more
 musical in their gentle distinctness
 than My Lords and Gentlemen, which
 broke the breathless silence of the il-
 lustrous assembly, whose gaze was
 riveted on that fair flower of royalty.
 The enunciation was as perfect as the
 intonation was melodious, and I think
 it is impossible to hear a more excel-
 lent utterance than that of the
 Queen's English by the English Queen."
 The next important event in the
 Queen's life was the coronation, which
 took place on the 28th of June, 1838.

HER MARRIAGE.
 The Queen had to make the proposal,
 and no doubt, she felt somewhat bash-
 ful about it. The story goes that af-
 ter walking with Prince Albert at one
 of the evening dances at the palace
 she presented him with her bouquet
 in a most marked and significant
 manner. He tried to fasten it in his
 coat, but his tight-fitting foreign
 uniform baffled him for a moment.
 Then taking out a pocket-knife, he cut
 a slit in the breast of his coat on the
 left side, over the heart, where he put
 the flowers.

The Prince was summoned to the
 Queen's room on the morning of the
 15th of October, 1839, and found her
 alone. After a few minutes the Queen
 told him "why she had sent for him."
 The Prince afterwards wrote to his
 grandmother. "The Queen sent for me
 alone to her room a few days ago, and
 declared to me, in a genuine outburst
 of love and affection, that I had gained
 her whole heart, and would make
 her intensely happy if I would make
 her the sacrifice of sharing her life
 with her, for she said she looked on
 me as a sacrifice the only thing that
 troubled her was, that she did not
 think she was worthy of me. The joy-
 ous openness of manner with which
 she told me this quite enchanted me,
 and I was quite carried away by it."
 The Prince answered the Queen by the
 warmest demonstration of kindness
 and affection.

On the day of the betrothal the
 Queen wrote in her journal. How I
 will strive to make him feel, as little
 as possible, the great sacrifices he has
 made! I told him it was a great
 sacrifice on his part, but he would not
 allow it." The Queen adds, "I then
 told him to tell Ernest, who congrat-
 ulated us both and seemed very hap-
 py. He told me how perfect his bro-

ROYAL BAKING POWDER
 ABSOLUTELY PURE
 Makes the food more delicious and wholesome

General News.

ARCHDIOCESE OF TORONTO

SITS, PETER AND PAUL.
 Through an error in last week's
 issue the new Syrian Society of Sts.
 Peter and Paul was attached to the
 Syrian congregation on Spitzer St. The
 members of the society, belong to the
 Maronite rite and attend St. Patrick's
 church largely. The society has now
 twelve members and meets at 167
 York street, when the President Mr.
 M. N. Avond has given the use of a
 hall free of charge. The society
 meets three times a week, when the
 rosary and litany are recited. It is
 the intention of the society to open
 a night school in their hall on next
 Tuesday evening. Lessons in English,
 Catechism, Syriac, Arabic and arti-
 sthetic will be given on two even-
 ings in the week.
 The society also proposes that each
 member should pay fifty cents as an
 admission fee to the society and 75
 cents a month for the purpose of pro-
 viding a fund with which to relieve
 the wants of any members who may
 fall ill and also, to enable them to as-
 sist any Syrian who may need such aid
 on his arrival in Toronto.
 The idea is to teach the Syrians in
 Toronto the English language and to
 prevent their being proselytized by
 attending schools which are more
 than merely Protestant.

ST. PATRICK'S.

Rev. Father Henning, C.S.S.R., who
 was for a long time rector of St.
 Patrick's church, Quebec, is in town.
 The Rev. Father, who is as popular
 as he is well known in St. Patrick's
 Parish, will remain for a few days in
 town. He is here on business connect-
 ed with his church in Quebec.
 Mr. Edward Daly died at St. Mich-
 ael's Hospital and was buried from St.
 Patrick's church on Monday morning,
 N. L. P.
 The death of Mr. Patrick Flynn took
 place at St. Michael's Hospital last
 week. His remains were buried from
 St. Patrick's church. May his soul
 rest in peace.

SEPARATE SCHOOL PROTEST.

An order was issued yesterday by
 His Honor Judge McDougall for an in-
 vestigation into the election of Mich-
 ael Walsh as Separate School Trustee
 for Ward 4. Mr. E. A. Cullerton, of
 266 Simcoe street, who nominated
 Father Dodsworth, makes the appeal
 and alleges several irregularities. He
 says that ballots were refused to more
 people whose names were on the list
 than the number of Mr. Walsh's ma-
 jority. Other allegations made are
 that a number of people voted who
 had no right to do so; that four
 voted after 4 o'clock, and that the re-
 turning officer's clerk was not sworn.
 Mr. Cullerton also says that he saw
 a voter named Foster, of 59 Cameron
 street, came to vote, that the clerk
 signified that his name was on the list,
 and that his vote was about to be re-
 corded by a pencil stroke after
 Walsh's name, when Foster said he
 wished to vote for Father Dods-
 worth, whereon the clerk said Foster's
 name was not on the list. Bribery
 also is one of the charges.

CLINTON.

DEATH OF MRS. JOHN REYNOLDS.

It has been known for some time
 that Mrs. Reynolds has been failing
 and the announcement of her death
 on the 9th, was not a matter of sur-
 prise because it was fully realized that
 at her age recovery was impossible.
 She was probably the oldest person in
 the county, at the time of her demise
 being 101 years of age, having the
 honor of living in three centuries, and
 she retained the use of her faculties
 almost to the last, conversing with
 and recognizing those about her dur-
 ing her illness almost as well as she did
 at any time during her lengthy
 career. She was born in County Sligo,
 Ireland, and married her late husband
 in that country, after emigrating to
 Canada they lived for two years at
 Whistler, then moving to Hullont near
 his sixty years ago, where they settled
 on lot 22, con. 4, which was then well
 derived, on which she has resided ever
 since. All the hardships of pioneer life
 were familiar to her, but they only
 tended to increase her friendships and
 display her hospitality, both of which
 were of the warmest and most affec-
 tionate kind. In social and friendly

gatherings she was the life of the
 party, being of an exceptionally buoy-
 ant nature, and her brightness many
 a time cheered and encouraged those
 who were otherwise despondent. Her
 husband died about 17 years ago
 since which time she has made her
 home with her son, James. She leaves
 in addition a son, Thomas, whose home
 is in Addison, N.Y., and Patrick, who
 resides in Hullont. Mrs. Hogan, of Ad-
 dison, N.Y., her daughter, has been
 here for five weeks. Mrs. Reynolds
 was a devout Roman Catholic. The
 funeral took place on Friday, the 11th,
 Rev. Father McMonaghan, officiating
 May her soul rest in peace.

OSCEOLA.

Married at the Church of St. Plus,
 Osceola, on Monday, 7th inst., Mr. Ed-
 ward G. Healy, to Mary, eldest daugh-
 ter of Mr. James Walsh, both of the
 parish of Osceola. The interesting
 ceremony, which was duly celebrated
 by the Rev. F. M. Devine, was witness-
 ed by a number of intimate friends of
 the bride and groom, a fact which fully
 attests their local popularity. The
 nuptial knot having been properly ad-
 justed, the happy couple left for Ot-
 tawa and other points, where they
 will enjoy their honeymoon.

A CHANCE FOR CHARITY.

Editor Catholic Register:-
 The attention of the International
 Catholic Truth Society has been directed
 to the pressing need of Catholic pa-
 pers and magazines among our co-
 religionists in the Southern and West-
 ern parts of the United States, in the
 Maritime Provinces and in the N. W.
 Territories of Canada.

Recently we have received word from
 priests in sparsely settled sections of
 Canada that there are Catholic
 families there who see the priest but
 once or twice a year, and if such fam-
 ilies, frequently very poor, are to be
 kept in the Church, it must be large-
 ly by means of good Catholic litera-
 ture.

We are assured, by those who are
 competent to speak on the matter,
 that if our plan be heartily co-oper-
 ated with, a knowledge and love of our
 holy religion will be revived in the
 minds of homes. The paper hurriedly
 glanced over and thrown by us into
 the waste basket will be a welcome
 and efficient missionary in many a
 country home.

The following plan to meet the call
 has been adopted:-
 We are obtaining lists of the names
 of Catholics and non-Catholics to whom
 Catholic literature would be welcome,
 from the pastors of southern and
 western parishes, missions and sta-
 tions. If any of your readers who are
 subscribers to Catholic newspapers, or
 magazines, would after they have read
 them, be willing to mail their news-
 papers or magazines regularly to some
 worthy person who would be delighted
 to receive them, let them send a postal
 note to that effect to the International
 Catholic Truth Society, Arbutnot
 Building, Brooklyn, N.Y., and we will
 send them the name and address of
 some one who will greatly appreciate
 the publication they send. We desire
 to have our Canadian friends attend to
 these families in their own land in Can-
 ada, as the Canadian papers would
 doubtless be more welcome than those
 coming from the United States.

