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The Catholic Weekly Review.

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

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

Vol. I.

Toronto, Saturday, Nov. 5, 1887

No. 38.

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EVENTS OF THE WEEK.

Mr. Chamberlain sailed from Liverpool for America on Saturday. He will proceed direct to Washington, but will visit Canada before returning to England.

Mr. Wilfrid Blunt, writing to Lord Randolph Churchill about his arrest, says: "I am ready to bear hard labour or any other penal treatment which Mr. Balfour may decree, and I shall bear him no ill-will. But, as concerns the law, he plays with loaded dice. The new Crimes Act is modelled on those hanging commissions which you and I denounced in Egypt five years ago. I hope that, if you can spare the time, you will attend the hearing of my appeal in January. That would be far better than recommending me to Balfour's mercy, which I do not want."

The appeal of Mr. Wm. O'Brien, M.P., against the sentence of three months' imprisonment for using seditious language, imposed on him by the Mitchellstown Court was refused, and the sentence of the lower court confirmed on Monday. Fully one hundred carriages followed that containing Mr. O'Brien on his way to Cork prison, and his arrest gave rise to immense demonstrations of the popular disapproval. Mr. O'Brien will not don the degrading dress of the prison, nor permit himself to be subjected to the treatment of the ordinary criminal.

The London *Tablet*, of a late date, announced that it has been assured by Mr. Alderman de Keyser, the Lord Mayor elect of London, that the statement which appeared in a contemporary that he is not a Catholic, but on the contrary an example, made rather conspicuous by his position,

of "our losses," is entirely without foundation. "We have explained to Mr. de Keyser," says the *Tablet*, "that we accept this assurance as equivalent to a contradiction of the report that he is a Freemason." It is to be hoped that Mr. de Keyser could assent unreservedly to the *Tablet's* conclusion.

The cable of Thursday brings us the ringing words of the Hon. Edward Blake, who is at present in the old country, on the subject of the inhuman evictions which are being effected in such numbers throughout Ireland. In a speech at Glen Sharrold, the scene of the evictions from the estate of the Rev. John Delmege, a rich landlord of County Limerick, Mr. Blake said the evictions enforced by Mr. Delmege were shameful in every detail. It was a burning shame and humiliation, he said, to find a man living in luxury while his tenants were in a state of misery, such as should invoke God's curse on its author and abettor. He earnestly advised his hearers to combine against the landlords, declaring that they had everything to justify them in that course in the sight of God and man.

Lord Randolph Churchill, in a recent speech, denounced Mr. Gladstone's policy as "immoral." Coming from a Churchill, thinks the *Boston Pilot*, this is a very serious charge. "When one of that family," it remarks, "cannot stand a thing because of its immorality, the thing must be very immoral indeed." It is as though Captain Kidd should reject a proposition as dishonest, or Joseph Chamberlain should denounce treachery, or Queen Victoria protest against parsimony, or Bloody Balfour censure wilful murder. We trust that Lord Randolph Churchill is in error on this matter, and it is quite probable that he is; for his brother, the Duke of Marlboro, who is an authority for all the Churchills on questions of morality, besides being a paragon of that virtue, is away in America and Lord Randolph may have been mistaken in trusting to his own immature judgment.

In an editorial over his own signature in the *Irish World* of a week ago Mr. Patrick Ford publicly parted company with the Henry George movement. For many years Mr. Ford has been a supporter of the principle of the land for the people, but Mr. George, having departed from the fundamental principles of his theory, and subordinated the movement to the purposes of an anti-Catholic crusade, he finds himself unable in conscience to acquiesce in the present McGlynn George agitation. Mr. Ford's words do him honour. He says:—"I know nothing of canon law. I am a mere layman and am governed in matters of this sort by my Catholic instincts, and for me to approve of this warfare, seeing as I clearly do the evil tendencies of the movement, would be to do violence to my conscience, to sin against the light, for which I know I should have to answer before the judgment seat of Christ." How different is this loyal profession of faith and of principle to the conduct of Dr. McGlynn and the coarse utterances that unfortunate man has indulged in.

IRELAND AND THE ENGLISH CATHOLICS.

Those who, at this distance, imagine the Duke of Norfolk, Lord Denbigh, and Mr. Edwin de Lisle to be the responsible spokesmen of Catholic political opinion in England, and the deputed leaders of a solid English Catholic party presenting an unbroken front of opposition to Irish public opinion will do well to read "Ireland and the English Catholics," by "One of Them," a recent brochure, addressed to the clergy of Irish race who labour in England, and containing some account of the events leading up to the appointment of Monsignor Persico as Papal Commissioner to Ireland. It points to an opposite conclusion. "They are noisy, but few: I can count them on my ten fingers," is its opening sentence—the words being those of the most eminent of English ecclesiastics in speaking of those of his fellow countrymen who have made the name "English Catholic" a reproach to Irishmen the world over. The purpose of this very instructive and very opportune publication, is to arrest the erroneous, but, unfortunately, commonly prevalent conclusion that any considerable portion of the Catholic people of England are opposed to the amelioration of the political condition of the Catholic people of Ireland, and the author premises by saying that it has been entered upon "partly in the hope that at this moment it may be welcome to the Catholics of Ireland, to be assured of the warm good will of every English Catholic who really is, what the corner of the phrase has failed to prove himself, 'a Catholic first and an Englishman afterwards.'" The words, it will be remembered, were used by Lord Denbigh on the occasion of his first speech in Parliament.

It is only too obvious, as the author contends, that the anti-Irish alliance of to day is as distinctly anti-Catholic a movement as it ever was. "Poets like Swinburne sang of Liberty till we grew sick of the word, they have indited odes to Mazzini, and have hung Pope and Prelate with strings of verse. They gloried in the barricades of Paris, and they screamed poems over the breast of Porta Pia. But when Ireland also would fain have freedom, such as the wisest and truest English statesmen are willing without warfare to cede her, the poet of Atheistic revolution has no voice except to hymn the praise of Imperial unity. It is not that he loves liberty less, but that he hates the priests more." The secret of the opposition of Mr. Bright and Mr. Chamberlain to the Home Rule movement, may be similarly understood. It is not so much that they have turned their backs on their old political principles as that hatred of "the priests" is, with them, what the writer calls "the root and sap" of their opposition to Mr. Gladstone's recent legislation. The truth of this in the case at least of Mr. Bright, whom Lucas called the apostle of the "old hypocrisy," is beyond question. Against the church he makes cause in common with the Orange Tories. But their opposition, the writer says, would have been unavailing "except for Liberal seceders bound to the chariots of anti-Popish prophets so diverse as Swinburne and Bright." He insists that this be understood. "The balancing power which has beaten the Bills is hatred of Catholicism and contempt for the clergy. Were the Irish people faithless to their pastors they would win the support of the English Atheistic poets and Dissenting Politicians. The price they pay for their fidelity to heaven is still, as much as ever it was, the refusal of English Protestantism to think 'Papist rats' fit for Freedom." This being so, and the process of civilizing Ireland, consisting mainly of perverting Irishmen from the faith, "English Catholics, whatever their politics, might, one would suppose, be reckoned upon to right the balance and to restore to Catholics, as Catholics, across the channel, what Protestants, as Protestants, took away." As a matter of fact, he answers, a great part of that force is so ranged. "There are even Catholic Englishmen who are Tories in all else, but Gladstonians in Home Rule. Mr. Wilfrid Blunt nearly converted Lord Randolph before Mr. Gladstone's hour had come. The *Weekly Register* was never called a Gladstonian paper until Mr. Gladstone appeared as the prophet of Home Rule. As for the English Catholic clergy, the *Tablet* it-

self candidly admits that without distinction of race or of party they are nearly all on the side of Home Rule. The truth of the statement can be easily tested in London, where on that side, which is the side of the Metropolitan himself, are to be found at Farm street, several ardent Home Rulers; at the Oratory, a majority of the community; at Bayswater, nearly all the Oblates of St. Charles; at the Kensington Pro-Cathedral Monsignor Harington Moore, an Oxford convert; at Kensington also Monsignor Tylee; at St. Ethelreda's, Father Lockhart; Dr Graham at the Hammersmith Training College; Bishop Weathers at the Seminary, and so on, in mission after mission."

