

Technical and Bibliographic Notes / Notes techniques et bibliographiques

The Institute has attempted to obtain the best original copy available for filming. Features of this copy which may be bibliographically unique, which may alter any of the images in the reproduction, or which may significantly change the usual method of filming, are checked below.

L'Institut a microfilmé le meilleur exemplaire qu'il lui a été possible de se procurer. Les détails de cet exemplaire qui sont peut-être uniques du point de vue bibliographique, qui peuvent modifier une image reproduite, ou qui peuvent exiger une modification dans la méthode normale de filmage sont indiqués ci-dessous.

- Coloured covers/
Couverture de couleur
- Covers damaged/
Couverture endommagée
- Covers restored and/or laminated/
Couverture restaurée et/ou pelliculée
- Cover title missing/
Le titre de couverture manque
- Coloured maps/
Cartes géographiques en couleur
- Coloured ink (i.e. other than blue or black)/
Encre de couleur (i.e. autre que bleue ou noire)
- Coloured plates and/or illustrations/
Planches et/ou illustrations en couleur
- Bound with other material/
Relié avec d'autres documents
- Tight binding may cause shadows or distortion along interior margin/
La reliure serrée peut causer de l'ombre ou de la distorsion le long de la marge intérieure
- Blank leaves added during restoration may appear within the text. Whenever possible, these have been omitted from filming/
Il se peut que certaines pages blanches ajoutées lors d'une restauration apparaissent dans le texte, mais, lorsque cela était possible, ces pages n'ont pas été filmées.

- Coloured pages/
Pages de couleur
- Pages damaged/
Pages endommagées
- Pages restored and/or laminated/
Pages restaurées et/ou pelliculées
- Pages discoloured, stained or foxed/
Pages décolorées, tachetées ou piquées
- Pages detached/
Pages détachées
- Showthrough/
Transparence
- Quality of print varies/
Qualité inégale de l'impression
- Continuous pagination/
Pagination continue
- Includes index(es)/
Comprend un (des) index

Title on header taken from: /
Le titre de l'en-tête provient:

- Title page of issue/
Page de titre de la livraison
- Caption of issue/
Titre de départ de la livraison
- Masthead/
Générique (périodiques) de la livraison

Additional comments: /
Commentaires supplémentaires:

This item is filmed at the reduction ratio checked below /
Ce document est filmé au taux de réduction indiqué ci-dessous.

10X	12X	14X	16X	18X	20X	22X	24X	26X	28X	30X	32X
										/	

The Catholic Weekly Review.

A JOURNAL DEVOTED TO THE INTERESTS OF THE CATHOLIC CHURCH IN CANADA

Reddite quæ sunt Cæsaris, Cæsari; et quæ sunt Dei, Deo.—Matt 22: 21.

Vol. IV

Toronto, Saturday, May 17, 1890.

No. 15

CONTENTS.

NOTES.....	213
THE DISAPPEARANCE OF JOHN LONGWORTHY.....	M. F. Egan 214
IRELAND'S INFLUENCE ON THOUGHT.....	216
"THAT IS WILLIAM O'BRIEN".....	217
MR. D'ALTON MCCARTHY.....	218
JOSEPH HAWORTH AND THE LATE McCULLOUGH.....	219
ARCHBISHOP CORRIGAN.....	223
EDITORIAL—	
Religious Teaching.....	224
Mr. Stead on the Popacy.....	225
The Deceased Wife's Sister Bill.....	231
The Ontario Elections.....	231
The Review and La Verite.....	231
Archbishop Ryan on Christian Civilization.....	231
Mr. O'Brien's Novel.....	231
The Post-Emancipation Prelate.....	231
Book Reviews.....	218
From our Exchanges.....	224
General Catholic News.....	224
Men and Things.....	224
Poetry—Recognition.....	W. P. Coyne 249

Notes.

It is little more than a year ago since the *Mail* arraigned the the Sisters in charge of the Longue Pointe Asylum as an order of rapacious religious women more bent upon obtaining for their community the *per capita* grant allowed by the Government for the keep of their patients than upon treating the unfortunate inmates of the institution upon the most scientific and humanitarian principles. Since then has come the awful holocaust of last week as an impressive rebuttal. Six Sisters sacrificed themselves in the effort to save their unfortunate patients. The Montreal correspondent of that paper writing to it from the scene of their martyrdom has been forced to say:

"As regard the nuns, no words of praise are sufficient. Weak and fragile women have shown that the age of heroism is not past, and though one may differ from them as to their methods of treating the insane, no one can fail to be filled with admiration for their noble self-sacrifice and devotion in the face of danger and even of death. Once more they have displayed their noble womanhood and showed their title to the proud distinction of God's Sisters of Charity."

It is as if in the Providence of God it had been designed that the martyrdom of these holy women should come as the answer to their calumniators.

Mr. O'BRIEN is said to have remarked good naturedly, to a friend in regard to his novel when it was issued by the publishers, "My story won't get a fair hearing. It will be like an appendix to the Parnell Commission. Some fellows will find everything that's good in it, and others will find everything that's bad." For once Mr. O'Brien was wrong; for friend and foe alike will do homage to his book as a great work of art.

THE *London Star* is authority for the statement that but for the friendly coercion of Mr. T. P. Gill M.P. the pages of the novel would never have passed into print from Mr. O'Brien's drawer. The *Weekly Despatch* in its review of the work says that Mr. Balfour never had so much reason to be jealous of Mr. O'Brien as now. Irish politics for the last four years have been a long duel between these two men. The Chief Secretary has not been victorious even when he has put his antagonist in prison, Mr. O'Brien is a statesman, which Mr. Balfour is not; he is an orator, which Mr. Balfour is not; and now as a writer he has thrown the author of "Philosophic Doubts" quite into the shade. It has long been a taunt against the Irish party, says the *Despatch*, that they have produced no striking literature, as if the Tory party were distinguished for literary genius. "The only great writer," it adds, "which they have discovered since Dizzy's death was Richard Pigott. Putting politics aside Mr. O'Brien's novel is full of brilliant ability that recalls the best traditions of Irish humor and exuberance."

It will come as unwelcome intelligence to the Orange Lodge in this city who went to the pains a few weeks ago of memorialising the young Emperor of Germany not to give any recognition, if he valued the welfare of his kingdom, to the Jesuits, nor to treat them with less than Bismarckian rigor, that that ruler has since conferred the Cross of the Order of the Crown on Father Bollig, S.J., the second librarian of the Vatican library. The letter in which the announcement of the conferring of the honour was conveyed, sets forth that the Emperor bestowed the distinction in recognition of the learned Jesuit's great services to the many scholars of all countries who have been facilitated in their researches by his aid.

It is coming more and more to be observed how the expatriated Celt is illustrating the law of the survival of the fittest in the increasing prominence of the part which his posterity is playing in the politics of continental Europe. The Lacey in Russia, the late Prime Minister Taaffe in Austria, MacMahon in France, and O'Donnell in Spain are instances. Now it is learned that Bismarck's successor, Count Caprivi, is a descendant of the Spanish O'Donnells, and a relative on his mother's side of MacMahon of France. These O'Donnells and MacMahons abode originally in the Green Isle, whence they departed having little to do at home for the purpose of giving continental Europe a taste of war and statescraft.

THE DISAPPEARANCE OF JOHN LONGWORTHY.

M. F. EGAN IN AVE MARIA.

XXV.—*He Speaks, but Says Nothing.*

ESTHER expected that Mary would hardly approve of her proceedings in the O'Connor household. But she had made it a point from her earliest childhood of telling her sister everything, and she would have felt very guilty had she attempted to hide the episode of the poker.

Mary was in the act of ascending the sombre stone steps, which decorate the front of nearly all New York houses, when Esther and Arthur Fitzgerald arrived. Mary looked tired and worn; a morning's teaching in a public school is not the best refresher in the world. There was chalk dust on the sleeve of her coat, and she felt as she neared the smiling duo, that the word "school-teacher" was written all over her. The consciousness was not exhilarating.

Fitzgerald and Esther seemed to be in the highest spirits; she was smiling at something he had said, and the sight of the two gave Mary a pang she had never felt before. She became conscious of the chalk mark; the dripping umbrella in her hand annoyed her; her impulse was to turn the knob of the door and escape, but that was impossible; so she had to wait until Fitzgerald and her sister ascended the stoop.

At sight of Mary, Fitzgerald ceased to hear what Esther was saying. He had sufficient recollection of what was due to the amenities to close her umbrella; after that he forgot all about her. His heart went out to the pale, tired girl, who stood there waiting. How sweet, how gentle, how gracious, she seemed to him! And so, while Mary imagined he was thinking only of the chalk mark, he was utterly forgetful of all minor details in the sight of her. He took her umbrella with a trembling hand, as if it were a sacred relic. What a crime it was, he reflected, that this exquisite creature should be compelled to face the wind and the rain and the city dust every day of her life! If he only dared to ask for the privilege of protecting her from the ills of life! He was almost impelled to say this as they entered the hall; but there was Esther, very pretty, very smiling, and very much in the way.

As usual—for often we take the sound of an angel's wings for the singing of gnats—Mary interpreted Fitzgerald's evident embarrassment to mean that he wanted her out of the way. She looked at his pleasant, sincere face, his eyes in which the spirit of truth seemed to rest, and she said to herself that Esther was a happy girl.

At no time in her life had Esther been so desirous to get rid of anybody as she was at this moment to elude Fitzgerald. She was anxious to unburden her mind to Mary, and have the worst over. She had, perhaps, been unladylike in her manner and words to Bastien; and that business of the poker had been rather more dramatic than refined. She would know whether it was right or not in a moment—if Fitzgerald would only go! Mary opened the parlor door and they entered that apartment, which is generally so sepulchral and terrible in the daytime.

A theatre in the glare of noon is a more impressive reminder of the nothingness of life than the skeleton of the Egyptian feast; but of all sad and tearful *momenti* the New York parlor—or drawing-room they probably call it now—is the most sad and lachrymose. This one was dim and cold. Mary raised a blind, and revealed a view of mist and looming brown steps on the other side of the street. Fitzgerald was asked to sit down; he accepted the invitation by falling over a concealed footstool into a large arm-chair clothed in brown linen; other chairs in ghostly linen were ranged about him. Esther, who took a seat near the window, seemed to join in the silent voice of the chairs in asking him why he did not go.

Mary said to herself that she would leave the young people alone. Her brother had hinted to her how matters stood, and the change from smiles and chatter to gravity and silence on her appearance had confirmed his hint.

"Excuse me," she said. "I shall come back in a few minutes. I must see about the luncheon."

Fitzgerald, being a polite man, did not ask why Esther could not see about the luncheon; if he had been as uncivilized as the young men in Nellie Mulligan's set, he would have asked that question, and Mary would have been spared the heartache that accompanied her downstairs. Why was it, she asked herself as she entered the dining-room—which today was as gloomy as the parlor,—why was it that she should have to bear the burdens of life, to be old before her time, to spend her life in shielding others from the thorns and to have so few roses for herself?

Mary was not bitter in feeling; she did not demand the joys of life as a right, but she wished God would give them to her as privileges. She raised the blinds in the dining-room and revealed the iron bars that protected the windows. Outside everything was gloomy and desolate. Hurrying feet, mud-bespattered, passed before her; and the legs of a horse, also mud-bespattered, were just on a level with her eyes as she gazed out, in search, perhaps, of consolation. God knew, she said to herself; she would go on doing her best, and let Esther have the roses of life.

She turned from the window with a sigh, to notice that Miles had left a big coffee stain on the table-cloth. In the interest of effacing this before the object of her thoughts should come down to luncheon, she forgot herself for a moment. She put the only scarlet geranium in bloom in the centre of the table. At least—though he would never know it—she might make this voiceless and only sign of a regard for him which she dared not acknowledge to herself.

In the meantime Esther and Fitzgerald were having an unhappy quarter of an hour. Fitzgerald kept his eyes fixed on the door, in the hope that Mary would return. Esther looked impatiently in that direction, too, in the equally fervent hope that Fitzgerald would go.

"It is a wretched day," he said at last, remembering that he ought to say something.

"Yes," Esther answered.

There was silence then.

"Oh, dear!" Esther said to herself. "Mary will be off to school in three-quarters of an hour, and I shall have no chance to tell her until to night! Why doesn't he go?"

And, remembering that she, too, must be polite, she looked toward Fitzgerald and said:

"It is a wretched day!"

He, awakening from a brown-study, was bewildered for a moment.

"Oh, I forgot!—beg pardon!—yes, it is a wretched day."

Then she drifted toward the piano and picked up at random a sheet of music; he followed her, and when Mary reached the door she saw them both looking at the same sheet of music, without in the least knowing what it was.

Mary came in at this auspicious moment. Fitzgerald started, and gladly accepted her invitation to take a cup of coffee. Having done so, with his eyes wandering constantly toward Mary, he took his leave.

Mary had only time enough to get ready and be off to school.

"O Esther," she said, kissing her sister, "and so he has spoken! I hope you will be happy."

And she ran down the steps, for fear that Esther would see her rapidly falling tears.

