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The Catholic Weekly Review.

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

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

Vol. VI.

Toronto, Saturday, July 30, 1892.

No. 21

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DEPARTMENT OF CROWN LANDS.
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ARTHUR S. HARDY,

Commissioner.

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Tenders will not be considered unless made on the form supplied and signed with the actual signatures of tenderers.

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The Department will not be bound to accept the lowest or any tender.

By order,

E. F. E. Roy,
Secretary.

Department of Public Works,
Ottawa, July 25th., 1892.

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CINCINNATI, O., Feb. 1892.

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J. JOHN NUENLITZ.

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Pastor of St. Francis Church.

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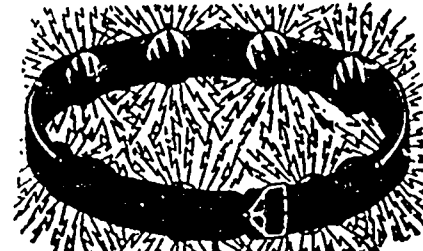
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The Catholic Weekly Review.

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

Reddito qua sunt Caesaris, Caesaris; et qua sunt Dei, Deo.—Matt 22: 21.

Vol. VI.

Toronto, Saturday, July 30, 1892

No. 25

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NOTES.

Collections for the sufferers by the St. John's (Newfoundland) fire were taken up in all the city churches on last Sunday.

* * *

Vicar General Marechal, of Montreal, died suddenly on Wednesday. He was born at S. Henri in 1834 and was ordained in 1858.

* * *

It is interesting to note that of the 328,000 divorces granted in the United States during the last twenty years 316,000 were granted at the request of wives.

* * *

The *Springfield Republican* reports that it has just transpired that A. B. sold his wife on 7th Feb., 1892 to C. D. for \$150 cash and a note for \$500. No! It did not take place in Central Africa. It took place in Massachusetts.

* * *

The result of the Manitoba elections has been the return to power of the Greenway's Government by about the majority he had in the last Legislature. This means the inauguration of a policy of unrelenting hostility to Catholic education in that province.

* * *

Mr. A. J. Mundella, M.P., who held a seat in Gladstone's last cabinet, delivered an address recently, in which he said that a more intolerant set of bigots than the Ulster Protestants he had never met in the whole course of his life. He had known Ulster for fifty years. He had sat on committees with Ulster men, but he had never witnessed such intolerance as he did occasionally from these denizens of the north of Ireland. Mr. Mundella is a good Protestant.

The bad spirit of the Homestead strikers is shown by the statement made by one of their chiefs a few days ago that "if they could not run the works they would wreck them."

* * *

Describing a rather boisterous Sunday meeting during the recent Irish campaign a city paper says: "Such is Sunday in Ireland at present. What would it be if Home Rule were given them?" It would be just what Sunday became in Toronto when the exciting cause of the Park riots was extinguished,—the nice, good, quiet, ordinary Sunday it used to be.

* * *

The *Mail* is scandalized that Mr. Blake should on Sunday, have addressed an Irish Catholic auditory on the subject which after God, lies closest to their hearts. We are told that he did this "to the no small scandal of his Protestant friends in Toronto. It does not a bit bother the Protestant friends of the *Mail* that its edition of a Monday is largely the product of Sunday labor."

* * *

The sound of the collision when the two engines met was distinctly heard in Merriton. Dr. Vanderburg and Father Lynet were the first at the wreck and worked like beavers. Dr. Wilson said that Father Lynet in his strength was equal to two ordinary men and that Dr. Vanderburg sustained the honor of the profession. Merriton is never behind when good work is to be done.—*St. Catharines Evening Journal*.

* * *

Two other Canadians, besides Hon. Edward Blake, have been heard from as participants in the recent British elections, and advocates of Home Rule. They are Premier Fielding of Nova Scotia and Mr. E. J. Davis, M.L.A., for North York. Mr. Davis returned from England on Wednesday. He was present at one of Mr. Gladstone's meetings and was prevailed on to address the electors, giving an account of Home Rule in Canada.

* * *

The Papal encyclical on the Columbus celebration which was issued two weeks ago directs that on October 12 the Mass of the Trinity be celebrated in the Catholic churches of Spain, Italy, and America. The Encyclical also invites the bishops of other nations to say the same Mass. The Pope says he cannot doubt that Columbus was primarily inspired by the Catholic faith. The difference between him and the illustrious men who before and after him discovered unknown lands was that Columbus was animated by the spirit of religion, which sustained his genius, fortified his constancy, and afforded him consolation in his greatest trials.

THE PRESS.

Mr. Gladstone will be returned to power as soon as Parliament assembles in August. Then will come the Home Rule bill for Ireland. What its ultimate fate is to be, no man can now tell, but the Providence that has kept the grand old man through the past seven years of exile from government administration, may be trusted to shape the course of events in accordance with what will be best for the Emerald Isle.—*Catholic Review, N. Y.*

THEY WALKED.

The Orange brethren "walked," on July 12, in commemoration of a battle which occurred 200 years ago and 3,000 miles away. The battle was fought on the 1st of July, but the Orangemen, in obedience to Pope Gregory's reformation of the calendar, celebrate their anniversary on the 12th. This ceremony of "walking," by the way, is confined to Orangemen and ghosts; but the latter have the good sense to observe it only at night.—*Irish World.*

DOES NOT LIKE THE TABLET.

The *London Tablet* is owned by Archbishop Vaughan of Westminster. The editor wants the public to know that his grace is not responsible for the paper's political opinions. "It is no secret," says the *Tablet*, "that he long ago left the political management of the *Tablet* to the judgment and discretion of its responsible editor—asking only that in the sphere of politics, as in every other department of human activity, the great law of the charity should be observed." We rejoice to learn that the distinguished prelate is not responsible for the mean, cowardly, unnatural attitude assumed by the *Tablet* toward home rule.—*Boston Republic.*

IN NEED OF A WARNING VOICE.

No country needs the warning more than our own. The revelations of the last census show a terrible preponderance of irreligion over Christianity in our midst. Statistics of New England, lately discussed in the pages of the *Forum*, show that infidelity flourishes like a tree planted by running waters just where religion ought to have its strongest citadel. Let some one, then, sound the alarm throughout the land and show the country the abyss on the edge of which it lies a-sleeping. We are zealous for the salvation of the peoples of the lands. We cannot too soon look after our own, for already he who runs may read the threatening writing on the wall: "*Mane, Tekel, Upharsin.*"—*Baltimore Mirror*

A DISGRACE TO HIS ANCESTORS.

Many sons have disgraced their fathers when living, and effected their fame when dead. This seems to be the case with the second generation of the O'Connell's in Ireland. A grandson and namesake of the great Irish liberator Daniel O'Connell, is supporting the Tory candidate in the Isle of Thanet. To criticisms upon his course, he replied: "It is as an Irish Catholic that I vote for a Conservative. I have seen during the past six years the country wisely governed. Mr. Gladstone's Home Rule scheme would be most dangerous to Ireland." The O'Connell's are now all loyalists and place hunters. The ghost of the great liberator must have with difficulty refrained from striking to earth this degenerate renegade.—*United Canada.*

POWER MADE PERFECT IN INFIRMITY.

"I cannot do this thing" she said,
I am so weak and frail;
My will within me seemeth dead,—
O Lord! 'tis no avail!"

"'Tis no avail? Come hither, child,
And take that trembling will of thine,
And place it in My open side,
Within My Heart Divine."

"And there it shall be comforted,
And fortified and chastened be"

"I can do all things now," she said,
"In Him who strengthens me."

Eleanor C. Donnelly.

CATHOLIC EDUCATION.

Right Rev. James A. Healy, D. D., bishop of Portland, Maine, has addressed a letter to the school board of that city explaining his motives in establishing a parochial school for boys. In it he says: "Allow me to say that our object is the better instruction of our boys in the principles of religion at that time of life when the mind and heart are more susceptible of indelible impressions. My residence of seventeen years in Maine proves to me beyond doubt that, like as in other parts of New England, irreligion is gaining, especially among young men. By irreligion I mean not always hatred of religion, but at least indifference to religion, and, with many a contempt for religion.

This we regard as a regrettable opposition to the teachings and threats of the Bible, a growing danger to our beloved country.

Our school for boys is intended to counteract this increasing evil by frequent instruction in religion. The teaching of religion is, of course, beyond the province of the state or city—and yet sad experi-

once must convince all thoughtful men that Washington was right in warning the American people that morality without religion is not to be expected.

Our plan is to begin by the little boys, when they are first capable of any school instruction, and so follow them up to the age above stated. This, we confess, is not all that we would desire to do, but it seems to be all our means and our double burdens will allow us to for our boys.

As to the girls, we hope by our teaching to continue a generation of sisters, wives and mothers who will be angels of example and instruction in religion, not only to the lisping infant, but to the adult members of the family.

The course of instruction will be such that they can securely enter the same grade in the public grammar school when they quit our school. Our plan, as you will observe, contemplates only a gradual assumption of the early education of the Catholic boys, and will produce no large or sudden withdrawal from the schools under your charge. I trust this explanation will be found satisfactory, not only to yourself, but to all our fellow citizens, who rightly dread the rise of a generation to whom religion and its teachings are matters of indifference."

NOTABLE CONVERTS.

SOME DISTINGUISHED PERSONS WHO HAVE ENTERED THE CATHOLIC CHURCH.

A writer in the "Contributor's Club" of the current *Atlantic Monthly*, in the course of a brief article, alludes to the many notable conversions to Catholicity of persons whose family connections were all Protestants. Here are some of the instances which this writer mentions:—"Christine of Sweden, daughter of the great Protestant hero, Gustavus Adolphus, became a Catholic. Wilberforce, a Protestant of the Protestants, had four sons, three of whom became Catholics, while the fourth, bishop of Oxford and Winchester, was so opposed to his father's school of thought as constantly to be charged with Romish learnings; that Bishop's only daughter, moreover, joined her uncles.

The Coleridges were a thoroughly Protestant family, but one of the poet's nephews is a Jesuit. The Brights have been Quakers for centuries, but John Bright's sister, with her Quaker husband, Frederick Lucas, became a Romanist. Dr. Arnold, of Rugby was a decided Protestant and philistine, a matter-of-fact radical. His son, Matthew Arnold, wrote philippics against philistinism, and another son was for a time a Catholic. Lord Sydney Godolphin Osborne, famous for the S. G. O. letters in the *London Times*, thundered against ritualism and Romanism; his son is a priest in the London Oratory."

Nor does the above list of English converts exhaust this writer's observations of the many notable conquests which Catholicity has made by winning over to the true faith the relatives and descendants of individuals who became notorious for their attacks upon the church. "Prevost Paradol," we are further informed, "the agnostic or theist, who fought bravely with the pen for liberty (?) in France, accepted the Washington embassy from the apparently-liberalized empire, and committed suicide on discovering that he had been deluded, left two daughters who have both taken the veil. The eldest son of Eugene Bersier, the most popular Protestant pastor of this generation in Paris, first married a Catholic, and then became a Catholic himself. Rev. Charles Veysey, expelled from the church of England for heresy now a free thought minister in London, has two daughters who have both become nuns." In another place allusion is made to the two great English cardinals of this century—Newman and Manning—who are described as sons of staunch evangelicals, and mention is also made of William Howitt's wife, who, like John Bright's sister, became a convert to Catholicity. The object of this writer in naming these distinguished converts appears to have been a desire to show that, as men and women progress, they not infrequently depart from their ancestral belief. It is noticeable, though, that no instances of eminent Catholics or their descendants becoming Protestants are cited; doubtless for the very good reason that none such are recorded.

