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The Catholic Weekly Review.

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

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

Vol. II.

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NOTES.

The *Freeman's Journal* observes that it is high time that the adjectives "zealous" and "indefatigable," "energetic" and "popular," ceased to be used in print every time a priest performs any of the ordinary duties of his vocation. No sensible man is pleased with this sort of thing, though his dignity, and the fear of seeming to affect humility, may prevent him from protesting..

We would direct particular attention to the remarks in another column on the retaliatory policy which President Cleveland suggests should be inaugurated against Canada. Not a very imposing spectacle certainly, that fifty-five millions of people should retaliate on five millions, for simply looking after their rights. Should President Cleveland's policy be adopted (a most unlikely thing we should say) it would on the whole benefit Canada in the long run. We would be the better of having to rely more upon ourselves.

Why should there be an "Anti-British vote" to court in every great political contest in the United States? Briefly stated, because of England's misgovernment of Ireland. And why should British journalists be ever ready to run hat-in-hand at Uncle Sam's heels, and tell him at every turn that he need never expect England to go to war for the protection of Canadian interests? Is it the guilty English conscience (because of Ireland) making "cowards" of these Imperial scribes? It will be seen by the treatment of the fishery question as it has been seen by the treatment of every other that arises affecting Canada, that under existing arrangements her interest in the domestic affairs of the Empire is somewhat more than "sentimental."

Also we have commented elsewhere upon another kind of "retaliation" that of the Orange Lodges'. They are in great fear, evidently, that the venerable Society of

Jesus is bent upon their destruction. It is no new thing for the Orange Lodges' to fly into a silly rage over any act of justice done to the Catholic Church. Had they their way we should have no peace or safety in any part of the empire. But though they make so much noise, they possess no power to injure us. The good sense of the Canadian people will, we have not the least fear, see that justice is done to Catholics, whether in the person of the Society of Jesus or in that of the lowliest Catholic individual in the land. The only thing that surprises us is that the Lodges, a perpetual menace to public order, are not suppressed by act of Parliament.

A correspondent writes to the London *Eng. Catholic Press*. "It has for a long time past been a common topic of conversation amongst Catholics frequenting the City on business throughout the week, that most excellent opportunities could be afforded to City men generally of learning more than they are at present cognisant of, respecting the teaching of the Catholic Church, if the pulpit of the beautiful Church of St. Mary's Moorfields, could be occupied for one day every week, during the luncheon hour from one to two p.m., by some of our celebrated preachers, who would also fearlessly attack the vices so prevalent there, which you exposed in your leading columns the other day, to the surprise of many. It is considered very certain that a most intelligent audience would soon find its way there, as they do to the Protestant churches which are opened at the same hour, which would soon be converted into a sympathetic one under the influence of an able man. To the many City benefactors of that magnificent charity, the Providence (Row) Night Refuge, it might be the only means of their enlightenment, and subsequent conversion to the faith we all so much hope they will embrace before their death, for the prayers of the poor and afflicted whom they have so nobly relieved in the past will prevail with Almighty God. What a happiness to Catholics it would be, if this idea be adopted, to find in course of time that the dear old historical pro-Cathedral of the late Cardinal Wiseman once more had become the centre of attraction to Protestants, as it used to be in the days gone by, who will hang upon the inspired words of a *Perè Lacordaire* or a *Perè Monsabre* as the French do in Notre Dame, Paris, and as the English used to do, on the words of Cardinal Wiseman."

This would be one way of bringing the London world face to face with the Church's teaching, and this, in our day, is the great need, that of bringing the knowledge of the faith home to the great mass of the middle classes both in England and in this country. To apply the suggestion to ourselves, what vast possibilities for good would not a great preacher possess, occupying the pulpit of St. Michael's from Sunday to Sunday or even through the week. There multitudes of Protestants go when they have opportunity, and those of our readers who had the good fortune to hear Father Kenny, S.J., during the mission preached by him in the Cathedral last winter, will readily acquiesce in our opinion, that such preaching, repeated from time to time, would be instrumental in bringing many souls into the Church.

The Church in Canada.

Under this heading will be collected and preserved all obtainable data bearing upon the history and growth of the Church in Canada. Contributions are invited from those having in their possession any material that might properly come for publication in this department

THE FIRST CANADIAN CARDINAL.

The publication of Mr. W. J. Macdonell's "Reminiscences of Bishop Macdonell," has occasioned a special article in the *Montreal Gazette* on the subject of: "Who was the first Canadian Cardinal?" Most people will without hesitation reply that that honour belongs to the present worthy occupant of the See of Quebec, His Eminence Cardinal Taschereau. Yet this is not so self-evident as would appear to the casual observer, as readers of Mr. Macdonell's valuable sketch will understand. "A little work pamphlet as to form, but book in the amount and interest of its contents," says the *Gazette*, "finally clears up a question, first opened up a couple of years ago.

"Some of our readers may recall that, after the joyous fetes in honour of Cardinal Taschereau, we ventured to assert that his Eminence was not the first prelate of the Canadian Church who has been honoured by admission to the Sacred College. On the 11th of August, 1886, a short article appeared in our editorial columns, calling attention to the fact that Monseigneur Weld, Coadjutor Bishop of Kingston, had been raised to that dignity by Pope Pius VIII. Thomas, Cardinal Weld, was the son of Mr. Weld of Lulworth Castle, Dorsetshire, held in veneration by English Catholics as the founder of Stonyhurst College. He succeeded to his ancestral estates in 1810, but on the death of his wife, he took orders. Long before that event he had devoted much of his large fortune to pious and charitable purposes. On his ordination he relinquished his estates to his brother Joseph, who, in 1830, entertained Charles X. and his family as his guests at Lulworth. A very brief biography of the Cardinal is given in Maunders' *Biographical Treasury*. The Rev. Dr. Scadding's *Toronto of Old*, also mentions his appointment in 1826 as coadjutor to the Bishop of Kingston. Some months later a correspondent of the "Ephemerides," gave some further and interesting particulars on the subject. He had in his possession, he said, a copy of the *New York Atlas*, dated 1830-31, containing a list of the cardinals assembled at Rome to elect a successor to Pius VIII., and among them was included the name of Thomas Weld, coadjutor Bishop of Kingston in Upper Canada. He also spoke of the donation of Stonyhurst to the Jesuits, and added that the Hon. Mr. Turcotte and other Canadians had been educated at that institution.

"The little book already mentioned, 'Reminiscences of the late Hon. and Right Rev. Alexander Macdonell, first Bishop of Upper Canada,' confirms the foregoing, and in the main consentaneous accounts of Cardinal Weld's connection with Canada. 'Advancing age,' writes the author, and 'increased responsibility forced the Bishop to apply for a coadjutor, and Mr. Thomas Weld, a descendant of one of the oldest Catholic families in England, who, on the death of his wife had taken orders, was selected and consecrated Bishop of Amycla, and coadjutor Bishop of Upper Canada, on the 6th of August, 1826. By the advice of his friends and medical advisers Bishop Weld remained some years in England and afterwards went to Rome, where in March 1830, he was nominated Cardinal by Pius VIII.' Mr. Macdonell goes on to say that Bishop England of Charleston, S. C., in a work published in 1833 and dedicated to Cardinal Weld, reminded his Eminence that, forty-three years previously he had, in the chapel of his ancestral castle, borne the censor as acolyte at the consecration of the first prelate of the American Hierarchy (Dr. John Carroll.) The presbytery and great Church of St. Raphael were built in expectation of Bishop Weld's arrival, but though always intending to fulfill his mission on this side of the Atlantic, he never succeeded in carrying out his desire. He closed his days on the 10th of April, 1837, at Rome, where Dr. (afterwards Cardinal) Wiseman preached his funeral sermon in the English College. 'Bishop Macdonell,' adds the biographer and kinsman of that prelate, 'obtained many favours from the Holy Father, through the influence of his intended coadjutor.' The Cardinal's place as such was taken by Mon-

seigneur Remigius Gaulin, a native of Quebec, who succeeded to the see of Kingston on Dr. Macdonell's death.

