

Technical and Bibliographic Notes / Notes techniques et bibliographiques

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

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

Coloured covers/
Couverture de couleur

Covers damaged/
Couverture endommagée

Covers restored and/or laminated/
Couverture restaurée et/ou pelliculée

Cover title missing/
Le titre de couverture manque

Coloured maps/
Cartes géographiques en couleur

Coloured ink (i.e. other than blue or black)/
Encre de couleur (i.e. autre que bleue ou noire)

Coloured plates and/or illustrations/
Planches et/ou illustrations en couleur

Bound with other material/
Relié avec d'autres documents

Tight binding may cause shadows or distortion along interior margin/
La reliure serrée peut causer de l'ombre ou de la distorsion le long de la marge intérieure

Blank leaves added during restoration may appear within the text. Whenever possible, these have been omitted from filming/
Il se peut que certaines pages blanches ajoutées lors d'une restauration apparaissent dans le texte, mais, lorsque cela était possible, ces pages n'ont pas été filmées.

Coloured pages/
Pages de couleur

Pages damaged/
Pages endommagées

Pages restored and/or laminated/
Pages restaurées et/ou pelliculées

Pages discoloured, stained or foxed/
Pages décolorées, tachetées ou piquées

Pages detached/
Pages détachées

Showthrough/
Transparence

Quality of print varies/
Qualité inégale de l'impression

Continuous pagination/
Pagination continue

Includes index(es)/
Comprend un (des) index

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

Title page of issue/
Page de titre de la livraison

Caption of issue/
Titre de départ de la livraison

Masthead/
Générique (périodiques) de la livraison

Additional comments: /
Commentaires supplémentaires:

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

10X	14X	18X	22X	26X	30X
<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input checked="" type="checkbox"/>
12X	16X	20X	24X	28X	32X

The Catholic Weekly Review.

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

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

Vol. IV

Toronto, Saturday, May 10, 1890.

No. 14

CONTENTS.

NOTES.....	197
THE DISAPPEARANCE OF JOHN LONGWORTHY.....	M. F. Egan 198
WHEN WE WRIBE BOYS.....	Cross 199
MR. DAVIN'S SPEECH.....	202
THE SOGGARTH AROON.....	206
EDITORIAL DIFFICULTIES.....	Bro. varius 207
EDITORIAL—	
The Jesuit Debate.....	201
Mr. Davin's Speech.....	201
The Minister of Justice Explanations.....	201
Clericalism in Elections.....	205
Ministerial Intimidation.....	205
Judge Rose on Religious Agitations.....	205
The League Differences.....	206
General Catholic News.....	208
Men and Things.....	208

Meredith proposes for these schools, would end their usefulness.

THE REVIEW, has never before permitted itself to offer any opinion regarding the merits or demerits of any political party. A partisan word has never yet appeared in its pages. And so far as party politics enter into the present contest we are in no wise concerned with it. Did no other element enter into the elections we should regard it as a question of the *Ins* and the *Outs*, as simply, a choice between Codlin and Short. For that reason though THE REVIEW opposes Mr. Meredith, as under the circumstances it would be an abandonment of its duty not to do, it is no partisan of Mr. Mowat's. The Catholic minority never received from his Government more than their bare rights; and to these it was entitled. But the programme of Mr. Meredith, it is undeniable, is a direct assault upon the minority's rights of conscience and of citizenship, and as such, we believe, it will be resisted.

It is perhaps a fortunate thing not alone for the minority in Ontario but for the unity of the country, that it lies not within the power of Mr. Meredith or any set of men returned to the Provincial Legislature, to disturb constitutional guarantees. The Fathers of Confederation were wise when they removed these safeguards beyond range of small-bore politicians. It is not to be feared that Mr. Meredith will ever accomplish his purpose, but it is not to be concealed that the attempt is certain to produce deplorable consequences.

THE *Weekly Register* reviewing the question of the final effects of the increasing prevalency of the divorce evil in America, arrives at this conclusion: "Here, then, are the Seylla and Charybdis of modern American society. The Mormon view will, for the present, go to the wall, simply because it gives the greater shock to the moral sense. It is the more directly and obviously pagan of the two. But the public good sense will by degrees 'assert itself,' by realizing that between these two godless systems there is only a difference of degree. The public conscience, meanwhile, may awake to the fact that one organization exists on earth, which equally denounces either; upholding the law of God, whatever may be the social or political consequences involved, and consulting alike the moral dignity of Christian man and woman, and the sanctity, the peace and happiness of Christian family life."

Notes.

THE Provincial elections are announced to take place in Ontario on the 5th of June, and already both parties in the contest are fairly well advanced in the work of electoral organization. THE REVIEW has waited, before putting forward any opinion in regard to the contest, until Mr. Meredith had held the opening meeting of his campaign in Toronto, in order to learn from his later and more responsible utterances, the lines upon which the approaching elections were to be fought out, and whether there was to be any departure from the policy, any abandonment of the purposes, which he announced as those of himself and his colleagues in the speech delivered at London a few months ago. Mr. Meredith's speech in this city on Tuesday, however, gave no reason to hope that there will be now any abandonment of the programme formulated—whether by accident or design—just at that juncture of affairs when the fanaticism and bad feeling, springing from the agitation against Separate Schools and the teaching of the French language, had attained its highest pitch—or lowest pitch—in Ontario. The leader of the Opposition has adopted, so far as we can judge, in its entirety the Equal Rights programme; he has declared himself as wholly opposed to the principle, or the continuance, of the Separate Schools in the Province; and his pledges if they amount to anything,—and we have no reason to believe that Mr. Meredith's pledges are not made in earnest—commit him to the securing, if by any legislative representations it be possible, the abolition of the Separate School system, and, till such abolition can be secured, to a system of state supervision and interference as will, so far as Catholic interest in these schools is concerned, practically end their utility, and the chief reason for being that belongs to them at present. We may as well say that we have no doubt whatever that one year of such management as Mr.

THE DISAPPEARANCE OF JOHN LONGWORTHY.

M. P. ROAN IN AVE MARIA.

"O Nellie," cried Rose, twisting her head uneasily. "I wish you'd give me the umbrella!"

Nellie did not seem to think that there was anything singular in this request. She pulled a neutral-tinted, flabby umbrella from under Rose's couch and raised it, firmly inserting the handle among the stuffing of the head of the lounge.

Esther watched this proceeding with a surprise she could not conceal. Just then she felt the thud of a drop of rain on her bonnet, and in an instant afterward she was obliged to wipe another from her forehead. The drops began to fall at intervals on various parts of Rose's shelter, as the sound of the rain on the roof rose from a pattering to what seemed like a deluge.

"Maggie and I always put up the umbrella when it rains at night," Rose explained very coolly. "She sleeps upon the floor beside me; she lets me have the couch because I have not been well of late."

My sister sent me here to be of use if I could," Esther said, turning to Nellie. "Where is her mother?"

"Garroting, of course," answered Nellie, with exasperation; but she saw Esther did not understand, she added, by way of explanation: "She's out among the neighbors, as she almost always is, talking and doing nothing else. The children are at work, and the old man—"

Here Nellie paused, and out of regard for Rose's feelings, closed her hand and carried it to her lips as if she were drinking.

Esther felt a great pity, an aching pity fill her heart. A quick knock, followed by a quicker footstep, was heard. Nellie called out, "Come in!" and Bastien entered. He paused on the threshold of the room, and the scene might well surprise him. Esther nodded her head slightly; then, moved by a sudden impulse, coming from her feeling of powerlessness and her indignation, she said bitterly, pointing to the fast-dampening umbrella:

"And these are the people you wanted to reform by means of high-class music and aesthetics!"

Bastien's eye fell before the flash in hers. He was not guilty of causing the squalor around him, and yet for a moment he felt as if he were.

XIV.—*The Use of the Poker.*

Esther could not offer Bastien a chair, for the only available one was occupied by the catables she had brought,—the other chair and the table being covered with piles of washed and unwashed clothes.

As Esther looked at Bastien, after she had made her abrupt speech, she felt a touch of compunction. Instead of retorting, as Miles would have done, he made no reply. There was no sarcastic twinkle in his eyes now; he looked around the room, and seemed abashed by its aspect. But the speech which had humbled the representative of arrogant Man aroused the indignation of the eternal Feminine.

"I'd like you to understand, Miss Galligan," Nellie Mulligan said, in an effort to show that Esther's trim coat and collar gave her no superiority, "that we are not savages here, if we do live in a tenement house. It's not long since your own father and mother lived in one."

Esther looked at her calmly.

"And if they lived in one now I should not be ashamed of it or of them; but they and I should be ashamed of such carelessness and heartlessness as are evident in this place. My father and mother might be here still if they had followed the example of most of the people around them."

"Nobody here asked you for broken victuals!" exclaimed Nellie, with a gesture toward the benches on the chair.

"No," said Esther, gently; "but I am glad my sister sent them to this starving child."

"O Nellie," Rose cried out from her couch, "don't scold! Somebody's always scolding here. I wish I had a piece of steak. You might cook it for me!"

Rose had not yet seen Bastien, and she was too anxious to escape the scolding to pay much attention to anything but that fear and her hunger.

Nellie was red with indignation. The thought of her slovenly gown and her curl papers, of the intrusion of Mr. Bastien, of Esther Galligan's apparent superiority, made her willing to grasp at any opportunity for reprisal. And Esther's look, which she interpreted as seconding Rose's request, she took as an additional cause for anger.

"No, thank you, Rose!" she said. "I'm not a cook. My mother never lets me do that sort of thing. When I want to live out and become a hired girl, I'll go into training for it."

She delivered this at Esther with a toss of her head.

Bastien felt very uncomfortable. He had heard that a little child was sick in The Anchor, and, anxious to find out whether Fitzgerald was right in his theories or not, he had made his way thither.

"I'm in the way," he said, hesitatingly. "Can I be of any use?"

"No," replied Esther, still determined to punish the selfishness of the male sex,—“not unless you can broil this steak. I was on my way to the rehearsal when I came in here, and I hope you'll excuse me until I help the young lady to make the poor child more comfortable. But allow me to say, Mr. Bastien, that, if I were you, I'd spend my money in keeping the rain from falling on beds of sickness like this, rather than in paying for Wagner and Liszt's music for the people."

Bastien could only bow and retire. After he had gone, Esther reflected that there was something pleasant about the man, after all. She went to the stove, and, taking off her gloves, prepared to brighten the hopeless-looking fire. Nellie watched her, with exaggerated contempt on her features, and she broke into a sarcastic laugh when Esther asked if she would tell her where the gridiron was.

"There's a frying-pan, ma'am. Nobody ever heard of using such a thing in this country, though I've heard the old saying, 'Lend me the loan of a gridiron.'"

Esther was placid under this. She built her fire artistically, and, after using, to Rose's secret horror, nearly a bucketful of coals, succeeded in making a glowing bed. Having found a plate, which she warmed, to Nellie's manifest amusement, she put the meat on the coals, and in a few minutes had it done to her own satisfaction.

Rose watched this in open-eyed wonder. Her heart sank. Surely Miss Galligan's sister was spoiling good meat! But when she was made to sit up, and the knife and fork were put into her hand and she had begun to eat somewhat timidly, she felt that Miss Galligan's sister knew what she was about. Nevertheless, the coals used in the process lay heavy on the poor child's heart. Perhaps Esther guessed this. She had seen Bastien lay something on the table. She looked for it, and found that it was a ten-dollar bill. She put this into Rose's hand, as she said:

"Now, I'll make you some hot lemonade."