What, then, is this influence which unites a group of English Catholics with the most determined opponents of Ireland, and puts them into "odious opposition" with another Catholic people? Not, the writer answers, because they are Englishmen, still less because they are Catholics; it is because they are landlords—using the term as including besides the solitary owner of the soil, his uncles, cousins, and aunts' husbands, and the endless relational ramifications of proverbially large families. Indeed, the head-centres of this anti-Irish feeling are not English Catholics at all, but Irish land-holders like Lord Kenmare and Lord Emly moving in Catholic society in London, telling their tale of woe to all comers, and attracting the sympathy of those with whom they mix, and whom they assure that the land war waged now in Ireland will be carried into the English counties if it be not summarily crushed out. And recruiting this army of the actual martyrs of a great economic movement are "a group of eccentrics familiar to every cause." "If they are a mystery to the world at large," says the author, "they are a perplexity even to their friends. Their opinions are vehement in proportion to their ignorance of the facts and figures on which reasonable opinions are based. They make up in rhetoric what they lack in logic. If they want to speak of the Archbishop of Dublin, or the Archbishop of Cashel, or the venerable head of the Irish college in Rome, they speak of him as a 'mitred malefactor.' The Irish clergy, as a body, are 'surpliced ruffians.'... That these fastidious persons should ever find harbour and refreshment in the Catholic Church is to some a surprise; but to all surely a joy; since their presence proves the breadth of that maternal bosom, which they themselves at times almost imagine they monopolize. Yet, I shall ever contend that they are what they are politically, in spite of the Catholic Church, and in defiance of Pope Leo. There is no political astronomer whose calculations are not confused by the appearance of these eccentricities in the heavens—these astonishing comets. Like poets, they are born and not made; and they have their far-famed high-priest in Mr. Edwin de Lisle, 'the mildest mannered man who ever scuttled ship' or bated bishop." There are other and even more extraordinary specimens of this manner of men—types only of themselves, and representing nothing but their own idiosyncracies. As a rule, our author truly says, converts to our religion are distinguished by their sympathy with the needy and the oppressed. It is this sympathy which has attracted them to the Church by which "the Gospel is preached to the Poor," and it is this sympathy which makes them, as Catholics, the grateful friends of Ireland, to whose people, persecuted for centuries for the Truth, they know that they owe, under God, their knowledge and possession of the Faith. As it was with Lucas, it is to-day with Cardinal Manning and Lord Ripon, with Mr. Nasmyth Stokes and Mr. Orby Shipley, with Mr. Burnand and Lord Braye, Mr. Martin Edmunds and Mr. J. G. Kenyon. But Messrs. de Lisle and Lane Fox are not to be so classed. These gentlemen, who assume to speak in the name of the English Catholics, recently held a meeting, "as private as the presence of thirty eager-tongued persons could permit it to be, to discuss the means by which they could bring before the Sovereign Pontiff the pain, and shame, and scandal caused to English Catholics by the Irish bishops." Sir Alfred Trevelyan and a Mr. Monteith were the busiest promoters of the demonstration over which the Duke of Norfolk presided,

for with the Duke of Norfolk, says the writer, "anti-Irishism has become a sort of second religion demanding personal sacrifices only inferior to those he has always so exemplarily made where the admitted interests of goodness are at stake." But the position of the Duke, with great fairness, is very carefully and kindly explained in his pages. At an early age he fell under the influence of Lord Beaconsfield. That the aged leader could impress a young man deeply, who that has read "Coningsby," can doubt for an instant? That "the young Duke" was impressed is a matter of notoriety. "The offer of one or two offices in Tory administrations—an offer peculiarly gratifying to one brought up amid traditions of Catholic exclusion from public life—has bound him to his new political party, as only he could be bound whose nature is so full of loyalties to all about him. That those loyalties are restricted in their scope is his Grace's misfortune rather than his fault. In private life he sees only one picture, hears only one story, and the fidelity to friends and the belief in their reading of events obscure from his vision, that larger loyalty to the commonwealth, that more immense faith in the destiny of peoples, which perhaps a separate room at the Oratory School at Edgbaston would not suggest, and which Arundel Castle seems proudly to defy." Yet, undoubtedly, the loss to the laity of their natural leader is nothing short, in the present instance, of a mournful misfortune.

Under his Grace's presidency the meeting was held. There were present, besides those named, the Earl of Denbigh and Lord North, "Tories of the Tories, delighted to dare anything to win the Pope over as a sort of election agent, admirable men in private life, in politics the Invincibly Ignorant, claiming our pity." There had been preliminary talk of petitioning the Pope against Mr. Parnell, but the difficulty was to get other than Unionists to sign it. "Can you get Lord Ripon to say that the Irish Bishops scandalize him?" asked an English Prelate who had been taken into confidence. The promoters couldn't. But they would appeal for advice to the great Oratorian. "A young literary man," (doubtless Mr. Wilfrid Ward) whose father Cardinal Newman had known at Oxford, was chosen for this particularly delicate mission. To Birmingham he went. He saw the great man for two hours, and he came away no wiser. His Eminence counseled his friends to ascertain, before they presented such a petition, whether the Pontiff would wish to receive it. Beyond this he was not willing to commit himself. 'With that habit he has of drawing subtle distinctions,' reported the clever but bewildered emissary, 'he could not be got to denounce even the Plan of Campaign. Circumstances govern such doings; you cannot damn them in the abstract. Are there not occasions when it is even laudable for a man to steal a loaf of bread?' So the idea of a petition was abandoned, but it was decided that the Duke himself should go in person to Rome to lay the whole matter before the Pope, and to learn how far religion to-day would lend its aid to the mighty in their warfare with the weak. To Rome he hastened; "the Pope listened to him a little, but not much; certainly he was more willing to talk about Monsignor Ruffo-Scilla, the Envoy to London, whose host the Duke was about to be. Other personal matters seemed to interest His Holiness rather than political ones, and further talk on the Irish question was left over till a more convenient season—which never came. His Grace waited in Rome in expectation of a second audience. 'Let him not tarry,' said the Pontiff to an intermediary, 'where the weather is so hot.'"