"Cardinal Weld's daughter, Lady Clifford, died in 1831, leaving six sons and two daughters. One of her sons is the Hon. and Right Reverend William Joseph Hugh Clifford, Bishop of Clifton, in the Roman Catholic hierarchy of England, who is thus the grandson of the first Cardinal of the Canadian church. It is not unworthy of note that Cardinal Manning is also a widower. He married in 1834 the youngest Miss Sergeant, one of the co-heiresses of the Lavington estate, two other sisters having married Samuel Wilberforce, afterwards bishop, successively of Oxford and Winchester, and Henry, his brother. A great shock which shook the young rector to the centre of his sensitive nature, rendered possible his subsequent ordination and elevation in the church of his adoption."

As an appendix, Mr. Macdonell gives the following extract from a letter of Mr. John Galt's (father of Sir A. T. Galt, and Chief-Justice, Sir Thomas Galt) published in *Fraser's Magazine*, 1830, in which the name of Cardinal Weld is again referred to as co-adjutor to Bishop Macdonell. The occasion of the letter is the foundation of Guelph by Mr. Galt, in his capacity of Commissioner of the Canada Company, and the gift by him to the Bishop of the present site of the Catholic church in that city:

"Hitherto we have had no adventure in Guelph, not even one Sabine scene; but an incident in the clearing was magnificent. Desirous of seeing the effect of a rising ground, at the end of a street where a popish church about twice the size of St. Peter's at Rome, is one day to be built (the site was chosen by the Bishop, and we have some expectation that his coadjutor, Mr. Weld, of Lulworth Castle, is coming here), I collected all the choppers in the settlement to open a vista, and exactly in two hours and ten minutes, 'by Shrewsbury clock,' or my own watch, an avenue was unfolded as large as the Long Walk in Windsor Park, and of trees that, by their stature, reduce to pigmies all the greatest barons of the English groves."

In explanation of the above we add that it is not probable Mr. Galt intended these words, written in jest, as prophetic. Neither, in the strict sense, are they, yet anyone who gazes upon the stately pile, now adorning that very site, will be inclined to think that the adage "there is many a true word spoken in jest" has some slight application here. Not that the Church of Our Lady Immaculate is "twice the size of St. Peter's" but that, as it reads in the "Reminiscences," "it is at least one of the largest and most beautiful in Ontario," and, it may be added, not unworthy of Cardinal Weld.

It is more than probable that the Cardinal really intended, in the event of his coming to Canada, to take up his residence in Guelph, there to exercise supervision over the western part of the Province. In that event Guelph might have become the seat of a Bishopric. Certain it is that he gave £1,000 to Bishop Macdonell towards the erection of a college there.

M.

IN IRELAND.

TOWN OF KILLARNEY, County Kerry, Ireland, July 20— There is one very remarkable feature of Irish life which cannot escape the notice of the tourist, because it stands out so prominently that even the least observant of strangers are bound to be confronted with it almost every step. I allude to the religious character of the people.

Whether in valley or on hillside, mountain or plain you can not at any time during a trip through the southern part of this island be very far removed from the sound of a church bell.

The people are devoted to their Church and to their priests. Call this devotion blind if you will, or call their fervent belief in the doctrines of the Church a superstitious one, the fact remains just the same that the Irish, in their own way, are loyal to the core when it comes to a question of religion.

I do not bring this subject up in order to discuss it, but rather to introduce a matter which has direct reference to this side of Irish character. The country is dotted with the ruins of ancient cathedrals, chapels, monasteries, convents, and shrines. Many hundreds of these date back to the infancy of Christianity. Some of them must have

been among the most magnificent structures ever erected to the honour and glory of the Almighty—in any land. St. Patrick's Cathedral in Dublin is one of them; St. Patrick's Cathedral on the Rock of Cashel is another. The ruins are so numerous that it seems not unreasonable to suppose that the island was at one time nothing more nor less than a great religious settlement.

You will find them among the mountain wilds as frequently as in the valleys. You come upon them in isolated places more frequently than in the highways. They are grim reminders of an almost forgotten age—strange and sombre spectres rising out of the dim past to frighten children and puzzle antiquarians.

Around these ruins always is an ancient graveyard. The lettering on the stones is sometimes in Greek, sometimes Latin, often Gaelic, but seldom English. The old church and the old congregation are decaying side by side, and even tradition is unable to tell us anything about them.

These ruins are sacred. Even the ruthless hand of the destroying landlord has not molested them. They are often located on the estates of the most powerful nabobs, but, unlike every other part of the possessions, are never walled in. The grounds around them are thrown into common. The peasantry kneel and pray beneath the shadows of the ivied walls as fervently as they would under the frescoed dome of a cathedral.

They will tell of miracles that have been performed here. How Micky Mulcahy had a stitch in his side, and after an "Our Father," three "Hail Marys" and a "Glory be to the Father," the stitch left him and he "was able, sur, to lep over the highest wall in the parish." How old Mary Noonan, who had been a confirmed rheumatic for seventeen years, was brought here one morning, and after praying for a few hours, got up, walked home, and danced at a christening that very night.

These ruins are also trysting places of the peasant lovers, so they say. Here they make their vows—vows that it would be an unpardonable sin to break.

And these old cathedrals, abbeys, chapels, monasteries and convents have served another purpose in their time. The grave-stones were better than entrenchments in many a hotly-contested battle, and from the windows and through the tattered walls many a deadly volley had been fired upon the pursuing red coats.

There is a spring-well almost invariably near one of these ruins. Like all the spring water of Ireland, we have found the liquid from these wells to be deliciously pure and cold.

I love to ramble among these mountains, and I love to pick my way through these old ruins. Guide-books tell us nothing about them. History is silent regarding most of them. It would seem as though at one certain point in the history of the Irish people everything of interest concerning them was swept away. There is an impenetrable veil between the Ireland of to-day and the Ireland of the times when the old cathedrals, abbeys, chapels, monasteries and convents were flourishing.

DUBLIN, Ireland, July 22nd.—We are at last in the Irish metropolis, and have been here but a few hours. Dublin is not new to me, as I believe I have said before, but to the rest of our party it is a strange city. I formed my impressions of the place on the occasion of my first visit, and from what I have seen since we arrived here to-day, I do not think those impressions are likely to undergo a very serious change.

Let me give them to you as briefly as I can. I look upon Dublin as a city that might easily have been one of the finest in the world. Its location is all that a metropolis could require. Situated on both sides of the Shannon, and about the same distance from the harbour of Kingston that Cork is from the Cove, it has all the natural advantages of a great seaport. It is within easy access of the western ports of Great Britain, and, indeed, of the great maritime cities of western Europe. If there were any trade in the country—if the industries of the people were not crushed out—Dublin would equal in importance some of the largest capitals on the globe.

But there is nothing but sickening stagnation. The quays—magnificent in construction and extent—are little

more than public promenades, and the river is used more for pleasure sailing than for commerce. My impression was and is, that Dublin can never be a great city while England controls Irish legislation.

I walk on Sackville street, one of the broadest and handsomest thoroughfares in the world, and I am amazed at the evidences of luxury and prosperity which surround me. Magnificent buildings devoted to business rise on either side, carriages are moving up and down at a furious rate, cabs are being driven as recklessly through the street as they are in Chicago, there is a perfect crush of humanity on the sidewalk, elegantly attired ladies and gentlemen pass me by; the shops are crowded. I feel as though I were on Broadway, New York, or State street, Chicago. I turn a corner to avoid the rush. The spell is broken. The enchantment is vanished. I know I am in Dublin.

