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# 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. III

Toronto, Saturday, Feb. 8, 1890.

No. 52

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## Notes.

The English Solicitor General, Sir Edward Clarke, declined the leading brief for the *Times* in the libel action brought against that paper by Mr. Parnell for the publication of the Pigott letters, in consequence of his position as a law officer of the Crown. The circumstance comes as a severe censure upon the conduct of Attorney General Webster who conducted the *Times* case in the Forgeries inquiry.

A correspondent of the *Liverpool Catholic Times* gives this estimate of the late Dr. Doellinger: I was in Germany, at college in 1857, and I distinctly remember that Dr. Doellinger was even then not very highly prized. It was said of him that he was a diligent compiler, or gatherer of facts, but that he was not much for the philosophy of history. His chief work was the "History of the Reformation." I see many of the English papers talk of him as a great theologian. He was not thought of as such in our Catholic college in 1847, and the only theological work he wrote, as far as I can discover, was "The Doctrine of the Eucharist during the first three Centuries," and that is principally historical.

The debate on Mr. Mulock's loyalty resolutions in the House last week though a brief was a notable one, having regard to the circumstances of the hour. It received the unanimous assent of the House, and was seconded—a significant incident in view of Mr. D'Alton McCarthy's crusade against the French Canadians—by Mr. Amyot, a Quebec member, in an able and patriotic speech.

Mr. Amyot, speaking as a French-Canadian, reminded those who, perhaps, may not have studied our history fully, of the services rendered in past times to the country and to

the Crown by Her Majesty's French-speaking subjects; and quoted from histories and from the utterances of Imperial authorities to show that it was due to the efforts, to the chivalry, and to the valour of the French Canadian people, that Canada was retained as a possession of the Crown of England. "I need not adduce," said Mr. Amyot, "more proofs of our loyalty. But it is not without reason that we are loyal. It is sentiment, but it is based upon principle; it is based upon our faith and upon our interest. At all times our clergy have taught the people of the Province of Quebec, or of any part of this continent, to be loyal." The speaker quoted the words spoken by Mgr. Plessis, as far back as 1791 in the Cathedral of Quebec, and from the pastoral letter published by Mgr. Baillargeon of Quebec, in 1867, after the accomplishment of Confederation, in each of which, with equal eloquence, the same principle is laid down of the moral obligation attaching to all true citizens to be loyal and submissive to established authority. These documents are of great historical interest to all Canadians, and we propose at some future day publishing them. They may be found in the recently published volume of *Mandements* of the Bishops of Quebec.

We can commend the whole of Mr. Amyot's speech to the careful reading of Mr. McCarthy and his Ontario allies. The key in which it was pitched will be made clear by the following passage: "Now, Mr. Speaker, you may go amongst our parish priests in Lower Canada, and you will find that every one of them—men of talent and science—teach to those who surround them that they must from the bottom of their hearts pay obedience to the laws and be faithful and loyal to the Crown. That is one of the reasons why we are loyal. It is also our interest to be loyal. In this country we enjoy the fullest freedom that citizens of any country may expect. We practice freely our religion, we talk our language, we enjoy our own customs, and we live in peace and harmony with all the different races and creeds of the Dominion. We enjoy a constitution which we admire, and we are proud of being British subjects, because we belong to a country that has mastered nearly the whole world, and because the constitution of that country is based on an experience of centuries and assures the liberty to the people. "I think" said Mr. Amyot in concluding his excellent and convincing speech "that on this continent, by mutual agreement, by mutual forbearance, we may live in harmony under the protection of the British flag and approach the consummation dreamed by many of our people,—that there may be a great Canadian nation composed of different races, but all animated with the desire of fostering the general welfare of all." One or two other important points brought out by the debate, which we must regard as a most opportune one, we are forced to leave over until next week.

## THE DISAPPEARANCE OF JOHN LONGWORTHY.

M. F. KOAN IN AVE MARIA.

## III.—A Family Circle.

There was no doubt now that John Longworthy's hat and coat had been found. But this did not help the police forward much. The coat, picked up by Miles Galligan, was looked at by thousands and pictured in all the papers. Miles Galligan now became the hero of the moment. He bore his part in the various "interviews" with such amiable sprightliness, and managed to use the prevalent political "catch-words" of his party with such effect, that he dated his election to the Assembly—which occurred later—to the "boom" he received at this time.

Isaac and Rachel, who had foolishly sold the coat for only double what had been paid for it, were inconsolable; and Isaac allowed the disappointed and energetic Rachel no commission on the sale. Where had he gotten the coat? This question met Isaac on every side. He had bought it from a man in the Bowery—a drunken man—a man who spoke English well. He had bought the coat in the dark—about midnight, he did not notice that it was such a good coat until the next morning. This statement covered him with ridicule. Nobody believed it; but, as nobody could disprove it, Justice had to keep on her bandage for a while.

The search stopped at the coat. John Longworthy's servant identified it, the *Herald* clerk identified it, even the news-boy added his testimony. Isaac either knew nothing more or he was obdurate. He had acquired the coat in the way of business, that was all he knew about it. This was a great blow to Miles Galligan, who had taken the detective fever badly. He had long talks with Longworthy's servant. He examined every article in the lost man's wardrobe. The only peculiarity about the linen was that over the initials "J.L." there was a faintly traced Maltese cross. It was not a crest—merely a mark Longworthy had fancied. Even the newspapers began to see that the police could do nothing with the Polish Jew, unless they put him to the torture after the manner of earlier times. As this was impossible, what could be done? Amateur detectives tried to bribe Isaac into telling more. At first he wept and swore he knew nothing; then the amateur detectives pocketed their money and went away. Isaac learned from this to be silent and suggestive until he had the money safe in his pocket, after which he wept and swore that he knew nothing. He was prepared to follow this up indefinitely.

After a time the newspapers dropped the subject of the disappearance. John Longworthy's books, which had sold rapidly during the investigation, ceased to be called for. In a month's time the police, Longworthy's executors, and Miles Galligan, were the only folk who kept up a deep interest in the search. Miles' interest was due to the fact that he was idle; he had no taste for study, or even for much reading; he had too much respect for himself to lounge in bar-rooms, and he was weary of "pressing bricks for the city"—as he euphuistically called his aimless walks. Moreover, there was a large reward ready for the person who would discover either the murdered one or his murderer. And Miles Galligan's funds were becoming much reduced.

The Galligan's lived in one of the most comfortable precincts of the East Side. It is too near Canal Street to be fashionable, or even liked by nice people who do not pretend to fashion. There the houses are roomy, substantial, solid-looking. They are possibly as ugly and as unornamental as man ever made, but they are as respectable in appearance as a Hollandish burgher. They have seen better days. Many a befurred sleigh dashed up to their wide doors fifty years ago, and let down groups of gay callers on the New Year's Days of that time. But the snows of last year are gone. How much more reason have we for asking, more hopelessly, where are the snows of eighteen hundred and fifty? How many times had "She Wore a Wreath of Roses" and "I Dreamt I Dwelt in Marble Halls" echoed through those drawing-rooms, now fast becoming tenement houses? There is an odor of old-time grandeur about them still, like the

altar of roses which even now lingers, it is said, in one of the Empress Eugenie's rooms in the Tuileries.

In one of these old houses Miles Galligan and his sisters lived. Mary, the older, taught school; she was a sweet-tempered girl of twenty-five or thereabouts, somewhat fragile in appearance, with black hair and the veritable dark-blue Irish eyes. She was an object of wonder to all the Europeans who lived in the neighbourhood. They were not used to seeing this combination of the raven's wing and the shadowed turquoise. And Mary, who among Americans was thought to be a rather plain but sweet-looking girl, became noted as a beauty of the first class in the Gorman and Hebrew quarters around her bailiwick. These appreciative people were never tired of admiring her. Nevertheless, in her own circle, Mary was set down as settled on the list of old maids; and she had rather accepted the position, until Arthur Fitzgerald saw her one Saturday evening, when he was waiting outside the confessional—saw her in the act of putting a calla lily at the foot of the altar of the Blessed Virgin. She looked so gentle, so recollected, so womanly in the act—and what act could more become a woman?—that he could not get her out of his head. Rossetti's vision of the Blessed Damosel was earthly indeed compared to his remembrance of the sight of the maiden and the lily on that Easter Saturday.

Fitzgerald found it difficult to meet Mary and her sister Esther. They never attended those public assemblies in which the whole ward, Jew and Gentile, joined for the purpose of merrymaking. They had no father or mother now, and though they amused themselves very pleasantly at home, they were not given to public amusements.

Part of their house was rented to various respectable people. The rest they reserved for themselves. The house had been bought by their father shortly before his death; it now furnished their only source of income, except what Miles and they could earn. Esther was assistant music-teacher in a neighbouring convent school. She was prettier than her sister, four years younger, and with a girlish brightness about her, which was delightful because it was entirely unaffected. She was rosy, brown-haired, quick in her movements. If Mary might be likened to the soft color of the tea-rose, she had something of the perennial hue of the lady-apple. Mary would have sacrificed her last drop of joy in the world to make Esther happier. Somebody who knew them named Mary "Duty" and Esther "Beauty." And there was this much truth in it all; if anything could tempt Esther from a duty it was some glimpse of the beautiful. Mary often laughed and said that she was an artistic "Little Red Riding-Hood," forgetting her errands to pick flowers on the way.

"But I have never met a wolf yet!" Esther generally retorted.