Esther, with her hand on the door knob, looked after her, indignant and surprised. Who had spoken? Miles or John O'Connor or Mr. Bastien? And what had he spoken about?

XXVI.—*Miles and Nellie.*

As the day went on Esther thought less of her disappointment. After all, what was there to tell? If she had been rude to Mr. Bastien, she had only told the truth with her usual vehemence; and if she had threatened John O'Connor with a poker, who could blame her? A poker was the only argument that John could understand. But she thought a great deal about Bastien. There was a mystery in all his ways that provoked her interest. There was no doubt that he meant well; and now she had come to the conclusion that he might reasonably cherish a grievance against her. Her grievances against him grew less; she even began to feel that she might be friendly to him, and give him more whole-

some advice, if Mary approved of it. This was the frame of mind in which she went out for her lessons of the afternoon.

Miles passed her in the hall with a cool nod.

"Esther looks anxious already, and I guess Mary is anxious enough to come round," he said. "I'll keep my distance for a while, and let them see I am not to be trifled with.

It never occurred to him that his sisters might have thoughts which did not circle around his imperial presence. Having shaved, and refreshed himself with a little whiskey, he went out to a hotel near by, where a knot of future constituents whiled away many of their afternoons when political work was slack.

Nellie Mulligan, as we have seen, had not spent a happy morning. She had gone back to the O'Connor apartment after Esther had left it, and she had found Rose asleep, while her father sat near her reading a sheet of newspaper, which had come as a cover with the provisions Esther had sent.

John O'Connor seemed peaceably disposed. He said that 'Rose was all right,' and that he'd see her through. He further advised Nellie to spend less time in dancing and to learn how to cook.

"When a man has a square meal," he remarked, "he doesn't want to drink. That Miss Galligan gave me the first square meal I've had in a week; if the old woman would attend to her business, I'd mind mine. She was just like you before she was married—dancing and trapesing about. You see what she's brought us to, and I hope you'll take warning."

Nellie was too greatly afraid of O'Connor to retort after her manner. She slammed the door and went down to her mother's rooms, avoiding that good lady, who had been complaining all the morning of Nellie's delinquencies. It must be confessed that Nellie, beautiful and graceful as she could be in halls of pleasure, was not a useful member of the domestic circle. She disdained to notice that there was a large washing in progress; that the clothes of several of her brothers might have been improved by a few judicious stitches, and that there were several other things she might have attended to with advantage. She would have been quick enough to observe these inaccuracies in the conduct of life if she had observed them in other people. Like Miles, she had no sense of duty to her neighbor; and, like him, she had a well-developed belief in her duty to herself. But a woman can never be as selfish as a man, and Nellie was not utterly wrapt up in herself; there was a loop-hole or two in her mental visor, through which she saw beyond.

Toward four o'clock in the afternoon the sun came out. Up to this time Nellie had divided her thoughts between a novel—"Wooded but Not Won; or, Irene's Boleful Triumph"—and the insult which she had been forced to endure from the Galligan girl. She paused in that thrilling chapter in which Lady Geraldine Mount-Joie bids the pale but soulful artist leave her and never again to enter her ancestral abode, because he is poor, though of a noble race.

"Esther Galligan's manner was just like that," Nellie reflected. "I never saw such impudence. I hate codfish aristocracy,—people that would if they could, but they can't, you know! Oh, I wish I had given her a piece of my mind! I'd like to know why I'm not good enough to marry Miley Galligan! He isn't a duke nor a baronet, nor yet a congressman. Mother says the Galligans were 'Far Downs,' any how!"

Here Nellie's eyes flashed as she remembered her draggled condition of the morning. To think that Esther had seen her, after a night of splendor, in such a condition of dishevelment! No doubt the Galligan girls and Miles had a good time about it; she could imagine Esther relating the episode when she reached home, and making Miles laugh in spite of himself.

She clenched her fist, dropped the novel, looked out of the window and saw the sloping sunlight reflected on the wet roofs of the houses. She went to the little glass that hung on the whitewashed wall, looked at her face for some time, and arrayed herself in her best garments, the chief of which was a hat adorned with a serpentine ostrich plume, and a long plush coat, which she had purchased on the instalment plan early in September, and which was not nearly paid for yet.

She tenderly put two jingling bracelets on one wrist, and went forth, deigning to say nothing to her mother's urgent questions. She felt sure that she would return a conqueror, having settled the question as to her marriage with Miles.

Nellie looked at herself in the shop windows with satisfaction. Her bracelets jingled in a delightfully distinguished way; she enjoyed the novelty of being free to walk through the streets at this unusual hour; she rehearsed the scene, in which she expected to take a principal part, as she went along. She would ask if the Misses Galligan were at home. They would be at home at that hour, of course; for she had heard that they—poor things!—were nearly always at home. She felt certain that Mary would be haughty, Esther sarcastic. Mary would say that she would die rather than let her brother marry a shop-girl. Then Nellie would answer, in her sweetest manner, that a sales-lady was as good as a school-teacher any day. Esther would suddenly cry out that she did not want a sister-in-law from The Anchor. Nellie would, after she had listened politely, remind Esther she was a lady and despised vulgarity. Esther would, of course, observe the cut of her coat and the curl of her feathers, and be impressed in spite of herself; she would compare her own plain appearance with the "style" of which Nellie was such an example. This would make her angry, but Nellie would maintain an air of sweet superiority.

When the sisters would have said all the unpleasant things they could think of, Nellie would again remind them that she was a lady. Then would come her great speech; she would simply say that poverty was no disgrace; she would speak of Miles' prospects, and tell them of the number of votes her friends could influence in his district—thereby showing her social standing. Finally, overawed by her dress and manner, they would ask her to be a sister to them. If they did not she would know the reason why!

By this time Nellie was in a complacent frame of mind. Her elegance of manner was exaggerated rather than subdued; by reflections in the plate glass windows she passed. When she reached the Galligans' home she was in a mood to see and to conquer.

The little servant saluted her respectfully, but nervously held the knob of the door, while Nellie asked if the Misses Galligan were at home.

"Oh, yes!" replied the girl. "They are always at home at this time."

"Pray, let me enter then," said Nellie, commandingly; "I find the stoop very damp and dirty. I am not accustomed to this sort of thing."

"What name, ma'am?" demanded the little servant, saying to herself that this was the most haughty book agent she had ever seen.

"No name," answered Nellie with a little giggle. "If things go all right they'll know my name as well as theirs soon enough. Just say 'a lady friend.'"

The servant carried the message as she was bidden to do, and in the interval Nellie walked softly around the room.

"Everything so old-fashioned!" she murmured, disdainfully. "What a carpet! I'll have a new one as sure as I'm alive. And such curtains!" (She deftly fingered one of them.) "Nottingham, at thirty cents a yard! Oh, my! And this is the way they live! I'll have a new velvet carpet and some portieres the first thing. No wonder poor Miley wants to put some style into the house!"

She surveyed herself in the long, gilt-edged mirror between the windows, smiled several times in a superior manner, touched up her eyebrows with a few drops of cologne, which she poured out of a little bottle, lifted the brown linen cover of the sofa, dropped it with an expression of ineffable contempt, and, hearing a slight rustle, took her place in a graceful position in front of a large photograph of Miles which stood on the piano. It was in this attitude that Mary, who had just come from school, found her.

"Oh, how you startled me!" Nellie exclaimed, jingling her bracelets. "I quite forget everything when I see a picture like that. It is so like Miles—I mean Mr. Galligan—of course—but I suppose he has told you?"

"Yes," replied Mary, in a low voice; "yes, he has told us. Will you not take a chair?"

(To be continued.)

IRELAND'S INFLUENCE ON THOUGHT.

THE following extracts from Justin McCarthy's recent article in the London magazine, *Time*, on "Ireland's Present Influence on Thought and Literature," will interest our readers:—

The intelligence of Ireland is not asserting itself in English literature just now to anything like the extent which it did in the days of Burke, and Sheridan, and Goldsmith. Against these three names it would be hardly possible to set the names of any three Englishmen of the same time who could be considered the equals of the Irishmen. Nor, to come to a later day, is there any Irish poet with anything like the popularity in England which Thomas Moore had, or any Irish novelist who is read in English homes as Miss Edgeworth was. The Irish novel, I should say, is almost absolutely unknown in England now—I mean the Irish novel of the present. Indeed, even in Ireland itself, the distinctively Irish novel would seem to have all but disappeared. I know that there are two or three writers, and perhaps more, who still make a good stand-up for the life of the distinctively Irish novel; but their stories are not read in Great Britain as the stories of Carlton and Banim once were. Gerald Griffin, who wrote, according to my judgment, the best Irish novel ever produced, did not make his proper mark in this country, but he was much more widely read than any Irish novelist of our time. Poor Gerald Griffin! his literary fate was strange. His marvellous romance, "The Collegians," with its racking pathos, its passion, its humor, its mirth, its tragedy, its absolutely true picture of Irish life in "Big House" and the cabin, its renderings of the peasant's brogue in all its varying tones of the different provinces, never, of course, was read in England by anything like so wide a circle of readers as that which gathered round "Charles O'Malley" and "Jack Hinton." But it came up again transmogrified, translated!—"Bless thee, Bottom, bless thee, thou art translated!" It was set upon the melodramatic stage as "The Colleen Bawn," and on the lyric stage as "The Lily of Killarney"—all the pathos and the poetry and the reality were knocked out of it; the familiar old stage Irishman was made to dance and caper in it; the stage parish priest was substituted for the exquisitely truthful and tenderly humorous figure in the original—and it swept the country, and, indeed, all the English speaking world. It was an Irishman who wrought the stroke of genuine and exalted art—it was an Irishman, too, who did the trick which caught the public.

I am inclined to think that the still lingering forms of purely Irish life out of which a novel could be made have exhausted their artistic effect. The relations between the landlord and the tenant, between the agent and the peasant, formed, and necessarily formed, the greater part of the Irish novelist's stock-in-trade. The pathos and humor, the comedy and tragedy, arose like the mists from the land. Even already the state of things has changed.

Still greater change is undoubtedly to be looked for. Ireland will one day be, to a great extent, a country of peasant proprietors. The new Irish novel will have to grow out of the new conditions of life. Therefore the new Irish novel will have to wait for this new life and to be born of it. A work of fiction, if it is worth anything, does not die with the conditions which gave it life. There are readers for "Uncle Tom's Cabin" still, though the slavery system is gone. But there could not be a new "Uncle Tom's Cabin" written now. So of the old-fashioned Irish novel. It will have its readers still. But there would be little chance, indeed, now for a new novel constructed on the old lines. Some distant, free, and happy Russia will still, no doubt, read the novel of Tourguenief; but it is not likely that in that far-off and happy Russia there will be a new tale of "Virgin Soil."

I do not know whether there are now any great Irish advocates at the Irish Bar. Ireland may be proud of having given to the English Bar its greatest living advocate, in the person of Sir Charles Russell. But I do not hear of any advocates with a fame at all like that of the Currans and Sheils and O'Connells, of a past time. I do not hear even of any men who are compared with Whiteside and Butt. Yet I think I could point to men—young men some of them—who, if they had nothing else to do but to practice at the Bar, might be as eloquent and as powerful as any of their predecessors. There are some Irishmen in the House of Commons whose

eloquence and whose debating power maintain adequately the traditions of Irish political oratory. In eloquence alone does the Ireland of our day hold her own with the Ireland of the past. The Irish eloquence of to-day is above all things else Parliamentary eloquence. It goes to the front—where it is needed—where it has its battle to fight.

Ireland has some very eminent names in the departments of graver literature. Mr. Tyndall is an Irishman; Mr. Lecky is an Irishman. I do not know whether I can call Mr. Bryce an Irishman, although he was certainly born in Ireland. If we are to regard him as an Irishman, then we must say that Ireland has given to literature one of the completest of living historians. I am not quite certain, however, whether I am entitled to claim Mr. Bryce as a fellow-countryman. Mr. Lecky has a position which no man will dispute. He ranks among the very first historians of his day, and his history is philosophic and likewise practical. It is a pride to Ireland to have sent such a man to take such a place in the literature of England. But, of course, there is nothing distinctively Irish in the influence of these men on literature and thought. Their nationality does not shine through them. When we say Irish, we really mean Celtic. There is no great Irish author in this sense at the present hour. There is no great poet, no great Irish novelist, no great Irish dramatist. There is no great Irish musician—although I believe that, contrary to general opinion, Ireland may claim Sir Arthur Sullivan as a son of her soil. Sir Arthur Sullivan, however, would hardly be called a great composer. There is no great Irish wit or humorist. Wit and humor seem to be imported now, like millionaires and heiresses, from the great American Republic. I confess that I for myself am not sorry that Irishmen have ceased, for the present at all events, to be the buffoons and merry-makers of England. I think we did that work long enough, and ought to give a turn to someone else now.

