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# 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. IV

Toronto, Saturday, July 19, 1890.

No. 24

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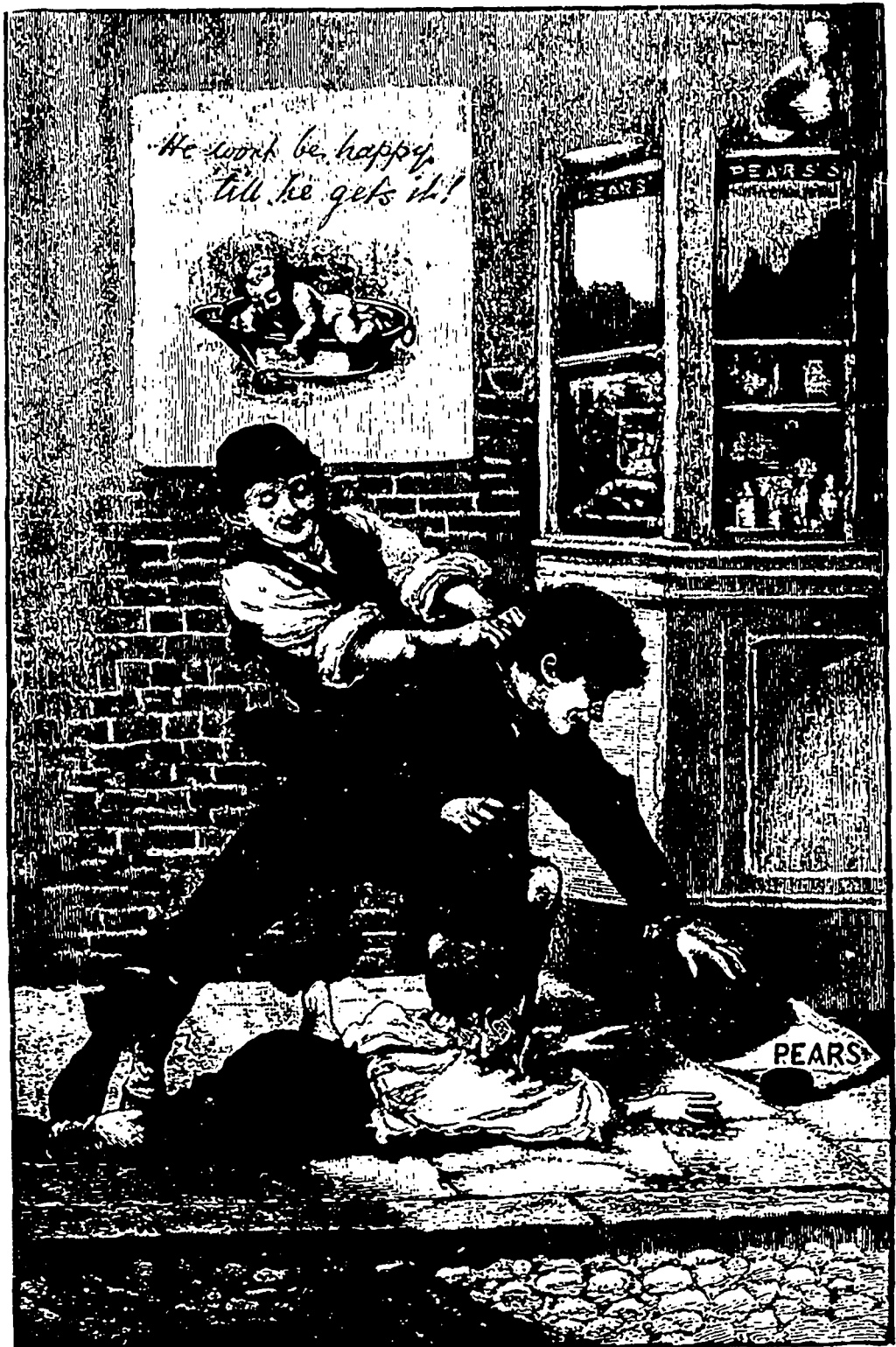
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# The Catholic Weekly Review.

Vol. IV

Toronto, Saturday, July 19, 1890.

No. 24

## CONTENTS.

NOTES.....	364
QUEEN OF THE MAY..... Emma Howard Wright	364
PADRE AGOSTINO AND THE LABOUR QUESTION.....	365
THE PASSION PLAY.....	370
THE IRISH MEMBERS AND CARDINAL MANNING.....	370
EDITORIAL—	
Miracles at St. Anne de Beaupre.....	368
Several Recent Cases.....	363
The Marquis of Lorne and Dr. Bernardo.....	369
A Methodist Opinion.....	369
General Catholic News.....	372
Men and Things.....	373

## Notes.

THE latest offence under the crimes Act is that of using abusive language to a donkey. Five shillings is the penalty for calling a stubborn ass "Balfour." The insult was grievous, but then it was rather officious on the part of the policeman who brought the charge to interfere without a complaint from the donkey. The report does not say whether the animal swore he was intimidated. However, even if he did not, there was stronger evidence before the Court than that which Judge Henn deemed sufficient; for, after all, the silence of a donkey is held to be stronger evidence in support of a charge under the Crimes Act than sworn deposition of men supposed to be intimidated that they suffered from no such interference.

THE Italian missionaries in China lately received a circular from the Italian Ambassador to China warning them that they ought to be provided with Italian passports, instead of remaining under the protection of France. Crispi is quite willing to enjoy the services of these gentlemen abroad, while robbing their communities at home, and his representative urges upon them that they will receive no diplomatic representations in their favor unless they be made through Italian Consuls, because an agreement with the Chinese Government has been made to that effect. Moreover, by refusing to get Italian passports, they put themselves outside of the law of Italy and of China, give the Chinese a bad impression, and may be arrested and handed over at any time to the nearest Italian Consulate. This is the last warning the missionaries are to receive, and they will be given a certain time to make up their minds. It is said, however, that the Italian missionaries will continue to remain under the French protection, because their own government has already declared the destruction of religious teaching in all the schools under its power. The insolence of the Italian Government is something to admire, what annoys us most is, that it does not receive sufficient Catholic insolence in return for its own.

A CORRESPONDENT of the New York *Herald* writing from Rio Janeiro says:

"A meeting has been held at Rio, at which the 'Catholic party' was organized for the purpose of contesting at the polls for the rights of the late State Church. A committee was also appointed, of which the Bishop of Para is the chairman. This prelate is a man of great ability, and will probably be our next archbishop. Army and navy officers also appear on this committee, and there are several names of men promi-

nent under the empire. Nearly all the journals have attacked the organizers of this Catholic party. The *Diario de Noticias* charges that the organizers are conspirators and monarchists, whose spite has been roused by the declaration of the Republic.