"The wolf always comes from among the honeysuckle vines, just as one's head is bent closely over the strawberries; and he has time to scent the neglected pot of butter and fresh cakes for which one's sick grandmother is waiting."

Mary's wisdom always called forth a new application of the fable from Esther, who persisted in holding that, after all, Red Riding-Hood would have gotten into trouble some other way, and there might have been no wood-cutters to get her out of it.

When Miles was in some municipal department or other, in some capacity or other, he was absurdly generous, his sisters thought. They were economical. Mary, from acquired habit, was always so; Esther was so by snatches. She liked pretty things, and pretty things cost money. Miles, when he was "out," found his sisters very good friends; they delighted in keeping him in neckties and other accessories; and Hannah Dempsey, their old servant, petted him as if he were still a boy. The sisters hated politics and adored Miles. That he had no intellectual resources; that he was much inferior to them in tone of thought and refinement of manners; that he did not understand everyday illusions of theirs, did not matter to them. He was Miles, and that he should remain their own Miles, and graciously keep awake an hour or two in their company once or twice or week, was all they asked.

These young women were very happy. Their long vaca-

tions by the sea or in the mountains brushed away the effects of the year's hard work. They loved each other: Miles was kind; they had their books, their music, a few friends who, like themselves, were not eaten up with the desire to get into "society"; they had to make plans in order to save a little money, and they made their four or five rooms as cheerful as possible.

Mary would be an old maid; Esther, by and by, would go to Europe, learn more about music, and perhaps marry, Miles would marry, of course; and Mary's object in life would be to look after him—because his wife, his sister concluded, would be incapable of properly performing that delicate task. This was the future, according to their lights.

But one day, while his head was full of the Longworthy case, Miles strolled into Arthur Fitzgerald's office in Chambers Street. Miles and Fitzgerald had been at school together, and Miles felt himself privileged to ask for a volume of "Reports" from his friend's library. Fitzgerald had been a "promising" lawyer for five years; he was just beginning to fulfil his promises.

Fitzgerald knew that Miles was Mary's brother. Here was his chance. Miles was astonished at the young lawyer's affability; he had always considered him rather "uppish." Fitzgerald gave him a cigar, and began to ask after all the Jesuits who had taught in St. Francis' in their time. Miles asked for the "Report," giving the date. Fitzgerald was all amiability. Sorry he could not get it just then, his partner had the key of the big bookcase. This was true, but the partner was in the next room, and the key in easy reach. But Fitzgerald would leave the book at Miles' house in the evening, and have a chat, if he had no objection. Certainly, Miles said, nothing would please him better.

"Ah!" Fitzgerald added, grasping his hand, "you can't imagine how pleased I am to see you, and to look forward to the chance of renewing our old acquaintance."

Miles was pleased. He concluded that it was his notoriety in the Longworthy business which had made that "stuck-up Fitz" so anxious to see more of him. And when he went home to dinner he announced that he would have a friend in his "den" later in the evening.

"And can't we have a sight of him?" asked Esther. "I don't think I've ever seen him."

"He doesn't care for girls," Miles said, finishing his coffee; he wants to talk over old times with me."

In spite of this, Esther ran upstairs to put an extra touch to her hair, while Mary, having settled that her black silk gown could be turned again, ordered some lemonade and cake, in case the guest should come into the parlour. These young ladies had a rooted belief that lemonade, however much they might dislike it, had a salutary and even ennobling effect on the male sex, and it invariably appeared in a silver pitcher whenever Miles introduced any of his associates.

#### IV.—A Handkerchief.

To use an old pagan expression, when Arthur Fitzgerald entered the old-fashioned house in which Miles and his sisters lived, the Fates entered with him. The coming experience was to make some of them better, but after it had passed they would never be the same again. Hitherto, life for these four had not been a complicated matter. They thought little of it in the abstract, because they saw little of its real sorrows. All of them thought that poverty, with the discomforts it brings, was the most terrible evil that could come upon them. If Mary had known the time when she could not have ordered a good dinner for her brother, if Esther could have certainly looked forward to a time when she could not have a new bonnet in the spring, like the other girls who sat in the same aisle with her at the Sunday school; if Miles could have been made to feel that the City Hall would always be closed to him; if Arthur Fitzgerald had been authoritatively told that he could not expect to succeed as a lawyer in New York—they would have been wretched. But hope was strong within them, and, like the strong man who does not know how healthy he is because he does not feel that he has a liver, they thought little of life, not feeling its burdens.

Arthur Fitzgerald ascended the steps precisely at eight o'clock, with the designated "Report" under his arm. Miles

opened the door for him, and when he saw how carefully the young lawyer was "gotten up," his face assumed a look of astonishment. He was in his slippers; he led Arthur upstairs to his den, where pipes and newspapers were the chief articles of furniture. His student's lamp was turned up, a grate fire blazed, and, after the "Report" had exchanged hands, he mysteriously produced a decanter of sherry.

"The girls don't like this sort of thing," he said, looking the door; they swear by lemonade, so I keep the sherry out of sight. Or perhaps you'd like a little whiskey? No? If we were going to meet the ladies I shouldn't ask you—they're awfully queer about drinking. But, as we're going to have a quiet evening to ourselves—no sherry? Why, you haven't joined a temperance society, have you?"

"Not at all," Fitzgerald answered, setting down the glass which he had raised to his lips; "but I don't feel much like it to-night. Besides, it's not a good habit to acquire."

"Well, if you were in politics you'd have to acquire it. A man that can't drink before the bar hasn't much chance."

And Miles plunged into a torrent of political reminiscences. After this the two touched on their school-days. Miles wondered why Fitzgerald, after the gush of the morning, had so little to say. Just as Miles was in the middle of a story about a certain Billy Maguire, who was always in trouble in the old days, Fitzgerald asked him if he didn't hear music. Miles paused a minute, and carelessly answered that it was probably one of the girls drumming on the piano down-stairs, and went on:

"Do you remember the day—I can't think of it without laughing—that Billy was arrested for piling up the ash-barrels on the sexton's front steps? Ha! ha! ha!"

But Fitzgerald did not laugh. He only looked at him with lack-lustre eyes, and said: "I beg pardon, I didn't hear what you were saying—is that one of your sisters singing?"

"I suppose so," continued Miles. "Billy played the cymbals in the band, and just as McAllister—you remember Fatty?—was doing the B-flat solo in 'Come Back to Erin,' he made a break and came in with a crash. Ha! ha! ha!"

Miles, overcome by the mirth of the remembrance, threw himself back in the chair and nearly overturned the student's lamp. Fitzgerald jumped up and caught it, but cut his finger on the edge of the glass globe. His handkerchief was out in a moment.

Miles apologized, and looked at the bleeding finger.

"You've spoiled your handkerchief. Too bad. Its only a slight cut. Now, if it were bad, I've a sister Mary who can tie up a wound better than a surgeon."

"It might be serious," Fitzgerald said, squeezing some more blood out of the top of his finger. "Perhaps you'd better ask her to look at it."

"Nonsense! We're having a comfortable time; don't break it up. Girls chatter half the evening. Ha! ha! ha! Billy—I can't help laughing, and you being up here brings it all back—Billy got the high hats—don't you remember the day the band came out in high hats?"

"Of course, of course," said Fitzgerald, perfunctorily, with more than half of his attention fixed on the prelude to "Connais-tu-le Pays," which ascended from below.

"Billy put the new hats on the stairs—there were just eighteen hats and eighteen steps on the stairs, and each of the eighteen steps had a hat on it. Ha! ha! ha! Then he called 'Fire' outside. Of course we all dropped our instruments—we were rehearsing the 'Heidelberg March,' you know—and bounced down-stairs. It was an awful wreck; the hats were like pancakes—what's the matter?"

"Oh, nothing much!" said Fitzgerald—"that is—this cut is decidedly inconvenient."

Miles fumbled in his waistcoat pocket and brought out a small piece of yellow sticking plaster. He removed Fitzgerald's handkerchief from the cut and carefully applied this panacea.

"It doesn't look very neat," he said; "but its the right thing to help an annoying cut like that. If Mary were here she'd know how to fix it."

"Perhaps she might—" began Fitzgerald, with a slight blush,

"Well," said Miles, reluctantly, "we'll go down to see. She's in the parlor. I don't ask her up here, you know"—and he winked at the decanter. "She'll give you something for that cut, which must be worse than it seems."

He was surprised by the change in Fitzgerald's manner; he was all interest at once. As he followed Miles down to the parlor he actually gushed over the memory of Billy Maguire. When they had entered the parlor, and Miles had presented Fitzgerald, he called attention to the cut. But, to his utter amazement, Fitzgerald said:

"Oh, its nothing—just a slight scratch!" and changed the subject.

The room was rather a *salon* than a parlour. It was long and wide, divided by an archway of fluted wood, painted white. Mary arose from the old-fashioned, square piano, and looked at the new comer a little shyly. Esther gave him her hand quite frankly. Fitzgerald looked at the graceful figures, the various knickknacks scattered about the room, and felt that awe and delight which impress the young bachelor who has no sisters and who has lived in boarding-houses nearly all his life. A more æsthetic young man might have objected to the red plush chairs and sofa, and the gorgeous flowers in the Brussels carpet, but Fitzgerald thought they were not only beautiful but even sumptuous.

Miles soon began to feel neglected. The sisters found that Fitzgerald was musical, and the three, with that sense of comradeship found in the young, began a trio from 'Linda.' Miles yawned, and then went out and stole softly up-stairs. He took up his pipe and yawned again. Then he grinned.