The stage Irishmen and the Irishmen of the music halls are gentlemen who, while probably Cockney in the fact that they were born within the sound of Bow Bells (London), belong to a far more descended race than my countrymen can claim. But we have no great humorist of any order now. We have no Charles Lever; we have no Samuel Lover; we have no Father Prout. Yet no one at all acquainted with the subject or the people will say that the intellect of Ireland has diminished of late years in the least. There never probably was a time when so great a number of highly-gifted young Irishmen were conspicuous before the world. Then we must not forget the unseen work that Irish literary intellect is doing in the journalism of many countries. Irishmen seem to be born journalists. Here in England—especially London—there across the ocean in the United States and Canada—there across the other ocean in Australia, the Irish journalist is everywhere—writing, editing, contributing—he is dramatic critic, literary critic, war correspondent, descriptive writer, writer of political leading articles. In the United States and Canada and Australia it has long been his way to rise into public life and high political place through the ascent of journalism, and of late we are beginning to see something of the same kind happen in England. All this proves that the intellectual power of the Irish race is not diminishing or languishing, and even while we may regret to see it shredding itself away too much in leading articles and descriptive columns and paragraphs, it is something to know that its influence is more widely spread, more broadly felt, than it ever was before. Again, we have some Irishmen almost everywhere over the world now going in for an entirely new trade and taking to becoming millionaires. . . . We may expect to see what is left of the landlord class living in reconciliation with the class who cultivate the soil. We may expect to see all orders and classes and parties co-operate in the work of national re-organization. There is the sort of healthy rivalry which makes a commonwealth great. I hope to see Ireland a great commonwealth yet in that exalted sense. No matter about her size. I was once much interested by a remark of Cobden to the effect that in his opinion the best efforts of human intellect had been brought out in little States which one could almost traverse in a day's journey. Ireland would be a State in that sense—not a little isolated republic or kingdom, but a commonwealth, governing its own domestic affairs to the best of its capacity—a State as Massachusetts is a State—as Victoria and New South Wales are States,

“ THAT IS WILLIAM O'BRIEN.”

We give a brief extract from a most interesting account of the honours paid to William O'Brien during his recent visit to Rome. The story is told as follows by the correspondent of the Dublin *Freeman* :—

It is the evening of Good Friday in St. Peter's. The polished marbles are beginning to assume a dusky hue in the rapidly fading light. The vast basilica seems still vaster in the dimness. The gorgeous lamps that are suspended around the “ the Confession ” of the Apostle are extinguished in accordance with the Church's ceremonial, and the lofty baldachino is seen only obscurely in the twilight rays that enter through the windows of the mighty dome. The canons are chanting the Tenebræ Office in the large choral chapel off one of the aisles, and the solemn strains faintly reach the ears of the vast throng that passes slowly up and down the great nave. In accordance with traditional usage the Romans wish to hear the solemn tones of the “ *Miserere* ” in St. Peter's on Good Friday night, and are therefore present in great numbers. But the congregation is not made up exclusively of Romans. Strangers who have come to Rome from every part of the world to witness the ceremonies of Holy Week form no inconsiderable part of the vast assemblage. Many of these are persons of importance in their own country, but Rome, which blends variety into unity, strips them of their identity and confounds them with the motley crowd which her attractions gather round her from the remotest ends of the earth. An experienced eye, however, might easily have singled out from the surrounding throng two figures that are walking slowly, arm in arm, up the great nave. One is tall and ungainly, and shows evident traces of recent severe illness in his dragging gait. The other is short, thin, and pale, but is easily recognized by the Roman residents as no less a personage than Her Majesty's Ambassador to the Quirinal, the Marquis of Dufferin and Ava. His companion, who is no other than the Marquis of Hartington, suddenly breaks off the conversation, and directs Lord Dufferin's attention to a slim figure that was coming toward them from before “ the Confession.” A careful listener might have heard him say :—“ That is William O'Brien.” He was right, and it may interest your readers to know that, though Mr. William O'Brien, M.P., had at that moment been in Rome for more than a week, Lord Hartington was the first to discover his identity. With characteristic modesty Mr. O'Brien had come to Rome in strict *incognito*, and with the express determination of leaving the Eternal City as secretly and silently as he had entered it. As a matter of fact Mr. O'Brien came to Rome for the sole purpose of enjoying a little rest, of which he stood in absolute need. With this view he took rooms at the Minerva Hotel, hoping to remain unrecognized. On the following day, however, (Holy Saturday), the rumor of his presence in the Eternal City began to spread around, and he was visited by many distinguished persons. Towards evening, by special invitation, he paid a visit to the Iris's College, where he received a most enthusiastic reception from the students. Nothing could be more kindly than the welcome accorded him by the venerable Rector of the institution, Archbishop Kirby, and the Vice-Rector, Rev. Dr. Hassan, both of whom complimented Mr. O'Brien on the eminent services he had rendered to the cause of Ireland. Mr. O'Brien then visited the church, where he gazed with deep and affectionate interest on the chaste marble monument that encloses the heart of O'Connell.

Later in the evening he was called on at his hotel by many other persons, including Very Rev. Prior Glynn and Rev. Doctor Locke of the Irish Augustinians. These gentlemen bade Mr. O'Brien a hearty welcome to Rome and assured him that the extraordinary sacrifices he had made for the cause of Ireland found as deep an appreciation in the Eternal City as anywhere else throughout the world.

On Easter Sunday morning Mr. O'Brien attended Mass in the Church of the Minerva, and immediately afterwards drove in company with Professor Marucchi, Rev. Doctor Locke, and Mr. Connellan to the Catacombs of St. Callistus. Professor Marucchi is one of the most distinguished Oriental scholars in Rome. A few months ago he was sent by the

Holy Father to represent the authorities of the Vatican Library at the Convention of Oriental scholars in Stockholm. He is, besides, an eminent archaeologist, being the author of many works on the sacred and profane antiquities of Rome. Under his able guidance Mr. O'Brien was able to pay a most satisfactory visit to those interesting subterranean cavities, which may well be called the second cradle of Christianity. He followed with deep and reverent interest the Professor's explanation of the monuments in the Chapel of the Popes, and showed not only a thorough acquaintance with French, the language in which the Professor spoke, but likewise deciphered for himself with ease and clearness the various Latin inscriptions written by St. Damasus on the tombs of the martyrs. The Chapel of St. Cecilia also offered much of interest, and Mr. O'Brien was able to recall to memory the various scenes, so beautifully depicted by Cardinal Wiseman in “ *Fabiola*,” that took place there. But what appeared to have struck him most of all were the various frescoed symbols painted on the walls of several other chapels. He followed with the deepest interest the explanation of these symbolic representations, and recognized their great dogmatic importance in proving the faith of the early Christians. Altogether it was easy to see how profoundly reverent and intelligent is the religious side of the character of the great Irish patriot. Later on Mr. O'Brien was the guest at dinner of Very Rev. Prior Glynn in the convent of the Irish Augustinians at San Carlo, in the Corso. The good Prior, though at short notice, had gathered together a goodly number of prominent persons to meet his distinguished guest. After dinner the hospitable Prior proposed the health of Mr. O'Brien. He said that he felt it necessary on the present occasion to make an exception to the rule generally observed in Roman colleges of not having after-dinner speeches. This was no ordinary occasion, for they had to-day amongst them a man of whom the whole Irish race was proud, who had a place in the hearts of the Irish people throughout the world second to none, whose name was the symbol of unselfish and exalted patriotism and heroic self-sacrifice. When Mr. O'Brien was absolved, or at any rate loosed, from his bonds in Galway Jail last Christmas the patriarch of Munster, the unchanged and unchangeable Archbishop Croke, of Cashel, said of William O'Brien, in presence of many thousands of admirers who had gathered to see him, that there was not a bishop or a priest in Ireland that day who did not envy him (the Archbishop) the proud distinction of having William O'Brien as his guest. “ So now I say,” continued the Prior, “ that there is not an Irishman in Rome worthy of the name that does not envy me the high privilege of having here on this blessed Easter day one of the most trusted and beloved of the leaders of our race. We welcome him to the Eternal City with a joy we cannot adequately express. We welcome him to the City of the Popes, where many an Irish exile found a home, and we pray God fervently that he be preserved for many a day until success crowns his efforts and brings freedom to our native land. It has been my good fortune during the past ten years of residence in Rome to welcome under the roof of our Irish house and to our humble board such distinguished Irishmen as Michael Davitt and John Dillon, without naming others who deserve well of our country, but I can say with truth that I have never felt more honored than I do to-day in welcoming William O'Brien. Mr. O'Brien, in reply to the toast, thanked the Prior and all present for the hearty welcome tendered him, and said that that whatever he did was done solely to promote the cause which all had at heart. He felt quite at home in Rome, because it is the centre of Catholic truth—a City that belonged to the whole Catholic world, and it is vain and foolish to regard Rome in any other light than as a cosmopolitan City. He then turned his discourse towards the relations that existed between the Irish people and their clergy in the past, and said that if in times of persecution the Irish clergy stood faithfully side by side with their suffering people, so to-day, at the dawn of a brighter era, the same clergy are standing by their people, and are now on the eve of sharing with them the fruits of their mutual struggle. And if that struggle is not the point of being brought to a successful termination, it is owing to the fact that the Irish clergy have entered heart and soul into this final fight for Irish legislative independence. “ Show me,”

said he, "a priesthood in touch with the legitimate aspirations of the people and I will show you a truly Catholic people." He rejoiced that the Prior quoted so happily the words of greeting with which he was welcomed by the illustrious Archbishop of Cashel, and he could assure them that the day is not far distant when the cause which has found such magnificent advocates as the great Archbishop of Dublin and Cashel will be crowned with success.

Later on Mr. O'Brien, accompanied by the Prior and the other guests, visited the Villa Ludovisi to see the work going on there on the Irish Augustinian College and the new National Church of St. Patrick. He was much pleased with the site and the buildings, and hoped soon to see rising in the Eternal City a temple worthy of the great National Apostle and the Irish Catholic race throughout the world. If circumstances would at all permit he would feel pleasure in being present on next St. Patrick's Day at the inauguration of the new college. He afterwards was shown by Dr. Locke through the church and convent of the Irish Franciscans at St. Isidore's. He had a long and interesting interview with Rev. Henry Dillon, a brother of John Dillon, who is a member of the Franciscan Order in that establishment. Mr. Dillon has just been ordained deacon. After visiting the library and rooms of Father Luke Wadding and other objects of attraction at St. Isidore's, Mr. O'Brien drove to San Pietro, in Montorio, to see there the tombs of the Irish chieftains, O'Neill and O'Donnell, whose history has been so faithfully and eloquently penned by the late Father Mehan. He was particularly pleased with the magnificent view of Rome to be had from the piazza in front of the Church. The same evening Mr. O'Brien left for Paris by the 9.50 express. A large group of enthusiastic friends and admirers were at the station to wish him *bon voyage*. The total number would have been far greater were it not for the fact that up to the moment of his departure but very few were aware of his presence in Rome. Mr. O'Brien's great haste was due to the fact that he wished to be present on the following Saturday at the opening of New Tipperary. As it was, he managed to do a considerable share of sight-seeing during the week. Mr. O'Brien is a classical scholar as well as a fervent Catholic, and from both standpoints found this grand old city well worthy of a prolonged sojourn. He hopes to renew his visit when he has more leisure, and regrets deeply the efforts made by the present civil authorities to strip the city of its venerable appearance.

Book Reviews.

Essays on the Church in Canada, by D. A. O'Sullivan, Q.C., LL.D.

Under the foregoing title Dr. O'Sullivan has reprinted in a small and attractive volume the series of articles which some years ago appeared from his pen in the *American Catholic Quarterly Review*. They deal with many important—perhaps it is not too much to say all the important—questions respecting the early history of the Church in this country and the rights guaranteed to her by treaty and legislative enactments; tracing her status first under French and afterwards under early British rule, and the measure in which her position was affected by the Treaty of Paris, the Quebec Act, and other acts of the cession. As such the value of the essays will scarcely be disputed. The author truly says of the questions of which they treat that they are of "permanent interest" to the Catholics of the Dominion. The articles are the result of some investigation and some industry, and tabulated and arranged as the reader will now find them, should prove of much assistance to the student of our early Church history. Mr. O'Sullivan's volume is graced with an introductory notice by Archbishop Walsh of Toronto.

May Devotions, by C. Deymann, O.S.F.

Meditations on the Veni Sancti Spiritus. New York, Fr. Pustet & Co.

These are two small volumes of short and practical devotions; the former a series of exercises for each day in May, the month dedicated, as our readers know, to the honour of the Blessed Virgin.

MR. D'ALTON McCARTHY.