For you cannot walk a block from Sackville, Dame, or any of the great avenues of this city without finding yourself either among the tumble-down shops of the small dealers or in the midst of tenement squalor as loathsome as can be seen in London, Edinburgh, or New York. The contrasts are too sharp in Dublin. Unbounded riches here, unspeakable poverty there; a towering mansion here, a miserable hovel there; a magnificent thoroughfare here, a blind and filthy alleyway there.

The greatest and most beautiful cities of the world have their dark as well as their bright sides, their dirty back streets as well as their clean, well paved, and handsome thoroughfares, but I do not know of any city in Europe or America where the two extremes cross each other, or run in close parallel lines with each other as they do in Dublin.

There is one point that must be taken into consideration here by the American reader. The "better classes" in England, Ireland and Scotland do not live in the cities in the same sense that they do in the United States.

The rich people of Dublin have country "seats," or, at least, suburban mansions. The middle classes—shopkeepers, etc.—live over their stores; the poor live in tenements, or in ancient and tumble-down residences long since abandoned to decay by the aristocracy.

Dublin can boast of the most beautiful suburbs of any city in the three kingdoms. There are no suburbs in London, Manchester, Edinburgh, Glasgow, or Belfast that will compare with Clontarf, Rathdown, or Pembroke.

Pembroke! That reminds me. You don't recognize it, but if you heard it called by its old name you would look upon it as an old and familiar acquaintance. Pembroke is built upon the site of Donnybrook, where great fairs were held in other days, where skulls were cracked with Blackthorn shillalabs, where the Stokes, Croaks and Corcorans met the Ryans, Bryans and Dwyers many and many a time in battle array. All vestiges of the far-famed village of Donnybrook have disappeared. It is now Pembroke—where none but the nobility and aristocracy could feel at home.

This afternoon we took a drive through Phoenix Park, the name of which is now familiar to every American reader. It is larger than any three of our parks, and in many respects handsomer. The trees and foliage take on that beautiful hue here that one cannot find in any other country in creation; the grass is perfect velvet; the flowers are, to use a feminine expression, just lovely.

We drove by the scene of the assassination, in a shaded avenue not far from the vice-regal lodge, the summer residence of the lord-lieutenant, and the driver pointed out the spot where the bleeding bodies of Cavendish and Burke were found. It struck me as being rather strange that such a beautiful place should have been selected as the scene of such a cowardly and brutal crime. There is nothing to mark the spot, but I noticed that as pedestrians approached it they walked slower and sometimes stopped to look at a section of gravelled walk—nothing more.

That crime cost Ireland more than it is possible to calculate. I believe firmly that Home Rule would be a reality to-day, were it not for the cold-blooded assassination of these two men, neither of whom would have placed an obstacle in its way.

One of the most charming of the drives in Phoenix Park is that which for miles skirts the banks of the Liffey. The river is dotted with sail-boats, pleasure yachts and small steamers, and the drive is thronged, or was this afternoon, with elegant turnouts. If you will imagine the lake shore drive at Lincoln Park overhung with magnificent oaks and elms, and stretching for something like thirteen miles, or say to North Evanston, along a river instead of a lake, you will have a pretty fair idea of the drive I am trying to describe.

The park is laid out artistically, and there are some very impressive monuments and a good deal of statuary scattered through it. The Wellington column, over 200 feet in height, rising from a base which represents the greatest scene in the Iron Duke's career, is a splendid piece of work. Dublin is proud of her statuary, and well she may be. Foley's greatest works are to be found here. Among the principal statues are Nelson's, Grattan's, Burke's, Goldsmith's, Guinness' (the great porter brewer), Stoke's, Corrigan's, Lord Carlisle's and O'Connell's. Three of the Georges have statues in Phoenix Park. Besides the above I should not forget to mention that there are statues also of King William, the Prince of Orange and the patron saint of Orangemen; to Smith O'Brien, the patriot; to Lord Egleton, to William Dargan, one of Dublin's greatest merchant princes, and to Tom Moore, the poet.

I cannot say that I like the Dublin people. They are affected and snobbish in their manners. They have a peculiar accent, very different from the rest of the Irish people—a sort of cross between a brogue and a cockney English. There is a vast amount of shabby gentility here. You run across people who are too proud to "go into trade," yet who haven't got enough to live respectably out of it. There is a great deal of that spirit, or want of spirit, which was visible in the South after the war. You will find here, as you could there, people who "came from the best families" and are too well bred to work for a living, but not too well bred to borrow or heat.

The end and aim of a large number of young men in Dublin is government employment. A place at the castle is genteel. A man can be a gentleman and brush the lord lieutenant's coat. He can't be a gentleman, however, if he black his own shoes.

Queer notions there, but it takes even Dublin snobs to make up the world.

THE IRISH MELODIES AND MOORE.

It is the fashion to make little of the poet of our Irish Melodies, a fashion which Irish men and women ought not to follow, for no pen has ever done so much for Ireland as Moore's did, when he snatched from obscurity much of the sweet, wild, pathetic music floating about our hills and valleys, and preserved it to us for all time by linking it with his own charming and tender verse. Moore's Irish Melodies, words and music, are unique; the whole may be said to form a treasure which no other country is possessed of. The literary critic may make light of the verses as poetry, if he will, but should he fail to feel their power when, having become one with their music, they are sung, he must be without ear or soul. In the whole range of song there is to be found nothing that appeals with more tenderness and sincerity to the inmost heart of the listener than those of the melodies which deal with pure sentiment, such as, Come rest in this bosom, my own stricken deer; When gazing on the moon's light; No, not more welcome; Come o'er the Sea; It is not the tear at this moment shed; As a Beam o'er the face of the Waters may flow; and many others, too many to enumerate. In these the thought is so delicate and yet so deep, it remains on the memory as if called up by the strain of the music alone; and the words, separated from the music and read in a book, sound like a mere imperfect translation. No songs so quickly touch the heart or bring tears to the eyes when sung with feeling, and it is easy to believe in the effect produced when Moore sang them himself, causing Byron to shed tears; kindling Jeffrey, Sydney Smith, Christopher North into eloquence; and drawing from N. P. Willis the remark that he "could have taken him to his heart with delight." A pretty story is told by Lady Morgan of her first introduction to Moore, of his singing, and of the

effect produced on two young girls, herself and her sister. The lively Sydney, who was then living with her parents in Dominic Street, Dublin, was with her sister carried off by Sir John Stephenson to a party at the house of Moore's father and mother, over the grocer's shop in Little Longford Street, Aungier Street. In a small apartment, shaped like a harpsichord, the plump, benevolent-looking old couple, whose portraits now hang on the screen smiling down on their famous son in the National Portrait Gallery, received a goodly company. "All the women were pretty, all the men eminent for musical talent." With great simplicity and cordial kindness they accommodated their homeliness to the society which their son's genius brought within their doors; and Moore nowhere appears to so much advantage as in his relations with these kindly parents to whom his affection and devotion were genuine and unswerving to the last. Lady Morgan describes the gentle *doctu* mother and pretty dark-eyed sisters all playing their part nicely, till Moore arrived late after dining with Croker and others at the Provost's House, the Provost's "lady" being "Queen of the Blues in Dublin at the time, though Mrs. Lefanu, Sheridan's sister, reigned vice-queen under her." Moore, who was on his way to a great party at Lady Antrim's, sat down to the piano at his mother's bidding, and entertained her company with his newest song, "Friend of my Soul," to the rapture of the listeners. "My sister and self," says Lady Morgan, "two scrubby-headed, very ill-dressed little girls, stood niched in a corner close to the piano." Her sister shed tears plentifully, which pleased Moore, who was "ever gratified by the musical sensibility of his audience;" and he sang then another song. So enchanted were the young girls that they "went to bed in delirium, and, forgetting to undress themselves, wakened each other singing 'Friend of my Soul,' after which one got up to draw the poet's portrait from memory, and the other to immortalize him as the 'minstrel' in a romance."

