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The Catholic Weekly Review.

A Journal Devoted to the Interests of the Catholic Church in Canada.

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

Vol. II

Toronto, Saturday, Jan. 26, 1889.

No. 50

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Notes.

CATHOLIC WEEKLY REVIEW

With this issue THE REVIEW enters upon another stage of its existence. Hitherto it has been printed by contract, but this week it is printed from its own type and in its own premises, a fact which may be taken as evidence that it has passed the period of infancy, and grown, if not yet to full manhood, at least to vigorous and progressive youth. This step, which the growing importance of THE REVIEW as an intelligent exponent of Catholic principles, and an enlightened organ of Catholic opinion on questions of the day, has necessitated, is taken in full confidence that it will meet with the cordial co-operation of the Catholics of Canada in the greater responsibility upon which it has entered.

The office of publication which has hitherto been at 32½ Church St. is now at 64 Adelaide St. East, a few doors from Church St., where THE REVIEW will be glad to see its friends. The business interests of the paper will be looked after by Mr. P. N. DEGRUCHY. Having now a printing office of its own equipped with all the latest styles and newest faces in types and borders, and with the most improved machinery, THE REVIEW is prepared to do all kind of LEGAL, COMMERCIAL, JOB and BOOK printing, and respectfully solicit a share of patronage at the hands of Catholics and the public generally.

Owing to the demands upon our space we have to leave over this week some editorial remarks on Canon Knox Little, the well-known Anglican divine, whose preaching of so many Catholic doctrines, including Confession, in Toronto during the past week, created a great impression.

We have to acknowledge, especially since of late we have ventured to differ from it, the kindness of the Milwaukee *Catholic Citizen's* references. Quoting a late article on the duties of Catholic journalists, it speaks of THE REVIEW as "one of the spiciest, and at the same time one of the most scholarly of its exchanges."

Mr. Gladstone's decision not to go to Rome although at present sojourning in Italy has caused, it is announced, general regret among Home Rulers. Cardinal Manning, it is said, and other eminent men pleaded that an audience with the Pope would result beneficially for Ireland, but Mr. Gladstone was obdurate. It can well be believed that such a meeting would be productive of very much benefit. It would have helped to Mr. Gladstone's understanding of the Roman question, and to the Holy Father's understanding of the condition of Ireland.

Our readers will be interested to hear that there is every probability of the magnificent library presented to the Holy Father by the Catholics of England on occasion of his Golden Jubilee, finding a resting place at length in the new Canadian College in Rome. The library in question consists of upwards of two thousand volumes richly bound in white and gold, being the product of English Catholic pens within the period of the Holy Father's priesthood, and is as complete a collection as could be made within the short time at the disposal of the committee appointed for the purpose. In their beautiful binding, the books attracted great attention at the Vatican Exhibition, but much curiosity was even then felt as to their ultimate destination. To add them to the great library of the Vatican would be like sending coals to Newcastle and as the English College has already an enormous library, recently more than doubled by the addition of Cardinal Howard's books, it occurred to Mgr. Stoner, the rector of that institution, that the Canadian College would be the most fitting repository for them. Accordingly, he wanted upon the Holy Father and asked that he would graciously present them to the new institution where "they might form the nucleus of a great library." So the Pope promised to think the matter over. "We are inclined to think," says an English contemporary, commenting on the matter, "the proposal to allow the library to find its home in the Canadian College, was not only kind and generous, but also the best that could be made." To which sentiment Canadian Catholics will cordially and gratefully assent.

MONTREAL GOSSIP.

The Salvation Army has this week lost one of its patrons in the person of "Joe Beef." This eccentric man whose fame has reached almost every city on the Continent, was an old soldier, who from his success in foraging during the Crimean War, received his somewhat odd nick-name. He came to Canada in 1864, and having received his discharge in 1868, opened a tavern on Claud Street, in 1870 he removed to his well-known "Canteen," in 4, 5, and 6 Common Street. His love for animals led to his keeping a pretty extensively stocked menagerie, where bears, monkeys, a young alligator, three racoons and a porcupine lived on the most friendly terms with Joe's boarders. On the occasion of his first wife's funeral the bears formed part of the funeral procession, and to see them march solemnly home from the cemetery to the tune of "The Girl I left behind me." was a sight not soon to be forgotten in Montreal.

Joe was in the habit of paying the Salvation Army a dollar every Sunday for singing opposite to his Canteen.

When a man goes to his eternity leaving a record of twenty-one years of liquor selling, it is well to find some good to say of him. Joe was charitable—unfortunately, few went thirsty from his door—but none went hungry, and many an old pensioner with tearful eyes, remarked while standing by his corpse, "we have lost our best friend now." His real name was Charles McKiernan, and he was born in County Cavan, Ireland in the year 1835. His creed, as expounded by himself runs as follows:

"He cares not for the Pope, priest, parson, or King William of Boyne, all Joe wants is the coin. He trusts in God in summer time to keep him from all harm. When he sees the frost and snow poor old Joe trusts to the almighty dollar and good old maple wood to keep him warm, for churches, chapels, rauters, preachers, Beechers and such stuff, Montreal has got enough."

His funeral was witnessed by vast multitudes, thousands upon thousands of persons of all ranks of life flocked to take a last look at the strange man who had been at the same time a friend and a foe to humanity. It is said that seldom, if ever, did a funeral in Montreal attract so large a crowd of people. The proceedings were characterized by the utmost decorum and simplicity and with a gentle adaptability to circumstances, the Rev. Rural Dean Lindsay, rector of St. Thomas' Church, "was in attendance" and read the service of the Church of England, *altering it in a few places* to suit his unwonted congregation.

On Thursday we had a flying visit from our already popular Governor-General. Lord Stanley of Preston came down to honour the meeting of the Canadian Society of Civil Engineers. The luncheon given by the Council of the Society in the Ladies Ordinary of the Windsor was a very recherche affair. His Excellency was on that occasion attended by his newly appointed *aide de camp*, Major Hector Prevost. This is Major Prevost's first public appearance in his new capacity; the distinction awarded to this young Canadian officer meets with general approval in Montreal. The Engineer's Conversazione at McGill College, at which His Excellency arrived at half-past nine o'clock, was a most brilliant gathering. The decorations were both patriotic and profuse, Canadian carpets were used in the passages, and Canadian flags depended from the walls, with here and there a Union Jack, the French flag and the banner of the Stars and Stripes. The Governor-General's reply to the Engineers' address was, as usual, happy, and the whole entertainment was carried out in the most harmonious manner. Over four hundred invitations had been issued and the proportion of those who accepted was large.

The weather has of late been the chief topic of conversation in all directions—and for once the oldest inhabitant holds his peace. In the middle of January to find the thermometer registering 55 degrees in the shade in Montreal, is, to say the least of it, not usual. It is bad weather for the dealers in fur, and worse weather for the dealers in ice, but it is worst of all for the dealers in Carnival. One effect of the balmy air and bright, spring-like sunshine, was the collapse of a great part of the western wall of the Ice Palace.

Saturday's frost, however, enabled the builders to resume operations and things are going merrily. The damage caused by the rain will cost the committee no less than a thousand dollars. The Carnival programme is out and promises well—the people in general seem to have caught the spirit of this national festival—and the Carnival of 1889 will probably be the most successful ever yet held in Montreal. One of the attractions will be the pair of moose lately presented to the Forest and Stream Club at Dorval. These fleet-footed creatures cover a mile in little over two minutes. They figured at the St. Paul's Carnival last year, and whilst there an offer of \$1500 was refused for them. They are the only trained pair of Moose upon the continent, and are, in themselves, a "feature of the Carnival."

This week is to bring us Albani, but of that *belle Canadienne* more in my next letter.

OLD MORTALITY.