A late number of *Le Canadien* contains a biographical sketch of Mr. D'Alton McCarthy M.P. from the pen of Mr. Israel Tarte, which will be read with interest. Mr. Tarte says:—

"Mr. D'Alton McCarthy appeared in the House of Commons for the first time on Friday last since the great battle which he waged upon the dual language question in the Northwest territories. I am always astonished to find fanaticism in a man like Mr. McCarthy, as his talent and honesty is beyond question. He is one of the shining lights of the Canadian Bar, and his character is without a stain. I am not sufficiently well acquainted with him to say that his education is complete in matters of history and philosophy, but there is evidently something wrong. Is it that he is too much engrossed in his studies as a great lawyer? His friends, in fact, give this as an excuse for his political errors. That a man like Colonel O'Brien may lose himself in religious and race hatred is easily understood, as it is only necessary to see him to understand the secret of his present attitude, but Mr. McCarthy has in his eyes the light of a very superior intelligence. He was born in Ireland, near Dublin, and there received the better part of his education. But was it in that country that he received that germ of prejudice which has warped his judgment at a later date? This is quite possible, as Ireland is the home *par excellence* of discord and civil and religious wrath. Up to two years ago Mr. McCarthy worked hand in hand with the French-Canadian deputation, and certainly nothing in his language and conduct of those days foreshadowed the attitude he has assumed for some time past. He was in hearty sympathy with us at that time, and it was at my request that he made his famous parliamentary plea which ended in the dismissal of Lieutenant-Governor Letellier de St. Just. He is credited with spite against Sir John A. Macdonald, of whom he was so long a great favourite, and their former intimacy has given place to a complete political and personal estrangement. Whatever may be the reasons for Mr. McCarthy's present conduct they are much to be regretted, as this man will never play a great role in the Dominion. The races which inhabit the several provinces of the Confederation are too anxious to live in peace and harmony not to practice good will and toleration amongst each other. As we get to know each other we will understand this fact a great deal better. We are destined to remain here beneath the same sky and under the same institutions and what pleasure can be found in cutting our throats and hating each other. Destiny has settled that we shall live the same life, yet Mr. McCarthy does not seem to have understood that the duty of every man with patriotism in his breast is to work for the gradual blending of these elements which form the base of a great Canadian nation. He has the misfortune not to know French, nor to be able to read our literature and our newspapers. He knows nothing of our thoughts and he ignores our aspirations. He judges us by the extravagant language of a few hair-brained fools who no more represent our race than does Mr. McCarthy himself. The French-Canadian people love progress and liberty quite as well as their fellow-countrymen of other races and creeds, and the twenty years to come will make a most important epoch in the development of our people. We do not have the foolish pretention to establish here institutions for us alone. Why should we think of such a thing? Why should we wish to isolate ourselves from our fellow-Canadians? To print the laws of our country in the language of Bossuet and Hugo, and to believe in the dogmas of the oldest of existing churches does not render us unworthy of political fellowship with those whose mothers spoke the language of Shakespeare and worshipped God according to the rites of Martin Luther. There are very few countries where a uniformity of language and religion exists, yet Mr. McCarthy has forgotten these virtues so simple, yet so essential, to the well-being of our common country where liberty of conscience practised in its broadest form is so necessary to attract strangers to our country and inspire them with a full confidence in its future. The member for North Simcoe is 54 years old and he might have become one of our respected leaders. He has become our adversary and enemy. He has destroyed his political career and history will judge him with a heavy hand because no one can with impunity place the peace of the country in peril.

J. ISRAEL TARTE.

JOSEPH HAWORTH: AND THE LATE JOHN
McCULLOUGH.

"Who is that young man," said Edwin Booth, as he slipped behind the scenes one morning, some 14 years ago, "dark complexioned, strong musical voice and emotional mannered?"

"Why, that's Haworth."

"Haworth? Where did he come from?" "Why, he's a pupil of Charlotte Crampton." "Oh, that's it, eh!" said Booth. "Well, that boy has genius, he'll be heard from yet."

So he has; only a few years have since passed and there are but few stars more loved and applauded than Joseph Haworth. In the days of Dr. John Grimm, Joseph Haworth was born in old St. Mary's parish, Providence, R. I. It was in 1856, third youngest of a family of seven. Very soon afterwards the family left Providence and located in Southbridge, Mass., one of the prettiest towns in New England. It was in Cleveland, Ohio, where the family had removed early in the sixties that Joseph first gave indication of his special talents. Here, while a mere boy he was church organist, and soon the public gave its plaudits to the young man who pleased it so well at civic gatherings. Among others who were attracted by the display of elocutionary talents by young Haworth was the famous Charlotte Crampton. Speaking of this gifted woman, Maeredy said after seeing her as *Lady Macbeth*: "If she was but a few inches taller she would be the most famous actress of the world." So gifted was she, so powerfully did she enact her role, that even as one of the witches in the opening scene of *Macbeth*, she was known to have thrown so much effect as to rob the stars of all glory and hold the audience spell-bound. Under Charlotte Crampton he soon grew apt in the use of his gift. At 17 he began stage life, making his *debut* at Louisville in 1873. So rapidly did he advance in his art and win popular favour, that three years later, when but twenty, he scored a hit in the role of "Hamlet." It was at John A. Eslear's Theatre in Cleveland.

Afterwards he became associated with Edwin Booth in leading roles. To figure on the stage of the East at this time induced him to visit Boston. Here he joined the Boston Museum Co., one of the first leading stock companies of the country. The characters of *The Huntsman* in "Pinafore," and *Grosvenor* in "Patience," were his creation at this house. Soon he gained favor with Bostonians, who have learned to call him "Boston's favourite actor." So intense grew his popularity that it has given rise to the mistake that he was born and bred in Boston.

It was at Mary Anderson's benefit that Haworth won all hearts: "Romeo and Juliet" was played to a thronged house, Miss Anderson and Haworth in the leading roles. Nine times he was recalled before the curtain. Miss Anderson speaks of the event as one of the most remarkable in her career. We refer to it with great pleasure, for she, "Our Mary," and he "Boston's Favorite," are typical artists and model Catholics. It was asked at that time how they scored so great a success. "Why, don't you know, they are both Catholics." Mated in art, they are mated in religion. John McCullough was at the zenith of his fame in these days. He engaged Haworth as leading man. He appeared as *Lago*, *Cassius*, and in the various leading characters with McCullough for three years. It was a mild, balmy evening in April, eight years ago. *The Gladiator* was running at McVicker's, in Chicago. A crowded house rang with applause. McCulloch was at his best. That strange, wild speech telling of the Roman Crucifixion had just ended; the *Gladiator* recognizes his long separated brother. McCulloch threw himself on the shoulders of Haworth. There was a strange trembling that made Joe look up—he saw a face ghastly pale; great beads of perspiration, like dew upon a marble bust. So sudden was the shock, Haworth stood speechless—that long, long moment seemed an hour till McCulloch moaned, "for God's sake Joe, give me the next line," and so he asked for line after line until he became so bewildered that he turned on Haworth, "Why man you're saying my lines and yours?" This was heard through the house. Wild shouts, hisses, hurrahs mingled in uproar. The curtain fell upon a scene of laughter and derision. It rose upon the next act. McCullough was himself again. He, the *Gladiator* is seated. McCullough stood

grinning at his assassins, when he should have fallen to the ground. Again thunders of applause and hisses rolled from the pit. The curtain fell,—to rise? never again for the great McCullough. He had played his last part. Never to strut the boards again. Next morning *Spartacus* and *Virginius* were rehearsed. McCullough drew cheers from his support by his strong impersonation. Everyone was surprised at his regained strength. The applause ended—McCullough was staring vacantly; paresis was doing its fatal work, memory was playing truant. But a few months, and the great tragedian was cast among the world's great dead.

Haworth and McCullough were closely attached; his last letter was written to Joe—he treasures it as the most precious of souvenirs. "You have a future my boy, venture only in the highest and greatest roles. Work hard, fame and fortune must come to you," were poor McCullough's last words to him. At present Mr. Haworth is writing the biography of John McCullough. Those who remember the great actor, his generosity, tenderness of heart, commingled with so many oddities await the production with great pleasure. From the witty, sprightly pen of the generous, whole-souled Haworth we expect a high, and honest and intensely interesting story of a great actor's career.

Since the death of McCullough, Haworth has starred in many roles. After five others had failed to make "Paul Kaurar" acceptable Haworth drew crowded houses that gazed and listened enraptured to his magnificent impersonation. He is a thorough artist. His very stroke has a finely finished touch. Divine Providence has gifted him with a rarely musical voice, over which he has gained perfect mastery. His elocution is superb, smooth, natural, striking; now strong in emotion, now touchingly pathetic, now playfully humorous, Haworth is never tiresome. He is possessed with that inestimable gift of industry; naturally quick to grasp a subject; loving art with a deep passion, he is now aglow with some new thoughts; in physique a perfect athlete compact and sinewy. The crown of all his gifts is the grand moral character, upright in principle, open in conviction, fearless, whole-souled in friendship, pure in life and practical in the faith he loves so dearly.—*N. Y. Catholic Review*.

RECOGNITION.

Somewhere before, I know not where,

In other days, 'neath distant skies,

Or happy in those visions fair

That mock the charmed dreamer's eyes

Has come thy face in glimpses rare

To haunt awhile and flit away—

Like woodbine wafts from ways unseen

That perfume all the breast of May,

Like vague regrets for what has been

That steep the soul in sorrow's sway;

Like dearest hopes that bloom to die,

Nor leave behind one softening trace;

Like sunset on a wintry sky

Has come the vision of thy face

To fill my soul with ecstasy.

And now I press thy listless hand

And gaze into thine eyes' deep blue

With joy thou canst not understand,

With feelings that are still to you

A nameless mystery ne'er inscanned.

Your hand is cold within mine own,

And deep the shadows of your eyes—

Ah! sweet, has love thus early flown

To seek a home beyond the skies,

And leave me here with death alone!

Oh God! that hearts should thus in vain

Seek aye the love they feel their own;

Should know the thrilling touch of pain

And leave the bliss of love unknown;—

Yet somehow this must still be gain.—

For those desires, I must believe,

That know not change tho' baffled still,

Will find in brighter climes relief

From bubbles that can ne'er fulfil

The hearts they trouble and deceive.

—W. P. Coyne, M.D., R. C. I.

The Catholic Weekly Review.

A JOURNAL DEVOTED TO THE INTERESTS OF THE CATHOLIC CHURCH
IN CANADA.

Commended by

The Most Rev. Dr. Walsh, Archbishop of Toronto.

The Most Rev. C. O'Brien, Archbishop of Halifax.

Rt. Rev. T. J. Dowling, Bishop of Hamilton.

The Rt. Rev. Bishop O'Mahony, Toronto.

The late Archbishop Lynch.

The late Rt. Rev. Bishop Carbery of Hamilton.

The Rev. Father Doid of "St. Patrick's" Montreal.

And by the leading clergy of the Dominion

Published by

The Catholic Review Publishing Company, (Limited)

Offices: 61 Adelaide St. East, (opposite Court House).

A. C. MACDONELL, Managing Director

PH. DEGRUCHY, Business Manager

TERMS: \$2.00 per annum, payable strictly in advance. Advertisements unexceptionable in character and limited in number, will be taken at the rate of \$2 per line per annum (cents per line for ordinary insertions, 50¢ per line; in copies, \$15).

All advertisements will be set up in such style as to insure the tasteful typographical appearance of the REVIEW, and enhance the value of the advertisements in its columns.

Remittances by P. O. Order or draft should be made payable to the Business Manager.

TORONTO, SATURDAY, May 17, 1890.

MISS ROSA MULHOLLAND in her Irish letter to the London *Weekly Register*, writing of the strong Temperance movement which is springing up all over Ireland, says: "The Temperance movement and the Home Rule movement are side by side in our minds, though we believe that the former can never be fully developed till the latter is achieved. A deplorable sight in country towns," she adds, "as well as in cities, are the numbers of houses licensed to sell whiskey; every second house in every street is decorated with the odious announcement." Miss Mulholland thinks that this abuse exists because of the rapacity of the landlords.

"Those Catholics," says a contemporary, "who regularly read Catholic papers are far better instructed in their religion, practice it more faithfully, and are more willing to make sacrifices for its sake, than the Catholics who, reading only secular papers, take but little interest in what concerns their religion and their souls."

"No intelligent Catholic family," remarks the *Milwaukee Citizen* in comment, "is without a Catholic paper. There are, of course, some worldly minded Catholic who content themselves with secular papers but they do not count for much. They simply punish themselves—and their children."

"READERS in Canada," says the May number of *Imperial Federation*, "will have been puzzled, and, we fear, somewhat unpleasantly exercised in mind, by an expression which—through one of those strokes of misdirected genius developed in the heat of the compositors' room—we were made to use in our article last month referring to the resolution of the Quebec Assembly. Mr. David was described as 'Mr. Mercier's Frenchman.' To have pointed to his nationality at all was in the context obviously a superfluity. To have done so in such terms would have been more, it would have sounded like an ill-bred sneer. The 'intelligent reader' of the article, if he took the trouble to think at all about the phrase, would have divined that 'Frenchman' should have read 'henchman.'"

A CORRESPONDENT of the *Pall Mall Gazette* who was present at the Mass sung by the Sovereign Pontiff for the Italian pilgrims, describes the Holy Father as he appeared to him: "When he comes up the steps of the altar and appears behind it (for the Pope celebrates facing the people) we get a good view of Leo XIII. Yes, there he is. A sharp-featured, thin, infirm old man, with a kind benevolent face, that reminds me, by the way, of the description I heard a Carthusian monk (an Irishman) at the Certosa, near Florence, give of the present Pope as compared with the former one. 'Pius IX.,' he said, 'was a Pope of the heart; Leo is a Pope of the intellect.' I leave it to your readers to judge what kind of Pope is most required by the Christian Church of the nineteenth century."