Lord De Billeto—Your country is too blawsted now, doncherknow. You won't be complete till you have a few ruined churches and all that.

Chappio (apologetically)—Sorry, I'm suah. We haven't them, yet; but (brightening) our Mistah Wobbert Ingersoll is doing all he can.—*Indianapolis Journal.*

As a blood purifier the *Indigenous Bitters* holds the first rank amongst medicines of any price or country, recommended for the the purpose. These bitters are sold at 25 cts. package.

OH MY HEAD!

That splitting headache, aching brow and irritable feeling can be immediately relieved and permanently cured by Burdock Blood Bitters, the best remedy for headache, constipation and all disorders of the stomach, liver, bowels and blood.

TRAFFIC.

Life, the shroud lapidary, is rich in wares,
Whose worth or charm a casual glance may see;
And like perpetual purchasers are we,
Won by the beautiful opulence he airs,
Here shines a pearl of hope; here subtly glares
An emerald of revenge; here thrilled we see
A diamond of ambition; here may be
Some ruby of sin that lures us and ensnares.

Continually above this bright array,
As time flows on, we mortals flock to bend,
Till body and limbs turn frail, till brows grow gray,
Through trading, haggling, bartering without end,
While for the inexorable price we pay,
Months, years, even centuries are the coins we spend.
—Edgar Faucett, in the Century.

IRISH SKETCHES.

THE TURF FIRES.

In Mrs. Rochester's cosy boudoir around the fire the party are seated some hours later, eagerly awaiting Mrs. Fortescue's arrival. Besides the Sutherland girls and Vera Rochester, a young Canadian, a niece of the hostess has joined the others. She is from Toronto, and is strongly imbued with English ideas of laws and order as pertaining to Ireland. She belongs to the Church of England, has little sympathy for, still less knowledge of Irish life, or if she has, it is a strong prejudice against that priest-ridden, ignorant peasantry. She comes to listen through curiosity, anxious to know what Mrs. Fortescue has to say, well knowing from experience, that whatever she does say she says it well. While the girls are chatting Mrs. Fortescue enters and without any preamble comes to the point, thus:—

First, I had better tell you what a bog really is like—a wide level, monotonous, brown expanse somewhat like a prairie, generally lying on either side of a narrow, white country road. The monotony is sometimes broken by a fringe of heather and pines which seem to flourish in the vicinity. This dreary, bleak outlook is the bright, delightful turf fire in embryo. The development is thus accomplished. Late in the spring or early in summer, the bogs become quite lively, the men arrive to cut the brown yielding soil in immense blocks three or four feet deep. This is called cutting the turf. Later on the women and boys arrive on the scene adding brightness and life to the work for footing the turf. The blocks are spread out and trodden under foot to harden them before cutting into the prescribed shape, namely, about the size and form of bricks. The turf if good, is very hard and black, if of inferior kind, loose, light brown and spongy. It is then piled up on the bog in small heaps or clumps and left for weeks to dry before fit for the fire. Should the weather be fine the work on the bog is pleasant and healthy but unfortunately Ireland like all beauties is fond of pouting and she weeps so often that her sons and daughters are fain to be ever in smiles and laughter as an offset to her tears. Rain or shine, the fun and jokes echo across the bog, for what deluge could drown Irish spirits—especially of the poor? The colored shawls, bright kerchiefs, short skirts of the women, their blue eyes and dark hair, but above all, their soft, sweet delicious brogue, never more beguiling than when teasing, are a cherished memory of an Irish bog. Merrily the footing goes through the long day, old and young are one in heart—for the gay heart is always young. Should any one have crotchets or be what Americans call a crank woe betide him on an Irish bog. The Crimean veteran with marvellous tales of his prowess at Alma and Inkerman come in for a fair share of the railery. At sunset the work ceases, and horse, mule and donkey which have been tethered to their carts on the roadside are brought into requisition and in loaded cars the workers go homewards. Songs enliven the road and they come into the village greeted with welcome goodevenin boys, goodevenin girls. God bless ye all from the neighbors as they pass. In the village street they dismount and finish their jokes before parting. Should there be a fiddler or piper discoursing sweet sounds before a shop door they will gather around him in rapture. An Irish crowd can never resist a jig. Once I witnessed an amusing scene of this kind. An old fiddler had strolled into the village, and was playing from house to house. The music was remarkably good, he was in the middle of the *Coolin* when the workers got in from the bogs and they joined the crowd around him. The old man knew what would please them and without a moment's pause he struck up Charming Judy Callaghan. It was grand. The men became excited and kept time with their feet to the music. One woman with her turf basket across her shoulders was a study, her bright eyes dancing in unison to the time. It was Mary Shea a poor, hard working widow with six small children to support. The old air seemed to bring back the happy days of her childhood with its life and joy. A voice cried out, Arrah girls will ye let that fine music go for nothin. The crowd with one accord called for Mary Shea the finest dancer in the parish. Back hung Mary fearing she would be seen. Faster and faster went Charming Judy Callaghan. The voice rang out again, where is Mary Shea she must give us a few steps. A break in the crowd revealed poor

Mary. She was captured and on the floor. In a second the crowd moved back eager, expectant. Mary looked imploringly at her friend Kitty Tyrrell and she came to the rescue. The women met in the middle of the road their turf baskets thrown aside, and the dance began. With joined hands they dance up the middle then back and take their places vis a vis, retreating, advancing, swaying, light and graceful the steps fall on the hard white road, not a note lost, not a bar omitted, note and step fall on the ear simultaneous. I shall never forget it. Nothing could be more beautiful, modest, womanly than that Irish jig in the village street. There was a lightness and joyousness in it that no one but an Irish woman up at daybreak, working on a bog all day, living on potatoes and milk and sleeping on a straw bed at night could put into her feet, and oh! what tired ones they must often be! Masha more power to ye girls. God save you Mary, the Lord spare you the health broke from the audience as the dancers joined hands again and made their bow to each other still in time to the last bars of inspiring Judy Callaghan.

The great day arrives in August or September for the drawing home the turf. One farmer names his day and each neighbor sends a horse and man to help. From early morning till night successive creels and kishes of turf arrive at the farm from the bog. The turf is built along the wall in one immense clamp, sod upon sod, making the three sides, the stone wall the fourth. The clamp rises 12 or 14 feet in height tapering towards the top, and when finished is quite an ornament to the farm yard. At night when all is over the boys celebrate the home coming by a dance in the barn. In the great old flagged kitchen the tables are set for the guests, by the wide chimney the new turf fire is proclaiming its excellence. The beautiful blue smoke curls upwards, the turf looks like so many black bricks one over the other, blazing with a light pleasing flame. A strong iron bar runs across the chimney from which the pots are suspended. The old people sit round the fire, its cheerful ruddy glow falling softly on the white hair and furrowed cheeks. The scene recalls other days and old stories are told and old hearts grow young and they live once more in the Auld Lang Syne when they too danced and sung at the drawing home of the turf.

DOROTHY GRESHAM.

To be Continued

BLESSED BELLS.

AN INTERESTING EXPLANATION.

At the blessing of a bell at Green Bay, recently, Bishop Messmer delivered an address in which he explained the forms and ceremonies used. The sole purpose of the bell was not to assemble the members of the congregation together, but it was to recall the holy-minded to their duty; as it rang out, in the old country, the announcement of a birth or death, so it pealed out always for the devout Catholic at all of the important events of his life. Church bells were in use as early as the seventh century, and are mentioned in the sacramental books as in use in the days of Charlemagne and Bishop Egbert, of York.

The anointing of the bell, the Bishop said was done that it might be sanctified by the Holy Spirit, the sprinkling with water that it might symbolize the office of baptism, and the incense signified the praise and prayers of the faithful which ascend continuously as a tribute to God, and as the bell is filled with the incense, so the whole soul, the temple of God, is filled with His praise. In conclusion, the Bishop gave in substance the gospel which had been read, saying finally: "Remember when the bell rings the great truths which it teaches. Follow its instructions, and make sure that as in life it calls you to the earthly temple so it will one day call you to the heavenly temple of everlasting bliss."

TWO GOOD ANSWERS.

Once upon a time the Archbishop of Cologne was catechising the children and asked a boy:

"Is the sacrament of confirmation necessary to salvation?"

"No, Your Grace," was the reply, "but when an occasion to receive it presents itself it should not be missed."

"A good answer, my child," said the prelate, and, turning to a little girl who was near he asked:

"Is the sacrament of marriage necessary to salvation?"

"No, Your Grace, but when the occasion presents itself it should not be missed."

No matter how little a man gets here below he never gets quite all of it.

GIVES GOOD APPETITE.

Sirs,—I think your valuable medicine cannot be surpassed, according to the benefit I received from it. After suffering from headache, and loss of appetite for nearly four years, I tried B. B. B. with the greatest success, finding it gave me great relief and good appetite. I now enjoy good health which I owe to your valuable medicine.

Miss MINNIE BROWN, London Ont.

LOCAL.

York Pic-nic.

Father O'Reilly's pic-nic at York on the 25th inst. was very successful; quite a number attended from the city. The proceeds go to liquidate the debt on the new church.

Sisters of St. Joseph.

The General Convention of the Sisters of St. Joseph teaching in this diocese was opened at St. Joseph's Convent on the 20th inst. Eighty Sisters, from St. Catharines, Thorold, Merrilton, Barrie, Oshawa and Toronto assisted, the largest gathering of the kind ever opened at St. Joseph's.

South Adjala.

The corner-stone of the new church at Achill was laid on Wednesday last by Very Rev. Vicar-General Rooney. Rev. Father Harold, P.P., Niagara, preached the sermon. Rev. Father Kilcullen, the pastor, has been energetic in his endeavors to repair the great loss caused by the fire which about six months ago destroyed the church which formerly gave accommodation to the Achill people.

St. Patrick's Branch, E.B.A.

The regular meeting of St. Patrick's Branch, No. 12, Emerald Beneficial Association, was held in the Association's hall on Wednesday night. Three new members were initiated and several propositions were received. A large amount of important business was transacted. The committee reported that all arrangements had been completed for the excursion to Peterboro' on August 6. This branch is in a most flourishing condition.

Our Lady of Lourdes.

The garden party and concert given last Wednesday evening in St. John's Grove under the auspices of the ladies of the Lourdes Altar Society was an unqualified success. The grounds, over four acres in extent, filled with magnificent trees, presented a picturesque spectacle when the arc electric lights were lit. At 7.30 o'clock the Queen's Own Band arrived and played the following programme:

March—Perpetuum Mobile.....	Roloff
Overture—Husar.....	Suppe
Waltz—Fair Italy.....	Aigrette
Characteristic Piece—The Passing Regiment.....	Coverley
Euphonium Solo—Les Folies Bergeres.....	Innes
MR. SMITH.	
Fantasia—Alhambra.....	Morelli
Polka—The Nightingale.....	Moss
Overture—Le Cheval de Bronze.....	Auber
Selections of Irish Airs.....	Basquet
Galop—Le Minstral.....	Desormes

At eight o'clock the grove was thronged with people. The ladies were out in full force, and appeared to enjoy immensely the entertainment which had been provided. The tables, at which were dispensed creature comforts, were covered by tents, and were presided over by these ladies: tea table—Mrs. O'Conner, Mrs. Hynes and Mrs. Berthon. Ice cream and fruit table—Mrs. Hodson, Mrs. Conlin, Miss B. Murphy and Miss Ella McLoskey. Fancy table—Miss Berthon and Miss McCarthy. Flower and candy table—the Misses Hughes, Miss Coffey, Miss Hebbelwhite and Mrs. C. T. Long. Fish pond—Miss O'Neill and Miss Murray. Shooting gallery—Master R. Berthon.