A soft colour had come into the little girl's face. The food had done her good, and Esther forced her to take a few grapes. She looked wistfully at Nellie and the roses.

"O Nellie," she said, "do be friends with Miss Galligan's sister!"

"That's all right," answered Nellie, stiffly; "I'm friendly enough."

A step was heard on the stair,—an uncertain, trembling step. Rose caught the sound, and her eyes took a frightened look.

"Go!—go!" she cried, excitedly. "Oh, go! It's father coming!"

Esther looked at the child in astonishment. "Father coming" and such fear! Nellie got up, hardly less frightened than Rose.

"Oh, I wish mother was here!" moaned Rose. "When he has the fits on she can hold him. Nobody else can. And it makes him so mad to come home and find nothing ready to eat. Take this money, Miss Galligan, or he'll spend it—"

Just as Rose was about to make the transfer of the note to Esther an elderly man entered. Nellie whispered:

"Come, let's go. He's crazy when he is drunk—which is almost always. He'll kill you if you sass him or make him angry. But now that he has seen that money, he'll take it from the child and go off to drink it."

"No, he shall not," answered Esther. "And I will not leave that poor child alone with such a brute."

"You *must* come!" said Nellie, in genuine alarm. She could stay no longer; she rushed past the man, and her footsteps were heard rapidly descending the stairs.

Rose lay, white and speechless, under the umbrella. Her father had been a handsome man. His eyes were heavily browsed, clear, intelligent, in spite of their restlessness. His face was ruddy and his figure still strong, though bent. He wore a battered Derby hat, and a long, threadbare frock-coat, which did not hide a pair of patched brown trousers, and big, wrinkled and worn-out boots.

Esther eyed him calmly. She took the frying-pan from its nail and put the larger portion of the steak into it; then she put the poker between the bars of the grate. Esther knew this type of man much better than she knew Bastien. He was a common type, constantly coming within her observation.

"Who are you?" demanded Rose's father, in a husky voice.

"It's Miss Gulligan's sister!" cried Rose, shrilly, thrusting aside the umbrella. "She has been kind to me, father."

"Nobody has any business being kind to my children but myself," he answered. "Your mother's out, of course,—curse her!—she's always out. Here I've been looking for work since seven o'clock this morning. I went out with nothing to eat, and I come home to find nothing to eat. Curse her! It's her that's driven me to drink. Nothing to eat!" he continued, fiercely.

Esther saw that he had been drinking.

"There is something to eat," she said. "I'll give you this beefsteak in a moment. Take one of the chairs and wait. Or talk to Rose,—poor child!—she's been sick."

The man had caught sight of the bill in Rose's hand. Esther saw what he meant in his eyes. She pulled the poker out of the fire with her left hand, and with the right snatched the money before he could touch it.

"Sit down here," she said, in an earnest tone, "and eat your dinner." And she thrust the bill inside her cuff.

He made a spring toward her; she raised the poker, which was red-hot half way up. He looked at her and it, and sat down on the pile of clothes covering the nearest chair. Changing the poker from her left to her right hand, she emptied the frying-pan into a second plate. Rose jumped up with her knife and fork, which she timidly placed on the table, having pushed away some of the clothes and made a clear space. Esther, as she afterward expressed it, "toyed with the poker"; and John O'Connor, for the first time in his life, obeyed without a struggle. He plied the knife and fork vigorously.

"This money is for bread," Esther said. "I will go out to buy some now—I will spend it all,—and if you make any fuss until I come back, I'll have you put in jail."

"Oh, don't, father,—don't!" cried Rose. "She's one of them that mean what they say."

"Sure I believe she does," John O'Connor said, as he finished the remnant of the beefsteak, and took out his pipe. "And don't you go and aggravate her when she comes back; she's a terror, if there ever was one! She doesn't yelp and scream like your mother when I'm a little off; your mother would never have thought of a red-hot poker," he added, contemptuously. "We'll see what she brings back."

Esther met Bastien and Nellie Mulligan hurrying upstairs. Bastien's lips were closed tight and he looked anxious.

"Miss Mulligan has been frightening me," he said. "I expected to find that the brute had killed you. How did you subdue him?"

Esther smiled. "Oh, he was only a *man*, after all! I hummed a bar of Wagner," she answered, showing the poker.

"I call that *ladylike*!" murmured Nellie, who, now that all danger was past, looked on Esther with her usual disapprobation.

Bastien undertook to send a supply of groceries to the O'Connors; and Esther, just a little nervous, went on with the rehearsal of her music in the crimson and gold hall, whose roof did not leak, and where weary little children did not suffer from cold and hunger, while their mothers drank beer with the neighbor.

Bastien heard Esther's story of the scene in the O'Connor's room with interest.

"But what conclusion shall I draw from it all?" he asked.

"This," Esther answered. "That the law should be so enforced that the landlords of tenements should be obliged to

keep them in decent repair. And this: that half the drunkenness of the men is due to the neglect of home duties by their wives. You can't help the latter, though; the wives have acquired shiftless habits; they have been brought up in them or taught them thoroughly. The only hope is in the children."

Bastien sighed. Where were the theorists now?

"The priest I met yesterday told me the same thing. Where are the theorists now?"

Esther thanked him for giving her the roll of music. He would have liked to ask her to let him accompany her part of the way homeward, to continue the discussion; but Arthur Fitzgerald came up, and she went away with him.

(To be continued.)

MR. WM. O'BRIEN'S NOVEL: "WHEN WE WERE BOYS."

A READING of the first eight or ten chapters of Mr. O'Brien's novel, which is now published in book form, led us to say of it in a hurried comment in our last number, that it was the work of an Irishman of genius and of imagination. That opinion a more leisurely reading enables us to reaffirm. It is the work of a poet, and of a Celt, answering, too, the highest test of any Irish writing, in that it is instinct and racy of the soil. Mr. O'Brien's novel is something more than a mere work of fiction; it is a powerful political novel, as remarkable as, and even more lavishly brilliant than "Coningsby," "The Young Duke" or the "Two Nations" which Disraeli gave to an earlier generation. The *Daily News* says of Mr. O'Brien's work that it is not primarily a novel, but "a series of dramatic scenes, written with wonderful vivacity, humour and grasp of character in which the author has presented to us the pick of the observation and experience of a life time. The scenes illustrate the old relations of Ireland and England, and, by the implication of many a generous and trusting word, suggests the new ones." It concludes a careful and critical review by saying that "the book will help to draw two nations together by inspiring them with a common sympathy, in laughter and tears." Another English paper, the *Manchester Guardian* says of it that "the style is characteristic of the author; while as regards the general character of the work, its frankness and fairness are unimpeachable, and its picture of the whole agrarian question of the past thirty years, truthful and highly impressive." One of the purposes of his novel, Mr. O'Brien himself explains is to illustrate the new relations of Ireland and America, "the transformation which the progress of American democratic ideas has brought about in Irish society."

The story takes us back to the days of the Fenian conspiracy. The hero of the tale, Ken Rohan, was intended for the Church, but finding himself without a true vocation, he is drawn, along with a college companion, Jack Harold, a boy of Franco-Irish parentage, (and a wonderful bit of character drawing) into the revolutionary movement of "the forties." These two are "the boys" of the title, and with the portrayal of the fortunes—or rather the misfortunes—of these youths during that eventful period of Irish history, the pages of the book are chiefly occupied. Unlike the hero of the average story, however, Rohan comes to no glorious or romantic end. The movement fails, the leaders are arrested, there is the usual Irish trial scene—which receives from Mr. O'Brien powerful and intensely dramatic treatment—and the sentence is death. Afterwards it is commuted to life servitude, and the curtain falls on "the hero in the hulks," outward bound on a convict ship on "a greasy, wintry dawn, on the river below Dublin." In his handling of the story Mr. O'Brien touches with an artist's, and a master's hand, landlordism, journalism, collegiate and Parliamentary training, and the most interesting phases of Irish life. His book from end to end is altogether delightful. His pages are aglow with life, and incident, and action, and as

the *Daily News* says very truly, "there is enough in it for six stories."

Of the charm of Mr. O'Brien's literary style; the humour betimes kindly, and betimes unsparingly cynical; the imagery; the eloquence; the wealth and exuberance of poetic expression; the power of portraiture; the faculty of keenly analytical creativeness, which are the accessories and the evidences of the author's art, which bring his work within the limits of greatness, and give to it the mark and the imprint of genius—of these we could not adequately speak, nor, within the limits at our disposal, adequately illustrate. One or two passages only, from the opening chapters, are we able to give; but the reading of even these, we are convinced, will give the reader not only a glimpse of the glowing colours which Mr. O'Brien works into his canvass, but a glimpse of the gentle sympathetic nature, the heart-felt eloquence, and the superb mental gifts which are the endowments of the man. They will help the reader to understand how strong is that hold which Mr. O'Brien has won in so many English and Irish hearts; and they will serve to make clear with what good reason, a keen English critic, Mr. Henry Lucy, lately described Mr. O'Brien as one of the only three orators in the truest sense, to be found within the House of Commons.

For our first example, we have not need to go beyond the opening chapter—the description of young Rohan's leave taking, and the picture of the old town as it appeared to him on the morning that saw him set out for college:

"The bridge and the town clock, and the tatterdemalion cabins in the suburbs flew past him like so many old friends reproachfully casting him off. He had never experienced such a pang of lonesomeness before in leaving the trampy old town behind him. He was more astonished still, when they had cleared the last wreaths of peat-smoke, to observe what a really noble place Drumshaughlin was—or, rather, not Drumshaughlin itself, which lay crawling like a tattered mendicant at the feet of Lord Drumshaughlin's haughty-looking castle; but its environment—what mountains, the misty fastnesses, and glimpses of an untamed sea! He knew and loved every glen and cliff of them, having a healthy heart for all beautiful things; but it was only now, when he was leaving them, that he quite realized that this roar of the mighty waves was music, and that the hills he used to shoot over and course hares over were clad in colours like so many Oriental kings. If you should not be able to find Drumshaughlin on the map, you will have to take it from me that Drumshaughlin is the capital of the ancient principality of Berra—that bold peninsula which forms the northern walls of Bantry Bay and shoots its great ramparts undilutely out into the jaws of the Atlantic Ocean. The principality was the scene of the last stubborn stand of the Southern Irish during the Elizabethan Wars, and seemed to have been swept bare up to the bald peaks of the mountains by those blasts of conquest under which castles, shrines, and woods had withered away below. A mining-shaft sunk here and there, with its reddish flow of copper following the gash, looking as though the conqueror had endeavoured to uproot the very mountains. There they stood, however, the chain of storm-beaten warrior peaks that extend for the whole length of the principality from Glengariff to the ocean—gleaming with the same grand organ-voices of the winds and waves as on the day when Carew's and Raleigh's cannon-shots first affrighted them; and the green valleys are as green as ever over the graves of the two races, and the withered woods have sprouted again, and the beaten claus have established themselves throughout the bare hills once more, even as the heather has managed to coax sustenance out of their stony hearts."

It is on this journey that we get sight of one of Mr. O'Brien's most winning characters, pacing the churchyard, Father Phil O'Sullivan, "the silver-headed, golden-hearted old curate, the oldest old curate who was ever assumed into Heaven without a parish:"

"Ken's eyes followed the old priest wistfully into the vestry, where he went to robe for Mass. Through the open doors he could see the little acolyte, a strange acolyte, sitting about the altar, the wax-lights burning with such a tranquil faith, and the sparse old worshippers bowed in the shadowy corners like

spirits in a sweet Purgatory who could see the *isplendor della vita luce eterna* already glimmering in the distance; and he longed, if only once more, to throw on his scarlet soutane, and serve Father Phil's Mass as in the old days, and scamper home in time for a breakfast of fragrant tea and divinely-browned toast at the Mill."