CARDINAL MANNING has expressed a very strong and weighty condemnation of the Marriage with a Deceased Wife's Sister Bill, the second reading of which was passed on Wednesday. He speaks not merely as a Catholic Bishop, but as one who has had a quarter of a century's experience of life amongst the poor, and who knows, if anyone knows, what the effects of the measure would be. He says that nothing would be more fatal to the well-being of the industrious classes than the change proposed. He condemns it as hostile to true religion, public policy, and the social and domestic happiness of the working classes. His Eminence says he has seen some of the leading Irish Catholic members on the matter, and he feels confident they will do their best in opposition to the pernicious measure.

MR. STEAD has published in book form the letters written from Rome to the *Pall Mall Gazette* some few months ago. The title of the volume is "The Pope and the New Era." The author, who means well and who certainly strives to be impartial, says of the letters that they contain much that will give offence to both Protestants and Catholics. Mr. Stead, like Renan, apparently believes that there are just two great forces in the world at the present day—the Papacy and the Press. In the preface to his book he says:

"Nothing is more remarkable of late years than the altered attitude of Protestants and Agnostics to the great organization which has its seat, its centre, and its capital in the Eternal City. The Catholic Church towers above all secular organizations, much as the majestic peak of the Matterhorn soars above the lesser Alps which cluster around its base. Alike in antiquity, in extent, and in the compact perfection of its fabric, all other systems are but as the gaudy palaces of Cairo to the Pyramids. This immense moral force, with its princes of the capital and its priests in every village, is no longer regarded as an enemy to be crushed, so much as an ally whose assistance can not with safety be dispensed with in the great task of ameliorating the condition of mankind."

THE *Catholic News* of New York says of the political campaign in Ontario, which turns, as our readers have good reason to know, almost entirely on the school question, and of the professions of such persons as Mr. Hughes that they are "not actuated by any feeling of antagonism to Roman Catholics as Roman Catholics," but by a wish to give them better educational facilities, that if Catholics are misled by them they ought to be disfranchised. "Who will believe," says the *News*, "that these Orangemen really wish to improve the education of Catholics? They wish to prevent the existence of Catholic schools in the same spirit that their ancestors did in Ireland in the days of the penal laws. In our days they must adopt different methods; that is all."

THE REVIEW AND "LA VERITE."

A DISTINGUISHED ecclesiastic of the Province of Quebec has lately written to us regarding the course of events in that Province in a letter from which the following is a translated extract :

You are quite correct in your estimation of La Verite in your polemic. Here in the Dominion we do not want such an extreme party as that of our young Ultramontanes, who in their juvenile ardour fancy they can set fire to the four corners of the country. Our position in Quebec was one of the best possible; and now L'Etendard and La Verite have raised enemies for us everywhere. Do not trouble yourself giving good advice to our extravagants who have not a bishop on their side, and thereby cease to be representative Catholic writers. There are three Protestants to one Catholic in the country; we must not sacrifice our rights, but simply hold to our own instead of being aggressive.

The letter from our correspondent bears out other and weighty assurances which have come to the Review of the distaste with which enlightened French-Canadians view the extravagance and aberrations of the Bourbons of the Lower Province.

In the last two articles which our Quebec confrere, *La Verite*, has put forward in the way of reply to the contentions of this REVIEW, we have not been able to find, we regret to say, either consistency of reasoning, or ordinary coherency of opinion. Nor is it surprising. Even a soberer minded casuist than *La Verite* would be mentally inebriated, if not asphyxiated, by the mixing up of so many polemical liquors. The question of liberalism and of toleration, and of the attitude of the Church towards modern civilization, and the question of the wisdom or unwisdom of the policy of French-Canadian absolutism as preached by *La Verite*, which were the only ones under discussion, are touched upon with no great dexterity indeed, although with uncommon flippancy, and only as preparatory, if we may judge, to the pronouncing of a wild and acrimonious philippic against "certains Irlandais,—le jeune redacteur du Review." Just what the age of the editor of this REVIEW has to do with *La Verite's* defence of the political programme which it promulgates, or just in what way the phenomenon of his being "Irlandais" makes it more appreciably difficult for *La Verite* to approach with an equable mind the pronouncements of the Sovereign Pontiff in respect to the relations of Church and State in mixed religious communities, we are unable to determine. But perhaps if his youth is so unlovely a thing to *La Verite* that journal will be chivalrous enough to allow him to grow old, gradually and gracefully, at the rate, as he promises to do, of at all events twenty four hours every day. He hopes too, if that high politeness which is not only the mark of our French-Canadian brethren but the heritage of their noble ancestry, is not wholly contemptible to *La Verite* it will be persuaded to conduct its polemics with fewer personalities. *La Verite*, is at liberty to defame us if it likes, as "freemasons" and as "Orangemen," and as travelling "as a labour of labour in company with the faction of Meredith and McCarthy." To even so stern a moralist as *La Verite* it is perhaps better that the REVIEW should be maligned rather than that *La Verite* should be proved to be not infallible. We had thought such tactics were peculiar to be sotted pagans and to unbelieving heretics. But it appears they can be employed by even pious Catholics.

SINCE the publication of our articles in regard to the proselytising of emigrant Catholic children in Canada, the REVIEW has had the honour of a visit from the Rev. Robert Rossall, Chancellor of the diocese of Salford, England, and the Rev. Charles Rothwell of the same diocese, Emigrant's Chaplain, and an officer of the Salford Catholic Protection and Rescue

Society. Both these reverend gentlemen have for some time past been engaged in furthering the work set on foot by Bishop Vaughan of Salford for the protection and rescue of Catholic children. The proselytising nature of Dr. Barnardo's philanthropy is to them, of course, an old story. Father Rossall has brought over several batches of boys under the auspices of the Salford society, and these boys are carefully placed with Catholic families and secure from dangerous influences or associations. It was found preferable, we were informed, almost invariably to place the children in the Province of Quebec, rather than in Ontario, the environment there being, in every way, undeniably, much more suited to their welfare.

RESPECTING the sending of children to Canada we notice that the *Liverpool Catholic Times* of the 25th, April, says that this important religious and social question deserves more careful study and inquiry from Catholics than it has yet received. "Those" we read "who have any personal knowledge of Montreal, Toronto, Ottawa, and Hamilton, know that the Catholic authorities in those cities have almost equal difficulties in the disposal of children as exist in this country, whilst the Province of Quebec is for many reasons unsuitable... If Catholic children have to be emigrated, the farther West homes are found for them the better." The *Liverpool journal* is only partially correct. Quebec is quite the best place for emigrant Catholic children. It is a Catholic Province and the children placed there grow up under enviable influences. The objection to the North West lies in the lack of these influences, owing to the Catholic population in those parts being a very sparse one and scattered over a vast territory.

THE Archbishop of Philadelphia, the Most Rev. Dr. Ryan, delivered a lecture in Washington last week on "Our Christian Civilization, and How to Preserve It." In concluding his address Archbishop Ryan said: "In the name of our Christian civilization, I, a Bishop of the Christian Church, lift up my voice to-night to warn the representative men who hear me, that the popular modern system of teaching morality without the doctrines that motivate it, whether that system be called Christian ethics, or moral instruction, or unsectarian teaching, is sapping the very foundations of Christianity and Christian civilization."

ARCHBISHOP RYAN began his lecture with a definition of Civilization which deserves to be set to heart. "The term civilization," he said, "is a very general and somewhat vague one, and various definitions and descriptions of it have been given. I think, with Edmund Burke, that the essence of civilization consists in the spirit of a gentleman and the spirit of religion; that is, the union of all that is noble and sacred in religion with all that is gentle and strong in our humanity. Emerson says: 'The truest test of civilization is not the census, not the size of cities, nor the crops, but the kind of man the country turns out.' Our highest conception of a perfect man is the union of religion and gentle manhood, realized in the person of Christ, the Founder of Christian civilization. Christianity is Christ continued, and its civilization is His continued influence on the outside world. I think the best test of the civilization of an individual, or of a nation, is unselfishness, and the best test of unselfishness is care for the poor and oppressed of our race. Mr. Lecky complains of this age as defective in the spirit of self-sacrifice. Its defect is in proportion to its forgetfulness of the teachings and spirit of Christianity, which is pre-eminently the religion of self-sacrifice."

MR. O'BRIEN'S NOVEL.

Mr. O'Brien's novel, with some extracts from which we furnished our readers in our issue of last week, is not more remarkable for a wealth and exuberance of poetic expression, for luminousness of description, or for the rapidity and intensity of dramatic action with which the story abounds, than for the power and play of portraiture which it reveals as in the possession of the author. There are some twenty-five distinct characters, each true to the life, and each of them, in accuracy and finish of treatment, a masterpiece of portraiture. Perhaps the most engaging figure in Mr. O'Brien's book is that of "Father Phil," a true type of the *soggarth arann* of Irish song and story, who maintains a troop of affectionate beggars, and climbs mountains, uncomplainingly, to administer Extreme Unction to old women who believe themselves dying every other day. One appreciative critic, Mr. T. P. Gill, M.P., says of this creation that he is an Irish Abbe Constantin, and that once "Father Phil" comes to be thoroughly known "he will be enshrined in every Irish home, as a sort of tutelary domestic saint not in the hagiology, a link between the sinners of this world and the beatified of the next." Upon his picture of the simple minded, kindly-hearted old curate, Mr. O'Brien seems to have indeed expended the sympathies of an earnest and religious nature. But side by side with the sketch of this character is presented a remarkable contrast in the picture of "Mgr. McGrudder," an ecclesiastic of the post-Emancipation period, a priest, not without heroic and admirable qualities, but imbued with a distrust of popular movements—one of those who took their cue from, and were of the same school of training as Cardinal Cullen. The Monsignor is thus represented:

"He interfered constantly and with effect, between a landlord and a body of suppliant tenantry; but he interfered as Innocent the Third would interfere between two Powers that solicited his mediation, so as to make the landlord beholden to him for his rents, and the tenants for continuance in their cabins. He was learned. He had a lofty piety. Much though he sought from landlords, county members, and eminent personages of State, he sought nothing for himself. He had no nephews or nieces. It was his duty as Monsignor and Vicar-General to be respected, and he was respected—to be dreaded, and the very stones of Drumshaghlin shook under his tread. If he had been told that this was not his entire duty as an Irish priest, he would have been as much astounded as if a parishioner whom he knocked over the sconce with his gold-headed stick had summoned him to the police office for a common assault, or as if a candidate for the county had passed his door without anxiously sending in his card. Though he was the son of an evicted tenant himself, it was often the appointed duty of tenants to be evicted, as it was of Monsignori to know a good picture or a good wine. Poverty was one of the Divinely-instituted toll-bars on the road to Heaven. You might entreat the turnpike-keeper to reduce his charges in pity for your rags and bleeding feet, but the man who talked of tumbling the barrier and letting the world pass toll free was—in one word, the French Revolution. Monsignor McGrudder would not have shirked poverty himself. In the Papal days he would have said Mass in a mountain cave, or slept on the heather, or swung from a gallows, for that matter. Religion would have demanded it, and religion was the great concern. But religion was now coming out of the catacombs and marching on the seat of Empire. After the Fathers of the Desert, the founders of the Basilicas. Great churches were arising, like aspirations long crushed under the earth.

The fumes of frankincense filled the land. The despised Popish priest was not only able to swing his Mass-bell without fear—he was able to appoint Popish judges, to return Popish members of Parliament, to nominate Popish magistrates. The electro-plated Catholic upper-class thus manufactured repaid in sycophancy the ecclesiastical dignitaries to whom they owed their patents. The Government, lost in admiration of the discipline with which the Roman Legion moved like one man over the country, were well content to grant to the Church those little subsidies of privilege and patronage which promised to get their fighting done for them against Irish disaffection as effectually as their subsidies of hullion had kept the allies in the field against Napoleon. The ecclesiastical legions, on their part, might be excused for seeing their successes in a different light. The Cardinal was the most powerful man in Ireland. The Protestant Church Establishment was visibly tottering. Who could tell what might not arise upon its ruins? Nay, was not England herself beginning to stir with uneasy longings for the old Faith of which her beautiful ministers were still the sermons, rather than the tombs? Was it altogether impossible that the Irish race, which once gave apostles to half Europe and which has within the present century utilized its exile for the conquest of two continents for the Faith, should achieve vengeance upon England in the most glorious of all forms, by restoring the gentle power of the Mass-bell in the greatest of the world's cities over the most stiff-necked of the world's race? Here were deeds worthy of patriotisms indeed! What in comparison with splendid destinies like these were the squalid ecstasies over a lost provincial Parliament, or all the bother about tenant-right and the better housing of how-wow?"

