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The Catholic Weekly Review.

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

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

Vol. III

Toronto, Saturday, April 13, 1889.

No. 9

CONTENTS.

NOTES.....	129
CONTRIBUTED ARTICLES.	
The Supremacy Act and the Catholics.....	D. A. O'Sullivan 132
From the House of Commons.....	J. K. F. 131
Scenes in the House of Commons.....	Justin McCarthy M.P. 134
The Romance of a Jesuit.....	130
Mr. Goldwin Smith Teaching Americans.....	135
Father Harold on the Jesuit Outcry.....	133
Anecdotes of John Bright.....	139
EDITORIAL.—	
The Church and Education.....	130
The Late Archbishop Ullathorne.....	137
Reminiscences of Mr. Bright.....	137
The Holy Father's Decision in the Jesuit Settlement.....	130
The Award to Laval University.....	136
The "Putting Down" of Popery.....	138
Anti-Catholic Conspiracies.....	138
Men and Things.....	139
Canadian Church News.....	140
Catholic and Literary Notes.....	140
Book Reviews.....	138

Notes.

The correctness of THE REVIEW's opinion, as published in its issue of last week, in regard to the sensational articles of *Le Canadien*, accusing the Jesuits of having intrigued against the influence of Cardinal Taschereau and of having betrayed the Papal Court into the commission of a diplomatic blunder in the negotiations for the settlement of the Jesuits Estates, namely, that they had not, as Ontario papers represented they had, the cognizance of Cardinal Taschereau, has been borne out to the letter. In reply to a direct question from a representative of *L'Electeur*, His Eminence stated on Tuesday that the *Canadien* had never been, and was not now, his organ, and that the views expressed in it did not represent his opinions but the personal ideas of its editor.

Le Canadien has since denied, in reply to the many remonstrances which its article has elicited, that it is actuated by hostility to the Jesuit Order. On the contrary it admires what is admirable in the Jesuits—their learning, their devotion, and the simplicity of their lives. What it complains of, it now states, is that the Jesuits and other religious bodies are imbued more with the spirit of their Order than that of the nationality of the people among whom they are spread, and whom they may in consequence expose to a host of difficulties when they meddle to rule both the Church and the State. We do not see that *L'Etandard* improves, by this partial change of base, its equivocal position.

"Cities, like men," says the *Weekly Register*, London, "are subject to strange fates and inequalities. To Birmingham it has been given more than any other provincial centre to possess great men and to lead large movements." It was there Cardinal Newman turned his steps when he left Oxford,

and it has been his home—with one short break in Dublin—for more than forty years. Two of its great men have been lost to it during the few weeks past. Archbishop Ullathorne, a great figure in Catholic England, has gone to his reward; and speedily following him, the great man of the people and orator, Bright. Besides being the home of the "caucus," it is also the home of Mr. Chamberlain, a very different sort of politician. Mr. Chamberlain, says the *Register*, is the creation of Birmingham. There he has lived, and made his money, and grown his orchids. There, too, he made his first trials in public life, and wore the resplendent livery of a mayor, and dreamed his great dreams of political ambition.

The New York *Herald's* London edition, which its proprietors evidently intend shall be conducted with the same license and want of principle as made the New York paper successful, has been promptly brought to book by the Bishop of Cloyne. The *Herald* misquoted a recent Pastoral of the Bishop, and based a number of false charges upon it. His Lordship's demand for a retraction and apology having been evasively met by that journal, the Bishop has written a second letter to the *Herald*, a portion of which is as follows:—

"I stated distinctly that the quotation was a *suppressio veri*, and the comments a *suggestio falsi*, or, in other words, that you left out from the extracts from my Pastoral words necessary to convey its true meaning, and based on this garbled quotation charges the most serious that could be made against a Christian bishop—namely, that he advised his people in the means they employed to advance the cause of their country, to have regard to the efficacy of these means rather than to their lawfulness or morality—an advice which, if it were given, would, as you say, justify every crime that has been committed in recent years, even the Phoenix Park murders. It is for this false quotation and the false charges that were based on it, that I required a retraction and apology. What I require of you now is the insertion of the extract from my Pastoral which you have misquoted, and an apology for this misquotation, and for the false and calumnious charges you have based on it, otherwise I shall be obliged to seek from a court of justice the reparation which you refuse.

What this extraordinary London edition of the *Herald* represents, or whom it represents, appears to be shrouded in some uncertainty. But that it does not represent the opinion of its New York office, the *Nation* of Dublin amusingly proves by the view taken of the part played by the *Times* in the Forgeries conspiracy. Said the London edition of February 27th, "Credit is due to the *Times* for having alone, single handed, and from no possible motive but high public duty, entered upon a costly harassing and thankless task." Said the New York edition on the same day. "It is difficult to say whether throughout the whole affair the action of the *Times* has been more conspicuous by its absence of good faith, or by its crass stupidity." So one is really left in doubt by these comments as to what the New York *Herald* does think.

THE ROMANCE OF A JESUIT.

From the French of De Bouigny d'Hagerno.

CHAPTER I.

Some forty or fifty years ago a celebrated financier of the day, Monsieur Durand, inhabited a luxurious residence in the Chaussee d'Antin, at Paris. He was a man of note and had risen to fill a high post in the Foreign Office, being looked on as second to none in financial talent and to but few in the amount of fortune he had amassed honourably. This fortune he was spending freely, for he lived in a princely style; his entertainments and equipages rivalled those of the recognized millionaires of the land. In earlier life he had married a lovely and charming Parisian lady, and when after some few years of married life she was taken from him, his grief had been so deep that, for a time, he had lived in retirement, though eventually he had plunged deeper than ever into the whirlpool of fashionable Parisian life. His wife had left him two children, a son and a daughter, and at the time our story opens, the son Charles had just finished the second year of his legal studies, whilst the daughter, who was younger, already gave promise of having inherited her mother's virtues and charms.

One evening, or rather morning, in the month of August, at a somewhat advanced hour, Mons. Durand arriving at his own house enquired for his son, and learning that Charles had gone to Versailles to spend two or three days with some friends named Meynaudier, expressed his intention of sitting up some little time longer to work and dismissed his attendant for the night.

On finding himself alone he sought amongst his correspondence for a certain letter which he had learned from his banker, Mons. Lerouttier, had been despatched to his house by that gentleman, and tearing it open with feverish impatience commenced its perusal. What he read in that letter was by no means unexpected, terrible though was the state of things therein. He found himself face to face with ruin and even dishonour; for not only had he lavishly spent his own means but he had considerably impaired his late wife's fortune, which he had been bound to hand intact to her children. On his son's coming of age he had, under various pretexts, put off the day of settlement with him, and now the small remnant of fortune he still possessed was insufficient to meet the just claims even of his children. One means of momentarily averting the impending exposure was open to him. He had that evening received a cipher despatch for the Government, and by delaying the delivery to the chief of the Department for a few hours he might realize large profits by investing at a low figure in the money market. But when the despatch should be delivered, as delivered it must be, and the fact of his profitable transactions at the "Bourse" became known, the blackest dishonour would be added to his ruin, for it was doubtful whether ruin could be even thus evaded, since no profits could replace the sum he had already subtracted. Summoning to his aid all the courage he possessed, he approached his desk, and, after having counted what ready money he had there, he remained long examining various papers. He did not seem to find any relief from their perusal however, and no way presented itself to him of escaping from utter ruin. But one dire alternative seemed open to him and terrible thoughts surged through his brain. He had long possessed the means of ridding himself of life, for in a cabinet at hand he had locked away a precious phial containing a potent subtle poison, a poison which acted painlessly but surely, and now, at this crisis of his affairs, death seemed preferable to ruin and dishonour. Taking the phial into his hand he once more reflected on what awaited him. A few drops of that liquid would give him death, forgetfulness, an end to the painful struggles of life. His life had been one of pleasure, but now the dream was over and eternal night was to be the end. He would escape the shame and torture of his errors being revealed, he would calmly sleep for ever. But was there no waking from the mysterious sleep of death? Was there naught but annihilation beyond the tomb? Was it true that there was another life? If there really was a God, surely some part of our being must survive, and when freed from our earthly body appear before a Sovereign Judge to answer for our actions during life! But away with such thoughts, it was too late to turn back! There must now be

no hesitation, no weakness; the die was cast and death was the only resource to deliver him from a future he had not the courage to face. However, before drinking of the cup of death he would write to his son and put his papers in order. Returning to his desk Mons. Durand examined anew the papers there contained. Many letters he threw into the fire, but selecting certain papers he placed them in a drawer together with the bank notes, the telegraphic despatch and Lerouttier's letter, and after locking the drawer he carefully put the key beneath the pillow of his bed.

Then, after extinguishing his lamps and lighting his night lights he uncorked the phial of poison, swallowed its contents, and throwing the empty bottle into the fire sought his bed, where in a few moments he was calmly sleeping.

The next morning on Mons. Durand's valet perceiving that the hour had long passed when his master was accustomed to rise, he decided on awakening him. Receiving no answer to his repeated calls he forced open the door of the room and found his master stretched across the bed and apparently lifeless. In all haste he called assistance and at once summoned a doctor, who arrived without delay. After making a careful examination of the unconscious patient and questioning the servants, who could give no information, the medical man himself administered a spoonful of a potion which he had sent for and he had the satisfaction of seeing Mons. Durand open his eyes a few instants afterwards. That gentleman stated that he only remembered having gone to bed in perfect health and falling asleep immediately afterwards, and that he had only just then awoke from that sleep. After making some further enquiries the doctor wrote a prescription and giving minute instructions about the treatment of the sick man, took his leave, promising to return shortly.

As soon as the doctor had left Mons. Durand despatched a servant to fetch Mons. Lerouttier to his bedside. This Mons. Lerouttier was a banker. He had been a college companion of Durand's and was believed now to be a very rich man. The friendship had continued between these two financiers and it was to Lerouttier that Durand always confided his business matters. On the banker entering the room his friend stretched out his hand and thanked him for so promptly acceding to his request, and, at the same time, he desired the sick-nurse at his bedside to leave them alone together. The nurse rose to obey him, but remembering the strict injunctions given by the doctor, hesitated to leave her master unattended. However, on Lerouttier promising to call her or to administer the necessary remedy should any change occur in the sick man, she told the banker to drop into some tisané exactly two drops of the medicine contained in a little phial. After warning him to be careful not to give more or less than two drops since the medicine was a powerful poison, and might cause some catastrophe, she left the room and the two friends remained alone.

Durand then confided to his friend that he was dying of poison administered by himself, that he had dissipated his whole fortune except some 200,000 francs which were in the banker's hands, and some 30,000 francs in notes which had been recently sent him by his notary in payment of the last remnant of his property. He then related that he had the previous evening received a cipher despatch, the effect of which would be to cause a sudden great rise in public securities, and that he had withheld delivering the despatch with the intention of investing the 30,000 francs and realizing a large profit. What he had himself thought of doing he now asked his friend to do for him in the interests of his children, and he pointed out that the delay in the delivery of the despatch would be easily accounted for by his death, since he felt his death to be certain. He then drew a key from beneath his pillow and begged his friend to take the money from the drawer in which he had himself placed it. On the banker complying with his request he recommended his children's interests to the care of his friend, declining to have them sent for, though his friend had proposed that he should see them once more before dying.