If those of the *Melodies* which are purely sentimental have so much power to touch the heart, a charm quite indescribable hangs around those others which, wedded to bolder or more melancholy music, express the suffering and resentment of an oppressed people cherishing an undying love of country. Moore was born at a time when progress, distinctions, means of education, were denied to Catholics. He was one of the first of the "young Helots," as Dr. Waller puts it, who were permitted to enter Trinity College, though debarred from all its honours and emoluments. He qualified for a scholarship, but was denied it on account of his religion. He expressed his disgust freely, and was arraigned before the authorities, accused of betraying national spirit. Boldly avowing his feelings and admitting his "guilt," he so impressed his judges that they withdrew their persecution, and he was permitted to continue the course of his studies. Though not the stuff of which soldiers and active politicians are made, his genius leading in a different direction, his heart, a good warm heart for all love, and friendship, and patriotism, overflowed in such songs as "Oh, Where's the Slave;" "Avenging and Bright;" "Oh, for the Swords of former times;" "Blame not the Bard;" "How oft has the Banshee cried;" "Forget not the Field:" the latter ending with the oft-quoted lines:—

Far dearer the grave or the prison
Illum'd by one patriot name,
Than the trophies of all who have risen
On Liberty's ruins to fame!

From Moore we have the line:—

'Tis treason to love her, and death to defend;

more familiar on Irish lips, perhaps, than any line of any other poet. The group of deathless lyrics referring to Robert Emmet, who, when Moore was a lad, was his friend and frequent companion, would alone endear the whole collection of "Melodies" and their author to the Irish people. The very soul of pathos is in the verses "Oh, breathe not his name!" with its ending:—

The tear that we shed tho' in secret it rolls,
Will long keep his memory green in our souls.

A true prophecy, for one of the greenest spots in an Irish heart is Emmet's grave. The concluding passage of "When he who adores Thee" (Ireland being addressed by Emmet) will also find an echo so long as there is an Irish heart in the world:—

Oh, blest are the lovers and friends who shall live
The days of thy glory to see,
But the next dearest blessing that Heaven can give
Is the pride of thus dying for thee.

The roll of our martyrs is not yet filled up, though many fresh names are newly written on the list, and Moore's song is still sung, and Emmet's spirit is still with us.

Moore's allusion to Emmet and the lyrics which mourn him is worth remembering.

"He was altogether a noble fellow, and as full of imagination and tenderness of heart as of manly daring. He used frequently to sit by me at the pianoforte while I played over the airs from Bunting's Irish collection, and I remember one day when we were thus employed, his starting up as if from a reverie while I was playing the spirited air, 'Let Erin remember the day,' and exclaiming passionately, 'Oh, that I were at the head of twenty thousand men marching to that air!' How little did I think that in one of the most touching of the sweet airs I used to play him, his own dying words would find an interpreter so worthy of their sad but proud feeling, or that another of those mournful strains would long be associated in the hearts of his countrymen with the memory of her who shared with Ireland his last blessing and prayer."

These two young men as they sit at the piano are, each in his own way, types of Irishmen. One is a strange mixture of gentleness, tenderness, modesty, terrible determination, obstinacy if you will, utter self-abnegation, all included in the very highest nobility of soul. The other is gay, genial, kindly, affectionate, feeling the Irish tragedy of life to the marrow of his bones, but unable to leave the sweets which prudence secures to him to follow his devoted and doomed brother unto death. Emmet died and Moore wept and sang over his grave. Ireland will always remember and love them both, but Moore more for the sake of Emmet than even for his own extraordinary claims upon our gratitude.

Returning to the portraits of Moore and his father and mother, and remembering his affectionate relations with his wife, children, and friends, we feel glad that he was a man to be loved, as well as a poet and musician. Surely if poetry be music and music be poetry, Moore was a poet. He was even a better husband, father, friend, son. A little anecdote told of him lingers in the mind. Trying to sing a favourite song of his father's after that father's death, a song entitled "There's a song of the olden days," Moore broke down utterly and burst into genuine tears. His tenderness for his mother was never-failing. All his triumphs were laid at her feet, and the petting given him by the great world never spoilt him for the simplicity of home, or for quiet and lasting happiness with his wife. Even after death had swept away all their children, the faithful Bessy and her husband found comfort in each other's affection, the poet realizing the meaning of his own lines:—

I'd mourn the hopes that leave me
If thy smiles had left me too.

'Tis not in fate to harm me
While fate leaves thy love to me.

—Miss Rosa Mulholland, in *London Weekly Register*.

THE BLESSED VIRGIN.

Will you kindly give me space for a word in answer to Mr. Penton, who has vigorously attacked my letter? Mr. Penton thinks me a theologian or a clergyman. I regret I am neither, and so I am unable to bring theological training to my aid to show forth the cause I advocate with more strength and clearness.

I find more errors in Mr. Penton's letter than one could answer in a fair-sized volume. It is somewhat amusing to observe his calm, undisturbed composure when he tells us how the Church of God is in error. He does not volunteer any proof for the gravest charges; his own bald assertions are sufficient. With a scratch of the pen Mr. Penton settles a whole bunch of most perplexing theological difficulties. He admits the Blessed Virgin may be called "Theotokos," which is in fact all we claim for her, and then he goes on to explain away the term in the silliest, the most nonsensical verbiage of one of the Nestorians. With supreme confidence in his own infallibility, he decides that the invocation of the saints is an error

of Rome. His reasons are worthy of the deep philosopher that he is. The invocation of saints is an absurd doctrine since the saints cannot hear us. How does Mr. Penton know the saints cannot hear us? What does he know of the properties of the beatified soul? Dr. Brownson discussing this subject speaks thus:—"They see God face to face, and they may see all that concerns us, and all that we do, in Him as in a mirror which reflects all." What is there wrong in asking a saint to pray for us more than in asking a friend on earth to make a remembrance of us in his prayers? Yet I suppose even Mr. Penton has at times asked a godly neighbour to pray for him. And if there be no wrong in asking the prayers of any other saint, surely there can be none in asking the intercession of the Queen of Saints and Mother of God to put in a word for us with her own dear Son? Mr. Penton says this is error—idolatry. I say it is not, and my word is as good as his. How otherwise explain "I believe in the communion of saints" (Ap. Creed), or "and the smoke of the incense of the prayers of the saints ascended up before God from the hand of the angel." Apoc. viii. 4. If the inhabitants of Heaven know not what we do, how can they rejoice when a sinner does penance? Luke xv. 4.

Even though Protestants and Catholics may not agree on the doctrine of the invocation of saints, surely it should not be impossible to discover a common ground of agreement in the merits of the Blessed Virgin Mary, and the benefits she has conferred on the human race, so that we might be brought to consider her not unworthy of a statue—no very extraordinary or exceptional honour to any benefactor of our race. I shall not follow Mr. Penton into the other issues he raises, as I have neither time nor desire to open up a religious controversy.—*M. V. Sartoris in Toronto Mail*.

THE ASSUMPTION OF OUR LADY.

BY MADEL DE SEGUR.

Lift up your heads, Eternal Gates!
The Lord of Hosts passed through erewhile,
And, now, with His resplendent smile,
To welcome His Beloved waits.

Borne from the wilderness of earth,
Upon the wings of love Divine,
And flowing with delights to shine
Like unto Him Who owed her birth;

Whiter than ocean's foamy crest,
Purer than winter's falling snow,
Brighter than noonday's brightest glow,
She seeks at length her crown and rest.