"I don't believe," he muttered, "that Fitzgerald wanted to see me at all." He stooped to knock the ashes out of his pipe, and saw Fitzgerald's handkerchief. There was the slightest of blood-stains on it. "Oh, what a fraud!" said Miles. "As if a cut like that—hello!"

He spread the handkerchief out under the light. In the corner were the initials, "J.L.," and above them the little mark which, as Miles had discovered, was embroidered on all John Longworthy's linen.

*To be continued.*

#### ANECDOTES OF FATHER TOM BURKE.

The following anecdotes are taken from a recent article in *Temple Bar*. What gave Father Burke his peculiar charm, especially with the audiences that thronged to hear him, both in this country and in America, was his marvellous dramatic power. When in Rome his Lenten discourses were attended by strangers who could not understand a single word of English, but who were impressed, nevertheless, by his wonderful action, or rather acting, in the sense of the word used by Demosthenes. He was such a master of that difficult art that on one occasion, in the midst of friends he undertook to preach a sensational sermon without uttering a word. His face, expressive of suitable emotions, aided by the movement of his eyes, at one moment darkened by furrowed lines, the next instant seemed lit up with seraphic beauty. His imposing attitudes and gestures defied description. One unspoken sentiment was strengthened by pointing tragically down, another by outstretched hands and eyes raised to heaven. The mastery of voice and features exhibited by him was almost miraculous. In his student days, whenever he got a copy of *Punch*, he employed his vacant moments in endeavouring, by means of a looking glass, to work his features into the form of some comic portrait which adorned its pages. When in Rome he would spend hours in the Vatican with a friend, imitating the pose of the statues in the great sculpture galleries. At one moment he was the dying Gladiator, the next a Sphinx, drawing over his head the white hood of his habit, sometimes a Burmese idol, erect, impassive, with legs crossed in a way which would puzzle an athlete to imitate. The ancient statues of the Fauns and Satyrs and other mythological monstrosities had a strong attraction for him. He would pause and grin and produce with his own features a fair simile of the figure before him. On one occasion he stood for a long time before the Laocoon, and, looking round, found there was no one in sight. "I'll try him," he said to a friend. And in a twinkling there was the Laocoon in flesh and blood, the strength of the terrible struggle, the despair and the agony

displayed in the realistic effort of the Dominican. "Is that like him?" he cried, almost breathless. At that moment a party of ladies and gentlemen appeared, gazing in amazement now at the statue, and then at its imitation. Completely taken aback, Father Tom could only articulate, "I was trying my hand at the statue," as a kind of explanation, and disappeared as quickly as he could.

A ludicrous incident occurred at Killarney cathedral in the presence of Lord Kenmare and all the local magnates. Father Burke was preaching for the Presentation Brothers' schools' and his sermon reached an unusual length. The Brothers, anxious only for a good collection, began rattling the tin plates as a hint to the preacher to stop. The bishop, Dr. Moriarty, frowned from his throne and the noise ceased. The portly prior advanced from his stall and took up his position in front of the pulpit, full in the view of all present except the good father. The preacher was just then expatiating on the zeal of the Brothers. He pictured forth the pale, ascetic monk, his emaciated frame bearing evidence of his fastings and vigils. He was surprised to find the audience were smiling. He tried to be more impressive, and again reverted to the mortified and over-worked monk. The audience could hardly contain their merriment. There in front of them was the rotund figure, the broad, jolly face of the prior, beaming like a full moon, visible to all but the preacher, and fully enjoying the beautiful description of the ascetic monk. Greatly disconcerted the preacher concluded as quickly as he could, and it is but right to mention the collection did not disappoint the fraternity. While Prior of Fallaght, Father Burke enjoyed the intimate friendship of Cardinal Cullen. "Come up here, Father Tom, and tell some of your funny stories" was the usual invitation after dinner. He would give imitations of some Italian priests who had become popular as preachers in Dublin. His first move was to cast the folds of his robe with demonstrative vigor over the left shoulders, and then in broken English proceed to lecture the faithful. With upraised finger he warned them to avoid "otiosity," to become "tinkers" (thinkers), and to remember that "without face (faith) you cannot be shaved" (saved), concluding each section of his homily, which seemed to be teaching how to avoid the doom of sin, with the words, "You be da-a-a mned," uttered in low, earnest tones. Some of their mistakes were ludicrous. One Italian spoke of Lazarus as reposing in Abraham's womb, and another constantly referred to the whale in Jonah's belly. For many years no banquet took place at the archiepiscopal residence which Burke was not asked to enliven, his pictures of Italian low life being greatly relished by the cardinal. The quack dentist from Tuscany who, with falsetto voice and bray of trumpet, drove down the Piazza di San Agnesi at Rome, the man playing the mandoline, the improvisatore, and finally the Roman barber, were standing dishes.

#### A TYPICAL IRISHMAN,

It has become the fashion to publish letters, diaries, whatsoever personal fragments may remain of those who have in any way gained prominence among their fellows. It is a time which delights in analysis of one's self or of others. By means of such personal fragments access is had in some degree to the inner life of men of whom the outward life is, or was, matter of comment. The letters of Thomas D'Arcy McGee, or, rather, such extracts as have been selected from amongst many, offer no exception to the rule. They are a true index to his character. Their testimony is the more valuable that it was Mr. McGee's lot, as it is too often the lot of genius, to be misunderstood. Yet when the history of the period in which he lived comes to be written, in so far as the history of Ireland and the history of Canada are concerned, the name of Thomas D'Arcy McGee will stand out in bold relief. And not alone because he was the poet, the orator, the historian, but on account of those statesman-like qualities which aided so powerfully the moulding of a new empire in North America, and forecast schemes so enlightened, so wise, so far-seeing for Ireland. In this latter respect he was in advance of his times. He foresaw much that has since come to pass.

Mr. McGee has been compared to Edmund Burke, and with



justice. But it must be remembered that at an age when Edmund Burke was scarcely entering upon his career of greatness Thomas D'Arcy McGee's earthly course came to a sudden and awful stop. The hand of a wretched fellow-creature deprived him of life at the very time when his powers were attaining their full maturity. It is said that he made the most brilliant speech of his life in the hours preceding his assassination. The discourse was on the union of the provinces, and for more than two hours he held friend and foe spell bound by his marvellous eloquence. It was a cherished scheme of Mr. McGee to publish biographies of the Irish orators. Any such catalogue would have been incomplete without his own name. The charm of finished oratory has been universally accorded him, with a personal magnetism proceeding from fine and warm sympathy, with ready enthusiasm, with high aspiration, with lofty conceptions, with the soul of a poet, the brain of a statesman, and the heart of a patriot. What a life, how valuable to the cause of Ireland, how serviceable to his adopted country, was cut short by that fatal bullet! It was the saddest irony of destiny that Mr. McGee's love for the Irish people should have been, by a certain portion of them, so cruelly misunderstood. Love of Ireland and the Irish was a species of infatuation with him. He never wearied devising plans for the elevation and the welfare of his countrymen at home and abroad. An insult offered to his race galled him more than an affront to himself. It wounded him most of all that Irishmen should ever seem wanting in self-respect, or should by their conduct expose themselves to reproach. This excessive solicitude for their good name betrayed him occasionally into a warmth of language which was made a weapon against him. However, it is neither the object of the present sketch to enter into any of these questions, nor yet to attempt a detailed account of the life of Thomas D'Arcy McGee, the main facts of which are tolerably familiar to the public. Besides, it will be best to allow the letters to speak for themselves. Only, a word may not be out of place on the most honorable fact of an honorable career, and yet one which was most severely criticised. Mr. McGee was reproached with inconsistency because he had gone over from the party of violence and revolution to that of constitutional agitation for Irish grievances. This he did simply because he had grown wiser. At the risk of alienating some who had been his friends and losing the confidence of others, he ceased to declaim when declamation meant nothing, or, if anything, mischief. He ceased to incite to violence when his maturity of thought convinced him of the futility of such a course, as well as its attendant dangers. When youth had ceased to throw its false light over ground that was unsteady the traveller gained the safe road. His eyes had risen from the will-o'-the-wisp to the tranquil security of the fixed star.

His reasons are clearly and admirably given in an open letter addressed to Meagher, and published in the *American Celt* many years ago. The same letter was reproduced in an introduction to the collected *Poems* of Mr. McGee. Having reflected upon the "very superficial views of political science" taught by modern books, Mr. McGee goes on to sum up all his arguments against revolution and its partisans in the following propositions: "That there is a Christendom; that this Christendom exists for and by the Catholic Church; that there is in our own age one of the most dangerous and general conspiracies against Christendom that the world has yet seen, that this conspiracy is aided, abetted, and tolerated by many because of its stolen watchword, Liberty; that it is the highest duty of a Catholic man to go over cheerfully, heartily, and at once to the side of Christendom, to the Catholic side, and to resist with all his might the conspirators who, under the stolen name of Liberty, make war upon all Christian institutions."—*Anna T. Sadlier, in Catholic World.*

A great Monastic Community within the four seas of Britain is very exclusively French. The Sanitary Inspector of the district pays an official visit. "Has any of your number taken the *Influenza*?" "No," answered the Superior, "the only Italian publication we take is the *Civiltà Cattolica*." The Father only knew the epidemic by its French name, *la Grippe*.—*Weekly Register.*

## Men and Things.

"The news of the death of Dr. Dollinger" says the *Liverpool Catholic Times* "forces on the mind a comparison between the famous Gorman scholar and our own Cardinal Newman. Both attained, early in life, the highest academic honours. Both devoted themselves to study, particularly to the study of the early history of the Church. Both gained a world-wide renown for learning; both had a deep influence with the most cultured men in their respective countries. But the result of the life history of these two great men is another proof that the real differences in the natures of men lie beneath the plane on which learning and mental power exist. When the day of trial came to Dr. Newman it found him humble and teachable. He became as a little child, and entered the Kingdom. When the same trial (presented under another form) met the German theologian, he rebelled in the pride of his intellect against the teaching of the Church, and made shipwreck of his faith."