"That the clericals are determined to read the provisional government a lesson is pretty certain. The precipitate, separation of Church and State, preceded by the more than precipitate Electoral law, has furnished the clericals with a strength in the body politic of Brazil which they are not likely to throw away. The admirers of Combe, who have abolished the taking of oaths, and would, I believe, recreate the Goddess of Reason were it not for the fear of ridicule, form but a small minority in Brazil, and the main body of voters have the same regard for the Church and its ministers that they have always had.

With such material at hand no sensible man could suppose that the priests would remain idle, and I am satisfied that some of the positivists will cry "peccavi!" before they have seen the last of the priests and their congregations.

THE Annual Meeting of the Archbishops and bishops of Ireland was held on the 26th ult. in St. Patrick College, Maynooth, at which nearly all of the hierarchy of Ireland were present.

After sweeping resolutions on the National and Intermediate systems of Education as now conducted, and demanding reforms, the following were passed:

2. "We wish to reiterate the expression of our thanks to Thomas Sexton, Esq., M.P., who in the last session of Parliament brought forward, in a speech of singular power, the claims of the Catholics of Ireland as set forth in the foregoing resolutions; and to the other members of Parliament who so ably supported him."

3. "We request our representatives to continue their efforts to secure for their Catholic fellow-countrymen justice in this important matter of education. Furthermore, we request the Irish Parliamentary Party as a body to press this question on the attention of Parliament by every effectual means in their power, even to the resistance, if necessary, of the annual votes to the Queen's Colleges."

4. "We regret that the expectations raised by the declaration made on behalf of the Ministry, in reply to Mr. Sexton's speech last session, still remain unfulfilled, and that in one most important matter the fulfilment of them has since been declared to depend upon conditions which must be regarded as practically impossible."

5. "We request the Bishop of Arlath, our representative on the Senate of the Royal University to resign his place on the Senate as a protest against the continued neglect by the Ministry of the interests of the Catholics of Ireland in the matter of University Education."

6. "Regarding the 'Custody of Children' Bill, and 'Protection of Children' Bill, recently introduced into Parliament, as most dangerous in their tendencies, we feel called upon to request the Irish Parliamentary Party to give to these Bills the most strenuous opposition, unless they are safeguarded by the insertion of such provisions as will secure the children against the dangers of proselytism."

## QUEEN OF THE MAY.

BY EMMA HOWARD WIGHT.

GREAT was the sensation in the town of Ardine when the 'Squire of the Manor stooped from his high estate and took for his bride Aileen O'Connor, the daughter of his Irish gamekeeper. She had been educated above her station, the people of Ardine said, when she came back from her convent school, and the 'Squire was bewitched by her beauty—the rose-leaf skin, the Irish violet eyes, the gold-hued hair. The girl yielded up her heart to her lordly lover, but she shrank from the high estate to which his love would lift her.

"No, no!" she would murmur, "I am not fit. 'Tis better you forget me."

But he smiled at her fears; for, though she had no noble blood in her veins, she was very beautiful, and she was stainless and pure of heart. So he made her the lady of the Manor, and the people of Ardine marveled indeed when a priest married them. For a Catholic was a thing unknown in the whole history of the Manor; and it was well known to all save his fair bride that the 'Squire had but little faith in anything pertaining to God, and none at all in a religion which he considered a mass of superstition and humbuggery. What they did not know, and would have been slow to credit, was that the girl would have shrunk from him in horror had she known this; for, dearly as she loved him, she loved God and her religion far more. The 'Squire's proud lip curled when he stood before the white-haired priest on his wedding-day; but the brief ceremony over, he turned with rapture to the fair bride by his side, so beautiful in her white bridal robes. He waited impatiently while the old priest laid his hand on her golden, flower-crowned head and asked God's blessing on her new life.

So gentle Aileen was made lady of the Manor, and went from her humble cottage-home to the stately one of her husband's. She had a certain gentle pride, and soon bore the honors of her husband's house as gracefully as any of the proud, high-born dames who had ruled before her at Ardine Manor.

Then, one morning, the joy-bells rang out announcing the birth of the 'Squire's child, but the 'Squire's heart was filled with bitter disappointment when they told him 'twas a girl. But he gave no sign of it when he bent over his wife, and, as he kissed her beautiful, white face, met the wistful, questioning look in her soft, violet eyes. And he said nothing when the white-haired priest was sent for and the child made one of the fold of the Catholic Church. But the mother clasping her little one tightly to her heart, after the waters of baptism had been poured upon it, would have been stricken with anguish and fear could she have read his thoughts. For thus they ran:

"This child is a girl; therefore, 'tis but fair that the mother should ordain its future; but when the boy comes, his future is mine, and I'll have no priestly mummery or superstitious folly about him."

But the years went by and no other children were born to the 'Squire. It was a bitter disappointment to him; but when ten years had passed he buried that disappointment deep in his heart, and turned all his hopes upon the little girl whom it seemed was destined to reign some day at the Manor. She was a beautiful child, with all her mother's fair loveliness, and as pure and sweet, under that gentle mother's training, as the lilies after which they had named her. Notwithstanding his desire for a son, and his great disappointment, the 'Squire was very fond of his lovely little daughter, and, when he ceased to hope for a son, centred all his ambition on her.

It was a bright Sunday afternoon in early May, and the 'Squire and his wife were sitting in the stately drawing-room of the Manor. The child had gone to the Catholic Sunday-school in the village, which she regularly attended. Aileen, lady of the Manor, had lost none of her fair loveliness, though at times there came a sad, wistful look, into her soft violet eyes. Her gentle life knew but two sorrows: One, that she had never given her husband a son to succeed him, and the other, that her husband had not become a Catholic, which was her daily prayer. But both these sorrows were

tempered by her faith in God's wisdom, and the thought: "He knows best," was her consolation.

Suddenly the proud face of the father and the beautiful, gentle one of the mother softened into infinite tenderness as the door was thrown open and a small, white-robed figure, with golden, flowing curls, bounded into the room. A charming, childish face was upraised for the father's kiss, and then two arms encircled the mother's neck, and breathlessly, she cried:

"Oh, mamma, papa, what do you think? I am going to be Queen of the May. All the other children choose me, and I am to be crowned to-morrow on the lawn in front of the church, and you both must come."

"So my little girl is to be a queen," said the 'Squire, smiling; "and some day, when she has grown to be a woman, she will be queen of the Manor. A wise, gracious, and brilliant queen I hope she will make, too."

The child looked up into his face with her clear, violet eyes:

"When I grow up, papa," she said, gravely, "I am going to be a Sister of Charity, like those who nursed the poor people who were hurt in the factory last winter. I would rather be a Sister than queen of the Manor."

She paused suddenly, for there gathered upon the 'Squire's brow such a dark, black frown, that mother and child shrank back in sudden fear. And when he saw that he turned and walked away to the other end of the room and stood with his back to them.