Suddenly the sick man's face became convulsed, and writhing in agony he called out to his friend to give him the drops prescribed for him. At that moment a terrible temptation assailed Lerouttier; beside him in the still open drawer, from which he had taken the bank-notes, he beheld his own

acknowledgement of the sum Durand had left in his hands as banker and the momentous despatch which would produce such a change on the "Bourse." The dying man with closed eyes, was insensible to what was passing around him. Alone in the room, there was no one who could testify against him, and yielding to the diabolical impulse that lured him on, he dropped ten or twelve drops of the fatal liquid into the tisane and raising his friend's head placed the cup to his lips.

The sick man drank of it, and immediately fell back in a state of torpor.

Fixing an anxious look on that death-like countenance Lerouttier trembled in every limb with horror, whilst his blood seemed to curdle in his veins. For ten minutes he remained thus motionless, for ten minutes he suffered untold anguish. Suddenly the sick man started up, threw up his arms and gazed around seeming to see nothing; then a nervous tremor seemed to run through all his limbs, and writhing in a fearful convulsion, with one last groan he fell back dead on his pillows.

Lerouttier assured himself that the heart had ceased to beat, and then became entirely self-possessed. Ascertaining for certain that there was no one in the adjoining room, he carefully shut the door of communication and going straight to the desk, took out all the papers from the drawer already mentioned, selected those that would be useful to him and placing these in his pocket, closed and locked the drawer and replaced the key under the dead man's pillow.

Once more carefully assuring himself that no witness of his deed could be lurking in any corner he passed his left arm beneath the dead man's head and with his right hand violently rang the bell. When the servants crowded into the room he called out to give the drops quickly for Mons. Durand had had a terrible attack. The sick-nurse hastened to prepare the potion, rebuking Mons. Lerouttier for not having already done so, but on approaching the bed announced that her master was already dead. Falling back into an arm chair the wretched Lerouttier hid his face in his hands and crying out loudly for a doctor, became a prey apparently to paroxysms of grief.

* * * * *

After having given his version of his friend's death to the doctor, to whom he confided that his friend had run through the whole of his fortune, Lerouttier undertook the sad mission of breaking the terrible news of their father's ruin and death to the son and daughter of his deceased friend, and leaving word that he might be sent for, were his presence required, he returned to his own house. He there shut himself up in his study and hiding away in his desk the papers he had stolen, threw himself into a chair where he long remained motionless, absorbed in thought. He knew himself to be a murderer and a robber, but he salved over his conscience by repeating to himself that he had only done what others would have done if they had really desired to get on in life. Unknown to the world, his own affairs were in so bad a state that he had been on the point of declaring himself bankrupt. The 230,000 francs would save him and the very next day he would double them by means of the "Bourse" speculation which his dead friend had planned. Not for the children of his dead friend but for himself would be the profits. As for the despatch, he would not deliver it at all, and when the embassy, which had forwarded it, received no acknowledgment of its reception, another despatch would be sent and nothing ever known of the former one. This, too, would give him more time to operate on the "Bourse." The despatch was therefore quickly thrown into the fire as were also all compromising papers. He well knew his own guilt and infamy, but little did he care. Prosperity would once more reign in his affairs and what thought did he give to the despoiled orphans whose portion he had so unscrupulously appropriated? That blazing fire had consumed every proof of his guilt, and a quarter of an hour later he had given his instructions as to the investments in which he placed the money he had won by his crimes.

(To be Continued.)

"Bright's Disease has no symptoms of its own," says Dr. Frederick Roberts of University College, London. First get rid of the kidney disease by using Warner's Safe Cure, then the effects of symptoms will be removed.

FROM THE HOUSE OF COMMONS.

HOUSE OF COMMONS.

Ottawa, 9th April, 1880.

The recent Jesuit vote in the House would recall the lines of Lord Macaulay, in his "Lay of Horatius," descriptive of the harmony that reigned in the days of Ancient Rome, when

"None were for a party,
But all were for the state,
When the great man helped the poor man,
And the poor man loved the great."

Still, unfortunately, that day has gone, and, methinks, for ever. "Old times are changed, old manners gone," sang the Laird of Abbotsford; nor do we see great improvements in the manners and ways that have succeeded them. After peace and quiet had been restored and each one sought to forget the little shocks and petty bitternesses that arose from out the late debate, we find Mr. Charlton, (one of the "baker's dozen,") asking in the House last night, if it is the intention of the Government to introduce a bill for the incorporation of the Orange Order. Now, that worthy gentleman knew perfectly well that the answer would be "no;" yet he deemed it advisable to go the whole way, and since he has admitted that his stand on the Jesuit question may cost him his seat, he thinks it as well "to be hung for a sheep as for a lamb," and consequently strives, in a very feeble manner, to fan into flame the smouldering and almost extinguished embers of religio-political controversy. However, Sir John's reply puts an end to any such attempt. He stated that the Government had no intention of bringing in any such bill, and if one came before the House it should emanate from a private member, and should such occur Mr. Charlton would have a chance of voting against it as he had done on two occasions before. This latter remark raised a laugh at the inquisitor's expense; but that laugh covers a great depth of seriousness. The waves on a river dance merrily and smile, sparkle, and glisten in the sun ray on the surface, but the great body of the water rolls onward in its giant strength and unbridled might. With a few more fire-brand preachers and bigoted legislators the country could easily be translated into a hot bed of civil strife, religious warfare and racial animosities. Far would be the day pictured by the Laureate.

• "When the war drums beat no more,
And the battle flags are fur'd,
In the Parliament of man,
The Federation of the world."

Happily for us all; happily for the country; happily for our social, political and religious organizations, the number of those enemies of harmony is small. There has been much talk of late in the House about "the axe being placed at the root" of this, that, or the other evil. Well, if our political axe-men are anxious for work, let them attack this spirit of discord and religious bigotry and intolerance, for like the poison tree of Java, it spreads its branches to the sky, sinks its roots in the earth, and blasts and withers not only the soil whence it sprang, but all who seek the shelter of its shade. There are men whom no argument could convince, no reason persuade, no prayer soften, no law direct, no miracle convert, men whose natures perhaps not bad in themselves have become so saturated with the narcotic of intolerance, and so covered with the verdigris of hate, that all which comes not within the narrow focus of their views is to them unreasonable and to be crushed out by "hook or by crook." In Canada they are exotics, they do not naturalize in our climate, there is no more need of them here than is there of the earthquake or pestilence. Let them leave us in peace and stir not the waters of the caraminian lake, for the more they raise the muddy bottom the more the surface mirrors their own deformities.

It is news you want and not an essay on religious or political intolerance. Well "nemo dat quod non habet." News is scarce; all the reporters tear it to pieces and scatter it to the four winds, even in the hour of its birth, and as I am seldom in for the arrival of news on the scene, there is not a fragment left when I come to write. By the way the word "arrival" reminds me that great preparations are being made for Archbishop Duhamel's arrival to day, from Rome. More about this anon!

J. K. F.

HOUSE OF COMMONS.

10th April, 1889.

The arrival of Archbishop Duhamel from his six months' trip to the Eternal City is an event so significant and too worthy of notice at the present time to pass over in silence. No such reception was ever before tendered to any one in Ottawa. A large body of delegates went to Montreal yesterday, where they met His Grace, and with him returned to Ottawa by a special train. They arrived at the Union depot exactly at seven o'clock in the evening. From six o'clock the wide thoroughfares of Sussex, Wellington and Queen (west) streets were crowded with spectators. Contingents of delegates from Aylmer and several other surrounding parishes were on hand, and four bands accompanied the different societies and the college students. The throng was great and enthusiastic. The lengthy procession reached the Basilica to Pooley's Bridge, a distance of over a mile. Midst strains of music and joyous demonstrations of welcome His Grace was conducted back to his home. It was a glorious evening—no Italian sky was ever bluer and more cloudless, the Appennines never reflected the golden sunset more gorgeously than did the far-off Laurentides, no Roman congregation ever displayed deeper enthusiastic affection and joy, and to use the words of Denis Florence McCarthy:

“ Though grand are the bells that ring out
From the grand Campanilli of Rome,
They are not the deader, the sweeter ones,
Tuned with the memory of home ; ”

thus, midst the clash of chimes and the blaze of electric splendours the Basilica was entered. In the words of Chateaubriand, “ the sun had not quite set, and the moon hovered along the east; it would seem as if the Almighty was bending over the abyss,” staying the sun with one hand, in the west, raising the moon with the other, in the east, and lending through all immensity an attentive ear to the *Te Deum* that ascended from His over-joyed creatures on earth. Addresses of welcome were read in both languages, and in reply His Grace spoke feelingly of his great pleasure on finding himself home again, and his deep appreciation of the reception tendered him by his flock. He briefly referred to the manner in which His Holiness anticipated the request to canonically erect the University of Ottawa; and he expressed in graphic words, the sense of uneasiness one feels in Rome when the knowledge dawn upon the traveller that the Sovereign Pontiff is virtually a prisoner. He likewise referred to the great joy which the old man in the Vatican experienced when the Catholics of the world gave vent to their sympathy. But, I must break off abruptly this very congenial subject. It was refreshing, however, to behold so much faith and devotion in the Capital. And when such is displayed in the case of a prelate of the Church, it is but the index of what the feeling must be towards the head of that Eternal establishment. In the words of Charles Phillips, “ we may see him with his crown crumbled, his sceptre a reed, his throne a shadow his home a dungeon, but if we do, it is only to prove that the simplicity of the patriarch, the piety of the saints, and the patience of the martyrs, has not wholly vanished from the earth.” We shall yet behold him gorgeous with the dignity of ages, every knee bending and every eye blessing the prince of one world and the prophet of another. We can see him even now like the last mountain of the deluge, majestic not less in his elevation than in his solitudes, immutable amidst changes, magnificent amidst ruin, the last remnant of earth's beauty, the last resting place of heaven's light.

J. K. F.

THE SUPREMACY ACT AND THE CATHOLICS.

The statement made by Sir John Macdonald on the debate on the Jesuits Estates Act that the Supremacy Act was practically obsolete in England and that it would be absurd to think of acting upon it now in this country is a very important utterance, and falling from the lips of the First Minister of the Crown one worthy of consideration. Such a statement, of course, does not make nor alter the law; but coming from one charged more than anyone else with the higher prerogatives of the Crown in Canada it is of more than ordinary significance. If this Act ought to be in force and is not, then the first Minister takes the responsibility, as he is liable

as well for omitted as for permitted legislation. He contented himself in the argument with the course of the various Canadian Governments since the settlement of the Clergy Reserves now nearly forty years ago, but it would have been easy for him to have shewn that many years before that, the Act in question was dead beyond legal or judicial resurrection.