Sincerely yours,
 WM. F. MCGINNIS, D.D.
 President I.C.T.S.
 Brooklyn, N.Y., Jan. 9, 1901.

COADJUTOR FOR BISHOP McQUAIDE.

The Syracuse Catholic Sun makes the
 statement that Bishop McQuaide, of
 Rochester, will have a coadjutor-bish-
 op to assist him, in his diocesan work.
 The coadjutor bishop, it is said, will
 be Rev. William McDonald, of Geneva,
 one of the best known and most popu-
 lar young pastors in the Rochester dioc-
 ese. Father McDonald is now on his
 way home from Rome, where he has
 been in company with Bishop Mc-
 Quaide, who made his annual visit to
 the Vatican.

HOWARDS' LIKE HER.

Saverio Budge, writes: "I owe a debt of
 gratitude to Dr. THOMAS' ELECTRIC OIL for
 curing me of a severe cold that troubled me
 nearly all last winter." In order to give a
 correct idea of the feeling, take a dose of
 Dr. THOMAS' ELECTRIC OIL three or four
 times a day, if the cough spells return it necessary.

Pill for Generous Esters.

There are many persons of health appetite and poor
 digestion who, after a hearty meal, are
 subject to much suffering. The food of
 which they have partaken like lead in
 their stomachs. Headache, depression,
 smothering feeling, follow. One so afflicted
 is weak for business or work of any kind.
 In this condition Parmelee's Vegetable Pills
 will bring relief. They will assist the as-
 similation of the aliment, and accord-
 ing to direction will restore healthy diges-

Crottie's Busy Corner
 COR. QUEEN AND NORTHCOTE
 WARM UNDERWEAR
 This is one of the many lines now having a great run at Crottie's great
 Winter Clearing Sale. They're going cheaper than we can tell you
 here. Come to our store and we will surprise you. Our promise
 last week to give
Double Trading Stamps
 Until the end of the month, holds good, and collectors can literally
 reap a harvest by making a purchase here.
M. J. CROTTIE,
 Phone 5515. Cor. Queer and Northcote.

ROGERS 97 YONGE ST. ROGERS
Midwinter Prices on Bedroom Furniture
 OUR Special Midwinter Prices apply to everything on hand in
 Furniture and Upholstery. We mention bedroom Furniture
 especially because we have an unusually attractive stock in this line,
 embracing not only suites of high degree but medium and low priced
 sets and odd pieces, on all of which you can save a goodly percentage
 by placing your orders this month or during February. First-comers
 of course have the largest selection to pick from.

Bedroom Suite, in genuine oak, golden finish, 3 pieces, gold plated mirror, dresser and washstand, regular \$16.75, special \$15.00	Bedroom Suite, in fine curly birch, 3 pieces, with shaped fronts and ends to dresser and washstand, fine Italian plate mirror, regular \$26.00, special \$24.00
Bedroom Suite in nice oak, golden finish, sh. ed. fronts to dresser and washstand, British plate bevelled mirror, regular \$31, special \$26.50	Bedroom Suite, in fine mahogany, 3 pieces, with shaped fronts to dresser and wash- stand, large British plate mirror, regu- lar \$100, special \$70.00
Bedroom Suite, 3 pieces, in golden oak with British plate mirror in dresser, combina- tion washstand, regular \$35.00, special \$30.50	Bedroom Suite, made throughout of fine mahogany, with carved corners on dresser and washstand, large B. plate mirror, like to washstand, regular \$120, special \$100.00

In Metallic Bedsteads we carry a stock which includes the very
 latest designs in brass and enamel from the best
 makers of two continents.

THE Chas. Rogers & Sons Co. LIMITED
 97 YONGE ST.

BANISH that GRIPPE!
 Nothing better to dispel the soreness and
 aching from your bones, resulting from La-
 grippe than our LA GRIPPE TABLETS.
 They'll do it quickly and effectively. They'll
 banish Neuralgia too, in short order. Try
 'em. 25c.

Gold in the Head
 Our "GOLD IN THE HEAD CURE"
 will relieve you in a few hours. An excel-
 lent preparation for breaking up a cold. 25c.
 per box.

CITY HALL DRUG STORE,
 54 QUEEN WEST.

Parliamentary Notice.
 Monday, the eighteenth day of February next, will
 be the last day for receiving petitions for Private
 Bills.
 Monday, the twenty-fifth day of February next,
 will be the last day for introducing Private Bills to
 the House.
 Friday, the eighth day of March next, will be the
 last day for presenting reports of Committees re-
 lative to Private Bills.
 CHARLES CLARKE,
 Clerk Legislative Assembly.
 Toronto, 16th January, 1901.

For Sale.
 A GOOD Medical Practice in a large Catholic com-
 munity. Monthly Practice ranges from \$100 to \$200
 yearly. Address N. Catholic Register Office.

Department of Railways and Canals, Canada
WELLAND CANAL
NOTICE TO CONTRACTORS.
SEALED TENDERS, addressed to the
 undersigned, and endorsed "Tender for
 Wall, Lock 24," will be received at this
 office until 6 o'clock on Wednesday, the
 30th day of January, 1901, for strengthen-
 ing and making watertight about 600 feet of
 the West retaining wall at the head of Lock
 No. 24 on the New Welland Canal and re-
 building parts of the remainder of the wall.
 Plans and specifications of the work can be
 seen on and after this date at the office of the
 Superintendent, Engineer of the Welland
 Canal, St. Catharines, where forms of tender
 can be obtained.
 In the case of firms there must be attached
 to the tender the actual signatures of the
 full name, the nature of the occupation, and
 residence of each member of the firm, and
 further, an accepted bank cheque for the
 sum of \$1,000, must accompany the tender.
 This accepted bank cheque must be endorsed
 over to the Honorable the Minister of Rail-
 ways and Canals, and will be left with a cer-
 tified tendering declaration to enter into con-
 tract for the work at the rates and on the
 terms stated in the offer submitted.
 The accepted cheque thus sent in will be
 returned to the respective parties whose ten-
 ders are not accepted.
 The Department does not bind itself to
 accept the lowest or any tender.
 By order
 J. K. JONES,
 Secretary Dept. Ry. and Canals,
 Ottawa, 18th January, 1901.
 Newspapers inserting this advertisement
 without authority from the Department will
 not be paid for.

TEACHERS WANTED
TEACHER WANTED—for S.S. No. 1 South Al-
 bert, a Roman Catholic holding a Second-
 Class Certificate. One having knowledge of Church
 music preferred. Apply stating salary to Michael
 O'Brien, Castle P.O. Ont.
WANTED—Immediately for S. No. 6, Lyndoch
 a teacher holding a Second-Class Certificate.
 Apply stating salary to John O'Brien, Strathroy P.O.
 Ont.

NIMMO & HARRISON
 Business and Shorthand College,
 1, O. O. F. Bldg., 2 (LEGE) STREET,
 TORONTO.
 Up-to-date Courses:—Bookkeeping,
 Shorthand, Civil Service and
 English Courses.
 Individual Instruction. Enter Now.
 Write, or call for free information.

2nd Grand Tour of Mexico
 On February 26th, 1901, the Wabash
 Railroad Company will run their second
 personally conducted and select party of
 sixty people for a grand thirty-day tour
 to Old Mexico, the Egypt of the New
 World. This will be by far the grandest
 and most comprehensive tour ever run
 by any railroad company in the world.
 This will be a chance of your life to see
 this grand old land of the Montezumas.
 All principal points of interest will be
 visited.
 The train will be the finest ever seen
 in this country, consisting of dining,
 sleeping, observation and baggage cars
 built especially for this trip. The route
 will be over ten different roads, cover-
 ing 7,000 miles of travel.
 Full particulars, with itinerary of this
 wonderful trip, from J. M. RICHARD-
 SON, District Passenger Agent, north-
 east corner King and Yonge Streets,
 Toronto.
BRAIN-BRAWN
Builds Blood and Bone.
TOMLIN'S
"Entire Wheat" Bread
 We're content to do a large business
 in good bread—the best kind of bread
 —"Home-Made," "Vienna," "Brioche"
 "Wheat" and 20 other different kinds.
H. C. TOMLIN,
 120-122 Bathurst St.
 Telephone 1555.

The Home Circle.

THE IDEAL AMERICAN GIRL.

By Laura R. Kilne.

Not a favorite of Fortune, but a child of Poverty, But the scepter that she wields shows the majesty of truth, On her cheeks are seen the blossoms of the Rose of Purity.

All the storms of life soon vanish like the snowflakes in the sun, For her courage soars above them like a wild bird on the moor, All her acts are kind and gentle, and each deed is nobly done.