The tables were all well patronized and the ladies were well rewarded for the labor they had expended to make the garden party a success.

A most enjoyable feature of the evening was the rendering of several selections by the choir of Our Lady of Lourdes church, under the direction of Mr. D. F. McCloskey. This choir, which has established a most enviable reputation, did not disappoint the hundreds who visited the grounds. The receipts, which must be large, will go to the building of a new altar for Lourdes' church. Mrs. Mason, the president, and the members of the Altar Society, are to be congratulated that their efforts in so good a cause were so well rewarded.

Very Rev. Father McCann's Silver Jubilee.

Very Rev. J. J. McCann, V.G., Rector of St. Michael's Cathedral and Chancellor of the archdiocese of Toronto, celebrated the silver jubilee of his ordination as a priest on Thursday last. The occasion was not allowed to pass by the clergy of the diocese and the Catholic citizens of Toronto without many evidences of love and respect. At 10.30 o'clock St. Michael's Cathedral was crowded, when Father McCann, after a quarter of a century's earnest labor in the cause of the Church, mounted the altar steps to celebrate High Mass. He was assisted by Dean Cassidy, Brockton, as deacon, and Rev. Father Edward Murray, C.S.B., as sub-deacon. Very Rev. Dean Bergin, Barrie, preached an eloquent sermon upon the calling and dignity of the priesthood.

Among those present were: Vicar-General Rooney, Dean Harris, St. Catharines; Rev. Fathers James Walsh, Coyle, McBride, Guinane, Finan, O'Reilly, LaMarche, Sheehan, O'Donohoe, Ryan, McInerney, Welsh and Teefy, O.S.B., Toronto; Kiernan, Brock; Kiernan, Collingwood; Trayling, Dixie; Moyna, Stayner; Egan, Thornbill; Whitney, Caldon; McBae, Grimsby; Kilcullen, Adjala; Labureau,

Penotanguisheno; McColl, Fort Erie; Gallagher, Schomberg; Conway, Peterboro; Morris, Newmarket; Allain, Merrilton, and O'Malley, Niagara Falls.

Immediately after Mass the clergy presented Vicar-General McCann with the following address and a handsome gold watch and chain:

VERY REV. AND DEAR FATHER,—Your brother priests of the archdiocese of Toronto congratulate you most heartily on this joyous occasion. We unite with you in thanking the Divine Goodness for the blessings with which your ministry has been crowned.

For the long period of 25 years, during which you have labored in the vineyard of the Lord, your efforts have been blessed in increased fruitfulness, with the happiest results.

The various parishes in which you have exercised the sacred ministry have for years rejoiced in the monuments your zeal raised to the glory of God, and to-day their hearts turn to you with a love which is only the measure of the gratitude they have so long treasured for you. The suffering hearts you have comforted; Christ's poor, whom you have relieved; Christ's little ones, for whose instruction you have striven, have all joined with you in the sacrifice of thanksgiving, which you have but now offered to God for the blessings of the past years, and their congratulations are as sweet flowers bedecking your pathway.

Loved and trusted by our venerable Archbishop, you have been honored with the highest dignity in his gift, and his choice has been endorsed by all hearts. We hold you in special honor as one who has grown up from childhood in our midst without stain or reproach; as one who has consecrated to the noblest purposes the fine abilities with which Divine Providence had endowed him.

Your brother priests vie with each other in expressing their regard for one whose kindness of heart and gentleness of disposition have endeared him to all, whose self-respecting nobility of character, whose eloquence and zeal have been for many years a glory to the archdiocese of Toronto, and have conferred lustre on the Canadian priesthood.

May God spare you yet for many years to those to whom you are so dear. May you live to celebrate a golden jubilee, crowned with even greater blessings, and, if it be possible, with greater love.

Accept, very rev. and dear father, these slight tokens of our regard, and with them the best wishes of our hearts.

Toronto, July 21st, 1892.

Very Rev. Vicar-General Rooney also made a personal presentation of a very fine chalice, accompanying it with the kindest expressions of esteem and regard.

The Vicar-General, in reply, said that he felt very much honored, indeed by the presence of so many priests from the archdiocese, many of whom he had known from his boyhood, many of whom had been his companions in college and seminary, and with all of whom he had been associated in the work of the sacred ministry. Their congratulations and expressions of esteem were very dear to him, for, though he must confess they were all too flattering, yet they proved that kindness of heart and that bond of sympathy and charity which united the priests of the diocese of Toronto. They knew, as he did, the labors and trials of the sacred ministry; how all must struggle at times to do the work of the Divine Master, and through good and evil report, through sunshine and shadows, looking to the crown in the bright hereafter; hence they came on this occasion to say the kind word, to say well done, to cheer and to encourage. He thanked them for the beautiful address, beautiful in its execution, but beautiful especially in the noble sentiments it contained, and in the graceful form in which those sentiments had been presented. This valuable gift he would always highly prize. It would ever be, in the years to come, a reminder of the affection entertained for him by his brother priests, with whom he felt proud to be associated; with whom his relations had always been of a most agreeable nature, and with whom as long as God spared him he hoped to be united in the duties of the holy ministry. Their appreciation of the honors conferred on him by His Grace the Archbishop was most gratifying. He trusted he would ever respect the confidence that had been reposed in him. He had to express his deep sense of gratitude to His Grace for his handsome gift and his kind felicitations; his paternal solicitude followed every priest in the diocese, their happiness was his, and hence he was beloved and revered by all. Though the waves of the Atlantic rolled between him and his Cathedral church, he knew that he was present in spirit to bless his priests and share in their joy. To him this thought was especially pleasing. Not a few of his earliest, fondest, most endearing recollections were associated with him, and clustered around him. It was under his instruction that he first learned to utter those beautiful words of the royal prophet, "*Ad Deum qui laetificat juventutem meam*," (To God who rejoiceth my youth), serving his Mass in St. Malachy's church, Brock. It was at his hands he received for the first time the Bread of Life; by him he was prepared for confirmation. It was from him came the first idea of becoming a priest, an idea that opened up a wondrous vista, a mountain top, far away and lofty, veiled in shadows impressing him with awe, yet attracting him with a strange fascination. That thought like a beacon light never paled, but directed his steps towards the holy mount. It was in St. Mary's, during the last months of his

pastorate, that he was ordained on a Sunday morning 25 years ago. These were memories of the past treasured up in the secret chambers of the heart that walked forth unbidden to-day and filled him with mingled feelings of love and gratitude to the great Archbishop whom all revered as their guide, their father, and their friend. He thanked Very Rev. Vicar-General Rooney for this magnificent gold chalice. It would be a precious souvenir of his many acts of kindness; a new link in the golden bond of friendship that had united them for the past twenty-five years, and which, he felt assured, nothing would sever in the days to come. He had only to hope that they might be always united in the work of the Divine Master here, and share in the crown of glory hereafter.

Addresses followed by the laymen of the parish and the young men of the Altar Society of St. Michael's. A well-filled purse of gold accompanied the laymen's address, and a handsome bronze and ivory inkstand was the gift of the Altar Society. The layman's address was as follows:

To the Very Rev. J. J. McCann, V.G., Rector of St. Michael's Cathedral and Chancellor of the Archdiocese of Toronto:

VERY REV. FATHER,—The Catholics of St. Michael's beg to congratulate you on this, the 25th anniversary of your ordination to the priesthood, and join with your many friends in Toronto and throughout the archdiocese in praying for a long continuance of a career which has been marked with priestly zeal and fruitful results.

It has been your privilege to administer to the spiritual wants of the faithful in several of the missions of the Church in this Province, and, wherever it pleased your ecclesiastical superiors to place you, the fruits of your prudent guidance were abundant. While the flock were well and carefully guarded in their spiritual affairs, the Church in its material interest was also benefitted by your zeal and devotion, as the handsome presbytery and schoolhouse in Oshawa and the stately edifice at Brockton fully testify.

We have noticed with exceeding pleasure the marks of distinction with which, from time to time, you have been favored by your superiors, and we feel that the honors conferred upon you were worthily bestowed. Your appointment as Rector of St. Michael's Cathedral and Chancellor of the archdiocese of Toronto, we regard as signal evidence of the confidence of your Ordinary, who, in addition to these important functions, has been pleased to still further honor you by elevating you to the dignity of Vicar-General.

Always warmly interested in the cause of education, you identified yourself still more clearly with that vital question by accepting a seat at the Board of Separate School Trustees. For over seven years you have rendered valuable services as secretary-treasurer of that trust, and for much of the improvement of our schools during that time the Catholic parents of this city are indebted to your unremitting labor and attention.

Permit us, Very Rev. Father, again to express the joy which, in common with your many friends in the city of Toronto and of the archdiocese, we feel on the auspicious event of your silver jubilee, the precursor, we humbly trust, of your golden jubilee, and we beg your acceptance of this slight token of the esteem in which you are held by all who know you.

We fervently pray that God may grant you many years to discharge the duties of your holy office with the discretion, zeal and devotion which you have always manifested in His divine service.

Signed on behalf of the Catholics of St. Michael's Cathedral:—M. J. Macnamara, R. J. Dwyer, M.D., T. W. Anglin, C. W. Hawley, D. M. Defoe, J. G. Hall, secretary, Patrick Boyle, chairman.

In reply to the Catholics of St. Michael's Father McCann said:—I thank you for your greeting and the expression of your affection and esteem contained in the beautiful address you present me on this twenty-fifth anniversary. I thank you for the generous gift you offer me, but far above the purse of gold do I value the wealth of love it represents. I must candidly confess that all this is more than I could anticipate, more than I had any reason to expect, coming, as I have, so recently amongst you. True, it is not the first time I was with you; nor is it the first time I experienced your large-hearted generosity, yet this unexpected manifestation of your kindness touches me very deeply, and I can only treasure up in my heart the feelings of gratitude that any words of mine may not at this moment be able to express. I can only testify my appreciation by laboring with greater earnestness and zeal amongst you and with you for the glory of God and the salvation of your souls by being interested in all that concerns the spiritual and temporal welfare of yourselves and families, under the guidance of our illustrious Archbishop, who has so much honored me by placing me in charge of this Cathedral parish. The priest can do little without the sympathy and good will of the people; your words give me the assurance of your cordial co-operation in every future good work. Be assured I will treasure up a grateful remembrance of your kindness and in the holy Sacrifice will ever pray God to bless you and keep you.

Among the gifts sent Father McCann were a magnificent Missal from His Grace the Archbishop, a handsome gold chalice by Vicar-General Rooney, the oldest priest in the diocese; a silver chime of altar bells by the Sisters of Loretto Abbey; a silver butter-dish by the

Sisters of St. Joseph, Barrie; a gold oil stock, the gift of Father Williams; a gold oil stock from Father Ryan; a solid silver card dish from the Sisters of Sunnyside; an illustrated poem by Sisters of St. Joseph; a stole by Sister Ignatia; a dozen silk handkerchiefs, a cut glass and silver inkstand and a handsome rabbit, by the Sisters of the House of Providence; a dozen silk handkerchiefs and a silver fruit dish from Mother De Chantel, and a hundred other costly gifts.

CURIOSITIES OF ENGLISH PROTESTANTISM.

LONDON, July 2.