There seems no reason to doubt what the author of the little book has to say in conclusion of the anti Irish agitation among Catholics in England; that it is as weak mentally and morally as it is electorally. Its promoters are not men of affairs, nor of ideas; they are the men of acres, and no more. It is morally weak because it is against the priest as much as it is against the peasant, and because it has no sanction in Christendom, which turns pitying eyes towards Ireland. The Catholic Clergy of England itself are her friends; Catholic France, with her own bitter experiences, sends her sympathies to Ireland; the press of the world pronounce for her. All this

is known, and much more. And yet these thirty English Catholics, adds the author, include men of lofty honour, who would not harbour a mean thought if they knew it, nor consciously let self interest bind them into a "trade union." When the battle is won, the joy will be lessened, since they, too, are not among the victors. "We shall be humble before the Providence which gave us a hand in the good work, while others—in the van of many a good cause—look askance, fretful in the patient Church, despairing of the Republic."

THE SECTS AND THEIR MISSIONARIES.

Every year we see in the reports made to their mission board, by the various Protestant sects, figures representing money expended for the propagation of the 'gospel' among the benighted of every clime except their own.

Among the items of expenditure is one which calls for a few remarks; it is "— dollars for the French Canadian Mission."

Now, on what principle do Protestants of any shade assume to preach the gospel, as they understand it, to Catholics? For the money is employed in attempts—that seem thus far to be futile, or nearly so—to seduce Catholics from allegiance to their Church. Is it because, like the Chinese, Catholics are heathen? Do the Protestant people about us, in Toronto for example, believe when they contribute to this proselytizing fund, that the Catholics are sunk in the abyss of heathen darkness? They meet us every day, on the streets, the boats, the cars; in the courts and the counting-houses, the lecture halls, the schools, the hospitals, the legislature. They brush past us, compete with us, argue and discuss with the poor and the rich of us, the virtuous or the vicious of us, the politics, social ethics, scientific and religious questions of the day. They cannot therefore but know us intimately; and knowing us, they know the average Catholic the world over, and, don't forget, there are hundreds of millions of us! Now, come, be candid, fellow men, when you put your penny in the box to evangelize the Catholics of Lower Canada, do you believe them to be heathen? Are they to be evangelized like the aborigines of Dickens' "Borrioboola-gha?"

And you, preachers, ministers of the gospel, as you wish to be called, do you *honestly* regard us as heathens? No subterfuge, please, yes, or no? If we are not heathens, then we are believers, and need none of your preaching or your *colportage*, none of your soup and small clothes which your brethren were fain to peddle in the famine days of poor Ireland. We have our preachers who can trace their mission back through ages of fiery persecution to the cradle of Christianity.

But if we are heathens, it is certainly time we discovered it. We and our fathers and forefathers have believed our doctrines for ages; they preached them in the gloomy catacombs and the gory sands of the Coliseum, and professed them from the gibbet and the stake, in the palaces of monarchs and the wigwams of the painted savage; under the burning sun of tropical Africa, centuries before Livingstone or Stanley were born, and among the glaciers of Iceland before Colombo rejoiced in the discovery of a new continent. It is, I say, time we found out we were heathens; but hold! we must have more authority for the discovery than that of a preacher or a conference of preachers, self-constituted and self-commissioned.

But my reverend friends will say, "The French Canadians have a deformed and disfigured gospel preached them by their priests. Even many of the priests are in the dark, enthralled by the superstitions of Rome, for proof of which apply to Chiniquy, Beaudry, etc."—"We wish, they will say further, "to rescue these benighted people from this awful superstition, abomination, corruption, and so forth." All this means, translated into English, that Catholics are only partly heathens, and the pious mission boards (and all who support them) merely want to win us over to the pure gospel. Very well. The Protestants then have the pure gospel and the Catholic Church has a corrupt evangel. If these propositions are true the Reformation was justified. If they are true, the

Mission boards are justified in trying to convert Catholics. Now who is to be the umpire in this momentous question?

Remark that unless Catholic doctrines are corrupt, it is criminal to controvert them; for, either they are Christ's teaching, or not. If not, then they deserve contempt; but if they are, to controvert them is to condemn Christ. The Catholic Church claims, and has ever claimed, that her teaching is Christ's, *nothing more nor less*, and will not allow her children to doubt this, nor listen to other teaching. Either this claim is well founded, and, therefore, the greatest blessing given to man, or it is an infamous usurpation deserving of overthrow. Now, who is the judge? Are we to take the words, the *ipse dixit* of Protestant parsons? We can judge as well as they! Let the Bible judge, they say. We can interpret the Bible as well as they. Who will say which is the right interpretation?

If they say it cannot be decided, then essay our conversion. If I ask in detail which of our doctrines are corrupt, it would be amusing to hear the various mission boards replying. If they could only agree as to whether infant baptism is, or is not, salutary, whether there is a probationary state in the next life; or whether Jesus is God and man, or only man; or whether the Trinity has one or three persons in it, they might presume to tell us, with some show of authority, that our Church was corrupt, and our souls on the road to perdition. Pardon me, gentlemen of the mission boards, you are impertinent. You don't know what is the doctrine of Christ—so necessary for salvation—and yet you dare tell us, who are one with the Apostles,—unless all history is false,—that our doctrines are damnable. You are more than impertinent, you are impious—pardon me again—for, on the suggestion of your views, and with no better backing for your peculiar views than the raving denunciations of a few disobedient, drunken and lecherous priests or laymen, come into the world 1,500 years after Christ established His Church, you vilify Catholic doctrine, which the monumental history of the last 2,000 years, and the tongues and pens of such men as Newman and Bellarmine, Aquinas and Augustine, Jerome and Irenæus have professed to be that of Jesus; you—you, nameless protesting sectarians, call it corrupt, unscriptural! It is blasphemy.

II.

Leaving the moral aspect of the case out of view altogether, these mission boards and their supporters are inconsistent. The fundamental doctrine of Protestantism is individual judgment; practically, that a man must stand or fall by his own views of religion as he imbibes them from the Bible. Now, on this principle, Simon Magus was as good a Christian as St. Peter; Arius, who denied the divinity of Jesus, as great a saint as Jerome, Photius, who denied the procession of the Holy Ghost from the Son, as orthodox as Anselm; and what Protestant, adhering manfully to his bottom principle, can decide with unerring certainty between Luther and Tetzl, Calvin and Arminius, Knox and Latimer, Swedenborg and Spurgeon? And if the High Church Anglican with his Bible open on the pew before him, can bow down and adore the real presence of Jesus in the Eucharist, while his more (or less?) evangelical brother at his side calls his act idolatrous and damnable, how in the name of bejewelled consistency can any Protestant, cleric or layman, say with certainty that any or all of the Catholic doctrines are false? To be logical, he can only venture to whisper meekly "my opinion" is so-and-so. Now, opinion is not faith. The object of faith is truth, that of opinion, probability. To make an act of faith, therefore, a Protestant, for the nonce, abandons his own principle; he does not say "I opine," but "I believe so-and-so." But if he can logically have only probability of his own views, how does he pretend to assail his neighbour's?

Another, and to us a comical inconsistency, is that in their endeavour to proselytize Catholics these would-be missionaries permanently abandon their principle in practice, while maintaining it in theory. They preach what they call truths, and they preach as men "having authority," and insist on belief in these truths. In fact they have a creed more or less developed which they propose to their proselytes; but a fixed creed indicates an external authority and upsets the claim of private or

individual judgment, on which claim alone they can at all logically oppose Catholic doctrine. It is recorded that during the caliphate of Abdal Malec a queer adventurer put on a red turban and proclaimed himself Caliph and true successor of Mahomet, prophet of God. When Abdal Malec heard of it in Damascus he nearly died of laughter, and were it not for the terrible consequences of usurping the mission of the Son of God, well might the Pope in Rome and his faithful children throughout the world laugh at the antics of the modern new-fangled Mission Boards.