"Mamma," half sobbed the child, "is papa angry with me?"

"No, darling," answered the mother, softly stroking the golden curls, while her own heart beat heavily with a sick feeling of dread. "But run away now, I want to speak to papa."

The child kissed her and then went, obediently, away. Aileen arose slowly, and, going up to her husband, laid her hand gently on his arm. He turned, and as he met the wistful, questioning look in her beautiful eyes, the frown faded, but there was a stern, determined look in his eyes she had never seen there before.

"Aileen, I have something to say to you," he said. Then he took her hand and led her back to her seat. Still she did not speak, but her eyes never left his face.

"Aileen," he began, "I have never interfered with your religion (either in regard to yourself or our child. I never should have done so if I had a son to succeed me. But I have not; the girl is the last of my race. She will reign here in the home of my forefathers. It is my dearest hope to rear her so that she will be in every way suitable for her position. The words she spoke a few moments ago have suddenly opened my eyes to the danger to this hope in allowing her to be raised in this religion of yours. Of course they were only the words of an unthinking child, but who can say to what this training may not lead when she has become a woman? Therefore, I have decided she must not be raised in the Catholic faith."

A low cry from the mother's lips interrupted him. She started up, a look of anguished fear in her violet eyes.

"No, no!" she cried, "you cannot mean it. You cannot put this sorrow upon me. Do you not know the agony of seeing my little one dead would be less than that of knowing she was lost to God and her faith?"

"Do not say such things, Aileen," he cried, more sternly than he had ever spoken to her before. "You do not realize what you say. You can bring up your child to be a pure, good woman, as have been all the women who have reigned here without this religion; but we will not dwell upon that. What I wish to say to you is this: "Aileen, will you promise to teach Lilly no more of this religion? Bring her up as you yourself are, good, pure, and true; but no more of the Catholic religion."

"But," she panted, "whatever little goodness or virtue I may possess is due to my religion."

"I do not agree with you; but we will not discuss it," he replied. "Will you make me this promise?"

"I cannot," she murmured, with white lips.

His brow darkened. "You refuse to obey me, then. Your religion does not appear to teach you a wife's duty."

She raised her anguished, violet eyes to his face. "You ask me to be a party to the destruction of the soul of my own child. I do not think I fail in my duty as a wife when I refuse to do so, because my first duty is to God."

"Very well," he said. "Then there is but one thing left for me to do; and, remember, you bring it upon yourself: and that is to separate you from the child until your teachings are eradicated from her mind and she is old enough to be no longer influenced by you in this respect."

She started back as though his words had been a blow, her white lips parted to speak, but as she looked into his stern, determined face, she realized that she might as well dash her frail strength against a rock as hope to move him; so, with bowed head, she turned, and in silence left him. She went slowly through the stately corridors to her own luxurious room, and there she sank upon her knees and buried her face in her hands. For a long time she knelt thus; twilight had deepened into night, when at length she rose, and pushing the heavy, golden hair back from her white face, passed into an adjoining room—a pretty, dainty, blue and white room, dimly lighted, and upon the white, lace-draped bed little Lilly lay sleeping. The mother knelt down and looked with sad and loving eyes upon the lovely, little sleep-flushed face, then pressed her quivering lips to the mass of golden curls thrown back over the pillow.

"Oh, my darling, my darling!" she whispered. Then she raised her hands clasped above the little sleeper. "My God," she murmured, "do not let my little one be taken from the shelter of Thy faith. Rather," and her lips grew colorless as she spoke the words, "take her to Thyself, if it be Thy will, as she is now, innocent, spotless."

The words died away, her eyes fell from heaven to the fair, sleeping face, upon which a faint smile seemed to rest then; a smothered cry of agony broke from her lips, and crouching down, she covered her eyes, shutting out the sweet childish face.

"And we crown thee Queen of the May." A chorus of white-robed children sang the words as one of their number placed upon the head of the 'Squire's little daughter a wreath of white roses.

The little Queen of the May was destined to be remembered for many long years as she sat on her throne of flowers in her white robes, with the roses crowning her curly, gold-colored hair.

Side by side the 'Squire and his wife sat, she as white as the roses which crowned the little queen; he silent and grave. After a little while he arose and went toward his little daughter. The other children fell back to make room for the 'Squire, and, with a smile softening his stern face, he bent his knee at the foot of the flower-throne and kissed the hand of the little Queen.

"Allow me to salute your Majesty," he said, with mock gravity.

The child laughed aloud merrily, and a shadow fell across the father's face at the sound. For very soon now that sweet, childish laugh would echo no longer; perhaps for many years, through the stately halls of the Manor; for, in a week's time the child was to be sent to a foreign school, but there was no relenting in his heart. The long, sunny day drew toward its close, and about sunset—it was the time for the little Queen to go into the church alone and lay her crown of roses at the feet of the Blessed Virgin's statue. With a smile upon her sweet, childish lips, she disappeared within the door of the little church. The minutes passed and she did not return, and when ten of them had passed those outside began to grow restless and curious.

Then suddenly the lady of the Manor rose, and crossing the lawn, passed into the church. Impelled by some strange power, the 'Squire and the others followed. At first there was no sign of the child in the church, but when they reached the foot of the altar they found her. For, in her white robes, with the roses still crowning her golden head, she lay as though she were sleeping.

"She has fallen asleep," cried the 'Squire, while the mother knelt in silence and raised the golden, rose-crowned

head upon her breast. There was a smile on the childish lips, but a strange pallor on the lovely, still face.

"Wako up, little Queen," said the 'Squire, laying his hand on the soft gold curls.

But the heavily-fringed lids were not lifted; only the mother's eyes, heavy with woe, were raised to his.

"She will never wako again," she said in a low, hushed voice; "for heaven has taken her."

Through the stately halls of the Manor sweet, childish laughter echoes no more, nor ever will again echo; for Aileen, lady of the Manor, like a broken lilly, faded slowly out of life, to be soon laid at rest beside that little grave, made when the May flowers bloomed. And the proud 'Squire will be the last of his race; for no other woman can fill his heart when beautiful, gentle Aileen is gone; no other woman's children reign in the place of that first-born child sleeping under the May flowers, whom the angels crowned "Queen of the May."

#### PADRE AGOSTINO AND THE LABOUR QUESTION.

THE Church of San Carlo, in the Corso, Rome, was last year crowded every day during Lent to listen to the distinguished preacher who is justly so popular with the working classes as well as with the intellect of Italy. It was estimated that from eight to ten thousand every day crowded round the pulpit occupied by the eloquent Franciscan. What took place in Rome then and in Turin the year previous is only repeated this year in Milan. The Duomo of S. Carlos is taxed to its utmost capacity to find even standing room for the multitudes that crowd it each day.

At the present crisis, when the labouring classes all over Europe and America are in a state of agitation, we think it most appropriate to give a *resumé* of the great address on Labour delivered by Padre Agostino.

