

Technical and Bibliographic Notes / Notes techniques et bibliographiques

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

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

Coloured covers/
Couverture de couleur

Coloured pages/
Pages de couleur

Covers damaged/
Couverture endommagée

Pages damaged/
Pages endommagées

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

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

Cover title missing/
Le titre de couverture manque

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

Coloured maps/
Cartes géographiques en couleur

Pages detached/
Pages détachées

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

Showthrough/
Transparence

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

Quality of print varies/
Qualité inégale de l'impression

Bound with other material/
Relié avec d'autres documents

Continuous pagination/
Pagination continue

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

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

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

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

Title page of issue/
Page de titre de la livraison

Caption of issue/
Titre de départ de la livraison

Masthead/
Générique (périodiques) de la livraison

Additional comments:
Commentaires supplémentaires:

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

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

The Catholic Weekly Review.

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

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

Vol. I.

Toronto, Saturday, July 9, 1887.

No. 21.

CONTENTS.

EVENTS OF THE WEEK.....	241
CONTRIBUTED ARTICLES—	
The First Bishop of Toronto.....	M. 242
The Queen's Jubilee.....	D. A. O'Sullivan. 243
Mgr. de Sagr.....	F. B. H. 243
A Visit to Cologne.....	J. R. T. 244
Catholics and Canadian Literature. II.....	M. W. Cascoy. 248
EDITORIAL NOTES—	
The Whiskey Business.....	246
The Irish Mission.....	246
Cardinal Manning and the Times.....	246
The Change in English Opinion.....	247
English Catholics and Ireland.....	247
CURRENT CATHOLIC THOUGHT.....	
Non-Catholic Universities.....	249
Catholic Progress.....	249
REV. DR. FUNCKEN'S JUBILEE.....	245
CATHOLIC AND LITERARY NOTES.....	245
POETRY—	
The Fear in Death.....	Maurice F. Kgan. 250

EVENTS OF THE WEEK.

Two nights will be allowed for debate on the third reading of the Crimes Bill. If the Opposition endeavour to prolong the discussion the Government will move that the closure be applied.

At the fortnightly meeting of the Executive Committee of the National League, Dr. Kenny, Mr. Parnell's physician, made a speech denouncing the circulation of baseless and brutal reports about Mr. Parnell's health.

Mr. Frank Hugh O'Donnell, ex Parnellite member, has entered suit against the *Times* on account of its charge against him and other Irish leaders in its article entitled "Parnellism and Crime," will summon as witnesses Mr. Parnell, Mr. Dillon and Mr. Sexton.

Mgr. Scilla, the Papal Nuncio at Munich, who went to London to represent the Pope at the Queen's Jubilee, departed on Monday for Brussels. The Duke of Norfolk and other distinguished British Catholics accompanied the Nuncio to the railway station, and bidding him farewell they kissed his hand.

In the Parliamentary election to fill the vacancy in the Spalding division of Lincolnshire, the Gladstonians have

gained a seat. Their candidate, Mr. Halloy Stewart, defeated Mr. Tyson, the Conservative and Liberal-Unionist nominee, by 5,110 to 4,363. In the last election Mr. Stewart was defeated by Mr. Finch-Hatton, Conservative, by a majority of 288. In the present election the total vote was 639 larger than in the last election.

Very Rev. P. C. Angler, of Central France, who was appointed Superior of the Order of Oblates of Mary Immaculate in the Dominion of Canada, by the Council at Rome early last spring, has just arrived at the College of Ottawa. He succeeds the Very Rev. Father Antoine, of Montreal, who has been at the head of the order in Canada for many years past, and who has very recently been appointed to a responsible position in the order in Paris, France.

A decision of the House of Commons on Tuesday night on a motion relating to the case of a woman named Cass, wrongly arrested as an improper character, resulted in the defeat of the Government by a vote of 153 to 148, a number of Liberal Unionists voting with the majority. The criticisms of many members were directed against Mr. Matthews, the Home Secretary, who was accused of shielding the officials. The defeat of the Government, it is expected, will lead to his resignation.

Mr. T. P. Gill cables:—It would be impossible to exaggerate the depression of the Tories over the Spalding election. To use the candid words of Lord Randolph Churchill: "It is a heavy blow to the Unionist party." It is more, it is a revelation to them. It shows that while they have been trampling rough-shod over the House of Commons with their fortuitous majority they have been living in a fool's paradise. The voters beneath their feet were all the while moving in the opposite direction. Like the great browsing herd of Burke's noble metaphor, the people were moving on heedless of the chirping of the crickets. At Westminster for forty-seven years Lincolnshire has been represented by Tories. At the last general election, the one fought on the Home Rule bill, this new division of Lincolnshire sent in its Tory by a bigger majority than in 1885; namely, 500. It would have been a good sign had the Home Rule candidate succeeded in reducing this majority, but instead of that he has won himself by a majority of 747. The first Liberal who has sat for Lincolnshire for half a century, he has found in the cry of Home Rule for Ireland his shibboleth of victory.

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

[NOTE.—An unfortunate typographical error occurred in Mr. Macdonell's article of last week, which made the concluding portion read rather absurdly. Instead of "the Church to Confessor Pontiff," it should have read, "the Church to Confessor Pontiffs."—Ed.]

THE FIRST BISHOP OF TORONTO.

FOR the following particulars regarding the Right Rev. Dr. Power, first Bishop of Toronto, to whom reference was made in these columns a week or two ago, we are indebted to Mr. W. J. Macdonell, in whose fine library are preserved many valuable documents bearing on the history of the Church in this Province. In some old files of the *Toronto Mirror* and *Philadelphia Catholic Herald*, we find many references to the pioneer Bishop, but details of his life prior to his elevation to the then new See of Toronto are lamentably scarce.

At the time of his death (1847) the following sketch appeared in the *Mirror*:

"Right Rev. Michael Power was born at Halifax, N. S., on the 17th Oct., 1804. In his twelfth year he went to Montreal (June, 1816) and prosecuted his studies at the Seminary of St. Sulpice in that city.

"His theological studies were subsequently carried on in Quebec and Montreal. On Aug. 18, 1827, being then in his 23rd year, he was ordained priest, and immediately commenced his labours at Drummondville in Lower Canada, at the same time having clerical supervision of the eastern townships in the District of Three Rivers, in which field he laboured with eminent success until September, 1831. Subsequent to this he was appointed to the care of all the missions on both sides of the Ottawa, as far as Bytown, which he held for two years.

"In September, 1833, he was inducted to the charge of the parish of St. Martine, in the County of Beauharnois, where he laboured with marked success for six years, when (in 1839) he was promoted to the parish of Laprairie, of which he was the incumbent until his consecration on the 8th of May, 1842, as Bishop of the Diocese of Toronto; which ceremony—gratifying to his flock and the members of the Church generally, and reflecting like credit on the deceased's exertions in the ministerial office—took place in his own Church at Laprairie, the Bishop of Montreal being the consecrating prelate, assisted by the Bishops of Kingston and Sidymé, and a large number of the clergy of the neighbouring parishes, and in the presence of a vast concourse of people. He formally entered into possession of his See, in the Church of St. Paul, Toronto, on the 26th of June of the same year, and was officially acknowledged by Her Majesty's Government as Catholic Bishop of Toronto, in the month of September following."

That during his sacerdotal career in the Province of Quebec he endeared himself not only to his own flock, but to everyone with whom he came in contact, may be judged by the Protestant tribute which appeared in the *Montreal Gazette* at the time of his consecration:—

"We cannot refrain from congratulating those over whom he has been chosen to preside upon their good fortune in being instructed and directed by a prelate who, while he will maintain the integrity of his sacred office untinged by bigotry or superstition, cannot fail to indicate the truly British virtues of inflexible loyalty, charity and hospitality. In that confident anticipation he has our cordial good wishes wherever he may go, for, though we differ in our creed, we trust we shall never fail in those mutual good offices imposed upon us all by the ennobling dictates of piety and humanity."

The *Philadelphia Catholic Herald* gives a long account of the first Synod held by Bishop Power in his new Diocese and speaks in terms of warm praise of the wisdom and sagacity displayed in the Statutes there adopted. The Synod was attended by sixteen priests, having first made a spiritual retreat of five days, conducted by Rev. Father P. Chazelle, S. J. The ceremonies were performed in strict accordance with the Pontifical, and the Statutes adopted, with the full assent of the Clergy, related chiefly to ecclesiastical discipline and parochial affairs.

The particulars of his death have already been given in these columns. He literally "laid down his life for his

flock," a martyr to duty and his love of souls, and his death was mourned as that of a father by his children. The *Mirror* thus spoke of him:—

"Bishop Power sought not to evade the shafts of death—he shrunk not from the battle ground of duty. He went forth to meet the grisley foe with the same calm composure with which he retired to sleep. He knew his life was in the hands of Him who gave it, and when He again recalled, the *fiat* must be obeyed. Serene and unmoved, he made his way to the hovels of the poor, and to the bedside of the pestilence-stricken. He might have called to his aid the rural Clergy of the Diocese, and devolved upon them the duty of ministering to the dying. He might, without any imputation of cowardice, or of apathy, have adopted that prudential course of self-preservation, which might have promised a long continuance of life so important to the Catholic clergy in Western Canada. But he disregarded all calculations of personal safety or of public expediency. He saw his duty and he had no thought other than to discharge it. He saw his people suffering and he obeyed the instructive impulse of his benignant nature by hastening to their succour.