Little children love her shadow as she passes to and fro, Like the angels sent on missions bearing messages of love, And her heart throbs with emotion such as saints of long ago.

Found when meeting their own Master in the Holy Land above, Found her brow there gleams a halo of the purest lily whiteness, For she fears not to retrance the steps her father trod.

For her life of prayer and penance, she deserves a crown of brightness, For her treasures are in heaven, and her heart is with her God.

A MOTHER'S INFLUENCE.

Many great men in the world's history, have, in their old age, carefully pored over records that they owed everything to the influence of a good mother.

The mere remembrance of such a mother, though dead, has many a time proved to be a man's protection. Not until you lose her, do we realize how closely and powerfully her life has lived about us to shelter and purify it.

It would be strange indeed if some contrite tears should not flow, as he recalls the haste, the ignorance, the wilfulness, with which that love has sometimes had to bear.

CANDLE DECORATION.

Like many other quaint accessories of our forefathers, the candle is again coming into vogue, not only as an article of household necessity, but as a means of beautifying the home.

Of course the candle of modern make, with its rich tints of color, is a far different product than the old tallow dip with its smelting smoke that taxed the eyes of our ancestors.

The decorative candle of to-day is an accurately proportioned stick of pure paraffin that burns with a light as clear and white as the gleam of the evening star.

From the custom of decorating the house with candles has sprung the present-day fad of decorating candles with appropriate designs.

At some of the select functions given in New York City recently, the decorations on the candles were masterpieces of artistic skill, greatly admired and sought after by the guests.

The fact that in nearly every family there is some one, with more or less artistic ability, makes candle decoration a popular pastime, and it is not surprising that candle parties are as popular as birthday parties.

When you rise in the morning, form a resolution to make the day a happy one to a fellow creature.

MAKE ONE HAPPY.

When you rise in the morning, form a resolution to make the day a happy one to a fellow creature. It is easily done, a left-off garment to the man who needs it, a kind word to the sorrowful, an encouraging expression to the striving, trifles in themselves light as air, will do it, at least for the twenty-four hours.

Send one person, only one, happily through the day—that is three hundred and sixty-five in the course of the year; and supposing you live only forty years after you commence that course of medicine, you have made fourteen thousand, six hundred human beings happy.

For others, too easily accomplished for you to say, "I would if I could."

THE NERVOUS MOTHER.

The nervous mother is a hardship to her children, for irritability on her part develops the same attributes in them.

Health is the regular performance of all the vital functions. One vital function is the distribution of the blood in proper proportion to every part.

HEALTH HINTS.

Another is such activity of the skin, lungs, bowels, and kidneys, that all waste matter from food and tissues shall be excreted and expelled.

Exercise of a muscle calls extra blood to it and gives it extra food. Over exercise of a muscle stagnates blood in it and by congestion stops nutrition.

Exercise of a muscle calls extra blood to it and gives it extra food. Over exercise of a muscle stagnates blood in it and by congestion stops nutrition.

SUGGESTIONS FOR WASH DAY.

Flannels should never be rolled up damp, and, consequently, when they are ironed, a damp cloth should be spread over them, and the ironing done over it until the wrinkles if there be any, are pressed out.

Whatever soap is used in laundering clothes should not be too lavishly applied. Good bar soap that has been well dried is most satisfactory.

Where the ducks and geese declared it hard That their noses should be shaken and their rest be marred By the visit of Mister Fox, O.

CHILDREN'S CORNER.

MISTER FOX.

A fox went out in a hungry plight, And he begged of the moon to give him light, For he'd many miles to trot that night Before he could reach his den, O.

He took the gray goose by the sleeve, Says he, "Madam goose, and by your leave, I'll take you away without reprove, And carry you home to my den, O."

He seized the black duck by the neck And swung her all across his back. The black duck cried out, "Quack! quack! quack!" With her legs hanging dangling down, O.

DEAN AND BEAST FEAR THEM.

The most remarkable insect of South Africa is the driver ant, the ammonia arcons of the scientist. This ant resembles the ordinary ants except in size. It is much larger, varying from a quarter to three-quarters of an inch in length.

On the approach of an army of driver ants towards a village the inhabitants immediately vacate, taking to the woods or, if a lake or stream is near, going out in canoes, knowing that it is useless to try and fight the ants.

At last the fox got home to his den— To his dear little foxes, eight, nine, ten; Says he, "You're in luck, here's a good fat duck, With her legs hanging dangling down, O."

Then John he went up to the hill, O And he blew a blast both loud and shrill. Says the fox, "This is very pretty music—still I'd rather be at my den, O."

He then sat down with his hungry wife, They did very well without fork or knife; They never ate a better goose in all their life, And the little ones picked the bones, O.

Islands are formed in several ways, says Dr. Charles C. Abbott in the January St. Nicholas, and if large are generally looked upon as fairly permanent features of the earth.

On the approach of an army of driver ants towards a village the inhabitants immediately vacate, taking to the woods or, if a lake or stream is near, going out in canoes, knowing that it is useless to try and fight the ants.

Engaged couples should not make themselves conspicuous by an exclusive devotion to each other. The attitudes of some young women make the skirt seem superfluous.

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School of Practical Science Toronto.

This school is equipped and supported entirely by the Province of Ontario, and gives instruction in the following departments: 1—Civil Engineering, 2—Mining Engineering, 3—Mechanical and Electrical Engineering, 4—Architecture, 5—Analytical and Applied Chemistry.

Special attention is directed to the facilities possessed by the school for giving instruction in Mining Engineering, Practical Instruction is given in Drawing and Surveying, and in the following Laboratories: 1—Chemical, 2—Analytical, 3—Mining, 4—Steam, 5—Metallurgical, 6—Electrical, 7—Testing.

The school has good collections of Minerals, Rocks and Fossils. Special Students will be received, as well as those taking regular courses. For full information see L. B. STEWART, Secy.

Two years ago, for in 1812, when O'Connell was nearly 1,000 a year, he was still quite a young man.

CATHOLIC SAILORS.

Albert G. Ayers, who has had charge of a sailors' mission in Montreal for several years, will be superintendent of the Sailors' Catholic Club, which opened last week in the Charlestown district of Boston.

The new building is almost opposite the entrance to the Dominion Line docks, and within a few minutes' walk of the other big docks and navy yard. On the first floor is a large room, in which entertainments and concerts will be given.

The reading room is also on the first floor. On the second floor there are game rooms. Reading matter will also be distributed free among the sailors who visit the mission.

On the upper floor are the rooms for use by the superintendent, Mr. Ayers was for many years a sailor, and is therefore well acquainted with the needs of seafaring men.

RELIGIOUS ORDERS.

Cardinal Alais-Marelli and Macchi have issued in the name of the Pope an "Apostolic Constitution" to the Roman Catholic Episcopate on the subject of the religious orders which take simple vows.

The "constitution" does not touch orders like the Jesuits, Benedictines, or Dominicans, which are bound by solemn and perpetual vows, but merely the orders founded for charitable and pious works (with out, an year alm orders are placed strictly under the control of the bishop in whose diocese they are situated, and bishops are ordered to oppose the foundation of any new order.

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Advertisement for BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES, featuring a circular logo and text describing the medicine's benefits for coughs and sore throats.

A GREAT FUTURE FOR THE BOY.

Fifty years hence, the great men of the world will be numbered by fifty thousands; therefore, it is safe to predict that the young man of to-day has just as much chance of gaining success in the future as had the man who lived fifty years ago.

DANIEL O'CONNELL'S FEE BOOK.

The trustees of the National Library of Ireland have just purchased the fee book of Daniel O'Connell. This little volume, in its hundred or so of pages of parallel columns, laboriously prepared by the Liberator himself, shows in pounds, shillings and pence his early struggles.

THE ROCKS OF MOUNT CALVARY.

It is related that an unbeliever once visited the sacred places of Palestine and was shown the rocks of Calvary. Examining them critically, he turned in amazement to his fellow-travellers and remarked:

OWEN ROE O'NEIL

OR THE BLOW OF THE HAND

M. A. Munnig.

The Scottish troops quartered in Ireland became saturated with the Parliamentary doctrines, and by-and-by they stood out under General Monroe for the Puritans. These were then the men Owen had to count with.

With every difficulty and trouble of the Stuart King, the Scottish soldiers grew more and more daring. Their excursions into Tyrone, Armagh, and Tyrone were blood-lustful, massacres, burnings and wastings. A dull, heavy pall of smoke marked their march. Smoke from the burning cabins and fired heather, smoke from the golden corn of the autumn fields and the rooftrees of the kearn. Whiffs of despair went up with every day's march. They were a cry to the good God for vengeance. Owen heard the cry. It found an echo in his heart. Like Joan of Arc, he heard the spirit voices, he heard voices in every breath of air and in every whisper of the winds that came down from his native mountains.