The Act of Supremacy arose out of legislation passed in the reign of Henry VIII. to secure that monarch's second marriage from being annulled by the Pope. In 1531 all appeals to Rome from English ecclesiastical courts were done away with; and in the next session, in order to cut off all connection with Rome, an Act was passed rendering the papal bulls unnecessary for bishops or archbishops. In this Act the king is recited to be the supreme head of the Church in England. This Act, which in the mind of the king—the defender of the Faith had no appearance of separating the English from the Catholic Church, was the beginning of the great schism; but when the Act was revived in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, some years later, the English Church was no longer Catholic. A church with new doctrines stood in its place, and, as history informs us, every species of persecution that the State could enforce was applied to bring the English people into line with the English Court in religious matters. A church was established by law and the sovereign head of the Church were subject to pains and penalties without number. In process of time the State wearied or became ashamed of persecution—then it tolerated, then it recognized the Pope of Rome as the spiritual head of some English subjects. So long as the rigor of the Act was enforced there was no legal existence for a Catholic. When it was transferred to Canada in 1774 there was just enough of persecution left in it to work mischief. Sir John Thompson in his argument took the broad ground that if Catholics in Canada were to have free exercise of their religion such as they were entitled to by the Treaty of Cession, they could not have existed under the rigors of the Act of Supremacy. That was a fair, reasonable construction of the Act in 1774, but, as a matter of fact, for nearly fifty years after that date there was a constant struggle in the old Province of Quebec and the new provinces in 1791, to bring about the supremacy of the Crown over the Catholic religion and its priests and bishops. Successive governors tried again and again to obtain the appointment of the Cures and the nomination by Royal instead of by Papal authority of the Bishops—“ Ecclesiastical superintendents for the affairs of the church of Rome, &c. as Mr. Masere's draft reads. From the date of the Treaty in 1763 to the Quebec Act in 1774 the Government endeavoured to force the Catholics to take the oath of abjuration and other oaths required in the statutes of Henry and Elizabeth. When the Quebec Act modified the oath so that anyone might take it (as the bishops did down to the time of Bishop Gigués in 1848) there came in the very first Royal instructions under it, directions that “ no person should receive Holy Orders nor have charge of souls without a license duly obtained from the governor. The governor was strictly to safeguard the supremacy of the king to the exclusion of every power of the Church of Rome exercised by any of its ministers in the Province not absolutely requisite for the exercise of a tolerated worship.” What happened? Why the Catholics, people and clergy, refused to submit, though some of the clergy left the country and some were deprived of preferment. In 1801 Sir Robert Shore Milnes, the governor, complained that the Roman Catholic Clergy “ were accountable to no other authority than that of their own bishop,” and the Duke of Portland, his chief, is astonished that the Royal instructions under the Quebec Act had been disregarded. The bishops of Quebec at this time had been in receipt of two hundred pounds per annum, and the Colonial Secretary, in order that the matter could be prudently arranged, suggests that this sum might be increased almost to any extent if it can prove the means of restoring to the king's representative in Canada that power and control which are essentially necessary to his authority. “ The shilling,” as Mr. Lindsey in his “ Rome in Canada ” refers to it, was offered several occasions before the war in 1812; but it was not remarkable if Bishop Plessis should get one thousand when Bishop Mountain received three thousand pounds. After the war was concluded Lord

Bathurst wrote to the governor, Sir George Prevost, as follows: "I have to inform you that His Royal Highness, the Prince Regent, in the name of His Majesty desires that hereafter the allowance of the Catholic Bishop of Quebec be one thousand pounds per annum as a testimony rendered to the loyalty and good conduct of the gentleman who now occupies the place as well as to the other members of the Catholic clergy of the Province." In the interview of Attorney-General Sewell and Sir James Craig with Bishop Plessis the latter persistently refused to admit the supremacy of the State in matters ecclesiastical, and in 1817 the Governor virtually abandoned the struggle. In that year a *Mandamus* was issued according a seat in the Legislative Council of Lower Canada to Bishop Plessis in virtue of his position as the Roman Catholic Bishop of Quebec.

It may be said that all this does not dispose of the relations of the Catholics with Rome but let us see how the Crown has acted in that respect. At the date of the Treaty of Paris there was no Bishop in Canada. Bishop Pontbriand died in 1760, and when the chapter of Quebec met in 1763 to name a successor General Murray gave M. Briand a letter of recommendation to the Colonial Secretary after the Royal consent was received in England the Bulls were sent on from Rome in 1766. There was a case where the Local and Home Government recognized a bishop in communion with the Church of Rome, an act of high treason under the Supremacy Act. How could the crown expect this bishop to exist with two ecclesiastical heads on his shoulders? It was never expected that he could serve two masters, and he never did. He received a pension from the Crown—more treason—a few years later, and he and his Coadjutor took the oath of allegiance in full Executive Council. About the year 1820 Bishop Plessis went to England in regard to the Diocese of Quebec, and shortly afterwards the Government recognized the Diocese of Kingston in communion with the Church of Rome. This was high treason under Elizabeth. Lastly, in 1843 the old Parliament of Canada incorporated the Dioceses of Kingston and Toronto "in communion with the Church of Rome." When the Clergy Reserve question came up it was not then an arguable point to say that the Crown in Canada was in a position to insist upon its supremacy over the Catholic Church. No one can say that the Crown in Canada has not recognized the head of the Catholic Church as the Pope of Rome. England has done the same thing, and so for that matter has every power in the world. The Royal Supremacy except for members of the Church of England is no more in force against Catholics or Methodists or Baptists or any other so-called Dissenters than are the Penal statutes of the Tudors. Whatever may have been the position of other churches, the Catholics fairly met the question and overcame it, and what I have cited are some of the many instances in point.

I see that a city paper has republished a *private* letter of Lord John Russell's about this Supremacy question. If the editor will look a little deeper he will discover a circular despatch of that statesman directing that the title of "Lord" should be given to the Roman Catholic bishops in this country.

April, 6th. 1889.

D. A. O'SULLIVAN.

REV. FATHER HAROLD ON THE JESUIT BILL.

Rev. Father Harold, whose failing health compelled him some time ago to seek in the sunny South refuge from the rude assaults of Canadian winter, still casts an interested eye on Canadian affairs. In parentheses we venture to hope that that interest may never wane, and that the restoration of his health may be speedy and permanent. Meanwhile he is engaged in the Sacred Ministry in the Diocese of St. Augustine, Florida. The noise of the Jesuit trouble has reached his ears, and, with the rest of the world, he is at a loss to understand why *Ontario* should be in a tumult over the matter.

He writes: "How does this Bill affect the population of Ontario? I cannot see that the Catholics are benefited by it, and for the life of me I fail to see how the Protestants can be wronged. Where does this money come from? Ontario? No; it comes from the pockets of the people of Quebec. Are the people there Protestants? No; only a minority of them and the Bill gives that minority enough to indemnify them, surely. So it stands thus, The Catholic population of Quebec

Province are anxious to restore to the Jesuits a little of what was stolen from them about a century ago and given to the country. The country has enjoyed the Jesuits' estates ever since the issue of the brief of dissolution, and, at last, touched with remorse, hands back to its rightful owners a fraction of the title of their due. How does this concern the Wilds of Ontario? It appears to me that these ferocious preachers have done their cause more harm than they can ever repair. Dupes, of course, there are in Canada, who will follow their disgusting lead, but the Protestant population of Ontario as a body will not be slow to see these preachers in their true light as men who have no platform but that built on unmerited hate of Catholics. They have no Gospel to preach but butchery, no morality to inculcate but slander. Their mischievous influence reaches the most dangerous class of society, the brutally ignorant ones, who never read and who never think for themselves. What a spectacle! No wonder that the O'Brien resolution in the Federal Parliament found only a handful of supporters. Thank God! the rowdies whom the fanatical preachers have been haranguing are still in the minority in Ontario. Decent and peaceful people may hold aloof and laugh at the parson demagogues, mired as they are in company with roughs and the garbage of the slums."

Book Reviews.

St. Basil's Hymn Book. Toronto: St. Michael's College.

This is a neat and well-printed volume of nearly three hundred pages, compiled under the direction of Rev. Father Brennan, C.S.B. It fills a gap in devotional literature by giving to Catholics in one handy volume a prayer book, hymn book, vesperal and Sodality manual combined. It contains the Vespers and *Hymni* for the entire ecclesiastical year; all the prayers and devotional exercises in general use amongst Catholics: the Little Office of the Immaculate Conception, Rules, etc., for the use of Sodalities; and a collection of two hundred English hymns. We have looked carefully through the latter and the selection, which is drawn from every available source, appears to us to be most judiciously made. Almost all of them are of a high order of merit and well adapted for congregational and private use. We learn from the Preface that the main purpose the compilers had in view in undertaking the work was to promote Congregational Singing, a custom which has fallen into disuse amongst Catholics in this country, but which of late years has given signs of revival. This laudable aim should of itself ensure the success of *St. Basil's Hymn Book*, and ere long make it the standard manual in our churches. It is, we believe, the first publication of the kind issued in Ontario.

St. Alphonsus' Prayer Book, by Rev. Father St. Omer, C.S.S.R. Translated from the French by G. M. Ward. New York: Benziger Brothers.

We welcome this beautiful volume of prayers, meditations and instructions culled from the writings of that great Saint and Doctor of the Church, Saint Alphonsus Ligouri. The author of the "Glories of Mary," needs no introduction to Catholic readers. His name is a household word amongst them and his writings have been the means of leading innumerable souls into the path of perfection. In this and in many other ways has he earned for himself the title: "that sweet spirit, St. Alphonsus." A new and revised translation of his works is now being issued by the Redemptorist Fathers of the United States under the supervision of Father Grimm, so well known in Toronto as pastor, for some years, of St. Patrick's Church. The volume before us has been translated from the French with the design of bringing St. Alphonsus still nearer to all Catholics by furnishing them with a prayer-book in the very words of the Saint, and there is not one of its 662 pages but what breathes that sweet, fervid piety, so characteristic of him. It is a mine of devotion and as such will win its way into the constant companionship of devout souls. We should like to give a few extracts but we are met with an "embarrassment of riches," which makes selection very difficult. We refer our readers therefore to the volume itself. The work of translation is admirably done by Mme. Pennee ("G. M. Ward," an old friend to the *Review's* readers), and the typography is all that could be desired,

SCENES IN THE ENGLISH HOUSE OF COMMONS.

That was a strange scene which we saw in the House of Commons about eleven o'clock last Friday night. The House was crowded to excess; the members' galleries were filled with members who could not find a seat in the House itself or standing-room in the space below the bar where men are allowed to stand. The strangers' galleries, the "distinguished strangers" gallery, the ambassadors' gallery, the seats for the peers, the ladies' gallery were as full as they could hold. Mr. Gladstone had opened the debate of the evening in a speech aflame with eloquence and passion and was seated now in his usual place, on the front Opposition bench, alert, energetic, eager as if he had not entered on his eightieth year. Mr. Asquith had just concluded a powerful and brilliant speech—Mr. Asquith, who is one of the counsel for the Irish Nationalist members in the case before the special commission; and, as I said, it is about eleven o'clock. The moment Mr. Asquith sits down a member rises on the same side of the House below the gangway, and the moment he rises a perfect thunder of cheering peals out from the benches of the Opposition, and then the whole mass of the Opposition spring to their feet, and standing repeat and repeat the storm-burst of their applause. Never but once before within my recollection had either side of the House of Commons paid this peculiar tribute to any member; it is almost unknown, this form of demonstration; this uprising and upstanding of a parliamentary party to do honour to one man. The only instance of it before Friday night that I can remember was on the memorable morning, now nearly three years ago, when Mr. Gladstone brought in his Home Rule measure for Ireland. Then indeed the Irish party welcomed him by standing up as one man; and his English, Scotch and Welsh followers acted on the example and stood up likewise to greet him. On Friday night the Liberal Party took the initiative and stood up to welcome Mr. Parnell. Yes—there was Gladstone himself standing up and cheering with something like the glorious energy of youth; there was the upright colossal form of Sir William Harcourt; there was the slender, scholarly figure of John Morley; there were the other leaders of Opposition.