"There were" says the *Weekly Register* "awkward moments in Dublin, 'tis said, when Dr. Newman and Archbishop Whately met in the streets and passed no sign of the old friendship of Oxford days. And there is a legend of Mr. Gladstone's looking intently in shop windows in Westminster when its Archbishop came along in those years of bitterness which followed the rejection of the Irish University Bill and the publication of Anti-Vatican pamphlets. But strangest meetings of all were those in Munich, one of which is thus recorded by Mr. Gladstone himself:—

The sentence of excommunication against Dollinger proceeded, doubtless under imperative orders, from the Archbishop of Munich, who had previously been in thorough accord with him on the controverted points, but deemed it his duty to act on a principle of unquestioning obedience. One day in the summer of 1874, I was walking with him in the *Englische Garten*, when a turn in the path brought us within near sight of a tall and dignified ecclesiastic—a man of striking presence, who met us, rather attended than accompanied by one who appeared to be his chaplain. As we met, Dr. Dollinger had, as was not unusual with him in walking, his hat in his hands behind him. The dignified personage on his side lifted his hat high above his head, but fixed his eyes rigidly straight-forward, and gave no other sign of recognizing the excommunicated Professor. "Who," I said to him, "is that dignified ecclesiastic?" "That," he replied, "is the Archbishop of Munich, by whom I was excommunicated." But neither then nor at any other time did he in speech or writing, either towards the Archbishop or towards the Pope, or towards the Latin Church in general, let fall a single word of harshness, or indeed of complaint.

Speaking of the late Rev. Stephen Perry, S. J., who lost his life through his devotion to science while on the expedition to observe the eclipse of the sun, the *London Tablet* says that an old friend and class-mate at Douay and the English College, Rome, asked him a few years ago whether his studies had the effect of drying up his piety. The answer was: "Oh, not astronomy." And it was evident from the joy manifested in his countenance that the Father was speaking truly from his heart. This good Father had on'y reached his fifty-sixth year. But his life and death have not been without honor. For many years past he was a member of the Royal Astronomical Society—and for some time past one of the members of its council. Recently he was elected president of the Liverpool Astronomical Society, and it is believed that at the forthcoming election for the presidency of the Royal Astronomical Society his name would have been proposed. Yet this Jesuit was as much at home with the boys of the preparatory school at Stonyhurst as he was with the men of science into whose inner circles he had privileged admission, and he was as ready to find excited interest when playing football or cricket, as when calculating distances or weights of the heavenly bodies. Those who have watched him taking part in the out-door college games never failed to remark the earnestness with which he strove for victory, and the little boys at Eodder were well assured that the delight he took in their eager contests was not assumed in kindness to them, but was the natural expression of what he really felt.

## General Catholic News

An episcopal conference was held at Peterborough last week, at which Archbishop Walsh, Archbishop Cleary, Bishop Dowling of Hamilton, and Bishop O'Connor of Peterboro, were present.

A cable dispatch from Paris says that Mgr. Labelle, Assistant Commissioner of Agriculture of the Province of Quebec, lectured on Saturday evening before the Paris Geographical Society. He urgently appealed to Frenchmen to come to Canada and cultivate the soil.

Special prayer has been ordered by Archbishop Fabre of Montreal, invoking the aid of Providence to avert further ravages of the dread "grippe," the malady in the Archdiocese of Montreal having assumed the character and proportions of a fatal plague.

There was an impressive ceremony at Loretto Abbey on Tuesday morning when three young ladies, Misses O'Donohue, Leith and Finnigan, formally renounced the worldly life and entered on their religious by taking the veil. The Archbishop presided over the ceremonies, which were witnessed by a large number of the clergy and the sisterhood.

The late Senator Rodier, of Montreal, was a great benefactor of Catholic charities. The amounts given by him in various ways during his lifetime are said to have reached \$200,000, among the institutions benefited being the Grey Nunnery Orphanage, the Cathedral, Notre Dame Church, the Jesuit Fathers, the Precious Blood, the Notre Dame Hospital, and others.

Vicar-General Looney, Rev. Father McBride, and Vicar-General Vincent, are recovering from their illness. Rev. Father Brennan left on Saturday night for South Carolina on a trip for the benefit of his health. Rev. Father Jeffcott has assumed the duties of his new charge in Pickering. The successor at St. Michael's cathedral to Rev. Father Hand has been appointed, and will commence his duties before the present week is closed.

Sunday last was the Feast of the Purification, and at High Mass at St. Michael's Cathedral a special sermon, having reference to the character of the festival, was preached by Archbishop Walsh. His Grace also blessed the candles to be used in church services. In the evening, at Vespers, Rev. Father Gibbons officiated, and the sermon was preached by the Very Rev. Father Laurent, V. G.

A banquet was given by the Jesuits' college to the choir of the Church of the Gesu, Montreal, on Thursday the 30th ult. About 8 o'clock the guests, to the number of about fifty persons, sat down to a sumptuous spread in the dining hall of the college. Rev. Father Turgeon, director of St. Mary's college, presided. After doing justice to the menu the time was pleasantly passed by speech, song and jest, and all departed well pleased with the hospitality of the Rev. Fathers.

The remains of the late Mgr. Legare were deposited on Sunday last under the altar of the Basilica in Quebec, alongside those of Mgr. Bolduc and other church dignitaries of days gone by. The ceremony was an imposing one and was attended by about 200 of the clergy. Service was chanted by Cardinal Taschereau assisted by Grand Vicar Gravel of St. Hyacinthe and Abbe Gagnon acted as master of ceremonies. The mass for the dead was chanted by a choir composed of pupils of the Seminary. Absolution was pronounced by the Cardinal and the remains were then placed in the tomb. Menseigneur Marois, secretary to the Cardinal, has been appointed to succeed Menseigneur Legare as grand vicar.

Rev. Father Dowd, of St. Patrick's church, Montreal, celebrated on Thursday last a solemn requiem mass in St. Gabriel's church for the late Rev. Father McCarthy, between himself and whom there existed a warm friendship throughout life. Rev. Father Salmon assisted him as deacon, and Rev. Father

Donnelly as sub deacon. The following reverend gentlemen occupied seats in the sanctuary:—Very Rev. Canon Leblanc, Rev. Father Bourassa (of the Cathedral), Revs. J. McCallen, M. Callaghan and J. Callaghan (of St. Patrick's), Rev. Father Morrill (of St. Anthony's), Rev. Father Gerard and Flynn (of St. Anne's), Rev. Father O'Donnell (of St. Mary's), Rev. Fathers Sauve, Payette, Brunette, Desrosiers and Robillard. A union choir from St. Gabriel's, St. Anthony's and St. Charles' rendered the solemn chant of the church. Father McCarthy was highly esteemed by his parishioners, and every seat in the church was filled during the service.

From the statements of the receipts and disbursements for the year 1888 of the Association for the Propagation of the Faith, we extract the figures following, which are those that relate to the Dominion of Canada.

### CONTRIBUTIONS FOR 1888 FROM DIOCESES IN THE DOMINION.

	Francs.
Apostolic Vicariate of Pontiac .....	901.25
Archdiocese of Quebec.....	250
Diocese of Antigonish.....	2,306.25
Diocese of St. John's, N.B. ....	900
Archdiocese of Montreal.....	3,330.10
Archdiocese of St. Boniface .....	1,388.25
Apostolic Vicariate of Columbia .....	1,000
Apostolic Prefecture of St. George's, N.F. ....	210.80
Apostolic Prefecture of St. Pierre and Miquelon.....	1,000

(\$2,257) 11,286.65

### APPROPRIATIONS TO DIOCESES IN THE DOMINION.

Bishop MacDonald of Harbor Grace, N.F. ....	3,000
Bishop Howley, Pref. Ap. of St. George's, N.F. ....	6,000
Bishop Cameron, of Antigonish, N.S. ....	5,000
Bishop Lorraino, Vicar. Ap. of Pontiac.....	5,000
Bishop O'Connor, of Peterboro .....	3,000
Archbishop Tache, of St. Boniface, (mission of the Oblates of M.I.) .....	15,000
Bishop Grandin of St. Albert, (same mission) .....	55,000
Bishop Farand, Vicar. Ap. of Athabaska .....	55,000
Bishop Mackenzie (for same mission).....	42,000
Bishop Herbonnez, Vicar. Ap. of British Columbia .....	45,000

(\$46,800) 234,000

The children of St. Patrick's congregation who attend the Catechism classes every Sunday at St. Patrick's church Montreal, on Sunday afternoon last presented the Rev. Martin Callaghan, who has had as his special duty the spiritual guidance of the young, and who has endeared himself to them, with a mark of their esteem. For some time past the children have been quietly preparing to give him a surprise, and at 2 o'clock they trooped into the new St. Patrick's Hall about twelve hundred strong, accompanied by their teachers. The Rev. Father was presented with an address from the pupils of the Christian Brothers' school, supplemented by a well filled purse and a handsome gold watch, on which was engraved: "Presented to the Rev. Martin Callaghan by the members of St. Patrick's Catechism, classes January, 1890."