He had attended the Kilkenny Convention. It was the Parliament of the people. Like a true soldier, he took his orders. The cause of Ireland was what he went there to receive instructions instead of going to dictate terms, like a Cromwell or Napoleon. The Catholic gentry of the Pale, half blind at finding their power and prestige overestimated, the Ormonde faction finding they could rule and govern as no nobles of the people ever ruled before, gave Owen Roe a general appointment to the command of the Ulster army. Then they, the Supreme Council—save the mark—went on their own sweet way. Officials, officials, officials, nobles of Ormonde and all the others, went about the country "organising"—in gilded chariots and accompanied by suites of servants. These officials of the people's Parliament went about, gathering in money, making promises, fooling the people in place of distributing arms and preaching "fight, fight, fight," they brought companies of play actors with them to dispel the orator's tedium, paraded in silk, and swayed the unwieldy persons paying compliment to Ireland for taking an interest in her affairs.

Owen's soul sickened at all this festivity and play-acting, and he saw with the clear, honest impulse of the true soldier that such practices would end in dry rot and ruin. So back he went to his army in the North, and the daily drilling and the grinding routine. In all this wretched business of the Supreme Council of Kilkenny, with its years of blood, lust, and treason, there is not a man who stands out towering above and shoulders above the Ormondes, Muskerrys, and Mount Garretts. It was the Papal Nuncio, Cardinal Ruane.

The city was on foot the day this swarthy Italian priest arrived. Gracious he was a sweet smile and blessing for all. He was there that in the square lay and deep set eyes which made the men think that the velvet-voiced foreigner could strike with a hand of iron when the time and the hour was at hand.

This Ruane saw clearly and, at once that it was no national and this convention of Ormonde's hangers-on were making. Ormonde the Lord, Lieutenant in Dublin Castle and his under-trappers, and creatures in Kilkenny dividing away time, missing golden opportunities, playing a waiting game, the stakes, disaster and shame.

Owen Roe was eating his heart out in the North through all this pitiful mockery. He had taken the oath of allegiance to the General Assembly Supreme Council, the halting, doubtful congregation of Catholic Pale-men, corrupt proctors, and timid nobles. So he held that his first duty was to his superior's authority. Owen was over the soldier obedient to a fault. The discipline, the readiness to obey he insisted on in others he himself showed by example.

He was growing weary of the factions of Kilkenny and their faction. Moreover, he had to bear bitter losses in unequal fights with the Scottish Puritan troops, the army sent in to Ireland by the Parliament of England.

O'Callan, the trusty friend who came to Ireland as his precursor, was killed along with hundreds of gallant pikemen in the bloody fight. Near Carrigrohane, where Owen had fixed his headquarters, he himself was assailed by Monroe again and again, and at Clones he met dire defeat through the impetuosity of his lieutenants. But by-and-by he paid them back with compound interest, these Scottish Puritans, near Portlister. He

shattered Lord Moor's army and gave breathing time to the "rebels." Then, at the moment of victory, Ormonde, Ireland's evil genius, concluded a treaty of peace with the Supreme Council.

Owen was ordered to retire to the North, and—there was peace. Thus a great victory bore barren fruit.

The patriots of Kilkenny, who had exalted Preston, Owen's old rival in Flanders, in order to gravely wound the pride of the Northern Lion were now forced to humbly beseech him to bar the way of Monroe's march on the City of the Confederation, the news of which nearly carried them off in apoplexy.

Satiated with burning and plundering, the Scottish commander now dared to strike at the capital of the new Ireland. In their bewilderment and panic the Supreme Council turned to Owen for help. Their very existence depended on a check to the arms of this hardy old Monroe. Owen heard and heeded their prayer, and, receiving the blessing of the Nuncio, he summoned the clans of Ulster and Connaught and prepared to deal the Blow of the Red Hand.

VIII.—BENBURB.

Then gather ye, Irishmen all,
From Wexford to wild Donegal,
Who have hearts hot and true,
And have hands skilled to do,
At your suffering motherland's call,
We'll meet them in battle array,
And sleep our last sleep in the clay;
Or, with one charging cheer
That the wide earth shall hear,
We'll sweep them from Ireland away!

On a bright summer's morning long lines of men, marched abreast, with regular foot-falls and silent ranks, set out from Cavan, their faces turned northwards. A low bore the scars of old-time wars. The most of them were untrained to actual warfare, but they were heart-whole in Owen's service and longed for one stand-up fight with the hated stranger. They were moved by a common impulse. There was no paid battle mission; they were moving to their deaths, maybe, but they knew their duty, and cared not.

The summer sun, bright and warm, glistened on the steel pikes, the barrels of the muskets, and the trappings of the horses. No cannon were dragged along with tedious delay, the rapid march could brook no change. Owen Roe rode a strong charger, and listened with greedy ear to the reports of his spies. He knew every movement of the enemy.

So rapid were his movements that the enemy knew nothing of his. He was aware that General Robert Monroe was marching with his army from Carrickfergus on Armagh and Glenties, there to meet his brother's division of 500 horse, and then to push on to Clones to form a junction with Stewart's army from Derry. A splendid plan. Once let this junction be effected and farwell to any opposition from the tinkering Kilkenny Supreme Council. Said Owen to his captains—"I will hear these plans; I will prevent this junction of forces; I will attack them in detail." Exactly what Napoleon did many a time and oft; but it takes an Owen Roe or a Napoleon to do these things. A dreamer can plan but a general it is who acts and accomplishes.

Monroe started full of fair hopes. He was resting at Drogheda, in Co. Down, just twenty miles march from Armagh, when the intelligence was brought to him that the Lion of Ulster morning dawned his foot-sore infantry and his park of artillery passed through the streets of Armagh. No grass would grow under his foot. He would meet this O'Neil and crush him.

There on the slopes of Benburb the Irish army lay. In the early morning the clauson knelt upon the green grass, an old priest said Mass—a rock for an altar, the flag sky above for a cathedral dome, and the voices of birds the only music.

From a gentle mound Owen Roe surveyed the road to Armagh, but no sign, no moving cloud of dust from marching feet, no glint of arms. Then he summoned Owen O'Dogherty and O'Neil to him, and he said—"In an hour Monroe will be marching along that road; he will move along the river's bank to find a ford. A part was barring his way.

away as the crow flies, I will fall back to this spot, and I will crush him here."

Owen's eyes flashed as his hearers saw them flash in the breach at Armagh. "You will take the cavalry, all but one troop, and advance along the Dungannon road. You will meet George Monroe, with his Coleraine contingent, he must not come to his brother's aid to-day. Push on rapidly, but cautiously. It will not suffice to hold him in check; you must scatter his forces. We must not be attacked in the rear by this reinforcement, nor can we spare you altogether, for we may not win Benburb until you return. Therefore, speed you, gentlemen, and remember that the fate of Ireland depends on your quick going and sure retreating."

The bugles sounded, sharp orders were heard, and in a few minutes the two captains were at the head of a compact line of cavalry that swept along the road to Dungannon.

"They are coming at last," said Owen, as the dust now hung in clouds above the Armagh road, "they are coming, and God grant we give them a bloody welcome! To you, Colonel O'Farrell, will be the task of holding the pass through which these Scots and English must march on their way to Benburb—you will draw them on. Remember we fight against time; we must attack with the sun at our back."

The Irish infantry, for the first stage of the battle, fell into place, and at the word of command marched slowly and cautiously along to the Blackwater stream.

IX.—THE BLOW OF THE RED HAND.

Through the dust and the mist of the golden west,
New hosts draw nigh,—is it friend or foe?
They come! They are ours! Like a cloud their vanguard looms!
No help from thy brother this day,
Monroe!

They form; there stand they one moment still—
Now, now they charge under banner and sign;
They breast unbroken, the slope of the hill,
It breaks before them, the invader's line!
Their horse and their foot are crushed together
Like harbor-locked ships in the winter weather,
Each dashed upon each, the churn'd waves straying
With wreck upon wreck, and ruin on ruin,
The spin of their battle give way with a yell,
Down drop their standards that cry was their knell!
Some on the bank, and some in the river,
Struggling they lie that shall rally never.

Along the banks of the Blackwater marched the English army and the strong division of the Irish forces, the river, a wide sweep of swirling eddies, keeping them apart. The slopes to the water's edge were long inclines of the washed earth, soft and slimy, tall rushes in places, growing thick, and rustling in the light wind. No musketry fire would be effective at the distance that lay between the two armies, so on and on they marched.