"Not easily or soon shall we see his place occupied by a successor who will fill the blank left in the Church, and in the hearts of his surrounding children. Nor is it by the people of his own creed alone that the deceased is lamented. He has carried with him to the tomb the regrets and the sympathies of those of all religious persuasions. Wherever he was known he was beloved; wherever he came he left a friend. He was firm yet urbane; inflexible in principle, yet courteous and conciliatory in demeanour. He never once forgot the sacred character of his office, yet he ever met his fellow men as men, and treated them with that consideration which the universal brotherhood of the human family could dictate. He was a deep student, but his great book, next to the writings of inspiration, was the human heart. He knew all its weaknesses and all its excellences. He knew all its longings and all its loathings, and how well he applied that knowledge in his daily intercourse with mankind, his life and his death may declare.

"We cannot close these mournful lines without giving expression to the gratitude we feel to our Protestant fellow-citizens, for the respect manifested by them for the deceased prelate. The shops, with but one or two exceptions were closed on the line of the funeral procession, and thousands thronged to honour the last obsequies of the Bishop of our Church."

A funeral service in his honour was held in the Church of St. Mary, Halifax, his native city. High Mass was celebrated by the Very Rev. Father Connolly, Father Hannan being Deacon and Father Phelen Subdeacon. It is worthy of remark that the two first named were both afterwards Archbishops of Halifax. M.

THE QUEEN'S JUBILEE.

THE rejoicings on account of the Jubilee year of Her Majesty have passed by with, fortunately, very little of a compromising character from any section of Her Majesty's subjects. The expressions of enthusiasm and devotion have been very general, and the remembrance of the whole affair, after the expense is deducted, is blemished only here and there by the unfurling of an ominous flag or the publication of a mild protest. In those whose duty or whose inclination led them into renewed expressions of fidelity and admiration, there was nothing offensive to other persons whose fidelity and admiration are not less genuine, though less trumpeted; to those who saw nothing very remarkable in a good old age being attained by a Ruler, in no sense like the Czar of the Russians, it didn't occur that it was necessary to say much about it. The platitudes of the day were in the main the excellent character and domestic virtues of the Queen, and the great and unmeasured prosperity of the British Empire during her reign. In a lesser way the participants were probably not unaware of their own individual existence; and exerted themselves in the hope that posterity may not be unmindful of them as well as of the more obvious centre of Jubilation. So long as the good-natured public gives the money, there will be no great difficulty in securing the fireworks, the marshals and all the necessary adjuncts so congenial to the circus-loving instincts in human nature. To say that there were immense crowds, that the procession took forty or more minutes to pass a given point, and for want of anything better to say, that it was simply immense, is, after all, only to re-affirm that humanity has undergone no change in the last half century.

Passing by the personal life of the Sovereign,—and it would have been more gracious if comment in that regard had been less ungenerous—to attribute to the Queen whatever there has been of progress or of degradation in the British Empire within the last fifty years, is ridiculous and unfair. It may just as fairly be credited or imputed to the Queen in the House of Commons. If the Empire has prospered, the Queen does not claim credit for it; if Ireland is still misgoverned and the reproach of the British Parliament, the Queen is certainly not to blame for it. In England the Sovereign can do no wrong, whatever the inclination may be; and she can do no good with the very best inclination to do good. The Sovereign has no voice and no vote, and the country is ruled wisely or badly as if there were no Sovereign. When George III. was King, he was a madman for a good part of his life, but that did not make a pin's difference to his people; they got along all the better without him. Long ago when our Sovereigns did not get along well with the people, the people cut the head off one and chased another out of the Kingdom. Walter Bagehot puts the case roughly, but correctly, when he says that the Parliament, or rather the two Houses of it, could send up to the Sovereign his own death warrant to be signed, and that he could not refuse to sign it. But there is no doubt that a Sovereign who lives quietly in his palaces, and signs all that is put before him, may live fifty or even one hundred years. They are said to live well, to have no concern about the rent, or a rainy day, and their labours, though onerous, are not likely to undermine a good constitution. Her present Majesty has fortunately a good constitution, she has been Queen for fifty years, and so we have the Jubilee. May she live for fifty years to come!

The demonstrations in honour of the Queen are, of course, perfectly proper, and to be expected from all her subjects, and from all denominations of subjects; but it is not at all surprising that they should be, or have appearance of being intensely Protestant. The reason of this is not difficult to trace. The loyalty due to the Sovereign means a good deal to a man when the Sovereign is for him the Head of his Church as well as the Head of the State. A devout Catholic in Italy, before the loss of the Pope's temporal power, regarded the Holy Father as his temporal and spiritual Chief. An honest and sincere Protestant living in the States of the Church, may be excused from being as demonstrative on Jubilee days as his Catholic neighbour. No fair man, however, would question his loyalty, or expect him to attribute all good things within the preceding years to the accident of there being one or a half dozen occupants of the throne within that time. No good Catholic in the British Empire to-day is one whit less loyal than his Protestant neighbour, though he may not see any great cause of rejoicing by reason of the continued existence of one particular person rather than several as Sovereigns within the last half-century. The precepts of his church admonish him of rendering no less to Cæsar than to God their respective dues. He is loyal whether the Sovereign be Protestant, or Catholic, Infidel or Jew. He does not measure his devotion, as do many of the most demonstrative of Jubilists, by requiring his Sovereign to continue in his own religious way of thinking. That qualified and conditional allegiance does not go well with expressions of loyalty, and of exclusive loyalty. Gentlemen on the platform as well as gentlemen in their lodges should hesitate to impute disloyalty, and what they term Fenianism, to those who do not swear that under altered circumstances in the personal life of their Sovereign, they would be absolved from their allegiance to her. If we were all to be subjects only so long as the Sovereign was of our own way of thinking, it would go very hard with the Sovereign to keep pace with us in the matter of religion. It is a nice sort of commentary on religious freedom in Great Britain, and of that inalienable right of private judgment, so dear, so essential to the heated Jubilist. The history of the Empire proves beyond contradiction that the Catholics have been unswervingly devoted to the Crown; and in some cases when their devotion may seem misplaced; whatever their causes of complaint are at present, they complain against, on the one hand, and

look for relief, on the other, to the British Parliament, and not to the Queen. Fifty years of bad government in Ireland, is something that the Queen could neither prevent nor perhaps mitigate; it would be unjust and illogical to blame her for it. It is possibly remembered by many in Ireland that she has in a manner overlooked her Irish subjects by avoiding their country in the selection of her country seats; by never visiting Ireland, and by a trifling contribution when famine, the landlords and the land laws left many people in want. It is quite clear that if relief comes to them in her day, they will not blame her for it.

D. A. O'SULLIVAN.

MGR. DE SEGUR.

(From the 7th edition of "Lettres de Mgr. De Segur." For THE CATHOLIC WEEKLY REVIEW)

*Lettres to Madame De * * one of his penitents.*

Versailles, 11th July, 1872.

MADAME AND MY DEAR DAUGHTER:—

I bless God with you for the unhopèd-for improvement in your condition which you mention; rest assured that imagination had, in spite of your will, something to do with the matter and made you exaggerate to yourself crosses which were very real crosses nevertheless. At the school of the Master of Masters, who is never deceived and who never deceives, learn more thoroughly day by day, whether in town or country, to "*be meek and humble of heart*, and you shall find peace in your soul." That is to say, the only true, solid happiness in this life. I strongly recommend you to read the works of St. Francis De Sales, and the summary of the life of that good saint and of St. Francis of Assisium, written by my brother; and also the life of St. Jane Frances Chantal, by M. Bougaud.

I beg our divine Saviour to bless you and those who are dear to you, to console you, to fortify you in your trials and to increase in your heart your zeal and attraction for holy communion.

In the love of the Divine Sacrament, I remain, Madame and my dear daughter, your servant and devotedly affectionate father.

6th July, 1874.

DEAR MADAME AND DEAREST DAUGHTER:—

Just a line to show you that you are not forgotten here; to thank you for your good and trusting letter and to encourage you to stand ever most firmly in the way of meekness and of peace.

Meekness, St. Francis De Sales tells us, is that strength and suavity in love, which establishes us in interior peace and embalms all our dealings with God, with our neighbor and with ourselves.

Let your whole being be penetrated by that perfume, of which the adorable heart of Jesus is the source, and let every one around you inhale that delightful fragrance. Nothing edifies the neighbor so much as meekness, and nothing is more truly edifying nor better.

Auray, 15th August, 1876.

DEAR MADAM:—

Let us, my dear daughter, have more faith and more Christian sense.

We are not to be swayed by every wind of the emotion, whether good or evil, pleasant or painful. No, we have within us by the grace of baptism and of the Eucharist, the sap of the tree of life, Jesus Christ, which makes of us great trees, deeply rooted in God, living by the divine life, and nourished with the very strength of the Lord. We must stand up to the storm better than that, not that suffering must not make us suffer, nor trials try us, but the peace of our good God "which surpasseth all understanding," as the Apostle St. Paul says (that is to say, which is more mighty than all sensible emotions here below), must ever keep our hearts and our minds in Jesus Christ our Lord. Another apostle, St. James, says to each and all of us: "Is any man amongst you sad, let him

A. Williams writes

pray." This is the remedy of remedies, which changes sadness into peace, which in a wondrous way unites us to Jesus Christ; which lifts up the soul, enlightens the mind, strengthens the will, calms the imagination, restores the powers crushed by discouragement and anguish.