In replying, Rev. Father Callaghan said he accepted the gift with the very best of good will and good grace. A watch was a useful article, but a less expensive one would have suited him. He would preserve it as one of the most precious souvenirs of his ministry. He was also thankful for the purse. He promised to strive to reach the standard of merit as stated in the addresses. He cherished the work as well as when he undertook it eighteen years ago in St. Bridget's church. He could not desire to have dealings with any other kind of children and hoped that the bonds by which he was united to them would never be broken.

On Thursday evening of last week a number of the parishioners of St. Paul's parish met at the residence of Mr. Chas. Burns to say good bye to Father Morris before his departure for Orangeville. Mr. Burns in opening the proceedings made a short speech, recounting the various things which had occurred during Father Morris' time in the parish, that had endeared him to the parishioners. He said the first spiritual duties of Father Morris were filled in that parish, and he believed the first mass which he celebrated was in the old parish church. He referred in appropriate terms of recognition to all that Father Morris had done for the building of the handsome new church, which was not only a credit to the parish but to the

city of Toronto. He presented Father Morris with a purse of \$227, which he explain had been voluntarily given into his hands by Catholic and Protestant admirers. Father Morris was also presented with an address on behalf of the parishioners in which reference was made among other things to his bours in behalf of the building of St. Paul's new church. "During the absence" it reads "of his lordship our good Bishop O'Mahoney and also since his return, we have not failed to recognize your energetic and untiring labors on behalf on the building fund of our new church. Your labors, Rev. Sir, in this respect will in a measure be compensated for by the reflection that your name will ever be identified with the erection of one of the grandest and most substantial churches in this province." Speeches were also made by the Rev. Father Lynch, Rev. Father Walsh and others; and Rev. Father Morris returned to all a feeling reply. He stated that the six years which he had spent in St. Paul's parish would ever be remembered by him, and he returned his warmest thanks for the address and presentation.

#### DEATH OF THE VERY REV. DR. FUNCKEN.

The Very Rev. Louis G. F. H. Funcken, Superior Provincial of the Congregation of the Resurrection, Rector of St. Jerome's College, and pastor of the Church of St. Mary's of the Seven Dolours, Berlin, Ont., died at Roermand, Holland, on the 30th day of January, comforted by the last Sacraments of the Church.

"Father Louis died to-day!" These were the few but sad words received by cable at the College in Berlin, on Thursday, the 30th. Little did the College authorities and the members of the Catholic church there think to receive such sorrowful news about their dear Dr. L. Funcken when they sent him on a vacation trip to Europe last June, in order, if possible, to recover his shattered health.

The deceased was born in Wauckum, Prussia, on the 5th of October, 1838, and received his ecclesiastical education in Rolduc College, Holland. Having devoted himself to the study of medicine for some years, he lost his hearing almost completely in a very severe attack of typhoid fever. For this reason he had to relinquish the plan of becoming a physician, and only succeeded under the greatest difficulties in gaining admission to the Seminary of Roermand, Holland, as a preliminary step to the holy priesthood.

After a brilliant course of theological studies he was ordained a priest on the Saturday before the Feast of the Holy Trinity, in the year 1862. Soon after he proceeded to Rome to join the Congregation of the Resurrection, of which he was to be one of the most illustrious members, and to continue his studies at the University of the Sapienza, from which he graduated as Doctor of Divinity in 1864.

Hereupon he sailed for Canada, where he opened the College of St. Jerome in a log cabin at St. Agatha in the same year. Finding the building too small and the location somewhat out of the way, he removed the little new institution of learning to Berlin in 1866. For many years the good Dr. Funcken had to contend with innumerable difficulties and hardships, but with his indomitable pluck and perseverance he toiled and laboured in the College and in the ministry until he obtained assistance from his own pupils, to whom he gave an opportunity to secure a thorough education in the best institutions of learning in Europe. From that time the College prospered beyond his most sanguine expectations, so that he was obliged to add to the buildings until he had brought them to such proportions that they compare favourably with any similar institution of much greater age, and the courses of instruction given are inferior to those of none in the country.

The Catholic congregation has prospered no less during the wise and paternal direction of Father Louis.

As a teacher he had few equals. He was a model of a pastor, a man of broad views, a most active and successful teacher and educator, and an indefatigable laborer in the good cause. He always had the kindest feelings towards all his fellow-citizens, irrespective of creed or nationality, and conscientiously respected the religious convictions of those who differed from him. Being a man of tender and sympathetic heart, it is no wonder that he had hosts of warm and trusted

friends in Canada and the United States, not to speak of Europe where he was widely and favourably known.

The German Catholics of this Province especially, owe him a debt of gratitude for the interest he always took in their spiritual welfare and the untiring labours undertaken in their behalf. Perhaps it may not be generally known that all the German-speaking priests in the diocese, and some outside of it, owe their being here to Dr. Funcken and his lamented brother, Father Eugeno.

From this brief sketch and from all we know of him, it is evident that the Catholic Church in general, the College and the Berlin Catholic congregation in particular, have suffered a great—it might be said, an irreparable loss—in the early and unexpected death of Father Funcken.

But great as this loss is, and difficult as it will be to fill the void he has left, it is confidently hoped that his labours and their results will not die with him, but that they will produce abundant fruit for generations to come. Especially do we trust that St. Jerome's College, which Dr. Funcken considered his life work, will continue to grow and to flourish under the able direction of his assistants and former pupils, in whom his spirit may be expected to continue to live and to perform excellent work for the glory of God, the benefit of the Catholic Church and the advantage of our country, to which Dr. Funcken was so cordially attached.

The Seventh Day's Mind was held at Berlin, on Thursday, the 6th day of February, at 10.30 a.m. May he rest in peace.

## Current Catholic Thought.

### CATHOLICS AND DIVORCE.

The attitude of Catholics on the divorce question is very well known. It has been the attitude of Christianity since the time of Christ. It is Scriptural and Apostolic. No unprejudiced person can deny that. The practice of Protestant England is a Catholic practice with regard to divorce, which has never made its appearance as a disease except in those countries where the Christian idea has lost its original force. It is moreover a politic attitude, for no one doubts that the less divorce in a community the better its moral health. Even the free-lovers admit that, though for different reasons. The doctrine of the Church is immovable, and the sentiments and feelings of the Catholic millions of the world are well-expressed by St. Augustine's sentence at the head of this article. Matrimony for them is a sacrament as well as a civil contract and has its origin from God; while divorce in its regular meaning is an abomination which lust and the devil together have introduced.

The Church's attitude is very simple and consistent. It is considered of little account by the modern Agnostic statesman, and has no rating in his market. Yet, it is really the rock upon which the waves of discussion and human desire are now breaking. The millions who profess the Catholic faith throughout the world are not only a standing argument against divorce, but a serious threat to its professors and upholders. The honorable married lives of Catholics, peaceful and virtuous in the main, make the strongest kind of testimony against the so-called necessity for divorce. The strength of their convictions on the same point is also the weapon which will one day destroy Agnostic free love and make society sound and clean again. Both State and people feel that the day is coming and near at hand when they must reckon with the Catholic idea. It did not falter before the emperors of Germany or the kings of France, nor has it any fear of their modern representatives.—*Catholic Review, Brooklyn*

### THE CATHOLIC PRESS

It is not endowment which the Catholic press needs, nor any press. It is the conviction on the part of those whom it represents, whose sentiments it expresses, and whose interests it defends, that it is a useful and necessary department of Catholic social, religious, business and literary life. That conviction does not at present prevail except among the bishops, a percentage of the clergy, and a fraction of the laity; when it comes to prevail largely, there will be no difficulty in running a Catholic press without endowments.—*N. Y. Catholic Review.*



## 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 Dowd of "St. Patrick's" Montreal.  
And by the leading clergy of the Dominion

Published by

The Catholic Review Publishing Company. (Limited)  
Offices: 64 Adelaide St. East, (opposite Court House).

A. O. MADDONELL, 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 10 cents per line for ordinary insertions. One rate: 10 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, Feb. 8, 1890.

A contemporary remarks that it would be a good plan for the Catholic Bureau of Defence to begin operations in Rome, from whence so many of those veracious cable despatches emanate.

Mark Twain's new book, "A Connecticut Yankee at King Arthur's Court" is described as grossly and gratuitously insulting to Catholics. In it we believe the Church is portrayed as the enemy of progress and the oppressor of man. That it is a book to be avoided we can readily believe from some of the previous works of the writer, in which blasphemy disputes for first place with buffoonery. One will look in vain in his books for anything elevating or reverent. There is no need to go outside "The Innocents Abroad" for proof of this. In that work the writer, it may be remembered, stopped to manufacture a grim, upon the threshold of the Holy Sepulchre.

The weak point in what Mr. Gladstone has written, in his review of "Ellen Middleton" upon the Confessional, is that he mixes up human confidences, and the seeking of the advice and sympathy that Mr. Stead speaks of, with Sacramental Confession as understood and practised by Catholics; whereas they are separated by just the distance that divides the worldly from the spiritual.

Of Mr. Stead's offer, apparently made in all seriousness, to assume the functions of Confessor-General to the world at large, the *Weekly Register* remarks that it will stand "as a monumental example of the impractical absurdities into which an honest man may fall, when he sets out on a gratuitous mission to set things right all round." "Are there any among the readers," he asks in the passage quoted in our issue of last week, "who feel the craving for counsel, for sympathy, and for the consolation of pouring out their soul's griefs? If so may I ask them to communicate with me?"