P. J. HAROLD.

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

HISTORICAL SKETCH OF THE PARISH OF ST. THOMAS.

II.

As early as 1841 the principle of Separate Schools was organized, and in 1847 further facilities for their establishment were granted. Additional legislation was secured in 1853, 1855, 1862, and in later years. By the B. N. A. Act Separate Schools were pledged to Catholics. It was not, however, until 1872 that a Separate School was opened in St. Thomas. The first teachers were Miss Maher and Miss O'Leary. Some time afterwards the school was taught by the late Mr. Griffith Patrick Lanan, and later by Mr. Cleary, now a mail clerk in the P. O. Department. To Rev. Father Flannery, now its Local Superintendent, is due the greatest credit for the progress the school has made. The present building on Talbot street was opened in 1879 with two rooms. Since that it has been enlarged, and four teachers, sisters of St. Joseph, are employed. About 250 pupils are enrolled, and the annual expenditure is about \$1,000. The property is valued at about \$10,000. The limit of the school course is the requirements for entrance to the Collegiate Institute. This work is well done, and the organization and discipline are good. In 1786 Mr. D. J. Donahue, County Attorney, was appointed a representative on the Collegiate Institute Board. Mr. Stephen B. Pocock is chairman of the Separate School Board, Mr. W. P. Reynolds, secretary, and Mr. J. H. Price, treasurer. The Board consists of twelve members, two from each ward. The following are the trustees at present:—

Ward, No. 1—S. Corbett, W. P. Reynolds. Ward, No. 2—John King, S. B. Pocock. Ward, No. 3—F. C. Flannery, P. B. Reath. Ward, No. 4—P. J. McNulty, W. Reath. Ward, No. 5—C. W. Regan, John Clark. Ward, No. 6—J. H. Price, W. Jaffers.

In that green isle far away, about whose beauties bards have sung, over whose wrongs nations have wept, and concerning whose destiny the whole civilized world is exercised—in the Emerald Isle—Father Flannery first opened his eyes. At the age of fifteen he left the land of his birth for the South of France, where he entered the Basilian College at Annonay, with the intention of preparing for the priesthood. There for seven years he remained without hearing the English language spoken, and when it is considered that his education was entirely in French, his facility with his pen and his fluency of speech are matters of wonder, and what he would have been as orator and scribe if he had been brought up to the use of his mother tongue can only be conjectured. In 1852 he sailed for the land of promise, Canada, and in September of that year arrived in Toronto. The year following he was ordained priest by Bishop DeCharbonnell, and for seven years taught as professor in St. Michael's College. His health had during this time begun to fail, and on that account he received permission to return to his native land, and had leisure to study the Irish question thoroughly and intelligently.

After a time he returned and became parish priest at Streetsville, where he remained until the consecration of Bishop Walsh in 1867, when he removed with him to London. He remained with the Bishop for two years, during which time he did a large amount of collecting in all parts of the diocese, and assisted in materially reducing the enormous debt which the Bishop found on his accession. In 1869 he took charge of the parish of Amherstburg, where he laboured successfully until in October, 1870, he came to St. Thomas.

Shortly after the arrival of Father Flannery the pressing necessity for larger quarters was felt, the congregation having increased from about a dozen families when the first church was built to sixty families resident in St. Thomas, and sixty families attending from the adjacent country. On July 2nd, 1871, the corner-stone of the present church was laid by Bishop Walsh, and on Nov. 10th, 1872, the church was dedicated. Since then the membership in the city has increased to 220 families, the number from the country being about the same as when the church was opened. The church cost in the neighborhood of \$14,000: it is commodious and comfortable, and contains a fine organ. The schoolhouse and residence for the Sisters of St. Joseph, which adjoins the church, were erected at a cost of \$7,000, and the new cemetery, consisting of ten acres, which was purchased from Mr. Samuel Day, cost \$3,000. In the county there are now the Dunwich, West Lorne and Port Stanley churches, all of which are flourishing. The Sunday school, presided over by the Sisters of St. Joseph, with an efficient staff of assistants, has enrolled 200 pupils, and has an average attendance of 150. Religiously and financially the Catholic church is progressing, and in the way of energetic workers has no superior in the city.—*St. Thomas Journal*.

CATHOLIC AND LITERARY NOTES.

It is stated that the eldest daughter of General Boulanger is about to take the veil.

Most Rev. Dr. Flood, O. P. Coadjuator of the Archbishop of Port of Spain, West Indies, was recently received in private audience by His Holiness the Pope.

Messrs. Burns and Oates have in the press, and will shortly publish, a book useful for visitors to Rome during the Jubilee season, under the title of "The Catholic Pilgrim's Guide to Rome."

We regret to record the death at Penetanguishene, on Wednesday last, of the Rev. Philip Rey, Reformatory Chaplain. Father Rey laboured in many parts of the Archdiocese, and was the first priest ordained by Archbishop Lynch. R. I. P.

The thirteenth anniversary of the elevation of Archbishop Duhamel, of Ottawa, to the episcopacy, was celebrated by Pontifical High Mass at the Basilica on Friday last. The Basilica was crowded with scholars from the different Catholic institutions, and the ceremony, which lasted two hours, was an impressive one.

Rev. James Phelan, of Vernon River, who has, of late, been in rather poor health, left last week for Denver, Colorado, where he intends spending the winter. He was accompanied by Rev. Pius McPhee, who also intends to winter in Denver. During Father Phelan's absence, Rev. A. E. Luke will be in charge of Vernon River parish. Rev. Father Boyd, who has of late been assistant at Vernon River, has been transferred to the pastorate of Mount Carmel, Fifteen Point.

Mr. W. J. Macdonnell received on Wednesday a letter from the Most Rev. Dr. Charbonnell, formerly Bishop of Toronto, dated the 20th October, and written from the Capuchin Monastery, Crest, France. Archbishop Charbonnell has not ceased to take an interest in the affairs of his old diocese, and speaks feelingly in his letter of the consolation and gratitude with which he learns of the progress of religion and religious work among his former spiritual children.

As a mere spectacle, the public meeting in the Laval University, at the Queen's Hall, on Thursday evening, was a real transformation scene, as from Rome itself. On the platform, or stage, under the organ pipes, the stationary cabinet piano-forte was covered with a scarlet cloth, forming a background to the Cardinal's scarlet robes as he sat in front, with two bishops on either hand, clad in deeper purple, and a large array to right and left of the professors, with robes trimmed, according to their faculties, in red, green and blue. The illusion was complete. It looked like the hall of the Propaganda or that of the Collegio Romano, instead of the Queen's hall.

The subjects to be discussed at the forthcoming Catholic Congress, to be held in London, under the presidency of Cardinal Manning, are as follows. — *First section*. — Education: (a) Secular education, and the action of Catholics towards the School Board. (b) How Catholic laymen can help the clergy by acting as managers of schools.—Sunday and others. (c) Higher and middle education. (d) Religious education. *Second section*. — Work of the Laity. (a) How to get the laity to work. (b) Organization. (c) Clubs, guilds, confraternities, and a college union. (d) Affiliation with each other, of different clubs, etc. (e) Registration, parochial, and in houses of business; also registration of workers in the country. *Third section*. — Catholic Literature: (a) How to provide it. (b) How to cheapen it. (c) How to spread it. (d) Parochial libraries.