Nor must you, my dear daughter, forget the golden rule given by our great Saint Ignatius: When we enjoy divine graces and favours, we must look upward and compare ourselves with those who have received more, to the end that we may not give way to pride; and when we are not afflicted with sorrows and crosses, we must always look beneath us, considering those who are worse off than ourselves, so that we may take courage and find reason for giving thanks to God.

Gaston de Segur was the son of that Madame de Segur, after whom little girls name their dolls as a tribute of gratitude for her beautiful children's stories. He was a priest, a Roman prelate, and a canon bishop of the chapter of St. Denys, though he never received episcopal consecration. He was ordained priest in 1847 and died in 1881. In 1854 he became totally blind, yet continued for the twenty-seven years of his life a career of laborious and truly apostolic activity in good works at Paris. His name is illustrious in the annals of the Church of France, and his character most admirable and lovely.

F. B. H.

A VISIT TO COLOGNE.

It was a beautiful summer evening in August last that I found myself approaching the Rhine as fast as the railway from Brussels would bring me. The golden fields of Belgium, with the long rows of poplar trees, gave place to the green hill-side and more mountainous scenery on the border between Belgium and Germany. Passing over viaducts and through tunnels we soon rose to the higher tableland of the Rhine. And the sun was setting as on a Western prairie when we approached the end of our journey. No fragrance was borne on the evening breeze, warning us that we were near the fountain head of the celebrated "Eau de Cologne," which by the way is as expensive here as in Canada. The bearing of every male citizen, the very formality with which the train was halted and set going, told us we were in one of the great military camps of Europe—Heaven save America from such disaster—while the guttural tones of those around us made us feel awe-stricken. We knew we were in the sacred boundaries of Bismarck's fatherland. Soon Cologne was reached, and we left the railway carriage quite delighted to think that in the Western world there was a great improvement on the hen coops, in one of which we had been guarded for some hours.

Cologne or Koln, as it is called in German, was first founded by Agrippa, who established a German tribe here, when they were compelled to cross to this place from the other side of the Rhine. It received a colony of Roman veterans who were sent here by Agrippa, the mother of Nero, from which circumstance it received the name of Colonia, which it still bears, and was the chief Roman colony on the Rhine. The Huns took and occupied Cologne for a short period, and while here murdered St. Ursula and her companions, the monument of whose fortitude and virtue is one of the chief attractions of the town. It was held by the Normans, and was for a time the residence of the kings of the Riparian Franks. From that far off date down to the present, Cologne has had politically and commercially a checkered history. To-day, however, it is a flourishing city, about the same size as Toronto. A fine railway bridge and a passenger bridge, formed by boats chained together, connect it with a small town, Dentz, on the opposite bank of the Rhine.

The next morning, Sunday, the Feast of the Assumption of the Blessed Virgin, I hastened to offer the holy sacrifice of the Mass and get my first view of the gem of Gothic Cathedrals. There it stood in the bright morning sheen—its twin-tufted spires rising five hundred and twelve feet above, as if to "kiss the skies with their heads sublime." I could hear "the blue Rhine sweep along." How like the Church, whose index finger of truth points towards heaven, the glory of God from above, and man's talent and devotion upon it, and there and thus it stands

while the river of Time pours its generations of men to the ocean of eternity. With this thought upon me I pass beneath its portals, with its multitude of sculptured scriptural figures. Entering the sacred edifice, and spending a few moments in preparation, I was distracted by a familiar Toronto friend leaning against one of the pillars taking in the scene with ears and eyes. Well he might; the organ pealed forth its solemn tones while the congregation joined in a German hymn, and through the leaf-formed arches, down the long aisles, and in and out amongst the tombs of forgotten bishops, organ note and people's chant echoed and re-echoed, while anon the little silver bell rang out, and organ was hushed and people were bowed in adoration and prayer—it was the moment of consecration. It was a scene too which appealed to the eye as well as the ear. Golden sunlight streamed in through the blazoned windows with their coloured stories of faith and fatherland. High above, one hundred and forty-five feet above, rose the granite pillars clasping each other across the aisles, while beneath, priest was sacrificing and people were worshipping just as when six centuries ago they first raised their capitals aloft. There was the choir with its magnificently carved stalls of the 15th century, whose walls behind are covered with rich tapestry, and whose stained windows over head, dating from the 13th and 14th centuries, cast a softened light upon the rich marble altar and roundabout. It was a fitting day to be there for it was the anniversary of its foundation. Early in the 13th century the Archbishop, St. Engelbert, conceived the idea of building a magnificent church in place of the cathedral which was not considered grand enough. His second successor, Conrad, laid the foundation stone on the 15th of August, 1248—and on the 15th of August, 1886, I had the happiness of saying mass in the very chapel where that venerable bishop rests. Never did I feel the Catholicity of my church so fill my soul. The little German lad who served as acolyte was as much at home with me as if he came from St. Michael's; the priest near by hearing confessions; the few faithful gathered round; the bishop sleeping in his marble tomb—all, both living and dead, could speak the language of the altar and we knew each other in the breaking of that heavenly bread. This small chapel, St. John's, is one of seven which flank the choir. It has a fine wood carving representing the Passion. Entering the treasury of the church we perceive the costly shrine in which are kept the heads of the three wise Kings or Magi. According to tradition they were baptized by St. Thomas the apostle, and died the death of martyrs. Their sacred remains were afterwards brought by the Empress St. Helena to Constantinople. They were afterwards taken to Milan—and in 1164 Frederick Barbarossa presented them to the Archbishop of Cologne. The treasury also contains two or three links of St. Peter's chain, the rest being in the church of S. Pietro, in Vincoli, at Rome. The shrine of St. Engelbert is also kept here. When this good bishop first thought of building a cathedral he made it known to all the monasteries. A certain monk being anxious to build this great church in honour of the Mother of God was favoured by our Blessed Lady with a vision of the plan, thus receiving an answer to his most earnest prayer. Another account of the origin of the plan of this church states that it emanated from a very different source. The architect to whom the work was entrusted could not fix upon a plan, and being out he saw a stag tracing on the snow something which would do. He approached, and to his astonishment, was accosted by the pretended stag, who, it is needless to say, was his satanic majesty. The devil agreed to give him the plan for the price of his soul. After the architect had advanced somewhat in his work, he began to repent of having made such a wicked bargain; The devil, in revenge, told him he would never live to finish the work—the man fell from the scaffolding and was killed. Whatever these legends may be worth, we do not undertake to say, but strange it is that the architect of Cologne Cathedral is not known to history, although a *Meister Gerard* is mentioned as the designer of the noble work. The choir or sanctuary was the first part erected, and was consecrated in 1322. From that time down to

the beginning of the present century, it looked as if the monk's plan would never be carried out. Then the kings of Prussia began to take an interest in it, and on September 4th, 1842, William, Emperor of Prussia, laid the foundation stone of the new part of the building, after which the work advanced steadily until the last stone of the tower was placed in position in August, 1880, and on the 15th October of the same year the completion of the cathedral was celebrated in presence of the Emperor.

It would indeed be hard for an inartistic hand to sketch for others this magnificent triumph of the Christian art. Its dazzling height, just proportions, its graceful spires, its profusion of turrets and beauty of foliage and figures, may be all impressed as a photograph on memory's plate, while the area within, varied as it is by coloured window, and granite pillar, and marble altar, and frescoed arch, inspires the beholder at the very recollection of it—still, both exterior and interior need the engraver's tool or the traveller's eye to give an idea of the master-work of Gothic and Rhenish art. Let us now visit St. Ursula's Church, not by any means so beautiful, but very interesting on account of its history and its relics.

J. R. T.

THE SILVER JUBILEE OF VERY REV. DR. L. FUNCKEN.

The Silver Jubilee of the Priesthood of Very Rev. Louis Funcken, Prov. Supr. C. R., etc., etc., celebrated at Berlin on the 30th June, was a great success.

A large number of friends from Canada and the United States came to congratulate the good and learned Father. Among them we may mention His Grace Archbishop Lynch, Right Rev. Bishop Carbery, Right Rev. Bishop Dowling, who preached an eloquent sermon, Very Rev. Thos. Brzeska, Assistant Sup. General C. R., who had come all the way from Rome principally for this occasion, the Very Rev. Vicars-General Heenan, Laurent and Rooney.

Father Louis celebrated solemn High Mass in the costly vestments and with the gold chalice he had just received as jubilee gifts. The very valuable and useful presents are worth at least \$2,000.

At 4 o'clock dinner was served at the Separate School hall to about 200 persons, who greatly enjoyed the good things prepared, and entertained each other with eloquent and instructive speeches for nearly three hours.

At 7 o'clock and excellent musical and literary entertainment was held in the Church, in connection with the distribution of prizes to the successful students of St. Jerome's College. The "Carbery Scholarship" of \$60, forwarded by Right Rev. Bishop Carbery in memory of this jubilee, was gained by Master M. Jaglvicicz, a little Polish boy of Preston, Ont., who stood at the head of the list in general proficiency.

After the distribution a torchlight procession, headed by the Berlin Brass Band, led the people to the College, which was gorgeously illuminated with Chinese lanterns, transparencies and fireworks. This 30th June was truly a red-letter-day in the history of the Parish of Berlin, of the College of St. Jerome and of their Rev. Rector.

While writing about this feast it may be mentioned that a large, four-storey addition to the College is just being put up to serve as study-hall, recreation and classrooms.