Pass through the sainted throng, Great Queen—
Beyond the bands of angels bright,
Beyond where, in effulgent light,
Seraphic forms their faces screen.

Beyond archangels near the Throne,
Whose love uncounted ages know,
Yea, leave them all, Great Queen, below;
Mount!—higher still is thine alone.

Lo, Heaven exultant welcomes thee,
Fair shrine of the Eternal Word,
Beyond all creatures thus preferred
To share the God-head's Majesty.

None is above thee save thy God,
None is beside thee save thy Son,
Expected since the world begun,
Rest thou where saints have never trod.

Rest, martyred Heart of Calvary,
Wrapt in eternal light and love;
Reign—Throned high all heaven above;
For God Himself was born of thee.

Catholic Fireside.

Mr. A. Bichard, of Ottawa, has just published a new work entitled "Monographic." It contains short biographical notices of the governors, intendants and bishops of New France.

The Catholic Weekly Review.

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LETTER FROM HIS GRACE THE ARCHBISHOP OF TORONTO.

ST. MICHAEL'S PALACE, Toronto, 29th Dec., 1887.

GENTLEMEN,—

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

I am, faithfully yours,

JOHN JOSEPH LYNCH,
Archbishop of Toronto.

FROM THE LATE BISHOP OF HAMILTON.

HAMILTON, March 17, 1887

MY DEAR MR FITZGERALD,—

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

Believe me, yours faithfully,

JAMES J. CARRERY
Bishop of Hamilton.

TORONTO, SATURDAY, SEPT. 1, 1888.

The annual report of the Society of St. Vincent de Paul, Toronto, has been issued, and gives evidence of continued activity on the part of the various conferences. We shall notice the report more fully at an early date.

We have also received the last annual report of the House of Industry, one of Toronto's oldest and most important charities. We observe that Mr. W. J. Macdonell is, with one exception, the oldest member of the Board of Management, he having been elected a manager in 1853 and a trustee in 1864. Dr. O'Sullivan still continues to hold the office of Secretary, to which he was elected, as Mr. Macdonell's successor, a year or two ago. The other Catholic members of the Board are Very Rev. Father Laurent, Messrs. Charles Burns and Thomas Flynn.

Some one should write a treatise on the "Vitality of Lies." He would find abundant material in the calumnies which some Protestant writers vomit against the Catholic Church. We know on the authority of the poet that truth crushed to earth will rise again, and the only semblance of truth after which these fables can boast is their marvellous survival after the most crushing refutations. Just at present a silly calumny about Archbishop Ryan, of Philadelphia, is being, for the hundredth time, exposed by the Catholic press of the United States. It is asserted that he declared that when the Catholic Church in the United States should have attained a numerical majority, then religious liberty would be at an end. This statement was copied into a Toronto journal a couple of years ago, and its falsity was promptly exposed. The fact is that forty years ago some one wrote that *our enemies say* that if Catholics were in a majority religious liberty in the United States would be at an end. It requires nerve beyond the common to charge

Catholics with their opponents' statements, but trifles like that do not bother professional lie-mongers.

The other day we observed a "Salvationist" on Yonge Street. He was actually skipping along so full was he of the "glad tidings." Singing a hymn in a low voice, however, he continued to waltz along, no doubt under the impression that he was like David dancing before the ark of the Lord. When will the sectaries learn common sense? Common decency and respect for religion they never can have remaining what they are. Every day they can be heard howling out the most sacred names on our streets, and smearing holy subjects with their greasy touch. We confess that these people make us physically as well as mentally sick, so utterly do we abhor their wretched distortion of Christianity, their canting parody of the Gospels. Even respectable Protestants are becoming disgusted with their methods of procedure and do not wish to see their modes adopted more widely. Thus at the late synod of the Anglican Church in this city, Colonel Denison remarked, referring to the "Church Army," and kindred organizations "I don't see what need our old Church has of all those side shows." This was good for the Colonel, but rather rough on "our old Church." Did the gallant Colonel reflect that side shows only accompany a "circus"?

The Orange Grand Lodge, now in session at Winnipeg, foams at the mouth over the idea that, however tardily, justice is to be done the Catholic Church in Canada in the matter of the Jesuit estates. The report of the Grand Lodge's committee on correspondence denounce the Order in the set terms which have been the stock-in-trade of the Society's enemies for the past two centuries. It is opposed to progress, to peace, to prosperity, it is destruction to national life, it should be strenuously opposed by Catholics as well as Protestants, and the rest. All this is in perfect harmony with the objects of the Orange Order. Nothing better can be expected of it than calumny and vituperation. The matter which has aroused its anger should however be rightly understood. There were involved in it two very distinct questions. The first was whether restitution should be made to the Catholic Church for the confiscation of her goods at the time of the British conquest; the second was, who should be the beneficiary of the restitution when made. The first question is one lying within the competency of the Local Legislature of Quebec which has declared that at least partial restitution shall be made. The second question is a purely ecclesiastical one, and the Legislature very wisely enacts that it (the second question) shall be adjudicated by the highest ecclesiastical tribunal, the Holy See. A perfect parallel to this wise course may be in the very common plan of "payment into court" by a party who confesses his liability, but being unable to determine to whom he should make payment deposits the funds to the credit of the proper tribunal and so quits himself of his obligation, leaving the disposal of the money to the court's decision. Here are the two questions. So long as they are kept apart much misunderstanding will be avoided.

The Liverpool *Catholic Times* calls attention to a number of glaring inconsistencies in the much vaunted "Encyclical" of the Anglican "Bishops" recently assembled at Lambeth to discuss æsthetic questions. But it is in nowise strange to catch Anglicans at inconsistency. It is a necessity of their being, and as such is part and parcel of their

creed. Yet the inconsistencies of the "encyclical" are too good to be passed over. For instance, it is decided that divorces for adultery are lawful, and that the innocent party may (as the question is open to doubt) marry again, but the guilty party is under no circumstances to be married, and is thus condemned perforce to a life of celibacy. Again, a polygamous convert is not to be baptized; but his wives may be baptized. Again, the Church of Rome is censured for planting bishoprics in the territory of "her Eastern sister," and yet the Anglican Bishops hold out the right hand of fellowship to the Old Catholics of Holland and Germany, and the "Christian Catholic Church" of Switzerland. Nay, more, in the "Encyclical" we find a self-denying ordinance in these terms:—"It behoves us of the Anglican Communion to take care that we do not offend," as the Roman Church has done, in sending Bishops into non-Catholic countries. Yet in one of the resolutions the Bishops express a hope that the "reformers" of Italy, France, Spain and Portugal may be able to adopt "such sound forms of doctrine and discipline, and to secure such Catholic organization as will permit us to give them a fuller recognition." What is "wholly contrary to Catholic principles" in the Pope is entirely right and satisfactory in the pseudo-Catholics of the Lambeth conference. In the face of these it is not wonderful to find the "Bishop" of Liverpool (Dr. Ryle) disclaiming all responsibility for the precious document, which, he says emphatically, "is not the united and harmonious voice of all the Bishops of the Anglican communion." Dr. Ryle has written to the *London Times* to say that he had no voice or hand in drawing up the document, that he saw no rough draft after it was drawn up, and never read a line of it before it appeared in the columns of the *Times*. He then goes on somewhat vigorously to say that it contains one glaring defect which he cannot refrain from deploring. "That defect is the conspicuous absence of any reference to the 'unhappy divisions' about the doctrine and ritual of the Lord's Supper which are at this moment convulsing the Church of England, and will certainly bring on disruption and disestablishment unless they are healed." The existence and formidable nature of these divisions it is vain, says Dr. Ryle, to deny. "To my eyes," he adds, "they are of cardinal importance, and appear to require far more attention than the condition of the Scandinavian or Greek churches, or the Old Catholic movement." But the things Dr. Ryle thinks the conference should have discussed, vital to the very existence of Christianity as they are, are just those things which the assembled prelates studiously avoided, knowing well by intuition that the Church of England does not know herself what she believes. Happily Christianity does not depend for existence upon a number of silk-stockinged gentlemen assembled together for purposes of mutual admiration, and we shall be surprised if multitudes of earnest Anglicans, their eyes opened to the spirit of compromise predominant in their spiritual fathers, do not turn their faces towards that ONE CHURCH whose builder and maker is God, and who, when she speaks, does so with no halting or hesitating voice, but "as one having authority."