The celebration in Chicago, on the 20th of the past month, of the golden jubilee of Father Damen, S. J., will be an event of extraordinary interest not only to the Catholics of that city, but throughout the United States and Canada, where he is so well known by reason of his eminent labours as a missionary, during the last forty years. The celebration will consist of a Solemn High Mass, presentation of addresses from the clergy and Catholic societies, and the erection of a hospital or school to cost about \$60,000. Father Damen was born in Holland in 1825, came to America in 1837, and entered the Society of Jesus the same year. There is probably no missionary on the continent more widely known, and all who have come in contact with him will rejoice that he still lives and moves amongst us. Canadian Catholics are not likely soon to forget him.

The current *Fortnightly Review* gives a further instalment of the opinions of leading men of letters upon the best books in any language. We observe that the opinions of three Catholics have been sought—Cardinal Newman, Mr. W. S. Lilly and Mr. F. C. Burnand. The editor of the *Fortnightly* has chosen wisely, and Catholics may well be proud of their representatives—Cardinal Newman, who in the literary world stands upon a lonely eminence, and is not so much above as without competitors; Mr. W. S. Lilly, who, without and within the Church, is coming to be regarded as the foremost Christian Apologist of a time in which the work of the Christian Apologist is needed as it never was; and Mr. Burnand, who has done more to lift the average of the world's gladness, to add to the general store of mirth and happiness than any man of our generation.—*Tablet*.

OZANAM—AMPERE.

One day in 1833 a youth making his legal studies at the University wandered into the church of St. Etienne du Mont, as much from idle curiosity, perhaps, as for any distinct religious motive, for then he was a prey to doubts as to the truths of Christianity. The young man was Frederic Ozanam, destined to win fame in the republic of letters, and to become known the world over to Catholics as the founder of Conferences of St. Vincent de Paul. Ozanam, weary, despondent, and sceptical, moved up the aisle, looking listlessly about him, when suddenly he saw, kneeling humbly in a remote corner of the church, an old man wrapt in prayer before the Blessed Sacrament, and commemorating the mystery of the Incarnation on the beads of his Rosary. The venerable worshipper was the greatest savant of France, the illustrious Ampere, and his presence and attitude there, away from the noise, bustle and strife of human life outside, produced an immediate effect. Ozanam went softly out, after making a prayer of thanksgiving at the altar, refreshed in spirit and comforted in mind.

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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 LYNECH,
Archbishop of Toronto.

TORONTO, SATURDAY, NOV. 5, 1887.

The very dangerous illness of his Lordship the Rt. Rev. Bishop O'Mahony, pervades the Catholic community with profound anxiety and sorrow. At the time of writing his Lordship is reported much better, and the announcement that his recovery is now confidently hoped for will be heard with unspeakable gratitude by hundreds to whom he has been more than a father.

The death at Cobourg on Tuesday of the Hon. Mr. Justice O'Connor, removes an unflinching Catholic, an upright judge, and a prominent figure for many years in the public life of the country. A man of an essentially judicial mind, and of indefatigable industry, he justified, though debarred for many years by parliamentary and public duties from the uninterrupted practise of his profession, the wisdom of his appointment to the judiciary. The news of his sudden death will awaken deep regret throughout the Dominion. May he rest in peace.

We are forced to acknowledge the inborn manliness which compels the Rev. Mr. McDonnell to quarrel with his allies of a year ago. *Grip* and *The Mail* belong (at present) to the mean *coterie* who are striving to stir up sectarian feeling in the hope that any serious misunderstanding between Protestants and Catholics may redound to their advantage. In ancient mythology the Furies had a monopoly of the business of exciting discord. They wore long hair and a girdle of snakes. In their modern imitators the hair has become very short, and the snakes not infrequently take refuge in their boots.

An English contemporary has this to say of the clerical advocates of non-religious instruction in the schools, and we cordially commend his remarks to people of the same class in our part of the world:

"Dr. Dale, the Birmingham champion of the Chamberlain School of Thought, and Congregational minister, has

stated to an Adelaide pressman, 'that in educational matters he is a pure secularist, and believes that the work of religious instruction belongs to the Churches, and that the State should confine itself to its own sphere.' A very convenient doctrine for a so-called 'minister of religion' to espouse, and one extremely 'congregational' in its scope and idea. It will strike most people, though, that it savours somewhat of shirking one's responsibilities, and is merely a modern version of the first Cain's cry: 'Am I my brother's keeper?'"

In his report on the recent investigation into the maladministration of an important civic department, the judge felt obliged to refer to "the society and other occult influences," which had been at the bottom of the opposition to all measures of reform. A city newspaper a month or two ago managed to breathe a query whether, after all, the "Church of Rome might not be in the right in her condemnation of secret organizations, not only on account of their opposition to her interests, but also to the interests of society at large." The secret societies of this country, and particularly of this city, are an incubus under which even their own members groan, for they have ministered at an altar whose fires they cannot quench. They are themselves the slaves of the power they have created. In Canada, we might say in North America generally, is to be found the most dangerous element of the secret orders; the most dangerous element, because it does not apprehend the depth to which it is tending, and lends the protection of its respectability to a system which, if exposed in its nakedness, would be revolting. The receivers are as bad as the thieves; the respectable men who lend a cloak of benevolence to Masonry and its kindred sects are as much to blame as the leaders, the secret council, who aim at the subversion of all order, ecclesiastical or civil.

In its comments on his Lordship Bishop Cleary's recent pastoral, the *Mail* affects to believe that before the late changes in the school law Catholics were at liberty, by the laws of the Church, to send their children to the Public Schools and to pay their taxes to said schools' support. This is inaccurate. Whatever regulations now exist regarding Catholics being forbidden to send their children to public schools *when there are separate schools available*, were in force long before the change in the school law made it obligatory on assessors to do their duty and rate Catholics as Separate School supporters.

In the present controversy on the Separate School question the *Mail* holds that, *whereas* many Catholics desired to make use of the Public Schools, and *whereas* the Public Schools of this city are much superior to the Separate Schools, therefore a grievous wrong is done Catholics by their being assessed for Separate Schools. One could find great fault with the argument in its present shape, even were the premises true. But they are shockingly inaccurate. Our Separate Schools can easily hold their own with the Public Schools in any fair competition whether as to methods or results. We will grant, however, that we have not a rifle-brigade, nor a prancing charger for our Secretary, nor a secret society gang in our Board-Room, yet even at these disadvantages we manage to get a good education for half the money.

The *Mail* would have people believe that the liberty of appeal against his assessment is taken away from the

Catholic under the law as it now stands. This is all wrong. The Catholic who, in defiance of ecclesiastical authority, wishes to withdraw his support from the Separate Schools is, ecclesiastically, precisely where he was three years ago. He now incurs, by appeal, no censure which would not have fallen on him years ago had he caused himself to be, in the first instance, rated as a Public School supporter. In either case he contravenes the law of the Church, whether the civil law happen to sustain it or otherwise.

How good and pleasant it is to have the *Mail* championing the rights of Catholic rate-payers! The *Mail*, by its own confession, the avowed enemy of everything which makes the Catholic Church (or, for the matter, any church) possible, is bitterly opposed to authority, in principle and in practice; and for Catholics or their interests it cares to-day as little as it cared a year ago, when it sought to stir up against them every evil passion which can find place in ignorant or half-educated Protestant minds.