Owen had his plans fixed in his mind, he was inspired with a confidence that became contagious. On the other hand, Monroe believed that his enemy was simply making a supreme effort, to prevent his crossing the river, and if it failed, to fall back upon Carrigrohane, the great square shelter of masonry that unto this day looks down upon the broken waters of the river, a grim sentinel over the broad valley that is dotted with the battle fields of long ago. This the Scottish commander determined to frustrate.

So on they marched. Near Caledon the river was forded, and Owen began his series of masterful feints and stubborn stands, falling back inch by inch, killing the best, leading them on and on till he reached the hill that stands at the junction of the Oona Stream with the Blackwater, just two miles from the village of Benburb. There he took up his position.

Bravely Colonel O'Farrell held the pass. Obeying his instructions to the letter, he, after delaying the enemy's advance, fell back in good order, covering his retreat with musketry fire. Many a saddle he emptied that day; Monroe's cavalry he decimated.

Without a particle of confusion, quickly and decisively the Irish General made his final dispositions. The main portion of his army rested upon the hill, a deep bog was on the right, and the left was protected by the Oona and Blackwater. It was now the early afternoon, and the sun was blazing above, and men hoisted and armed were well nigh exhausted. But the English and the Scots had marched longer, and the nature of the advance made the day's work seem heavier on them.

Then for hours Owen fought the battle of Benburb. No heavy onslaught, but a number of harassing attacks delivered unexpectedly on the English flank, forcing Monroe in to the bit of triangular ground between the two rivers. The formation of the English army was thus broken.

Then there came to him, where he stood unmoved by battle passion, or doubt, or fear, the turbulent Sir Phelim and many another whose volleys were hoarse, and whose hands were swollen in their blood-stained sword hilts, crying, "Give us the word, man, for we have them in our grasp!"

And Owen answered back; "The time has not come."
His eyes are now strained northwards—Dungannon lies beyond. His O'Farrells meet the brother of this Monroe with his Coleraine reinforcements. Did he go down in the battle blood? He was wont to be brave and quick to perform. If he be victor, why does he tarry?

What is that? Over there you can see it moving towards the trees clumped by the side of Dungannon. "The horsemen from Coleraine," said Monroe, but Owen knew it was not. It was his own O'Farrells. Nearer and nearer they come.

Then both armies held their breath. The dust and swords, horses and men, swung around to the Irish flank. Then a cry, such as Monroe never heard in all his life, nor the Scots either, nor the English Puritans, went up on the evening air.

Owen knew the hour had come. In front of his foremost line he spurred his horse, and his voice rang along the line—"Gentlemen, your word is Sancta Maria. Advance in the name of the Father, Son and Holy Ghost, and charge for the Old Land!"

And from the ranks of the McGuires and O'Reillys, of Cavan; and the McDermotts and O'Kellys, of Connaught; from the throats of the O'Neills and the O'Donnells, and all the others went up an answering roar—"Strike in the name of God!"

Like panthers the Irish hurled themselves on Benburb and Scot. Oh! they went down before that wild rush ere then at the Yellow Ford.

Lord Blaney, who commanded Monroe's artillery, bravely faced the onset. His thigh was pierced by a musket ball, but he still mounted his charger and cursed the "rebels," and dared them to come on. Down he went, his breast torn open by a pistol ball, his face as stern in death as it was in life.

Strike in the name of God!
Do you hear, you O'Reillys, from Cavan, you who returned home one chill winter's morning to find your wife lying stark and still in the barn, and your little ones pierced through the breast.
Strike in God's name!

Do you hear, you poor Creacht, who followed Owen's armies for four long years, driving your herds of cattle before you, asking nothing from any man's bounty, only doing what you believed to be right. Homeless, half-starved at times, trusting and valiant withal, with a valor that creates things, you waited and watched for this hour. Therefore strike, and cut and slay in God's name.

And you, O'Kellys, from Connaught, with the McDermotts, O'Connors and O'Rourkes, hear you the cry, Sancta Maria! swing the heavy sword, thrust with pike until your hands are swollen and the breath of your lungs chokes in the throat. Remember, if you have hearts of men, your blackened rooftrees, your desolate hearths, your wasted harvest fields! Remember, your religion proscribed, your "mass-priests" hunted like ground game and vermin, your homes despoiled, your women dishonored! Think, think of this, and in God's name, strike home! Let every push of pike be a heart-thrust.

And you, you men of Tyrone, and you, sons of the martyrs of Island Magee, think on the faces of the sea-washed dead that were heached by two generous men, more kind than the savage soldiers who fell upon your fathers whilst sleeping, and slew them just as the Campbell's did the MacDonalds in the Pass of Glencoe in the years that were then unborn.

Hear you the cry. Strike in the name of God! you sons of brave old Ulster, whose fathers were staked and shot like the wild deer by the colonists of Merrie England.

Monroe's horsemen floundered in the Oona Stream, in half-dried rivulet. Then the pike head found a narrow passage through armour chinks, or the little axe was swung and the brains oozed out, through the clefts in stout steel helmets. They sank beneath the waters of the narrow stream that, angling way to the Blackwater and out into the reaches of Lough Neagh, and the waters washed their dead faces and left them bloodless and unattained. And from the eddies their dead eyes stared out meaningless and awful.

Face downward on the banks many fell, their souls tightened into the clay in a death-grip. Some stood, pierced by the cruel steel, erect and swaying in agonized effort to free

their wounds and deal back death. But the final message had come to them, and they tottered and fell. A moment and they knew the unwritten secret of life and death.

Above the clamor and din of steel rolled battle blasphemies and shrieks for mercy and calls upon the good God that died upon the lips, and awful, guttural, meaningless shouts that are spoken when a last of blood tears the heart.

There is no more, no pity. It is a great revenge.

Tall and stony these Scots-men of a hardy race. They fight bravely. But in the blood of Connaught and Ulster rages the fever of hate—the hate of men who remember. Every blow wipes out a debt. On, on in the crush, battle blade and musket ball expelling life, on and on through risk and fle. Trample on the fallen to reach the next foe man, walk on their dead faces with their death-foam on their lips. It is your chance this blessed summer evening. Take it, you Ulster men—drink your cup of revenge and dash the lees in the faces of the fallen.

Oh! the will about. Hurrah for the Bloody Hand! Hurrah and hurrah again! In front the officers who had led many a gallant charge in Flanders, gripping their swords, with hands swollen from smiting, the ring of their blows sweet music—a taste late.

What can withstand their terrible onset? Down, crushed, overwhelmed the English-Scots turn and fly. Fly in every direction away from sure destruction—panic-stricken, terrified. Monroe himself dashes away, casting his sword aside in his abandonment of despair.

After them, sons of the men who held the passes of the Carlow mountains or reddened the sluggish waters of the Yellow Ford! Follow them up! The God of battles smiles to-day—he may frown to-morrow. Slay until the right arm hangs stiff and useless; slay until the long chapter at least in your history is written in the blood of the Scotsmen.

No mercy, no mercy—let no prayer for pity turn your steel aside. What mercy did they show to you or yours? Let the wasted corn and the charred walls of your cabins answer back. And the flying men fell with the death rattle in their throats. Many a mother away in the valleys of Scotland will mourn, and many an eye will dim when the news travels to some cot on a heather hill—but it is no matter. These children of the Scottish valleys showed no pity—no mercy. In bog lands, by the roadside, on the hill slopes they fell, slain by the pike and the pistol, the spear and the sword. And O'Neil's men passed over their corpses to fill afresh.

Night. Tired, famished, the Irish returned to Benburb and laid themselves down. The camp followers of the routed Monroe came and looked upon the dead by the light of the summer moon. Some wives, sweethearts also, came and sobbed and bemoaned and gathered the bodies and bore them away.

And Owen Roe had the dead counted and the spoils gathered, and he reckoned 3,218 corpses and many prisoners, and 20 standards and 1,500 draught horses and vast quantities of provisions and stores, and many captains of rank were found among the captives.

And the brother of Robert Monroe and the stewards fell back dismayed and made signs.
The tilting of this day of "letory" spread over the land, and the faces of the Dublin garrison grew pale, and the heart of Ireland was gladdened. Then Owen uprose and said—"We will hit after Monroe to Carrickfergus; we will complete the good work; we will hold Ulster against the devil-doms of England; we have fought the good fight. We have kept the Faith—let us reap the harvest!"

Fires were lighted on the sides of the dark Comeragh mountains, and the side of the Munster Blackwater gave back the glare. Fires leeked the black night on the slopes of the Galtees, and on the sides of Mangerton and the Blackstairs. And the Irish came forth fearlessly in the wild and desolate west, and rejoiced aloud and gave God thanks.

CHAPTER X. A LONG FAREWELL.

"Let all the ends thou aim'st at, be thy country's, thy God's, and truth's."