We have two kinds of Protestantism in this country—the kind which goes as near as it can to Catholicity, and the kind which goes as far off as it can get. Of the former kind we have two distinct schools—the one which regards the Catholic Church affectionately, and the one which regards it with bitter enmity. The first school is deserving of our respect; the last is—well, a Protestant curiosity. While imitating Catholic doctrines and practices, the last school positively reviles the Catholic Church, lets no opportunity pass of casting stones at it, and pretends to think it heretical and schismatical. A short time ago this last school published "A Form of admitting converts from the Church of Rome to the Church of England, and for restoring those who have relapsed." Whether this form has ever been wanted, I do not know; but on reading it one is struck by the fact that there is no attempt to define Anglican doctrines. Probably the compilers thought that to do this would be an attempt to define the non-existent, and so wisely abstained from the effort. The "restored one" is informed "in this Form" that "the Church of England is a true and sound part of Christ's Holy Catholic Church"; and lest he should have any doubt about it, he is called on to affirm that he in the supremacy of the Queen's majesty by law established, and declared in the 37th Article of Religion as agreeable to the Word of God. Then the Bishop gives an absolution from the frightful iniquity of having not believed in the supremacy of the Queen's majesty; and so the penitent is received into the Royal Fold; into the Parliamentary and by law established Communion. We are not told how a convert ought to feel after this process, or whether he should at once repair to Buckingham Palace and ask her Majesty's benediction, saying, 'Holy Mother, give me your blessing.'

A special curiosity is the claim to the word Catholic, as appertaining to Queen Victoria's State Church. How people can be both Catholic and Protestant at the same time, it must require an Anglican intellect to comprehend. Probably the Anglican idea is that the word Catholic means comprehensive of every conceivable form of heresy or view, or to use an Anglican word, that Broad Church and Catholic Church are practically identical in meaning. This reminds me of an answer which was given by a Catholic child to one of Her Majesty's inspectors of Catholic schools. Being asked the question: 'If the word Catholic imply everywhere, why should not Protestants be called Catholics, since they multiply themselves in most parts of the world?'—the Catholic child replied: 'Protestants are everywhere, but they are everywhere different; Catholics are everywhere, the same.' This is not the place in which to enter gravely into the pleas of the Ritualist party to arrogate the title, Catholic, to themselves. I will only quote some words of Mr. Labouchere, in his news paper, *Truth*, which roughly but sufficiently meets the case. He says: 'The Roman Catholic Church was known as the Catholic Church for many centuries. It has therefore a right to this trademark. What people call themselves matters little; the important point is what they are. For the Church of England to call itself the Catholic Church, has always seemed to me as absurd as for the Hartington and Chamberlain gang of seceders to call themselves the Liberal Party.'

A curiosity which is worth noticing is that the Archbishop of Canterbury charges his armorial shield with the Roman Pallium; thereby confessing that jurisdiction comes from Rome, but that he himself is unfortunately not possessed of it. Now we all know that for a gentleman to adopt another man's coat-of-arms, without legal or heraldic right to such adoption, is considered to be as dishonest as it is vain; but when the appropriation is that of Catholic jurisdiction by a gentleman who is a Protestant Archbishop, we seem to have reached a climax in offences against heraldry.

(To be Continued.)

A RETORT COURTEOUS.

We have come across a good anecdote of a Jewess and a Jesuit. It was in a crowded waiting room. "I don't understand," said the Israelitish lady, "why the Catholic Church does not encourage the reading of the Bible among the faithful."

The Jesuit Father ventured to hint that it was because Holy Writ was sometimes difficult to understand.

"Pshaw!" retorted the Jewess, "I can understand it, and that easily, from cover to cover."

"In that case, madam," said the Father, "would you explain me this passage from the Canticle of Canticles: 'Thy nose is as the Tower of Rebanon, which looketh toward Damascus.'"

The maid of Judah blushed amid a roll of suppressed titters.

The Catholic Weekly Review.

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

Commended by

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

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

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

The Rt. Rev. Bishop O'Mahony, Toronto

The Late Archbishop Lynch.

The Late Rt. Rev. Bishop Carberry, of Hamilton.

The Late Rev. Father Dowd of "St. Patrick's" Montreal.

And by the leading clergy of the Dominion.

Published by

The Catholic Review Publishing Company, (Limited)

Office: 64 Adelaide St. East, (opposite Court House).

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Terms: \$2.00 per annum or \$1.50 if paid strictly in advance. Advertisements acceptable in character and limited in number, will be taken at the rate of \$2 per line per annum 10 cents per line for ordinary insertions. CLUB rates: 10 copies, \$15.

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

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

Lock Box 2523. Telephone No. 1643.

TORONTO, SATURDAY, JULY 30, 1892.

VICAR GENERAL McCANN'S SILVER JUBILEE.

VERY REV. FATHER McCANN'S Silver Jubilee was celebrated on the 21st inst., at St. Michael's Cathedral with the utmost enthusiasm. The choir under the direction of Rev. Father Rohleder sang Haydn's Imperial Mass. As announced in our issue of last week addresses and presentations were made by the priests of the Diocese, and by the congregation of St. Michael's parish of which Father McCann has been for years the honored and beloved Rector. In addition to these expressions of regard His Grace the Archbishop sent a handsome gift and Very Rev. Father Rooney, V.G., a very fine gold chalice, accompanying the gift with an eloquent tribute to Father McCann's long years of faithful service in the priesthood. The priests accompanied their address with a watch, chain and other tokens in 18 carat gold. The address of the laity was accompanied by a good purse in gold.

USURY.

We have elsewhere a horrible, because literally true, account of the terrible iniquity practised by some small money-lenders. The Church ages ago legislated severely against exorbitant rates of interest. No Catholic can do business on the lines described and practice his religion. One of the greatest boons a government could confer on a people would be the institution of some system by which the truly necessitous, who do not seek alms, could be temporarily relieved by small loans at small interest. The "Monts de pieté" or municipal loan bureaus were an attempt at a solution of the difficulty, and succeeded admirably as long as the desire "to make" was kept at bay.

A USEFUL EPITOME.

His Honor Lieutenant-Governor Kirkpatrick, in the course of his address at Niagara on the occasion of the Ontario Centennial celebration epitomized Canadian history from the foundation of the colony up to 1792. We reproduce his dissertation elsewhere. He concluded by reading the proclamation of 16th July, 1792, in virtue of which Upper Canada, as a Province, commenced its career. The name has changed, but the substance is the same. Ontarians who study history must confess that at the surrender of 1763 there was no Ontario. After settling

Quebec and Montreal its next points west were Detroit and Michillimackinac. Whatever may have been the motives which inspired the creation in 1792 of a new province west of Quebec it has "worked together unto good." Those who remember the keen ecclesiastical strife of forty years ago can best appreciate the boon. Its authors had very probably no other idea than the founding, in Western Canada, of a distinctively English Province, whose influence should, in time, outweigh French-Canada, as to-day their imitators would create an Orange Manitoba. A kindly Providence has otherwise disposed in our case, and, however gloomy the Manitoba prospect may presently appear it may safely be left to the same all-reaching, all-disposing power.

TRAITORS BY NATURE OR NECESSITY.

The question now troubling the Liberal leaders is how far the Parnellites and Labor members will go in support of Mr. Gladstone. The Parnellites hate the Liberal leader more ardently than the Tories, and there is hardly a doubt that they would sooner see Home Rule defeated than accept it at his hands. The prospect of a Home Rule measure, fashioned by Messrs. Gladstone, Healy and McCarthy, is something they cannot tolerate, and the Conservatives and Liberal Unionists will probably have at least the secret sympathy, and, as far as possible, the active co-operation of the Parnellites.—*London Despatch.*

THE APOLOGISTS.

We have among us not a few who are willing, to let go by default the statement that Catholics are in a worse state intellectually than Protestants. The error finds cause most frequently in discussion of the Separate School system to which the "apologists" give a half-hearted adherence for conscience' sake, whilst dilating on the possibilities if Catholic children only had the chance their fellows have in the public schools. Will the apologists kindly read what Bishop Healy had to say on the establishment of parochial schools in his diocese, and if the expression of the Church's duty in education do not affect them, will they take the trouble of verifying their premises before deducing their conclusions. Is it true that the Catholic schools do not give as good an education as public schools of similar grade? We deny it absolutely. It is true that in some sections the Catholic body cannot furnish in their school the staff and the equipment which the public school possesses. Nearly all the apologists found their faint praise on isolated examples, and base an universal judgment on individual cases. If, instead of apologizing for the virtuous poverty of the Catholic Church, they would send their children to Catholic schools and give them moral and material support, they would be doing their duty better both to religion and to the children themselves. The *Catholic Standard* of last week has an article, reproduced elsewhere, in the same sense regarding the Church schools in the United States.

THE NEWFOUNDLAND RELIEF FUND.

The Board of Trade committee for the relief of St. John's sufferers met Tuesday morning and decided to send the balance of \$8,055.50 by wire to St. John's as had been done with the \$7,000 first forwarded. Despatches from Montreal do not put the merchants of that city in a good light. It is said that despite the notification from St. John's that money, not supplies, is needed, the Montreal merchants insist on sending food and clothing. They declare they are afraid money would not reach its proper destination, but some are so very mean as to insinuate that the Montrealers are not averse to a profit on the goods sent. We follow the language of the despatches referred to.

Although the most pressing wants of the unfortunate sufferers have been relieved, there is yet much to be done. Fully 7,000

people are encamped in indescrivable confusion in a large field, their housing being, to the greater number, the worst feature there is at present. There is no want of clothing or food. But it is feared that during next winter there will be great distress, and the Relief Committee will do wisely in keeping a reserve fund for the time of trial.

THAT IRISH CATHOLIC.

THE Irish Catholic to whom we alluded four weeks ago as objecting to the Irish National party because it was Romanizing, begs us to say that he has no use for the Parnellites. To his honor we say that he said this before it became patent that the Parnellites were in the conspicuous minority in which they presently find themselves.

ST. MICHAEL'S HOSPITAL.

A CATHOLIC Hospital, under the care of the Sisters of St. Joseph has been opened in the building (32 Bond St.,) up to the present time known as "Notre Dame des Anges" and occupied as a boarding house for young women. There will be accommodation for sixty or seventy patients. Several of the nuns have already qualified as nurses and others are in training. Every possible convenience for the work proposed will be introduced. The staff of the new Hospital has been chosen as follows. Drs. Cameron, Nevitt, Cassidy, Wallace, McKenna, McMahon and Dwyer, the latter being house surgeon.

WANTED—A BACKBONE.

THE experimental surgeon who desires to achieve fame and usefulness should lay aside such frivolity as transplanting nerves and tendons, and betake himself to the transplantation of bone. Soft tissues are more for ornament, and are at best perishable structures; but bone is meant to last, and is at once the foundation and framework of the habitation of the soul. Therefore we suggest that our rising young surgeons experiment on bone, and the sample we recommend is hard, strong bone, suitable to make a durable, inflexible backbone, that will give support, dignity, and uprightness to the human figure, and make it somewhat resemble the form of the ideal man.

Such a backbone will find use everywhere, but we bespeak an early supply for a number of our friends, perfect people in some ways, but, unfortunately, owing to circumstances which got the better of them, without that essential organ, a vertebrate column. A few of our friends are in the Parliaments, sent there because they were Catholics, or because they had Catholic influence behind them, and were supposed to represent Catholic principles and interests. But they are good fellows, and in Parliament meet good fellows, and such trifles as Catholic truths, when not entirely abandoned, are made the subject of compromise. Unfortunately they have no backbone.

Some of our friends are in town and city Councils, and they are they leaders among their class and have the confidence of their friends. But they are entangled in local concerns and have private affairs of their own to forward, and they cannot risk anything for their principles. They carry so many interests on their backs that the spinal column nature gave them bends under the load. They need the surgeon badly.

On a High School Board a Catholic often finds himself alone. He has a heavy load to carry, for he represents weighty interests, the rights, often, of a multitude of Catholic children and taxpayers. But his back is weak, and he throws off the load he is there to carry; he sits silent while his colleagues transact the business. He is full of the idea that concessions are best obtained by a sleeping policy, and he hates a disturbance. The man has no backbone.