At the railway station there is one scene, a common enough one too, in Ireland in those days, which Mr. O'Brien puts before us with a pathetic touch:

"A party of emigrants and their friends were waiting in each others arms on the platform. At every southern and western railway station in those days you could hear that wild heart breaking ullogone of the Irish Rachel weeping for her children and refusing to be comforted."

The good-humoured cynicism of the author exhibits itself in his account of the projecting of the Garrindimny and Great Western Railway:

"That wildly romantic being, the British Shareholder, was the author of the Garrindimny and Great Western Railway. The Bill, as it passed Standing Orders, was an epic poem lit by glimpses of a Glengariff picture country sighing to be shed into building lots, lively with the siren songs of innumerable shoals of mackerel willing to do all but swim ashore to be cooked, and tragic here and there with the stern groan of some copper or barytes mine sick with desire to yield up its treasure to the first comer.

The epic caught the soft heart of the British public like the poems of Mr. Robert Montgomery. The railway like the poet, however, met its remorseless Macaulay. Before the line could get within a dozen Irish miles of Glengariff, its painted paradises, copper ores, or little fishes, the Company was in a state of liquidation in a dingy mausoleum up four pair of stone stairs in King St., Westminster. The first canto ended with the seizure of the first passenger train (including the Board of Directors, and the materials of the champagne luncheon) by the Sheriff under a writ of *fi fa* on foot of certain transactions with a contractor who had no music in his soul."

Mr. O'Brien treats the reader to another touch of rare humour in the course of his description of Clonard, for which place young Rohan was destined, and where, on the breast of a hill overtopping the crumbling old Clonard of the Penal Days, had arisen a new town of virgin limestone—the new Cathedral, the new college, the new Convent, the new Orphanage, the new Presbytery, all of a cluster—"as if it had been let down from heaven in a single night:"

"This resurrection of a faith that seemed to be trampled into the dust ages ago as utterly as the Franciscan's kitchen-fire, was a source of incredible pride to a generation whose grandfathers took to the hills for worship as for an insurrection, and whose great grandfathers deserved to be hanged for the capital offence of going to school. "Like the fabled bird of the Orient," Mr. Matt Murrin, of the *Banner*, used to write, on speech-day at St. Fergal's, where he annually beamed on the proceedings in a cloudy eye-glass that required perpetual furbishing, and a silk hat that seemed to have spent a long life in endeavouring to get properly polished, and where Mrs. Murrin's vigorous performances during the *dejeuner*, and Mat's flowery toast of "The President" after it, were amongst the most valued traditions of the place—"like the fabled bird of the Orient, temple and cloister and educational establishment have sprung, godlike, and, so to say, full-fledged, from the ashes of our fathers' shrines, radiant with the immortal juvenility of our faith and race, crowning the historic hill of Clonard as with a dazzling limestone tiara, and reflecting the utmost credit upon our enterprising townsmen, Messrs. Houlihan and Daggs, the contractors, to whose courteous and hospitable foreman, Mr. MacDermody, our representative takes this opportunity of expressing his indebtedness for much interesting information and some slight, though graceful, hospitalities." Indeed, to look up at those astonishing masses of shapely masonry, and then down over the poor little out-at-elbows town out of whose loins they had all arisen, the most whirling young *Zeitgeist* who decrees that the commission of Christianity was exhausted centuries ago in building churches for the Encyclopedists and Mental Physiologists to tumble down, might well bow his head as reverently as

Mat Murrin before an authentic miracle of living faith. One peculiarity of all this headlong rush into stone-and-mortar was that nothing was quite finished. The Cathedral wanted a spire, and was waiting complacently until the next generation should build it, like a clergyman out under a shower of rain without his hat; there was room for another wing to the College in the architect's designs; old Mother Rosalie, of the Calvary Convent, objected totally to die until her old eyes should see an altar and reredos of Sicilian marble gleaming in the Convent Chapel; the priests' house was only roofed in for the winter until funds should come in to floor and plaster the top story; but on the work went all the same, with funds or without them. Your Irish banker never refuses to honour *post obit* drafts upon the piety of posterity, and your Irish church-builder never fears to draw them.

"And why should they?" observed Myles Rohan, singing the praises of the various goms in the limestone tiara as he and his son rattled up to the Colledge gate on a jaunting-car. "If they passed a resolution to rebuild Solomon's Temple in this furnished country, cedar, gold, and all, they'd manage to get the roof on by hook or crook, my hand to you, and start a Bazaar to defray the price of the precious stones."

There is another passage,—that describing the homesickness of young Rohan on his first night in college,—than which in beauty and graphic fidelity, nothing finer, we make bold to think, will be found in the pages of Dickens or Scott, or of any of the great masters of English fiction:

"How much of boyish home-sickness, I wonder, comes from a wounded heart, and how much from a mere sense of vacancy?—some little want that is no longer satisfied, some *facio* missed at the accustomed hour, some toys broken and the new ones not yet arrived! Ken Rohan had as honest a heart as beat under any little blue-and-white counterpane in that long dormitory, yet it must be allowed that in the life, bustle, and novelty of his first day from home he took an almost criminal delight, and that it was not until all these were shut off with the gaslight, leaving nothing but emptiness and strangeness around him, that he found out how bitter a thing is that first plunge from the glowing fireside which had lighted up our childish hearts into the chilly outer world, whose winds howl in the chimney-top, and whose mysterious voices whisper at the casement out of the darkness. Then, indeed, when he was cuddled up in his blankets, luxuriating in the warmth of an extra pair, which his mother, to his disgust, had insisted upon stowing away at the bottom of his trunk, and which the young rascal now discovered to be a by no means superfluous item of luggage (the Doctor's *calorifer* notwithstanding)—then, you may be sure, the four little oaken partition-walls of his cell dilated into the likeness of his own special snugger at Greenane, its snowy little cot with the strawberry-flowered curtains, its print of Sassoferato's Madonna looking down on his slumbers with those eyes of almost earthly unspeakable love and beauty; his books, sketches and fishing tackle tumbled about; old Snipe dreaming placidly away with his nose on the hearth-rug; a rose tree peeping in at the window; the apple blossoms of the little orchard waving underneath (for, to the feverish dreamer, it is always summer). He could hear the old mill wheel mumbling its eternal rounds, like an ancient litany; hear the thrush singing blithely out of the neighboring glen; hear the carters' shouts as the flour bags bumped merrily down the shoot from the lofts; hear his father's lusty orders and great hearty laugh. Here comes Miss Katie, of the timid blue-grey eyes, and the sunny hair, and the warbling voice, bright as an escaped sunbeam; and who should be that sweet, pale, ever so little delicate face which bends over his bedside now, the tenderest, noblest, best in the world, her soul welling up to her eyes with such a yearning, anxious love—whose, indeed? is there so desolate a wretch in all the deserts of existence as not to guess? And when he put out his arms to clasp his mother's neck, and found that he had been asleep, and saw nothing but the cold moonlight shining into the dormitory, and heard nothing except his young neighbour snoring the snore of the just—there were bitter tears upon his pillow, which were the less shameful that Ken Rohan did not remember crying downright until that day, ever since he heard the men with the heavy boots carrying away his baby sister in her little satined coffin when he was quite a chit.

Old stuff; the schoolboy dreams?—old as the schoolboys' selves who have dreamt and fought their fight, and grown gray, and sickened, and died, generations of them—old as the sun which used to gild their playground, and shines now upon their graves."

That Mr. Wm. O'Brien should entertain himself during a term of chastening imprisonment, inflicted upon him for the crime of holding different views upon what is good for Ireland from Mr. Balfour, in writing a book which has set everybody talking, and which the high priest of criticism pronounced to be one of the most remarkable contributions to the literature of the generation, will come, it is to be presumed, to the *bourgeois* British Tory as an additional affliction. The "port-wine colonels,"—those amusing old gentleman who are spending their lives in damning Mr. Gladstone and drawing their half-penny—will see in it the certainty that "the country is going to the dogs. Sir!" Some of them perhaps will pull down their window blinds and remain in bed for a day or two in the extremity of their dismay. But to men whose best faculties are not paralysed, who can admire courage and steadfastness of principle even though they may not be able to appreciate genius, — to such men Mr. O'Brien's latest achievement—the evidence of a sustaining power of the heart and of the mind which adversity and imprisonment were able in no wise to diminish; the revelation of literary powers and an order of imagination as rare as they are brilliant, and which not all the rush of newspapers and political strife has been able to kill out, will bring nothing but a feeling of genuine pride and of pleasure.

CROM.

"THEY ALSO SERVE WHO ONLY STAND AND WAIT."

"The fields are whitening 'neath the ripening grain,
I long to toil among the reapers there;
What full-ripe sheaves I'll gather ere the rain,
To prove my gratitude for God's dear care."

Thus saying, resolute and proud I stood
Amid the ever-hurrying, busy throng,
Waiting to see, in somewhat anxious mood,
The Lord and Master as He came along.

He came, and pressing through the eager throng
I stood beside Him near the open gate;
"Master, what shall I do? My soul is strong,"
He turned and softly said: "Here stand and wait."

The hot blood to my brow and temples flew,
I struggled fiercely with my hapless fate
"Ah, Master, have you naught for me to do?"
"Yes," he replied at once, "here stand and wait."

He passed along, and through the weary hours
I stood with restless hands and aching heart;
I would not even pluck the fragrant flowers
Beneath my feet, as thus I stood apart.

Again He passed, and in my grief I said:
"I'd rather die than only stand and wait."
One look of sad rebuke—no word He said,
But let me weeping by the open gate.

The weary, weary hours come and pass,
I watch the reapers cut the ripened grain,
I see their heavy sheathe, and sigh: "Alas,
That I can only wrestle with my pain."

The night draws near—I see Him once again.
"Oh! Master, see, 'tis growing dark and late;
I have no sheaves." His sweet voice soothes my pain:
"They serve me best who patient stand and wait."

So patiently I strive to stand and wait
Through all the glories of the coming years;
Wait till His hand shall lead me through the gate
And change to smiles my tears.

MR. DAVIN'S SPEECH.