Brethren, there is in society a class of men who pass quickly through many phases, subject to varied and sudden changes, being now venerated, now despised, now loved, yet anon hated—a class who have been regarded by society at one time as a pledge of public safety; at another as a source of danger; now, as a principle of life; again, as an element of dissolution; a class whose needs, aspirations, and tendencies, engross, for the most part, the minds and attention of the politicians, philanthropists, and political economists of the day, all of whom unite in saying that this is the important question for present solution. And who are these men? Ah, you have already guessed, for their name is dear to you, and you love them, as I do. It is the workmen. God be praised! the workman finds, even in our day, some generous hearts to love him, some who exert themselves to raise him to his true dignity. But, unhappily, he is still surrounded by many enemies, one part of whom oppress, while the other flatters him; but both unite in making him their victim. The former are those heartless employers of labour who see in the workingman, not a brother, but only an instrument of produce, a machine of flesh and blood, more or less intelligent certainly, but which they make use of as long as it suits their purpose, and then claim to be free to fling on one side at pleasure. The latter are those who, seeing that they cannot divert his labour to their own advantage, seduce him with the opiate of socialistic doctrines. They are for ever talking to him of Liberty, Fraternity, and Equality. They propose to make him sovereign, to administer justice in his name, and to manage his exchequer; in short, to captivate him, not as good patriots, by means of good counsels, but as bad sons, to whom the very names of *duty* and *sacrifice* are odious. The poor man, finding himself thus despised on the one hand, flattered and deceived on the other, and provoked now to complain and bemoan his condition, now to rage and angry passions, cries aloud from his heart—Is there then no one who loves or care for me? Yes, there is One. Only listen with your wonted courtesy, and you shall hear. It is a subject that requires delicate treatment; but I trust I shall have the courage to tell you the honest truth, the truth which alone can save and console you. Who will console the workingman? Who will soften the bitterness of his lot? Who will bind up his bleeding wounds?

Many come forward in response to these questions. First comes the man of culture. Approaching the workingman, he says: "You are sad, because, in order to provide bread for yourselves and your families, you are obliged to work from morning till night. But listen to what I have to tell you. The land of our earth is divided into mountains and rivers. Well, it is the same in society. The rich are the mountains you are the valleys. Be comforted, then, for this is your appointed place in the scheme of creation." At these words the poor man looks up at him sadly, then, with the averted eyes of hope cast to the ground, his tears flow afresh, and more bitterly even than before. Then comes the economist, doubtless better inspired than the author of the valley and mountain theory. Let us hear one of them, Thiers. "We have made great progress," he says. "Labour, freed from many impediments, and illuminated by science, has become at once more active and more fertile. The prices of articles of consumption decrease co-ordinately with the increase of the wages of labour, and a perception of the value of economy awakened in the breast of the working-classes. Are we not tending in the right direction?" No doubt the theory is a beautiful one. But how can it satisfy the workingman, who stretches out his hand for a remedy, for happiness, and who naturally yearns to realize it, not twenty or thirty years hence in the persons of the next generation, but immediately in his own person. But now there comes forward a philosopher who writes on religion, nature, duty, liberty, and patriotism. "My friend," he says to the workingman, "you are filled with sadness, and with good cause, for your lot is not a pleasant one. But what would you? To whom will you turn? There is no one able to console you in your trouble. In infancy you were taught to resort to prayer, to God; but this is an error, a folly. God is too far off to hear, and His majesty and state too great to lend an ear to you. Again, even did He hear you He could not grant your request, since He has made general laws to which he could not make exceptions without subverting the whole order of the universe. It is, therefore, utterly useless to look for help from heaven." "Then," returns his indignant hearer, "you rob me of every, even my last, hope. What must I do? Whence shall I seek aid?" "From us," reply politicians. "But, it is now a long time that you have been affecting to have my interests at heart, and to be promoting them. For many a long day you have been assuring my order of this fact. Yet how can we believe you? We know of no change for all your talking, but are ever 'waiting.' In feigning to occupy yourself on our behalf, you have become rich, *very* rich, while we have remained poor. Thus your very abundance is an insult to our misery." Then others, who shall be nameless, press their solution of the problem, and thus they address him: "Why go about seeking consolation, dignity, fortune. You have already the elements of all these within your own selves—in your strength, your power. Observe the muscular vigour of your arms. Why, you have only to move to cause the earth to tremble! You have only to organize your forces to effect the overthrow of your masters, the usurpers of your rights. You have only to precipitate yourselves on the civilized world to reduce it to powder." But the workman, if he have good sense, replies: "Right, not force, makes law. Not force, but love, gains the mastery over others. Man's ideal is not that of the brute creation. Leave me, therefore, for this is not the greatness which I seek." Thus his cry is still the same—Where shall I find consolation? How lighten the burden of my lot? If there be such succour let it show itself. Well, brethren, that power does present itself, and it is no other than religion. It is religion alone that can succour and console the working-classes, for religion alone unfolds to them as well their own true dignity as that of labour. And, first, it shows the dignity of labour, of labour itself, the source of true consolation. It shows him that no class of society has such striking features of resemblance to God. We see God at work in creation. His first act, when he created the angels, was work. He worked when He laid the foundations of the earth, when He made the sun, when he stretched out the firmament, when He created man out of dust. He created and fashioned the world, but man must cultivate it, and the very earth over which He bends in daily toil bears traces of its Divine Creator. No, the labourer is not an accursed thing, not the only worker.