It is perhaps in his treatment of Mgr. McGrudder that Mr. O'Brien shows his greatest power. He moves with delicacy and yet with freedom over very difficult and dangerous ground. The Mgr. McGrudders are now an order of the past, but in the Ireland of forty years ago they were the ascendant influence in the Irish Church. They were brought into greater prominence, and exercised greater power in the life of the country, after the passing of Catholic emancipation. They were a conservative force whose influence was exerted against Ribbonism and conspiracy and thrown wholly on the side of O'Connell when, in his later years, he came into conflict with the more advanced spirits of the Young Ireland party. To some Catholics, it may be that the prominence with which Mgr. McGrudder is drawn will not prove wholly pleasant. There may be those who will complain that in describing him the critical faculty has been given too great play. But the character, in our judgment, is that one, above all others, which gives to Mr. O'Brien's canvass the true historical perspective, and without which it would be inartistic and incomplete. It is to be remembered of these McGrudders that they were in those days to the poor faithful Irish people, not only parish priests, but as the chieftans of a clan. The great power which they wielded over their people was the result of simple enough causes. Confiscation and the penal laws had deprived the Irish people of wealth and education and reduced them to poverty and ignorance. The clergy were the only capable class remaining, and came in course of time to be the national chiefs of the Irish people. They were the creation of the circumstances of the hour; they disappeared, as was inevitable, when the blessings of Emancipation stirred into life again the energies and intelligence of the Irish people.

Since then the times have changed, and the clergy have changed with them; and the changes, who can doubt? are wholly for the better. On the one hand the McGrudders have given way to an order of prelates in full sympathy with the political aims of their people; and, on the other, Ribbonism and conspiracy, have given place to a peaceful revolution and to a constitutional agitation.

ARCHBISHOP CORRIGAN IN THE HOLY LAND.

The following letter has been received from Archbishop Corrigan by a friend in New York:

MOUNT CARMEL.

Stress of weather keeps us willing prisoners in this venerated spot, and the enforced leisure permits the writing of letters to our distant homes.

During the past week our caravan has lived in the saddle and in palanquins, spending a long time in accomplishing short journeys. On Monday, March 3d, we bade good-bye to Jerusalem. Two of our friends accompanied us for a couple of miles outside the walls; and after a little time, gazing back wistfully, we caught the last glimpse of the Holy City. The journey of eight miles to Nazareth occupied nearly four days: but the delay was repaid by the many memorable scenes through which we passed in the interim. Our caravan consisted of three horses and three palanquins for ourselves, and sixteen other horses or mules, with as many attendants (including our guide and the dragoman) bearing the luggage. The roads are practicable for horses or donkeys only, and in places so bad that one would prefer to walk than to trust himself to a horse. The palanquin is a chair clumsily set on two poles, each about fifteen feet long, and perched lengthwise between two mules. The locomotion is not even nor pleasant, but less fatiguing than horseback for those who are not accustomed to ride.

Nazareth is full of interest. We said Mass twice in the house of Our Lady where she received the wonderful tidings that she was to become the Mother of God. Besides this, Nazareth possesses the site of St. Joseph's workshop, and the spot where our Lord dined with His Apostles both before and after His Resurrection. From Nazareth we went to Mount Tabor, the scene of His Transfiguration, and thence by the Mount of the Beatitudes, and the plain where the multiplication of loaves and fishes took place, to the Sea of Galilee. Sunday we said Mass on the spot where our Lord gave St. Peter the command to "feed His lambs and feed His sheep." Monday we went to Cana of Galilee, and yesterday we came to Mount Carmel. About this historic spot, please read the Third Book of Kings, chapter xviii. The scene of the Sacrifice is higher up the mountain than the monastery, which is built over the cave of Elias and the school of the Prophets.

Theoretically, camp life is romantic and pleasant. Practically, especially in rainy weather like this, our caravan found it better to be protected by four walls. Only two of the party slept under a tent last night. The rest came up here; but this morning our companions reported that the rain soaked through the canvas, and made the night's repose anything but comfortable. So they hastily concluded to substitute a five days' halt in the Hospice for five days exposure to the rain en route to Beyrout, which can be reached in a single night by steamer from the port of Haifa, at the foot of Carmel. So this bad wind, which is a blessing for the land, for after this month there will not be a drop of rain until November, gives us a needed rest and abundance of leisure to think over the wonders of the Holy places, and to think of our friends. I should say, rather, to write to our friends, for during the long hours in the palanquin, with no one within reach to talk to, one's thoughts naturally revert to those who are far away. Probably another month will pass before we receive letters or tidings from America. No newspapers here; no improvements; the traditions are those of a thousand or two thousand years ago.

Everywhere the greatest attention and kindness have been lavished on us. Without newspapers, somehow our movements have been noised abroad, and everywhere a welcome was prepared for us. Just think of the bells of Cana ringing to welcome our approach, and the parish priest, with surplice and holy water, waiting at the door of the church to receive us! while we had not the slightest idea he knew aught of our existence. The Blessing of Our Lady of Mount Carmel on you and your family.

M. A. C.

From Our Exchanges.

"RED HOT" PREACHING.

BISHOP JOYCE, of the Methodist church, deplors the passing of the tub-thumping preacher. It is due to education; the preacher is more intelligent and less vociferous.

"We are turning out preachers who, along the line of intellectual development, can run the world," says the Bishop, "but I fear some of them have not heart enough to run a single ward. I am not opposed to college education, but we want equipoise between brain and heart. We need more enthusiasm. It has been sometime since I heard a good, red-hot, clean-cut sermon. There seems to be a fear of making too much noise in the pulpit—somebody's refined tastes may be hurt. That is not Methodism. Let the church arouse."

The dangers of Romanism and the safety of the public school system are never-ending sources of enthusiasm for our Methodist brethren. A red-hot sermon must have the Pope in it, and the sins of the Catholic brethren must be held up or there is no true Evangelical work done.—*Milwaukee Citizen*.

TEMPERANCE AND TOTAL ABSTINENCE.

We are not now and are never likely to be supporters of the theory that total abstinence is of universal necessity. We know that it is not. The demand for a system of total abstinence has had its origin in the neglect of ordinary temperance by many whose sins and follies were obtruded upon the notice of disgusted fellow-citizens. Under such circumstances it is not wonderful that to some it seemed absolutely certain that the only safeguard against grievous excess would be found to lie in general and entire abstinence from the consumption of stimulants. As Dr. Walsh and his suffragan prelates declare: "The word temperance has come to be used by many in an unduly restricted sense. It is sometimes, and indeed not unfrequently, used as if it meant precisely the same thing as the words total abstinence. This, the clergy, so far as may be necessary, will be careful to explain to the faithful, is a manifest error. Temperance is one thing, total abstinence is another, and it is essential to keep clearly in view the difference between the two. Temperance consists in the avoiding of all excess. It is, therefore, of obligation upon all. It is a Christian virtue, one of the four cardinal virtues, as they are called, prudence, justice, fortitude, and temperance. All men are bound to its observance; for it is imposed as of obligation by Him whose will is law to all. Again Christians, as members of the Church of Christ, are specially bound to its observance; they are bound to it by the promises of their baptism. If all our people were faithful to these baptismal promises and to the holy law of God, there would be no need to speak to them of total abstinence. Total abstinence on the other hand, is not imposed on mankind in general by any law of God. Nor is it imposed as of obligation upon all Christians by the promises of their baptism. Yet, notwithstanding this, it is of obligation for many. It is, for instance, of obligation for all those for whom its observance is, in practice, a necessary means for the observance of the law of temperance. There are some, we must unhappily say there are multitudes—for whom total abstinence in this way becomes a matter of the strictest obligation.—*Dublin Irish Catholic*.

The *Dakota Catholic* believes that a room hung with good pictures is a room suggestive of good thoughts. It says that "every Catholic house should be illuminated by at least one good picture of our Blessed Mother, occupying the place of honour in the parlor, so as to impress every visitor with the idea that he has come into the abode of Catholics who are not ashamed of their faith. By thus honouring the Blessed Virgin, who is the Queen of Purity, we make amends for the errors of so many of our brethren, who allow their homes to be polluted with the sensuous images of a pagan art. There should also be in every Catholic household a picture or a statuette of the angelic youth St. Aloysius Gonzaga, to serve as a reminder to the children of the beauty of holiness, and as an incentive to their efforts at leading good Christian lives."

All Subscribers who are in arrears to the REVIEW would confer a favor, by at once remitting to us the amount of same.

General Catholic News

Archbishop O'Brien of Halifax has just published a poem of 150 pages entitled "Aminta; a Modern Life Drama."

Bishop Burke of Cheyenne, it is announced, will shortly be appointed coadjutor to Archbishop Kenrick of St. Louis.

The choir of the Church of our Lady of Lourdes, Toronto, assisted in the musical service at High Mass in St. Paul's new Church on Sunday last.

There will be Grand Musical Vespers and a lecture by the Very Rev. Dean McCann in St. Michael's Cathedral on Sunday evening (May 18th) in aid of Branch 85 of the C.M.B.A.

Rev. Abbe F. X. Robinault, of St. Francois de Madawaska, N.B., is dead. He was the first Acadian raised to the priesthood and was ordained at Quebec, December 8, 1851, by the late Mgr. Baillargeon.

At the Villa Maria convent on Saturday morning last five of the *religieuses* of the congregation of Notre Dame took their final vows. Archbishop Fabre presided at the ceremony which took place in the chapel of the institution, and in the presence of all the Nuns of the institution to the number of over two hundred.

The following circular by Archbishop Fabre was read in the Roman Catholic churches of Montreal on Sunday:—"You will instruct your people at High Mass to-morrow that the census which is now being taken in this city, far from being an odious measure, is perfectly in conformity with the public welfare. You will therefore recommend to the faithful to answer all the questions put to them by the census employees or at least give the correct number of the members in their families."

The Canadian Institute has obtained from Father Laboureau some curious relics of the early French days, dug from an Indian grave near Penetanguishene. Mr. David Boyle, in whose keeping they are for the present, says they consist of three silver crosses, from three to four inches long and of peculiar design, together with a couple of very thin silver brooches. Dean Harris, of St. Catharines, an authority on such matters, thinks it probable that they were sent to Canada during the regime of Cardinal Richelieu. They are of a kind only used by patriarchs of the Latin Church, and bear the letters C.E. and R.C. The French mission among the Hurons ceased in 1645, so that the date would correspond to the theory of the Dean.

In connection with the disappearance of Rev. Mr. Martin, a former Catholic priest has been given, by authority, we believe the following communication to the Associated Press:

"For several months Mr. Martin, regretting what he believed to be the greatest error of his life, was thinking of re-entering the church which he had abandoned in an hour of weakness. He addressed himself to His Eminence the Cardinal Archbishop of Quebec in the month of April last. Among other things, he said to the cardinal: 'I return to the fold of the best faith in the world. I address myself to you as the prodigal son did to his father. I venture to hope, Monseigneur, that Your Eminence will treat me as the father of the prodigal son treated his repenting son. Rev. Mr. Martin was naturally placed in communication with Monseigneur the Archbishop of Montreal, and persevering always in his good resolution to re-enter the church, he announced that he would finally leave Montreal forever on Saturday evening, May 3rd, thence to go and shut himself up in a place of penance far from this country. Still, he regretted having to abandon his children and her who had followed him for two years. Before leaving he begged Monseigneur the Archbishop to find a home for his children. He himself asked that some *religieuses* be sent to her whom he had called his wife, and announce to her his departure, and to tell her that if she was willing, she and

her children would be looked after. The *religieuses* went to the house on Monday afternoon, but as Mr. Martin was not yet gone they could not fulfil the mission which he himself had asked should be confided to them.

It is understood that the ex-priest has gone to the States and is now doing penance for his marriage, which, in the eyes of the church is null and void.

Men and Things.

A pleasant picture of the school kept by the Irish Cistercians of Mount Mellera is given by a writer in the *Irish Monthly*. It is more like a combined greenhouse and aviary than the ordinary dull apartment of desks and forms. Brother Augustine accustoms his children to live with and love Nature; and it is his proud boast that not one of his little wild mountaineers would rob a bird's-nest or harm the petal of a flower. As they write and spell, the birds that live in the school-room hop about their feet, or fly from cage or perch to alight on St. Bernard's shoulder; and the good children are rewarded by a special permission to be feeders of the pets for the day."

A banner has been designed by a leading English decorative artist named Walter Crane. It is to be hung in the Irish Parliament House. The design is one of great beauty, consisting of a sunburst with the Celtic cross in the centre and with heraldic devices of the four Irish provinces around. The banner has been exquisitely worked in colored silks by Miss Una Taylor, who is a niece of an Irish Peer. The banner is a gorgeous one, and will serve to inspire a spirit of patriotism in young and old alike.

Catholics are often astonished and shocked by the stories that non-Catholics bring home from their travels abroad, and relate on the authority of their guides. A writer in the *Foro della Verita* relates his experience. His guide, knowing he was a Protestant, told several disgusting stories about monks. The gentleman, losing patience, turned to him indignantly. The guide seemed surprised. "Ah, you are a Catholic? Excuse me! I thought that you were a Protestant." The *London Tablet* adds: "This matter has been reported to the authorities in the Vatican; and, from what I am told, I gather that these guides will not be allowed to enter the Vatican again. However, perhaps it is better to warn non-Catholics, especially ladies, to beware of the vile tongues of these guides, who evidently have become worshippers of Giordano Bruno's creed, 'liberty of speech.'"