The glorious victory was robbed of its fruits. Owen was summoned to Kilkenny. Delays, delays, always delays. Then he and Preston laid elegantly to Dublin. Owen found Preston dealing with Ormonde and should have played the traitor. The city was handed over to the Puritans by the noble Ormonde and Owen marched north. Again he marches south, only to meet scheming, and plotting. He is ultimately denounced, with Ruane, as a traitor, and moves into the west. To Galway the Nuncio flies, tired and weary of the struggle. Ere he leaves

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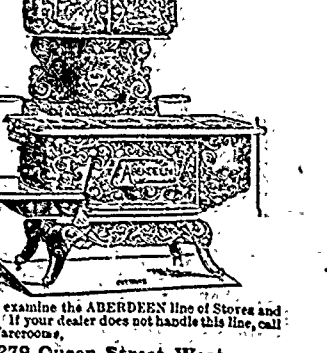
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Always on Hand.—Mr. Thomas H. Porter, Lower Ireland, P.Q., writes: "My son, 18 months old, had croup so bad that nothing gave him relief until a neighbor brought me some of Dr. THOMAS'S ELECTRIC OIL, which I gave him, and in six hours he was cured. It is the best medicine I ever used, and I would not be without a bottle of it in my house."

Indeed, he must see this Owen Roe again; so he coats out.

Owen was poring over a map, the same as was sent him from Ireland, which by every chance he lost in Flanders—once it took years to compile.

(To be Continued)

Hon. Sir Frank Smith Dead.

THE AGED SENATOR PASSES AWAY AFTER A LONG ILLNESS.

HE WAS INDEED NATURE'S NOBLEMAN.

SKETCH OF HIS CAREER THE FUNERAL.

The Honorable Sir Frank Smith, Senator, died at his residence, 102 Bloor street east at 11.55 on Thursday morning last. For two years and more the aged statesman had been suffering from rheumatism and gout. The result was that his naturally strong constitution was undermined, and for the past two months he had been in a state of feebleness that could have but one end. There followed a general collapse, and it became apparent three weeks ago that death was but a matter of days. On Monday Father Brennan and Dr. Burritt spent the night at the bedside of Toronto's Grand Old Man, and awaited the momentarily expected dissolution. He rallied, however, and, although very weak, remained conscious until Thursday morning, when the final end came. He went forth with all the spiritual consolations of the Church, and met his God with joy. The end was a comparatively easy one, for he may be said to have glided into it, to have slept his life away. His spiritual advisor Father Brennan, and his physician Dr. Burritt, were present at the final moment. Around his bedside were gathered his family—his son Austin, his two daughters, Mrs. John Foy, and Mrs. Bruce Macdonald, and Mr. Foy and Mr. Macdonald. Sir Frank had long wished for death, and when it finally came he stood ready to meet it, and he went forth fearlessly and hopefully, nay, even joyfully. Since June, 1899, the aged Senator had been confined to his bed, and his end was welcome. Peacefully he passed away amid the tears of his loved ones, to know pain and sorrow no more.

Sir Frank Smith was indeed Nature's nobleman. A grand old man indeed, loved by all who knew him, admired for his sterling qualities of mind and soul, honored by all from his Queen to the newsboy on the corner; respected by the whole of Canada for his probity and strength of character—he was indeed one of Nature's masterpieces. Anything he undertook succeeded, for he threw his whole heart and soul into it. He knew no failure; his nature would not admit of such an eventuality. Of a quiet and retiring disposition, yet was he easily approached, genial, and always pleasant. Anything he turned his hand to felt his strength of purpose and succeeded. With his eyes always fixed upon the goal, he never turned back; his whole energy was exerted towards attaining the object of his venture, and when that was brought about, and then only, was there any relaxation, any withdrawal of that concentrated attention and intense application that was the keynote of his life and of his success. He was, perhaps, actively concerned in more business ventures than any other single man in Canada, and the solidly established, firmly founded, enterprises that he left after him, will be a monument to his ability and energy that will fair to outlast any granite that may be raised to his memory. As it was in business, so too it was in everything else that he undertook. In politics his sterling qualities were recognized by his party. A life-long Conservative, his advice was always eagerly sought after by the leaders of his party, and it was only his retiring disposition that held him back from taking his place at the head of the Conservative party in Canada.

In his private capacity, as a citizen, Sir Frank Smith needs no panegyric. His charities were many and far-reaching, but they were done in accordance with the scriptural injunction, and truly may it be said of him that his right hand knew not what his left was doing. No worthy charity was ever allowed to go away empty handed from Sir Frank Smith, no one applied to him in vain for assistance, whether monetary or otherwise. Ever ready to lend a hand to deserving cases, he found no lack of opportunity in indulging himself in what he most appreciated and enjoyed—the doing of good, quietly and without ostentation. He dreaded publicity in the good that he did, and cared if at all, for his anxiety to keep his light under the bushel. No graven tablets proclaim to the world that Sir Frank Smith spent his wealth in ostentatious charity, no score had in the daily journals announce donations to educational institutions. Yet these donations were made, but not proclaimed, those charities given but not announced. Keen on the alert to relieve pain and suffering, many an aching heart obtained relief, many a poor mother, many a sorrowing wife, many a grieving husband, many a family in want, comforted up the solid the giving of

prayer that blessings might descend upon the head of their benefactor and helper. Thus did he build up for himself, in this great city, tablets of everlasting endurance in the hearts of the deserving poor; thus did he erect for himself a mansion in the abode of the blessed doors of good, where neither moth nor rust can destroy, or thief break in and steal. The announcement of his death brought tears to many an eye in Toronto. Everywhere are heard stories of charity that have been hidden away within the secret hearts of poor people who have felt the kindness of the great man that is gone. Nowhere can one hear of a single act of injustice, of a single neglected opportunity to do good. He has gone forth with the blessings of hundreds upon him; with the prayers of thousands following him to the throne of God.

By the death of Sir Frank Smith, Toronto has lost one of her most distinguished citizens, Canada one of her ablest and brightest minds, and the world one of Nature's noblemen. He is gone, but he has built up for himself by his energy, his talent, his strength of purpose, and his natural capacity for doing good, a monument that must ever be a source of pride to his descendants, the pleasure of his countrymen, and Canada's contribution to a man of whom she may well feel proud.

Sir Frank Smith has a place in Canadian history carved out by his own untiring energy, and to himself alone can be attributed the distinguished place he holds in the history of this country. Always an Irishman and a Catholic, Sir Frank Smith never lost sight of his country and his Church. A warm spot in his heart was always glowing for his oppressed native land and countrymen, and he always stood ready to assist them, to further their interests, and to do all that was in him to do honor to the land that gave him birth. He took a keen interest in the Parliamentary struggle that has been going on in the Old Land, and his interest meant more than a mere passing partisan.

SIR FRANK'S CAREER.

Hon. Sir Frank Smith, Senator, was born at Richhill, Armagh, Ireland, on March 18, 1822. His mother died while he was but a child, and when he was ten years of age his father came to Canada and took up a small farm on the Lake Shore road near Port Credit. The family then consisted of the father, Margaret Smith, the oldest of the children, Joseph, and Frank Smith, the two brothers. For several years the family worked the small farm, and during the winter season Frank received a scant rudimentary education at a neighboring private school, conducted by an ill-tempered and unqualified master.

A FAMILY TRAGEDY.

Two or three years passed, and then a series of great misfortunes befel the little family. In 1835 Colonel Talbot, who in 1802 had obtained a grant of 5,000 acres of land in Elgin County, was offering exceptional inducements to settlers to take up farms upon his estate. It was Colonel Talbot's custom to make annual visits to York, and thus the inducements came to the knowledge of Sir Frank Smith's father, who resolved to take advantage of them. Accordingly the family wealth was entrusted to the care of Joseph Smith, and he was commissioned to go to Malahide and make the purchase of a suitable farm. Joseph Smith was never heard of again, but in the following spring his body was found in Burlington Bay at Hamilton. He had been murdered and robbed, but the perpetrators of the crime were never discovered, nor were any facts of the murder ever brought to light. Years afterwards Sir Frank Smith was informed by a stranger from California that a criminal, who had paid the extreme penalty of the law there, had, before his execution, confessed to the murder of one Joseph Smith at Hamilton, in Canada.

HIS START IN LIFE.

This dreadful affair caused the death of the father, and Margaret and Frank were left orphans. The death of the father and mother, and the loss of the small resources which the family had possessed, compelled Frank Smith to earn his own livelihood and provide for his sister Margaret. He secured a home for his sister with a neighboring family of farmers, and in 1836 engaged himself in the employ of Mr. Francis Logan of Dixie. Mr. Logan was a millowner and general trader, who carried on an extensive business in York, Poplar Hill, Wentworth and Lincoln Counties. In his time he was one of the most progressive and successful merchants in Ontario. The system of business which Sir Frank Smith was afterwards engaged in was modelled after Mr. Logan's enterprise.