God is the primary, man but the secondary worker. In laying the foundations of the world, God left, so to speak, His work unfinished. Not that he did not weigh, number, and measure everything after His own inscrutable plan; but, having created His aggregate of beings, with their properties and laws, He yet left the completion of the work to man himself. Everywhere we find germs of life. But labour is necessary to make them fructify. Everywhere there is stone and metal; but God leaves it to the hand of labour to extract and collect them. Everywhere around us are various forces. But He wills that the workman arouse and direct them. And herein is the true source of consolation to the workingman; he is God's companion in labour; leaning on the spade, man needs only to raise his eyes heavenwards to see his Divine prototype. God is the Creator, he the modifier; God commences, he is the finisher. Yet we see it above all in the work of Redemption. A blight, a curse had fallen on work, and it had to be raised again to its real dignity. To this end God became man Himself, worked as a poor man for thirty years. Thus, before He would redeem us, Jesus lived for us, a model of work, of labour, showing us at once its dignity, its virtue, its rewards, its happiness. The very hand which created the world applied itself therein, for thirty years to labour. From that Divine contact what glory is there not reflected on the material touched by the workman's hand! See, O workingman, the same God who is held up for the adoration of the world has been with you, espoused your order, made Himself your equal. Do not, then, chafe or lament over your lot. The remembrance of the workshop of Nazareth floats on the river of time through all the centuries, and sheds around you a divine halo. But there is more. Our Divine Lord, after thirty years of toil, became a labourer among souls, and worked out at infinite pains and suffering, our redemption. But the application of this work to man's needs, as that of creation, He did not will to be completed in His *own* work, but chose twelve associates, who, in the persons of themselves and their successors, should apply the Precious Blood of redemption. But from whom did He choose the twelve? From among the rich or the learned ones of the world? No; He chose them from among the poor—the working-people—on the shores of Gennesaret. And these simple working-men have conquered and regenerated the world, a task which philosophy had essayed and failed in. What the learned ones failed to accomplish was done by two workingmen, Peter, the fisherman of Galilee, and Paul, the weaver of Tarsus. They subdued the world. On their shoulders was erected the whole edifice of Christianity. The kingdom of Jesus Christ was a carpenter's shop, His sceptre an instrument of labour. Jesus Christ was a workingman. But we must not stop here. Before going any further, let me address myself to workingmen. You must not forget that you owe everything to Jesus Christ and His religion. For, before his time, what was labour? Make those who would tear you away from Jesus tell you what it was. They must confess that it was dishonourable and slavish. The indolent cast it forth as an obstacle to happiness and a badge of shame. This hatred and degraded view of work is still perpetuated in countries where the Gospel is a stranger. The Brahmin, or highest caste of the Hindoos, would consider himself contaminated if obliged to do any labour. The Indians of America will do no work themselves, but relegate it to their women, whom they treat as slaves. What, in fact, is the religious idea of labour? First, a means of virtue; secondly, expiation. Ah, brethren, we do not sufficiently appreciate all the beauty contained in this idea of work. Man raises himself by work. By sin he lost the life of grace, the true life, and was condemned to death, not temporal only, but eternal. But work is not only a means of expiation; it is something more. Christianity reveals it to us as also a sacrifice. Thus the Christian workman says to Jesus: "It was Thy sufferings and fatigue, Thy faintness and weariness which procured my salvation. Deign, then, graciously to accept my poor labours, and, after having provided for the wants of my own family, grant me the power to help and comfort others." Work does, and must do one of two things: either it raises or exalts us, or it lowers and degrades us. The flower of your youth, the best of your blood, your strength, the very vitals of your city and country you devote to work. And what return will this labour yield

you? Will its schools be schools of morality or immorality? Will they yield up their youths, the thews and sinews of the country, chaste and disciplined, or perverted by error and vice? God forbid that I should wish to hurl from this pulpit and anathema against modern industry! But when there is question of the welfare of the workingman, the poor sons of the people, must I, not point out to them the rocks on which they would dash themselves and make shipwrecks of their existence. Well, the evil is not in labour, nor in the organization of labour; but it is in the fact that labour has been paganised. Jesus Christ has now been banished from work, and consequently no longer gives it a moral tone, is no longer its motive power, no longer directs it; and hence the workman in banishing Jesus has banished the only One capable of bettering his lot, which is, therefore, as sad and pitiable, as in the days of acknowledged paganism. To-day, though the workingman is nominally free, yet he is in reality more truly enslaved than actual slaves, whose slavery was that of the body only, whereas these men are mentally enslaved by their subservience to the opinions of others, their abject cringing to human respect, which dominates their lives. Ah, my brethren, let the lot of the three unhappy workman touch us and move us to compassion. Yes, we must go to him, approach him with both love and respect. If we hold out our hand to him and greet him with a pleasant smile, we may yet save him. Brethren, there is a fact which is becoming daily more evident, and that is the efficacy of Christianity in the hearts of both rich and poor in drawing them together and cementing their union. I can fearlessly assert that, with few exceptions, the Christian, the sincere Christian, really loves the workman, and rejoices to render him both material and moral relief. The materialist, on the contrary, is too often prodigal in his own expenses, yet seldom devoted to the working-classes or willing to aid them. Not only have I, but you yourselves have seen him *speak* much and employ no little time in vain labour and the working-classes. But why so much noise in their favour? Would you know the real reason? It was to gain a more elevated post, or suffrages which, if not won by deeds, he is determined shall be procured, at least by words and friendly appearances. You will always find that the first authors of rebellion become the mere tools or stepping-stones of others who step in at the right moment to gather the fruit of others' labour, to reap the corn which they did not sow. Progress is always in harmony with justice. Put no faith, therefore, in those who seek to dazzle you with vain splendors, and to expel the principles of morality and religion from your hearts and from your minds. Believe, and remember always, that these specious theories are very chimeras, fables invented by those who would obtain your services to-day, but will indubitably forget you on the morrow. Lastly, there is another condition attached to true progress, and that is *ri tue*. We must forget our duties neither to God nor to our neighbour. When he departs from God, and no longer looks on Him as his end, then man goes backwards, not forwards, and instead of progress you have a retrograde movement. Commonsense, justice, and virtue, then, these are the necessary conditions of true progress. You may, if you observe them, be poor, but you will be honest. You may be poor, but not unhappy; and in the hour of death you will be able, with peace and confidence to call your family around you and make your last will, leaving them a splendid bequest. You will not, like the rich, have gold, splendid mansions, and large estates to leave behind you. But you will leave in their minds that which is far more precious. To your daughter, who has no other dowry, you will leave modesty, and that lovely flower, the lily of holy purity, itself of infinitely greater price than all the wealth of the Indies and of the world, and the most sublime of all virtues. To your sons you will leave the love of honest labour, that true patrimony and proud independence which neither seeks nor desires any other, together with hope, which renews the energy as the oasis of the desert—the strength of the weary traveller, who, refreshed, then goes on again rejoicing. To others you will leave your example, and therein the secret of happiness. These are things you should engrave on your hearts. And here, with one last word, I will conclude. "Be ever diligent, my sons, always united, and always good. Work will be your consolation, union your

strength, and prayer your hope." O, workingmen, cultivate the spirit of work, be united, be religious. Work will give you a proud independence; union will be your strength; and religion will be your consolation, comfort, and dignity. Labour, union, religion: Thus should be the motto of every workingman.

#### WINDTHORST'S POWER.

The new Reichstag (German Parliament) will contain three great political groups, two in deadly opposition to each other, the third holding a sort of middle position between them. The first two are the remnant of the Cartel group—shrunk during the recent elections from 214 votes, its old number, to 137, its present strength—and the left or opposition, grown recently from a band of 55 to one of 127 voters.

The third party is the centre or clerical (Catholic) party. It includes ten delegates from Alsace-Lorraine and 16 Poles. It has certain definite aims to which it has always remained true.

It believes in religious instruction in schools and the entire freedom of the Catholic Church in Germany. It preserves its political independence, and either opposes the Government or supports it, as it deems best. Its mouthpiece is Ludwig von Windthorst, ex-Minister of the old Kingdom of Hanover, the only man who ever held his own with Prince Bismarck on the Reichstag floor.