Some of our friends are in public offices, but few know they are Catholics. When they are known as such they are seen to be liberal, unpronounced fellows. They are popular officials because they are innocent of a backbone.

Many of our friends, ladies among them, go into society, that is, of course, Protestant society, for really, you know, there is no such thing as Catholic "society." On Fridays they decline meat at table with a poor joke in excuse; but we never see them say grace or sign themselves with the cross. They accept invitations to parties in Lent and Advent, join in forbidden dances at all seasons, and on the whole form a happy mean between the strictness of Puritanical religion and the easy-going trot of indifference. Of course they are popular, but then, they have no backbone.

We might follow some other friends, but it is needless. In every walk of life there is a wide-spread truckling to Protestant public opinion, which is seen in the reverence with which many Catholics speak of Protestant institutions, and the unconcealed contempt of Catholic men and things. These ill trained people do not know that the highest type of manhood, moral and intellectual, is to be found in the Catholic Church, and that the greatest progress in social and moral life is the outcome only of Catholic principles.

In the meantime let us look forward to the coming of the world's greatest surgeon, who will give us that greatest invention of all time, a reliable and easily introduced backbone.

W. V. L.

MONEY-LENDERS AND THEIR RATES OF INTEREST.

"God save us from the money lenders!" was the fervently uttered prayer of a Church street lawyer in his office yesterday.

He had been trying to borrow some money for a woman over the Don, who is hard up, and wished to secure an advance on her furniture. As she is a reliable person and would pay all right the lawyer thought he could get her the needed sum at a pretty fair rate of interest. Knowing a man who belonged to the same church as the woman, and who was in the habit of lending money, the lawyer applied to him, but was very much disgusted before the conversation was over.

How much did the usurer want for his money?

He was very considerate. In this case he would let her have it for three per cent. per month. But neither the lawyer nor the client could see where the compliment was located, and the negotiations rather abruptly ended.

This is only one brief glimpse at the system of money-lending at excessive rates of interest, which has become more wide-spread the last year and a half. A great many places of the kind are now flourishing, compared to a few years ago, when that kind of business was confined to a few firms of "two-percenters." Lately this kind of business has passed largely into the hands of individuals not publicly known as financiers, but whose methods in many cases are hardly commendable. Two per cent. a month men used to be spoken of sometimes contemptuously, but will now be able to rank as public benefactors in the light of rates charged for advances secured by chattel mortgages and other securities for small loans.

"Now, supposing I want to borrow \$60 for a short time, how will I go about it, and what interest will I have to pay?" was the query put to another lawyer who has dealings with some of these small money brokers and their clients.

"Oh, there are very few of them doing business now under five per cent. a month," was the startling answer.

The questioner uttered an exclamation of surprise but the lawyer gave some more refreshing information.

"Then add," he said, "say \$8 or \$10 cost. They take that out of the face of the loan and it is supposed to cover registration, valuers' fees and searching at the registry office, etc."

"Do they take the interest out at the commencement?"

"Yes, I understand that many of them take the interest out of the loan, though some do not. If a loan of \$50 was for two months the borrower would receive say \$35.

"I always thought it was so unconscionably hard," he continued, "to take the full amount of interest out of the loan."

"For how long are these loans usually given?"

"Three months is about the average time they run. Some lenders at the end of three months call in the money, but let it out again to the same client, charging new fees for valuing and registration over again, though a chattel mortgage is good for a year. This money could be called in four times a year and four sets of costs charged and interest at five per cent. running as well. A man who is in difficulties

will be a long time getting out if he has to borrow money under these conditions. The client may not pay the money back at the end of the quarter, but by paying another \$10 and interest in advance is allowed a renewal which amounts to the same thing as if the lender called in the loan. Then if the borrower at the end of the term cannot pay at all a bailiff is put in and there are more costs added."

The lawyer at this juncture produced a form of chattel mortgage drawn up against a dressmakers's establishment to secure a loan of \$150 advanced to her this week. The following clause regarding interest was written in: "At the rate of five per centum per month and at the expiration of two months from date hereof, and if not then paid the said sum of \$150 is to continue to bear interest at the rate of 5 per cent per month until the sum is fully paid."

Of course, after two months the lender can seize the chattels of the establishment if at any time doubt of the chance of payment is occasioned or interest falls behind. When the interest and costs are taken out of the face of the loan the clause about interest is struck out and the mortgage drawn merely for the full amount the borrower is to pay at the expiry of the loan. It will thus be seen that the unfortunate borrower in such a case is paying a far higher rate than six per cent., as he loses the use of the interest amount and fees.

Others lending by the year do not like a higher rate than twelve per cent. per annum to appear on the mortgage, but take enough out of the face of the loan to make a rate of five per cent. per month, or sixty per cent. for the year. This plan is taken by private citizens who like five per cent a month very well, but are afraid of exposure should a suit arise, and deem it safer to have only twelve per cent. a year appear in writing.

"How are the borrowers brought into contact with the usurers?" was asked.

"Oh, the lenders advertise money at four and a half to six per cent. a year, but when the borrower gets around to the lender's house or office he finds that all the cheap money is just given out, but some private funds are in hand at higher rates."

The office of a small money broker who advertises that he will give advances on property and chattels was then visited. The office furniture was of the commonest kind and the floor was uncarpeted. The broker was tilting his chair as he smoked a choice cigar.

"Have you money to loan here?" inquired the visitor.

"Yes, lots of it; how much do you want, my man?"

"Oh, perhaps \$100."

"What security?"

"Nothing but the furniture of my house, which is worth \$600 or \$700. How much will your rate be?"

"Four per cent. in that case."

"Will there be any other charges?"

"There will be a fee of \$10," continued the broker, "but we will add that to the loan if you wish, and charge you interest on it."

"Do you take the interest out of the face of the loan?"

"No, only the first month, unless you desire. We do business here on sounder principles than most of them. We do not want to be too hard on the people."

"How is it that interest is so high when you are so careful about your securities?" inquired the caller.

"Oh, we lose a great deal. At the end of the year our profits are often down to 12 per cent. for the year. Clients often go off in the night—in fact in daytime—with the furniture, and we never see them again. Then if the piano is not paid for we cannot seize it, and the landlord comes first if there is any rent due."

This broker said he had 150 mortgages carrying high interest, and could not attempt to watch all parties. When a seizure is made, he said, the bailiff was instructed not to take the beds or the dishes.

However, he went on to tell of a man who had played a "mean trick" by getting a second loan on his furniture, the lender of the first having been called out of town before he had time to register his mortgage. The second broker registered his first, and the first broker had to buy him out and lost \$100.

"We cleaned that man out to-day," said the lender. "Did not leave him anything, and don't know where they will sleep to-night. If he hadn't done such a mean trick we would have let him down easier."

"Well, are you going?" he remarked, when the visitor was departing. "Don't you want the money? You will find that the others are asking five per cent. a month."—*Nears.*

A SOUL IN THE STATE OF GRACE.

How beautiful is the soul in the state of grace! The Lord one day showed such a soul to St. Catherine. In an ecstasy of delight at its beauty the saint exclaimed: "Lord, if I did not know that there is but one God, I would take this soul to be one also."

Within a pure soul the image of God is reflected, like the sun in the water. Bossuet says "He who were to see a soul in which God reigns would believe to behold God Himself, similarly as we see a second sun in a perfectly clear crystal, in which all its burning rays are reflected."

A pure soul is the admiration of the three Divine Persons. The

Father admires His work: "Behold My creature!" The Son admires the object for which He shed His blood, and the Holy Ghost admires the temple, in which He loves to dwell.

Had we an understanding of what it is to be a child of God, we would not commit any sin; upon earth we would live like angels. To be children of God; O, what an honor! What a delight to possess a heart that, however small, is nevertheless capable of loving God! Within a pure soul the Holy Ghost rests, as in a bed of roses. From a soul in which the Holy Ghost dwells a sweet scent arises, as from a vine when in bloom.

CATHOLICS AND NON-CATHOLICS:—WHO ARE INTELLECTUALLY INFERIOR.

For a long time it has been, and it still is customary with a certain class of Catholics to underrate the intelligence, intellectual vigor and learning of the Catholic population of the United States and the educational efficiency of our Catholic schools, academies and colleges. According to them, in all the respects mentioned Catholics are far behind their non-Catholic fellow citizens, and Catholic educational institutions are behind non-Catholic institutions of the same class. When Protestants make such assertions, these Catholics acknowledge the truth of the assertions, and feebly apologize for the supposed fact, by explaining that the majority of Catholics in this country are poor, and have no proper opportunities to obtain a fair education, nor can they afford to expend money as lavishly upon schools, academies and colleges as can their non-Catholic fellow citizens.

They are aware of, and point with pride to, the fact that from the time the Church emerged from the Catacombs on to a short time ago, Catholics led the way in every form of intellectual progress and development; but they think, or seem to think, that of late years, and particularly in this country, Catholics have fallen behind non-Catholics in this respect.

The ideas of these Catholics with regard to the subject we are considering, are entirely erroneous; and we are glad to see that Dr. John A. Mooney, of New York City, takes this view of the subject, and ably exposes in the July number of the *Catholic World* the false notions of the pessimistic Catholics, to whom we have referred. In a very suggestive and interesting article on "The Catholic Summer School," he says:

"Some Catholic writers have patronized the new movement, because, forsooth, it will help to raise the mean of education up to a standard assumed to be the norm of American education. Not too positively can it be affirmed that these writers are wholly unacquainted with the conditions existing in the United States. The mean of education among Catholics is the norm of American education. The largest body of Christians in the United States, the Catholics, are at the same time, man for man and woman for woman, the *best educated and the most highly instructed body*. (The Italics are ours.) How could it be otherwise? Take our Hierarchy, our secular clergy, our religious men and women, and compare their exceptional learning and training with that of all the ministers of all the sects. Read the debates in assemblies, presbyteries of all sorts, follow the farce of Sunday morning and evening sermons;—education! And with this low standard among the teachers, what must be the level of education among the listeners, the flocks? Imagine a Council of the Catholic Hierarchy, a conference of Catholic priests, wherein defect of truth, defect of reason, defect of scholarship, would mark a man as a typical leader! Picture to yourself a Catholic congregation that would insist on being fed mere husks."

As regards the subject of higher education, Dr. Mooney is equally emphatic and trenchant. He says:

"Coming to the higher education, the average among Catholic laymen is superior to that of all the non-Catholic denominations. We are apt to lose sight of this fact, because the educated Catholic laymen is almost completely shut out from a career that is open to all other men—the career of a college teacher or professor. Yet the educated Catholic laymen is here, active in every other walk, and carrying in his mind a treasury of true principle and fact that men of other creeds have not."

In these statements of Dr. Mooney we entirely concur. They are statements of undeniable facts. The average of *keen intelligence and intellectual development among Catholics is undoubtedly higher than it is among non-Catholics.*

There is a reason for this, an indubitable, unquestionable reason by all who are able to perceive and understand. It is found in the fact that the Catholic religion is in perfect harmony with *Truth*, in whatever form it exists and is presented to the

mind, whether it is exhibited in the natural world or in divine revelation; whether in the material sciences, in mathematics, in history, philosophy, or theology. And this being the fact as regards the Catholic religion, those who happily believe and practise the Catholic religion are placed in the most favorable condition possible for the reception of truth in all its various forms and relations, and for the development of their intellects.

Though not directly and immediately pertinent to the subject we are discussing, yet as not disconnected from it, nor impertinent to it, we cannot abstain from quoting a few more sentences from Dr. Mooney's article, "The Catholic Summer School." He says:

"Representing to-day the highest average of American education, Catholics are about to lift that average higher still. Their love of country, their love of truth, their zeal in the cause of education, prompt them to action. Through the Summer School they hope, they intend, to benefit not themselves only, but all their fellow-citizens as well.