The rejection of the Fisheries Treaty by the United States Senate was a foregone conclusion. Those who had closely watched the moves on the political chess-board, even before the treaty was submitted for the ratification of that august body, were convinced that the best fortune which could befall it would be the postponement of its

consideration until after the Presidential election, for no one imagined that the Republican majority in the Senate would be generous or patriotic enough to permit a Democratic President to achieve the glory of finally ending the oft recurring international disputes over the fisheries, and setting at rest forever the conflicting interpretations of the treaty of 1818. Hence, when the Republican Senators, by a strict party vote, sternly set their faces against this scant measure of courtesy, the subsequent rejection of the treaty by the same party vote—a Republican majority of three—took nobody by surprise.

This is the second move on the fisheries question made by the Republicans to break down the policy and the party of President Cleveland, the first having been the Retaliation Bill of 1887, which has up to the present time remained a dead letter, but which was passed—the Democrats, for party reasons, not daring to oppose it—with the view of enlisting the sympathy of the anti-British (or, properly said, anti-English) electors, and imposing upon the President the responsibility—which hitherto he has been wise enough to shirk—of putting its notoriously obnoxious provisions into execution. When, therefore, the Republicans, having this bill on the Statute Book, had also burked the treaty, they surveyed the situation, and were jubilant for the moment that they had secured all to themselves the glorious privilege of twisting the tail of the British Lion during the remaining months of the Presidential campaign, and that thereby they would draw hosts of Irish-American voters from the Democratic to the Republican standard, and thus make sure of the election of their candidate. It was only for a moment, however, for President Cleveland gave them but two days for mutual felicitations over their supposed triumph, when he sent a message to Congress which proved a veritable bomb in the Republican camp, and a genuine surprise to everybody. In this famous State paper, which we think should be called the "champion campaign sheet" of the present contest, the President twists the tail of the unfortunate animal (which in this case happens to be Canada) with a force and a seeming, if not genuine, earnestness Senator Frye might envy, and even the "plumed Knight" himself may not hope to excel. He points out that as his way of settlement (*i. e.*, the treaty) had been rejected, it is incumbent on the Senate to provide by further legislation for the carrying out of the policy of retaliation, and shows that this can most effectively be done by abrogating the existing agreement whereby goods and merchandise may be transported free in bond through the United States to Canada, which would, of course, involve the abrogation of the like privileges through Canada to the United States.

The proposed retaliation, if carried into effect, would inflict serious injury upon Canada for a time, and far more serious injury upon the United States, much of which would be permanent. But when it is noted that all the States which would be the chief sufferers by the abrogation of existing commercial privileges, are strongly Republican, the point of the Democratic President's proposition becomes plain. The Republicans demanded retaliation in 1887; they have now rejected the treaty, and Mr. Cleveland says:—"Apply your own remedy, but apply it all round." The fact is 'retaliation' is a game in which the Americans stand to lose, not alone in proportion to the greater magnitude of their interests, but also in proportion to Canada's superior geographical position and greater natural advantages. Hence, neither Democrats nor

Republicans desire at present to enforce such a policy. Our estimate of the situation is in entire accord with that of the *New York Sun* when it says: "Mr. Cleveland's message is a brilliant political stroke. The rejection of the Fisheries Treaty seemed to put him in a hole. He has climbed out." We believe, therefore, that Canada is in no present danger from either Republican or Democratic angling for the anti-British vote. But the day may come, and come soon, when one or the other of these parties, impelled by the forces behind it, would be driven into action on these very lines, and hence it becomes the duty of Canada to take such additional precautions as are obviously necessary to secure her absolute immunity from injury should the Americans, from partizan or other motives, adopt the policy which they now threaten. Let Canada secure without delay a Sault St. Marie canal on her own territory, and see that her railway facilities in the East are up to the requirements of her own winter business and as much of that of the Western States as she chooses to carry, and should the Americans be foolish enough to permit the threats of their politicians to be carried into execution, her seaports will be flourishing cities when the grass is waving on the streets of Portland.

BOOK REVIEWS.

The Annals of St. Anne de Beaupré. The honour of first announcing to the English-speaking public, the publication of these *Annals* fell to this REVIEW. That was some time previous to the issue of the first number, since when the project has become a realized fact. We have before us now the first four numbers, and they contain a variety of articles, principally devoted to the great Patroness of Canada, all of the most readable description. We congratulate the Rev. Fathers of Levis College on the success which has thus far attended their efforts to disseminate the literature of St. Anne beyond the confines of the Province of Quebec, and we trust they will meet with the earnest co-operation of all who have experienced the beneficial effects of the Good Saint's intercession. To create a true devotion to her it is only necessary that her mercy and her power should be made known, and in particular the wonderful miracles constantly taking place at her own particular home in this country. at St. Anne de Beaupré. This is the mission of the *Annals*, and the low figure at which the subscription (35 cents) is placed, puts it within reach of even the poorest.

Manual of the Constitutional History of Canada, by J. G. Bourinot, LL.D., F.R.S. Can. Montreal: Dawson Bros.

At the time Dr. Bourinot's work on "Parliamentary Practice and Procedure in Canada" was published, the desire was widely expressed that those chapters which treated of the history of the Constitution should be issued in a handier form. Acting on the suggestion the learned author has given us this volume, which in a concise form, such as will be found of the greatest service to students and others, traces the gradual development of the constitutional system of the Dominion from the earliest times to the present day. Under French dominion the inhabitants of the country were never represented in legislative assemblies. Champlain, the founder of Quebec, established the first government, and in him was vested exclusive control of both the civil and military affairs of the colony, and although he was assisted by a council he was in no wise bound to follow their advice. From 1663, the French King exercised more direct control over Canada and made it more conformable to the progress of the country, though in all essential features it resembled that of a province of France. A Supreme Council invested with legislative, executive and judicial powers was established at Quebec, and from the acts of this council there was no appeal except to the King. Although provision had been made in the constitution of 1663 for the election of certain municipal officers, it was never to any degree put in force, and the people remained without a

voice in the control of their affairs. "The very name of Parliament," says the author, "had to the French colonist none of that significance it had to the Englishman, whether living in the parent state or in its dependencies. The word in French was applied only to a body whose ordinary functions were of a judicial character, and whose very decrees bore the impress continually of royal dictation." Canada passed into the possession of Great Britain in 1760, and for three years subsequently the government was entrusted to military chiefs, but in 1763 (the year in which the Treaty of Paris was signed) the King, George III., issued a proclamation, establishing four new governments, of which Quebec was one. This was the beginning of representative government for Canada, though not infrequently the people enjoyed little more real liberty than under the French King. George III. and his government's idea of constitutional liberty brought about the American Revolution, and lost half a continent to the British Crown. The outcome of the Revolution, however, though it separated the Thirteen Colonies from Great Britain, bestowed great benefits upon Canada. It indirectly gave to us the Constitutional Act of 1791 and inaugurated a more liberal system of government. It is worthy of remark that, although Washington addressed a proclamation to the French-Canadians entreating them to join in the revolt against Britain, all such efforts were ineffectual and they remained faithful to their allegiance. Dr. Bourinot discusses fully the Constitutional Act of 1791, the Union Act of 1840, and subsequent events, culminating in the grand act of Confederation in 1867, when was laid deep and secure the foundation of the Dominion. Whatever the ultimate destiny of Canada may be, it is certain we now enjoy more real liberty than any other people in the world, and that we can look forward to the future with hope and confidence.