Silent and sullen, with scowling crimson face, sat Lord Hartington. He and his companions in secession still insist on occupying their old places on the front Opposition bench. Thus it happened that in the early part of the evening Mr. Gladstone was denouncing Mr. Chamberlain while Mr. Chamberlain himself was sitting on the same bench with only one man between him and his former leader who was now pouring over him a hot wave of anger and scorn. One was reminded of the older days of English parliamentary history when Walpole and Pulteney used to rise alternately from the same bench and denounce each other. Mr. Chamberlain was not in the House at the moment when the demonstration of welcome was made in honour of Mr. Parnell. He, too, would have kept his seat; altho' I know as a matter of fact that he was never taken in by the forged letters. He always, I am assured, expressed his utter disbelief in them. Still he would not, I take it for granted, have joined in the demonstration in honour of Mr. Parnell. He would not, in truth, be likely to take the liberty of joining in any demonstration or anything else which had not the full sanction and approval of Lord Hartington.

Mr. Parnell seemed surprised and almost discomposed by the rapturous and extraordinary welcome that was given to him. He stood there, tall, pale, statue-like, waiting with downcast eyes until the storm of cheering had spent its strength. I wonder did his mind go back while he was thus welcomed as hardly any other man ever was welcomed in the House of Commons before—did his mind go back to other nights when both sides of the House united to groan and yell and storm at him? Parnell now and Parnell then—what a distance we seem to have travelled! Now he is the most popular man in England with the single exception of Mr. Gladstone. I put Ireland out of the question now. Ireland loved him and trusted him when he stood almost alone in the House of Commons. She could not love him more or trust him more implicitly now that one side of the House of Com-

mons stands up bare-headed to do him homage. While the cheers were yet ringing on Friday night my mind went back to another scene in the same House not so many years ago—a scene of which, too, Parnell was the central figure. Then, too, the House was crowded to excess. An English statesman, the late Mr. Forster, was denouncing Mr. Parnell; and both sides of the House were clamorous with delight. Mr. Forster was treating the House to a series of extracts from speeches alleged to have been delivered by Mr. Parnell. Mr. Parnell was listening with his usual cold composure. At length some passages were read which surprised and even startled him. Some extraordinary excitments to violence were undoubtedly conveyed in the sentences read out to the House; and the House roared loud and long in its passionate anger and hatred.

Suddenly Mr. Parnell sprang to his feet and cried out: "Mr. Speaker," and endeavoured to address the House. Now, of course, according to the elementary rules of order, one member must not address the House while another is speaking. But it is the commonest thing in the world that if the orator in possession should make some inaccurate statement which can be contradicted at once another member should rise to interpose the contradiction. The moment the one man rises to correct the mistake the one who has been speaking resumes his seat and allows the correction to be suggested. This happens every day, and it is recognized as the most convenient practice that the correction should be made at once, and that the error should not be allowed to remain uncorrected until after the speech which contains it is over. But this night the House would not listen to Mr. Parnell. He rose again and again; the House shouted, yelled, raved against him. No man's voice could be heard above that din. After awhile he sat down with his quiet half-contemptuous smile, and made no further effort to speak just then. What was it that he had to say? Simply this: That he had never made the speech he was charged with making, or any speech at all like it. The truth of the matter soon came out. Mr. Forster had got together a mass of extracts from speeches made by all manner of men in Ireland, and he had muddled them up somehow, and had in his haste ascribed to Parnell a speech made on a certain day in Ireland by an utterly obscure person whose very name, I confess, I had never heard before, at a meeting where Parnell was not present, on a platform some hundred miles away from the platform on which Parnell was standing at the time. Mr. Forster acknowledged his error immediately after. The House of Commons made splendid atonement for its error on Friday night.

Parnell now and Parnell then! Did ever any man in England come from that position to this in such a time? There is no change in the man. The world has come to him; he has not gone out to seek the world. Like Orlando in "As You Like It," he has wrestled well and overthrown more than his enemies. He has conquered by the virtue of his cause and by the unselfish heroism with which he has clung to it and cleaved to it. I remember when his followers in the House of Commons were but six or seven. I remember when we felt rather hopeful, not to say elate, because our number had mounted to twenty. Now we have the whole democracy of England, Scotland and Wales at our back. Now we have Gladstone at our head. Parnell now is just what Parnell was then. Then he was inspired by quiet hope; now he is upborne by personal pride. Simple, unpretending, modest—as free from vanity as he is free from fear—he takes his triumphs as calmly as he took his many defeats. When he had finished his speech on Friday night and sat down, he turned to a friend and colleague who was seated near him. "What did you all stand up for?" he asked; "you almost startled me." See how the stars in their courses which one seemed to be fighting against him, as they were fighting against Sisera, have now come to fight on his side. Why, if his enemies and the enemies of his country had not got up against him the vilest conspiracy ever known in English history since the days of Titus Oates, the Liberal Party in the House of Commons might never have had an opportunity of rising and standing bareheaded to receive him when he came back victorious over the slanderers and the perjurers and the forgers and suborners of false witness against their neighbour.—Justin McCarthy, M.P., in N.Y. Independent.

MR. GOLDWIN SMITH ENLIGHTENING THE PEOPLE OF THE UNITED STATES.

Goldwin Smith's name has become quite familiar in this country. He is an out and out "Britisher," a devout worshipper of his own infallible self, and would fain become leader of a sect that would worship him with equal devotion. Finding success in his self-constituted mission in England was unequal to his wishes, he has betaken himself to Canada, and there is striving to bring over to his notions not only the people of that Dominion, but those of this vast Western Continent.

He is especially interested in the benighted people of the United States and is untiring in his labours to enlighten them. "Popery" is the special object of his hatred and dread—and both his hatred and dread are intensified by his conviction that the Pope himself is the slave of the Jesuits—those terrible Jesuits!

Accordingly he made use of the New York *Independent* to warn and instruct the people of the United States on the subject of Romanism and the awful perils to our political and religious liberty which its presence and growing influence involve. That our readers may learn how "broad," how "liberal," how "enlightened," how "unprejudiced and truthful," this self-constituted guardian of American liberty really is we summarize chiefly in Mr. Goldwin Smith's own language, a full page article which he has contributed to the *Independent*.

1. Mr. Goldwin Smith sees "trouble, serious trouble" ahead for the people of the United States. It will come in this form: French Canada "is dominated by the Jesuits," French Canada aims at dominating not only all the British Dominion, but also the United States. This looks like rather an extensive contract for the French-Canadians to take, but Mr. Smith says they have taken it, and that, we suppose, settles it.

2. The situation in the United States, according to Mr. Smith, is as follows:

"Two social systems radically antagonistic, each with its political and intellectual concomitants, confront each other. On the other side is the social system of individual liberty, of freedom of opinion and speech, of science and progress, the system . . . repudiates all ecclesiastical domination and claims for the State as paramount the undivided allegiance of every citizen."

The meaning of this is unmistakable. It comes out plainly to view in the last clause of the last sentence we have quoted. The talk about "individual liberty," freedom of speech," etc., is a merely preliminary rhetorical flourish. The system he describes "claims for the State as paramount the undivided allegiance of every citizen." Mr. Smith will find it a difficult undertaking to bring over the people of the United States to his notion of State "paramount" sovereignty. He will have to first get them to trample on the enunciations of the Declaration of Independence, and to abrogate their present Federal Constitution. The people of the United States are accustomed to regard and call themselves the "Sovereign People," but Mr. Smith would have them regard themselves as the *subject* people of the State, which is their "Lord Paramount." According to the belief of the people of the United States, the State has as its purpose, and the end of its existence, the promotion of the well-being of the people. According to Mr. Smith, the State has its purpose and end in itself, and the interests, happiness, liberty and lives of the people are simply subservient to that end.

This is simply the old tyrannical imperialism of Pagan Rome revived; the only difference being that instead of a personal despot being the "Divinus Imperator," the State is enthroned in his stead.

We read in our Declaration of Independence something about the people possessing "inalienable rights," rights which no Government can take away or deny; and something, too, in our Federal Constitution about our Government being a Government of "limited powers," and that all powers not "expressly granted" are "reserved," etc., to the people. But according to Mr. Smith all this is mere rubbish. There can be no "inalienable rights," and no "reserved" powers, and no limitations of power where the State is paramount to the people.

Mr. Smith, evidently, is a diligent student and faithful follower of Oliver Cromwell, who protested that he would "not meddle with any man's conscience," but as for permitting anyone to practise any other religion or advocating any other ideas than those he believed in, "that he would not allow." His notions of liberty of speech, too, have been shaped in the same mould as those of the New England Puritans, who whipped and banished and hung "Quakers," Baptists and "Papists," because they would not believe and speak according to precepts of the "paramount" Puritan Commonwealth.

But we pass on to Mr. Goldwin Smith's delineation of the "other system":

"On the other side is the Church of Rome . . . which seeks to make the Pope supreme lord of all in things temporal as well as in things spiritual . . . and asserts the right of the infallible Church to put down opinions opposed to her by force."

Truly Mr. Smith must have a marvellous confidence in his powers of deception to think that he can get the people of the United States to believe such nonsensical falsehoods. And with due deference to our respected contemporary, the *Independent*, it ought to have been ashamed of having allowed them place in its columns.

Mr. Goldwin Smith is very much dissatisfied with the freedom of the elective franchise here in the United States and in Canada, and the perils involved in permitting Catholics to vote. He thus delivers himself:

"It is needless to dilate to Americans on the power of the Church of Rome in the United States . . . the discipline she maintains among her political legions, the prompt obedience with which they obey her call on election day. . . . It is a very weak point in elective institutions. . . . Nor can a Canadian cast a stone of reproach at the citizens of the United States. We bow beneath the same yoke."

Truly we sympathize with Mr. Smith under the subjection to the "yoke" of free suffrage, and we apprehend that he will have to make up his mind to remain under it, as long as he continues in America. For we are very sure that the people of the United States and of Canada will never consent to give up their elective system because Mr. Goldwin Smith regards it as a "yoke." Mr. Smith's evident idea of elective freedom and equal rights is to deprive Catholics of the right to vote. Such are the ideas involved in Mr. Goldwin Smith's self-imposed task of educating and enlightening the people of the United States, and such are the ideas, too, which the *Independent* is promulgating.—*Catholic Standard*, Philadelphia.