We have received the first numbers of the *C. T. A. News*, a journal published in Philadelphia in the interests of the Catholic Total Abstinence Movement. It is an evidence of the growing importance of this great question both in Great Britain and America that the time should be considered ripe for the issue of a journal devoted solely and exclusively to the propagation of true temperance principles, and it also may be taken as one of the first fruits of the Papal Brief to Bishop Ireland in favour of Catholic Total Abstinence Societies. So far as we have been able to judge from the numbers already issued, the *C. T. A. News* promises to become a powerful champion in the cause of temperance reform, and we congratulate its projectors on the excellent beginning they have made. It is handsomely printed on good paper, and should meet with great success.

The Rev. Dr. Parker has been trying to bewilder his audiences by his exegetical efforts, and, if the newspaper reports are at all accurate, we should say he succeeded. No stretching of comparisons seems too great for him. He proved that Protestants are martyrs, and that the martyrs were Protestants, by finding that the Greek word *marturoi* is once in the Vulgate rendered *protestantes*. What childishness, or worse! By this reasoning God is a martyr according to St. Paul (*martura*, 2 Cor. 1: 23), and those who laid their clothes at the feet of Saul when they killed St. Stephen were Protestants (*martures*, Acts 7: 27). The exegetical Protestant parson is ordinarily uncatchable, because he has no rule, and despises all the methods which science and experience have established. *Sibi regula*, a law to himself, he tears Scripture to tatters and almost rejoices in the opportunities he affords to infidelity, if only he catch the public ear and gain a newspaper notoriety. A *Parker* for your *Beecher*. A doctrinal prodigy for your moral . . . phenomenon!

As we predicted, the important letter addressed to us by his Grace the Archbishop, on the subject of non-paying subscribers has received almost world-wide quotation. The fact that there is scarcely a paper in the United States and Canada, whether religious or secular, but what has reprinted and commented upon it, seems to testify to an almost universal experience of this grievance by the editors and proprietors of newspapers. His Grace, by reason of his generous and outspoken letter, has been hailed on all

hands as the friend and benefactor of the long-suffering journalist, and inspired with new hope from many an editorial *sanctum*, there has issued forth an appeal to subscribers to heed the Archbishop's words, and "to pay for their paper." We published a week or two ago an able article on the subject from the caustic pen of the editor of the *N. Y. Freeman's Journal*, which also has been widely copied, and which must have some effect. But great as this grievance is in America, in England it is evidently not so widespread or so acute. Such at least is the inference we draw from the comments of the *Weekly Register*, a London Catholic journal, which was instrumental in introducing the now famous letter to the English reading public.

"The Archbishop of Toronto," says the *Register*, "is a plain-spoken Prelate on more matters than one, and he seems to speak out of a full heart when he writes, as he does spontaneously, to the Editor of the CATHOLIC WEEKLY REVIEW:—(here follows the letter.) The letter reveals a curious phase of Canadian newspaper-reading life, which has, we may devoutly hope, no counterpart in this highly favoured motherland."

For our own part, we do not think the majority of readers to whom the Archbishop's words are addressed, really wish to deprive editors of their substance, or to enjoy their paper free, but that their failure "to pay-up" is very often due to either forgetfulness, or carelessness, or to an unaccountable idea that a paper does not, like other things, need capital and an income in order to carry it on. There are, however, a few unfortunate exceptions, and these we fear are impervious to good advice, so they are best left to their fate. It is an unpleasant subject to touch upon, and we have no desire to give it undue prominence, but there are times when even the patience of editors becomes exhausted, and it is necessary in the interests of self-preservation to speak out. We would like to exchange places with the editor of the *Weekly Register*, who evidently does not know what it is to have to ask twice for subscription money; we would like, we say, to exchange places with him, just for a week or two.

Announcement will be made in the Churches of the city to-morrow of arrangements now being completed for the holding of a public entertainment in Temperance Hall, on the evening of Monday, the 21st inst., in honour of the Holy Father's approaching jubilee. The several choirs of the city will lend their co-operation, and the pupils also, we understand, of the convents and various educational institutions. The fiftieth anniversary of the ordination to the priesthood of a Pope whose Pontificate is already adjudged glorious in even the history of the Papacy, is an event which we see calling forth, among Catholics the world over, demonstrations of great joy and of filial affection. The occasion is one of general and proper rejoicing to Catholic people, and will be recognized, here as elsewhere, affectionately and in a measure commensurate with the loyalty due to the head of the Church.

The views put forward by Dr. St. George Mivart in his last two articles in the *Nineteenth Century*, on "Modern Catholics and Scientific Freedom," and "The Catholic Church and Biblical Criticism," are viewed with no little disfavour by Catholic scholars. Dr. Mivart is an English Catholic layman, who holds a very prominent place among scientific men. He is a distinguished expert in biological science, and an earnest and able defender of Christian and Catholic doctrines. He has successfully asserted them

against the current materialism of the day, and been especially able and outspoken in his resistance and repudiation of the conclusions and tendencies of the Darwinistic school of evolutionists, among whom he has no equal in his perfect mastery of biological arguments. And yet, in a sense he is himself an evolutionist, but not in the vulgar acceptance of the word. "As a loyal son of the Catholic Church," as he publicly claims to be, and for other reasons, "he denies that evolution is applicable to the human intellect," or that "natural selection is in any instance the true cause" of evolution. Man's body he holds to be a product of evolution, but man's soul to result from a direct creative act. The publication of these ideas, however, was alike unacceptable to evolutionists and old-fashioned believers. The evolutionists would have none of it; and on the other hand, wrote the Rev. Peter Finlay, S. J., dealing with his statements in a paper in the *Dublin Lyceum*, "his well-meant efforts were looked on with coldness or suspicion by the Church at large, while many of those accustomed to speak her mind declared his method of defence to be only less injurious than the more open danger it was intended to repel. Catholic theologians and Biblical scholars when occasion offered to discuss Mr. Mivart's views on the origin of the human body, were practically unanimous in censuring them as untrue and perilous, when they did not proceed further, as many did, and pronounce them to be bordering upon heresy. Genesis, they said, whether read according to the letter, or interpreted by the ancient fathers, the theological teachers, or the present consensus of the faithful, taught that man's body, like man's soul, was the immediate work of the Creator."

But in the former of these two articles Mr. Mivart made some very extraordinary assertions. "There is no danger," he said in effect, "to be feared from Church authority. We modern Catholics—men of science—are safe from ecclesiastical interference, not because the Church is a friend of science, but because prudence guides its counsels and stays unwise action;" and because on a former occasion "Church authority" had been used by a number of "incompetent clerical obstructives" to strangle science, and had learned caution from its failure; that Church authority can now have no claim to the reverence or consideration of men of science, can set no limits to their investigation, or the license of their teachings; that it tore its reputation to shreds, and scattered its pretensions in its pyrrhic victory of three centuries ago. All this he said in the same article in which he professed himself to be "a loyal son of the Catholic Church." Following this up with the article on Biblical criticism Dr. Mivart claimed to have "so stated his case as practically to challenge censure should the evolutionary doctrine be thought to require it," but that ecclesiastical authority had not censured him, and that "it was abundantly clear to him that all danger of conflict between the Church and biology is for ever at an end."