THE following is the *Hansard's* report of Mr. Davin's speech in the House of Commons on Wednesday last:

I do not intend to occupy the time of the House at any length, but there is an aspect of this question to which, with great diffidence, I would claim the attention of hon. members. The hon. member for North Norfolk has given us a reason why he has once again wantonly thrown this apple of discord into the House, and his reason is the taunts of people outside these doors. Why is it to be supposed, for one moment, that any hon. member, in the exercise of his duties in this House, is to listen to every *gobe mouche* outside these doors, and direct his course according to what any gabbler may say at any street corner. In considering this resolution, I hold it is impossible to take the view of the hon. member for West Durham, that it is a very innocuous resolution which hardly amounts to a censure on the Government. He seemed to think that it was a very mild affair, but to my mind, looking at the wording of the resolution, there is over it the taint of hypocrisy, and, if my hon. friend the member for North Norfolk (Mr. Charlton) did not fail to carry on his brow the stamp of ingenuousness, I could not fail to conclude that he also was tainted with hypocrisy. He tells us that the reason why he brought forward this resolution is the dissatisfaction which has been excited in the public mind. Who has excited the dissatisfaction in the public mind, and in what manner has it been excited? It is a bad thing to have the public mind excited, especially if it is excited on the basis of senseless passions, but it is still worse when the stimulants applied to the public mind are ignorant and perhaps malicious. I will call the attention of the House for a moment to the position taken by the hon. member for North Norfolk (Mr. Charlton). He appeared before us to-day as a historian. He quoted a pamphlet written by Mr. Hughes, and asked us why were the Jesuits expelled from France in 1801, from Naples in 1810, from Belgium in 1818, from Russia in 1820, from Spain in 1826, from France in 1815, from Bavaria in 1818, from Naples in 1818, from the Papal States in 1848, from the Austrian Empire in 1818, from Galicia in 1818, from Sicily in 1818, from Paraguay in 1848, from the Italian States in 1859, and from Sicily in 1860. Nothing is more instructive than to bring the illumination of history to bear on the events of the present time. I remember that Lord Bolingbroke says that if a man desires to be a fruitful statesman, he should give his days and nights to the study of history. The great Arnold of Rugby says that a man who aspires to guide his nation in her counsels should be a careful student of history; and, reading the other day some statements in regard to Bismarck—that great man; one of the greatest men who ever appeared on the stage of time—I read that his favourite study was history. Thus we need not be surprised that an hon. gentleman who aspires to guide the destinies of the State, who aspires to put his hand upon the rudder, and, perhaps, to guide the Ship of State like my hon. friend (Mr. Charlton), appears also in the light of an historian. But those great men, my Lord Bolingbroke and Arnold, say that the way to make history useful is to find out the crises in history which would correspond with the crises in your own country, and that you must note the measures which were successful at a given time and under given circumstances, and, if the circumstances in your own country are alike, you have a lesson by which to be guided. But how does the hon. gentleman deal out history to us? He flings barren dates to us. I might ask him a few questions about his dates. Does he know—and I will pause for a reply—does he know the circumstances existing in any one of these countries from which the Jesuits were expelled? I will ask the attention of the hon. member for North Norfolk (Mr. Charlton), if he can tear himself away from the dulcet tones of the hon. member for North Victoria (Mr. Barron). He has mentioned to us the cases of about a dozen countries whence the Jesuits were expelled. Does he know the conditions under which they were expelled? Does he know whether, where there was an insurrection, it was the insurrectionary Government or the Government which the people rose against that expelled them? Has he examined the question? Does he know anything about it? I have no objection to sit down

for a moment if the hon. member will tell us the circumstances.

MR. CHARLTON. Will the hon. gentleman be kind enough to explain to us the circumstances under which they were expelled? I venture to say that the hon. gentleman knows nothing about the matter himself.

MR. DAVIN. That would not be any answer. I did not bring forward these cases. I may be a very ignorant person, and I would be willing to learn from a superior man such as my hon. friend; but I will go over the circumstances, and I will say that it is very extraordinary that, in many of these cases set out in this pamphlet—for I have seen this precious pamphlet before—the Jesuits were expelled for meddling with such tyrants as have rarely existed in the human race.

MR. CHARLTON. What particular cases?

MR. DAVIN. I think the hon. gentleman might keep quiet after he has declined to give the House the information I ask for, but I will go over the cases referred to by him for his information and, with the sufferance of the House, it may not be uninteresting. He says the Jesuits were expelled from France in 1801. By whom were they expelled? Does the hon. gentleman know? They were expelled by Napoleon, who had destroyed the liberties of France and who was at that time the Apollyon of Europe. A year before Napoleon had wantonly declared war against England, and, if the Jesuits were his enemies and were expelled by him, with whom were they associated? They were associated with some of the best men the world ever saw; they were associated with the Connaught Rangers who came from the North of Ireland, from which I come, they were associated with the sons and the fathers of Orangemen who went into battle to the tune of "Protestant Boys." So, if the Jesuits were expelled from France, they were in company with those whom my hon. friend, in his zeal for Protestantism, in his desire to destroy everything that is not in accord with his own narrow cult, has associated himself with, and therefore he should not be angry with the Jesuits. In 1810 the Jesuits were expelled from Naples. Does the hon. gentleman know who expelled the Jesuits from Naples? They were expelled by an usurper. They were expelled by Murat, and it was very natural, if they were Neapolitans, that they, and many others with them, should show themselves hostile to the Government and for reasons which, if the hon. gentleman enquired into he might approve. But who was on the throne at that time? It was Ferdinand, a tyrant so base and so cruel that even misfortunes could not soften his disposition. Does the hon. gentleman know, in his zeal against the Jesuits, that he is drawing himself shoulder to shoulder with King Bomba? I think henceforth we must call him the King Bomba of this House.

SIR JOHN A. MACDONALD. The King Bombast.

MR. DAVIN. The hon. gentleman shows us that he has an epic knowledge of history, and therefore he must be aware that the state of the people in the prisons of Naples at that time wring tears from all Europe. In that very year he butchered his own people in the streets of Naples, and he made of that city, surrounded by all that is beautiful in sky, and sea and air, to use the language of a historian of Italy—he made it a very earthly hell by his crimes against liberty and toleration, aye, and against Protestants as well as Jesuits. In 1820, who ruled in Russia?—because in 1820 the Jesuits were expelled from Russia. I think they must have done something dreadfully wrong. Had Alexander I. good reasons for sending the nobles and burghers into exile in Siberia? If the Jesuits were expelled in 1820 from Russia, they were expelled in the company of the noblest men that ever Russia produced. Then the hon. gentleman comes to Spain, in 1826. My hon. friend's soul is stirred that the Jesuits were expelled from Spain in 1826. The fact that they were expelled proves, of course, that Ferdinand VII. had good reason to expel them. They must have done something very wrong. The despotism of Ferdinand VII. became a by-word. Liberals were executed for the profession of Liberalism, so that my hon. friend, if he had been there—he is a large-souled Liberal, though I sometimes think when I hear him argue, that I could find a very small hazel nut in which his soul would find infinite room to wobble. The Bible was proscribed by Ferdinand VII.—my hon. friend professes to love the

Bible--so that if the Jesuits were proscribed they were proscribed with the Bible. To read it was dangerous, to preach it was death, and the Jesuits were happy in being expelled and not slaughtered. Then take the Papal States. It is a curious thing, it shows what charming inconsistencies there are in human nature--the fact that the Papal States expelled the Jesuits seems a terrible thing against the Jesuits, although the bare mention of the Pope in this Bill was done in a way which has often led me to say to Orangemen who have spoken to me about it, that if Mercier had entrapped me into the position in which he has entrapped the Pope in this Bill, I would have excommunicated him for all time to come, because he has got the Pope into this Bill not even with the dignity of an arbiter, he is brought in as a mere seal, to secure Mr. Mercier against any afterclap, and in effect to enable him to carry his Bill. My hon. friend sees red at the sight of the word "Pope." Pope disagrees with him. I notice that he is not at best a very ruddy gentleman, but if the word "Pope" is frequently mentioned in this House I notice that greener pallor spreads across that brow.

MR. LAND RINK. There is one over your brow now.

MR. DAVIS. There is no pallor across your brow. Your face is red by nature, not unassisted by art. In 1818 there was an insurrection, and the Pope fled. The Jesuits did not like this. What sort of men would they be if they did not like it? They are members of his church. Do you suppose they would be worthy the name of men at all if they did not feel disappointed, and angry, and ready to be aggressive, because the Pope had to fly? That they were expelled would not necessarily imply much discredit on their part. Then as to the Austrian Empire in 1818. In March of that year there was an insurrection in Vienna, and, if I remember rightly, in Milan, in Venice and Sardinia. In the summer the Emperor fled to Innsbruck, and the Archduke John took charge. Will the hon. gentleman tell me now, whether the Jesuits were expelled by the Government of the Empire, or by the Archduke John, or by the insurrectionary Government that was ultimately put up? Because, Sir, if the hon. gentleman has come here to-day and taken from a pamphlet these dates and hung them down on the Table and asked men who are representing Canada to draw the ignorant inference that he drew from them, that because the Jesuits were expelled by these tyrannical Governments they must have done something terribly wrong--if he has done that he is not worthy of attention at any future time in this Parliament. Now, he speaks of Galicia. In 1818, the Jesuits were expelled from Galicia. Now, I have a right to know which Galicia. Will the hon. gentleman tell me which Galicia? He is like one of the dumb dogs of Jupiter that cannot bark. There is a Galicia in Spain, and there is a Galicia in Poland. We will suppose, because it is much more likely, that he means Galicia in Poland. Who expelled them? There was only one power that could expell them, in 1818, from Poland, and that was the most tyrannical emperor that ever sat on the throne of St. Petersburg, the tyrant Nicholas. I wish he had not borne that name. In Sardinia, in 1818, again they were expelled. Now, why were they expelled from Sardinia in 1818? They might not have been very undesirable guests, but where is the analogy between their condition and ours? That was a critical time for Sardinia. Cavour, one of the greatest journalists and statesmen of Europe, had just started the *Livral* newspaper. The King had just granted a constitution and definitely espoused the cause of Italian regeneration against Austria, and that great work was commenced which, some years afterwards, was to receive a glorious consummation, when, with the sword for his talisman and liberty for his spell-word, Garibaldi was to chase, by the mere magic of his name, everything that darkened the prospects of Italy. Now, what analogy was there between that revolutionary state of things and a constitutional country such as ours, with liberty safe-guarded, such a country, I believe, for freedom as does not exist anywhere else in the world? What analogy is there between disturbed states like those, and a country like this? Yet the hon. gentleman comes here and flings down his barren dates. Now, in 1860, again, Garibaldi expelled the Jesuits from Sicily, and why did he expel them? He had made himself dictator, he defeated the royal troops at Calatufimi, he stormed Palermo, he won Melazzo, gave Italy a new constitution, and in such a state of things the

expulsion of the Jesuits may have been a necessity. It might be necessary under certain circumstances, even to expel the Knights of Labor; it might be necessary to expel any body of men in certain critical circumstances of the state, who were likely to menace the object that statesmen, having charge of it, have in view. But what an analogy can there be between such a state of things and the state of things in Canada? Now, we were laughing a moment ago, but I think it is a great crime for a man occupying the high position of member of Parliament to go through the country and, without ever enquiring into the circumstances in which these expulsions took place, to hold up to ignorant mobs, ignorant multitudes and ignorant men good hearted men, noble men in their way, but still not having sufficient time to test these things--he goes and reads out that they were expelled here, they were expelled there, they were expelled elsewhere, and he leads people to infer that they are a danger to every state, whereas in most cases they were expelled by despotic governments. We know very well that in the history of the world there have been men who would exercise tyrannical power themselves, but would not allow any one else to be tyrannical to the people; and the Jesuits, as the history of Europe shows, have frequently interfered on the side of popular liberty against the tyrannical conduct of tyrannical men. There are cases in which the Jesuits have been expelled for no other reason than protesting to the King against the number of his mistresses. So the hon. gentleman (Mr. Charlton), I suppose, does not mean to deceive the people, but I say that he is guilty of a very great crime and very great misdemeanor.