VIVID WRITING

A little descriptive piece entitled "Over the Guns," *Detroit Free Press*, of which we give a paragraph, reminds us that great advertisers, like H. H. Warner & Co., proprietors of Warner's celebrated Safe Cure, might get a hint from it.

Here is the paragraph:

"Shoot to the right or left, over the guns or under them. Strike where you will, but strike to destroy. Now the hell surges down, even to the windows of the old farm-house—now back under the apple trees and beyond them. Dead men are under the ponderous wheels of the guns, mad devils are slashing and shooting across the barrels. No one seems to know friend from foe. Shoot, slash, kill and—

"But the hell is dissolved. The smoke is lifting, shrieks and screams grow fainter, and twenty to thirty living men pull the dead and wounded on the single acre. They toll of war and glory. Look over this hell's acre and find the latter." And just as deadly a strife, though noiseless, are men falling at our right and left to-day. It is war? Yes, war of the blood. Blood loaded with poison through imperfect kidney action. And is there no power to stop this awful slaughter? Yes, Warner's Safe Cure, a tried specific, a panacea that has brought life and hope to hundreds of thousands of dying men and women.

Be enlisted therefore, in the great army of living men and women who have been rescued from disease and premature death, and be eternally grateful that the means of life can so easily be yours.

The Catholic Weekly Review.

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LETTER FROM HIS GRACE THE LATE ARCHBISHOP OF TORONTO.

ST. MICHAEL'S PALACE, Toronto, 20th Dec., 1888.

GENTLEMEN,—

I have singular pleasure indeed in saying God-speed to your intended journal, THE CATHOLIC WEEKLY REVIEW. The Church, contradicted on all sides as her Divine Founder was, hails with peculiar pleasure the assistance of her lay children in dispelling ignorance and prejudice. They can do this nobly by public journalism, and as the press now appears to be an universal instructor for either evil or good, and since it is frequently used for evil in disseminating false doctrines and attributing them to the Catholic Church your journal will do a very great service to Truth and Religion by its publication. Wishing you all success and many blessings on your enterprise.

I am, faithfully yours,

JOHN JOSEPH LYNCH,
Archbishop of Toronto.

FROM THE ARCHBISHOP OF HALIFAX.

HALIFAX, July 11, 1888.

DEAR MR. FITZGERALD,—

I have been very much pleased with the matter and form of THE CATHOLIC WEEKLY REVIEW. The high moral Catholic tone, the fine literary taste displayed make your paper a model of Catholic journalism. May it prosper much so long as it keeps to its present line.

Yours very truly,

C. O'BRIEN,
Archbishop of Halifax.

FROM THE LATE BISHOP OF HAMILTON.

HAMILTON, March 17, 1887.

MY DEAR MR. FITZGERALD,—

You have well kept your word as to the matter, style, form and quality of the REVIEW, and I do hope it will become a splendid success.

Believe me, yours faithfully,

JAMES J. CARRERY,
Bishop of Hamilton.

TORONTO, SATURDAY, APRIL 13 1889.

The writer of the capital article, "St. Paul as an Editor," which we published in a late issue, must have had the Buffalo Catholic Union and Times in his mind when he spoke of certain ostensibly Catholic papers "offensive in tone, objectionable in matter, which from editorial page to advertising column, are an eyesore and a reproach." Its reverend editor's idea of Catholicism, and of argument, apparently consists in vituperating anyone who ventures to differ from him. *Cucullus non facit monachum*, the cowl does not make the monk, nor the cassock always conceal the hoodlum.

Professor Huxley, in a lecture delivered before the Liverpool Philomathic Society on "Scientific Education" lately said "It was my fortune, some time ago, to pay a visit to one of the most important of the institutions in which the clergy of the Catholic Church in these islands are trained, and it seemed to me that the difference between these men and the comfortable champions of Anglicanism and of dissent was comparable to the difference between our gallant volunteers and the trained veterans of Napoleon's Old Guard.

"The Catholic priest is trained to know his business, and to do it effectually. The professors of the college in question, learned, zealous and determined men, permitted me to speak frankly with them. We talked like outposts of opposed armies during truce as friendly enemies, and when I ventured to point out the difficulties their students would have to encounter from scientific thought, they replied 'Our Church has lasted many ages, and has passed through many storms, the present is but a new gust of the old tempest, and we do not turn out our young men less fitted to weather it.'"

THE HOLY FATHER'S DECISION IN THE JESUITS' ESTATES SETTLEMENT.

As our readers have already been made aware, the Holy Father, whom Mr. Mercier stipulated, as one of the basis of the negotiations for the settlement of the Jesuits' Estates claim, should determine the distribution of the sum to be paid by the Province in final settlement of such claims, has, after maturely considering the claims of all parties concerned, pronounced his decision. He rules that the sum be divided as follows:

The Society of Jesus	\$160,000
Seminary of Quebec,	
Laval University	\$100,000
Montreal Branch	40,000 140,000
8 Diocese of the Province of Quebec, each....	10,000 80,000
Missions of Labrador and Northern Shore of the	
Gulf of St. Lawrence	20,000
	\$400,000

The fairness of this decision will be made more apparent to our readers if we briefly review what has taken place since the date of confiscation.

When Canada was ceded to Great Britain after 1760, the Jesuits, who had a flourishing college in Quebec, and to whom the Kings of France had granted a large extent of forest lands, had already been suppressed in France by the civil power. The Society was also proscribed throughout the British Empire. But the British Government, not unmindful of the great services the Jesuits had rendered in Canada, both by their labours in education, and by their heroic work among the Indians, left them in possession in Canada of their houses and revenues—only on condition that they should not recruit their numbers, and that when the last member of their Order living in the colony should have died, all their houses and property should pass into the hands of the authorities. When, later, under Clement XIV., the famous decree went forth suppressing the Order by the supreme ecclesiastical authority, the British Government, by a wise liberality calculated to attach the French colonist to British rule, forbade its publication in Canada, just as the decree of Louis XV. in 1759 had been ignored. So the Jesuits continued to subsist in Canada.

Meanwhile the Popes had transferred to the existing Bishop Quebec and his successors, the right to the property of the Order, leaving it to the wisdom of the prelates to make what arrangements they could with the local government regarding the Jesuits' estates and their revenues. Bishop Hubert, when the last Jesuit priest had expired, conferred Holy Orders on Brother Cazot, the sole remaining member of the Quebec Jesuit Community, without any interference from the colonial authorities, and Father Cazot, until his death in the year 1800, disposed of all the revenues of the forfeited estates, dispensing them as he pleased, in works of public utility and charity. Upon the death of this good man the Government established a special administration for the estates, devoting their revenue to educational purposes, as of mindful of the original purpose for which the property had been bestowed.

Matters remained in this state until the return of the Jesuits to Canada in 1839. They were soon encouraged by the Bishop of Montreal, Mgr. Bourget, to build a college in that city. The college, St. Mary's, was afterwards chartered by the Legislature under Lord Elgin, and by degrees the Jesuits were admitted to all the privileges of citizenship. Then came the claim for the restoration of their estates,

But as the work which they were doing in 1759, at the time of the conquest of Canada, both in the field of missionary labour and in that of education, had been nobly taken up and continued by the Canadian clergy, the claim apart even from the fact of their suppression by the ecclesiastical and civil powers, was unjust to the men who for more than a century had well done the work the Jesuits could not do.

The claim was therefore resisted, until about a year ago when the Quebec Government, determining that the public interest demanded that the long standing dispute should be settled, proposed to grant as an "indemnity" in lieu of all claims, the sum of \$400,000, on certain proper conditions, one of which was that the Pope should be authorized to determine the equitable distribution of the sum, and that his decision should be final.

The Holy Father has now ruled, having considered the rights of all parties, acquired between the date of the confiscation of the estates and this partial restitution, that the sum granted in compensation shall be apportioned in the manner above stated. The Society of Jesus is to receive, in addition to the Laprarie Common, \$160,000. The Seminary of Quebec, which had taken up the work of secular education on the legal extinction of the Jesuits in 1759 gets \$140,000, \$100,000 of which goes to Laval University, an institution created and maintained at the sole expense of the Seminary, and \$40,000 to the succursal of Laval University established in Montreal. Following out in the same way the intention for which these estates were originally bestowed, the Holy Father grants to each of two Lower Canadian missions and eight dioceses of Quebec Province the sum of \$10,000, thus satisfying all those who can have any reasonable claim in the matter.

To the lay mind, the settlement seems an eminently just and wise one, and especially in view of the relations that exist between the Seminary and the Jesuits. From the foundation of Laval University, the Jesuits have never been to say favourably disposed towards it. They laboured hard to obtain from the Holy See the establishment in Montreal of a Catholic University independent in every way of that of Quebec, and in this they were supported by some of the Canadian bishops, by some of the clergy, and by some of the educational establishments. When the branch of Laval University was about to be opened in Montreal the Jesuits were offered the department of arts, but they declined, and that department, with the faculty of theology and canon law, was handed over to the Sulpitians. And thus these two bodies of secular priests, the Seminary of Quebec and the Seminary of St. Sulpice, have borne single-handed and without aid from outsiders, the enormous burden of creating, equipping and maintaining the University and its succursal. To do this has cost the priests of the Seminary a yearly sum of \$14,000 in excess of their receipts. The sum of \$140,000 awarded them thus by the Pope will enable its directors to continue their educational labours. It is stated that the demand of the Jesuits to be permitted to confer academical degrees, which would have rendered nugatory the privilege conferred on Laval University both by the Queen's Charter and by the bull of Pius IX., has been refused by the Pontiff, and that in acknowledgment of the services it has rendered to religion and education, the Holy Father is to issue a brief in favour of the University confirming its privileges and extolling its merits. And thus will be settled an old and vexed question in the church history of the next Province,

REMINISCENCES OF MR. BRIGHT.

By way of supplementing the sketch of John Bright, which appeared in our last issue, we publish elsewhere in this number some anecdotes and reminiscences of the man, collected from various sources. There are no better anecdotes of Mr. Bright, though, than those that relate to his humour, a quality, as has already been remarked in this journal, which Mr. Bright possessed in a rare and an enviable measure. His humorous sayings seemed to come to him spontaneously and his sarcasm, if not sardonic like Beaconsfield's, resembled it inasmuch as it manifested itself chiefly in the direction of hitting off some person or party by a single phrase. For example, when Mr. Bright desired, during the debate on the Reform Bill, to cover with ridicule the clique of which Mr. Lowe was the head, he employed, by way of illustration, David's escape from Achish, King of Gath, and the character of the people who subsequently gathered with him in the Cave of Adullam. Ever since, "caves" and "Adullamites" have belonged as genuinely to the political language as the "fancy franchises." At another time when, pending the general election, he had occasion to complain of the determined dissatisfaction of the Conservatives he again turned to the classical book of the people, and on the morrow all England was laughing at the party, who, "if they had been in the wilderness, would have complained of the Ten Commandments as a harrassing piece of legislation." Mr. Bright's illustrations when drawn from other sources were equally homely, and therefore effective. Thus, when he dubbed Mr. Disraeli the "Mystery man of the Ministry," and when he likened Mr. Lowe and Mr. Horsman to a Scotch terrier, "of which no one could certainly say which was the head and which was the tail," everyone could comprehend and enjoy the reference.