In an article in the October number of the *Dublin Review*, on the subject of the general relations of science and faith, Bishop Hedley, of Newport and Minevia, while admitting that he is not disposed to underestimate the "freedom" of Catholics in matters of science, nor even to dispute his position in biology or in metaphysics, points out that in asserting the claims of science to freedom, Dr. Mivart has said—unwittingly he believes—"some rather strong things which are wrong in point of theology." And since they cannot effect the career of evolution, it would be a satisfaction, he adds, to have from Dr. Mivart "a

disavowal of views, which in some cases implicitly contradict the defined Catholic faith." "It is to men of science," says Dr. Mivart, "that God has committed the elucidation of scientific questions, scriptural or otherwise, not to a consensus of theologians, or to ecclesiastical assemblies or tribunals." "It is exactly this kind of talk," remarks the Bishop, "this brandishing of the independence of science, and of the exclusive competence of science in her own sphere, that furnishes a text for all the railers at theology, and the revilers of priestcraft, who emulously follow afar off the steps of a Tyndall or a Huxley." The point that Mr. Mivart appears to ignore is, that "the Christian revelation embraces not merely spiritual and mental ideas, but facts and physical occurrences. The sphere of 'science' is to investigate facts and physical occurrences; but when these things have become the subject of revelation, there is no room left, on those particular questions, for any further investigation, and science must simply bow to the teaching of God's witness. This seems to be elementary Christianity." Bishop Hedley believes that Dr. Mivart does not mean to contradict these and similar truths, since he must know that in some cases which come under his sweeping observation, "the Church of God could not err, or else the promises are of no effect." What he ought to have said—and what Bishop Hedley believes him to mean—is, that so long as the consensus of Church teaching, or the universal belief of the faithful affect matters of science or interpretation which are not bound up with revelation, they impose no imperative duty of assent upon Catholics. Unfortunately, however, as Canon Brownlow said in a letter in a late issue of the *Tablet*, no one can read Sir James Stephen's criticism of Mr. Mivart's "Modern Catholicism" in the October number of the *Nineteenth Century* without acknowledging, with humiliation, that the effect of the adoption of his views would be to place the Catholic Church on a level with the Protestant bodies, as having erred, and as being liable to err, just like any human institution.

• CARDINAL MANNING.

The painter who, conscious of his own deficiencies, has yet satisfied his patrons by a portrait executed to order, may well hesitate to fulfil the task if requested to furnish a companion picture. The subject, however worthy, may not appeal so fully to his own interests or imagination: the character may not be so familiar to him, or have been studied so long; the light in which the picture is to hang may be different; the original may be better known, and the representation therefore more open to criticism. Just as I think any painter may feel, so do I feel in reality, when asked by the editor of the *Century* to contribute to these pages a sketch of Henry Edward, Cardinal Archbishop of Westminster. Whatever insufficiency I was aware of in myself, in contributing a sketch of Cardinal Newman, is much more obvious to me in the present undertaking. Were it conceivable to me that I should ever be a Catholic, I should, in joining the Church, be more attracted by the school of thought to which, as it seems to an outsider, Cardinal Newman belongs, than to that of Cardinal Manning, while my very complete sympathy with much of the Archbishop's political, social, and philanthropic work serves, though the logical process is not very clear, to intensify my theological distance from him. What, however, the readers of the *Century* wish is not a portrait of the man by one of his own intimates, or by one of his own faith, but rather a sketch of one of the foremost men in modern London, and the foremost representative of the Catholic Church in England. This I essay.

to give, not without diffidence, but with every wish to be honest and fair.

Cardinal Manning is in his seventy-eighth year. He is the son of the late William Manning, M.P., and Governor of the Bank of England, and was educated at Harrow and Bahol, migrating thence, after taking the highest honours, to become a fellow of Merton. He is a typical public school man, and could scarcely have been at any but a fashionable public school. Men who have not had such training may have courtly manners, may be thorough men of the world; those educated at home may have equal, sometimes more, erudition; but the combination of learning worn lightly like a flower, great frankness of manner with power of reticence when needed, aptness for being at home in any society, from the rough to the courtier, and simple unconscious ease, are generally to be found among Englishmen only in those educated at our first class public schools. These were the qualities which, joined with his birth and his father's position, gave him, even as a very young man, a commanding influence in Oxford society, which raised him to be Archdeacon of Chichester at the early age of thirty-two, and which have made him such a power in his own communion since he joined it. They have also given him influence among very various classes of society, especially among the great, so that his brother-in-law, the late Bishop of Winchester, smarting under the desertion of his friend, and unable to deny himself the use of epigram, called him the "Apostle of the Genteels." He became Rector of Lavington and Graffham in Sussex, in 1838, and married the youngest Miss Sergeant, one of the co-heiresses of the Lavington property, the other sisters having married Samuel Wilberforce, afterward Bishop, and Henry Wilberforce, his brother. Mrs. Manning survived her marriage but a few months, and the four volumes of "Parochial Sermons," published by Archdeacon Manning while Rector of Lavington, show the effect upon a sensitive nature of a very deep and early sorrow, which strengthened the spirituality of his nature, and turned his thoughts more and more toward the unseen world. All that was deepest in him, as what was true in the nature of Bishop Wilberforce, was touched and strengthened by the loss of their young and beautiful wives.

A quiet residence among the Sussex downs might have put an extinguisher on many; it put none on Manning. Any one who reads the lives of the Wilberforces, or the many biographical and other contributions toward the history of the English Church during the Tactarian movement, will recognize the considerable part which Manning played; and when he became Archdeacon of Sussex his charges were among the forces that affected the whole religious and political attitude of a large and often dominant section of the English Church. . . . But Manning was by no means consciously approaching the goal at which he afterwards found himself; so far from this, that while the commemoration of the Gunpowder Plot was still a scandal to the English liturgy, Archdeacon Manning preached before the University of Oxford a violent tirade against Popery, with a vehemence unusual in an English, and still more in an University pulpit. He declared it to be impossible that the Pope should ever again have the jurisdiction in the realm of England; and his indignant declamation profoundly distressed many of those who, though not aware that they might themselves be drawn into closer relations with the Roman Church, yet desired to speak gently of her. Newman was then in retirement at Littlemore, preparing for the end, which was shortly coming,—his own reception into Catholicism. Archdeacon Manning walked out to Littlemore to call upon him, but the report of the disastrous sermon had already preceded the preacher. The door was opened by one of those young men, then members of the quasi-monastic community, who had to convey to the Archdeacon the unpleasant intimation that Dr. Newman declined to see him. So anxious was the young man to cover the slight, and to minimize its effect, that he walked away from the door with the Archdeacon, bare-headed as he was, and had covered half the way to Oxford before he turned back, unaware, as was his companion, of his unprotected state, under a November-sky. So strangely do we change

in these changing times, that it is hard to realize that the perplexed novice was Mr. J. A. Froude.