"To-day there is practically, no religion in the United States except the Catholic religion. We do not exaggerate; we state a fact patent to all observing men. The great Protestant religious drama is nearly played out, says the Rev. Alfred Young . . . "The Roman Catholic Church, rich in the reassured inheritance of nineteen centuries, confronts the rising spirit of liberal religion with serenity and confidence disturbed only by contempt," says a liberal religionist whom Father Young quotes. Serenely, confidently, yes; the Church is ever serene and confident, but she is never contemptuous, she is always sympathetic, always charitable. No means will she miss that may save faith, morality, science, civilization to Americans.

"Moved, then, by a high spirit of patriotism and of religion are the founders of the Catholic Summer School; and their ideas are far reaching. In the short time that has elapsed since Mr. Warren E. Mosher took the matter in hand, proofs have accumulated of the speedy development of these ideas. For the representatives of the secular clergy, of the religious communities of men, and of the lay teachers, have united in the interest of higher education; and Right Rev. Dr. Messmer's hopeful words make it seem not improbable that the uncloistered teaching-orders of women may be partners in the good work. Through the establishment of the Summer School, and through the systematized course of the Educational Union, our colleges, and indeed all our educational institutions, will be largely advanced. Their sphere of usefulness will be widely extended. Their professors will have new opportunities for using acquired stores of knowledge which may or may not be useful in the class-room. Our learned men, our specialists, will be known, as they should be, far and wide; known to grown men and women as well as to the youth. Our Catholic teachers in public and private schools will be brought into closer relations with our colleges, and thus we shall at last have that most imperative demand supplied—the demand for a school of Catholic pedagogics."—*Catholic Standard*.

CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS.

Concluded.

COLUMBUS appealed to the Scriptures to support his claim that there was a vast world beyond that mysterious and fearful Atlantic Ocean, which the vulgar imagination had so monstrously peopled. His mission was prophesied in Isaiah: and not only he, but learned and devout ecclesiastics believed with him. His best friends were the priests; Don Diego de Deza, the Dominican, was the truest of all: without them his case would have been hopeless. Ferdinand was skeptical and prudent; it is hardly possible that he doubted the proofs of the existence of the New World; accumulated so laborously while the hair of the seer whitened and his heart sickened, they would have made any reasonable man believe; but he counted the cost too closely; he lacked faith; and then came that splendid scene when the Queen, Portia-like, with a woman's finer instincts getting the better of her, cried out that she would pawn her jewels. It was not the prudent King, but the chivalrous Santangel, who prevented this. Ferdinand was not thinking of glory, or of the fate of unknown souls, or of the recovery of the Holy Sepulchre; he was probably calculating that, if his wife's funds ran low in this undertaking, commendable only in rich princes who could afford to think of souls, she might want to borrow of him.

Columbus believed in God and in himself. He offered to share in the expenses of the expedition; he demanded, as well, to be well paid if he succeeded. He asked much, as he who was sure of himself had a right to do. He would be Admiral of the Ocean and Viceroy of the Indies: he declared that his descendants on whom the task of regaining the Holy Land might fall must be equipped to sustain the

charge. They should not be beggars, while Spain, strong in the fruits of his work, went on without them, to save Palestine. These descendants, of whom he thought with such love and pride, were Don Diego, whose mother was Dona Philippina Muniz Perestrello, and Don Fernando, son of his second wife, the calumniated Beatrix Enriquez de Drana. Don Diego left the world for the cloister; Don Fernando wrote an untrustworthy life of his father, and became his heir; they were both pages, through the kindness of Isabella, to the Infante Don Juan.

Columbus had been so far a Herakles, but a patient Herakles; the Fathers of the Council of Salamanca had listened to him and hurled the testimony of David and St. Augustine and many other great authorities at him, to show that the world must be flat. He met them, devoutly and simply, with counter-texts. He had a better temper and less pride than Galileo, who certainly must have exasperated his wise friend, Cardinal Ballarmino. There was a moment when it seemed as if the Inquisition—not, by any means, murderous to men of science—might be obliged to give Columbus pause in his work of interpreting the Scriptures; but his arguments were too strong, and he was left to follow up his advantage with the court. He had labored twenty-one years to get his world to recognize his idea. It possessed him; it inflamed him; not because he was of that species of scientist who, after having devoted himself for a lifetime to the study of the eye of the beetle, dies regretting that he had not given all his years to the examination of the throat of the humming bird. Columbus no more labored for the love of science than Shakespeare wrote in order to produce the finest blank verse ever written. Science with this great man was a handmaid of religion. Nor are we to believe that the Dominicans and the Franciscans, at least men like Fra Diego Deza and Fra Juan Perez, supported Columbus because they were anxious to prove that the earth was spherical. It made very little difference to the Queen and her confessors. "And they shall come and see My glory," and "I will send them that shall be saved to the Gentiles into the sea; . . . to the islands afar off, to them that have not heard of Me, and have not seen My glory." These texts were more to them than the proving of any scientific theory; for the words of Christ were living and real. There was only one man among them all whose scientific motive almost equalled his zeal for the faith. This was the learned astronomer, Fra Antonio de la Marchena—a different man from Fra Juan Perez de la Marchena, Columbus' later friend—who was the only man who had always been, as Queen Isabella said, of his "way of thinking."

The caravels equipped at Palos were so unseaworthy, judged by the dangers of the Atlantic, that no crew in our time would have trusted in them. The people of Palos disliked this foreigner, Columbus. No man of Palos, except the Pinzona ancient warmers, sympathized with him in his hopes. The populace overrated the dangers of the voyage; the court, fortunately for Columbus, underrated them. The Admiral's own ships and his crew were not such as to inspire confidence. His friends, the friars, had somewhat calmed the popular feeling against the expedition; but ungrateful Palos never approved of it until it had made her famous.

It was faith that saved Columbus. It was faith that made him true to his purpose during those long waiting years—not mere human faith in the things of sight, in those concrete evidences of the strange, unknown world which the billows of the sea had brought but a stranger belief that God, and His Mother, for whom the "Santa Maria" was named, and St. Michael, who had conquered the demon, and St. George who had vanquished worse monsters than those of the Atlantic, were with him for the salvation of souls and the recovery of the Holy Sepulchre. He was a man in a million, an apostle, a prophet, a seer; like Dante, a Christian giant overtopping the world. To understand him we must revise Prescott and Irving with Roselly de Lorgnes and Tarducci. We must divest ourselves of the modern way of looking at things. To the world in which Columbus lived—and there were not too many even then at that spiritual altitude—life was the vestibule of a more glorious life. He raised his hand and touched the wounded hand of Christ, for his Lord was not vague or far from him. To get near to Columbus one must understand something of the mysticism of St. Francis d'Assisi, of St. Theresa, of Dante. Failing this, our modern literary embroiderers strive to add romance to the life of a man who needs no such illegitimate additions by misinterpreting facts and pretending that the gravest and the serenest, the purest and the most religious man of his time openly proclaimed that the mother of his son, Don Fernando, was not his wife. He wanted gold, it is true; and he got it—for Spain. If he had foreseen that this gold was not to make Palestine Christian, but to change the chivalrous Don Quixote to an arrogant and avaricious hidalgo, his caravels would never have set sail from Palos, nor would the most valiant woman of her time have been moved to offer her jewels for the redemption of men and the glory of Castile.

NOTHING SO GOOD.

DEAR SIRS, —I have used Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry in my family for a number of years, and find nothing so good for diarrhoea and sick stomach as it has proved itself to be.

Mrs. D. A. Wilson, Ridley P. O., Ont.

UNANSWERED PRAYERS.

I asked for love, God would not heed my prayer,
I strove for fame, and still He said no nay,
I could not understand His loving care,
That what He did was for my good alway.

And so I murmured at the stern decree,
Rebellous anger swelling in my breast,
He smiled forgiveness as He said to me—
"My child! all that I do is for the best."

And now my heart is cold to Love's sweet voice,
Ambition's flame lies lifeless in my breast,
Nor Love nor Fame can make my heart rejoice,
The only thing I ask of God is Rest.

My prayer is yet unanswered, but I know
That God knows best how much my heart can bear,
When it hath borne the allotted share of woe,
I know that He will hearken to my prayer.

His time and justice I can safely bide,
Knowing He'll not deny me this request,
And all life's longings will be satisfied
In that sweet hour when God shall give me Rest.

—Marie Joussaye.

THE "ENGLISH" CATHOLIC CHURCH.

An English correspondent of the *Irish Catholic*, sends to that paper the following interesting summary of the number of Irish names to be found in the last published list of the clergy of England:

Cardinal Manning once declared that, without the Irish, or persons of Irish descent, there would be no Catholic Church in Great Britain; for parts of Lancashire, parts of Durham, and parts of Northumberland, in England, and districts in Argyll, and the Western Islands of Scotland, are the only regions in which the Faith has lingered, or where the people, like the Irish, withstood persecution and the sword.

All this is already known, but even those proudest of the big battalions of Irish in the Church of Great Britain and British colonies are unable to realize what an overwhelming majority Ireland's sons and daughters—bishops, priests and nuns—are in the community of the faithful in England and Scotland, and the British possessions in four continents. In arranging the following lists, I have taken only those names which are obviously Irish, and have omitted many Smiths and other names, many of the bearers of which are from the Green Island, or descended from Irish parents—certainly very many more than the number of English-born ecclesiastics whom I may have included under names common to both countries.

There are twenty-six archbishops and bishops in Great Britain, and two "English" bishops in *partibus infidelium*, residing in Rome, the Bishop of Liverpool being the Right Rev. Dr. O'Reilly; the Bishop of Middlesborough, the Right Rev. Dr. Lacy, a native of Meath; and the Right Rev. Dr. O'Callaghan is one of the prelates at the Eternal City.

There are ninety six archbishops and bishops in the colonies and dependencies, thirty-one (probably more) of whom are Irish, or of Irish descent; being—Cardinal Moran, Archbishop of Sydney; Dr. Higgins, Assistant Bishop of same place, Dr. Murphy, Archbishop of Hoort, Dr. Carr Archbishop of Melbourne, Dr. Donne, Archbishop of Brisbane, Dr. Reynolds, Archbishop of Adelaide; Dr. Colgan, Archbishop of Madras, Dr. O'Brien, Archbishop of Halifax; Dr. Walsh, Archbishop of Toronto, Dr. Flood, Archbishop of Port of Spain, Dr. O'Byrne, Bishop of Bathurst, Dr. Corbett, Bishop of Sale, Victoria, Dr. Crane, Bishop of Sandhurst, Dr. Dowling, Bishop of Hamilton, Canada, Dr. Doyle, Bishop of Grafton N.S.W., Dr. Gaughran, Vicar-Apostolic, Orange Free State, Dr. Gibney, Bishop of Perth, Australia; Dr. Langan, Bishop of Goulburn, N.S.W.; Dr. Leonard, Vicar-Apostolic, Cape Colony, Dr. Rooney, Coadjutor, same, Dr. Moore, Bishop Ballarat, Dr. Moran, Bishop of Dunedin, N.Z.; Dr. Murray, Bishop of Maitland, Dr. O'Connor, Bishop of Peterborough, Canada, Dr. O'Mahoney, Assistant-Bishop of Toronto, Dr. O'Reilly, Bishop of Port Augusta, South Australia, Dr. Power, Bishop of St. John's Newfoundland, Dr. Rodgers, Bishop of Chatham, N.B.; Dr. MacSweeney, Bishop of St. John's, N.B., and the Most Reverend the Archbishop of South Burma bears the strikingly Burmese name of Joseph Patrick O'Byrne!