"At last we see all the provinces politically united in a confederation, on the whole carefully conceived and matured; enjoying responsible government in the completest sense, and carrying out at the same time, as far as possible, those British constitutional principles which give the best guarantee for the liberties of a people. With a federal system which combines at once central strength and local freedom of action; with a permanent executive independent of popular caprice and passion; with a judiciary on whose integrity there is no blemish, and in whose learning there is every confidence; with a civil service resting on the firm basis of freedom from politics and of security of tenure; with a people who respect the law and fully understand the workings of parliamentary institutions, the Dominion of Canada need not fear comparison with any other country in those things which make a community truly happy and prosperous."

In addition to the purely historical part of the book, a very clear and concise examination is made of the constitution of the general government and of Parliament; of the several provincial governments; of the powers of disallowance of provincial acts, possessed by the federal government under the British North America Act; and of the position of the judiciary. Two chapters are devoted to judicial decisions or questions of legislative jurisdiction, and one to rules of construction and constitutional principles evolved from those decisions. The British North America Acts of 1867 and 1871, and the Dominion of Canada Act of 1875 are appended to the volume and in the study of the main body of the work will be found of the greatest usefulness. The entire volume, which is indispensable to all who take an interest in the government of their country, gives evidence on every page of that thoroughness of research and clearness of treatment characteristic of all Dr. Bourinot's work. The price is \$1.25.

La Revue Canadienne. The principal articles in the June number are: "Ca et La dans le pays des Arts," by A. Leclaire. A short study on the celebrated pictures of the Blessed Virgin, with a copy of Murillo's Immaculate Conception; "La Question Scolaire aux Etats Unis," by Mr. J. P. Tardivel, editor of *La Verite*, and "Des Figures Oubliées de Notre Histoire," in which Mr. N. E. Dionne recounts some of the services rendered to religion by the lay brothers and servants attached to the two illustrious orders who first evangelized this country. In "Une Histoire du Canada," Mr. A. Bouchard reviews the recently published "Chronological History of New France in Canada, by Father Sixte LeTae." This work appears to have been printed from a manuscript, said to have been discovered a short time ago in the Archives of *Seine et Oise*, (France) by Mr. Eug. Réveilland, a French Protestant, who has published it with notes and an appendix of his own. The ground upon

which he credits the authorship to Father Sixte LeTae, who was a Recollét and resided in this country from 1676 to 1689, is the similarity between the writing of the manuscript and other documents known to have been written and signed by that Father and still existing in the registers at Three Rivers, of which mission he had charge. On account of the absurd charges made against, and the reflections cast upon, the Jesuit Fathers and Bishop de Laval, the reviewer considers that the manuscript, over which Mr. Reveilland the Huguenot appears to be so happy, contains internal evidence that it could not have been written by Father LeTae, or any member of a religious community.

The *Revue* for July has further instalments of the sketch of Cardinal Pie, Bishop of Poitiers; and *Le Nord-Ouest d'Autrefois*, by L. A. Prudhomme. Also a very interesting article on the Ursulines of Quebec, by A. LeFranc; a first instalment of Historical Notes on the Hudson's Bay, by G. Dugast; and a favourable review of Mr. Jacques de Baudoucourt's "*Histoire Populaire du Canada*."

MEN AND THINGS.

"As I am on the subject of churches," writes Miss Rosa Mulholland in the *Weekly Register*, "I may say that nowhere in Ireland is there one more beautiful than the Cathedral at Thurles, opposite which stands the gates of the house of the Archbishop of Cashel. And Dr. Croke at home—labouring incessantly for the spiritual good of his flock, working up sodalities, temperance societies, encouraging education, giving personally instruction and consolation wherever these are necessary or desirable—is even a more admirable figure than Dr. Croke abroad speaking strong and inspiring words to the multitude.

Of Mr. Justice Day, of whom the world of Great Britain and Ireland has heard so much lately, the *Liverpool Catholic Times* says that after he was called to the bar by the Middle Temple, he shone as an author, and also sparkled as a wit; wherefore he became a favorite in popular damage cases. For twenty-three years he went on shining and sparkling until "he took silk," and became as serious as a Dutch uncle. Six years ago Mr. Gladstone raised him to the bench, where he makes judicial jokes with wonderful effect. Mr. Justice Matthew (Father Mathew's nephew) is the only other Catholic on the bench in Great Britain.

The Duke of Norfolk was present at the Brompton Oratory to witness the marriage of Mr. G. Ambrose Lee, son of the Rev. Dr. Lee, the Ritualist Vicar of All Saints, Lambeth, with Miss Rose Wallace, daughter of his Grace's heraldic secretary, and niece of Father Gordon, superior of the Brompton Oratorians. The gifts to the bride included two diamond stars and an antique silver tea service from the Duke.

Cardinal Howard, says the *Star*, is in a most deplorable condition, both physically and mentally. He does not remember his oldest friends, and sometimes will not take a meal for days together. It would be difficult to recognize in his pinched and emaciated frame the gay young Lifeguardsman who was chosen for his good looks and fine physique to lead the procession at the Duke of Wellington's funeral. In those days he looked every inch a soldier, and it was greatly to his friends' surprise that they learned of his going to Rome and entering the ecclesiastical state. He now occupies the dual position of Archpriest of St. Peter's and Bishop of Frascati. These offices have never been united in the same individual since they were held by the Cardinal of York, last of the House of Stuart.

Under the heading, "The Attorney-General and the Bar," Mr. C. A. Bromby, a Catholic, who was formerly Attorney-General in one of the Australasian Colonies, writes to the *Daily News* from the Temple: "Mr. A. J. Balfour, in the House of Commons, with his usual inaccuracy, stated 'the whole Bar of England was unanimous in believing that the Attorney-General in the action he had taken in this matter' (presumably his defence of the *Times*) 'had not departed a hair's breadth from the path of professional honour.' Will you permit me, as an older member of the English Bar than the

present Attorney-General, and as one who has held in another part of Her Majesty's dominions the same position now held by Sir. R. Webster here, to say that this is not, by a very long way, the unanimous opinion of the Bar of England."

CATHOLIC AND LITERARY NOTES.

Within the last 50 years 60 churches in Scotland have been dedicated to the Blessed Virgin.

The ceremony of laying the corner-stone of the O'Connell Memorial church took place at Cahirciveen, Co. Kerry, Ire., a few weeks ago. Most Rev. Dr. Croke, archbishop of Cashel, performed the ceremony. Thus a beautiful church will stand in Ireland to the memory of the great liberator, patriot, and statesman, Daniel O'Connell.

At the convention of the Catholic Total Abstinence Union, of America, held in Boston last week, the following officers were elected for the ensuing year:—President, Rev. T. J. Conaty, of Worcester, Mass.; Vice-President, Rev. Morgan M. Sheedy, of Pittsburg; Second Vice-President, Capt. Thomas O'Brien, of Connecticut; Treasurer, Rev. P. J. Garrigan, of Fitchburg, Mass.; Secretary, Philip A. Nolan, of Philadelphia.