WHAT IS A "PREFECT APOSTOLIC"?

At THE REVIEW'S request Mgr. Howley, Prefect Apostolic of St. George's Bay, West, Newfoundland, and the learned author of the "Ecclesiastical History of Newfoundland," has kindly consented to give in these columns, short explanations of a few ecclesiastical terms not commonly known outside of clerical circles. We print the first article this week.

When the Popes acquired their Temporal Dominion in the eighth century, they retained the title of Prefect for many civil offices, a title which, in the days of Imperial Rome, originally designated a military command but was subsequently extended to persons in civil authority. But the application of the word was also extended by the Popes to ecclesiastical positions. The Popes in those days were not merely nominal temporal sovereigns but actual ones, as their enemies often found out to their cost. In 849 Pope Leo IV headed his army in person, and in conjunction with his navy at Ostia, dispersed the Saracens, who were marching on Rome to sack St. Peter's Church, and in 1016 Benedict VIII. completely routed them. The Admiral of the Fleet was called *Naval Prefect*, and here we see a curious blending of the civil, military, and religious elements in the Papal Government. When the Pope rode in procession on Christmas day to the Church of St. Mary Major, he was accompanied by the Naval Prefects, vested in *capas* and bearing long staves in the same manner as the Judges.

In the Pope's own household there were the Prefects of the Vatican Library, of the Archives, of Pontifical Briefs, of Ceremonies, etc., etc.

In the sixteenth century were established the Congregations of Cardinals, with a Cardinal Prefect as president of each. There were some 28 or 30 of them. The principal and most generally known are the Congregation of Rites, the Index, or Inquisition, the Council, and Propaganda Fide.

It is to this latter we owe the Institution of *Prefects Apostolic*, or as the title reads in full, Prefects of the Apostolic Missions.

The Popes as Vicars of Christ, invested with full powers of Jurisdiction and Mission, never ceased from the days of the Apostles to send forth missionaries to preach the gospel to all nations. In the beginning of the thirteenth century a great religious movement took place, and several Religious Orders were founded, who supplied innumerable missionaries to the newly discovered countries. Among these, in the foremost places were Dominicans and Franciscans. The former were sent by Gregory IX. into Asia. The latter into Grecco, Syria, Egypt and Tartary, by Honorius III. Later on the Jesuits were sent by Pope Paul III. to Japan, the East Indies, and China. Leo X. and Adrian VI. sent missionaries to America.

The work of the missionaries became so vast with the increase of geographical discovery that, in 1622, Pope Gregory XV. founded the Congregation of Propaganda Fide, to which he gave charge of all the Missions throughout the world. A few years afterwards (1627) the College was established in connection with this Congregation by Urban VIII., hence called the Urban College.

The Congregation of Propaganda holds under its jurisdiction all the Oriental Churches, the Greco-Melchite, Maronite,

Eyriac, Chaldean, Armenian, Coptic, &c.; all the churches of America, Canada, Australia, Africa; and in Europe,—Ireland, England, Scotland, Gibraltar, Denmark, Holland, Switzerland, Poland, Georgia, Illyria, Bosnia, &c.; India, China, Japan, and the islands of the ocean. There are under its jurisdiction, Patriarchs, Archbishops, Bishops, Vicars, Prefects, Delegates and Missionaries-Apostolic, &c.

In the establishment of new missions in countries sparsely inhabited, or inhabited by heretics, infidels and pagans, the Propaganda at first merely sends a missionary, then after a time appoints a *prefect*, with two or three or more missionaries under him. Sometimes it is a bishop in *partibus*, sometimes a prelate of higher or lower degree with the title of *Monsignor*, but without episcopal consecration, and sometimes merely a simple priest. But in all cases he is endowed with the most ample faculties and powers, varying according to the distance or other circumstances of the place, but always equal to, and often more extensive than those given to ordinary bishops of dioceses. A Prefect Apostolic can perform all episcopal functions, such as the administration of the Sacrament of Confirmation (without, however, episcopal vestments,) the consecration of altars, chalices, churches, cemeteries, &c., the erection, division, union, &c., of parishes; the *visitation pastoralis*, and all that regards the administration of the Prefecture, reservation of cases, &c., in fact all that a bishop can do except those acts which arise from episcopal consecration, viz., the consecration of the Holy Oils and ordination of priests.

As, however, these Missions may be disturbed by the incursions of hostile tribes, or are not capable of maintaining in proper style the episcopal dignity, and are at first merely tentative, hence the Prefect does not, as a rule, receive episcopal consecration. They are not permanently appointed but only *ad libitum Sancti Patriæ*. They are maintained principally by the charitable donations of that noble institute, the *Propagation de la Foi*, of Lyons, which must not be confounded with the Propaganda.

The Prefects Apostolic are not appointed in a permanent manner, nor obliged to take the oath as in episcopal consecration, in which the new bishop swears to perform the visit *ad Limina Apostolorum*. Nevertheless they are bound to make this visitation in the same manner as bishops.

The Prefect Apostolic in saying Mass omits the words, "*et Antistite Nostro N.*," nor can he substitute for them, as bishops do, "*et me indigno sumulo tuo,*" but after the name of the Pope he immediately adds, "*et omnibus, &c.,*" as in the canon. The same is also to be done by the priests of his Prefecture, who must not insert the name of the Prefect in the canon. According as the Faith begins to spread, and the Mission to flourish and become more secure and well established, the Propaganda, still proceeding cautiously, advances another step and elevates it to a Vicariate Apostolic, and it is given in charge to a bishop with a title *in partibus midelium*.

M. F. HOWLEY.

THE O'DWYER.

By JUSTIN MCCARTHY, M.P.

III.

Daisy then sought out again the object of her interest, and leaned upon his arm. She complained of the heat, and made him conduct her through room after room, until they came into one which was deserted. Up to this time they had been speaking in French, and she had not intimated in any way her knowledge of his identity.

The moment they were alone she began in English:

"Oh, sir, why are you here? I am speaking to The O'Dwyer, am I not?"

Her companion started. But he came of a proud old stock, whom danger was not supposed to startle out of composure. He smiled, and calmly replied:

"Yes, Miss Eastwood, I am The O'Dwyer. I did not, I confess, expect to be recognized by you. But I am in my right place, at once as a French officer and an Irish rebel."

"You know your danger? You know you are not like the others?"

"Certainly; I am a rebel against your gracious sovereign, and if I am recognized I shall be sent to death. I knew the risk, Miss Eastwood, before I made the venture, and I am prepared to pay the penalty."

"You shan't pay the penalty! You shall be saved!"

He looked down with a smile of admiration at the enthusiastic girl, who looked up into his face with sparkling eyes and flushing cheeks. Then he shook his head.

"I don't mean to proclaim myself, Miss Eastwood, I am not Quixotic enough for that. I appear here as a French officer, and a French officer I am. But I say, frankly I don't think it could be possible for me to remain many days in this part of the country without being recognized."

"You shan't remain! You shall escape this very night."

"Impossible. Miss Eastwood, I cannot tell you how deeply I feel your generous interest; but the thing is impossible."

"Not a bit of it. Listen to me—and there is no time to be lost. Give me your arm again. Come boldly out into the shrubbery with me—to look at the stars. Mamma will warn me against cold, and you shall take one of the cloaks of the soldiers in the hall as if to wrap round me. I'll bring you to the stables; you shall mount the best horse there. I know the password and countersign, and all the rest of it; you shall ride to the coast—any cottage there will shelter you until you can find a fisherman willing to put to sea and land you on the shore of France. The first fisherman will do it with delight when you tell him you are The O'Dwyer escaping Sassenach law. Come—don't waste a word—come, come!"

She was actually dragging him on.