There was a volume of sarcasm hidden in his parenthetical remark about the gentleman's ancestors who came over with the Conqueror—"I never heard that they did anything else"—he said. And so there was, too, in the well-merited retort upon a noble lord, who, during a time when Mr. Bright was temporarily laid aside by illness, took the opportunity of publicly declaring that by way of punishment for the uses he had made of his talents, Providence had inflicted upon Mr. Bright a disease of the brain. "It may be so," said Mr. Bright to the House of Commons when he came back, "but in any case it will be some consolation to the friends and family of the noble lord to know that the disease is one which even Providence could not inflict upon him."

An anecdote which brings into light a different, but a very strong side of Mr. Bright's nature—the religious—has lately been published. It was upon books and literary subjects that he chiefly liked to talk, and his knowledge of English literature, in certain directions, was wonderfully wide and deep. He was fond of reciting favourite passages from the poets he loved most. "One evening in the spring of last year, shortly before his illness began, says a *Daily News* correspondent, "I was sitting beside him in the smoking-room at the Reform Club, when he began to talk about English hymns and hymn writers. By-and-by, carried away by his theme, he repeated to me many of his favourite hymns. As he recited them in measured tones, the charm of that beautiful voice which had so often thrilled the House of Commons, and subdued a hostile majority, made itself felt even in a club smoking-room, and from all parts of the room men drew quietly near to the spot where we were sitting, and listened with bated breath as the old man eloquently repeated verses of a kind which, I fear, are not often to be

heard within the walls of a club. There is not an English writer now living who would not be the happier if he could write as well as Mr. Bright habitually spoke. For his words, even in the most commonplace conversation, were chosen so well that as he talked you seemed to be listening to some masterpiece of our literature."

THE "PUTTING DOWNS" OF POPERY.

We read in a city paper that an effort is to be made on the part of one or two gentlemen in Toronto, who assembled at the residence of Principal Caven a few nights ago, "to put down Popery" in this country, and to thoroughly, and once for all, and for the very last time, annihilate it once more. We have no means of knowing what plan of attack was devised, nor what sort of flank movement the gentleman, when fully horsed, plumed, and epauletted, may be expected to execute. But we hope that they will move their hosts into the open. Too often, in times past, the brilliant achievements which have followed the march of Orange chivalry, have been accomplished in sequestered streets and at night time, by well timed attacks on the windows and shutters of convents and religious houses.—places where there are tolerably certain to be no men around, but only women, or sick children.

In the prosecution of this purpose of "putting down Popery," Principal Caven and his friends, we presume, will not seek to have recourse to such celebrated legislation as was enacted in the reign of Queen Anne against Catholics, for the very same purpose, and under which the Catholic people of Canada might be reduced, as were the Catholic people of Ireland, to a condition, in many respects, worse than that of Muscovite serfs. We take it that they will be forced to adopt some alternative action; and on the strength of this supposition we take the liberty of submitting to them the details of a system which is being put into operation at the present moment against Catholics as extensively and as secretly as possible, in Chicago and a number of the larger American cities. An official copy, bearing the corporate seal of the organization, has recently come to light of the U. O. D., that is, the "United Order of Deputies," a secret oath-bound society whose *raison d'être* is set forth in the terrible oath which every candidate for admission is required to take. The words of this oath, as it is given in the "Working Book" of the Order, are as follows:

"I,———, in the presence of Almighty God and these witnesses do solemnly promise, declare and swear I will support and defend the Constitution of the United States and of the State where I reside. I will keep inviolate the secrets of this organization; I will obey its constitution and laws. I will use my best endeavours to promote civil and religious liberty. I will not knowingly vote for, or recommend for, nor appoint, nor assist in electing or appointing a Roman Catholic, nor any person sympathizing with Roman Catholicism to any political position whatever; and in all my public or political actions will be governed by the principles of this Order; I will oppose all attempts to use the public funds for any Sectarian purpose whatever, and will ever maintain the great principle of one general unsectarian free school organization; I will never reveal any of the signs, grips, words, pass-words, or other mysteries of this Order, or the name of any of its members or its numerical strength to the uninitiated; I will hold these principles above my party affiliations; I will always give a brother of this Order preference in all matters of business, and also in my act of elective franchise, all things being equal. I will make prompt reports to the National, State, Congressional, and Town Deputies of every initiation made by me. I will advocate the principles of this Order. I will use my best endeavours to initiate all true men, and in this way help spread the Order; all this I voluntarily promise, declare and swear, without hesitation or mental reservation, or any self-exemption of mind in me whatever, so help me GOD."

To the proper carrying out of these objects the newly admitted member, by a supplementary oath, "pledges his life, his fortune, and his sacred honour."

According to the provisions of this Society, which must be an illegal one in any free, or really civilized country, the man who is once admitted to membership in it, cannot assent, even indirectly, to the appointment of a Catholic as pound-keeper or janitor. He cannot appoint a teacher who is a Catholic. More than this, he is obliged to vote against any Protestant who ever exhibited any fairness and justice towards a Catholic, and all this on account of the very same plea which is being urged by fanatics in Ontario, the wretched accusation in which there is not a trace of truth or foundation, that the Catholic Church is inimical to free institutions.

This dastardly organization, we learn from American papers, numbers several thousand members in Chicago, including aldermen and members of the Legislature, and ex-Mayor Roache of that city, who was defeated a few days ago when he sought re-election. Detestable and dastardly as it is, it is, so far as we can judge, precisely the sort of thing that some very graceless zealots in our own midst would inaugurate *con amore*.

Another of those great leaders who were as the links between the present and the past, has been lost to the Catholics of England in the death of the Venerable Archbishop Ullathorne, from 1848 to 1887, a period of nearly 40 years, Bishop of Birmingham. The deceased prelate was born in 1806. He died at Oscott on the 21st March last, where, since his retirement, he has passed his declining days, having outlived nearly all his contemporaries. The Archbishop carries us back to the stormy time of the restoration of the Hierarchy. In September, 1850, the Brief came from Rome which authorized the English bishops to resume their episcopal titles. Previous to this, as our readers know, they had only borne the title of Vicars-Apostolic. The ferment which succeeded, and which, to their shame be it said, was stirred up by all the Anglican bishops, save one, is now a matter of history. It furnished Sir John Macdonald, who was in England at the time, with the reminiscences which he used with such admirable effect in his speech during the late debate in the Commons. Bishop Ullathorne, who had done much to bring about the great and beneficial change in the organism of the Church of England, and about whose head the full force of the storm broke, did also something to allay the excitement by his frank and brave appeal to the good sense of Englishmen made at a large meeting in Birmingham. When on Sunday, October 27, 1850, the bishop took possession of his cathedral, Cardinal (then Dr.) Newman preached to an immense congregation the memorable sermon "Christ on the Waters." During his later years, the Archbishop employed himself in literary labour, which includes an autobiography. From his main works a volume of selections has lately issued from the Press under the title of "Characteristics," well finished and well chosen fragments, we are informed, from his writings.

Around the long career of the late Archbishop are linked many memories. "Catholic England," said the *Weekly Register* of London, when the grave nature of His Grace's illness became known, "can ill afford to lose these great leaders. They are part of our history, and to listen to them and look up to them has become a habit, which death itself can hardly break. With their lives passes away a portion of our own. Rich in younger men, the Church replaces her servants, and her work continues without a break. But there is a blank, all the same, to those who loved the old leaders."

ANECDOTES OF JOHN BRIGHT.

Shortly before being stricken down, Mr. Bright related to a Liberal candidate for a Lancashire constituency a very touching incident, which has not before been published. A few days after he had written one of his characteristic letters against Home Rule, in which he commented upon Mr. Gladstone in rather severe terms, Mr. Bright was walking along Pall Mall, and looking across the busy thoroughfare, he noticed an old man dodging between the vehicles, and making toward him. It was Mr. Gladstone, who had spied him in the distance. They had not met for some time, and Mr. Bright was in doubt as to the character of the reception. Mr. Gladstone took his late colleague by the hand and greeted him most cordially, earnestly inquiring as to his health and spirits. The Liberal leader was most hopeful, and when Mr. Bright said something about their unfortunate difference, he replied, "Well, old man, we shall soon be together again." Mr. Bright was deeply moved by Mr. Gladstone's generous spirit and his heartiness, and, in relating the incident spoke of his former chief as a grand and noble leader, and a generous and tender opponent.

Mr. Bright was a famed angler, with an expressed preference for fishing in the Spey or the Tweed, where the water runs fast and fresh and free. Stories of his billiard-playing with accidental Tory acquaintances at Llandudno, who were vastly amazed to find that the much-abused John Bright was such a sociable, harmless fellow-mortal, are also current. But the social charms of which Lord Granville spoke were unconnected with the flowing bowl. Mr. Bright was a total abstainer, and drank the health of his friends in a beverage which he would boastingly bring to the notice of his convives as much more ancient than wine, and much more wholesome.

Whilst in no way such an inveterate smoker as Mr. Joseph Chamberlain, who is rarely seen out of doors without a cigar, Mr. Bright was fond of a moderate amount of the soothing weed. When Birmingham gave him its last celebrated welcome with a procession to Aston, the first thing Mr. Bright did on arriving at Small Heath station was to ask where he might go to smoke a cigarette.

He was a delightful talker; could sustain a monologue for an hour. Yet it is said he declared his speeches were all carefully prepared. On one occasion a young lady friend, admiring his wonderful flow of polished phrases and happy thought, remarked to him over the dinner table that it must be a pleasure to him to deliver a speech. "Pleasure!" he replied, "why I have been miserable for a month because I have to speak to-night!" The nervous strain over, he was as "joyous as a schoolboy." "I feel fit for anything," he remarked after his last great speech in the Town Hall.

He was very fond of dogs—especially of Highland collies. Mrs. Avery relates that one day he paid a high compliment to her colly, "Gordon." He was entering the writing room and the dog gave him a welcome. "Ah!" he said, "how much more delightful is the company of an intelligent dog than that of a dull man!"

The late Dr. F. G. Holland, the eminent writer and physician, wrote and published in *Scribner's Magazine*: "It is a fact that many of the best proprietary medicines of the day are more successful than many physicians, and most of them are first discovered and used in actual medical practice. When, however, any shrewd person knowing their virtue, foreseeing their popularity, secures and advertises them, then, in the opinion of the bigoted, all virtue went out of them." The late Dr. Dio Lewis, in speaking of Warner's Safe Cure, says: "If I found myself the victim of a serious kidney trouble, I would use your preparation." Dr. R. A. Gunn, M.D., author of "Gunn's New Improved Handbook of Hygiene and Domestic Medicine," says: "I am willing to acknowledge and commend thus frankly the value of Warner's Safe Cure." The celebrated Dr. Thompson of the University of the city of New York, says: "More adults are carried off by chronic kidney disease than by any other one malady except consumption."

Men and Things.

The Honourable and Reverend Algernon Stanley, brother of Lord Stanley, and a convert of some years standing, has been made a domestic prelate by Leo XIII.

Sir Charles Russell has written to Mr. Hodgins, Master in Ordinary, Toronto, saying that his engagements prevent him from visiting America this season, but he hopes soon to accept an invitation to stay in Toronto on his projected American tour.