I have no doubt that Mr. Mercier will find this a good bargain for the Province, and I have no doubt that the payment of that \$400,000 will be found very advantageous to take away that cloud which rested on the Province. As I used to say to some persons who discussed this question with me, in my part of the country: Suppose you had 160 acres of valuable land, and that there was a squatter on it, and the squatter thought he had some rights, although he really might have none, but he could give you some trouble, you give him \$50 to get him out quietly. They always understood that argument at once. I have not spoken to a single man in this way, Orangeman or other, who did not feel that the manner in which the gentlemen on the other side have presented this question throughout the country was deceptive and misleading, and I will say that it seems to me almost wicked. One of the reasons for which the hon. gentleman condemns the Jesuits is, that they being professed ecclesiastics aim at some political power. Why, Sir, the hon. gentleman himself stands self-convicted of the most sinister features that are rightly or wrongly attributed to the Jesuit body. He makes in this Parliament a speech which will be scattered broadcast throughout the country, and which is capable of arousing the passions of the people. For what purpose does he do so? It is for the purpose of gaining political influence, for the purpose of gaining power, and to swell his own importance. What is that, Sir, but playing a Jesuitical part, because so far as my reading goes, I have never found a single case in history, where in so barefaced a manner, men openly declared that they were playing a part for an unworthy end, and not even assuming the appearance of virtue, whether they had it or not. Now, Mr. Speaker, the hon. member for North Norfolk (Mr. Charlton) referred in his speech to "Him whose Kingdom was not of this world." I believe, Sir, the hon. gentleman is a professed follower of Him whose Kingdom was not of this world. I believe he is a professed follower of Him who has left us teachings which so far as my reading goes--and it runs in a sort of way I suppose, over six or seven literatures--there is nothing, in this wide world, that has been written from the birth of time, to compare with these writings. And what, Sir, is the cardinal doctrine of it all? It is charity; love to your neighbor, pity for mankind, kindness, making people love each other, and you loving your brother. That is the doctrine which runs through the teachings of Him whose Kingdom was not of this world. But here is a gentleman who makes professions which I would not presume to make, and yet, Sir, though he makes these professions, I would cut my right hand off, before I would take part in an agitation as he has done, so calculated to set man against man, and to raise up among our people, malignant, malicious, foolish, damaging and dangerous passions.

The Catholic Weekly Review.

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

Commended by

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

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

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

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

The late Archbishop Lynch.

The late Rt. Rev. Bishop Carbery of Hamilton.

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

And by the leading clergy of the Dominion

Published by

The Catholic Review Publishing Company, (Limited)

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

A. C. MACDONELL, Managing Director

PH. DEGRUCHY, Business Manager

Terms: \$2.00 per annum, payable strictly in advance. Advertisements unexceptionable in character and limited in number, will be taken at the rate of \$2 per line per annum (cents per line for ordinary insertions). Other 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 Business Manager.

TORONTO, SATURDAY, MAY 10, 1890.

MR. CHARLTON AGAIN.

We referred briefly in our last issue to the renewed debate upon the Jesuits Estates legislation which was forced upon the House on Wednesday last by the wanton and mischievous action of Mr. Charlton. This week we reprint from the *Hansard* the scholarly and forcible speech of Mr. Davin, which seems to have been addressed directly to Mr. Charlton, and which, all in all, was perhaps the most effective and practical speech yet delivered in the House on the Jesuit question. Unfortunately, we cannot hope—and it is greatly to be regretted—that Mr. Davin's speech will do anything like the full measure of good that ought properly to attend it; and for the excellent reason that it will not be given sufficient publicity. It is one of the chief claims of the secular press to the gratitude of the Catholic public—which finds it so much more to be preferred, and so much more worthy of their support than their own publications—that it does not offensively intrude upon the sensitive, not to say prejudiced, Protestant mind, anything likely to disabuse non-Catholics of their bigotries and their prejudices, but with very admirable foresight takes precious good care to suppress it. Not one in one hundred of this Review's readers had any knowledge, we make bold to say, of the delivery of a speech of the importance of the one which we print this week, and for the reason that it was dismissed by the newspapers, in a half-dozen sentences.

The speech of the Minister of Justice, who followed Mr. Charlton in the late debate, was clear and unmistakable in regard to two important points which have been urged in season and out of season against the late legislation. It used to be supposed that people nowadays were ashamed of the old Penal regulations against Catholics, but Mr. Charlton, if we may judge is a man who yields to no such effeminate sensitiveness. That gentleman quoted from a Penal enactment of George IV, which decrees that any Jesuit found within the United Kingdom shall be convicted and "banished for the term of his natural life"—from the Kingdom,—an enactment which he argued was not obsolete, but still on the statute books. Another of Mr. Charlton's contentions was that

the reply returned by the Governor General to the Equal Rights delegates who waited upon him in Quebec, was a reply prompted by the Minister of Justice. With regard to both points, Sir John Thompson was clear and explicit. Respecting this statute (10 George IV) the Minister said:

"I shall be glad to allow the hon. gentleman to interrupt me to answer, if he thinks it convenient to do so, in what respect that statute had the slightest reference to the position of the Jesuits in Canada. . . . I must assume that the hon. gentleman led, and intended to lead, the House to believe that this statute not being very ancient legislation, governed the whole subject, pronounced penalties against any Jesuit in the Empire, and he is not aware at this moment . . . that that statute has no more force in this country than it has in the United States, and that it never applied to this country. The hon. gentleman must have been misled by the words "the realm," supposing these words are equivalent to "the Empire," and does not know . . . that the statute was confined to the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland; and that the words "the realm" cover the United Kingdom alone and do not even cover the Channel Islands."

With respect to the other contention the Minister said: "I cannot claim credit for having inspired the reply of the Governor General notwithstanding the fact that the hon. gentleman has attributed that honour to me. I have no desire to avoid any share of responsibility which falls upon me with respect to it, but in justice to him whom I have to advise, and in fairness to those with whom I am associated, and in answer to the calumnies which have been circulated throughout the country for twelve months upon that subject, I will now say that I prepared that memorandum and submitted it to His Excellency before he left Ottawa, before he went to the city of Quebec, before His Excellency was requested to receive the delegates, and before he knew that they were coming to wait upon him. I never exchanged a word in writing or speech with His Excellency on the subject, and I did not know what reply His Excellency was going to make, or what reply he had made until I read it in the newspapers afterwards."

The finishing blow, however, was given Mr. Charlton by Mr. Blake. It will be remembered that the former gentleman informed the House that there were not twenty men in it who were competent to decide upon the constitutional subtleties of the question—which is, perhaps, the reason why Mr. Charlton has occupied so much of the time of Parliament in expounding it. "After this frank statement," said Mr. Blake, "perhaps not wholly complimentary to this Chamber, I came to the conclusion that it would be of very little use to argue this question, and to this other conclusion, I must admit, that my hon. friend was not one of the twenty."

It is probable that the present session of Parliament will be prolonged well on to the end of May. There remain to be disposed of a number of important government measures among others Mr. Chapleau's Labour Bureau Bill which will naturally come in for some discussion. Besides these there are the discussions certain to arise upon the Bremner Middleton case, and the finding of the committee upon the charges against Mr. Rykert.

But the great stumbling block in the way of prorogation is the bill respecting the Western Territories which it is not improbable may lead to the bitterest debate of the session; for not only will Mr. D'Alton McCarthy propose to give the territorial assembly power to deal with the educational system of the west—which may bring up the whole separate school

question—but he has threatened again to renew the dual language discussion by moving to strike out the clause embodying the compromise adopted by the House. It need surprise no one, therefore, if the session end as it began, with a discussion that can breed nothing but acrimony and bad passion, and can bring nothing but disaster to the peace and best interests of the Dominion.

CLERICALISM IN POLITICS.

THE *Mail* bases an editorial in a recent number on the case of a priest in the archdiocese of Montreal against whom the complaint has been lodged that he instructed an elector how to vote in a municipal contest. It makes a strong plea against clerical terrorism, and contends that the freedom of citizens of all creeds to exercise the franchise fearlessly must be entire and unrestrained. We find no fault with the principle involved, which is a wholesome and necessary one, but we have some reason to complain that the *Mail* has no word of rebuke for those of its own clerical friends nearer home, who are daily outraging it, but goes so far afield as Quebec to fix upon an accidental case of misconduct—if the case in point be one of misconduct—in a Catholic priest. The *Mail* can scarcely be unaware of the unseemly part which so many clergymen at the moment are playing in provincial politics; of the ministerial participation, for example, in the late election at Ottawa; and of the conversion accomplished under its eyes, of so many pulpits into political rostrums. During the Debate in Parliament last week, to which we refer elsewhere, Mr. Casey, M. P., took occasion to refer to a side of this subject which the *Mail* has not yet taken notice of, as follows:

"I cannot proceed without expressing on this first opportunity I have had to do so before the House, my total disapprobation, and reprobation in fact, of the manner in which what is called the Equal Rights agitation has been carried on throughout Ontario. I would not be speaking honestly or conscientiously if I did not do so. I have not the slightest sympathy with the statements made by the promoters of this agitation in regard to our Catholic fellow-citizens whether they be of French or English-speaking nationality. I would not have it supposed for a moment that I believe this country is suffering under ecclesiastical tyranny or that there is any real reason for imagining that the Roman Catholic Church, or any other church, has usurped any power to control the Government of this country or the members of this Legislature. I specially protest against the assumption so freely made by the gentlemen composing the noble Thirteen, and by none more freely or more offensively than by the hon. gentleman who proposed this resolution, that those who differed from him on that vote were not actuated by honest motives. I say that the noble 188 had just as much right to be proud of their vote, just as much right to claim that they acted honestly and in accordance with their conviction, as the noble Thirteen. I do not admit that the fact of those gentlemen being in a small minority gives them any right to claim superior morality or superior patriotism to those possessed by other members of this House. Now on the other hand, it may as well be said here, and perhaps better here than elsewhere that there has been too much of that sort of influence in this agitation, which, if it had been exerted by clergymen of the Catholic Church would have been denounced by many Protestant people of Ontario as Jesuitism. When a Protestant speaks of Jesuitism in the bad and derogatory sense, he means to imply that the clergyman whom he denounces as Jesuitical has used his clerical position, his ecclesiastical influence, and the influence of the church to which he belongs to compel members of his church to vote in accordance with his views, that he has used his influence for political purposes. Now I say that any clergyman, no matter to what Protestant denomination he belongs who uses clerical influence, uses pulpit influence, uses the strong influence

arising from his ecclesiastical position to induce, or compel, or over influence members of his flock to change their votes on any question is guilty of Jesuitism in the same sense in which it is attributed by Protestants to members of the Society of Jesus. I have as much objection to being dictated to by a Protestant Jesuit as by one who belongs to the regular order of that name. We cannot forget that this Canada of ours is not in any exclusive sense a Protestant country; it is not in any exclusive sense even an English country. We have no state religion, we have two state languages, we have a very large body of people speaking one of those languages and a still larger body professing the same religion; as those who speak the French language. We cannot attempt to legislate for this country as if it were a Protestant or English speaking country, many people seem to wish that we should do so, and that the French people and the Catholic religion were excluded from our borders. Whether they like that or not they cannot help it; they must put up with the condition of affairs that exists, and they must try to live in peace and harmony with their fellow-citizens of different race and religion. It is only on those conditions that the continued existence of this Canadian nation, as we may not improperly call it, can be maintained, and I assert strongly that any agitation like the present, which proceeds in lines of race and religion can only tend to the destruction of confederation, and to the impossibility of continuing properly to govern the country.