"Miss Eastwood, I shall never forget your generous kindness. But it is useless. I am here on parole. My word of honour was given to Captain Lockhart that I would not attempt to escape."

"That was as a French officer."

"And I am a French officer."

"Yes, but you did not give your parole as The O'Dwyer."

"No; and if The O'Dwyer could escape without taking the French officer along with him, it would be all right. But I don't see how that can be done." No, Miss Eastwood, neither The O'Dwyer nor the French officer can break his word of honour or trifle with it in any way."

"Hush, here is some one coming."

The O'Dwyer became a French officer, unskilled in English, again.

This difficulty about the parole had not occurred to poor Daisy. Now that it was presented to her, she had sense and spirit enough to see that it was insurmountable. So, instead of giving in at once, she set herself to work to think of some other plan; and before supper was half over she had devised and communicated to her devoted Nora a scheme as wild and apparently as chimerical as even two enthusiastic women ever attempted to put into practical operation.

Before the company separated Daisy had filled the minds of her mother, her sister, and Captain Lockhart with projects for entertaining the foreign captives next day. She was herself all for a row down the river, a beautiful broad stream, or rather estuary, of seven or eight miles, with the sea at the other end of it; her mother and sister were for riding and driving; the French officers seemed rather inclined to avoid the water. Daisy pouted.

Would no one take her for a row on the water? She had set her heart upon it. Surely *M. le Capitaine*—she bungled over the name—would not refuse to go with her? She looked to The O'Dwyer. His face brightened with delight at the prospect of being her companion. Mrs. Eastwood made no objection. Dermot and Owen, the boatmen, would row; Daisy would take Nora, her maid, with her. It would be delightful. Although it was daybreak when the guests departed, the boat lay at the little quay by nine o'clock, and The O'Dwyer handed in Daisy, who looked fresh and bright as the morning itself. Nora came with her. Dermot and Owen stretched to their oars, and the boat went swiftly down the river. The O'Dwyer was in an ecstasy which left him little thought of past or present danger except perhaps a sort of pride and delight in the peril which had awakened even a momentary interest in the heart of the girl who sat beside him.

Alas! a dreadful discovery was made, the boat had sprung a terrible leak somehow and was filling fast with water. The

awkwardness of Owen and Dermot and Nora seemed to make the leak worse and worse as they tried to mend it. They were now near the mouth of the estuary, and sheer, steep rocks rose on either side! They might have been drowned there and then, or by there came rushing and plunging after them a heavy fishing sloop, called in that part of Ireland a "hooker"—a strong, stout sea-boat, well furnished with sprit and fore-sail. The "hooker" came to their rescue, and took them promptly on board. By the oddest coincidence the two men who were managing her turned out to be Nora's cousin and Dermot's brother, both devoted henchmen of Miss Daisy. The wind was now too strong for them to think of beating up the river again, but they would land the party at a little village on the coast, from which they could easily come home in a few hours on horses or in a cart. Owen was left to get the boat in as best he might; to him it would be of no consequence even if he had to swim and push the leaky craft before him. He was to beach it somehow, and then scramble up the cliffs, and get home as fast as he could and reassure the mind of Mrs. Eastwood.

To The O'Dwyer the whole adventure was delightful. It could not well be too long for him. One of the boamen—an experienced old "salt"—recommended a "taste" of whiskey-and-water to the whole party. Daisy refused the treat for herself, but insisted that the French officer should drink some of her mixing. The O'Dwyer would have drunk any mixtures however Circum, which she presented, although he was a little surprised at the nervous eagerness with which she pressed him. She mixed some spirit and water with her own hands under the shelter of the sail, Nora assisting her. They were not very dexterous grog-makers apparently, for the mixture was a considerable time in process of composition.

The O'Dwyer drank the whole at a draught, with toast, after the fashion of the day, to the lady form whose hand he had taken it. How queerly it tasted, and how strangely he felt! So languid, so drowsy that he could hardly speak.

In a few moments he was buried in a deep sleep, and the hooker was flying across the waves with all sail she could bear clapped on. In fact the two girls had taken the O'Dwyer prisoner, and were carrying him off to France. As he would not himself escape from the custody of the English officers, these two audacious young women had resolved that he should, *volens volens*, be taken away. The boat had been made to leak; and the hooker had been in readiness by previous and rapid arrangement. The sleeping draught seemed to Daisy absolutely necessary in order to get rid of untimely arguments, scruples and protests; for the heroic girl determined that at any risk the life of The O'Dwyer should be saved by her.

It was well on to the dawn of the next morning when the O'Dwyer awoke. Still confused and heavy-headed, he turned and tossed a good deal before he began to recollect the previous day's adventures and to know where he was. He was lying in the rough hold—it could not be called a cabin—of the boat. He staggered to his feet, and making his way to the deck, saw two female figures sitting close to each other and wrapped in shawls. Daisy sprang up all flushed and crimson, though the sky of dawn was chilly, as he approached.

"Miss Eastwood, where are we? What has happened? How do we come to be so far out at sea? Land was nowhere visible.

"Only because you are my prisoner, O'Dwyer. I command in this boat, and Nora is my first lieutenant. Any one who mutinies shall be put in irons—shan't he Nora?"

"Indeed an' he shall, Miss Daisy," said the beaming Nora.

"We have rescued you in spite of yourself, and we are carrying you to France."

"Hurroo for The O'Dwyer!" shouted Nora's cousin, Dermot's brother, and Dermot himself.

"Good heavens! Miss Eastwood—and you have done this for a perfect stranger—and, I almost said an enemy!"

"If you serve those that love you," said Daisy, with a smile on her lip and tears full in her eyes, "what thanks have you? Not another word, O'Dwyer! Nora and I are going to prepare breakfast."

Daisy Eastwood landed her prisoner in safety on the shore of France, and she returned to Ireland as she left it. Twice,

therefore, she crossed the rough and tossing Channel in a fishing-boat, and she thought nothing of it. Her *escapade*, wild as it was, did not make much talk, or get widely known. The faithful Owen, who was sent back after the 'hooker' had received her passengers, bore to Esther Eastwood a few lines from her sister, which enjoined secrecy; and the only persons, therefore, who knew all about the matter were those who were least likely to babble it abroad. Captain Lockhart was admitted into confidence, and he laughed loud and strong over Daisy's daring adventure; and, to do him justice, was very glad The O'Dwyer had been spirited away before he, the Captain, representing British power, had been compelled officially to know anything about the identity of his prisoner.

"But, I say, Esther—haw, haw!" he added, with a fresh laugh—"you may look out for a rebel brother-in-law; and you'll find Daisy will live in France one of these days."

The O'Dwyer rose in the service of France. He became at last a general, and was the representative of France, during days of peace, first at Athens and afterwards at Madrid. He had a handsome, brilliant wife, Daisy by name, who made quite a figure at both courts and in Paris. He was living—and so was his wife—when I was quite a young man. I am afraid a great many years have passed since I saw him driving in the Champs Elysees, a hale, majestic old man, with a white moustache, and with a noble-looking, bright-eyed old lady by his side.

Correspondence.

THE WALTZ.

To the Editor of the CATHOLIC WEEKLY REVIEW.

DEAR SIR,—May I ask you to give the readers of your esteemed journal the pleasure of perusing an article from your pen on the waltz as "a dreamy innocuous exercise," for as such you refer in your last issue to that mazy, musical movement which our young men and maidens (I beg their pardon young ladies and gentlemen) go through, locked in each other's arms. "Dreamy" the exercise certainly is; but as to its innocuousness I have heard various opinions. Therefore do I ask for yours in detail. I have no opinion of my own on the matter for publication at present, but I may relate an experience.