It is said that Mr. Wm. O'Brien, M.P., is writing a novel in prison. Mr. O'Brien is a brilliant writer as well as an eloquent speaker, and his experiences of life ought to enable him to construct a striking and an original Irish story. It is not known whether political events form the foundation of the romance.

One day last week, as the popular Hungarian Prelate, Cardinal Haynald, was leaving the "Hotel National," at Buda-Pesth, to enter his carriage, a forlorn beggar woman, nursing a sickly child, petitioned for alms. His Eminence felt in all his pockets for a coin, but in vain. He hesitated for a moment, when, observing a richly attired lady coming his way, he courteously requested her to assist him. The lady drew out her purse and handed it to the Cardinal, who after relieving the beggar woman from its contents returned it to the lady with thanks. The small crowd that had assembled by this were much impressed with the *sans-froid* of the benevolent Bishop.—*St. James' Gazette*.

The first Bishop of Birmingham, the last of the "old great race" of Vicars Apostolic, was laid to rest on the 27th ult. "No bishop," said the *Birmingham Gazette*, speaking of the respect paid to the dead, "has better deserved those honours. Dr. Ullathorne lived a life of hard and wearying toil while hungering for peace; he refused the mitre thrice, preferring to found an Order of Nuns; he administered a diocese while yearning for a hermit's cell. Few bishops have worked so constantly, so persistently, solely for the Church. Few have combined so wonderfully great ability and pathetic humility. Scarcely any with so ardent longings for the quiet contemplation of a monastery have accepted labours so arduous, or achieved such noble ends. He deserved the compliment paid him by Cardinal Newman: 'An exemplary, thorough, and straightforward Englishman;' he earned the love of every priest in his charge by his spiritual mindedness; and he left behind him so excellent a record that the kind words uttered before his catafalque but dimly figured his worth."

A great Temperance meeting was held recently in London under the presidency of Archdeacon Farrar. The Cardinal Archbishop of Westminster, whose name was received with great cordiality, sent his good-will to the meeting, and his regret at being unable to be present in person. Archdeacon Farrar referring to Cardinal Manning's absence spoke of the important part His Eminence had taken in the Temperance movement. "You all know," he said, "that the Cardinal Archbishop of Westminster has for many years devoted the dignity of his venerable age and the splendour of his powerful abilities to the patronage of this cause, and I am sure, from all I know of Cardinal Manning, that he thinks far less of his position as a Prince of the Western Church, for the dignity which it gives him in the eyes of the world, than for the benefit which that position confers upon him in enabling him, on every possible occasion and in every possible way, to help the sons and daughters of misery to undo the heavy burden and to let the oppressed go free."

Dr. R. A. Gunn, M. D., Prof. of Surgery of the United States Medical College, editor of "Medical Tribune," author of "Gunn's New Improved Hand-book of Hygiene and Domestic Medicine," over his own signature said, in referring to and prescribing Warner's Safe Cure: "I was greatly surprised to observe a decided improvement within a month, within four months, no tube casts could be found and only a trace of albumen, and as the patient expressed it, he felt perfectly well."

CANADIAN CHURCH NEWS.

The Rev. J. Walsh, of Trenton, died on Monday last, after a brief illness. The Bishop of Kingston and Father Twomey reached his bedside before life departed. He was a devout and energetic Catholic priest, whose many good works remain to testify to the earnestness of his life. He was 42 years of age, a native of Loughborough township, County of Frontenac. He was ordained in 1877.

Rev. Father McEvoy, parish priest of Peterborough, will be removed from the diocese of Peterborough to Hamilton, accompanying his Lordship Bishop Dowling. Rev. Father Rudkins will succeed him in the position of rector of the cathedral and chancellor of the diocese. Rev. Father McEvoy leaves with Bishop Dowling at the beginning of May.

Rev. Father Nolin, S. J., has left for St. Boniface, Man., where he will establish a branch of the League of the Sacred Heart and will complete his notes on the colonization lands in the North-West.

The reception to His Grace Archbishop Duhamel on Tuesday evening, on his return to Ottawa after his journey to Rome, was one of the most enthusiastic and impressive gatherings that city has witnessed. The monster procession included every Catholic Society of the Capital and Hull. On the Archbishop's arrival at the Basilica, addresses were presented to him by Ald. Durocher on behalf of the French speaking Catholics of city, and by Hon. R. W. Scott on behalf of the English speaking Catholics, and by Vicar General Routhier on behalf of the clergy, to which His Grace made appropriate and grateful answers.

The Archbishop's palace on Wednesday presented a busy scene. The Archbishop enjoyed a few hours of much needed repose in the early part of the day, but later on received a large number of clergy and prominent citizens, including members of the Government, the Senate, the House of Commons and men engaged in the professions and mercantile pursuits.

The callers at the palace including many ladies, who desired to congratulate the archbishop on his safe return to Ottawa.

It is understood that one important result of the Archbishop's visit to Rome will be the early erection or acquisition of new buildings for the College of Ottawa, making that institution worthy of being compared to any other Catholic seat of education on the continent.

The Archbishop gave some interesting details of his entourage of the authority from the Holy see for the establishment of a chapter for the administration of the extensive territory over which he presides. Great interest is felt as to the new canons. He is also the bearer of the confirmation from Rome of the constitution for the government of the Grey Nuns.

EXTREME wakefulness, distressing nervousness, chronic rheumatic pains, sciatica, neuralgia; any of the above disorders are symptoms of advanced kidney or Bright's disease. Prof. Wm. H. Thompson of the University of the city of New York, says: "More adults are carried off in this country by chronic kidney disease than by any other one malady except consumption." The late Dr. Dio Lewis in speaking of Warner's Safe Cure, said over his own signature: "If I found myself the victim of a serious kidney trouble, I would use your preparation."

CATHOLIC AND LITERARY NOTES.

We learn from the *Irish Catholic* of Dublin, that an interesting presentation has just been made informally to Mr. Gladstone at his house in James-street. The Ursuline nuns at Thurles determined to send to Mr. Gladstone, as a little offering on his last birthday, a large cushion, elaborately embroidered on silk by their own hands. The letters "W. E. G." and "G. O. M.," find a place in the design, which includes several views of Irish scenes, as well as the crest and motto of the Gladstone family. Archbishop Croke, whose

palace is at Thurles, wrote a letter to Mr. Gladstone, accompanying the gift, which was too late for his birthday, being forwarded only last week to a friend in London, Mr. William Keane, for presentation. Mr. Gladstone sent many messages of gratitude to the nuns for their beautiful gift, to which Mrs. Gladstone gave the unstinted praise of an expert.

There is a very interesting group of men of letters in London, including Mr. Percy Fitzgerald, F. C. Burnand (the editor of *Punch*), Gilbert a Becket, Clement Scott, and half a dozen others who are very earnest Catholics. It is interesting to see men engaged in the distracting work incident to the journalistic profession ever anxious to lift pen or voice—and neither perfunctorily—for the cause of Truth.

Leo XIII has been chosen as arbitrator by the Republics of Bolivia and Paraguay to settle a serious dispute which has arisen with regard to the limitation of their respective territories.

POPE LEO XIII. has beautifully said that a "truly Catholic paper in a parish is a perpetual mission." These words of our Holy Father have been re-echoed again and again around the world. They speak of the glorious mission of the Catholic press and its salutary influence on its readers. An Archbishop of a great Southern province, New Orleans, not long since pointed out the good work done by the Catholic press and the duty of Catholics to support it by their subscriptions. Archbishop Janssens says: "The press is a most powerful engine for good or evil. This is fully and energetically acknowledged by our Holy Father, the Pope, and all thinking men. The secular press in general, in this country, is not wilfully inimical to the Church, but as a matter of course it deals with religion only incidentally, and therefore all Catholic papers, edited in a true Catholic spirit are simply a necessity of the day; to correct mis-statements, to contradict falsehoods, to acquaint the people with Catholic news of the whole world, to develop and sustain the burning Catholic questions of the day, and to enlighten the faithful regarding the Church, its organizations and doctrines. The Catholic paper ought to be a welcome visitor to every Catholic fireside, and when read carefully by the members of the family it is bound to do a vast amount of good. The English tongue is beginning to be the language of at least all the young, and it should be the duty of every Catholic to make himself acquainted with all the questions, not merely regarding the welfare of the country, but also the interests of religion. The Catholic clergy will advance the cause of Church by strongly advocating Catholic newspapers and Catholic literature."

Every drop of blood in the system passes through both the kidneys and lungs many thousand times in each twenty-four hours. This explains why 52 per cent. of the patients of Brompton Hospital for consumptives, London, England, have unsuspected kidney disorder. If the kidneys were in a healthy condition they would expel the waste matter or poisonous acid and prevent the irritation of the lungs. But if diseased they are unable to perform their functions. This explains why Warner's Safe Cure has proved so valuable in cases of lung trouble. It removes the cause.

Sir William Butler, whose wife is famous as the painter of "The Roll Call," has written a "Life of Charles George Gordon." The character of this noble soldier, better known as "Chinese Gordon," is put in a favourable light by Sir William. He insists that Gordon was not a morose fanatic; he does not "gush" unreservedly over him, but pays him a very high compliment when he says "There are millions of men and women,—Sisters of Charity, Little Sisters of the Poor, Christian Brothers—whose work in the world is precisely what this captain of engineers was."

The late Dr. Dio Lewis, whose name is a household word all over the globe, warmly endorsed the use of Warner's Safe Cure in cases of kidney disorder. He said over his own signature: "If I found myself a victim of serious kidney trouble, I would use Warner's Safe Cure."

THE CATHOLIC WEEKLY REVIEW

The REVIEW does not often obtrude *itself* upon its readers. It prefers to seek the co-operation and commendation of the Catholics of Canada by the work it does rather than by singing its own praises. But this is its birthday, and casting a glance back upon the two years of its existence and looking forward hopefully to a long career of usefulness and prosperity, which it not unreasonably believes itself entitled to, it may be permitted to give some substantial evidence of the hold it has secured on the highest ecclesiastical authority and the best thought of the country. The letters which follow, it will be observed, come from no one class. They represent every section of the Catholics of Canada, and as such should be read with interest by the REVIEW's already large number of readers, and by the still larger number who, in the near future, will, we trust, be ranked as such.

A declaration of principles from us at the present time would be superfluous. They are already well known, and may be summed up in the one word, CATHOLIC. We can but repeat what we said on a former occasion, that, where a Catholic principle or a Catholic interest is at stake, THE REVIEW will be found to be the medium of expression of true Catholic opinion. It will be subject to no influence, political or of any kind, and its efforts will be directed solely towards rendering itself an efficient auxiliary to the Church in Canada. This being so, we think we are not seeking more than our due in earnestly requesting the co-operation of all who have at heart the diffusion of Catholic literature and the propagation of sound Catholic thought in this country. They can do this in no better way than by aiding in the work of extending the REVIEW's influence and usefulness. Let every one of its present readers send us with their own, the name of one additional subscriber and they will have done the cause a real service.

FROM HIS GRACE THE LATE ARCHBISHOP OF TORONTO.