Those who read Archdeacon Manning's "Parochial Sermons" will recognize yet another predominant note besides that of nearness to the unseen world, although closely in harmony with the former. This is the note of sacramental channels of grace. Hence, when the spiritual grace of baptism was denied by Mr. Gorham, and his view pronounced to be tenable within the Church of England, Archdeacon Manning, with many others, felt the very ground on which they stood cut from under them. If the Church of England denied sacramental grace, which to them involved the very essence of religion, there was, indeed, nowhere to turn but to the Church of Rome, however impossible it had once seemed that they should do so. Immediately after the Gorham judgment was pronounced, Archdeacon Manning shook from his feet the dust of an heretical church, to join that toward which his steps had so long been unconsciously advancing; when no doubt he found that the boundaries were by no means so difficult to overstep as they had seemed on that November day. After the short retirement, inevitable on his change, preparatory to taking orders in the Church of his adoption, his rise was rapid and signal. He, too, like his brother Cardinal, founded a congregation, that of the Oblates of St. Charles Borromeo, filling in the interim the dignified office of Provost of Westminster. In 1865, Monsignor Manning was consecrated Archbishop of Westminster. In 1875 he was created a Cardinal with the title of Saints Andrew and Gregory. Since his appointment as Archbishop few men have ever been more before the world. Not only is he a constant preacher in, and a frequent preacher out of, his diocese; not only has he been a combatant in intellectual contests, especially in the Metaphysical Society, a club which met monthly, where he held his own with such disputants as Dr. Martineau, Mr. Frederic Harrison, and Professor Huxley; he has also taken part in the social life of London to such an extent that there is hardly a philanthropic work in which he could consistently co-operate wherein he has not been a sharer. Conspicuous above all has been the aid that he has given to total abstinence societies both in and out of his Church. In politics he is understood to take a strongly democratic view, and has been heard to say that, were he not what he is, his choice would be to be a demagogue. On the Irish question, and to some extent on the extreme Irish side, he has been very outspoken, and should it hereafter prove to be possible that the Catholic Church, at least in the West, should ally herself with the cause of the people, as distinguished from the cause of the oligarchs, Cardinal Manning's name will be found on the roll of those who have helped the fusion.

Those who attend his many sermons and speeches, those who read his published sermons and have a right to judge, tell us that the fervour of devotion which was so remarkable in the sermons of the Archdeacon is to be found, enhanced and deepened, in the discourses of the Archbishop. The keen arguments, the statesman-like papers on the independence of the Holy See, the astute special pleading on behalf of the Vatican Council, have not dimmed the fervour of devotion. The man of the world never for an instant ceases to be the priest; and we believe that many a death-bed, which might have been not unfairly left to the ministrations of the minor clergy, has been blessed by the uplifted hand of him who in England bears the weight of all the churches. And, while many might take the Cardinal Archbishop as an incarnation of shrewd every day common sense, his recognition of the pilgrimage to Lourdes shows that he yet feels how completely the Church of the nineteenth century is the Church of the Middle Ages, and that he shrinks from no recrudescence of modern miracles, however physical.

The eminently practical nature of the man has been shown in his choice of a residence. In all London there could scarcely have been found a house which, *prima facie*, was less adapted for a home than the gaunt, ugly building standing a little south-east of the Victoria station, erected by some philanthropic officers a good many years ago, as a club for the non-commissioned officers and men of the

guards. Its great echoing stone hall, its bare, square rooms, well intended for public purposes, seemed but ill adapted for a home; but when the Guard's Club failed, as a speculation, here was a house, cheap, and large, and handy,—a building capable of being invested with a certain magnificence—and for comfort its occupant cares but little. No other great man is more accessible than the Cardinal. Through no rooms are ushered men of more various opinions than through these great halls, Italian in their spaciousness, all English in their chilliness, and yet a certain dignity and grandeur seems to haunt them, and surround also their spare, even emaciated tenant. The windows of this uninviting abode look out on a dreary waste at the backs of houses, overgrown with what can only by courtesy be called grass,—squalid inclosure, but to the Cardinal, this plot probably presents a different aspect than to the ordinary beholder, for it is the site of the cathedral which he intends to erect, and of which a design hangs on the walls of his chief reception-room. No doubt in his mind's eye there rise soaring arch and lofty spire, and the vision of England, Catholic once more, thronging its wide portals. We would not, if we could, forbid the Cardinal to complete his church, and to dream his dream, being assured that his efforts in whatever they result, must result at least in this—the moral elevation and ennobling of those who fall under his sway. Not wholly popular—for his pastoral staff is somewhat rigid, and does not bud and blossom like the rod of Aaron—he is yet thoroughly respected and revered by the Catholics of England. There are, indeed, cynics among his priests who think he has made but little way in some of the causes which he has most at heart, and that, were his personal influence removed, the great teetotal organization of the League of the Cross would crumble to dust. But however this may be, we know too well that no man can carry out one half the schemes he sets before him. and that, at any rate, in the words of George Herbert, he

"Who aims a star
Shoots higher far, than he that aims a tree."

Those who are not of his own faith may be led to admire the indomitable pluck and vigour of one among the most prominent figures of our present London world.—*C. Kegan Paul in the Century Magazine.*

Cardinal Taschereau, it is reported, refused to be present at Premier Mercier's reception at Quebec the other night because full dress was to be the rule. To the uninitiated, "full dress" would seem to mean the properest sort of gar-

ment; but any one who has happened to be at a dinner, or at any assembly where European customs are in vogue, knows that it means for the ladies, the one-more-struggle-and-I-am-free sort of dress. It is wonderful how they manage to keep on their gowns at all. There is nothing more shameless in respectable society than the fashionable nakedness of it.

Cardinal Taschereau's disapproval will doubtless have some effect. But experience has shown that it is only the women themselves who can put a stop to a fashion which is immodest. A ballet girl in her stage clothes would excite horror in any private gathering, and yet the "full dress" of the "best" society is more prurient and suggestive than even the complete undress of the savage female.

If Cardinal Taschereau can induce some of the leaders of fashionable society in Quebec to discontinue the semi-nakedness in dress which Her Majesty Queen Victoria has done so much to discourage, he will do more towards its abolition than a dozen *ma dements* or refusals of invitations. Some women would rather singe themselves in the flames of hell than be out of the fashion.—*N. Y. Freeman's Journal.*

CORRESPONDENCE.

Toronto, Nov. 3rd. 1887.

To the Editor of the CATHOLIC WEEKLY REVIEW.

SIR,—Allow me through the medium of your valuable paper to call the attention of the charitably-disposed amongst your readers to a case of great distress which has come under my notice. A young man formally employed in a law office in this city, now lies in the General Hospital, a victim to consumption. The physician attending him states, however, that there are good hopes of his recovery, if he can only be removed to a warm climate, such as Southern California, but, on the other hand, should he remain here all winter, he must inevitably become worse, and in all probability die. As he is without means or friends it is impossible for him to leave here unless someone comes to his assistance, and if there are any of your readers who can contribute towards the expenses of sending him to California, they would be doing an act of real charity. The St. Vincent de Paul Society have generously contributed a portion of the necessary fund. I may state that the case is a very deserving one, and the young man himself is greatly averse to asking for assistance from others.

Yours, etc.,
M. J. H.

[Contributions may be forwarded to this office.—Ed.]

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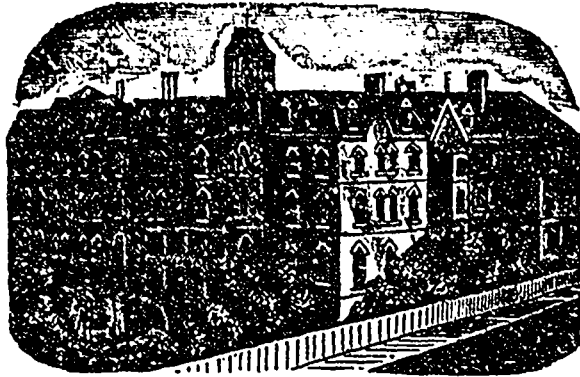
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