The College is making very gratifying progress in the number and character of its staff as well as in the extent of its studies, the standard of which is raised from year to year as the increasing number of students make it expedient.

THE PRECIOUS BLOOD.

O, sweetest Blood, that can implore
Pardon of God, and Heaven restore,
The Heaven which sin had lost;
While Abel's blood for vengeance pleads,
What Jesus shed still intercedes
For those who wrong Him most.

CATHOLIC AND LITERARY NOTES.

Mgr. Patterson, titular Bishop of Emmaus, has been appointed auxiliary to Cardinal Manning.

Extensive preparations are being made at St. Boniface, Man., for a fitting reception to His Grace Archbishop Taché when he arrives.

Rev. Father McBrady, C. S. B., of Assumption College, Sandwich, preached a fine sermon on the Pope at High Mass at St. Basil's Church, on Sunday last.

The priests of the Archdiocese are in retreat this week at St. Michael's College. The retreat is being conducted by Rev. Father Magill, C. M., of Niagara Falls.

Mr. Maurice F. Egan, Editor of the *New York Freeman's Journal*, it is rumoured, is about to retire from journalism, to accept a chair in the University of Notre Dame, Indiana.

It is current that the Most Rev. John McEvilly, Archbishop of Tuam, will be raised to the Cardinalate. Ireland has had no Cardinal's hat since the death of His Eminence, Cardinal McCabe.

Mr. M. B. Daly, of Halifax, ex-Deputy Speaker of the House of Commons, Hon. Jas. Butler, and other prominent Catholics in Halifax, have in hand a movement for the erection of a monument in memory of the late Rt. Rev. Mgr. Power.

On Tuesday, 28th June, ten more of the children attending the coloured mission school had the happiness of receiving the Holy Sacrament of Baptism. This brings up to forty the total number of children baptized since the opening of the school last January. The Catholic Coloured Mission of Windsor has certainly achieved a success unequalled of late years in the annals of the propagation of the Faith. And what has been done so far, and in so short a time, is only an earnest of what may be accomplished in the immediate future, if Dean Wagner receives from the charitable public the encouragement which so holy a cause deserves.

A few months ago the Sovereign Pontiff vouchsafed to erect the Sanctuary of St. Anne de Beaupré into a Basilica, granting to seven altars of that Church the same indulgences as may be gained by visiting the seven indulgenced altars of St. Peter's in Rome. He has now been pleased to confer another favour which will rejoice the hearts of all who have a loving devotion to St. Anne. In virtue of a recent decision, the statue of St. Anne de Beaupré will be solemnly crowned in the name of Leo XIII., in the same way as the statue of St. Anne d'Auray was crowned in the name of Pius IX. The crowns to be placed on the heads of St. Anne and her celestial daughter will be of massive gold, and will be a thank-offering from Catholic women. Such as are desirous of sharing in this work are requested to forward their contributions to Rev. Father J. Teillen, C. S. R., parish priest of St. Anne de Beaupré, Montmorency, P. Q. The date of the solemn crowning will be announced.

Mgr. Persico, who has been sent by the Holy See as Apostolic Delegate to Ireland, is not unknown in Canada. In 1873 he was entrusted with an important mission to Canada, respecting Laval University and other questions; and in 1876 he was proposed by the sacred Congregation of Propaganda as Archbishop of Halifax, and was called to Rome for that purpose, but instead of coming to Canada the Pope sent him to Malabar on the question of the Syro-Chaldeic schism. He is 64 years of age and has seen service in almost every quarter of the globe. In 1867 he was sent to administer the Diocese of Charleston, U. S., and two years later assisted at the Plenary Council of Baltimore, and at the unanimous request of the Bishops there assembled, he was appointed by the Holy Father to the Diocese of Savannah, where he remained until 1873, when, his health giving way, he returned to Rome. His long experience in English-speaking lands, and his perfect mastery of the English language, specially fit him for this most important mission to Ireland.

The Catholic Weekly Review.

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

Published Every Thursday

Offices, Bon Accord Building, 24 Church street, Toronto

Gerald Fitzgerald, Editor.

H. P. McIntosh and A. C. Macdonell,

Associates

Terms: \$2.00 per annum, payable strictly in advance. Advertisements, unexceptionable in character and limited in number, will be taken at the rate of \$3 per line per annum; 10 cents per line for ordinary insertions. CLUB rates, 10 copies, \$15.

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

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

THE CATHOLIC WEEKLY REVIEW will be conducted with the aid of the most competent writers obtainable. In addition to those already mentioned, it gives us great satisfaction to announce that contributions may be looked for from the following:—His Lordship Rt. Rev. Dr. O'MAHONEY, Bishop of Eudocia; W. J. MACDONELL, Knight of the Order of the Most Holy Sepulchre; D. A. O'SULLIVAN, M.A., D.C.L. (Laval); JOHN A. MACCAH, M.A., Principal Normal School, Ottawa; T. J. RICHARDSON, Esq., Ottawa; Rev. P. J. HAROLD, Niagara; T. O'HAGAN, M.A., late Modern Language Master, Pembroke High School; Rev. Dr. JENNAS McDONELL DAWSON, LL.D., F.R.S.C., Ottawa.

LETTER FROM HIS GRACE THE ARCHBISHOP OF TORONTO.

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

GENTLEMEN,—

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

I am, faithfully yours,

JOHN JOSEPH LYNCH,
Archbishop of Toronto.

TORONTO, SATURDAY, JULY 9, 1887.

"Either the people of this country," says the *Telegram*, "are in favor of prohibition of the liquor traffic, or they are not." Profound.

The sketch of the life of Dr. Macdonell, the first Bishop of Kingston, by Mr. W. J. Macdonell, President of the St. Vincent de Paul Society, of this city, which was concluded in the last number of this REVIEW, has attracted widespread attention throughout the Province. It is, we believe, the first time that a full and complete record of his life has been written, and, as it stands, forms a valuable addition to the rather slender stock of Catholic literature in this Province. Our thanks, and the thanks of all who have at heart the preservation of records of the past, are due to Mr. Macdonell for the trouble and labour such a task at his time of life necessarily entailed. We trust to have other contributions from his pen from time to time, as no man in our midst is better fitted, both by reason of his great experience and solid learning, to treat of the history and growth of the Church in Canada.

A Chicago journal of great influence, the *Current*, had something to say in a recent number on the subject of the whiskey business, and the protection, despite the disastrous economic consequences of the traffic, it receives at the hands of the executors of the law. If any other business, it said, were conducted in such open violation of the law as is the business in whiskey, it would be closed up at once. No legitimate business; no business forming a part of the in-

dustry of the country, adding to its advancement, performing its part, and bearing its share of the burden and work of industrial progress, would be permitted to violate the laws governing it, even by mistake, without being made to pay the full penalty. Yet the saloon, which is arrayed against every principle of economics and productive industry, which tears down all that patient toil is building up, violates with impunity the laws enacted to regulate it. As a traffic it is as useless as intoxication is unnatural. To the healthful state of trade it is what drunkenness is to man; it is to society what it is to the individual, and yet, not content with working its mischief in accordance with the laws and all the immunities with which they surround it, it hesitates at no violation of the law in order the better to pursue its criminal and debauching ways. Be it controlled never so stringently, and the traffic in intoxicants will be demoralizing and deadly enough. In all its acts, which are the results of the traffic, it debilitates and weakens the commercial and industrial, to just the same extent as it ruins the individual body. There should be no winking at open violation of legal regulations on the part of those who are charged with the duty of enforcing them. If the traffic have little enough right to exist under the control of law, it has none whatever in violation of it.

The mission of Mgrs. Persico and Gualdi with instructions, as it is understood, to make personal observation of, and report on the present political and social condition of the Irish people, is the result, it seems to be accepted, of pressure brought to bear by the Duke of Norfolk and other English Tory Catholics upon Mgr. Ruffo-Scilla, the bearer of the Pope's congratulations to the English Court, to induce the Holy Father to review the Irish question, and the relations of the Irish Bishops to the national movement. They have urged that the reports of the Irish Bishops on the condition of Ireland are exaggerated, and that the sympathy they have manifested in, and the influence they have exerted upon the political movement has been most mischievous, and calls for immediate ecclesiastical inquiry. But whether the mission of the Monsignori be merely a matter of diplomatic courtesy made necessary, in a manner, by such representations, or, as is not improbable, the outcome of a desire on the part of the Holy Father to ascertain for himself, by means of unbiassed agents, the precise truth in regard to the political condition of the country, the mission in either case is one to which neither the Irish people or episcopate will offer any opposition. "The Irish cause," said Bishop Ireland, of St. Pauls, speaking at Cork a few weeks ago on the eve of his return to this country, "is now in the hands of your Bishops and Clergy." They may be said to be of but one mind in the matter, and their reports and opinions will have first weight with the legates. The mission will be the means of again putting before the Holy See, clearly and forcibly, their deliberate opinions. Their judgments will have the strongest claims to acceptance, and the result of the inquiry will be to confirm the Irish prelates, and sustain them in the stand they have taken in the national movement.

The letter of Cardinal Manning to the *Times*, protesting against the circulation of the slander, that he and Archbishop Walsh, of Dublin, were the active promoters of "Separatists' intrigues," and that the mission to Ireland had been revoked at their instance, was obviously more than an individual denial. It was an intimation of the horror which he regarded the moral assassination policy of the journal.