Dixie is in Peo. Cently about this town miles north west of this city. Frank Smith engaged with Mr. Logan when he was fourteen years of age, and began his duty as a teamster at the handsome salary of \$7 a month. For the first winter he teamed wood for the mill at Dixie, tending the horses in his

charge, and competing in his labors against men who were many years his senior. The result of one wood hauling contest was so pleasing to Mr. Logan that he promoted young Frank Smith, and gave him a clerkship in his general store at Dixie.

SIR FRANK'S CHIMNEY.

Some year ago there was at Dixie a tall brick chimney which the Senator helped to build. It was necessary to build a new chimney for the mill, and Mr. Logan secured the services of a mason to do the work. But when the mason arrived, and all the material was upon the ground, no help could be obtained, as the men were engaged in farm work. The mason declared that if he could find nobody he would return without building the chimney. Frank Smith undertook to help, but failing in this, he shouldered the load himself and carried every brick of which the chimney was constructed. Numerous such instances of faithful adherence to his employer and self-sacrifice in his interests recommended Frank Smith to Mr. Logan, and marked him for special favors.

From a clerkship Frank Smith was promoted to take charge of the general store at Dixie, and finally took supervision of Mr. Logan's interests in that vicinity. He was frequently commissioned upon affairs of business to Hamilton and Wolland and other places, and became Mr. Logan's most valued assistant, and he gradually worked his way to the head of the firm by which

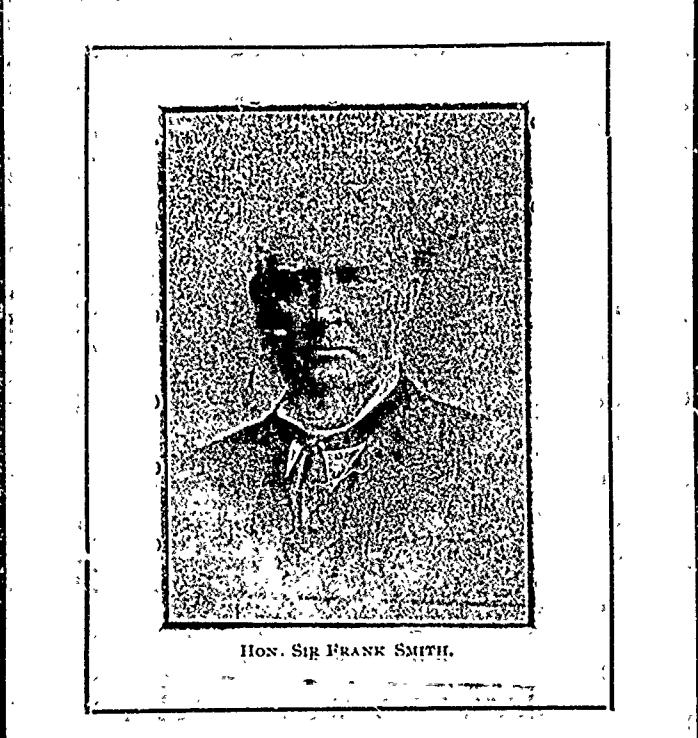
captain of militia. In 1858 he was a delegate from the London Board of Trade to the Detroit Trade Convention. He served the City of London as Alderman, and in 1860 became its Mayor. He was a prominent member of the Roman Catholic Church, and was one of the originators of the Ontario Catholic League, which was formed in 1871. In the same year he was summoned to the Senate of Canada by Lord Lisgar. In July, 1882, he was sworn in as a member of the Privy Council, and was a member of the Conservative Cabinets led successively by Sir John Macdonald, Sir John Abbott, Sir John Thompson, Sir Mackenzie Bowell, and Sir Charles Tupper. In August, 1891, Sir Hector Langevin retired from the position of Minister of Public Works, and the deceased succeeded him in the portfolio, which he retained until January, 1892. On May 21, 1895 he received the honor of Knighthood.

DECLINED THE PREMIERSHIP.

On the tragic death of Sir John Thompson in 1894, Sir Frank was sent for, as the senior member of the Privy Council of Canada, and asked by Lord Aberdeen to form a Government. Sir Frank, however, declined the honor, and a Ministry was formed by Sir Mackenzie Bowell.

A BUSINESS MAN ALWAYS.

Sir Frank's work in Parliament was characterized by his devotion to the interests of the business community. In connection with this it is interesting to recall that his first remarks on the



HON. SIR FRANK SMITH.

he was employed, and this included eleven branch stores.

IN BUSINESS IN LONDON.

In 1840 the deceased went to London, Ontario, where he entered into business as a retail grocer under the name of Frank Smith & Co. He continued in this till 1857, and for a few years had associated with him Mr. Thomas Wilson. In 1857 the firm removed to Toronto, where the business was conducted under the firm name, although the partnership was dissolved in 1878, when Mr. Wilson died. In 1891 Sir Frank Smith sold out his business and warehouse at the corner of Front and Scott streets to Lby, Blain & Co., and retired from active mercantile pursuits.

Sir Frank Smith continued, however, to hold his interest in a number of financial corporations with which he was connected. He was President of the Dominion Bank, President of the London & Ontario Loan Company, President of the Home Savings & Loan Co., and of the Niagara Navigation Co., Vice-President of the Consumers' Gas Company, Vice-President of the Dominion Telegraph Company, a Director of the North American Life Company, a Director of the Toronto General Trusts Company, and at one time a Director of the Industrial Exhibition Association.

He was for some time President of the Northern Railway. For many years he was President and principal owner of the Toronto Street Railway Company.

A DRAMATIC INCIDENT.

The proceedings attending the acquisition of the road by the city in 1891 were contested keenly at every stage by Sir Frank and perhaps the most dramatic incident of his life was that of the morning when the city demanded possession of the railway, and Sir Frank, with a body of lawyers, stood with his back against the doors of the street railway offices on King street and refused the city possession. This, however, was obtained within a few days.

Sir Frank took a keen interest in sports, and has been for many years President of the Ontario Jockey Club. He was also a member of the Toronto and Atany Clubs of this city, and of the Hudson Club in Ottawa. He served in the rebellion of 1837 as a volunteer, and subsequently became a

floor of the Senate after his appointment were in support of a motion by Senator Wark for amendments and improvements to the Insolvency Act. The discussion took place on May 21, 1872. Sir Frank said he "was in favor of a bankruptcy law, if we can obtain one that will not encourage rascality among the business community. The law, as it now stood, had certainly that tendency." We were now living in a very prosperous state; we had a large amount of money at our disposal, and he believed that, with the assistance of Providence, the Dominion had a long and prosperous career before it."

HELPED THE C.P.R.

Sir Frank's most valuable services in the Government were rendered in promoting the Canadian Pacific Railway. On May 29, 1891, Sir William Van Horne wrote Sir Frank Smith, congratulating him upon his elevation to the Knighthood. In this letter he wrote: "I do not know that you have ever been told that all those who have been prominently connected with the Canadian Pacific Railway for the past two or twelve years have felt themselves under a debt of gratitude to you which they can never hope to repay, all of them realizing that but for your friendship and strong support, and for the exercise of your sound business sense in Council at one time, the company would have met with disaster almost on the eve of the completion of its work, and the country would have been thrown into a state of financial prostration, from which it would not have recovered even yet."

Early in life Sir Frank Smith married the daughter of Mr. John O'Higgins of Stratford, his wife dying in March, 1850. Two daughters and a son survive him—Mrs. John Foy, Mrs. Bruce Macdonald, and Mr. James Austin Smith. One daughter, Mrs. Arthur B. Harrison died, leaving a son, Frank, who is now seven years of age. There are several nephews in London named Mauro, children of his only sister.

THE FUNERAL.

Seldom if ever have so many of Canada's most prominent men assembled in Toronto to pay the last honors to one of our greatest citizens as were gathered in St. Basil's church, when the solemn and beautiful words of Requiem High

Mass were sung over the mortal remains of the late Sir Frank Smith. Sir Mackenzie Bowell, Senator Allan, Senator O'Brien, the Hon. Wm. Hart, Mayor Howland and Messrs. Eugene O'Keefe, Wm. Hendrie, T. Long, Sir Robert Smith and Wm. Ince carried the casket to its last resting place in St. Michael's cemetery.

As the solemn cortège wound its way from the residence of the deceased, the hearse in which the coffin lay covered with beautiful flowers, was followed to the church and then to the grave by the near relatives of the deceased, his son, Mr. James Austin Smith, Messrs. John Foy and Bruce Macdonald, son-in-law, Masters Frank and John Foy, grandsons, and Messrs. John Flynn and John James and Harvey O'Higgins, nephew of the departed, and also by his spiritual, legal and medical advisors, Rev. Father Brennan, J. Foy, Q.C., M.P., Dr. Burritt, Frank P. Lee and John Lee.