It is a thousand pities, the *Register* thinks, that Mr. Stead should have taken to journalism instead of to the Anglican

ministry. "With what unction," it says, "would he have read out the invitation so regularly given, so seldom, we opine, responded to! If there be any man, the Prayer Book directs the Established clergy to announce, who cannot quiet his own conscience, 'let him come unto me, or to some other discreet and learned minister of God's Word, and open his grief.' The moderation of the several invitations is nearly on a par; for while the minister assumes himself to be discreet and learned enough for the occasion, the journalist seems to imply no less."

There is one point, however, in the comparison, the *Register* adds, decidedly in Mr. Stead's favour; and that is, that whereas, in difficult cases, the clergyman's wife would be the only probable referee, Mr. Stead, for his part, proposes a kind of Standing Committee. "Their cases," he explains, "as they submit them, will be placed before such competent and skilful advisers as I am able to gather round me from among the best men and women in the English speaking world." Dr. Hook, when Vicar of Leeds, is said to have announced from the pulpit that on the following Saturday, he would be sitting in one sacristy to hear all the men, and Mrs. Hook in the other to hear all the women. Mr. Stead's proposal is only a trifle less comic.

Well may the *Register* ask: Does, then, this well meaning civilian seriously present us with such a quack remedy for the deep diseases of the human soul? If so, of one conclusion it is sure: "that if Mr. Stead's 'tentative suggestion' assumes the terrible form of an experiment, it will either meet with its most formidable enemy, a just and public ridicule, or it will degenerate into such manifestations and experiences as in Nonconformist systems tend to bring religion itself into contempt."

It is stated that neither Mr. McCarthy, whom the French papers have named *l'homme a la baionnette* since his speech at Stayner last summer, nor Col. O'Brien were present at a late caucus of Government supporters at Ottawa, and that the intimation had gone abroad that their presence would not be pleasing to the French-Canadian members. Whether it be true or not is of little moment; this much, however, may be taken as certain—that Mr. McCarthy's course during the year past, whatever following it may give him in this part of the country, will not increase his influence in the House. Mr. McCarthy, despite his high abilities, was never at any time a strong member in the House, and some pieces of legislation which he has put upon the statute books were got through only after much delay and much difficulty. The fact is that in a legislative body the personality of a man counts for a great deal, and Mr. McCarthy (he will allow us to say so) has hardly the Parliamentary manner. Doubtless it is due to the exacting demands of his professional duties, but Mr. McCarthy when he speaks in the House seems to speak rather as a pleader than a Parliamentarian, and to bring with him the atmosphere of the court room and the mental apparatus of a lawyer. His political aberrations of the last two years now, more than ever, make it absolutely impossible that he can have any following in Parliament. And it is in Parliament, and not nearly so much in the country as some people seem to imagine, that parties are formed, and public opinion directed.

We hope that our respected *confrere*, *La Verite*, does not expect us to regard the article in its last number as an answer to the views put forward in a late number of this Review respecting the politico-theological programme promulgated in Quebec by the school of *La Verite* and *L'Etendard*. That they admit of answer, it may be; but in that case their overthrow will depend upon arguments derived from facts and from history, and not upon evasion or insinuation. It is scarcely enough to hint darkly that we are "Liberal Catholics," or that the article is one "it knows us to have had in our heart for a long time," or that we know really nothing of the subject in question. In the latter case it would have been obviously a simple matter in our contemporary to have floored us with a reply. It is true that *La Verite* informs us that we "are not to imagine that it is afraid to argue the question with us," and that, if it must, it "will once more fight in the breach the so-called Catholic Liberalism." That, in the English language, is what we call bravado and bluster. When our Quebec *confrere* has quite done with heroics, we hope it will at once come to close quarters.

What we contended for in the article in our issue of the 25th January, was that to represent the Church as inimical to modern progress and civilization, was to work the cause of religion much harm; that to be an Ultramontane was not of necessity to be a reactionary; that modern society could not be recast in the moulds of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries; and that it was not the most politic course in one or two of our Quebec contemporaries to be forever fervently and piously cursing what the Church, on the other hand, is devoting herself heart and soul to baptizing and blessing, namely, the new order of civilization. In putting forth these views, we violate, so far as we are aware, no canon of faith or of discipline, and *La Verite* in implying that this Review is a journal of Liberal Catholics because it has argued that obscurantism is not adapted to our times and to our country, has gone beyond not only the limit of Catholic charity, but of Catholic doctrine. THE REVIEW, as we have already said, may be wrong in its views, unsound in its judgments, incorrect in its statements. Let *La Verite* prove it to be so by reasons and by facts and we shall be happy to retract any errors into which we may have fallen. Our views were seriously held, seriously stated; they cannot be met by mere denunciation. Our excellent contemporary *La Verite* must bear in mind that it is possible that we know, and perhaps love, our religion, as well as it does, and that declamation is not argument.

For the past ten days a Conference of Presbyterian ministers has been in session in New York, for the purpose of debating and deciding upon the subject of the revision of their creed—commonly known as the Westminster Confession. The five articles that it is proposed to strike out from the Confession are these:

1. Reprobation.
2. The Damnation of Infants.
3. The Damnation of the Heathen.
4. The Classification of Roman Catholics as Idolators.
5. The Statement that the Pope is anti-Christ.

We learn that with respect to the last two points, the opinion of the Conference is so unanimous in favour of expunging them that there has been practically no debate upon them. Millions of Catholics will, in consequence, now breathe more freely. "After the Presbyterian Conference is over," says the *Milwaukee Citizen*, "we presume the Pope will be better satisfied as to his identity. The Presbyterian Conference will tell him whether he is or is not anti-Christ. 'Twill be a great relief."

It is about time that some modifications were made in this horrible and repellant Presbyterian Confession, and we observe that the doctrine of reprobation, which may be said to include the second and third clauses set down for discussion, is that upon which the argument has chiefly hinged. The published reports of the proceedings would indicate that the weight of opinion among the ministers is in favour of its eradication. It is instructive to take note of some of the ministerial reasons advanced against its retention in the Confession. The Rev. Wilton Smith was one of those who supported the report in favour of revision. In Cleveland, he said, one Sunday evening he found his congregation much smaller than usual, and knew it to be on account of a lecture in the Grand Opera House by Colonel Robert G. Ingersoll. After his own service was ended he went to the Opera House, and found it packed to the roof with people who had paid \$1.50 a head to hear a "most blasphemous tirade against the Bible." "While I was there," said Mr. Smith, "the speaker pulled out a copy of the Confession, and for forty minutes he spoke against the doctrine of reprobation as there set out, and I have to acknowledge that the arguments that he advanced in his racy and attractive way were unanswerable by me. I know that many young men who were there that night were confirmed in their skepticism by the use, in that way, that night, of the doctrine that we are now trying to get out of the Confession."

This led another reverend gentleman, a Dr. Pago, who was not wholly of Mr. Smith's way of thinking, to remark that he was inclined to attribute the decline of Protestantism to the opposite reason of that given by Mr. Smith: "I have no doubt," he exclaimed, "that if Mr. Ingersoll had his way he would revise the Confession, and I'm not altogether certain that Ingersoll has not had more than any other influence to do with bringing about the agitation over this question of revision."

The passage in one of Lord Elgin's letters which is so often quoted or referred to in controversies on the race and language question, and which was recalled by the Hon. Mr. Chapleau in the course of his recent speech, occurs in a despatch to Earl Grey, written in 1848, and is as follows:—"I am very anxious to hear that you have taken steps for the repeal of so much of the act of union as imposes restrictions on the use of the French language. The delay which has taken place in giving effect to the promise made, I think by Gladstone, on this subject, is one of the points of which Mr. Papineau is availing himself for purposes of agitation. I must, moreover, confess, that for one I am deeply convinced of the impolicy of all such attempts to denationalize the French. Generally speaking, they produce the opposite effect from that intended, causing the flame of national prejudice and animosity to burn more fiercely. But suppose them to be successful, what would be the result? You may *Americanize*, but, depend upon it, by methods of this description you will never *Anglicize* the French inhabitants of the province. Let them feel, on the other hand, that their religion, their habits, their prepossessions, their prejudices if you will, are more considered and respected here than in other portions of this vast continent, and who will venture to say that the last hand which waves the British flag on American ground may not be that of a French-Canadian?"

A long despatch appeared in the newspapers of Tuesday last about the *Cronaca Nera* (the Black Chronicle) an anticlerical journal circulating in Rome. The publication has al-

ready been for some time on the Index, and the Holy Father referred to it severely in a recent notable letter. It has dwindled to a weekly publication, and its life will probably not be long. It has recently, we learn, sought some stimulus in alarming assertions as to the health of the Pope, who, however, is in his usual health saving only the weakness of his years.

The Rev. Father Fitzsimons, whose pamphlet "A Refutation of Agnosticism" was noticed in these columns in a late number, concludes his argument against the agnostics,—those who maintain that such questions as the being of God and the existence of an unseen world are "unknowable" and inaccessible to the human understanding—in the following apt and beautiful passage.