"I hold" he said, that resentment is sometimes a duty, and this is such a time, when your words touch our highest responsibilities, and inflame more and more the heated condition between two people whom justice and truth would still bind in unity." Indeed, there are not wanting evidences that the calumnies of the *Times*, the resumption of coercive legislation, the cloturing of the Irish and Liberal commoners, the defiance of every parliamentary tradition, to say nothing of what transpired in debate about the Bodyke atrocities, have contributed to create a profound impression upon English opinion. The Spalding election and the overthrow by a large majority of the Tory Unionist forces, is an indication of a public revulsion of feeling. The facts in connection with the Bodyke evictions were elicited in a telling debate, and the tone of the press in commenting upon them testifies to the effect which the truth about so shocking a state of things is producing.

"The debate," said the *Daily News* the day after, "will make the people of England aware of a great deal in connection with these evictions, which not only justifies inquiry but should necessitate action. Such debates are signs of the times. They show a new element of hope which has dawned on the gloomy prospects of the poor tenants of Ireland. The British people are determined to know what goes on in Ireland, and the oppressors who have made British rule hateful to the people will henceforth have to reckon with the public opinion of the United Kingdom. When English members of Parliament go over to watch the fantastic tricks of rack-renting landlords and come back and tell the House and the country the horrors and iniquities they have seen and heard, the time of such horrors and iniquities is short. They have existed so long because English ignorance of Irish events and indifference to them has given landlords like Colonel O'Callaghan impunity. But that indifference has passed away. The English people are determined to know what is being done in their name in Ireland. Scenes like those at Glenbeigh some months ago, and those which have just taken place at Bodyke, rouse, as Mr. Morley said, not merely pity for the victims, but indignation repudiation, and anger. It has become one of the immediate duties of the Liberal party to see that such facts as came out in last night's debate are known all over England. They constitute the very essence of the Irish question. The game of desolation and plunder which is carried on in the abused name of law and order will be up as soon as Englishmen understand the facts."

Such evictions, as the Liberal journals hold, are not natural calamities, but the infliction of an unjust law and an oppressive Government. The English people, through their Government, are responsible for them, and when they are brought home to the mind and conscience of the nation there will be an uprising of moral indignation which will sweep them away.

The painful estrangement of a section, and an influential section, of English Catholics, from the bulk of the Catholic people of Ireland, recalls to mind those two chapters on "Irish Discontent," in Cardinal Newman's delightful *Historical Sketches*, in which he portrays the feelings which exist among the Catholics of the two countries, the one towards the other. The English Catholic visitor to Ireland, his Eminence wrote, turns his eye upon a country bound to him by the ties of a common faith. He breathes more

freely from the thought that he is among co-religionists, and that he has left behind him a Protestant people. He cherishes but this one thought within his mind, that he is in the midst of those who will not despise him for his faith's sake, who name the same sacred names, and utter the same prayers as he does himself, whose churches are the houses of his God, and whose clergy are the true physicians of the soul. Penetrating into the heart of the country he recognizes an innocence in the faces of the young, and a piety and patience in the voices of the aged, which contrast strikingly and sadly with the habits of his own rural population. He finds a population as munificent as it is pious doing greater works for God out of their poverty, than elsewhere the noble and the rich accomplish in their abundance. He finds them characterized by a love of their kindred, most tender and faithful, and himself received with that warmth of hospitality which ever has been the boast of the nation, his blood, so far as he is personally concerned, "being forgotten in his baptism." And yet feelings so just and so natural in themselves are not pertinent in him. He does not recollect, as he ought to recollect, that he comes to that people as a representative of persons and of catastrophes unpleasant even to think about, as one if not responsible for the deeds of his forefathers, at least responsible for the deeds of his contemporary Parliament and Executive; as one of a strong and unscrupulous race standing upon the soil of the weak and the injured. He does not admit, and he must needs be reminded of, the judgment and sentence which the past history of Ireland pronounces upon him; he has to learn that the voices so full of blessings for their Maker and their kindred, adopt a different strain when the name of England is mentioned. He will be generously received by those whom he falls in with, but the wrongs which England has inflicted are faithfully remembered, and they remain with the population deep buried in memory. They may not curse her, but they will not pray for her; or, if they do, it is this—that she receive yet her due. It is remarkable, too, the Cardinal has mentioned, that the Holy See, to whose initiative the union of the two countries is in history traceable, is not held chargeable by the Irish people with the evils which have resulted to them from it, unique and remarkable as the Holy See's responsibility for that initiative is. There are other nations ill-matched besides the English and Irish, but the Holy See has had no hand in their political arrangement. It, indeed, seems strange, and we are often reminded of it by Protestants, that the act of a Pontiff, although a personal act, should have given the impulse to a union so unblest for centuries. They deem it stranger still that the Holy See has not roused against itself thereby a torrent of resentful feelings in the minds of the people of Ireland. But the Irish have preserved the Faith, and with it, its instincts, its insights. Whatever they may think of the wisdom or expediency of the original annexation, they know that its serious evils did not begin until the Monarchy was false to the Faith as well as to Ireland. Up to that time, so attached and united did settlers in Ireland become to it and its people, that, according to the proverb, they were *Hiberneci, ipsis Hiberniores*. "It is Protestantism," wrote the Cardinal, "which has been the tyrannical oppressor of the Irish; and we suppose that Protestantism neither asked nor needed letters apostolic or consecrated banner to encourage it in the war it waged against Irish Catholicism. Neither Cromwell, nor William of Nassau, waited for the Pope's

leave or sought his blessing in his military operations against Ireland." It was Protestantism that introduced the iron age into Ireland; it is pathetic that English Catholics should lend themselves to perpetuate it.

CATHOLICS AND CANADIAN LITERATURE.

THE FRENCH CANADIAN SECTION.

II.

The published productions of French Canadians, both in prose and verse, are in subject, diction, and development, not only infinitely more numerous than, but also superior to, those that owe their origin to the genius of the other Canadian nationalities. Quebec can probably boast of more indigenous authors than all our other provinces combined. Yet, only forty years since, Lord Durham, then Governor-General, in an exhaustive report to the British Government on the condition of the Canadas, truthfully asserted that the French Canadians did not possess a distinctive literature. He concluded from this glaring want, and not without reason, that the French Canadians were doomed to speedy obliteration as a distinct people. This prophecy may now be considered as another example of the total fallibility of mere mundane wisdom.

Since Lord Durham wrote, a vast improvement has rapidly taken place in the intellectual and material condition of the French Canadians. Then, the educational establishments of Quebec numbered, all told, scarcely half a dozen. The attendance was scant and the students were impecunious. Now, all those unpromising circumstances have undergone a great change for the better, so far as the Province of Quebec is concerned. Her Colleges number forty at the present time, and she also has primary and preparatory schools almost without number. Indeed, the college professor, with his narrow provincial ideas, his blendid acuteness and ingenuousness, his deep distrust of foreigners, his hatred of foreign customs, and his profound classical and theological learning, presents a most interesting social type. The college professor is always a priest, whose influence over his pupils does not cease with their schoolboy days.

Whatever may be the faults of the educational system now in vogue in Quebec, and they are certainly numerous, in one respect at least it equals, if it does not surpass the vaunted system in Ontario. While even in our best colleges, English literature is almost invariably accorded secondary attention, and frequently no attention at all, French literature in the colleges of Quebec is made a conspicuous feature of the curriculum. The French language is taught with the most watchful care in even the most elementary schools. French literature is constantly cultivated in all the higher institutions. The French colleges plume themselves on their classical and literary attainments. Linguistic studies quite often overwhelmingly preponderate over all the other items of the course. If a Quebec student does not possess a thorough knowledge of his own tongue, as well as a practical acquaintance with the Greek and Latin before bidding adieu to his Alma Mater, he can, in nine cases out of ten, blame no one except himself.

With our colleges, and especially our Catholic colleges, it is far otherwise. In none of the latter, so far as our knowledge extends, does the language of Wiseman and Newman receive the amount of scholarly culture its universal utility demands. The same defect, more or less, mars the selections of studies prescribed in a majority of the non-Catholic colleges of Ontario, and may be also detected in the schedules of our schools. Our educationists seem to imagine that linguistic knowledge and literary skill come by intuition. Alas! Providence teaches the eagle to soar and the lark to sing, but man must by years of toil train himself how to think correctly and how to express himself clearly in his mother-tongue.

His linguistic accomplishments give the Frenchman, for the most part, a great advantage over his English-speaking countrymen. This, in itself, would have a

forcible tendency to attract him to literature and literary pursuits. But other forces also exert a strong influence over him. The presence of the French in Canada is coeval with its discovery. The hoary traditions that haunt the Canadian rivers and dells—the wild tales of war and the soft lay of love—are their especial inheritance, as the lineal descendants of the immortal actors in those chequered scenes. It is, then, not a matter of surprise that the Frenchman takes a laudable patriotic pride in detailing the history and romance of his country, and in sympathetically portraying the social life of his people.

The distinguishing traits of the French language and literature are in its clearness, firmness and method, to which may be added the delightful quality of liveliness blended with urbanity. The literature of Quebec, as might naturally be expected, holds many characteristics in common with the literature of France. But its unique features are sufficiently numerous and salient to give it a perfect right to be entitled an original literature.