I once had the good or bad fortune of being thrown for a considerable time into the society of an enthusiastic Protestant revivalist. We talked, of course, frequently; and, as the clergyman faithfully followed, as Tristram would say, the old dictum *ne supra crepidam sutor*, we conversed only on religion and such things as made for and against religiousness. He was quite unqualified in his condemnation of many common forms of amusement, while I was always urging the necessity of viewing all things relatively. He enunciated his views in a strong, rugged and absolute style, while I, in an indifferent way, replied in what might be called "dreamy innocuous" phrases. One evening, however, I pressed him, and, finding himself in a tight place, he said: "Well, to be candid, I know nothing of these things myself, but I know that the Catholic priests condemn waltzing, &c. They ought to know whereof they speak, and I feel that I am safe in condemning what they condemn."

The evangelist went to deliver his message, and I sauntered off to a "small party," but during all the evening, as I watched the rhythmic movement of the waltzers, to my mind there came anon the words "They ought to know."

Yours truly,

J. A. COBUS.

Ottawa, 22nd Jan'y, 1889.

NOTE.—If Mr. Cobus has any conscientious scruples about waltzing it would be best for him, perhaps, to consult with his confessor. Any good priest, we are sure, would advise him. He will excuse us if, for ourselves, we do not say anything. It is hardly within our province to direct consciences.—ED. C. W. REV.

MR. GLADSTONE ON O'CONNELL.

THE LIBERATOR'S GREATNESS AS A POPULAR LEADER.

An article on Daniel O'Connell from the pen of Mr. Gladstone appears in the January number of the *Nineteenth Century* :—

Speaking at the outset of the Liberator's capacity as a leader, Mr. Gladstone points out that O'Connell was a champion of whom it might be said "alone he did it." True, he admits, the people were behind him, but a people in the narrower rather than in the wider sense—the masses only, not the masses with the classes. Many of the Irish aristocracy supported Catholic emancipation, but none of them comprehended that in the long reckoning of international affairs that support would have to be carried onwards and onwards to all its consequences. "His," says Mr. Gladstone, "were the genius and the tact, the energy and the fire, that won the bloodless battle. By the force of his own personality he led Ireland to St. Stephen's almost as much as Moses led the children of Israel to Mount Sinai, and he accomplished the promise of Pitt, which Pitt himself had laboured, and laboured not in vain, to frustrate." Taking the work of Mr. Fitzpatrick as the most comprehensive and reliable of the many that have dealt with the life and times of O'Connell, Mr. Gladstone essays to do what he terms "historical justice" to the Irish Liberator. In treating with this phase of his subject Mr. Gladstone says—"In early life I shared the prejudices against him which were established in me not by conviction but by tradition and education. Those who know only the hearty good-will of millions upon millions of the English people towards Ireland at this moment can have but a faint conception of the fearfully wide range of mere prejudice against O'Connell half a century ago. Even Liberal candidates were sometimes compelled by popular opinion publicly to renounce him and all his works. A very small part of this aversion may have been due to faults of his own, but in the main I fear, that taking him as the symbol of his country, it exhibited the hatred which nations, or the governing and representative parts of nations, are apt to feel towards those whom they have injured.

Having stated that almost from the opening of his Parliamentary career he felt that O'Connell was the greatest popular leader whom the world had ever seen, Mr. Gladstone proceeds: "There cannot but be many in whose eyes O'Connell stands as clearly the greatest Irishman that ever lived. Neither Swift nor Grattan (each how great in their several capacities) can be placed in the scale against him. If there were to be a competition among the dead heroes of Irish history I suppose that Burke and the Duke of Wellington would be the two most formidable competitors. But the great Duke is truly, in mathematical phrase, incommensurable with O'Connell. There are no known terms which will enable us fairly to pit the military faculty against the genius of civil affairs. It can hardly be doubted that, if we take that genius alone into view, O'Connell is the greater man, and I will not so much as broach the question, in itself insoluble, whether and up to what point of superiority the exploits of the great Duke in the field establish an excess in his favour. With respect to Burke as against O'Connell, it seems safe to say that he was far greater in the world of thought, but also far inferior in the world of action. There is another kind of comparison which this powerful figure obviously challenges, a comparison with the great demagogues or popular leaders of history. It is, however, a misnomer to call him a demagogue. If I may coin a word for the occasion he was an ethnagogue. He was not the leader of either *plebs* or *populus* against optimates; he was the leader of a nation, and the nation weak, outnumbered, and despised he led, not always successfully, in its controversy with another nation, the strongest, perhaps, and the proudest in Europe. If we pass down the line of history (but upwards on the moral scale), from Cleon to Gracchus, to Rienzi, and even to Savonarola, none of these, I believe, displayed equal powers; but they all differed in the vital point, that they led one part of the community against another, while he led a nation, though a nation minus its dissentients, against conquerors who were never expelled, but never domesticated. For a parallel we cannot take Kossuth or Mazzini, who are small beside him.

We must ascend more nearly to the level of the great Cavour, and there still remains this wide difference between them, that the work of Cavour was work in the Cabinet and Parliament alone, while O'Connell not only devised and regulated all interior counsels, but had also the actual handling all along of his own raw material; that is to say, of the people—and so handled them by direct personal agency that he brought them to a state of discipline unequalled in the history of the world."

The writer then goes into the most remarkable incidents of O'Connell's eventful life, as recorded in Mr. Fitzpatrick's history, and next alluding to his domestic relations, says, in relation to letters to his wife—"They exhibit a side of human nature that, besides being genuine and being of its substance beautiful, was also necessary for the completion of the rich polychrome exhibited by a man in whom exacting business and overwhelming care never arrested, never could even restrict the lively and even redundant play of the affections." Reverting to the political life of O'Connell, Mr. Gladstone says: "He was all along the missionary of an idea. His idea was the restoration of the public life of his country, which he believed, and too truly believed, to have been not only enfeebled, but exhausted and paralysed by the Act of Union. It lay in his heart's core from the dawn of his opening manhood. In his eye Dublin Castle, commonly considered as embodying the government of Ireland, had no substantive existence except as a machinery for repressing the national life through the careful fostering of alien powers in an omnipotent landlordism, in an exotic establishment of religion, miscalled national, in proselytising schemes of popular education, and in an anti-popular administration of the law from its highest agencies downwards to its lowest. For the true work of a government, Dublin Castle, with all its costly and complicated *ravages*, was a mere negation, and the main matter was how to make the nation, which had formerly been alive and had been smothered by external force, enter into life once more. He therefore had to do the work that in the ordinary course of human affairs is served by an organized system, and occupies a countless multitude of agents. He lacked all the advantages which result from effective divisions of labour. There was hardly a man in Ireland available in the highest matters for lightening his solitudes by sharing them."

Dealing with O'Connell's theological views, Mr. Gladstone says that while "for the freedom of his Church he watched with the eye of a lynx," he had heard him reply warmly in Parliament that in regard to the political interests of his country neither Pope nor Council was his guide. After a reference to the circumstances leading to O'Connell's duel with D'Esterre, Mr. Gladstone says: "It would not be easy to name a man who has attained to equal aggregate excellence with O'Connell in the threefold oratory of the bar, the platform, and the Senate. As a Parliamentary speaker, no one in matching him with his contemporaries of the House of Commons would have relegated him to the second class, but it might be difficult to find his exact place in the first. He was greatest when answering to the call of the moment in extemporary bursts, and least great when charging himself with extended and complex exposition. As an advocate, it may, I apprehend, be asked without creating surprise whether the entire century has produced any one more eminent, though (not to speak of the living) Follett, had he been spared to run his whole career, would have been a formidable rival, while Scarlett probably never missed the mark in dealing with a jury. It is here that Brougham, greatly his superior in Parliamentary eloquence and in general attainments, falls so far behind him. An orator of the platform, he may challenge all the world, for whoever in the same degree as O'Connell trained and disciplined, stirred and soothed, a people? But I am convinced that we ought to accord to him also the character of an excellent statesman. The world knows him chiefly in connection with the proposal to repeal the Act of Union with Ireland. Now, I will venture to propound as the criteria of statesmanship properly so called—first, the capacity to embrace broad principles, and to hold them fast; secondly, the faculty which can distinguish between means and ends, and can treat the first in entire subordination to the last. To both these criteria the life of O'Connell fully answers. He never for a moment

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The Catholic Weekly Review.