More than sixty years ago two youths were fellow students in Rome. One was Irish, the other Italian. At the close of their studies both were ordained to the priesthood and each went forth to duty; one to Ireland, the other to his native province in Italy. The Irishman named Meehan remained an humble curate to the day of his death; the Italian named Preci, is still living and is now the head of the Universal Church. The Irish curate was the Rev. C. P. Meehan whose death we recorded a few days ago, the author of the history of the Confederation of Kilkenny and other valuable treatises on Irish history.

THE LADY NEXT DOOR.

Mrs. W. envied the lady next door because she always seemed so well and happy. "She enjoys life and I don't," said the discontented woman. "How I would like to change places with her!" At last she made the acquaintance of the object of her envy, and this is what the lady told her: "Happy? Of course I am, for I enjoy perfect health. My dear Mrs. W., your face tells me why you are not happy. You are suffering from functional derangements. I was a martyr to female weaknesses for years, but Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription cured me, as it will you if you will try it. It is guaranteed to give satisfaction in every case or price (\$1.00) returned.

Dr. Pierce's Pellets, one a dose. Cure headache, constipation and indigestion.

ALICE McLAUGHLIN M.D., C.M.

23 Church st. (opp Normal School)
Office Hours 8 to 10 a.m., 1 to 4 p.m.

Telephone 1813

O'SULLIVAN & ANGLIN

Barristers, Solicitors, Notaries, Etc.
Offices—Medical Council Building, corner of
Bay and Richmond streets.
Next door to the Registry Office
TORONTO

Money to Loan Money Invested
D. A. O'Sullivan F. A. Anglin

FOY & KELLY,

Barristers, Solicitors, Etc.

Office—Home Savings and Loan Co's Bldg
74 Church Street,
TORONTO

J. J. Foy, Q.C. H. T. Kelly.

MURRY & MACDONELL,

Barristers, Solicitors, Notaries, &c.
Offices—Quebec Bank Chambers,
No 2 Toronto Street,
Toronto.

Huson W. M. Murray. A. C. Macdonell.

FREDERICK C. LAW

Architect

Office and Residence, 468 Sherbourne St
TORONTO

DR. GREGORY A. PÉRE

119 McCaul St. Toronto

Consulting Hours

8 to 10 a.m. - 1 to 2 p.m.

And 6 to 8 p.m.

Telephone No. 2006

RUBBER BOOTS, COATS

And other Rubber Goods Repaired

-H. J. LA FORCE-

Fine Boots and Shoes Made to Order

117 Church St. - - - cor. of Queen

POEMS

OF

POPE LEO XIII.

...

As the Edition of these Poems is limited, and our stock is fast being depleted, we would advise those of our readers who have not yet secured one to send in their orders at once.

LORETTO ABBEY.

Wellington Place, Toronto.

A Seminary for the education of young ladies, under the superintendence of the Ladies of Loretto, situated in the western part of the city, having the full benefit of the pure air of the lake and the pleasant shade of grand old trees, covering several acres. The course of instruction in this establishment comprises every branch suitable to the education of young ladies. Bookkeeping, Stenography and Typewriting are taught to any of the pupils who may desire to learn these branches. Talents in Vocal and Instrumental Music, Painting, Violin, Guitar and Organ may be had from Professors if desired.

For further particulars apply to the Lady Superior.

St. Jerome's College

Berlin, Ont.

Complete Classical, Philosophical and Commercial courses, and Shorthand and Typewriting. For further particulars address,

REV. L. FUNCKE, C. R., D.D.,
President.

St. Michael's College,
TORONTO.

(In Affiliation with Toronto University.)

Under the special patronage of His Grace, the Archbishop of Toronto and directed by the Basilian Fathers.

Full Classical, Scientific, and commercial courses.

Special courses for students preparing for University matriculation and non-professional certificates. Terms, when paid in advance: Board and tuition \$150.00 per year. Half boarders \$75.00. Day pupils \$28.00. or further particulars apply to

REV. J. R. TEEFY, President.

LORETTO CONVENT, LINDSAY.

Under the supervision of the Ladies of Loretto, the course of instruction comprises every branch suitable for the education of young ladies. Those who wish to pursue the course of studies for teachers' certificates will find every opportunity of doing so, a large number of pupils from this Academy, are among the most successful teachers in the Province. Board tuition \$100.00 per year. For further particulars apply to

LADY SUPERIOR.

Invitations *
* Tickets *
* Programmes *
and
Every Description of
Church, Society,
and General
PRINTING
executed by
The Catholic Review

ALLAN LINE

SUMMER ARRANGEMENT, 1890.

Liverpool, Londonderry, Montreal and
Quebec Service.

STEAMER	From Montreal At Daylight	From Quebec 9 a.m.
Polynesian...	14 "	15 "
Parisian....	21 "	22 "
Carthaginian...	Will not carry	Passengers.
Circassian....	4 June....	5 June....
Sardinian....	11 "	12 "
Polynesian....	18 "	19 "
Parisian....	25 "	26 "

RATES OF PASSAGE.

Montreal or Quebec to Liverpool.

Cabin, from \$70.00, to \$80.00, according to accommodation. Intermediate, \$30. Steerage, \$20.00. Return Tickets, Cabin, \$100.00 to \$120.00. Intermediate, \$50.00. Steerage, \$30.

Passengers are allowed to embark at Montreal, and will leave Toronto on the Tuesday Mornings Express, or if embarking at Quebec, leave on the Wednesday Mornings Express.

H. BOURLIER,

GENERAL WESTERN AGENT

Corner King and Yonge Street
TORONTO



U. S. Address P. O. Box 1
Fort Covington, N. Y.
Canada Address
40 Blevy St. - Montreal
Castle & Son

STAINED GLASS

For Churches

Sacred subjects and symbols a specialty. Designs free. Correspondence invited. Reference by permission, Card. Te chereau.



DOMINION

Stained Glass Co.

FACTORY

77 Richmond st. W

TORONTO

MEMORIAL WINDOWS

ART GLASS,

and every description of
Church and Domestic Glass

Designs and estimates
on application.

W. Wakefield & Harrison,
Proprietors.

THE CRUSLAND & SON'S
MEMORIAL WINDOWS TORONTO
MEDALISTS CHURCH & SECULAR
LONDON-ESTD 1856 STAINED GLASS
DESIGNS & ESTIMATES

ALL DESCRIPTIONS OF
Ecclesiastical Windows.
highest references from the clergy covering
a period of 49 years.

Dominion : Line : Royal : Mail
STEAMSHIPS
SUMMER SEASON.

Liverpool Service- Sailing Dates
 From Montreal. From Quebec.

Dominion... Thur. May 15,
 Toronto... Sat. " 21
 Vancouver Wed. " 25
 Sarnia... Thur. June 5
 Oregon... Thur. " 12

Bristol Service, from Avonmouth Dock,
 SAILING DATED.

From Montreal,
 Texas May 22nd
 Idaho June 5th

REDUCED RATES.

CARIN. Portland or Halifax to Liver-
 pool, \$50 to \$60; Return, \$100 to
 \$110. INTERMEDIATE to Liverpool or
 Glasgow, \$25. STEERAGE to Liver-
 pool, Queenston, Londonderry, Bel-
 fast, London or Glasgow, \$20

* These Steamers have Saloon, State-rooms
 Mess-rooms and Bath-rooms, and ships,
 where but little mutton is left, and carry
 neither Cattle or Sheep.

G. W. TORRANCE, DAVID TORRANCE & Co
 18 Front St. W. Gen. Agts.
 Toronto. Montreal & Portland

Sir Alex Campbell, John L. Blakey, Esq.
 President. Vice-Pres.

THE BOILER INSPECTION
 and Insurance Co. of Canada

Consulting Engineers and Solicitors
 of Patents.

—HEAD OFFICE—

QUEBEC BANK CHAMBERS . . . TORONTO
 G. C. Robb Chief Engineer A. Finner Sec.-Treas.

TENDERS.

SEALED TENDERS marked "For
 Mounted Police Provisions and Light Sup-
 plies," and addressed to the Honourable
 the Minister of Railways and Canals, Ot-
 tawa, will be received up to noon on Tues-
 day, 3rd June, 1890.

Printed forms of tender, containing full
 information as to the articles and ap-
 proximate quantities required, may be had
 on application at any of the Mounted Police
 Posts in the North-West, or at the office of
 the undersigned.

No tender will be received unless made
 on such printed forms.

The lowest or any tender not necessarily
 Each tender must be accompanied by an
 accepted Canadian bank cheque for an
 amount equal to ten per cent. of the total
 value of the articles tendered for, which
 will be forfeited if the party declines to
 enter into a contract when called upon to
 do so, or if he fails to complete the service
 contracted for. If the tender be not ac-
 cepted the cheque will be returned.

No payment will be made to newspapers
 inserting this advertisement without au-
 thority having been first obtained.

FRED WHITE,

Comptroller, N. W. M. Police.
 Ottawa, April 22nd, 1890.

W. K. MURPHY
 Funeral Director &
 Embalmer
 407 QUEEN ST. WEST TORONTO
 Diplomist for Embalming

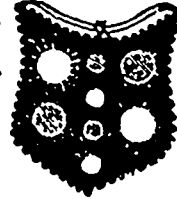


— THE —
CLIMAX OF ABSORPTION



A CURE
WITHOUT MEDICINE.

Our appliances act as
 perfect Absorbents by de-
 stroying the germs of
 disease and removing all
 Impurities from the
 body.



All diseases are suc-
 cessfully treated by

CORRESPONDENCE,

as our goods can be ap-
 plied at home.

STILL ANOTHER NEW LIST.

Senator A. E. Botsford, Saakville, ad-
 vises everybody to use Actina for failing
 eyesight.

Miss Laura Grose, 166 King w., Granu-
 lated Eye Laid; cured in 4 weeks.

Rev. Chas. Mole, Halifax, is happy to
 testify to the benefits received from
 Butterfly Belt and Actina.

A. Rogers, tobaccoist, Adelaide west,
 declares Actina worth \$100.

Miss Flora McDonald, 21 Wilton Ave.,
 misses a large lump from her hand of 13
 years standing.

S. Floyd, 119 1/2 Portland st., Liver and
 Kidneys and Dyspepsia cured.

G. K. Glassford, Markdale, Sciatica and
 Dyspepsia cured in 6 weeks; 15 years
 standing.

Mrs. McKay, Ailsa Craig, after suffering
 13 years, our Sciatica Belt cured her.

"H. S." says Emissions ontroly ceased. Have not felt so well in 20
 years. THESE LETTERS ON FILE.

Mrs. J. Swift, 87 Agnes st., Sciatica for
 years, perfectly cured in 6 weeks.

Chas. Cusens, P.M., Trowbridge, general
 Nervous Debility, now enjoys good health.

Thomas Bryan, 371 Dundas st., general
 Debility, improved from the first day, now
 perfectly cured.

Wm. Cole, G.T.R., fireman, cured of
 Liver and Kidney troubles.

A. E. Colwell, engraver, city, Rheuma-
 tism in the knees, cured.

J. A. T. Ivy, cured of nightly emissions
 in 6 weeks.

Your Belt and Suspensory cured me of
 Impotency, writes G. A.

Would not be without your Belt and
 Suspensory for \$50, says J. McG.

For General Nervous Debility your
 Butterfly Belt and Suspensory are cheap
 at any price.



CATARRH Impossible under the influence of Actina. ACTINA will
 cure all Diseases of the Eye. Given on 15 days trial.

Combine Belt and Suspensory only \$5. Cure
 certain. No Vinegar or Acids used.

Mention this Paper. Illustrated Book and Journal FREE.
W. T. BAER & CO., 171 Queen st. West,
TORONTO, ONT.

CONSUMPTION SURELY CURED

TO THE EDITOR:

Please inform your readers that I have a positive remedy for the above named
 disease. By its timely use thousands of hopeless cases have been permanently cured. I shall
 be glad to send two bottles of my remedy FREE to any of your readers who have con-
 sumption if they will send me their Express and Post Office Address. Respectfully,
 T. A. SLOCUM, M.C., 185 West Adelaide St., TORONTO, ONTARIO.



STATUTES OF CANADA

AND

OFFICIAL PUBLICATIONS.

The Statutes and some of the publi-
 cations of the Government of Canada are for
 sale at this office, also separate acts, Revised
 Statutes, price for 2 vols. \$5.00 and for
 supplementary volume, \$2.50. Price list
 sent on application.

B. CHAMBERLIN,

Queen's Printer and Comptroller
 of Stationery.

Department of Public Printing
 and Stationery.
 Ottawa, May, 1889.

- Church Pews -

SCHOOL FURNITURE

The Bennett Furnishing Co., of London,
 Ont. make a specialty of manufacturing
 the latest designs in Church and School
 Furniture. The Catholic clergy of Canada
 are respectfully invited to send for catalogue
 and prices before awarding contracts. We
 have lately put in a complete set of pews
 in the Brantford Catholic Church, and
 for many years past have been favoured
 with contracts from a member of the clergy
 in other parts of Ontario, in all cases the
 most entire satisfaction having been expres-
 sed in regard to quality of work, lowness
 of price, and quickness of execution. Such
 has been the increase of business in this
 special line that we found it necessary
 some time since to establish a branch office
 in Glasgow, Scotland, and we are now en-
 gaged manufacturing pews for new churches
 in that country and Ireland. Address

BENNETT FURNISHING CO
 London Ont., Canada

NATIONAL COLONIZATION LOTTERY

Under the patronage of Rev. Father Labelle.