He is a contemporary of the Prince, for Herr von Windthorst was born January 17, 1812, while Napoleon's legions were dying on the Russian steppes. He is a small, slight man, with a wrinkled face from which shine forth two eyes brimful of intelligence, kindness, courage, and humor.

He is as honest and upright a man as it is possible to meet. He has no higher law than conscience. He has been a most valiant defender of the interests in Germany of the Catholic Church.

Prince Bismarck, his unrelenting political foe, has personally the greatest respect for him.

The maxim of the men belonging to the Centre is, *in medio tutissimus ibis* (moderation is the safest policy).

In the new Reichstag they hold the balance of power. With Bismarck away Herr Windthorst is the greatest Parliamentarian and the best debater, in spite of his years, on the floor of the Reichstag.

#### OBITUARY.

The news of the death of Rev. P. J. Gavan, at Los Angeles, California, last week as announced in the several churches throughout the city on Sunday last, was a very sad blow to his numerous friends here, more especially the parishioners of St. Paul's and St. Mary's churches where he labored zealously and well for the people's spiritual welfare. He was a good priest and patriotic Irishman, patriotism being with him only second to love for Holy Church.

For the past few years he had been suffering from Rheumatism of the Heart, and the rigor of the Canadian winter necessitating a change to a milder climate he spent a season on the Pacific slope, which so improved him that he ventured home again to Toronto; but his restoration was only partial, and he had to return to California. From the cheerful tone of his letters to friends here they thought that he was well on the way to improved health, but unfortunately it was otherwise ordained.

Father Gavan was a native of County Mayo, Ireland, and had, at the time of his death, reached his thirty-third year. He studied at the Sulpician Seminary in Montreal, and was ordained to the Priesthood by the late Archbishop Lynch. St. Paul's was the first parish in which he exercised the priestly office, and St. Mary's the next, in both of which he left the mark of his zeal for the salvation of souls. His love of country was second only to his love of God. With him it was Faith and Fatherland to the last. At the several churches Requiem Masses have been offered up for the repose of his soul.—R. I. P.

We would advise the Rev. Clergy, Nuns, and our readers generally, when they are requiring Church Ornaments or Religious articles to write our call on Desaulnier Bros. & Co., Montreal, for Catalogue and Price List.



## The Catholic Weekly Review.

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

Commended by

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

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

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

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

The late Archbishop Lynch.

The late Rt. Rev. Bishop Carbery of Hamilton.

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

And by the leading clergy of the Dominion

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### TO OUR SUBSCRIBERS.

Commencing this month we send all subscribers of THE REVIEW who are in arrears for their subscription a statement of their indebtedness, and request those who receive such to remit the amount as soon as possible.

We wish to extend the sphere and usefulness of the REVIEW, and to do this it is absolutely necessary that these accounts be promptly paid.

Some weeks ago a Catholic clergyman, Father Kennedy of Meelin, county Cork, invited a few gentlemen to his residence for the purpose of discussing some matters of interest and importance connected with parish work. Sergeant Hyde, with the keen instinct which animates Balfour's local policemen, concluded at once that there was to be a treasonable gathering at the priest's house. Taking two constables with him, he proceeded to break up the meeting. When the gentlemen who had been invited were nearly all assembled, this hireling of the castle demanded admittance in the name of the crown. This was firmly and politely refused, whereupon he forced his way into the parlor and ordered the good priest's guests to disperse. Father Kennedy remonstrated against the outrage. His visitors denounced the policemen in the strongest language, at the same time resenting the imputation that their meeting had any connection whatever with politics. But all in vain. Hyde and his minions held their ground.

Subsequently the case came up in Parliament through a question propounded to the chief secretary. That worthy official replied that he proposed to do nothing about it, informing his questioner that the priest had his remedy in court for the trespass. Although the chance of getting justice from one of Balfour's magistrates was very slim, Father Kennedy brought suit. A verdict was rendered in his favor, the damages being fixed at £100. But Sergeant Hyde is still on the force. That is the sort of government Ireland enjoys under the present coercion "combine." Russian tyranny respects the sacred ministry and refuses to invade the homes of its members except upon sworn information. A Balfourian policeman is privileged to violate the privacy of a priest's domicile without a warrant.

### ARE THEY MIRACLES?

Pilgrimages to the shrine of the "good St. Anne" at Beupre are the order of the day. Never was the number so great; and it is daily increasing. Two of the Richelieu and Ontario Co.'s steamers scarcely suffice to meet the demands of pilgrims. Not only from Montreal, St. Hyacinth and other dioceses of Quebec, but from New England and Middle States, organised pilgrimages set forth joined in by many from all parts of the North American continent. What is the attraction at the humble and obscure village of St. Anne? What is there in the little church so unpicturesquely situated at the foot of the cote, lengthwise with the river? Why this yearly and daily increasing conflux of strangers, having amongst them so many crippled and maimed and bandaged—the blind, the pale and the weak—that it can be compared only to the crowds which of yore flocked to the shore of Genesareth where stood One who cured every languor and whose fame went abroad into the whole country!

More than two hundred years ago, a small ship's crew from Brittany were ascending the mighty river, when suddenly a storm burst on them in the dark of night. Death yawned beneath when, remembering the good St. Anne of their native Auray, they named her a shrine where first they would set foot on land, if she saved them from their peril. At early morn their bark had drifted ashore, the clouds lifted, an azure sky gleamed above their heads and they fell, with swelling hearts, to erecting a sanctuary. Shortly after, it was endowed from France with a precious relic of the Virgin's mother, a few years ago by another from Rome. The shrine with its treasures stimulated the simple piety of the Lower St. Lawrence habitants; marvellous favors were multiplied with the prayers; with the favors grew apace the number of pilgrims and pilgrimages, and now it takes a journal to keep record of the wonders of St. Anne de Beupre.

To deny facts that take place in the light of day, in presence of churchfuls and boatfuls of spectators of every class and condition of life, that are described in detail and published in a hundred newspapers; is an insult not only to the intelligence, but to the senses of a whole continent. Unless we ascribe to such events a mysterious and universal mesmerizing power, which could be the greatest of miracles, we must accept them at least as pure and naked facts, having cause and effect and testimony, explain them how we may. Why will not the *Orange Sentinel* go down to the Richelieu & Ontario Steamboat Co.'s wharf, Toronto, and question the employees on what they have seen on board certain steamers of the line—the "Canada" for instance? The eye-witnesses were not only pilgrim crowds, but all who had known and attended the cases before and after the alleged cures. Take the three cures reported last week by the *Montreal Star* and *Gazette*, as well as the whole French press:

*Le Cuvierer du Canada* narrates several recent miracles which occurred at the shrine of Ste. Anne de Beupre recently. Among them are Miss Elvina Proteau, cousin of Rev. Abbe Lallberte of the Grand Seminary, who is said to have been in bed two years at the Hotel Dieu with incurable paralysis of the lower limbs, and who, while praying before the relics of Ste. Anne, suddenly found the pains accompanying her disease vanish and such a strength pass to her limbs that she threw away her crutches, disengaged herself from her attendant, who held her up, clapped her hands in joy and stood up all by herself and walked back to her pew alone.