But it is when we come to the "English" priests, secular and regular, that we find every Irish county represented, and every Irish clan vying in the conquest of England for God; and it must be remembered that most of the regulars serving in England are absent from amongst the following names, because their religious names are as a rule, only given, and their surnames seldom printed; but, if inquiry were made of the several orders, it would be found that the proportion of Irish friars and monks to their English brethren would be even larger than that of the secular priests to the total number of secular clergy. The seculars and regulars of Great Britain number

two thousand eight hundred and thirty, and of those no fewer than eight hundred and twenty-six are Irish soldiers of the Faith. It is curious, and somewhat amusing, to observe how some clans compute, as it were, for the greatest number of missionaries to the British; and I began to feel a mild excitement myself when marshalling the names as sometimes the Ryans were ahead and sometimes the O'Reillys; and then the same excitement rained, as either Walsh or O'Kelly led; but at the end the Walshes numbered twenty-two, followed by Clan Kelly with twenty, and the Ryans with eighteen representatives in the "British" priesthood.

By Mac and O'
You'll always know
True Irishmen, they say;
And, if they lack
Both O' and Mac,
No Irishmen are they.

This is strictly correct, although so many good Irishmen are without the prefixes, through false modesty in not taking what their forefathers dropped, or were refused; but there is an array of "English" priests with "Mac" and "O'" that does one good to read. Here is the roll: MacArdle—I don't know what "M" means, for, little as "Mc" spells, "M" spells less—MacBrearty, MacCann, MacCoy, MacDermott, MacDonough, MacGahoran, MacGarrity, MacGeough, MacGeo. MacGuinness, MacGuirk, MacCormack, MacKeown, MacLaughlin, MacManus, MacOscar, MacSherry; (one each); MacEvoy, MacCartan, MacCartney, MacCluskey, MacDaniel, MacEnry, (two each); MacCabe, MacMahon, MacNamara, MacSwiney, (three each) MacGrath, MacMullan, (four each); there are five MacKennas; the southern Hy-Nial gives eight MacCartbys, and the northern, in addition to the foregoing, no fewer than ten MacGuires.

The O's number one hundred and forty-four, just double the strength of the Macs, and come as follows;—O'Connor, O'Doherty, O'Dowd, O'Farrell, O'Flynn O'Grady, O'Hagan, O'Kane, O'Keefe, O'Laverty, O'Loughlin, O'Malley, O'Shea, (one each); O'Halloran, O'Shaughnessy, O'Rourke, (two each); O'Carroll, O'Donnell, O'Donoghue, O'Hanlon, O'Leary, O'Toole, (three each); O'Gorman, O'Meara, (four each); there are five O'Riordans, from Cork or Kerry; and from six representatives upwards, there is a race between the O's the O'Callaghans and O'Sullivans tying with seven each, and the O'Hares mustering nine for the good work, the O'Neills ten, O'Briens eleven, O'Byrnes, twelve, and the O'Reillys muster sixteen, only to be ultimately put in second place by the twenty O'Kellys guarding Christ's banner.

I have no means at hand of learning the number of Christian Brothers in Great Britain; but I do know that out of their hundreds there is only one English *confreere*—Brother Augustine, of the college of the order, at Tooting; and five-sixths of the thousands of English speaking nuns are Irish ladies, the Order of Nazareth being almost composed no. only of Irish sisters, but Tipperary sisters to boot.

HE WAS A BRUTE.

WHEN Ismail Pasha, the late Khedive of Egypt, reigned over the historical land, he had in his garden a large cage of African lions. One day, while he was walking in the garden, the keeper, accompanied by a little girl, entered, carrying a basket of meat for the lions. The Khedive walked toward the cage to see the beasts eat. They were hungry, and pounced upon their food with ravenous fury. Standing close by the cage, with her hands resting on the bars, was the little child.

"Why do you permit your daughter to go so near the lions?" the Khedive asked the keeper.

"Oh," replied the keeper, "they are so accustomed to her they would not harm her!"

"Then open the door and put her inside," said the Khedive.

The keeper, with the submissiveness of those who know their lives will pay forfeit if they disobey their ruler, made with his eyes an appeal for mercy. But, seeing none in the Khedive's face, he pressed the little one tenderly, lifted her up, opened the door placed her inside, and, as the door swung to, he turned away his face and groaned. The little one, though she did not stir, seemed not afraid. The lions appeared surprised, and the largest and fiercest rose and walked toward her. The Khedive stood gazing at the scene calmly, with a curious smile. The lion went up to the child, smelled her, looked at her for fully half a minute, then lay down at her feet and beat the floor with his tail. Another lion approached, the first one gave an ominous growl, and the second lion went back. The others crouched low, as if preparing to spring, but they did not. This continued for about five minutes, the big lion never taking his eyes from the girl and ceaselessly lashing the floor. The Khedive by this time was satisfied, and turned to the keeper and commanded him to thrust a live lamb into the cage through another door. The keeper quickly caught a straying lamb and obeyed. As he did so, every lion sprang upon the lamb.

"Take out the child!" the Khedive commanded; and scarcely had the words escaped him before the keeper, who had already run to that end of the cage, jerked open the door, snatched the little one out, and clasped her in his arms. The Khedive laughed, tossed the keeper a coin, and walked on.

THE RIGHT OF WAY.

Mr. Edward Bolton had purchased himself a farm, and taken possession thereof. Once, while examining the premises, before deciding to buy, he had observed a light wagon moving along on the extreme south edge of the tract of land included in the farm, but it had occasioned no remark. It was late in the afternoon when he arrived with his family at their new home. On the morning that followed, while Mr. Bolton stood conversing with a farm hand who had been on the place under the former owner, he observed the same vehicle passing across the portion of his land referred to.

"Whose wagon is that, Ben?" he asked, in the tone of a man who felt that another had trespassed upon his rights.

"It is Mr. Halpin's," was replied.

"Halpin, who owns the next farm?"

"Yes, sir."

"He takes a liberty with my premises that I would not like to take with his," said Mr. Bolton, who was annoyed by the circumstance. "And there he is himself, as I live! riding along over my ground as coolly as if it belonged to him. Verily, some men have the impudence of Old Nick himself!"

"They always go by that road," replied Ben; at least, it has been so ever since I worked on the farm. I think I once heard Mr. Jenkins, from whom you bought, tell somebody, that Mr. Halpin's farm had the right of way across this one.

"The right of way across my farm!" exclaimed Mr. Bolton, with strongly-marked surprise. "We'll see about that! Come! go with me I want to take a look at that part of my forty acres."

And Mr. Bolton strode off, accompanied by Ben, to take more particular note of the extreme south edge of his beautiful tract of land. The shape of this tract was somewhat in the form of a triangle, with the apex at the southern boundary, near the verge of which ran a stream of water. Beyond this stream was a narrow strip of ground, some thirty feet wide, bounded by the fence enclosing the land belonging to another owner; its length was not more than two hundred feet. It was along this strip of ground that Mr. Bolton had noticed the wagon of Mr. Halpin pass. The gate opening upon his premises was at one end, and now, for the first time, he discovered that there was a gate at the other end, opening from his farm to that of Mr. Halpin, while the ground was cut up with numerous wheel tracks.

"Upon my word this is all very fine!" said Mr. Bolton, "The right of way across my farm! we'll see about that! Ben, do you get four good rails and put them firmly into the gate posts on Mr. Halpin's side. Throw the gate over into his field."

Ben looked confounded at this order.

"Do you understand me?" said Mr. Bolton.

"Yes, sir; but"—

"But what?"

"There's no other way for Mr. Halpin's folks to get to the public road."

"That's none of my business: they've no right to make a public highway of these premises. You heard what I said?"

"Yes, sir."

"Then let it be done."

"Obey orders, if you break owners," muttered Ben, as Mr. Bolton turned and marched away with long and hasty strides. "But if there isn't a nice tea-party somewhere about these diggings before to-morrow morning, my name isn't Ben Johnson."

Before reaching his house, Mr. Bolton's excitement had cooled a trifle, and it came into his mind that possibly he might have acted a little hastily; but the order had been given to cut off the right of way and he was not the man to 'make back-tracks' in anything.

"Do you see that Edward?" said Mrs. Bolton as her husband entered the house, pointing to a table on which stood a picture of sweet cream and two pounds of fresh butter. Mrs. Halpin sent these over, with her compliments this morning; isn't it kind in her?"

Mrs. Bolton's countenance was glowing with pleasure.

"I always heard that she was a neighborly good woman," added Mrs. Bolton.

"I don't think much of her husband," returned Mr. Bolton, coldly, as he passed from the room after pausing there for only a moment. He could not look at the lumps of golden butter and the pitcher of cream without feeling rebuked, and so he got away as quickly as possible.

"Have you done as I directed?" said Mr. Bolton, with knit brows, on meeting Ben sometime afterwards, returning from the part of the farm where he had left him.

"Yes sir," was the answer of Ben.

"What did you do with the gate?"

"I threw it into the field, as you told me."

"You didn't break it?"

"No, sir."

"Very well."

"There'll be trouble, Mr. Bolton," said Ben.

"How do you know?"

"Mr. Halpin's a very determined man."

"So am I," replied Mr. Bolton.

"Mr. Dix says the right of way belongs to Mr. Halpin, and no mistake."

"When did he say so?"

"Just now. He came down from his house when he saw me at work, and asked what I was doing; and when I told him, he said you were wrong, and would only get yourself into trouble that Mr. Halpin's farm had the right of way through yours."

"Toll Mr. Dix when you see him again, not to meddle in my affairs," replied Mr. Bolton. "I am entirely competent to manage them myself; I want no assistance."

As Mr. Bolton turned from Ben, on uttering this speech, he saw Mr. Dix, who owned another farm adjoining his, approaching the place where he stood.

"I want none of his interference," muttered Bolton to himself. Then forcing a smile into his face, he met his neighbor with a pleasant greeting.

"You will excuse me," said Mr. Dix, after a few words had passed between them, for a liberty I am about to take. I saw your man, a little while ago, closing up the gate that opens from your farm into Mr. Halpin's."

"Well!" Mr. Bolton's brows contracted heavily.

"Are you aware that his farm has the right of way through yours?"

"No, sir."

"Such, however, let me assure you, is the case. Mr. Halpin has no other avenue to the public road."

"That's his misfortune; but it gives him no license to trespass on my property."

"It is not a trespass, Mr. Bolton. He only uses a right purchased when he bought his farm, and one that he can and will sustain in the courts against you."

"Let him go to court then. I bought this farm for my own use, not as a highway; no such qualification is embraced in the deed. The land is mine, and no one shall trespass upon it."

"But, Mr. Bolton," calmly replied the other, "in purchasing, you secured an outlet to the public road."

"Certainly I did; but not through your farm, nor that of any one else."

"Halpin was not so fortunate," said Mr. Dix. "In buying his farm, he had to take it with a guaranteed right of way across this one. There was no other outlet."

"It was not a guarantee against my ownership," doggedly replied Mr. Bolton.

"Pardon me for saying that in this you are in error," returned the other. "Originally both farms were in one; that was subsequently sold with a right of way across this."

"There is no such concession in the deed I hold," said Bolton.

"If you will take the trouble to make an examination in the clerk's office in the county court, you'll find it to be as I state."

"I don't care anything about how it was originally," returned Bolton, with the headiness of passionate men when excited. "I look only to how it is now. This is my farm; I bought it with no such concessions, and will not yield it unless by compulsion. I wouldn't be the owner of a piece of land that another man had the right to enter."

"That little strip of ground," said Mr. Dix, "which is of but trifling value, might be fenced off as a road. This would take away all necessity for entering your ground."