Established in 1881, under the Act of Quebec, 52 Vict., Chapl. 36, for the benefit of the Diocesan Societies of Colonization of the Province of Quebec.

CLASS D
The 34th Monthly Drawing will take place

WEDNESDAY MAY 21st

At 2 p.m.

PRIZES VALUE

\$50,000

Capital prize—One Real Estate worth \$50,000.00

LIST OF PRIZES.

1 Real Estate worth.....	\$5,000	5,000
1 do	2,000	2,000
1 do	1,000	1,000
1 do	500	2,000
10 Real Estate	300	3,000
30 Furniture sets	200	3,000
99 do	100	6,000
200 Gold Watches	50	10,000
1,000 Silver Watches	10	10,000
1,000 Toilet Sets	5	5,000
2,307 Prizes worth		\$50,000.00

TICKETS \$1.00

It is offered to redeem all prizes in cash, less a commission of 10 per cent. Winners, names not published unless specially authorized: S. E. LEFEBVRE, secretary, Offices, 19 St. James street, Montreal, Can

ESSAYS

ON THE

Church in Canada.

The Catholic-National Churches—Anglican and Gallican—The Church in Canada under French Rule—The Capitulations at Montreal and Quebec (1759-60)—The Treaty of Paris, 1763—The Quebec Act, 1774, and the Speeches on it in the English Parliament—The Church under British Rule—Territory within the Act and the Treaty—Geographical and Political changes resulting in the present Dominion—The Church in Ontario.

By D. A. O'SULLIVAN, ESQ., Q.C., LL.D., OF OSGOOD'S HALL, TORONTO. Author of "Government in Canada," Etc. WITH AN INTRODUCTION BY HIS GRACE THE ARCHBISHOP OF TORONTO.

PAPER COVER 36
CLOTH BOUND 50

D. & J. SADLER & CO.

115 Church Street, TORONTO
1669 Notre Dame Street, MONTREAL

TORONTO POSTAL GUIDE. During the month of May 1890, mails close and are due as follows:

	CLOS.	DEC.
	a.m. p.m.	a.m. p.m.
G. T. R. East	6.00 7.30	7.45 10.30
O. and Q. Railway	7.30 7.45	8.00 9.00
G. T. R. West	7.00 8.20	7.40 12.40
N. and N. W.	7.00 4.40	10.00 8.10
T. G. and B.	7.00 3.45	11.00 8.30
Midland	6.30 3.30	9.30 12.30
C. V. R.	7.00 3.20	9.00 9.20
G. W. R.	{ a.m. p.m.	a.m. p.m.
	{ 2.00 9.00	2.00 2.00
	{ 6.00 4.00	10.36 7.30
	{ 11.30 9.30	8.20 8.20
	a.m. p.m.	a.m. p.m.
U. S. N. Y.	{ 6.00 4.00	9.00 5.45
	{ 11.30 9.30	10.30 11.00
U. S. West States	{ 6.00 9.30	9.00 7.20
	{ 12.00	

English mails will be closed during May as follows: May 1, 5, 7, 8, 12, 14, 15, 19, 21, 22, 25 and 27.

McShane Bell Foundry.

Finest Grade of Bells, Chimes and Peals for CHURCHES, COLLEGES, TOWER CLOCKS, etc. Fully warranted; satisfaction guaranteed. Send for price and catalogue. J. W. McSHANE & CO., BALTIMORE, Md., U. S. Mention this paper.

A. J. McDONAGH DENTIST

Office and Residence, 250 SPADINA AVE. TORONTO

Third door south of St. Phillips' Church' FIRST CLASS WORK. TERMS MODERATE

Night calls promptly attended

"Best cure for colds, cough, consumption is the old Vegetable Pulmonary Biscuit." Cutler Bros. & Co., Boston. For a large bottle sent prepaid

I CURE FITS! THOUSANDS OF BOTTLES GIVEN AWAY YEARLY.

When I say Curo I do not mean merely to stop them for a time, and then have them return again. I MEAN A RADICAL CURE. I have made the disease of Fits, Epilepsy or Falling Sickness a life-long study. I warrant my remedy to Curo the worst cases. Because others have failed is no reason for not now receiving a cure. Send at once for a treatise and a Free Bottle of my Infallible Remedy. Give Express and Post Office. It costs you nothing for a trial, and it will cure you. Address:—H. G. ROOT, M.C., Branch Office, 180 WEST ADELAIDE STREET, TORONTO.

AGENTS

Can make from \$5 to \$10 per day, by canvassing for the Catholic Weekly Review, apply to Business Manager.

ASTHMA CURED DR. TAFT'S ASTHMALENE. Address, we will mail you a bottle FREE. DR. TAFT DRUG CO. ROCHESTER, N.Y.

ALEXANDER & CABLE

Lithographers

Engravers Etc.

MAL BUILDING

- Toronto -

MANNA FACTORY. TOBACCO BIRDS. Directions free. BIRD FOOD CO., 311 St. Patrick St.



John McMahon
MERCHANT TAILOR
39 King St. W., : Toronto

TENDERS

SEALED TENDERS addressed to the undersigned, and endorsed "Tender for Indian Supplies," will be received at this office up to noon of MONDAY, 21st April, 1890, for the delivery of Indian Supplies, during the fiscal year ending 30th June, 1891, consisting of Flour, Beef, Bacon, Groceries, Ammunition, Twine, Agricultural Implements, Tools, &c., duty paid, at various points in Manitoba and the North-West Territories.

Forms of tender, containing full particulars relative to the Supplies required, dates of delivery, &c., may be had by applying to the undersigned, or to the Indian Commissioner at Regina, or to the Indian Office, Winnipeg.

Parties may tender for each description of goods (or for any portion of each description of goods) separately or for all the goods called for in the Schedules, and the Department reserves to itself the right to reject the whole of any part of a tender.

Each tender must be accompanied by an accepted Cheque in favor of the Superintendent General of Indian Affairs, on a Canadian Bank, for at least five per cent. of the amount of a tender, which will be forfeited if the party tendering declines to enter into a contract based on such tender when called upon to do so, or if he fails to complete the work contracted for. If the tender be not accepted, the cheque will be returned.

Each tender must, in addition to the signature of the tenderer, be signed by two sureties acceptable to the Department for the proper performance of the contract based on his tender.

This advertisement is not to be inserted by any newspaper without the authority of the Queen's Printer, and no claim for payment by any newspaper not having had such authority will be admitted.

L. VANKOUGHNET,

Deputy of the Superintendent-General of Indian Affairs.

Department of Indian Affairs, Ottawa, March, 1890.



BUCKEYE BELL FOUNDRY. Bells of Pure Copper and Tin for Churches, Schools, Fire Alarms, Farms, etc. FULLY WARRANTED. Catalogue sent Free. VANDUZEN & TIFT, Cincinnati, O.

Special Quotations

ROYAL BAKING POWDER

Absolutely Pure.



This powder never varies. A marvel of purity, strength and wholesomeness. More economical than the ordinary kinds, and can not be sold in competition with the multitude of low test, short weight alum or phosphate powders. Sold only in cans. ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., 108 Wall St., N. Y.



Canadian Photo-Engraving Bureau
Engraving of every description,
Best work in Canada
HALF TONE
Process A Specialty
MOORE & ALEXANDER
203 YONGE STREET
TORONTO.

O'MEARA THE TAILOR

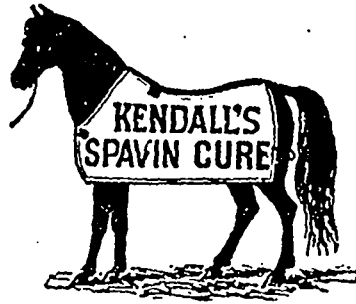
HAS OPENED HIS NEW STORE
561 QUEEN ST. WEST,
With an entirely new and select stock of
Irish, English and Scotch Tweeds,
Worsted, &c.
Good Fit & Workmanship Guaranteed
561 Queen Street West,
Opposite Denison Ave.

J. W. MOGAN

House Sign and Ornamental

PAINING

Graining, Glazing, Paper Hanging,
Kalsomining and Tinting.
Estimates Furnished
310 KING STREET EAST,



The Most Successful Remedy for Allocated, as it is certain in its effect, and does not blister. Read below.

KENDALL'S SPAVIN CURE.

OFFICE OF CHARLES A. SNEYDER,
CLEVELAND HAT AND TRUETING BRED HORSES,
ELMWOOD, ILL., Nov. 20, 1888.

DR. D. J. KENDALL CO.
Dear Sirs: I have always purchased your Kendall's Spavin Cure by the half dozen bottles, I would like to order in larger quantity. I think it is one of the best treatments on earth. I have used it in my stables for three years.
Yours truly, CHAR. A. SNEYDER.

KENDALL'S SPAVIN CURE.

BROOKLYN, N. Y., November 3, 1888.

DR. D. J. KENDALL CO.
Dear Sirs: I desire to give you testimonial of my good opinion of your Kendall's Spavin Cure. I have used it for Lameness, Stiff Joints and Spavins, and I have found it a sure cure, I cordially recommend it to all horsemen.
Yours truly, A. H. GILBERT,
Manager Troy Laundry Stables.

KENDALL'S SPAVIN CURE.

BART. WINTON COUNTY, OHIO, Dec. 19, 1888.

DR. D. J. KENDALL CO.
Gents: I feel it my duty to say what I have done with your Kendall's Spavin Cure. I have cured twenty-five horses that had Spavins, ten of King Bone, nine afflicted with Big Head and seven of Big Jaw. Since I have had one of your books and followed the directions, I have never lost a case of any kind.
Yours truly, ANDREW TURNER,
Horse Doctor.

KENDALL'S SPAVIN CURE.

Price \$1 per bottle, or six bottles for \$5. All Druggists have it or can get it for you, or it will be sent to any address on receipt of price by the proprietors. DR. D. J. KENDALL CO., Edinburgh Falls, Vt.
SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

TEETH WITH OR WITHOUT A PLATE

Best Teeth on rubber, set on celluloid \$10
All work absolutely perfect. Vitzell's Air
C. H. HIGGS, L.D.S., South east cor. King &
Yonge sts. Toronto. Telephone 1476.



A NATURAL REMEDY FOR

Epileptic Fits, Falling Sickness, Hysterics, St. Vitus Dance, Nervousness, Hypochondria, Melancholia, Inebriety, Sleeplessness, Dizziness, Brain and Spinal Weakness.

This medicine has direct action upon the nerve centers, allaying all irritabilities and increasing the flow and power of nerve fluid. It is perfectly harmless and leaves no unpleasant effects.

Our Pamphlet for sufferers of nervous diseases will be sent free to any address, and patients can also obtain this medicine free of charge from us.
This remedy has been prepared by the Reverend Pastor Koenig, of Fort Wayne, Ind., for the past ten years, and is now prepared under his direction by the

KOENIG MEDICINE CO.,
60 W. Madison cor. Clinton St., CHICAGO, ILL.
SOLD BY DRUGGISTS.
Price \$1 per Bottle, 6 Bottles for \$5.
Agents, Lyman & Co Toronto

The Father Mathew Remedy



The Antidote to Alcohol found at Last!
A NEW DEPARTURE

The Father Mathew Remedy
Is a certain and speedy cure for Intemperance and destroys all appetite for alcoholic liquor. The day after a debauch, or any intemperance indulgence, a single glassful will remove all mental and physical depression.
It also cures every kind of FEVER, DYSPEPSIA, and TORPIDITY OF THE LIVER when they arise from other causes than Intemperance. It is the most powerful and wholesome tonic ever used.
When the disease is strong one bottle is enough; but the worst cases of chronic tremors do not require more than three bottles for a radical cure.
If you cannot get from your druggist the pamphlet on Alcohol its effect on the Human Body and Intemperance as a Disease, it will be sent free on writing to,
S. Lachance, Druggist, Sole Proprietor
1538 and 1540 Catherine st., Montreal

Monday and following Days we will show Special Bargains at
M'KEOWN & CO.

We have cleared several lots of goods this week from wholesale men at wonderful prices. We will place them on our counters to-morrow and give the buying public a chance of rare bargains.

This will certainly be the greatest Bargain Day of the season.

Come and see the value we will offer you in Dress Goods, Silks, Mantles, Jackets, Waterproofs, Ladies' Parasols and Umbrellas, Ladies' White Underwear, Jerseys, Hosiery, Gloves, Ribbons, Lace Goods, Corsets, Buttons, Braids, Trimmings, Embroideries, &c., &c.

Household Linens of every description at less than manufacturers' prices.

Lace Curtains, a wholesale stock to choose from, the newest patterns, in white and cream, bought at 50c on the dollar, selling at half price.

Ladies, call and see our stock of Lace Curtains before purchasing.

PERFECT DRESS MAKING.
McKEOWN & CO.
182 Yonge Street,