Another case was that of Auguste Plessis dit Belair, of 108 Wolfe street, a twelve year-old boy, who suffered from a nervous complaint, which caused his arms to shake in such a manner that he could not even serve himself at table. On

his return from the shrine, says the article, the boy had lost every trace of the disense, and tested the strength of his arms by lifting up chairs, threading needles and similar feats. The third case is that of Stanislaus Lafrance, the thirteen year old son of Mr. J. B. Lafrance, of 903 Maisonneuve street, who, it is said, for two years could not use his left leg, which had become shorter and powerless from inflammatory rheumatism. At the Church of St. Anne de Beauport he walked up to the communion table with the aid of his own crutches, and returned to his seat without them.

These subjects were widely known in Montreal, one being the cousin of a respected clergyman, and having undergone treatment at the Hotel Dieu from the most distinguished physicians. The addresses are recorded with name, street and number. Crowds have visited and verified the cures. To question the facts of the case or call them into doubt, were to insult not only the intelligence, but the eyes of all Montreal. It were rather to stultify oneself before the world.

As to the explanation of the facts, some may attribute the cures to the power of faith and its influence over the nerves. It must be a faith strong and far-reaching indeed that will suddenly renew the withered tissues of nerves, muscles and bone, and infuse life afresh into the paralysed limb. It is notorious that the patients ascribe their cures not to their faith, but invariably, and with one mouth, to the intercession of the good Ste. Anne. There is evidently no power in nature's laws and forces to work such effects in such conditions—suddenly, without application, in opposition to all nature's wonted courses of action. Otherwise why would the discovery of such hidden and extraordinary virtues have been left to a ship's crew of ignorant sailors? Why should they operate only in connection with prayer to a supernatural deity, offered through the invocation of a certain saint, in a certain shrine, before a certain statue, on application of a certain relic? It is clear that effects so marvellous in themselves and the manner in which they have been brought about can be referred only to a personal power above nature and nature's laws, who can act independently of them and set them aside at his pleasure, because he has established them and is Lord over them. He can and does answer the prayers of his children, and honors those who have on earth led lives of holiness according to the moral law which he set them.

Not many summers back a Protestant clergyman of New York, incredulous about the miracles of Lourdes, took a journey to the favored spot to see and investigate for himself. Having witnessed a number of striking facts he admitted in the first place their truth and reality, secondly, their divine and supernatural origin; thirdly, the mystery of the Immaculate Conception of the Virgin with which they were inseparably connected; and, fourthly, the truth and divinity of the Roman Catholic Church in which alone miracles were wrought and the Immaculate Conception of the Virgin taught and proposed. Perhaps, if the *Orange Sentinel* will go on a pilgrimage to Ste. Anne de Beauport, he will accept the miracles, he will believe in the dogma of the Invocation of Saints, and he will become a member of the Church in behalf of which alone miracles are wrought and which alone professes the Invocation of Saints.

#### THE MARQUIS OF LORNE AND DR. BARNARDO.

We have already made our readers fully familiar with the proselytising methods of the philanthropic Dr. Barnardo.

"Dr." Barnardo and the Queen's son-in-law seem a strange companionship. Yet, strange as it seems, their public com-

panionship has been an undoubted incident, and a few days since the well-known "Doctor" and the Marquis of Lorne were side by side upon a proselytising platform in Exeter Hall. Nor, stranger still, was their companionship a matter of pure accident, or owing to the fact that the Marquis had strayed into the wrong room. The companionship was a deliberate act, and was the result of a long-settled arrangement. And, even still stranger, Lord Lorne did not take to the companionship without being fully made aware of the character of the man into whose company he was going. When it was announced that the notable "Doctor" had intended the Marquis to preside at one of his motley gatherings, the *Weekly Register* took special care to put the Marquis on the *qui vive*, and by means of a series of pertinent questions contrived to convey to him a pretty accurate idea of the ways and means of Dr. Barnardo. The *Register*, in the most courteous terms, asked Lord Lorne if he was aware that Dr. Barnardo had set himself above the law of England in his determination to wrest children from the Catholic Church; if he knew that Dr. Barnardo was under heavy suspicion of having spirited a boy to Canada to get him away from his Catholic mother; if he knew that Dr. Barnardo had abandoned the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children, one reason for his abandonment being that the Queen had seen fit to send a subscription to it through the Cardinal Archbishop of Westminster? Finally, the *Register* assured Lord Lorne that in the case of these Catholic waifs, gentlemen, at least as enlightened as Dr. Barnardo had promised to bring them up respectably in their own religion; and then the *Register* wound up by asking the Marquis whether, under these circumstances, it was well that he should be advertised about London as a patron of the Dr. Barnardo who was a proselytiser first and a philanthropist afterwards. These were very specific questions, and if he were not able to answer them in the affirmative, they were certainly sufficiently clear and definite to render it incumbent on him to make inquiries as to the truth or falsehood of the statement of facts which the questions implied. The Marquis wrote a reply to the *Register*, but it was a reply that evaded every single question put to him. His lordship was "sorry to see the tone" of the *Register's* observations, but had not a word of sorrow or shame for his offensive alliance with a man and a system on which several of the judges of England had pronounced the severest condemnation. Is such conduct becoming in one who stands so close to the Throne and is a sharer of the moneys contributed to the State by the Catholic subjects of the mother of his wife? If, however, his reply to the *Register* shirked every pertinent question that our contemporary asked, it contained an extraordinary statement of opinion which is a good specimen of his lordship's Presbyterian orthodoxy. "So long," says Lord Lorne, "as a waif is made into a good man or woman, and into a good citizen, it does not matter two straws whether he or she calls himself or herself Protestant or Catholic." In other words, religion is all moonshine, and good eating, good clothing, and decent behaviour are man's whole duty on earth. This is neither good Protestantism, we submit, or good Patriotism.