"What!" said Bolton, indignantly; "vacate the property I have bought and paid for? I am not quite so generous as that. If Mr. Halpin must have a right of way, let him obtain his right by purchase. I'll sell him a strip from off the south side of my farm, wide enough for a road, if that will suit him; but he shall not use one inch of my property as a common thoroughfare."

Mr. Dix still tried to argue the matter with Bolton, but the latter had permitted himself to get angry, and angry men are generally deaf as an adder to the voice of reason. So the neighbor, who called in the hope of turning the new occupant of the farm from his purpose, and thus saving trouble to both himself and Mr. Halpin, retired without effecting what he wished to accomplish.

It would be doing injustice to the feelings of Mr. Bolton to say, that he did not feel some emotions of regret for his precipitate action. But, having assumed so decided a position in the matter, he could not think of retracing a step that he had taken. Hasty and positive men are generally weak-minded, and this weakness usually shows itself in a pride of consistency. If they say a thing, they will persevere in doing it, right or wrong, for fear that others may think them vacillating, or, what they are, weak-minded. Just such a man was Mr. Bolton.

"I've said it, and I'll do it!" That was one of his favorite expressions. And he repeated it to himself, now, to drive off the repentant feelings that came into his mind.

At dinner-time, when Mr. Bolton sat down to the table, he found, placed just before him, a print of the golden butter sent to his wife on that very morning by Mrs. Halpin. The sight annoyed and reproved him. He felt that he had been hasty, unneighborly, and it might be unjust, for, as little gleams of reflection came breaking in one after another upon his mind, he saw that a right of way for Mr. Halpin was indispensable, and that if his deed gave it to him, it was a right of which he could not deprive him without acting unjustly.

Passion and false reasonings would, it is true, quickly darken his mind again. But they had, in turn, to give place to more correct views and feelings.

'Just try some of that butter. It is delicious!' said Mrs. Bolton, soon after they were seated at the table.

'I don't care about butter at dinner-time,' replied Mr. Bolton, coldly.

'But just try some of this. I want you to taste it,' urged his wife. 'It's flavor is delightful. I must go over and see Mrs. Halpin's dairy.'

To satisfy his wife, Mr. Bolton took some of the butter on his plate. He would rather have thrown it out of the window.

'Now try it on a piece of bread,' said Mrs. Bolton. 'I declare! You act as if you were afraid of the butter. What's the matter with you?'

(To be Continued.)

AN EPITOME OF CANADIAN HISTORY.

His Honor Lieutenant-Governor Kirkpatrick included the following in his Niagara address at the celebration of Ontario's centennial as a province:

During the French regime in Canada the white population was scattered over a wide area, and located in places suitable for the prosecution of trade rather than the practice of agriculture.

West of Montreal the chief settlements were at Cataragui (now Kingston), Niagara, Detroit, Michillimackinac, and on the Ohio, Illinois and Mississippi rivers.

The nucleus of each settlement was a fort, which served to protect the French traders and their families alike against Indian savages and English rivals.

The whole region above referred to was known under the name of "Canada," while the French territory to the south of the Ohio and west of the Mississippi was called "Louisiana."

During the period from 1757 to 1763 the "Seven Years' War" raged in different parts of the world—Europe, India, the West Indies and the greater part of what is now the United States and Canada east of the Mississippi, involving Great Britain and France in a final struggle for supremacy in North America.

In 1759, the last year of George II., Quebec surrendered to Admiral Saunders and General Townsend, and in the same year Fort Niagara was taken by Sir William Johnston. In 1760 the first year of George III., Montreal surrendered to General Amherst, and it was expressly stipulated in the articles of capitulation that the settlements of Detroit and Michillimackinac should be included in the surrender.

In 1763, by the Treaty of Paris, the whole of Canada was formally ceded by France to Great Britain. The territory covered by this cession was never accurately defined, but it included undoubtedly the whole of the region north of the Ohio and east of the Mississippi, besides the great valley of the St. Lawrence.

Later in the same year, 1763, George III. by royal proclamation created the "Government of Quebec," with an area and boundaries almost coincident with those of the Province of Quebec to-day. In 1764 General Murray was by Royal Commission appointed the first civil Governor of the new "colony."

In 1774 the Quebec Act, passed by the British Parliament, enlarged the Province of Quebec by including in it all the territory ceded under the Treaty of Paris, 1763. Besides the existing Provinces of Quebec and Ontario it comprised the States of Ohio, Illinois, Indiana, Michigan, Wisconsin and part of Minnesota.

By the Treaty of Paris, 1763, all these States were separated from Quebec, which was confined to the north bank of the St. Lawrence westward of the intersection of the 45th parallel of latitude, and were included in the United States of America, the independence of which was by the same Treaty fully acknowledged.

The Quebec Act of 1774 created a Legislative Council made up of members appointed by the Crown "to ordain regulations for the future welfare and good government of the Province." By 1791 the influence of English-speaking settlers from the neighboring self-governing States had made apparent the unsuitability of this legislative machinery, and in that year the Constitutional Act was passed by the British Parliament, creating a Legislative Assembly and Council for each of the two Provinces of Upper and Lower Canada, into which Quebec was about to be divided by order of the King-in-Council.

On the 24th of August, 1791, two such orders were passed. The former fixed the line of division between Upper and Lower Canada as it is to-day between Ontario and Quebec, and as it has been throughout the whole of the century; the latter or-

dered the issue of a warrant authorising the Governor of Québec to fix a day for the Act to go into operation.

Lieutenant-Governor Alured Clarke, in the absence of the Governor, Lord Dorchester, proclaimed the 26th of December, 1791, as the day when the division of Quebec into Upper and Lower Canada should take effect. Mr. Clarke was appointed the first Lieutenant-Governor of Lower Canada, and on the 7th of May, 1892, he issued at Quebec, the proclamation dividing that Province into electoral districts for its first Parliament.

Col. John Graves Simcoe was appointed the first Lieutenant-Governor of Upper Canada. At Kingston, on the 16th of July, 1792, the centennial anniversary of which we have met this day to commemorate, he issued the proclamation dividing the new province into electoral districts for the election of the first Parliament of Upper Canada.

The first Parliament met here at Niagara, then Newark, on the 17th of September, but it has been deemed expedient to commemorate the issue of the proclamation rather than the assembling of the Parliament, because the former day may fairly be regarded as, from a constitutional point of view, the more fundamental event of the two.

MUST PAY FOR THE FAIR.

The chances for an approbation by the Government in aid of the World's Fair look very slim. It has practically been determined by the Chicago managers of the Fair that they cannot accept the five million dollar loan, coupled with the Sunday closing and general liquor prohibition clauses that have been added by the Senate. The Chicago papers will advocate the rejection of the proposed loan should it be agreed to by the House, as it will be if agreed to at all. Without open Sundays and liquor selling more money would be lost to the Fair managers than the amount of the loan, and it has therefore been practically decided that Chicago must pay for its Fair and not depend on the Government.

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THE PROVINCE OF QUEBEC LOTTERY.

The Capital Prize \$15,000 Won By A Poor Girl.

The Capital prize \$15,000.00 4th of May Drawing, "Province of Quebec Lottery" was won by Miss May Donovan, 113 Dufresne Street, Montreal.

Dame Fortune was not blind for once. This fortune could not have fallen into better hands.

Miss Donovan belongs to a poor but highly respectable family. The father, now dead, was one of the good parishioners of Reverend J. J. Salmon, parish priest of St. Mary's, Craig Street, who takes pleasure in recalling the merits of this good man.

The mother left a widow, dependent mostly for a living on her daughter's daily labor. She, bestowing on her mother all the care that her feeble resources permitted and very often she wished to be able to do more. It was for this end that she deprived herself in order to buy a lottery ticket, not however without adding a fervent prayer. Her hopes were not in vain as we may see.

She presented herself this morning at the Lottery's Office accompanied by her mother and Reverend Father Salmon.

The prize was paid her at once as the two following certificates may show.

THE PROVINCE OF QUEBEC LOTTERY.

CERTIFICATE of the board of **MONTRÉAL, 6th May, 1892**
Ticket No. 18458
\$15,000.00
DRAWING OF MAY 4TH, 1892.

I the undersigned do hereby certify that on presentation of my ticket No. 18458 which drew the first capital prize \$15,000.00 at the Drawing of May 4th instant of the Province of Quebec Lottery, I have at once been paid.

Witnesses (signed) **MARY DONOVAN,**
113 Dufresne St., Montreal.

CERTIFICATE OF REVEREND J. S. SALMON.

I the undersigned, Cure, of St. Mary's Church, Craig Street, Montreal, do hereby certify that the above prize has been paid this day in my presence to Miss Mary Donovan.

Witnesses (signed) **JOHN J. SALMON,**
P. P. St. Mary's
"LA PRESSE," Montreal, 6th May, 1892.

The Province of Quebec Lottery

AUTHORIZED BY THE LEGISLATURE
For public purposes such as Educational Establishment and large Hall for the St. John Baptist Society of Montreal.

BI-MONTHLY DRAWINGS FOR THE YEAR 1892

7 and 20 January, 3 and 17 February, 2 and 16 March, 6 and 20 April, 4 and 18 May, 1 and 15 June, 6 and 20 July, 3 and 17 August, 7 and 21 September, 5 and 19 October, 2 and 16 November, 7 and 21 December.

3134 PRIZES
WORTH \$52,740.00
CAPITAL PRIZE
WORTH \$15,000.00
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LIST OF PRIZES.

1	Prize worth \$15,000	\$15,000
1	" "	5,000
1	" "	2,500
1	" "	1,250
2	Prizes "	500
5	" "	250
25	" "	50
100	" "	25
200	" "	15
500	" "	10
Approximation Prices.		
100	" "	2,500
100	" "	1,500
100	" "	1,000
999	" "	4,955
999	" "	4,995

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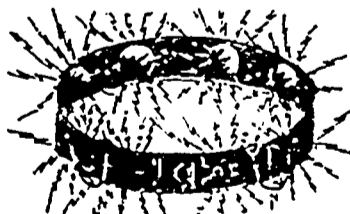
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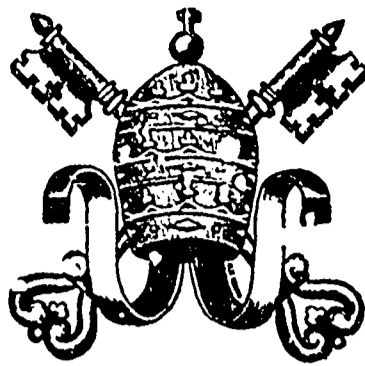


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	CLOSE.	DUE.
G. T. R. East	a.m. p.m. 7.15 7.35	a.m. p.m. 7.45 10.30
O. and Q. Railway	8.00 8.00	8.10 9.10
G. T. R. West	7.25 8.25	12.40 7.40
N. and N. W.	7.20 4.10	10.00 8.10
T. G. and B.	6.50 4.30	10.45 8.50
Midland	7.00 3.35	12.30 9.30
C. V. R.	6.30 4.00	11.15 9.55
G. W. R.	a.m. p.m. 12.10 8.00	a.m. p.m. 2.00 7.50
	6.45 4.00	10.30 8.20
	10.00	
U. S. N. Y.	6.45 12.10	8.00 5.45
	4.00 10.30	11.00
U. S. West States	10.00	
	6.45 10.00	9.00 7.20
	12.00	

English mails close on Monday and Thursdays at 4 and 10 p.m. and on Saturdays at 7 p.m. The following are the dates of English mails for May: 2, 3, 5, 7, 9, 12, 14, 16, 19, 21, 23, 25, 28, 30.
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