Mr. Justice Rose let fall some weighty admonitions in delivering judgment at the recent assizes in Lindsay in an action for libel brought against the publisher of an unsavory local newspaper. This person, one Hughes by name, chanced to be no less a person than a brother, it appears, of the James L. Hughes, the chief Equal Rights exponent and anti-Catholic champion in these parts, and the friend and follower, by a fitness in every way appropriate, of the Rev. Fulton. In delivering judgment in the suit, which, it seems, in some manner arose out of the attacks of the Lindsay paper upon the Catholic religion, Judge Rose made use of words as impressive as in the circumstances of the hour they must be held to be impressive. His Lordship said:

"And, while I am here remarking upon these matters, because they are the matters of aggravation, let me say a word about the constant attack upon the Roman Catholic Church. Some of you may have strong Protestant feelings, but is there a man who dare say that the church to which he happens to belong contains all the truth and nothing of error? Is there any one denomination of Christians that to-day has all the truth, or affirms as truth all that their fathers and forefathers affirmed as truths? Does not the advancement and enlightenment which comes from years of study of God's Word and religious teaching show that many of us have yet many things to learn, and that we are only on the ocean shore picking up pebbles, and beyond us lies the great sea of truth? And can any one of us say that all is error outside of us? Let us be tolerant each of the other's opinions, because if we believe as we have been taught, we feel assured that in the great day no one will be approved because he is a Roman Catholic, or because he is a Protestant, because he is an Anglican, Presbyterian, Methodist or Baptist, but simply because he is a Christian, having observed the rules of right or wrong and done his duty to his neighbour, and so far as he has instruction, his duty to God. And it is no advantage to a community, no advantage to Protestants or Orangemen, or to any other class to make foul suggestions with reference to those of another faith. It is not wise, it is not polite; it does no good; it creates ill-feeling, stirs up dissensions, and causes those with whom we must live not to live with us in that spirit of friendship that ought to mark the communica-

tion of neighbours. And until one reaches that eminence when he can declare that he knows the whole mind of God, I think it behooves him to be humble and sit at the feet where he may learn wisdom and be willing in the feeling of charity to believe that others may be right, although they see differently to what he may see."

THE TROUBLE IN THE LEAGUE.

The *Western Hibernian*, published at St. Louis, has a somewhat animated article in its last number respecting the meeting of the Executive Committee of the Irish National League of America, which lately met in that city, and the passage at arms incidental to it, between Dr. Thomas O'Reilly and the Rev. Father McKenna, the latter, until a few days ago, the National Vice-President of the League in America. The *Hibernian*, we observe, is very impartial in its condemnations. Of Father McKenna, for example, that journal says that he "forgot himself and his calling, and has done much to make himself ridiculous, if not contemptible," and it adds: "If we are to judge men by their works and acts we should say that, judging from Father McKenna's language he is more inclined to be an assassin than any gentleman he applies that epithet to. It is only the cloth of this gentleman and his calling that will save him from the well merited castigation he so richly deserves for his uncalled for and injudicious expressions." On the other hand, with regard to Dr. Thomas O'Reilly, the other principal in the quarrel, the *Hibernian* is equally frank. That gentleman has replied to Father McKenna's accusation, that he is not a Clan-na-Gael member nor a member of any secret society. "He might go further" remarks the *Hibernian*, "and say he never was a member of any society. If he belongs to the League it is only as an auxiliary to advertise the profession Thomas O'Reilly is engaged in, for the purpose of bringing Christ to his mill."

"His love for Ireland" we are further informed, "is only secondary to his love for Thomas O'Reilly. He has all of the tricks and resources of the demagogue and mountebank, with all the insufferable insolence and cheek that both possess. He has never done anything for Ireland or anybody else, that he did not receive compensation for by way of advertisement. He has a mania for entertaining celebrities of every description, and when he does entertain, the world is well advised as to who does it. The Doctor is rated at his true worth in this city and State among Irishmen, and it is well known and understood that whatever he does is done for the inherent love and admiration of Thomas O'Reilly. We would not notice the passage-at-arms between those two gentlemen if we did not see in it an effort on the part of both of them to bring themselves before the public as Irish patriots, when we know and feel that their sole ambition in so doing is to advertise themselves at the expense of the Irish cause in Ireland and America. We will not stand by silently and permit injudicious and indiscreet or ambitious men to parade themselves before the world as patriots, when we know and feel that an unselfish and patriotic sentiment cannot find standing room in their carcass. Hence we speak as we do."

It will perhaps interest our readers to know, in connection with this outburst of honest and high-souled indignation, that the *Western Hibernian*, is a journal published in the interests of the ancient order of Hibernians, and "devoted,"—so the title page announces, to the furtherance of "Friendship Unity, and True Christian Charity," three virtues, of which, as the reader will have gathered, it is itself the so appropriate illustration and exponent.

THE SOGGARTH AROON--ONE OF MANY.

In an obscure corner of the newspapers lately was to be discovered a paragraph recounting an act of heroism on the part of an Irish priest which reflects honour on his order and his country, but does not impress any reader who knows aught of either as a novelty. John Bunim was intimate with his subject—entered into the heart of it—when he wrote of the "soggarth aroon," and the way he had clasped himself around the Irishman's affections. And why not? We would be the most ungrateful of people if we did not love him, and ingratitude is the last national feeling with which we can be reproached.

Who, in the winter's night,
Soggarth aroon,
When the cold blast did bite,
Soggarth aroon,
Came to my cabin door,
And on my earthen floor,
Kneelt by me, sick and poor,
Soggarth aroon.

As in mourning, misery and by the open grave, so in honest festivity and patriotic effort, the minister of God is by the side of the tiller of the soil, the artisan in his humble tenement—indeed every class of Irish Catholic, to the highest. What nobler than the fate of the Bishop of Ross, done to death by the merciless Broghill, because he would not advise the garrison of Carrigrohilly, a garrison of the faithful from his own diocese, to surrender to the Cromwellian adventurer? Rhythmically it is set to verse by Dr. Madden, who sings:

MacEgan, a prelate like Ambrose of old,
Forsakes not his flock when the spoiler is near,
The post of the pastor's in front of the fold,
When the wolf's on the plain and there's rapine to fear.

Well this latest bead added to the rosary of priestly devotedness comes from lone far Newfoundland, the region of fogs and ice. In the Buen peninsula, between Fortune and Placencia Bays, close to the cod-banks, an epidemic of diphtheria lately broke out, and the inhabitants of a whole district were smitten with the disease. A fell and painful disease it is, prostrating the sufferer with lassitude, tormenting him with aches, inflaming the mucous membrane of the air-passages, and extending to the mouth, so that the act of swallowing is a pain. It is very contagious, the inhalation of the breath of an affected person conveying the malady, and there is an instance on record of a visitor to a country house in Scotland having caught it from having slept in a room where a case had been treated eleven months before. There was no medical aid available in the place, and in the emergency an Irish priest, Father Walsh—his name should be graven in the tablets of memory—stepped forward and acted as doctor as well as spiritual consolator.

He cleansed the throats of forty of the sufferers and attended them so skilfully and tenderly that only one invalid died, but he himself caught the plague in its direst form and succumbed. His was a martyrdom as truly as if he had laid down his life for the faith—perished at the stake in China or Corea, for he yielded up his spirit for others in a thorough frame of self-sacrifice and a zeal for duty. At no time can man die more gloriously than when he dies for man, as Father Walsh did—as brave a hero as ever was commemorated by public statue or costly monumental urn worthy to be shrined in beatitude with Father Damien of Molokai.

And there are hundreds of such other heroes who are never heard of, patient, undaunted, indefatigable, unassuming, ever prepared to go on their errand of mercy in the fever-slums, and cholera hospitals, in the cells of despairing prisoners, and on the battle-field. They are with us here in London; they were to be met in Franco-German, Egyptian, and Afghan campaigns; in dear Ireland their functions are so cheerily and commonly exercised that they have come to be regarded as ordinary things—not achievements, but a mere portion of the day's work.

This constant readiness of the Catholic priest to answer the sick call is the strongest of arguments on behalf of the celibacy of the clergy. He ventures into the foulest, most pestilential atmosphere as no Benedict dare, no minister of other persuasion hampered by the cares of a family and the

precautions rendered imperative for their sake. His health, his comfort, his time, his very existence are all laid down as full ungrudging gifts on the altar of his sacred calling. To God he has vowed himself. In God's service he holds suffering cheap.

While in other walks of life, what he does, almost every hour of the twenty-four, is accounted rarely splendid and valient, and is rewarded with pensions, medals, promotion, votes of thanks, newspaper panegyrics, or the applause of acclaiming multitudes, the Catholic priest goes on his path meekly, all unconscious that he has done an extraordinary act in bending over the form of some delirious wretch whose very breath is pollution, whispered hope into the ear of the felon on the scaffold, or applied the holy crism to brows damp with the moisture of imminent dissolution.

History hands down the fame of those who make offering of themselves that their fellow citizens in the common walk may be rescued from calamity. In pagan days Manlius Curtius, who leaped into the gap in the forum that Rome might be saved, was venerated as a demi-god. The narrative is mixed with fable, but it is not without some foundation, and in any case it proves how abnegation was prized. Eleanor, who sucked the poison from the dagger-wound inflicted on Prince Edward in Palestine, is set before us as a model of wifely fidelity. Warriors who are commendable when they defend their country, but not when they carry on the strife of aggression or ambition, chiefs of fire brigades, captains of lifeboat crews, these are deservedly esteemed amongst men, but greater than they are the quiet pastors in Roman collar like Father Walsh, who, when "this dull chrysalis cracks into shining wings," bear the white robe and the palm of saintship. He was a true "soggarth aroon," and he was but one of many.—*London Universe*.

EDITORIAL DIFFICULTIES.

It is an oft-told tale, that of the financial difficulties in which our Catholic weeklies are generally cradled. Nearly all the surviving ones have had the same struggle for existence. But long after a newspaper has overcome its financial embarrassments, the editor has other difficulties to contend with.

There is the man who is ever ready with gratuitous advice as to the best manner of conducting a paper. He knows all about it. Should you decline acting upon his counsel, you are henceforth regarded by him and by all within the sphere of his influence, as a very incompetent man for the position. The paper might be something if it had a wide-awake editor, who would recognize the wants of the day and strive to meet them; but with a man who cannot appreciate a bit of solid advice when it is given, what can one expect? No, no; the paper can never thrive under his management. It not infrequently requires nerve and decision to shake off such barnacles.

There is the man whose composition you have put in the waste-basket. You write him that his subject is threadbare; that his article should be rewritten on other lines; that his style is feeble and requires pruning and condensing, or any other form of rejection, from that of politely declining to that of giving a piece of friendly advice. You may in this case be dealing with an experienced writer, who knows that everything he writes cannot be accepted and who submits to your decision with a good grace; your rejection of the article does not in the least change your pleasant relations with him. But if you have rejected the article of an amateur at the pen, then indeed have you made an enemy. Never again will he trouble you. You have no sense of appreciation. When he was sung for admission to the columns of your paper, it was an "excellent and brilliant paper;" but it has all at once grown to be "a vile and stupid sheet." Such gnats occasionally annoy.

There is the politician who expects you to write him up a clean-handed patriot and an unselfish servant of the people, sacrificing his private interests for the public weal. Somehow he does not inspire you with his own sense of self-importance, and you are silent, or you find it in your heart or your conscience to say a good word for his opponent. Your

paper, which he took care to inform you was a power in the land, has now shrivelled up into a miserable rag with no influence whatever. He stops taking the paper, his friends withdraw their advertisements. You have made another enemy.