"If the sun, which with its train of light and glory gilds the hill-tops at early morn, and at eventide tints with crimson and gold the clouds of the western horizon, and through the livelong day bathes the world in rays of shimmering beauty; if the world of light which at night studs with stars, like glistening spears, the depths of azure, be so near the blind and yet hidden from their eyes by a mere film, may not the Sun of Justice with all His Divine attributes and all His eternal glory, be just as near to our eyes, yet hidden by a veil no more dense? And if the sun in the heavens, and the light which it dispenses, are the veriest commonplace to us, while to some men they are wholly hidden and unknown, what must be thought of the philosophy which, in the face of this standing fact of the world of sense, glories in the title of agnosticism, and has only scorn and ridicule for those who seek to learn what little they may of the Eternal Sun of Justice and of Glory?"

The question of Orange Incorporation will again come up for discussion during the present session of Parliament. The subject, so far as we can judge, does not awaken much concern among Catholics, who will be content, we fancy, to leave the whole question of the wisdom and the expediency of it to the sound sense and judgment of Parliament. We believe that a considerable number of Catholics even favour, for reasons of expediency, the granting to the Orange Body of the legal recognition they ask for. So long as the legislation confers upon them only the ordinary privileges of incorporation, there is nothing to be gained by denying them it thereby giving them, whether real or seeming, a grievance. But whether this view will prevail with Parliament, accentuated, as it doubtless will be, by the Jesuit legislation of last session, there can be no telling. There is a strong and healthy feeling in the House of opposition to any suggestion in the direction of giving legal recognition to this alien and dangerous organization, and it is by no means confined to the benches of the French members. In Canada, as elsewhere, Orangeism has had a bad history, and in this country it has absolutely no reason for existence.

The Rev. T. DeWitt Talmage, of Brooklyn, is at present in England, having returned from a much advertised tour in the Holy Land. He called upon Mr. Gladstone who welcomed him with great cordiality, said many handsome things of America and the Americans, and showed him over Hawarden, arm in arm. Like his exploits in the Holy Land, the details of Mr. Talmage's visit have been promptly telegraphed out to America. Mr. Talmage is *par excellence* the sensational preacher of New York, and the readiness with which he can turn any little incident of this sort to a business account, has

caused many sarcastic things to be said about him. In the last number of *Life*, a clever satirical paper, "the great divine"—the ministers of our separated brethren are always dubbed "divines"—is given a place in its gallery of celebrities; and we regret to observe that the photogravure of the reverend gentleman which accompanies the letter press is a trifle disrespectful. It is the picture of a lively looking jumping-jack connected with and operated by cumbrous and expensive looking machinery. Over a coin-slot is the device "Drop \$, \$, \$, \$, and see him work." The biographical sketch is equally irreverent. "This reverend gentleman," says *Life*, "rests his principal claim to greatness on the sweet oratory which is his most potent weapon in devil fighting. Possessing a smooth, gentle and insinuating voice, he adds to it a courtliness of gesture, and a dignity of demeanour outrivalling even the famous orators of old. People of commercial instincts have suggested that Mr. Talmage might have reached a greater degree of eminence had he become an auctioneer instead of a minister, but when one considers the revenue he receives from the syndicating of his sermons before they are preached, one must admit that his is not such a bad job after all.

It has often been questioned which Dr. Talmage hated worse—newspaper men or the devil. Some of his sermons have been quite as bitter against the former as the latter. But the newspaper men could talk back better than the gentleman whose office is located in the lower regions, and the net-result of the sermons was the securing to Dr. Talmage of an amount of advertising from which his quiet retiring nature must have shrunk with the utmost aversion.

Mr. Talmage has always been of opinion that St. Paul's sermon at the Acropolis did not do justice to the place, so, after a lapse of some 1800 years, he has gone over and righted matters by preaching one of his own sermons from the same spot occupied by St. Paul. The Christian world will now breathe easier."

Mr. Joseph Tasse, the accomplished editor of *La Minerve*, has published in its columns a timely and eloquent letter in reference to Mr. D'Alton McCarthy's bill for the abolition of the dual language system, and the speech in which Mr. McCarthy introduced it to Parliament a few days ago. Mr. McCarthy, the editor of *La Minerve* says, seems to forget that the French-Canadians are in their own home in this country, that their ancestors were the discoverers of it, and that they baptized it with their blood. He recounts in support of this the exploits of the earlier discoverers, and the missionary achievements of the Jesuit Fathers. The French-Canadian discoverers and missionaries, he truly contends, were the pioneers of the civilization which the Dominion to-day enjoys. "Do not forget," writes Mr. Tasse, "that twice the clergy of Lower Canada saved the northern portion of this continent to the Crown of Great Britain, and in the last civil war, if the black robes had not ranged themselves on the side of the authorities, at the risk of losing their influence, would not the North West have been left to fire and blood? In the absence of heart, think a little of your own interests." Mr. Tasse also claims that the sacrificing efforts of the good religious ladies of the North-West, and the hardy toil of the native Metis and early voyageurs, entitle them to the consideration of the country. "Let us treat these men well," Mr. Tasse concludes. "Let us respect their religion, their language, their laws, their customs, even their prejudices, if necessary. Let us show that there is a place for them, as for all others who wish to share our lot, beneath the sun of Can-

ada, and the country will find in them, when the necessity arrives, its best defenders. Sound politics commands us to heal the wounds of the late trouble. Agitators like Mr. McCarthy and Mr. Charlton only serve to re-open the bloody sores. The last revolt cost millions of dollars. In order to save several thousand dollars we are now going to risk relighting the torch of civil war, to contract a new debt of blood. Have you thought of the consequences of your dangerous work, Mr. McCarthy? To compare the French race, the race of the country's pioneers, to strangers who arrive among us, whom the wind which bears them to-day may bear away to-morrow, is to insult good sense and human intelligence. We were the first to take the name of Canadians."

#### THE CATHOLIC LITERARY SOCIETY OF HAMILTON'S ADDRESS TO BISHOP DOWLING.

His Lordship Bishop Dowling of Hamilton paid a visit to the Catholic Literary Society on the 28th ult. and spent the evening most enjoyably with its members. There was a large attendance, the President, Mr. J. P. Holden, occupying the chair. The society held a debate on the subject, "Resolved, that Canada would be in a better position as an independent nation than as at present, or annexed to the United States," which was handled by speakers of well known ability in the club, and decided by the chairman, in summing up, in favour of the affirmative.

The members of the association took the opportunity afforded by his Lordship's presence to present him with an address, which was read before the regular order of the evening was gone on with, by the president, as follows:

To the Right Rev. Thomas Joseph Dowling, D. D., Bishop of Hamilton:

May it please Your Lordship,—With the deepest feelings of joy and gladness we welcome Your Lordship to our meeting this evening. We welcome you as our Bishop and we offer you our homage, fealty and affection in recognition of the sacred authority which rests in you. We welcome you as the founder of our young association and we deem it as a great privilege that we can turn to you for guidance and encouragement. We feel confident of receiving your lordship's approval, for we are banded together in the cause of literary education—a cause ever dear to our holy mother the Church. As Catholics we have good reason to be proud of our noble heritage, for not only do we possess the priceless gift of faith, but we are also members of that Church which may be rightly called the mother of true education—that Church whose hierarchy are to day the most learned body of men in the world; that Church whose schools, colleges and universities have given to religion, to science and to literature, men who almost equalled the angels in the brightness of their intellects. We are not unmindful of the many sacrifices our fathers underwent in order to secure for us the precious boon of a Catholic education. We know—and we feel grateful for it—that many of the privileges we now enjoy are due to their efforts in our behalf. Circumstances, however, do not allow many young men to enjoy to their fullest extent the advantages of education, and we believe that an association such as ours, is one of the best means available to make up for deficiencies of a limited education or to improve a good one. Our association is yet in its infancy, but we trust, like the mustard seed mentioned in holy writ, it will increase and be productive of much good. Your Lordship has ever taken a kindly interest in associations of a kindred nature, and we feel grateful for the encouragement you have given our own. May we strive to merit always your Lordship's good will, and may kind Providence grant to your Lordship peace and health and length of days. As a token of your Lordship's approval, we humbly ask your blessing on ourselves and on the work in which we are engaged. Signed on behalf of the association, John P. Holden, President; Wm. Hunter, Secretary.

In reply, Bishop Dowling made a speech in which he highly commended the objects of the society and similar organiza-

tions. Continuing, he said: "St. Paul the Apostle compares the Church to an organized body having many members, each member having its special function, but all working in harmony with the head. In like manner we find in the diocese several societies, each having a special work in view, but all giving evidence of working in union and harmony with their spiritual head. As head of the diocese it is a great pleasure to me to find so many of its young men, the flowers of the family and the future hope of the Church, cultivating their intellects and devoting themselves to the attainment of knowledge which shall be useful to them in after life. You have well said," remarked His Lordship, "that it has always been the Catholic Church which has fostered learning. When the vandal hordes from the north overran Southern Europe, it was the church which preserved the records of learning for succeeding ages, and stood as a pillar, of light amid the surrounding darkness. St. Augustine was the first to bring into England the light of learning and establish institutions throughout the land for its dissemination. England to-day owes much of her greatness to the Catholic Church, which founded schools and colleges and cathedrals, which were afterward wrested from the Church. Intellect is the gift of God, and should be cultivated; but religion should go hand in hand with that cultivation. In reading, the object should be to store the mind with knowledge by selecting only good books and newspapers. As Macaulay has said, it is better to digest a page than devour a volume. Dr. Johnson has said that reading makes a full man, conversation a ready man, writing a correct man, but thinking a great man. A great deal of the intellectual food furnished nowadays is poisonous and should be carefully avoided. The Bible, of course, is the best of all books; but it is also a dangerous book, inasmuch as it is hard to understand, as St. Peter says. St. Augustine compares the Bible to a flower, from which the bee extracts honey and the wasp poison. So from that Bible good men extract honey and bad men poison. I would recommend the reading of the "History of the Bible," the reading of the New Testament, the "Following of Christ," the "Lives of the Saints," "The History of the Church" and ancient and modern history and especially the history of our own country, as most profitable. Ignorance is the enemy of Christianity, and the Catholic Church uses every effort to combat it. The worst enemy the church ever encountered in the early age of persecution was Julian the Apostate, who ordered the Christian schools to be closed.