For the rest, the versatile French Canadian intellect rambles over every field of human thought, except, perhaps, the purely scientific, using the word in its physical relations. There, maybe, it finds the fences too high and straight, the hedges too stiff and the ditches too wide; and the troublesome stubbles of naked fact not unfrequently sticking themselves right up in the path-way. So far as the term science, in its acceptance as abstract knowledge, is concerned, Quebec holds her own, and perhaps does something more. Indeed, were we to classify our scientific works by the amount of substantial truth which each of these contains, those of Quebec would probably lead the roll. Much of what is now pawned off on us as the quintessence of science is in truth its diametrical opposite. It is too often as shameless a sham as any execrated by Carlyle. Quebec very properly concerns herself little about the grotesque jargons of Huxley and Darwin, and other eulogistic historiographers of the "anthropoid ape." Very properly also, she turns away with repugnance from the bald and silly infidelity of the school of non-Catholic philosophers. But notwithstanding this, more probably in consequence of it, her pundits are deeply versed in the inspired teachings of the Angelic Doctor, St. Thomas, the profound creator and molder of Catholic thought.

In history and poesy, in Belles-Lettres and philosophical research, the imposing and steadily increasing array of authors and *litterateurs* belonging to Quebec easily outstrip their rivals of the other confederated provinces. That their work is oftentimes as light and superficial as a passing sun beam, is absolutely true. But, like the genial ray of day, it is always warm, natural and brilliant. A formal list of durable, and even profound, works by French Canadian authors might be collected without trouble, and would, we think, greatly disconcert the mutually-admiring rabble of intolerant bigots who habitually sneer at Quebec as an illiterate and benighted Province.

The literature of Quebec, in so far as it crystallizes around the central idea of French Canadian nationality, and voices all the hopes, fears and aspirations of that people, may be said to be truly national. It is also thoroughly imbued with a sound, uncompromising spirit of Catholicity; for the national pulses of Quebec throb in perfect unison with those of the true Church. We English-speaking Catholics may, therefore, find in it a proper provocative to our hearty emulation. The writers of the French province have, indeed, set us a grand example.

The vast majority of English speaking Catholics in Canada are either Irish or Scotch by birth or descent. Consequently, they bear close racial relations to the French; the three people's being only different branches of the grand, old Celtic stem. "No race," says Green, speaking of the Celts, "has ever shown a greater power of absorbing all the noblest characteristics of the people with whom they come into contact, or of infusing their own energy into them." The English historian might have gone further; but it may not be judicious to examine a half compliment from a hostile source too minutely. So

far is the Celt from being born with "a double dose of original sin," to use the biting sarcasm of Mr. Gladstone, that some of the most resplendent national virtues were first developed in his ardent soul, to be by him always and everywhere held in the highest veneration.

This invaluable ethical superiority renders the Celt higher in excellence than other races less favored by Providence. When we add to it the force and vigor of character by which this ancient and famous people have always been distinguished, we have an aggregation of qualities that predestines the race finally to triumph over all and every opposition. The French Canadians, being members of the same great family, are our brethren. So, we Irish Canadians should say of the French Canadians as Goethe did of the comparison made between him and Schiller, "Instead of quarrelling about which of us is the greater, people ought simply to be thankful for having us both." It should be a point of honor with us to demonstrate to the French Canadians that we are in every way worthy of our illustrious common origin.

While English-speaking Catholics may boast of a few really able writers without offering violence to either truth or modesty, it must be candidly confessed their French Canadian contemporaries outnumber them in an appalling proportion. And this ratio will stand after due allowance has been made for a superiority of numbers on the part of the French, without which the comparison would not be fair. Now, some means of improving those circumstances must be discovered by us. We cannot afford our educationists to continue to ignore our language and literature. This should be the first step as it will prove the most important in the march of improvement. Our youths must be raised to a higher plane than that occupied by their predecessors. "The youths of a nation are the trustees of prosperity," says Beaconsfield in *Sybil*. The young generation of Irish Canadians are happily exempt from the degrading influences of the penal laws under which their forefathers so heroically suffered in another land. In the eye of the law at least they stand equal with their separated brethren. They are also as richly endowed with natural parts; that is, if appearances are not more than ordinary deceitful. Lastly, they can all acquire a sound education if they so desire. Indeed, with the facilities now given for the acquisition of knowledge, everyone can become more or less a scholar. We need no longer be Helots, and the quicker we awaken to the rare possibilities of our situation the better will it be for our future welfare.

If the catalogues of the schools and colleges be accepted as reliable evidence, thousands of young Irish Catholics every year carefully prepare themselves for the inevitable combat with that great Goliath, the world. Why many of them who were graduated with high distinction have not ere this entered the literary lists passes our comprehension. The talent is there, and the capacity and training, yet something seems to be wanting, or rather is wanting in reality. They do not manifest the literary ability of their French Canadian countrymen, nor the literary enterprise of their Protestant countrymen. What is it that is lacking? To our mind, the thing most needed is fair encouragement from the Catholic people. This would give our young writers the fulcrum they require if our literature is ever to be an archimedean lever.

This is an age of leagues and unions, of societies and associations, of lodges, circles and rings, for the promotion of every purpose within, and frequently for inscrutable purposes far beyond, the limited sphere of human attainments. We, too, should help one another, if only to further the interests of our faith and nationality. Someone of transcendent genius, and blessed with a surpassingly bright mental panoply, should found a society for the legitimate encouragement of young Catholic writers in America. We would neither sanction nor advocate anything resembling supplication. No power on earth can keep alive a sensational reputation; for puffery never yet made a permanently successful man. But if our writers had a more general recognition, by which is meant the ascription to them of exactly the literary qualities a discriminating Catholic public might believe they possess, they would undoubtedly be stimulated to do more and better work.

An entertaining American writer, the Rev. P. A. Treacy, New Jersey, in recently alluding to this weakness, wrote: "It makes my heart bleed to see young men who might, by judicious management, be made the leaders of their own people, throwing themselves into the arms of the Freemasons in order to obtain the position to which they fancy their talents and education entitle them. I do not forget that there are literary institutes and young men's societies, but I look for something more practical." We also have in Canada literary institutes and literary societies, but they are not practical, and might all be advantageously exchanged for one single institution of visible and palpable utility. It has always seemed to me that the Irish Catholics of Canada stand in need of a great leader, an O'Connell, who would thrill them with his eloquence while guiding them in the paths of probity and progress with the sagacious prudence of a Nestor.

It is difficult, nay, impossible, to estimate the service which may be rendered to our people by the successful excitement of men—and especially young men—of real knowledge and capacity to the task of popular composition. This missionary toil would appear as onerous as a labour of Hercules, but all great works require time, labour and patience. The result when once successfully achieved, would adequately recompense all and every labour. The enchantress who infused new and vigorous blood into the veins of the decrepid old man, who gave his rigid limbs pliancy, his feeble step strength and steadiness, his pale and inexpressive features fresh beauty and animation, is a type of what genius can do in fostering what would soon become a vigorous and immortal Catholic literature.

M. W. CASEY.

Current Catholic Thought.

NON-CATHOLIC UNIVERSITIES.

THE main objection to non-Catholic Universities is not that they designedly antagonize the Catholic religion, or that they designedly oppose the teachings of the Church. The chief objection is that their traditions and their common life are essentially non-Catholic, and thus are substantially anti-Catholic. The Catholic youth who attends such Universities may not lose his faith; he may firmly retain it and devoutly attend to his practical religious duties. Yet still his intellectual movements, his processes of thought, will all be moulded by and take the colour and shape of non-Catholic life of the University of which he is a student.

On the other hand, in a Catholic University, thoroughly provided with Catholic life and Catholic traditions, he will be powerfully influenced by them. His studies may be entirely secular and purely scientific. He may never attend a theological lecture, or one upon any point whatever of Catholic doctrine; he may confine his attention entirely to physics, or chemistry, or botany, or zoology. Yet still the Catholic traditions of the University, its Catholic life, unconsciously but powerfully influence him, mould him and form him intellectually, and cause all his thoughts and intellects to run in a Catholic direction.

—*Catholic Standard, Philadelphia*

CATHOLIC PROGRESS.

The Catholic theologians who represent the present tone of Catholic teaching, such as Dr. Ward, F. Liberaire, etc., maintain the teaching of Pope Boniface VIII., with regard to the two swords—spiritual and temporal. They hold that the temporal authority was instituted to aid the Church in fulfilling her mission, and that where the temporal authority is wanting in its one subordination to, and support of, the spiritual authority, that the duty devolves even on Catholic clubs to assist the Church in every legitimate way to maintain her inalienable rights. But prudence, the guide of life, must direct us in such matters. We are under an obligation to assist the Church, but our zeal must be guided with prudence. My impres-

sion of the Protestants of this country is that they are a religious people, and when people have a religious spirit, we ought to pursue towards them a spirit of conciliation and explanation, such a policy in fact as that followed by Cardinal Wiseman, which was so essential and gloriously successful.—*Rev. P. A. Treacy.*

THE FEAR IN DEATH.

I hear the voices that I lost on earth.—*Dream of Gerontius.*

To fall from ridge to ridge, from peak to peak,
To grasp, half-chilled, at ever yielding bush,
To have it swerve beneath the fatal push
That downward forces; mute when one would speak;
Friends' eyes, like clouding stars, to seek;
To find them irresponsive, which to gush
In streams of love were wont; oh, this would crush
Hope to despair, and make Faith low and weak!

But thou, Gerontius, in thy burning dream,
Filled with the white heat of pure love and faith,
Hast taught us that this fall will bring us near
That fountain clear, where no things are that seem.
"Prepared for weal or woe," thy true soul saith,
"In his dear might," and conquered even by fear!