There is another author with whose book you have found fault! He becomes embittered against you. Look not for commendation from his lips. He is wrothy with himself for having done you the honor of sending you his book for criticism. Perhaps he even wrote you a letter laudatory to you of the good taste evident in your criticisms, and indirectly pleading for favorable judgment. But you could not call pinchbeck gold, and you found it necessary to speak plain truth, which to the author was unpalatable truth. We have known an author—and an author of some merit—to go out of her way to stab the great Brownson, under cover of an unsigned newspaper article, in revenge for strictures he made upon one of her books. But, as an author with whom the critics have dealt generously beyond his deserts, the writer would plead earnestly in favor of handling as gently as possible the young Catholic aspirant who appeals to a Catholic audience. Remember the many ways in which the Catholic writer is handicapped; his difficulties in publishing; his chances of failure to secure a wide enough circle of readers; the very few inducement he has to write as a Catholic in comparison with those presenting themselves in the field of secular letters. It behooves us not to discourage the Catholic writer who shows talent and gives promise of better things. A Catholic book should at first flush go home to the sympathy of the Catholic reviewers. Of course, the worthless book, the book inadequate to do justice to its subject, the book of many pretensions, the inaccurate book, the ill-written book—these should each and all be estimated at their true worth.

Finally, there are our institutions. You find that some of them are sleeping while the world is moving and in your desire for the general good, you attempt to awaken them to a sense of their shortcomings. You have simply raised a hornets' nest about your ears. How dare you think that we are not perfect? How dare you suggest that there was anything for us to learn anywhere outside of ourselves? Hands off! Leave well enough alone. Keep your eye on Russia, if you like, or follow the fortunes of Emin Pasha, or interest your readers in the Keely motor, but leave time-honoured institutions to continue to walk in their time-worn grooves. But, you say, how can our institutions mend their ways if their defects are not pointed out? You are indeed a silly editor. Our institutions are perfect, sir, perfect; and how can a perfect thing have defects? It is evident that you have made enemies out of the people you were striving to benefit. We are not alluding to that captions, peremptory, high-handed criticism that speaks at random and knows not whereof he speaks. No sensible person should notice, still less worry over, adverse criticism made in such a spirit. But, without becoming personal, or wounding charity, or stepping beyond the limits of immunity, there may be a thousand and one to notice and comment upon, and when comment is made in the proper spirit, it were worse than folly to take umbrage.

Such are a few of the obstacles that strew the path of the conscientious editor. Such are some of the many ways he has for making enemies.—*Brother Asarius*.

TO BEAUTIFY ST. MICHAEL'S.

Archbishop Walsh has set himself to work to make St. Michael's cathedral worthy, both in its external and internal appearance, of a great city like Toronto. When his Grace goes about doing anything he does not half do it, nor does he waste time about it. He has not been very long here, but already he has approved of plans which some time ago he ordered to be prepared for the architectural improvement and structural renewal of the cathedral church which should be in ornamental style one of the finest religious edifices on the continent. Visitors to Toronto have often expressed disappointment or astonishment that the cathedral should be the ugly structure it is. Probably the fact struck Archbishop

Walsh more forcibly than any one else, although he was not a stranger to it. But during his time in London Toronto had grown to be quite a big place, and when he returned he saw that some of the parish churches such as St. Paul's and St. Mary's had almost, if not actually, thrown the old cathedral into the shade. He found the people of St. Michael's parish, and, in fact, the Roman Catholics of the entire city, enthusiastic about doing anything for their cathedral establishment that would make it a thug in which he could feel a laudable pride. The archbishop called a meeting without delay, and the feeling all round was so satisfactory that plans were ordered from Mr. Joseph Connolly, R.C.A.

These plans were submitted to a meeting on Sunday at which the archbishop presided, and at which there were present Vicars-General Rooney and Laurent and the following among many other prominent Catholic citizens: Mr. Eugene O'Keefe, Hon. Timothy Anglin, Mr. W. A. Murray, Mr. William T. Murray, Mr. Michael McConnell. Various plans and drawings were submitted. They are most elaborate, and they suited the meeting to the fullest extent. Approximately the cost will be \$30,000. Tenders will be called for at once and submitted to a meeting, which will be held a fortnight hence. A building committee was appointed, with Hon. Frank Smith, president, Mr. William T. Murray, secretary, and Mr. Eugene O'Keefe, treasurer.

General Catholic News

The Jesuit Fathers of Montreal, have arranged for a pilgrimage to Ste. Anne de Beaupre to take place on August 16.

Attorney-General Martias' act abolishing the Separate Schools in Manitoba came into force in that Province on May 1st.

Bishop Grandin, of St. Albert, has written the Government thanking them for the assistance granted to the destitute half-breeds of that district during the past winter.

The annual picnic in aid of the orphans and poor of the House of Providence, will be held on the Queen's Birthday in the grounds of the House of Providence, Power Street.

The offertory collections taken up in all Catholic churches of the city on Sunday last, were devoted to the work of the hospital board of the St. Vincent de Paul Society.

The Pope celebrated Mass in St. Peter's, a few days ago in presence of the Italian pilgrims. After the service his Holiness walked round and conversed with nearly every one of the pilgrims, who displayed the greatest enthusiasm.

A German Catholic paper states that in receiving a body of Austrian pilgrims recently, the Pope remarked to the editor of a journal, who was among them, "You have a hard battle to fight with the Jewish journalists and the Freemasons."

The anniversary of the consecration of the Rt. Rev. Bishop O'Connor of Peterborough was celebrated in St. Peter's Cathedral on Sunday last, a large number of the priests of the diocese assisted at High Mass.

At High Mass in St. Michael's Cathedral, on Sunday last Rev. Father Teefy preached an eloquent discourse on "Christian education," making a strong defence of the Separate School system.

The Rt. Rev. Bishop Burgess, late Bishop of Detroit, died at the Augustines deanery Kalamazoo, Mich, on Saturday the 3rd inst. Bishop Burgess resigned the see of Detroit, because of failing health, two years ago.

On Thursday, the 1st inst., there was celebrated at the Grand Seminary at St. Sulpice, Sherbrooke street, Montreal, the seventeenth anniversary of the elevation of Archbishop

Fabre to the episcopate. His Grace was consecrated as Bishop in 1879 at the Church of the Jesu by Mgr. Taschereau, now Cardinal. Mass was celebrated in the private chapel of the Grand Seminary, a very large number of clergy being present at the ceremony, which was a most imposing one.

A LEGEND BEAUTIFUL.

'Twas thus the Dervish spake: "Upon our right
There stands, unseen, an angel with a pen,
Who notes down each good deed of ours, and then
Seals it with kisses in the Master's sight.

Upon our left, a sister angel sweet
Keeps daily record of each evil act,
But great in love, folds not the mournful sheet
Till deepest midnight, when if conscience ruckled

We lift to Allah our repentant hands
She smiles and blots the record where she stands,
But if we seek not pardon for our sins,
She seals it with 1 tear and hands it in.

Men and Things.

One of the secretaries of the Rt. Hon. Henry Mathews, English Home Secretary, who is a Parliamentary candidate, in a recent address made the interesting announcement that Sir James Hamen, the President of the Parnell Commission, is a Home Ruler.

The following are given by the Manchester *Guardian* as *obiter dicta* of Mr. Gladstone:—

Lord Beaconsfield was the most interesting political character of this century, not excepting Mr. Pitt.

The elder Lord Lytton was one of the most high-minded and most honourable men in public life.

There was one Homer and he wrote all the "Iliad" and all the "Odyssey."

Sir Walter Scott's two best novels are "Kenilworth" and "The Bride of Lammermoor."

The marriages in George Eliot's novels are outrages on sentiment.

The three handsomest men of their time were the late Duke of Hamilton, Sidney Herbert, and Cardinal Manning; the three most naturally eloquent speakers of their day the Duke of Argyll, the late Lord Elgin, and Bishop Wilberforce.

Oh, how can a fair maiden smile and be gay,
Be lovely and loving and dear,
As sweet as a rose and as bright as the May
When her liver is all out of gear?

She can't. It is impossible. But if she will only take Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, it will cleanse and stimulate her disordered liver, purify her blood, make her complexion soft and rosy, her breath wholesome, her spirits cheerful and her temper sweet. All druggists.

Don't hawk, hawk, blow, spit, and disgust everybody with your offensive breath, but use Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy and end it.

Diamonds, Fine Watches, Novelties in Jewellery at D. H. Cunningham's Jewellery Store. Every satisfaction in ordered work and manufacturing. Designs and prices given for fine Diamond work, unset stones kept on hand. Best value in the city. Remember the address, 77 Yonge St., two doors north of King.

ALICE McLAUGHLIN M.D., C.M.

233 Church st. (opp Normal School)
Office Hours 8 to 10 a.m., 1 to 4 p.m.
Telephone 1843

O'SULLIVAN & ANGLIN

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

TORONTO

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

FOY & KELLY,

Barristers, Solicitors, Etc.

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

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

MURRY & MACDONELL,

Barristers, Solicitors, Notaries, etc.

Offices—Quebec Bank Chambers,
No 2 Toronto Street,
Toronto.

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

FREDERICK C. LAW

Architect

Office and Residence, 408 Sherbourne St
TORONTO

DR. GREGORY A. FERE

119 McCaul St. Toronto

Consulting Hours

5 to 10 a.m. 1 to 3 p.m.

And 6 to 8 p.m. 1

Telephone No. 2006

RUBBER BOOTS, COATS

And other Rubber Goods Repaired

-H. J. LA FORCE-

Fine Boots and Shoes Made to Order

117 Church St. - - - cor. of Queen

POEMS

OF

POPE LEO XIII.

...

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

LORETTO ABBEY.

Wellington Place, Toronto.

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

For further particulars apply to the Lady Superior.

St. Jerome's College

Berlin, Ont.

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

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

St. Michael's College,

TORONTO.

(In Affiliation with Toronto University.)

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

Full Classical, Scientific, and commercial courses.

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

REV. J. R. TEEFY, President.

LORETTO CONVENT, LINDSAY.

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

LADY SUPERIOR.

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

ALLAN LINE

SUMMER ARRANGEMENT, 1890.

Liverpool, Londonderry, Montreal and
Quebec Service.

STEAMER	From Montreal At Daylight	To Montreal 9 a.m.
Sardinian...	7 May	8 May
Polynesian...	11 "	15 "
Parisian...	21 "	22 "
Carthaginian...	Will not carry Passengers.	
Circassian...	4 June	5 June
Sardinian...	11 "	12 "
Polynesian...	18 "	19 "
Parisian...	25 "	26 "

RATES OF PASSAGE.

Montreal or Quebec to Liverpool.

Cabin, \$60.00, \$70.00, and \$90.00, according to accommodation. Servants in Cabin, 25%. Intermediate, \$25. Steerage, \$20.00. Return Tickets, Cabin, \$110.00, \$150.00, \$180.00. Intermediate, \$55.00. Steerage, \$40.00.

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

H. BOURLIER,

Corner King and Yonge Street
TORONTO



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

STAINED GLASS

For Churches
Sacred subjects and symbols a specialty.
Designs free. Correspondence invited.
Reference by permission, Card. Tachereau.

DOMINION

Stained Glass Co.

FACTORY

77 Richmond st. W

TORONTO

MEMORIAL : WINDOWS :

ART GLASS.

and every description of
Church and Domestic Glass

Designs and estimates
on application.

W. Wakefield & Harrison,
Proprietors.



ALL DESCRIPTIONS OF
Ecclesiastical Windows.
highest references from the clergy covering
a period of 40 years.

Dominion : Line : Royal : Mail

STEAMSHIPS

WINTER SEASON

Liverpool Service - Sailing Dates
FROM MONTREAL, FROM QUEBEC.

*Oregon - Thurs. May 8
*Dominion - Thurs. May 15
*Saurin - Thurs. May 22
*Vancouver - Wed. May 29 - Thurs. May 29

REDUCED RATES.

CANX, Portland or Halifax to Liverpool, \$50 to \$60; Return, \$100 to \$110. INTERMEDIATE to Liverpool or Glasgow, \$25. STRAIGHT to Liverpool, Queenston, Londonderry, Belfast, London or Glasgow, \$20.