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

Published every Thursday

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

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 (6 cents per line for ordinary insertions). CLUB rates: 10 copies, \$15.

All advertisements will be set up in such style as to insure the tasteful and graphical 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 Editor.

LETTER FROM HIS GRACE THE ARCHBISHOP OF TORONTO.

ST MICHAEL'S PALACE, Toronto, 29th Dec., 1888.

GENTLEMEN,—

I have singular pleasure indeed in saying God-speed to your intended journal, THE CATHOLIC WEEKLY REVIEW. The Church, contradicted on all sides as her Divine Founder was, finds 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 LASCHI,
Archbishop of Toronto.

FROM THE ARCHBISHOP OF HALIFAX.

HALIFAX, July 11, 1888.

DEAR MR. FITZGERALD,—

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

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

FROM THE LATE BISHOP OF HAMILTON.

HAMILTON, March 17, 1887.

MY DEAR MR. FITZGERALD,—

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

Believe me, yours faithfully,
JAMES J. CARRERY,
Bishop of Hamilton.

CALENDAR.

Of the Ecclesiastical Province of Toronto, for the week ending
February 3rd.

Abbreviations:—Ap., Apostle; P., Pope; B., Bishop; C., Confessor;
D., Doctor; V., Virgin; M., Martyr.

JAN. 7—Sunday, III. after Epiph. St. Vitalian, P.
8—Monday, St. John Chrysostom, B. D.
9—Tuesday, St. Francis de Sales, B. D.
10—Wednesday, St. Felix IV., P.
11—Thursday, St. Peter Nonatus, C.
FEB. 1—Friday, St. Ignatius, B. M.
2—Saturday, Purification of B. V. M.
3—Sunday, IV. after Epiph.—St. Dionysius,
Solemnity of the Purification.

TORONTO, SATURDAY, JAN. 26, 1889.

The Rev. Augustine F. Hewit who has been elected Superior of the Paulist Community in succession to the late lamented Father Hecker, pays tribute to the dead priest in the February number of the *Catholic World* of which Father Hecker was the founder. He was the chief, he writes, of the small battalion of about one hundred writers who had contributed the great quantity of reading matter composing the contents of its forty-seven volumes. Those who have the control of it at present hope that it may continue and perpetuate the work which Father Hecker began. "The work of this kind (he concludes) to be done in the whole civilized world is immense, and needs a legion of gifted and learned warriors in the crusade of truth in every country where Christianity can exert any influence on the minds and hearts of men. One warrior and leader has fallen after a long and arduous campaign. It is devoutly to be hoped that God will raise up many in the coming age to work in this country in the same sacred cause, which I think I am justified in calling the Apostolate of the Press."

"It is true," writes the Rev. C. Becker in an article on Church Music in the *Catholic World*, "that the Gregorian Chant 'belongs to the infant days of musical art,' and the rapid progress of this art which marks especially the last three centuries, is certainly to be acknowledged. But has musical art ever invented more beautiful, more solemn, and more devout melodies to replace the Gregorian Chant in the divine service? Never. While the Church, therefore, does not dispute the progress of musical art, nor exclude its influence from her divine worship, she nevertheless gives her own peerless chant the preference, and she does so, not only on account of its traditional sanction, but because she finds nothing in modern music, with all its remarkable developments, to compare with her own."

Many admirable works of sculpture and painting, the writer goes on to say, belong to the infant days of these arts, and yet they have always been, and still are, the patterns of our modern artists. In a like manner the strains of Gregorian melody will ever remain the pattern of our modern composers of sacred music; and those who do not study this pattern will go on, as Father Becker says, and will compose music which, from an artistic point of view may be called masterpieces of musical art, "but are utterly unfit for use in the church." When this comes to be better understood by the conductors of our Catholic Church choirs we shall be treated to fewer meretricious taradiddles.

"Our Catholic benevolent and total abstinence societies might dispense, without loss of dignity, with such titles as "Grand Worthy Patriarch" and "Grand Master" conferred upon their executive members. The plumage is a trifle fantastical, and belongs by right to the Freemasons and to the Orange illuminati."—CATHOLIC WEEKLY REVIEW, Toronto.

Our contemporary is getting severe, and if it knew what it was talking about we might say that its criticism was a good one, but as the Catholic "total abstinence societies" have no Grand Worthy Patriarchs or Grand Masters, but only simple presidents and secretaries, we rather object to our neighbour's remarks. Don't include us in the Masonic fraternity. Heaven forbid!—*C. T. A. News, Philadelphia.*

Our contemporary's disclaimer may be correct so far as concerns the total abstinence societies; but what about the "Grand High Court Outside Sentinels," and so forth, about which it will find something elsewhere in this number, and Kulathumpian organizations like "The Catholic Knights?"

THE STUARTS.

The Stuart Exhibition of which we give some account in another column, has aroused great interest in London, and, for a time at least, has made uppermost in men's minds the memory of that brilliant but unfortunate Royal House, which, whatever the faults of certain of its members in other respects, certainly suffered and sacrificed much for the Catholic Faith. James II. the last of the Line who was permitted to occupy the Throne, was not, perhaps, a great man or a perfect character, but that he esteemed fidelity to the Faith above the fleeting honours of this world, no one who reads history aright, will be disposed to deny. He willed to reign a Catholic King or not to reign at all, and for this virtue, Catholics, at least, will not refuse to honour his memory, however much they may deplore his weakness at a critical period in the history of England and of the Everlasting Church in that realm. Had he displayed a little more strength of character, and greater confidence in his followers, his family might yet have worn the Crown. But the hand of Providence was withdrawn from them, and Britain was to know them no more, not at

least, until God in His own good time shall so decree. In the words of one of the noblest, though least known of the Stuarts: "The hand of the Lord is upon us; He cast us down: He alone can raise us up."

It is customary in certain quarters to "cast stones" at the memory of Prince Charles Edward (the last who made an effort to retrieve the fortunes of his family) and to hold him up to scorn as a "shameless profligate." That his sins were great not even those who hold his memory most sacred will deny, but great as they were, greater still were his sufferings, which, joined to the happy death with which he was blessed may surely be considered to have amply atoned for his unhappy lapses from the moral law. What he might have been had his lot been a happier one, his early life and the glimpses of many noble actions which we get even in his wanderings up and down Europe seeking help and finding none, afford ample assurance. But as it is, the Stuarts have gone, and their name now is little more than a memory, though a sweet memory to thousands withal. Though deprived of an earthly kingdom, a different and incomparably higher glory is to all appearances about to dawn upon the House in the elevation of Mary, Queen and Martyr, to the altars of that Church to serve which even in dungeons, she deemed a greater glory than to occupy a Throne and to rule peoples.

CATHOLICS AND ANNEXATION.