The Council of Ireland of the Society of St. Vincent de Paul having issued the following circular to the members of their association, a large number attended in the Cathedral, Marlborough-street, on the day named:—"The Council of Ireland has received with the deepest regret intelligence of the death, on the 9th June, of Monsieur Adolphe Baudon, who for more than thirty-eight years (1848 to 1886) was President-General of the Society, and who during that period rendered it incalculable services in every part of the world. In accordance with the desire of the Council-General, the Council of Ireland has made arrangements for the celebration of the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass for the eternal repose of M. Baudon in the Cathedral, Marlborough-street, on Saturday, 21st July, at 8 o'clock a.m., and again on the same day, 21st July, at 10 o'clock a.m. The attendance of the members, active and honorary, is most particularly requested.—R.I.P." Prayers were also requested in the city churches on Sunday for the repose of the soul of Monsieur Baudon.

While the steamer "Canada" was returning with the pilgrimage which went to Ste. Anne de Beaupré from St. Peter's parish, Montreal, under the direction of Rev. Father Lefebere, a woman named Archambault, of St. Catharine street, gave birth to a son. A similar accident occurred to the same woman on the "Canada" while attending a pilgrimage two years ago.

The following beautiful tribute from the pen of "Laclede," appeared in the Ephemerides column of the *Montreal Gazette* upon the announcement of the death of the well known Rev. Mother Caron one of the founders of the Order of the Providence nuns: "Let us close with only a few words to the memory of one of those strong, noble, unknown women, a worthy daughter of the great mothers of early Canadian history. It is a sheer, short story, though spanning eighty-eight years. Sister Marie Caron—born 1808; one of the seven founders of the House of Providence, 1843; died 1888. Forty-five years among the sick, the halt, the hungry, the outcast and the dying. Lowly as a weed, yet rising, when wanted, like a flower. Some twelve years local superior at the mother house; some thirteen years general superior of an order which, sprung from a handful, less than fifty years ago, counts its members now by the hundreds, scattered on all sides, as far south as Chili, and as far west as British Columbia. All Canadian girls, some of them of the best families. The long life of charity is over without a flutter, and the black robe has been laid to rest under the young trees of Longue Pointe hospital."

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30 Furniture Sets	200 00	6,000 00
60 "	100 00	6,000 00
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1000 Silver do	20 00	20,000 00
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 Ottawa, February, 1888

SAULT Ste. MARIE CANAL

Notice to Contractors.

SEALED TENDERS addressed to the under-
 signed and endorsed "Tenders for the Sault
 Ste. Marie Canal," will be received at this office
 until the arrival of the eastern and western
 mails on TUESDAY, the 23rd day of October,
 next, for the formation and construction of a
 Canal on the Canadian side of the river, through
 the Island of St. Mary.

The works will be lot in two sections, one of
 which will embrace the formation of the canal
 through the island; the construction of locks,
 &c. The other, the deepening and widening of
 the channel-way at both ends of the canal; con-
 struction of piers, &c.
 A map of the locality, together with plans and
 specifications of the works, can be seen at this
 office on and after TUESDAY, the 9th day of
 October next, where printed forms of tender can
 also be obtained. A like class of information,
 relative to the works, can be seen at the office of
 the Local Officer in the Town of Sault Ste. Marie,
 Ont.

Intending contractors are requested to bear in
 mind that tenders will not be considered unless
 made strictly in accordance with the printed
 forms and be accompanied by a letter stating
 that the person or persons tendering have care-
 fully examined the locality and the nature of
 the material found in the trial pits.

In the case of firms, there must be attached the
 actual signatures of the full name, the nature of
 the occupation and residence of each member of
 the same; and further, a bank deposit receipt for
 the sum of \$20,000 must accompany the tender
 for the canal and locks; and a bank deposit re-
 ceipt for the sum of \$7,500 must accompany the
 tender for the deepening and widening of the
 channel-way at both ends, piers, &c.

The respective deposit receipts—cheques will
 not be accepted—must be endorsed over to the
 Minister of Railways and Canals, and will be
 forfeited if the party tendering declines entering
 into contract for the works, at the rates and on
 the terms stated in the offer submitted.

The deposit receipt thus sent in will be return-
 ed to the respective parties whose tenders are not
 accepted.

This Department does not, however, bind itself
 to accept the lowest or any tender.

By order,

A. P. BRADLEY,
 Secretary.

Department of Railways and Canals,
 Ottawa, 8th August, 1888.

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SEALED TENDERS addressed to the under-
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 tors, &c., New Departmental Building, Ottawa,"
 will be received until Monday, 17th September,
 next.

All necessary information can be obtained at
 this Department on and after Monday, 20th
 instant.

Each tender must be accompanied by an
 accepted bank cheque made payable to the order
 of the Honourable the Minister of Public
 Works, equal to five per cent. of the amount of
 the tender, 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 work con-
 tracted for. If the tender be not accepted the
 cheque will be returned.

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

By order,
 A. GOREIL,
 Secretary.

Department of Public Works,
 Ottawa, August, 14th, 1888.



ST. LAWRENCE CANALS.

Notice to Contractors.

SEALED TENDERS, addressed to the under-
 signed and endorsed "Tender for the St. Law-
 rence Canals," will be received at this office un-
 til the arrival of the eastern and western mails
 on TUE DAY, the 23th day of September next,
 for the construction of two locks and the deep-
 ening and enlargement of the upper entrance of
 the Galops Canal. And for the deepening and
 enlargement of the summit level of the Cornwall
 Canal. The construction of a new lock at each
 of the three interior lock stations on the Corn-
 wall Canal between the Town of Cornwall and
 Maple Grove; the deepening and widening the
 channel way of the canal; construction of
 bridges, &c.

A map of each of the localities together with
 plans and specifications of the respective works,
 can be seen on and after TUESDAY, the 11th
 day of September next, at this office for all the
 works, and for the respective works at the fol-
 lowing mentioned places:—

For the works at Galops at the Lock-keeper's
 house, "Alans. For deepening the summit level
 of the Cornwall Canal, at Dickenson's Landing;
 and for the new locks, &c., at lock Stations Nos.
 18, 19 and 20, at the town of Cornwall. Printed
 forms of tender can be obtained for the respective
 works at the places mentioned.

In the case of firms there must be attached the
 actual signatures of the full name, the nature of
 the occupation and residence of each member of
 the same, and further, a bank deposit receipt for
 the sum of \$1,000 must accompany the tender for
 the Galops Canal Works, and a bank deposit re-
 ceipt for the sum of \$4,000 for each section of
 the works on the summit level of the Cornwall
 Canal; and for each of the lock sections on the
 Cornwall Canal a bank deposit receipt for the
 sum of \$1,000.

The respective deposit receipts—cheques will
 not be accepted—must be endorsed over to the
 Minister of Railways and Canals, and will be
 forfeited if the party tendering declines entering
 into contract for the works at the rates and on
 the terms stated in the offer submitted. The de-
 posit receipts thus sent in will be returned to
 the respective parties whose tenders are not
 accepted.

This Department does not, however, bind itself
 to accept the lowest or any tender.

By order,

A. P. BRADLEY,
 Secretary.

Department of Railways and Canals,
 Ottawa, 8th August, 1888.

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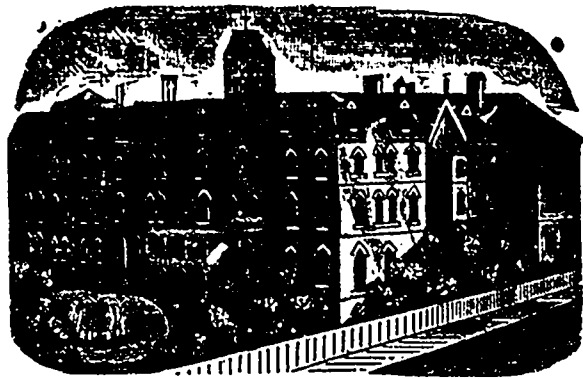
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