—*Maurice F. Egan, in the Ave Maria.*

"Gaze upon that pure, beautiful evening star, and swear to be true while its light shall shine! Swear, my love! Swear by Venus!" exclaimed a youth in impassioned accents. "How stupid you are!" answered the Girton girl. "That is not Venus. The right ascension of Venus this month is 15h. 9m.; declination is 17 degrees, 25 minutes south, and her diameter is 10.2."—*Exchange.*

A GARIBALDIAN ON LEO XIII.

A few days ago was celebrated, on the Janiculum, the anniversary of a successful sortie made by the Garibaldian soldiers of the Roman Republic of 1849, while Rome was being besieged by the French. On this occasion, a well-known anti-clerical lecturer, Professor Chierici, instead of, as usual, showering abuse on the Vatican, spoke with unexpected respect of Leo XIII. He expressed the hope that "the old man, whose hands were unstained with blood, would succeed in the work of pacification he had begun, and lead the nations to renounce their baneful mania for an armed peace." "If the Pope succeeds in this," said the orator, pointing towards the dome of St. Peter's, "all the people of the earth will bow down yonder." However surprised the audience were by these words, the Radicals and Garibaldians did not fail to applaud, and when some one protested, his protestations were drowned by the enthusiastic cries of the crowd.—*Tablet.*

Cardinal Manning is described by a recent visitor as "weirdly impressive at night." Wearing his black cassock and scarlet cap, sitting by a blazing fire in his study, his Eminence will discuss any subject from the Decrees of the Council of Trent down to a paragraph in the society papers. No subject is too large, no topic too small for him to converse upon. He is a teetotaler—has been one for years—as all know; and eats just as much as will keep the machinery of the body properly lubricated and no more. When he was made a cardinal eleven years ago, some of his flock sent round the hat to enable him to pay the fees without personally inconveniencing himself.

Count Frederick, eldest son of Prince Francis de Waldburg, has renounced the world and entered the Society of Jesus. He is twenty-five years of age.

BOOKS FOR MONTH OF JUNE

A Flower for each day of Month of June, Cloth, Double.....	15
Patrol.....	10
Devotions for every day of the month of Sacred Heart, by Rev. P. HUNNOT.....	75
Imitations of the Sacred Heart, by Rev. Father Arnold.....	1 25
Meditations for the Month of Sacred Heart, translated from the French by G. M. Ward. Paper, 35c. Bound in cloth.....	50
Year of the Sacred Heart. A thought for each day.....	60
The first Friday of the month consecrated to the Sacred Heart.....	50
Hours with the Sacred Heart.....	50
Meditations on the Sacred Heart. Cloth, gilt.....	40
The Devotion and Office of the Sacred Heart New Manual Sacred Heart.....	35
Scholar's Manual Sacred Heart.....	60

PRIZE BOOKS.

In cloth and imitation of cloth bindings, in all styles, and at prices ranging from 10c. each and upwards.

Lace Pictures for First Communion.

For Girls or Boys—plain, 2½ x 4—at 25c. per doz.
" " " colored, 2½ x 4—at 60c. "
" " " plain, 2½ x 4—at 30c. "
" " " dressed, 2½ x 4—at \$1.12 "

The Lace Picture at 30c. per doz. is very appropriate as a Gift of Remembrance of First Communion.

D. & J. SADLIER & CO.

15 Church Street, | 1000 Notre Dame Street
TORONTO | MONTREAL

FRECHON, LEFEBVRE & CIE,

CHURCH ORNAMENTS
Montreal

Will now sell at a very reduced price, to make room for spring importations.

NOW READY.

PORTRAIT OF THE GREAT

Bishop Macdonell, First Bishop in Upper Canada,

From an old painting. A fine engraving on heavy toned paper, suitable for framing
Price, 25 cents. For sale at office of
THE CATHOLIC WEEKLY REVIEW, 32½ Church St., Toronto.

WHEATON & CO.,

17 KING ST. WEST,

(corner Jordan.)

TENNIS SHIRTS,

TENNIS COATS,

TENNIS PANTS.

COLORED AND WHITE VESTS,

WHITE AND NAVY FLANNEL

SHIRTS (Laced or plain) from

\$1 75 up.

Ordered work a Specialty.

WHEATON & CO.

17 KING STREET WEST,

(corner Jordan.)

M'CABE & CO.,

UNDERTAKERS.

305 Queen Street West, Toronto.

Telephone 1400

Embalming a Specialty

CAPE BRETON RAILWAY.

Sec.—Strait of Canso to Grand Narrows

TENDERS FOR THE WORKS OF CONSTRUCTION.

SEALED TENDERS, addressed to the undersigned, and endorsed "Tenders for Cape Breton Railway," will be received at this office up to noon of Wednesday, the 6th day of July, 1887, for certain work of construction.

Plans and profiles will be open for inspection at the Office of the Chief Engineer and General Manager of Government Railways at Ottawa, and also at the Office of the Cape Breton Railway, at Port Hawkesbury, C.B., on and after the 6th day of June, 1887, when the general specification and form of tender may be obtained upon application.

No tender will be entertained unless on one of the printed forms and all the conditions are complied with.

By order,

A. F. BRADLEY,

Secretary.

Department of Railways and Canals,
Ottawa, 27th May, 1887.

JAMES J. FOY, Q.C.
BARRISTER, & C.
74 CHURCH STREET,
Toronto.

FREDERICK C. LAW,
ARCHITECT.
MAIL BUILDING.
Residence—464 Harbour St., Toronto

D. A. O'SULLIVAN,
BARRISTER, ATTORNEY, SOLICITOR, & C.
NOTARY PUBLIC.
Offices—Nos. 18 and 20 Toronto Street.
Toronto.

MURRAY, BARWICK & MACDONELL,
BARRISTERS, SOLICITORS, NOTARIES, & C.,
55 AND 53 KING STREET EAST,
(Up stairs)
TORONTO.
HUGH W. M. MURRAY. P. D. BARWICK.
A. C. MACDONELL.

H. T. KELLY,
BARRISTER, SOLICITOR, & C.
Office—74 Church Street, Toronto.

W. J. WARD,
REAL ESTATE & COMMISSION BROKER.
4 KING ST. EAST, TORONTO.
Rents Collected. Valuations Made.

Sir Alex. Campbell, John L. Blakie, Esq.,
President. Vice-Pres.

THE BOILER INSPECTION
And Insurance Company of Canada.
Consulting Engineers and
Solicitors of Patents.
HEAD OFFICE:
QUEBEC BANK CHAMBERS, TORONTO
G. C. ROBB, Chief Engineer. A. FRASER, Sec.-Treas

St. Michael's College,
TORONTO, ONT.

Under the special patronage of the Most
Rev. Archbishop Lynch, and the direc-
tion of the Rev. Father of St. Basil.

Students can receive at this establishment
either a Classical or an English and Commer-
cial education.
The First Course embraces the branches
usually required by young men who prepare
themselves for the learned professions.
The Second Course comprises in like manner
the various branches which form a good Eng-
lish and Commercial education, viz., English
Grammar and Composition, Geography, History,
Arithmetic, Bookkeeping, Algebra, Geometry,
Surveying, Natural Philosophy, Chemistry,
Logic and the French and German Languages.
TERMS.—Full boarders, \$12.50 per month
half boarders, \$7.50 per month; day pupils, \$2.50
per month; washing and mending, \$1.00 per
month; complete bedding 60¢ per month; sta-
tionery, 50¢ per month; music, \$2 per month; pa-
inting and drawing, \$1.50 per month. Books
and doctor's fees in cases of sickness form extra
charges.
N.B.—All fees are to be paid strictly in ad-
vance, in these terms: At the beginning of Sep-
tember, 10th December, and 30th of March.
Defuncts after one week from the first of the
terms will not be allowed to attend the college.

Address, D. CURRIE,
President of the College

OPINIONS OF THE PRESS.

We have received the first number of the *Catholic Weekly Review*, a journal published in Toronto in the interests of the Church. The *Review* gives promise of brilliancy and usefulness. We gladly welcome our 'confrere' in the field.—KINGSTON FREEMAN.

We have the pleasure of receiving the first number of the *Catholic Weekly Review*, published in Toronto. The articles are creditable, and the mechanical get up is in good style. We welcome our 'confrere' to the field of Catholic journalism, and wish it every success.—CATHOLIC RECORD, London.

The new Roman Catholic weekly, the *Catholic Review*, is a neatly got-up paper, and its contents are well written and interesting. The *Review* is endorsed by Archbishop Lynch, but its own merits commend it even more forcibly. The first number contains an elaborate reply to THE MAIL by Mr. D. A. O'Sullivan.—THE MAIL, Toronto.

We have received the first number of *The Catholic Weekly Review*. It contains several articles from able writers, prominent among them being the contributions of His Lordship Bishop O'Mahoney, Mr. D. A. O'Sullivan, and Mr. W. J. Macdonell, French Consul. The *Review* has a wide field, and we hope its conduct will be such as to merit the approbation and support of a large constituency.—IRISH CANADIAN, Toronto.

The first number of the *Catholic Weekly Review*, a new journal "devoted to the interests of the Catholic church in Canada," is to hand. It is a twelve page quarto, printed on toned paper and its typography is on a par with the exceedingly creditable literary character of its contents. It is endorsed by Archbishop Lynch of Toronto, and has a promising list of contributors, embracing the leading Roman Catholic litterateurs of the Dominion, among whom is Mr. D. A. O'Sullivan, M.A., L. L. D., who contributes to the initial number a paper entitled, 'The Church not in Danger.'—PETERBRO' EXAMINER.