The New York *Freeman's Journal* alluding to our criticisms on its course on the subject of annexation, complains that this Review is the first paper that has come under its notice to place the Canadian Church in an attitude of antagonism to annexation. "The presumption," it says, "being that every right now enjoyed by Catholics under the Canadian system would be safeguarded by guarantees before admission into the Union, we cannot understand why there should be such opposition, and The Review does not advance anything to make it clear to us. The *Freeman's Journal* would be happy to see its co-religionists leading the advance in this movement, and our articles, based upon reliable data furnished us by unquestionable authority, have been written with the purpose of awakening them, not merely, "because of the inevitable," but rather that this Republic being the great theatre of mental and industrial activity on this Continent, there is an advantage in connection with it as the common centre that there is no gainsaying. It applies to the religious as well as the material order, too. Naturally their destinies are more or less bound up with ours—the fetich of domination by England, the bulwark of Protestantism, has lost its charm with the younger generation of Canadians, including our own element, and every day it drifts, either by emigration or sentiment, towards the Republic; and this is the logic of time and events.

The *Freeman's Journal* would like to see its Toronto journalistic friend state the grounds of its objections somewhat more explicitly and more fully. We promise special attention to them."

We could have preferred that our contemporary had been less gentle with our objections; had met them, such as they were, fairly and squarely, and, instead of inviting us to again wearily traverse our position, had come at once to close quarters and flooded us with a reply. Our readers are the best judges whether we have failed to advance, as our contemporary claims, anything to make clear to it why Canadian Catholics are, and why they should be, in common with all

other classes of Canadians, opposed to a scheme for their national obliteration.

Our quarrel with the *Freeman's Journal* consists in this: that it has circulated for now some weeks past, utterly fallacious statements concerning the attitude of Canadians, and especially Catholic Canadians, with respect to annexation—representing them as ready and eager to throw up their citizenship as Canadians, when it must know that they are bitterly hostile to the very suggestion—and that in thus advocating annexation, and allying itself with Professor Goldwin Smith and the American Senator, Blair, who form the head and front of the anti-Catholic faction, it throws in its lot with the Church's worst enemies and occupies equivocal ground for a Catholic journal. To presume, as the *Freeman's Journal* does, that "every right now enjoyed by Catholics under the Canadian system would be safeguarded by guarantees" before our admission into the Union is a *per saltum* proceeding; it is to assume what is in dispute; and to our way of thinking, to beg the whole question. Unfortunately we do not derive from the utterances of those who have in hand the Americanization of Canada any so comfortable a sense of security; besides what we know of the men and their ends is against it. For example, in the States Mr. Blair, the eccentric anti-Jesuit senator, advocates annexation as a necessary preliminary to the "elimination," as he termed it lately, of the Catholic Church from the continent; whilst, in our own country, Prof. Goldwin Smith seeks to physic his friends the Orangemen—who have been in a bad way since the enactment and confirmation of the Jesuits' Estates Act—with the political pill of prospective Annexation as the only safe, certain, and effectual remedy by means of which they may hope to arrest the progress and destroy the power of the Church in this country. Again, if the *Freeman's Journal* is unwilling that we consider the above gentlemen seriously, we place, as against its assumption that the rights of Canadian Catholics would be safeguarded by treaty, the opinion of the *Milwaukee Catholic Citizen*, certainly one of the ablest and best informed American Catholic papers. "Canadian Catholics," it said lately, "possess certain privileges which seem to be incompatible with the American system. Clerical control of education is chief among these." We do not think we need say more upon this point of the question. The *onus probandi* rests not upon us, but on the *Freeman*.

Its articles upon Canada, the *Freeman* tells us, were based upon reliable data, furnished by unquestionable authority. Whether either authority or data were reliable, we leave our readers to determine. On the strength of it the *Freeman's Journal* divided the Canadian population of five millions, or thereabouts, into three classes as regards our political relations. Half of the whole population, say 2,500,000 people, it set down as already favourable to annexation, the remainder being divided and unfixed in their opinions, a small minority of 750,000 representing those who are in favour of maintaining our present relations. Not less extraordinary were its representations of the dominant feeling in Quebec Province. "As regards," it said, "the French Liberals or *parti nationale* which is now in the majority, they incline towards a French Republic in rapport, if not in alliance, with old France. When General Boulanger visited this continent, to take part in the Yorktown centennial celebration, he landed at Montreal, and was shown over the city by Mr. Beaugrand, a pronounced annexationist, who has since then been twice elected mayor. Even the French-Canadians thought they recognized in Boulanger the man of *revanche*."

"It is a pity," said the General, at a *bric* he held in the *Hotel du Canada*, "that we have this quarrel with Germany; if it were settled we would turn our attention to giving French Canada independence.

The sentiment was applauded by all present, and by none more enthusiastically than Mr. Beaugrand, Louis Freehette, the poet, and several priests who were present. The younger generation of priests are for independence.

The French-Canadians want independence, but, failing in that, they will accept annexation in preference to the *statu quo*. The British Canadians would revolt against independence, knowing that a large French immigration would result, and that they would be outnumbered and overshadowed. Anything rather than this, and annexation a hundred times over."

It was quite evident, our contemporary went on to say, that the connection with Britain could not last under such circumstances, and that annexation would come in the fulness of time. Our readers may remember that we observed at the time of its publication of this story that if the *Freeman's Journal* was ambitious to be thought well informed on Canadian affairs, its political foretellings would require to be based on something better than fiction. A few days afterwards, as we anticipated, Mr. Beaugrand denied the above absurd story. Writing to the *Mail*, which had copied it, he said, "Will you permit me to say that the quotation is false from the first to the last word, and that such an interview has only existed in the fertile brain of some enterprising correspondent. The whole thing is too absurd for any further comments on my part."

So much for the "reliable data and unquestionable authority."

For the rest; the logic of time and events," "the fetich of domination by England" are but phrases; to us they are next to unmeaning.

If the *Freeman's Journal* were at all well informed, as it affects to be, upon what is passing in Canada, it would know that the loyalty of Canadians to their country is deep and unalterable; that they are content to work out their own destiny; and that they are convinced that neither on political or on religious grounds have they anything to gain by becoming a State of the American Union. And more than all does it err in its estimate of French-Canadian opinion, since in no other section of our countrymen is there cherished greater loyalty to Canada and its institutions, or a prouder and more robust sense of our nationhood as a people. As we some weeks ago said, when first contradicting the New York journals' misstatements, we do not think it can be shown that any French-Canadian of any position or of any influence has declared in favour of annexation. On the contrary we know that they regard it as treason even to consider it. They know that it would mean the destruction of our nationality, the sacrifice of our traditions and institutions, and a blow to our religion. And they know that we have nothing more attractive to obtain in exchange for these than the utilities of Mormonism and Divorce, a Godless educational system, and the doubtful advantages of their political system. We have only to repeat what we said in our number of the 3rd November: The fact is that we in Canada, rightly or wrongly, are bold enough to think that we, in our modest way, have the superior civilization. It may be that to the American Philistine we present only the spectacle of an absurd little mob of five millions, but we have disposed of some problems the solution of which our neighbours are only now entering upon. We may not hope to rival them in the pursuit of wealth, but the pur-

suit of wealth is of the lower, the predatory, order of instincts; we have not, had recourse to the practical conveniences of divorce; have not legalized the interchange of wives, nor set apart a whole state for the practice of polygamy; we have not a government that shrinks every four years before the potential figure of demagogism; but we have preserved the homelier old notions of morality; religion and progress have made great strides in our history; our educational system provides, in great part, for religious instruction; our government proceeds on a wise and nicely adjusted system of checks and balances; and, an important point in the public life of the nation, our highest thought has a chance to rule. That is how the question is viewed by Canadians.

Again we beg to point out to our contemporary that in advocating the absorption of this Dominion by the United States, it, in so doing, ranges itself alongside of the Church's worst enemies in the Dominion, the pact—because we would not call it a party—of Prof. Goldwin Smith and the *Mail*, who would abolish our school system, repudiate the rights guaranteed to the Church under treaty, appropriate her revenues, and enter *con amon* on a grand plan of confiscation. The *Freeman's Journal*, in seconding the efforts of these men, is not aware, it is reasonable to suppose, that they belong to the same element as that which brought about the late school trouble in Boston, that their *point d'appui* is No-Popery, and that the dissemination of their inflammatory views is the curse of our country. But even if it were not so, and Canadian Catholics had no cause to be influenced by religious considerations, they would be found none the less to stand by their own country, to remain true to its traditions, and to cling to and cherish the sense of the greatness of the destiny which is to be their young Nation's.