ST. MICHAEL'S PALACE, Toronto, 29th Dec., 1886.

GENTLEMEN,—I have singular pleasure indeed in saying God-speed to your intended journal, THE CATHOLIC WEEKLY REVIEW. The Church, contradicted on all sides as her Divine Founder was, hails with peculiar pleasure the assistance of her lay children in dispelling ignorance and prejudice. They can do this nobly by public journalism, and as the press now appears to be an universal instructor for either evil or good, and since it is frequently used for evil in disseminating false doctrines and attributing them to the Catholic Church, your journal will do a very great service to Truth and Religion by its publication. Wishing you all success and many blessings on your enterprise.

I am, faithfully yours, †JOHN JOSEPH LYNCH,
Archbishop of Toronto.

FROM THE ARCHBISHOP OF HALIFAX.

HALIFAX, July 11, 1888.

DEAR MR. FITZGERALD,—I have been very much pleased with the matter and form of THE CATHOLIC WEEKLY REVIEW. The high moral Catholic tone, the fine literary taste displayed, make your paper a model of Catholic journalism. May it prosper much so long as it keeps to its present line.

Yours very truly, †C. O'BRIEN,
Archbishop of Halifax.

FROM THE BISHOP OF LONDON.

ST. PETER'S PALACE, London, Dec. 6th, 1888.

DEAR MR. FITZGERALD,—Enclosed please find Bishop Walsh's subscription to your valuable journal. He requested me to say to you that he is particularly well pleased with THE CATHOLIC WEEKLY REVIEW, and that, judging from its simple, lucid and touching articles it is fully carrying out the meritorious end of devoting its energies to the interests of the Catholic Church in Canada. He therefore looks forward to the great future of THE CATHOLIC WEEKLY REVIEW in this new and prosperous country of ours.

I am, dear sir, yours respectfully,
JOS. KENNEDY, Secretary.

FROM THE LATE BISHOP OF HAMILTON.

HAMILTON, March 17, 1887.

MY DEAR MR. FITZGERALD,—You have well kept your word as to the matter, style, form and quality of the REVIEW, and I do hope it will become a splendid success.

Believe me, yours faithfully, †JAMES J. CARBERRY,
Bishop of Hamilton.

FROM VERY REV. FATHER DOWD, MONTREAL.

St. Patrick's, Montreal, Jan'y 25th, 1887.

DEAR SIR,—I have just read the prospectus of THE CATHOLIC WEEKLY REVIEW, and as a mark of my approval of the principles announced, I send you my subscription for two years. In rigidly excluding partisan politics, you meet the prevailing evil of the day in Canada and elsewhere. In the reputed Catholic journals of this country politics seem to have assumed the first rank: the Church and its interests must be

content to occupy the second place. This infatuation of the day, by mixing up good Catholic reading with virulent abuse of our best public Catholic men, has done much injury to religion by discrediting its most faithful and able defenders, thus diminishing their influence for good, and, what is worse, vitiating the Catholic taste and judgment of the country. I therefore accept your REVIEW as a boon of great value to religion in our Canada.

I have no fear that in your efforts to provide intellectual food for the educated you will forget the wants of the great mass of our good Catholics. This can be done by copious extracts from the best Catholic Journals of Europe and America. A careful and brief analysis of the political events that are passing at home would perhaps make your REVIEW more acceptable to a large number of your readers, without infringing upon your wise resolution to exclude all partizan politics. I make no excuse for offering these suggestions as they came from my anxiety for the complete success of your most important enterprise.

With best wishes, I remain,
Your obedient servant, P. Dowd, Priest.

FROM LAVAL UNIVERSITY.

We greatly appreciate your excellent publication.
Mgr. HAMEL, Editor *Canada Francais*.

FROM VERY REV. DEAN O'CONNOR.

PERTH, 22nd Jan'y 1889.

DEAR SIR,—I believe I have allowed a few days to go by beyond the correct period for sending you my yearly subscription to your excellent REVIEW, which is truly a credit to Canada and to all connected with its publication, and therefore my sincere hope is that you are receiving that share of patronage which your enterprise and labours are so eminently entitled to.

Yours sincerely,
Ed. C. W. Rev. J. S. O'CONNOR, Dean.

FROM FATHER MINEHAN.

PENETANGUISHE NE, Feb. 8, 1889.

SIR,—Enclosed you will find \$2, my annual subscription to THE REVIEW. I am glad to learn from a recent issue that it has, to use your own words, grown to vigorous and progressive youth. That it has progressed in matter I can say with pleasure from my reading of its contents. With best wishes for your success,

I remain, etc., L. MINEHAN.

FROM A JESUIT FATHER.

Your REVIEW is most interesting. The need of the hour is Catholic education, whether by the press or by the school, and we must strive against immense odds. You have begun well and you must succeed.

Rev. D. LYNCH, S.J.

DEAR SIR,—I know of no better special paper than your REVIEW. . . . I like your principles your style, and your "make up," and I trust that you will become a power in the Church and the land.
JOHN TALON-LESPEANCE.

EIGHT DEATHS FROM POISONING

Our readers are doubtless familiar with the Robinson poisoning cases, which have recently come to light in Somerville, Mass., a suburb of Boston.

It seems that eight deaths have occurred from arsenical poisoning, seven in one family, and within five years. It is doubtful if the murderers would have been brought to justice had not a organization in which the victims were insured began an investigation as to why so many persons had suddenly died in one family.

But the sensation from a medical point of view connected with the case, took place in Boston at a recent meeting of the Massachusetts Medico-Legal Society, when it was stated by Dr. Holt that there was general ignorance of the symptoms of arsenical poisoning and because such ignorance the Robinson poisoning cases had gone on without arousing the suspicion of medical men.

The Robinson cases were all treated by regular physicians, with correct diplomas, men supposed to know what they are doctoring for, and to know the effects of drugs on certain diseases. Yet in the five deaths from arsenical poisoning of which we speak, certificates of death were given for pneumonia, typhoid fever, meningitis, bowel disease, and Bright's Disease.

It is any wonder that patients are losing faith in their doctors?

In the very same manner thousands of patients are being treated this day for pneumonia, heart trouble, dropsy, incipient consumption, etc., when these are but symptoms of advanced kidney disease, which is but another name for Bright's disease. The doctors did not strike at the seat of the disease—the kidneys, and if they did nine times out of ten they would fail—as they are on record as saying they can not cure Bright's disease of the kidneys. Rather than use Warner's Safe Cure, a well known specific for this and all other forms of kidney disease they would let their patients die, and then give a certificate that death was caused by pericarditis, apoplexy, phthisis or cardiac affection.

Is this not the honest truth? Do you not know in your own personal history very many instance where physicians doctored the wrong disease, the cause untold suffering and many times, death?

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TENDERS.

Sealed Tenders addressed to the undersigned, and endorsed "Tenders for Indian Supplies," will be received at this office up to noon of *Thursday, 24th of May, 1889*, for the delivery of Indian Supplies during the fiscal year ending the 30th June, 1889, consisting of Flour, Bacon, Groceries, Ammunition, Twelve Oxen Cows, Hubs, Agricultural Implements, Tools, &c, duty paid, at various points in Manitoba and the North-West Territories.

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

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

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

Each tender must, in addition to the signature of the tenderer, be signed by two witnesses acceptable to the Department for the performance of the contract.

The lowest of any tender is not necessary accepted.

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

L. VANKOUGHNET,
Deputy of Superintendent-General
of Indian Affairs.

Department of Indian Affairs,
Ottawa, April, 1889.

- Church Pews -

SCHOOL FURNITURE

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

Notice is hereby given pursuant to the statutes in that behalf, that all Creditors or persons having claims against the estate of the late MICHAEL LARKINS, of the city of Toronto, Police Constable, who died on or about the 25th day of January last are hereby notified to send in their claims to the undersigned solicitors, at their offices, corner of Bay and Richmond sts, Toronto, on or before the 15th day of April 1889, with their full names and particulars of their claims and the amount thereof.

And notice is hereby further given that on and after the said 15th day of April the administrator will distribute among the persons entitled thereto, the assets of the said estate, having regard only to the claims of which he then shall have notice.

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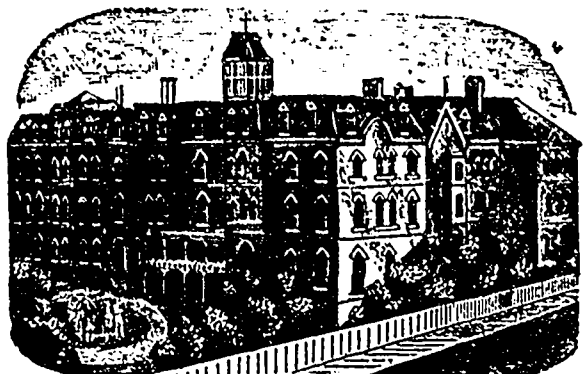
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1 Real Estate worth	: \$5,000	\$5,000
1 " " "	: 2,000	2,000
1 " " "	: 1,000	1,000
4 " " "	: 500	2,000
10 " " "	: 300	3,000
30 Furniture Sets	: 200	6,000
100 " " "	: 100	10,000
300 Gold Watches	: 50	15,000
1000 Silver " "	: 10	10,000
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 Offers are made to all winners to pay their prizes cash, less a commission of 10 per cent. Winners names are published unless specially authorized.
 Drawings on third Wednesday of every month.
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 I firmly believe St. Leon possesses all the virtues to purify and build up the system attributed to it by so many of our expert scientists.
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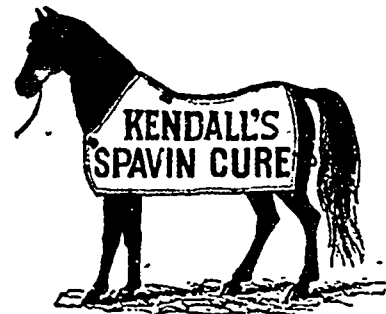
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KENDALL'S SPAVIN CURE.

OFFICE OF CHARLES A. SNYDER, BREKIDAR OF CLEVELAND BAY AND TROTTING BREED HORSES. ELNWOOD, ILL., Nov. 21, 1888.
Dr. H. J. KENDALL, CO.
Dear Sirs: 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 liniments on earth. I have used it on my stables for three years.
Yours truly, CHAR. A. SNYDER.

KENDALL'S SPAVIN CURE.

BROOKLYN, N. Y., November 3, 1888.
Dr. H. J. KENDALL, CO.
Dear Sirs: I desire to give you testimonial of my good opinion of your Kendall's Spavin Cure. I have used it for lameness, stiff joints and spavins, and I have found it a sure cure. I cordially recommend it to all horsemen.
Yours truly, A. H. GILBERT, Manager Troy Laundry Stables.

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Gentle: 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 Ring 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.
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Plans and profiles will be open for inspection at the Office of the Chief Engineer of Government Railways at Ottawa, on and after the 25th day of March, 1889, when the general specification and form of tender may be obtained upon application.
No tender will be entertained unless on one of the printed forms and all the conditions are complied with.

By order,
A. P. BRADLEY,
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Department of Railways and Canals,
Ottawa, 9th March, 1889.

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