THOSE PRESENT.

Among those present were: Hon. G. W. Ross, Sir William Meredith, Senator Cox, Justice Moss, Hon. S. O. Wood, Senator Aikins, W. R. Brock, M.P., and Messrs. J. T. C. Thompson, John Laxton, Dr. Dawart, J. W. Langmuir, Capt. McGiffin, Thos. Hodgins, Q.C., W. Gormally, Robert Jaffray, G. H. Grecco, Col. Young, Frank R. Anglin, T. O. Irving, Samuel Nordheimer, ex-Ald. Steiner, Barlow Cumberland, O. W. Clinch, Wright, Isaac Gilmour, M. J. Hauey, W. B. McMurrich, Samuel Barker, M.P., David O'Leighon, H. H. Cook, J. W. Leonard, Henry Cawthra, Thomas Davies, George W. Torrance, Timothy Eaton, A. S. Nordheimer, G. R. Cockburn, Henry Dantey, C. W. Beatty, George Musson, C. A. Pison, Thomas Crawford, M.P., Robt. Davies, Wallace Maclean, Dr. Cassidy, E. T. Malone, Q.C., Lieut. Col. Mason, C. H. Ritchie, Q.C., Robert Ferguson, P. A. Manning, Somerville Scarfo, Jas. Gunn, Dr. Andrew Smith, Ald. Cox, A. Claudio Macdonell, M. O'Connor, Nicholas Rooney, P. Burns, Patrick Boyle, R. N. Gooch, W. R. Brock, M.P., F. P. Coffey, Martin Griffin, Major Miles, Capt. Mason, John Small, Frank Cayley.

FLORAL TRIBUTES.

Many exquisite floral tributes bore witness to the esteem in which the aged Senator was held by his family, his personal friends and business colleagues. They included pillow, with the one word, "Father," from Mrs. John Foy and Mrs. Bruce Macdonald. A wreath from the grandchildren with the design "Grandpa." Wreath—Mr. and Mrs. J. J. Foy, Spray—Mr. and Mrs. A. Foy, Cross—Mrs. and the Messrs. O'Higgins, Wreath—Mrs. Hugh Ryan. A cross from the three nurses of deceased, Misses McCarthy, Lavery, and Clement. Harp—Employees of the house. Spray—Mr. and Mrs. Robert McBride. Wreath—Mr. J. Sullivan. Anchor from the Dominion Senate. Cross from Dominion Bank. Wreath from the Directors of the Home Savings and Loan Co. Wreath from Niagara Navigation Company. Violet horseshoe from Ontario Jockey Club, and a cross from the Consumers' Gas Company; wreath from Dominion Telegraph Co.; cross with sickle and sheaf from managers and staff of Home Savings and Loan Company; anchor from Albany Club; spray from Mr. George Macdonald; cross, Col. and Mrs. Mason; spray, Mrs. J. A. and Miss Donahoe; wreath, Mrs. George Allan Arthur; sheaf, Mr. and Mrs. W. Albert Austin; spray, Mr. and Mrs. Henry C. Webster; spray, Mrs. and Miss Ruthford; spray, Mrs. Archibald Fraser and Mrs. Kate Fraser; spray, Mr. H. G. Corneil; spray, Mr. and Mrs. McGraw; spray, Mr. W. J. McGuire; spray, Mrs. Ed. Leadley; spray, Mr. Alex. Manning; anchors; Mr. Eugene O'Keefe and Mrs. French; cross, Mrs. Alexander Burns and the Messrs. Burns; pillow, Mrs. E. Y. Eaton; wreath, Mr. and Mrs. T. Eaton; wreath, Mr. M. J. Hauey; cross, Mr. and Mrs. D'Arcy McMahon; spray, Mrs. A. Morgan Cosby.

THE MASS.

The Solemn Requiem High Mass Coram Episcopo, was sung by Rev. Father Brennan, C.S.B., the spiritual advisor of the deceased. Rev. Dr. Teely, C.S.B., Superior of St. Michael's College, acted as Deacon, and Rev. Father Howard was Sub Deacon. Very Rev. Father Marjion, C.S.B., Provincial of the Basilians in America, and Rev. Father Hand of St. Paul's, were Deacons of Honor.

The following clergy were in the sanctuary: Rev. Fathers Frachon, C.S.B., Walsh, C.S.B., McBrady, C.S.B., Murray, C.S.B., Ryan, Aldr. McEntee, Walsh, Sullivan, C.S.B., Plomer, C.S.B., Martin, C.S.B., Michbau, Cruise, Ryan, C.S.B.

The Mass was sung by the College choir, under the leadership of Rev. Mr. Staley, C.S.B. Mr. J. J. Costello, of St. Basil's, officiated, rendered "By the Waters of Babylon" in his usual grand voice. Rev. Father Murray presided at the organ.

THE SERMON.

An occasion such as this not only counsels alacrité but commands it. Anything I might say would fall short of what I should and would like to say. In remaining silent on this occasion, I should be but following the wishes of the deceased, who was fond of quietness and retirement, and whose last request was that no ostentation should be shown at his funeral. He died fortified by the rites of the Church. I shall speak a few words of consolation and of instruction; a few words upon the lessons that are to be drawn from death. The deceased was a man of duty, a man who acted well, and honestly, and honorably; because it was his duty to do so, not because of the opinion of the world, of what the world might think. Hence it was that he had stood so high in honor among men, and in this country; hence it was that so many and such prominent people are present here this morning; hence it is that the press from one end of this broad land to the other were found in their praise of the deceased. He was always loyal to Catholic principles, and hence it was that to-day she offers to him all the honor, all the consolation that the Catholic Church can afford. She asks us that we offer our prayers for the deceased that God may overlook any imperfections that the deceased may have had. It is a consolation to the family to know that Jesus Christ, our Lord, is the light and resurrection; the way and the life, and hence we should be even merry on such an occasion as this. There is a lesson to be drawn from death—there is a God who is omnipotent and all-mightful; a God who has rights which must always be respected. We are furnished from time to time with warnings of our approaching death. He is the Master of all things. To us He has handed over the control of the things of the earth, but He did not give to man that he should control himself. His commands must be observed. We see that all positively was doomed to punishment through the sin of Adam. His commands must be observed, His rights respected. We are left free to act, but there is a recompense or a punishment to be attached to our actions. There is another lesson to be drawn from death—the importance of God's truth; the necessity of listening to it, and the obligation of complying with it. We know the story of the Garden of Eden and the reason for the command forbidding the eating of the fruit. We know of the punishment that they should die the death if they should not comply with the command given them; we know the reason given by the Evil One in his temptation of our first parents. He declared that the command had been given, not that they should die if they should disregard it; but that they should be kept in ignorance, that they might not become wiser, knowing the difference between good and evil. On the one side, we find truth; on the other, falsehood—the teaching of the Devil. Satan is sure to come in with his falsehood. If God teaches, we must have the truth—hence God's teaching must always be listened to. Daily experience proves that God is true; that all that is taught by God is true; that all that is taught by God is true; hence it is our duty to find out what God has taught, and our seeking shall be blessed with success, and recompensed with a knowledge of the truth. Every sacrifice made for God's sake will be recompensed in some way. Another lesson, and a most consolatory one, is that the Devil is not the enemy of God. Punishment will be meted out for disobedience, but God knows how, and has given us the means to overcome evil, and hence to draw good from our temptations. It is mercy for us, and the greatest of all. We are all made after the image and likeness of God, and sin alone can change that likeness. By death we are enabled once more to regain what was lost to adorn our souls, once more with the brightness of grace. We are enabled, in our own weak way, to carry out the will of God. God loves us, and hence we should be always loyal; we should always love Him and believe in Him. God is the Lord and Master, and will be obeyed. God is truth, and must be known according to our state. Death, and the sufferings that lead up to it, must be borne with patience and resignation to the will of God. By death we are enabled to reach the goal of man—the presence of God for all eternity. We should take the words of St. Paul as our motto—"For us to live is Christ; to die is gain." This means simply that we should do our duty for the sake of God—in that gain. It is not the honors of the world; it is not friends that should we strive to attain; it is that we should do all things for the honor and glory of God. Friends are a good thing, but there is no genuine friendship unless it be centered in the heart of God. I and the resurrection and the life, and he that believeth in me shall live forever. We hope that the deceased is now with God, and though we believe that they who are gone before, with the sign of faith, and fortified by the rights of the Church are saved, yet we believe that the glories of eternal life are sometimes withheld for a time because of imperfections that must be worked out. The Church follows her children beyond the grave to the throne of God. Let us then unite with the Church in praying to God for the deceased. Eternal rest give to him, O Lord; and let perpetual light shine upon him.