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changed his end; he never hesitated to change his means. His end was the reformation of the public life of Ireland, and he pursued it from his youth to his old age with unflinching fidelity and courage. In this cardinal respect he drew no distinction between Roman Catholic Ireland and Protestant Ireland."

Mr. Gladstone, referring to O'Connell's Parliamentary following, asserts that they were mostly of an inferior stamp, standing in disadvantageous contrast to the body of about the same numerical strength who supported Mr. Parnell in 1880. The ingratitude of the English Catholics towards O'Connell dwelt upon, and the faults of the man are not lightly overlooked. In the latter connection Mr. Gladstone writes:

"O'Connell owns himself to have been vain, but it is with an innocuous and sportive vanity which played upon the surface of his character. But how readily he would have abdicated his leadership appears sufficiently from his own declarations. His ample faculty of wit and his intense love of fun may have sometimes too easily melted him to jest, even upon men whom he most respected. He was sanguine in a degree almost ludicrous, and he was given to exaggeration."

The gravest fault of O'Connell, Mr. Gladstone thinks to be his "too ready and rash indulgence in violent language, and this even against men whose character ought to have shielded them from it." Compared with his splendid virtues, however, and the services he rendered to the people of his own blood, Mr. Gladstone describes the Liberator's list of faults as short and light. The article concludes as follows:—"Next to his religion, and, indeed, under the direct inspiration of his religion, his country was for him all in all. He had room for other genuine interests in his large and sympathetic nature, but these revolved around his patriotism like the satellites about a mighty planet. Few indeed, as I think, of those who give a careful perusal of these pages, will withhold their assent from the double assertion that he was a great man and that he was a good man. Besides being a great and good he was also a

disappointed man. The sight of his promised land was not given to his longing eyes. But as a prophet of the coming time he fulfilled his mission. It seems safe to say that few indeed have gone to their account with a shorter catalogue of mistaken aims or of wasted opportunities, and not only that he did much, but that he could not have done more."

THE CATHOLIC FORESTERS.

VICAR GENERAL MARECHAL, MONTREAL, CONDEMNES THE ORDER AND FATHER DOWD GIVES HIS FLOCK SOME ADVICE.

At High Mass in St. Patrick's, Montreal, the Rev. Father Dowd, addressing the congregation, said he had a very serious and important matter to bring to their notice. Recently a stranger had come from Illinois to establish what he called the "Catholic Order of Foresters" in this city. If this visitor had remained in Illinois the rev. gentleman would have nothing to say, but since he had come to Montreal and had associated the name of "Catholic" with this order the authorities of the church deemed it advisable to instruct then the regulations of the order to the episcopal authorities of the diocese, but he had not thought it necessary to consult the priest of the parish in which he had already established an "order" or "court." The Rev. Cure Marechal, administrator of the diocese in the absence of the archbishop, had carefully considered the rules of the order and had advised him (Father Dowd) to instruct the parishioners to have nothing to do with it for three reasons. First, it was a foreign institution; second, while pretending to be "Catholic" it did not allow the interference of the clergy of the diocese, and the third and perhaps strongest reason was that the society was not wanted in the diocese. There were sufficient benefit societies in the city and an additional one was not wanted. The Foresters' society was controlled from Chicago. They had what they called a "grand high court chaplain," whose duty it was to read prayers at the opening and ending of a meeting, but he had no voice in the proceedings. The venerable priest continued: It may be said that it is hard to forbid our people from forming benefit societies of this kind. There has been a thought in my mind for a long time and that is that if the people put into a savings bank what they pay into such societies, themselves and their families would be better off in the end. The more such societies offer in return for the money paid in the more we may suspect their solidity. If one pays in a certain sum and expects to get more back there must be something wrong. According to the constitution of this Foresters' society they have a "grand high physician" and "a grand low physician." The grand high physician revises the work of the court low physicians, and they both draw pay. All those expenses have to be met, whereas, if the people put their money in a bank they would get a fair return, even though it might be moderate, but it would be surer in the end. Father Dowd then referred to the high sounding titles of the Foresters, such as "Grand high court outside sentinel," "Grand low court inside sentinel," etc., and believed the transition to "Grand Tyler" would not be difficult. He denied that the order had the special blessing of the Pope as had been stated by its promoters. The Bishop of Chicago had obtained the Papal benediction for certain people the same as any bishop might, but in the whole constitution of the order there was nothing which showed that it had the approval of His Holiness. The administrator, who was a man of very mild manners and would not condemn anything that was not absolutely necessary, had instructed him (Father Dowd) to forbid his flock to join this dangerous order. He trusted that those who had already joined would resign and disassociate themselves with it.

When the Sacred College of Cardinals is full it numbers seventy members; there are at present ten vacancies. Of the sixty Cardinals, over half are Italians, five are British subjects, and the United States claims one. The rest are of Austrian, German, Polish, French, Spanish, and Portuguese descent. The eldest of the Cardinals is Dr. Newman, who was born in the year 1801. No less than six of the number are octogenarians.

Book Reviews.

Sadlier's Catholic Directory, Almanac and Ordo for 1889. D. and J. Sadlier & Co., Montreal, 1669 Notre Dame St.; Toronto, 115 Church St.

We have received from the publishers a copy of this standard work of reference for the current year, the fifty-seventh of its publication. The plan of the work is much the same as that followed in former years, and will be very convenient. The Directory contains full official reports of all dioceses, vicariates, prefectures, etc., in the United States and Canada; alphabetical lists of the bishops and clergy of the United States and of British America; an ecclesiastical summary of the United States and another of the British possessions in North America. A feature which will be much admired is a memorandum of the principal Catholic events of 1887-88. The engravings this year are of Archbishop Ireland, Archbishop Jansens, Rt. Rev. Dr. Foley, the now Bishop of Detroit; and the late Archbishop Lynch of Toronto. So well-known a work as the Messrs. Sadliers' Directory calls for no detailed commendation. It will be found, we believe, to be as complete and as exact as a work of its extent could well be made. The price of the Directory is \$1.25, and it may be ordered from either the Toronto or Montreal houses of the publishers.

Haverty's Irish American Illustrated Almanac, 1889. New York, P. M. Haverty.

Mr. Haverty's publication deserves something more than the simple title of almanac. It is an annual containing very much useful and entertaining reading matter for Irishmen; as, for example, a chronological table, most complete in its way, of Irish events. The reading matter has been carefully selected, and is mainly descriptive of historic places in Ireland. These descriptions are supplemented by some twenty full page engravings. The editor has embodied some things which are not come across every day; for example, Lord Byron's "The Irish Avatar," a poem not so well known among Irishmen now-a-days, as it ought to be.

THE HOUSE OF STUART.