His Lordship closed his remarks with some excellent practical advice. Among those present were Rev. Fathers McEvay, O'Sullivan, Brady and Chancellor Craven.

#### "ALL IN A SALOON."

As an after piece to the Cronin affair, the probable murder of one Robert Gibbons, a witness for the defence, by Capt. Schuettler of the police force, occurred, with much fitness for the deed, in a Chicago saloon. Gibbons himself is an Irish saloon-keeper, and his companions at the time were Thomas Lynch, described as a "wealthy distiller," and Ald. McCormick, who is probably a pot-house politician.

The fight was a brutal and cowardly one on both sides, and the participants accuse each other of lying about the circumstances. Here probably is a chance for more red-mouthed factions dealing verbal thunder at each other. It was John Vogelsang's beer that gave these men the courage to strike at each other.

The folly of permitting the Irish cause to be in any manner identified with Chicago saloon murders and police court trials, will appear from incidents like these. We touch a low stage of civilization when we come to know who the "leading men" in these affairs are, and where their lodge rooms are located.

Yet they think that Ireland and the Irish cause revolves about their insignificant individualities. MacMulligan, who runs a State street saloon, thinks that Parnell is all broken up when the Irish leader hears that MacMulligan has said there is something wrong "wid de funds." The Irish cause can go on prosperously, wholly oblivious of the existence of such a geographical expression as Chicago.—*Catholic Citizen, Milwaukee.*

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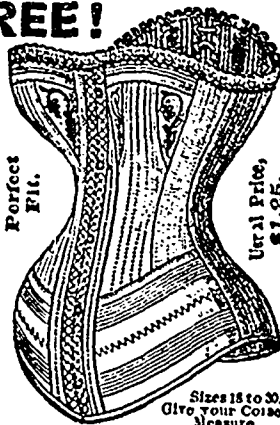
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	a.m.	p.m.
		12.50
G. W. R.....	2.00	9.00
	6.00	4.00
	11.30	9.30
	8.20	
	a.m.	p.m.
U. S. N. Y.....	6.00	4.00
	9.00	
U. S. West States	11.30	9.30
	10.30	5.45
	6.00	9.30
	9.00	3.44
	12.00	7.20

English mails will be closed during January as follows: Jan. 2, 6, 9, 13, 16, 20, 23, 27, 30

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A Cure. We will mail trial bottles free to all who send in your name. DR. TAFT BROS. ROCHESTER, N. Y. FREE

SEALED TENDERS marked "For Mounted Police Clothing Supplies," and addressed to the Honourable Minister of Railways and Canals, will be received up to noon Wednesday, 26th February, 1890.

Printed forms of tender containing full information as to the articles and quantities required, may be had on application to the undersigned.

No tender will be received unless made on such printed forms. Patterns of articles may be seen at the office of the undersigned.

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 decline to enter into a contract when called upon to do so, or if he fail to supply the articles contracted for. If the tender be not accepted the cheque will be returned.

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



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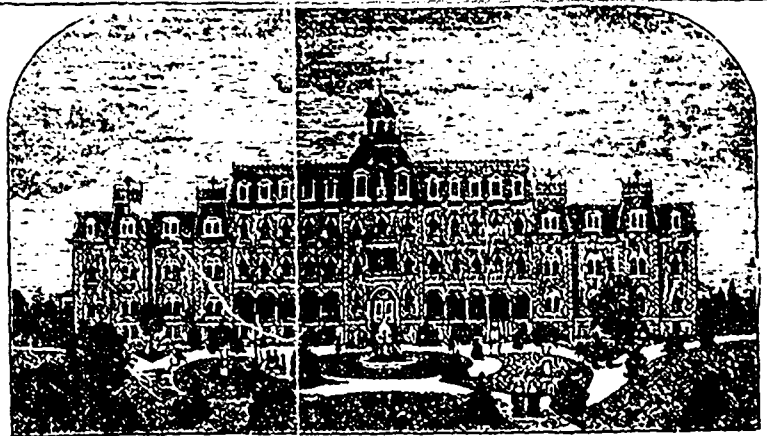


**STATUTES OF CANADA**  
 AND  
**OFFICIAL PUBLICATIONS.**

The Statutes and some of the publications 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.  
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Complete Classical, Philosophical and Commercial courses, and Shorthand and Typewriting. For further particulars address,  
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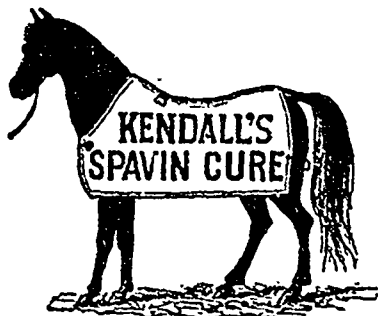
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The Most Successful Remedy ever discovered, as it is certain in its action and does not blister. Read pamphlet below.

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OFFICE OF CHARLES A. STYDER, BREEDER OF CLEVELAND BAY AND TROTTER BRED HORSES, ELNWOOD, ILL., Nov. 23, 1888.

Dr. B. J. KENDALL CO.  
Dear Sir: I have always purchased your Kendall's Spavin Cure by the half dozen bottles. I would like prices in larger quantity. I think it is one of the best remedies on earth. I have used it on my stables for three years.  
Yours truly, CHAS. A. STYDER.

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BROOKLYN, N. Y., November 8, 1888.  
Dr. B. J. KENDALL CO.  
Dear Sir: I desire to give you testimonial of my good opinion of your Kendall's Spavin Cure. I have used it for three years. Stiff joints, and Spavins, and I have found it a sure cure, I cordially recommend it to all horsemen.  
Yours truly, A. H. GRUBER, Manager Troy Laundry Stables.

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SALT, WINDOM COURT, ONTO, Dec. 19, 1888.  
Dr. B. 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.

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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. B. J. KENDALL CO., KENDALL BLDG., FAIR, W. SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

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From Avonmouth. From Portland.  
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CABIN, Portland or Halifax to Liverpool, \$50 to \$60; Return, \$100 to \$110. INTERMEDIATE to Liverpool or Glasgow, \$25. STEERAGE to Liverpool, Queenston, Londonderry, Belfast, London or Glasgow, \$20.

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First Cabin (choice of berths) by any steamer of the line, Montreal or Quebec to Liverpool or Londonderry \$60, return \$110. First Cabin (2 berth rooms saloon deck, inside rooms) \$50 and \$100 return. Intermediate \$25. Liverpool, Derry or Glasgow: London \$28. Steerage, Liverpool, Londonderry, Belfast, Glasgow, London, \$20.

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CURED AFTER SIX YEARS.

MANKATO, MINN., Sept. 30th, '87.  
To whom it may concern:—I hereby certify that I have tried many great physicians ("by reputation") in the large cities in the west, and for six years I sought for one skillful enough to cure my daughter of a nervous disease, but without success I was then induced to try the Rev. E. KOENIG, of Fort Wayne, Ind., who was reported as being very successful in treating diseases of this character, and I am pleased to say that by his skillful treatment my daughter was in a short time completely cured, and he refused to accept any compensation for his services. I cheerfully recommend him to any parties needing his services. My daughter and myself will ever hold the reverend gentleman in grateful remembrance.  
JOHN SCHWEITZER.  
Subscribed and sworn to before me this 30th day of September, A. D. 1887. W. B. DAVIS, Clerk of the County of Mankato, Minn.

Our Pamphlet for sufferers of nervous diseases will be sent free to any address, and poor 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

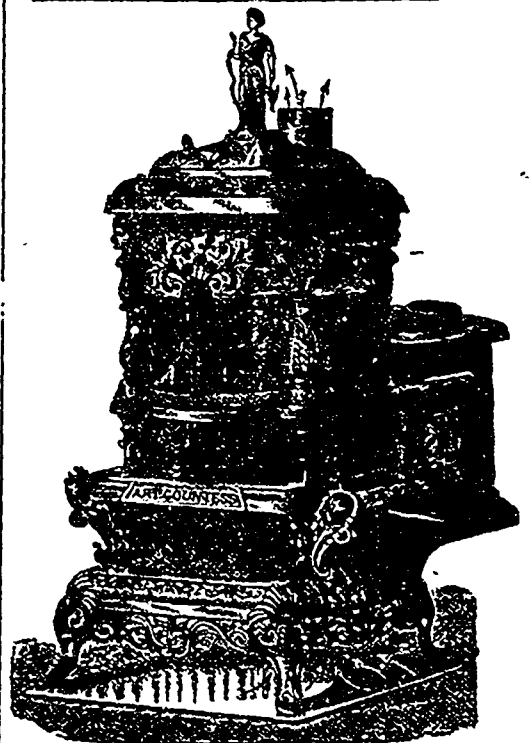
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A NEW DEPARTURE

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 teaspoonful 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 delirium tremens 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.  
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