*These steamers have Saloon, State-rooming, Music-room and Bath-rooms, wash-rooms, where hot and cold water is sent, and carry neither Cattle or Sheep.

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

Str Alex Campbell, John L. Blakely, Esq.
President. Vice-Pres.

THE BOILER INSPECTION and Insurance Co. of Canada

Consulting Engineers and Solicitors of Patents.

HEAD OFFICE - - -

QUEBEC BANK CHAMBERLIN - - - TORONTO

G. C. Robb, Chief Engineer. A. Frazer, Sec.-Trans.

TENDERS.

SEALED TENDERS marked "For Mounted Police Provisions and Light Supplies," and addressed to the Honourable the Minister of Railways and Canals, Ottawa, will be received up to noon on Tuesday, 3rd June, 1890.

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

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

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

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

FRED WHITE,

Comptroller, N. W. M. Police.

Ottawa, April 22nd, 1890.

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



— THE —

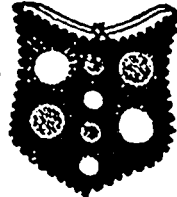
CLIMAX OF ABSORPTION

A CURE

WITHOUT MEDICINE.



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



All diseases are successfully treated by

CORRESPONDENCE,

as our goods can be applied at home.

STILL ANOTHER NEW LIST.

Senator A. E. Botsford, Sackville, advises everybody to use Actina for failing eyesight.

Miss Laura Grose, 166 King w., Granulated Eye Lid; cured in 4 weeks.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

A. E. Colwell, engraver, city, Rheumatism in the knees, cured.

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

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

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

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



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

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

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

CONSUMPTION SURELY CURED

TO THE EDITOR:

Please inform your readers that I have a positive remedy for the above named disease. By its timely use thousands of hopeless cases have been permanently cured. I shall be glad to send two bottles of my remedy FREE to any of your readers who have consumption if they will send me their Express and Post Office Address. Respectfully,
T. A. SLOCUM, M.C., 186 West Adelaide St., TORONTO, ONTARIO.



STATUTES OF CANADA

AND

OFFICIAL PUBLICATIONS.

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

H. CHAMBERLIN,

Queen's Printer and Comptroller of Stationery.

Department of Public Printing and Stationery.
Ottawa, May, 1890.

- Church Pews -

SCHOOL FURNITURE

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

NATIONAL COLONIZATION LOTTERY

Under the patronage of Rev. Father Labelle.

Established in 1884, under the Act of Quebec, 52 Vict., Chapl. 36, for the benefit of the Diocesan Societies of Colonization of the Province of Quebec.

CLASS D
The 31th Monthly Drawing will take place

WEDNESDAY MAY 21st

At 2 p.m.

PRIZES VALUE

\$50,000

Capital prize—One Real Estate worth \$5,000.00

LIST OF PRIZES.

1 Real Estate worth	\$5,000	5,000
1 do	2,000	2,000
1 do	1,000	1,000
4 do	500	2,000
10 Real Estate "	300	3,000
30 Furniture sets	200	6,000
100 do	100	10,000
200 Gold Watches	50	10,000
1,000 Silver Watches	10	10,000
1,000 Toilet Sets	5	5,000
2,307 Prizes worth		\$50,000.00
TICKETS	\$1.00	

It is offered to redeem all prizes in cash, less a commission of 10 per cent.

Winners, names not published unless specially authorized:

S. E. LEBEVRE, secretary, Offices, 19 St. James street, Montreal, Can

Books for the Month of May.

— 0 —

A Flower for Each Day of the Month of May paper 10cts each per doz.	80c
The Month of Mary in Religious Communities, after the French of the Abbe L. S. S. By Agnes Sadlier, 21 mo cloth	50c
The Child's Month of Mary paper. Mater Admirabilis By Rev. C. O'Brien D. D., cloth	50c
The Glories of Mary. By St. Lagouri cloth	85c
New May Devotions. Wirth, cloth	\$1.00
The New Month of Mary. By Very Rev. P. R. Kenrick, 18 mo. cloth red edge.	60c
A Flower Every Evening for Mary Little Month of Mary for children. Translated from the French, cloth	35c
The Graces of Mary; or Instructions and Devotions for the month of May. Cloth gilt edge	60c
Maria Magnifica, Short Meditations for a month on Our Lady's Life. By Richard P. Clarke S.J. Fancy board cover	15c
The month of Mary, containing Meditations for each Day of the month of Mary. Translated from French by A. M. S., cloth	35c
The month of Mary, by Father Muzzarelli, S. J.	35c
Our Blessed Redeemer Speaking to the Hearts of the children of Mary paper	15c
The month of Mary for the use of Ecclesiastics. Translated from the French	40c

I CURE FITS! THOUSANDS OF BOTTLES GIVEN AWAY YEARLY.

When I say **Curo** I do not mean merely to stop them for a time, and then **RECUR**. I have made the disease of **FITS, Epilepsy or Falling Sickness** a life-long study. I warrant my remedy to **Curo** the worst cases. Because others have failed is no reason for not now receiving a cure. Send at once for a treatise and a **Free Bottle** of my **Infallible Remedy**. Give Express and Post Office. It costs you nothing for a trial, and it will cure you. Address:—**H. G. ROY, M.C., Branch Office, 186 WEST ADELAIDE STREET, TORONTO.**

AGENTS

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

ASTHMA DR. TAFT'S ASTHMALEN
DR. TAFT'S ASTHMALEN never fails to cure your asthma. We will mail you a bottle FREE.
DR. TAFT BROS. ROCHESTER, N.Y.

ALEXANDER & GABLE
Lithographers
Engravers Etc.
MAL BUILDING
- Toronto -

These are the only agents of the **MANNA** features using **MANNA BIRD** for cage birds and preserve them in health. 15c. by mail. Sold by druggists. Directions free. **Food Food Co., 401 N. 4th St., Philadelphia, Pa.**



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

TENDERS

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

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

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

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

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

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

L. VANKOUGHNET,
Deputy of the Superintendent-General of Indian Affairs.
Department of Indian Affairs,
Ottawa, March, 1890.

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

D. & J. SADLIER & CO.

115 Church Street, TORONTO
1669 Notre Dame Street, MONTREAL

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

	Clos.		Duz.	
	a.m.	p.m.	a.m.	p.m.
G. T. R. East	6.00	7.30	7.45	10.30
O. and Q. Railway	7.30	7.45	8.00	9.00
G. T. R. West	7.00	3.20		7.40
				12.40
N. and N. W.	7.00	4.40	10.00	8.10
T. G. and B.	7.00	3.45	11.00	8.30
Midland	6.30	3.30		9.30
				12.30
C. V. R.	7.00	3.20	9.00	9.20
G. W. R.			a.m.	p.m.
			2.00	9.00
	6.00	4.00	10.30	7.30
	11.30	2.30		8.20
			a.m.	p.m.
U. S. N. Y.	6.00	4.00	9.00	5.45
	11.30	2.30	10.30	11.00
U. S. West States	6.00	2.30	9.00	
	12.00			7.20

English mails will be closed during May as follows: May 1, 5, 7, 8, 12, 14, 15, 16, 21, 22, 26 and 29.

McShane Bell Foundry.

Finest Grade of Bells, Chimes and Pells for Churches, Colleges, Towers, Clocks, etc. Fully warranted, satisfaction guaranteed. Send for price and catalogue. **MV. McSHANE & CO., BALTIMORE, Md., U. S.** Mention this paper.

A. J. McDONAGH
DENTIST

Office and Residence, 250 SPADINA AVE
TORONTO

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

Night calls promptly attended

"Best cure for colds, cough, croup, asthma is the old Vegetable Pulmonary Balm." Cutler Bros. & Co., Boston. For 21 a large bottle sent prepaid

Embossed
Crested

ROYAL BAKING POWDER

Absolutely Pure.



This powder never varies. A marvel of purity, strength and wholesomeness. More economical than the ordinary kind, and can not be sold in competition with the multitude of low test, short weight alum or phosphate powders. *Sold only in cans.* ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., 100 WALL ST., N. Y.



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

O'MEARA TAILOR

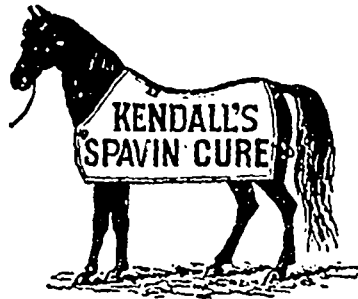
HAS OPENED HIS NEW STORE
661 QUEEN ST. WEST.
With an entirely new and select stock of
Irish, English and Scotch Tweeds,
Worsted, &c.
Good Fit & Workmanship Guaranteed
561 Queen Street West,
Opposite Denison Ays.

J. W. MOGAN

House Sign and Ornamental

PAINING

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



The Most Successful Remedy ever discovered, as it is certain in its action and does not blister. Read below.

KENDALL'S SPAVIN CURE.

OFFICE OF CHARLES A. BYRDER,
BREEDER OF
CLEVELAND BAY AND THROTING BRED HORSES,
ELMWOOD, ILL., Nov. 20, 1888.
Dr. B. J. KENDALL, Co.
Dear Sirs: I have always purchased your Kendall's Spavin Cure by the half dozen bottles, I would like prices in larger quantity. I think it is one of the best treatments on earth. I have used it on my stables for three years. I have used it
Yours truly, CHAR. A. BYRDER.

KENDALL'S SPAVIN CURE.

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

KENDALL'S SPAVIN CURE.

SART. WISCON COUNTY, OHIO, Dec. 19, 1888.
Dr. B. J. KENDALL, Co.
Gents: I feel it my duty to say what I have done with your Kendall's Spavin Cure. I have cured twenty-five horses that had Spavins, ten of Ring Bone, nine afflicted with Big Head and seven of Big Jaw. Since I have had one of your books and followed the directions, I have never lost a case of any kind.
Yours truly, ANDREW TURNER,
Horse Doctor.

KENDALL'S SPAVIN CURE.

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

TEETH WITH OR WITHOUT A PLATE

Best Teeth on rubber, \$8; on celluloid \$10
All work absolutely painless. Vitallized Air
C. H. RIGGS, L.D.S., South east cor. King & Yonge sts. Toronto. Telephone 1476.



A NATURAL REMEDY FOR

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

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

Our Pamphlet for sufferers of nervous diseases will be sent free to any address, and poor patients can also obtain this medicine free of charge from us.

This remedy has been prepared by the Reverend Pastor Koenig, of Fort Wayne, Ind. for the past ten years, and is now prepared under his direction by the

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

The Father Mathew Remedy



The Antidote to Alcohol found at Last!

A NEW DEPARTURE The Father Mathew Remedy

Is a certain and speedy cure for Intemperance and restores all appetite for alcoholic liquor. The day after a six-bauch, or any intemperance indulgence, a single teaspoonful will remove all mental and physical depression.

It also cures every kind of FEVER, DYSPEPSIA, and TORPIDITY OF THE LIVER when they arise from other causes than intemperance. It is their most powerful and wholesome tonic ever used.

When the disease is along one bottle is enough; but the worst cases of chronic treatment do not require more than three bottles for a radical cure.

If you cannot get from your druggist the pamphlet on Alcohol its effect on the Human Body and intemperance as a Disease, it will be sent free on writing to.

S. LaChance, Druggist, Sole Proprietor
1539 and 1540 Catherine st., Montreal

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

PERFECT DRESS MAKING.

M'KEOWN & CO.

182 Yonge Street.