Interesting to every student of human nature, the House of Stuart has a special attraction—to use so light a term—for the Catholic, whether he be historian, zealot, or mere dilettante. If, as some grieve, the Stuarts lost England to the Faith, or if, as others declare, they gave a perverse generation the last chance of restoration to the unity of Christendom, certain it is that they played a large part in the history of the Catholic religion in this realm. James II. profoundly and pathetically felt that he had brought discredit on his creed by neglecting its precepts; but he remains at any rate one of the most respectable, if paradoxically one of the least respected, of the Kings of England. That he willingly embraced a life of difficulty to join the Catholic Church no historian can deny; but how much he has suffered at the hands of all historians, save one or two, in consequence of his profession of Faith, Englishmen have not yet fully realised. Fanatical Protestantism is only now ceasing to level its vituperation against his great-grandmother, Mary Queen of Scots, soon perhaps, as we hope, to be an acknowledged Martyr of the Church. Catholics in England, it must be owned, had no reason to bless the rule of her son or her grandson, though the persecutions of both James I. and Charles I., in the supposed interests of Anglicanism, were indeed outdone by those of the Commonwealth, in favour of a rank kind of Puritanism; and William Penn, the Quaker, who had tasted, and knew by tradition, the tender mercies of Protestant monarchs, was obliged to own that only under Papist James II. was religious tolerance more than a name. That Monarch, the most maligned of history, who has, besides the prejudice of Protestantism, the eloquent pages of Macaulay arrayed against him, was as surely, in his own way, a confessor of our Faith, as Mary Queen of Scots was one of its myriad Martyrs. Of Charles I., one need say little, except that, if he did not know how to live wisely, he at least lived purely amid scorching temptations, and died heroically.

Nothing more dignified remains in royal portraiture than the lordly and sensitive face of "the Royal Martyr," on the canvases of Van Dyck—now on view at the New Gallery. Of Charles II., who desecrated the scene of his father's beheading by worse than levities, we can at least record that he had the grace to repent of his misdeeds, and the real, intransitory glory to join, on his death bed, the Church of which his great-grandmother, his mother, and his wife were consistent members, and his brother a very sincerely struggling one.

With the Stuart period Catholic names in connexion with the throne have passed away, and with it the marriages of English royalties to those of France, Italy, Austria, and Spain—the more's the pity. With the Act of Succession—that great label of bigotry on our statute law—which abolished the legitimate descent of the Crown in favour of the Protestant descent, the old idea of the Divine Right, and the old loyalty to it, received its death-blow. The Sovereign was not born, but made—the nominee of Parliament. Nor can the change, as a principle and apart from personal grounds, be seriously regretted, even by those who last Saturday, at the private view of the Stuart Exhibition, proudly wore the white rose. It was the Tudor, and essentially Protestant conception of kingship that had its victims in the Stuarts. But the absolutism which Protestants were ready to applaud in Kings who used their powers against the Catholic religion, became a crime in men suspected of leanings to Orthodoxy. James II. was a more constitutional Sovereign than Henry VIII.—that real sinner against the ancient liberties of the English people. But he was a Catholic, and no bigotry of Protestantism would have none of him, nor of the later Catholic representatives of his line; and the English Constitution—that "palladium of our liberties," has for its foundation a denial of liberty of conscience to the Sovereign. Some such thoughts as these must have been uppermost in many minds last Saturday among the great crowd at the New Gallery. The Committee who have gathered this collection of Stuart mementoes together are led—worthily, consistently, and soberly—by the Earl of Ashburnham, himself the possessor of the most profoundly pathetic of the Stuart Relics—the shirt worn on the scaffold by Charles I.—

"Who nothing common did or mean
Upon that memorable scene."

Other Catholic names on the Committee are those of the Duke of Norfolk, the possessor of an incomparable Van Dyck of Charles I.; the Marquis of Bute, Lord Braye, Lord Arundell, the Earl of Granard; the Earl of Orford bearing a name honourably associated with the history of art during the Stuart period; Lord Clifford, Lord Herries, and Sir Bernard Burke; the Viscountess Maidstone, most ardent worshipper of the White Rose; Mr. Cashel Hoey, C.M.G., rich in historical lore; Mrs. Maxwell Scott, representing, by name at least, the novelist who has made the Stuart cause romantic among latter-day Scots; Mr. Henry Doyle, C.B., and Mr. James Doyle; Mr. Everard Green; and, most learned of Jesuit historians, Father Joseph Stevenson. Among the contributors to the Exhibition are many more familiar Catholic names, including the Colleges of Douai, Stonyhurst, Oscott, Blairs—the very association of which with the Stuart cause creates and revives history. Altogether the collection is one of keen and varied interest. It brings to mind, as if it were only yesterday, an epoch already distant, of which, nevertheless, the passions, and loves, and hopes, and tragedies still linger as something more than mere

memories—an enthralling interest in many lives.—*Weekly Register.*

THE IMAGE OF GOD.

FROM THE SPANISH OF FRANCISCO DE ALDANA.
O Lord! that seest, from yon starry height,
Centred in one the future and the past,
Fashioned in Thine own image, see how fast
The world obscures in me what once was bright!
Eternal Sun! the warmth which thou hast given
To cheer life's flowery April, fast decays.
Yet, in the hoary winter of my days,
Forever green shall be my trust in heaven,
Celestial King! Oh, let thy presence pass
Before my spirit, and an image fair
Shall meet that look of mercy from on high,
As the reflected image in a glass
Doth meet the look of him that seest it there,
And owes its being to the gazer's eye.

—*Longfellow.*

CATHOLIC AND LITERARY NOTES.

"Amicus" wants to know why I say that Mozart never had anything to do with the so-called XII. Mass? Because anyone acquainted with the genuine and authentic works of the great musician is aware of that. Then he asks, "Don't you like its music as very nice?" Nice for the stage, perhaps, but not for the church.

"Then the correspondent queries whether Gounod's "Faust" does not rank with the best operas? It does truly. It is an inspiration of genius. But it is also true that Gounod is a one-opera composer. His other lyric attempts are not so good. Gounod excels in church music, his mind being ascetic. His setting of Bach's "Ave Maria" is a gem of purest ray serene.—"*Laclede*" in *Montreal Gazette*.

It is remarkable that "The Imitation of Christ"—which we sometimes think is not sufficiently valued by the generality of Catholics—was the favourite book of General Gordon, a man of very true religious instinct, who at times seemed almost to be a Catholic; of George Eliot, the novelist, who was a Positivist; and of Auguste Comte, the founder of Positivism.

The appointment is announced of Captain James Mitchel to the position of Fire Marshal of the City of New York. Captain Mitchel is the only surviving son of John Mitchel. His appointment is, needless to say, warmly approved by the Irish citizens of New York. It is a tribute to the son of a great Irishman. Moreover, it shows how old animosities have died out when we find this soldier of the army of the South, whose brothers gave their life for the Southern cause, thus finding his place among the men of the North.

Mr. O'Kelly and The O'Gorman Mahon have hitherto represented the warlike element in the Parnellite camp. *On dit*, it will soon be reinforced by General Butler of "the Great Lone Land," who has imbibed Nationalism with the mountain breezes of County Wicklow, where he is now living amidst beautiful scenery and surroundings, and not very far from Avondale.—*The World*.

NOTICE is hereby given that application will be made to the Parliament of Canada at its next session for an Act to incorporate a Company of Canada, "The Assets and Debenture Company of Canada," with power to buy, sell and guarantee, and advance money upon debentures or other securities: to buy and sell and advance money upon stocks, shares and assets of any description, and to guarantee payments of principal or interest or both, and to act as agents in all such matters, and for such other powers as may be incidental to the business of such corporation

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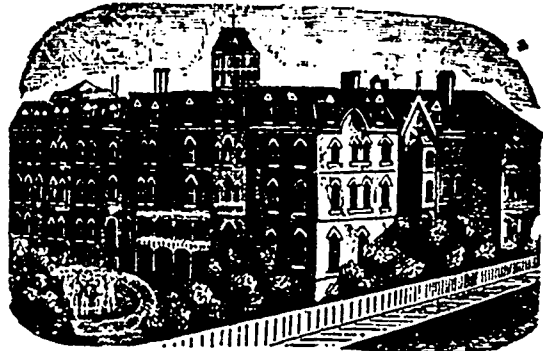


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