THE PILOT gives cordial welcome to the *Catholic Weekly Review*, a good-looking and well-edited journal just started at Toronto, Ont. It is devoted to the interests of the Church in Canada, of which it promises to be a most effective auxiliary. Irish affairs will be prominently considered in its pages; for, to quote from its Salutatory, "especially have we at heart the progress of a cause essentially just and sacred and invested, as it seems to us, with something of the sanctity of religion—the restoration to the Irish people of their inalienable and natural political rights." Among its contributors are several well-known Catholic writers. It sets out with hearty encouragement from Archbishop Lynch, and many prominent priests and laymen of the Dominion.—THE BOSTON PILOT.

"Magasin du Sacre-Coeur"
DESAULNIER'S BROS & CO.
1626 NOTRE DAME ST.
Montreal

Importers of Church Ornaments, Bronzes, Sacerdotal Vestments, and Altar Vessels.
Pictures, Statuary, Beads, Medals, Medallions, Banners, Cassock Cloth, Black Serges, Olive Oil, Wax Candles, etc.
Decorations, Statues, Altars and Stained Windows made to order.

STAINED GLASS WORKS.
Memorial & Other Windows.
For CHURCHES and PUBLIC BUILDINGS
Household Stained Glass from Original Designs.
JOSEPH MCCAUSLAND & SON,
70 King Street West. Toronto, Ont.

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

W. A. MURRAY & CO.
Call the attention of housekeepers to the very large assortment always on hand of

Linen Table Cloths, Linen Table Napkins, Linen Towels and Towellings, Sheetings, Pillow-casings, Pickings, White Quilts and Counterpanes, Toilet Covers, Eiderdown Quilts, Fine Batting Comfortables, Eiderdown Pillows, Best Live Goose Feather Pillows, Lace, Muslin and Heavy Curtains of all kinds, Window Shades, Curtain Poles, Furniture Coverings in Great Variety, Piano and Table Covers, Mantle-Piece Draperies and Chair Tides.

Fine Goods at Low Prices. Satisfaction guaranteed.

W. A. MURRAY & CO.,
KING STREET, TORONTO.

BONNER'S
Gents' Furnishing Store
Dealer and Importer of
English, French & American Gents' Furnishings
Cor. Yonge & Richmond Sts., Toronto.

TORONTO CONSERVATORY OF MUSIC
Incorporated by Government in 1856
Will open September 5th, 1887
Cor. Yonge St. and WILSON AVE.
Capital, \$50,000 HON. G. W. VALLAN, President
33 TEACHERS
All departments of Instrumental and Vocal Music taught, from the beginning to graduation. Also Theory, Languages, Elocution, Posing, etc. Prizes, Certificates and Diplomas. Free ADVANCEMENT: Reading, Concerts, Lectures, Recitation Theory, etc. Tuition: \$4 to \$16 per term of ten weeks, embracing 20 ONE HOUR LESSONS. Board and room provided. For copy of Calendar, giving full information, address: Edward Fisher, Director, Toronto.

PRICES

AT

PETLEYS'.

Men's Tweed Pants in all the newest styles, \$3 50 to \$8 per pair to order at PETLEYS'.

Boys' School Suits, lined throughout, at 75c, \$1 and \$1 25 at PETLEYS'.

Gentlemen, if you want stylish, good-fitting garments at moderate prices, leave your orders at PETLEYS'.

Choice of one thousand new Spring Scarfs for "twenty-five cents" at PETLEYS'.

Three fine White Dress Shirts for \$2 at PETLEYS'.

Fine All-Wool French Dress Goods in Greys, Browns, and all the newest shades, only 20c. per yard at PETLEYS'.

Our Dressmaking Department is now in full running order. PETLEY & PETLEY.

Splendid Stock of Tapestry Carpets in all the newest designs, now on sale at PETLEYS'.

Thirty yards of Grey Cotton or twenty yards of Fine White Cotton for \$1 at PETLEYS'.

Fine White Table Damasks, guaranteed all pure linen, only 'fifty cents' per yard at PETLEYS'.

Ladies Stylish Spring Jackets now in stock at PETLEYS'.

Men's Working Pants, lined throughout, \$1 50, \$2 and \$2 50 per pair, at PETLEYS'.

Strong Tweeds for Men's and Boys' wear, cheap by the yard, and no charge for cutting, at PETLEYS'.

Mothers can fit their Boys better and cheaper in new Spring Suits at PETLEYS' than anywhere else in the city.

Men's Tweed Suits, odd sizes, selling at \$5, worth \$8 to \$12.

Nobby, Stylish, Good-fitting Boys' Clothing, in all sizes, at PETLEYS'.

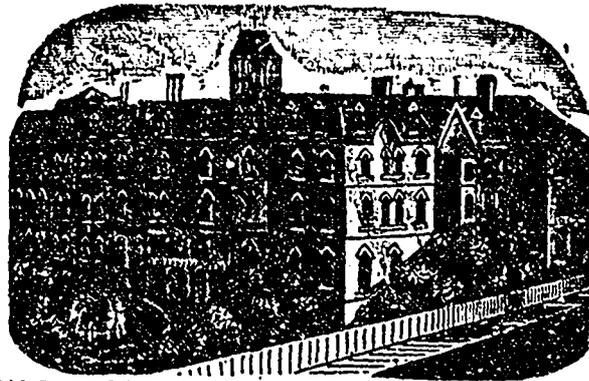
Housekeepers, note this fact. You can buy nice Lace Curtains, in either Cream or White, for 50 cents per pair at PETLEYS'.

2,700 pairs of White and Cream Lace Curtains for sale To-Day at PETLEYS'.

Extra Large Lace Curtains, scalloped and bound, only \$1 50 per pair at PETLEYS'.

A Manufacturer's Stock of Lace Curtains selling at less than One-Half of the Regular Prices at PETLEYS'.

128 to 132 King Street East,
TORONTO.



ST. JOSEPH'S ACADEMY, ST. ALBAN STREET, TORONTO.

This imposing Educational structure is quite in keeping with the noble work to which it is dedicated. It is pleasantly situated near the Queen's Park, in the neighbourhood of the University and St. Michael's College.

For particulars call at the Academy or send for a prospectus.

Address, MOTHER SUPERIOR, St. Joseph's Convent, Toronto.

Edwd. McKeown

182 YONGE STREET,

Two Doors North of Queen West.

OUR

Semi-Annual Stock Taking Sale

Commences on

Tuesday Morning, 5th Inst.,

10 O'CLOCK SHARP.

All our FINE DRY GOODS will be slaughtered to unheard of prices.

Remember this is a bona fide Cash Reduction Sale.

All goods marked in plain figures, red ink.

We respectfully urge upon all the necessity of coming early in the forenoon, as the overcrowding in the afternoon makes it impossible to wait on all properly.

For prices kindly examine circulars to be delivered on Monday.

The Popular Dry Goods House

DECORATIONS

—FOR—

Churches and Houses

In Wall Papers, Stained Glass,
Hand Painted Tiles, &c.

Figure Windows a Specialty

ELLIOTT & SON

94 Bay Street, - Toronto.

LEPAGE'S
THE ONLY GENUINE
LIQUID GLUE

Used by thousands of Builders, Manufacturers and Mechanics on their best work. Its success has brought a lot of imitations copying in every way possible. Remember that THE ONLY GENUINE Lepage's Liquid Glue is manufactured solely by the
RUSSIA CEMENT CO., GLOUCESTER, MASS.
Sample by mail 50c. stamps.

Spring Importations, 1887.

P. F. CAREY,

Merchant Tailor

Has a well selected stock of Finest Suitings. The latest, noblest and choicest patterns in Trouserings to select from, which for price, style and quality can't be beat. Superior workmanship and a good fit guaranteed.

16 KING STREET EAST,

10 p. c. discount to the clergy and students.

CANVASSERS

FOR THE

CATHOLIC WEEKLY REVIEW
WANTED

In all towns and districts of Canada. Liberal Commissions to reliable men. Address, CATHOLIC WEEKLY REVIEW, Toronto.

E. G. LEMAITRE,

Druggist and Dispensing Chemist,

230 QUEEN STREET WEST, TORONTO.

—Telephone 1033.—

Liberal Discount to Religious Communities.

JOHN McMAHON

MERCHANT TAILOR,

39 King Street West, - Toronto

THE PROVINCIAL STEAM DYE WORKS.

BISHOP & TIPPING

SILK AND WOOLLEN DYERS, SCOURERS, ETC.

Dyers and Manufacturers of Ostrich Feathers Gents' Clothing, Kid Gloves, Silks, Velvets, Damasks, Reppes, Shawls and Table Covers Dyed and Pressed. Ladies' and Gents' Straw and Felt Hats Dyed any Color and Blocked in all the Latest Styles, by First-class Workmen.

Toronto Exhibition, 1879—Awarded First Extra Prize for Dyed Silks, etc. 1880—Diploma—Highest Award Possible.

365 YONGE STREET TORONTO.

JAMES BYRNE,

MERCHANT TAILOR.

Latest styles in

ENGLISH AND SCOTCH GOODS
always on hand.

288 1/2 YONGE STREET

Opposite Wilton Avenue, Toronto.

Special discount to the clergy.