HERE is a passage from an editorial article in a recent number of the *Methodist Advocate*, of San Francisco, which we take the liberty to recommend to the attention of the Methodists, etc., of this city. In order that our local Methodists may see its full force and meaning, we will explain that it was written four or five weeks ago, during the week when the foul-tongued Edith O'Gorman—the "Escaped Nun"—lectured in the

Pacific city under the auspices of the Y. M. C. A. The audiences at Edith's lectures were very small, the respectable people of the city absenting themselves almost wholly, and the Protestant clergymen protesting, by their absence, against the action of the Y. M. C. A. in lending its patronage to this unchaste and indecent woman. Here is what the Methodist paper of San Francisco said :

"The Catholic Church has done, and is doing, a great good for some suffering humanity. It is the corner-stone of the Christian religion. Fanatics may lie about it, vilify it, and try to drag its good name in the dust, but it will rise and continue to do good. It has stood the test for ages, and has grown in strength. Coming generations will rise up and call it blessed. Edith will pass away, but the Catholic Church will remain as long as there is a Christian religion. Its days are no less than when it was first started. We are not Catholics, but we are not so blind that we cannot see the good that Church has done, and is doing. The Y. M. C. A. is making a mistake to allow Miss O'Gorman to lecture in their courses. She is after money, and does not care a straw for anything else."

### THE PASSION PLAY.

The first regular performance of the Oberammergau Passion Play took place on Sunday last, and the daily papers on Monday were full of descriptions of the scenes, some of them written in a glowing and gushing style. Many Catholics probably feel inclined to doubt whether such a performance should be countenanced. A sense of religious reverence inspires the feeling that the Passion of our Lord is too sacred to be represented save by the consecrated priest at the altar. But the testimony of the most trustworthy visitors who have witnessed the Oberammergau Passion Play sets mistrust and suspicion at rest. The Very Rev. Alphonsus O'Neill, Superior of the Passionists in Australia, lecturing on this subject lately at Sydney, stated that for the reason we have just indicated he went to Oberammergau in 1871, strongly prejudiced. He feared that he might see something which would wound the religious susceptibilities of Catholics and afford non-Catholics cause for adverse comment. All his prejudices were quickly conquered and his fears soon dispelled. He witnessed the play in 1871 and 1880, and on both occasions the assemblage was stilled and awed by the scenes presented before them, and in the specially pathetic parts he saw strong men weeping like children. Artists, critics, writers, poets, gather there, and all are under the spell of the heart-moving solemnity of the representation; the feeling of reverence reigns so supreme that the audience never even thinks of demonstrations of applause. The unaffected piety of the actors, and the all pervading air of solemnity raise the Passion Play high above the most powerful and the most thrilling theatrical performance, and the whole effect is so deeply moving, so soul-stirring, that the scenes and incidents linger in the memory of the spectator to his dying day. It will be remembered that the Prince of Wales, on seeing the performance was so much affected that he sent for Joseph Meyer, who enacted the part of Christ, and taking a costly ring from his own finger, placed it with words of praise and admiration on the pious peasant's hand.

The play is really a religious ceremony, and the actors never during their lives forget the responsibility which rests upon them. The Vienna correspondent of the *Times* asserts emphatically that in private they lead, without exception, exemplary lives. "The chief actor is a man whose whole existence has been ennobled by the awful part which he has been called upon to enact for three decades in succession; but so it is with them all, and a stranger has not been many hours in Oberammergau before he learns that the population of this village form truly a peculiar people." The fact is, the people are simple, sincere Catholics. Their knowledge of the world and of books is limited, but on the sacred Scriptures they are wonderfully learned. As Father O'Neill happily remarked in his lecture at Sydney, they live in an atmosphere of native art and native piety. The very approaches to the village, with the Stations of the Cross instead

of milestones and the statues of the saints for guide posts, are characteristic of the inhabitants, and in the village itself, the front of almost every house is decorated with a crucifix, whilst there is not one in the interior of which the cross and pictures and statues of the saints are not displayed. About eight hundred persons take part in each representation; married women are alone excluded. In the autumn preceding the play year, men of all ages, grown-up girls, and children have parts allotted to them, the selections being made by an examining committee of eighteen members. All who are eligible aspire to be in time enrolled in the cast of the Passion Play, and it is regarded as a disgrace to a family if one of its members be altogether excluded from a share in the representation. The actors are monthly Communicants and each of them approaches the altar on the morning of the performance. On that eventful day Masses are celebrated from three to five a.m., and the faithful assist at them with fervent devotion. Soon afterwards all repair to the building in which the representation takes place. On Sunday last close on five thousand spectators were present. Over one thousand were visitors from English-speaking countries and amongst them was the Duke of Edinburgh, who was accompanied by his children. The tableaux and the scenes were presented with artistic picturesqueness and moving dramatic effect. The Crucifixion was unspeakably realistic and whilst it lasted sobs were heard from all parts of the building. The play will be performed on every Sunday in June, July, August and September and on seven week days. During that period the little village will be well taxed to provide accommodation for its numerous visitors.

The Oberammergau play offers the sole extant example of the spirit which the Church endeavoured in former days to infuse into theatrical performances. It aimed at keeping the theatre pure and teaching wholesome lessons of morality by means of the miracle-plays or "mysteries." The licentious spirit of the times forced it to abandon this undertaking. Let us hope that modern curiosity and sensationalism will not prove fatal to the Oberammergau representation. There is certainly some ground for apprehension on this score. Tourists and fresh settlers are gradually transforming the village. "The hamlet," writes a correspondent, "has now the look of a rising Spa. Advertisements of famous champagne brands, English soaps and cycles, American sewing machines and tobaccos hang everywhere about; there is a bookseller with Tauchnitz volumes and French novels in his window; there are shops full of wooden knick-knacks familiar to tourists in Switzerland; photographers abound, and in the new hotels, waiters with white ties serve the customers in dining-rooms which embellish the sites where, ten years ago, stood cow-sheds." The simple rusticity of the inhabitants of Oberammergau will ere long be a thing of the past; their religious earnestness will, however, we may feel assured, prevent them from converting the Passion Play into a mere theatrical performance unsuited to its sacred and solemn theme.—*Liverpool Catholic Times*.

### THE IRISH MEMBERS AND CARDINAL MANNING.

Nearly all the Irish members of Parliament attended at Archbishop's House, Westminster, on Tuesday afternoon, to congratulate the Cardinal Archbishop, and to present him with an illuminated address as a mark of their esteem and admiration. The gathering, numbering between fifty and sixty, included Sir Joseph McKenna, Mr. Sexton, Mr. Parnell, Mr. Dillon, Mr. Patrick O'Brien, Mr. W. Redmond, and Mr. D. Sullivan. On behalf of his colleagues, Mr. Sexton read the address, which eulogised His Eminence's services in the cause of religion and in the promotion of education and temperance, laid especial stress on his "memorable intervention between capital and labour" in the recent dock strike, and thanked him for his efforts to establish goodwill and peace between England and Ireland.

His Eminence, in reply, said:—Gentlemen, when Mr. Dillon came to me and told me you had the good will and the kindness to desire to present me with an address, I accepted it with the greatest joy. Before I say more, allow me to give you a little notice. Every year, in the week fol-

lowing Easter Sunday, and when the English Bishops are assembled here, we have on the Tuesday night a reception and a gathering of all the Catholic men of London. It has been always my desire to see as many of you as were willing to come, but I became aware you had an impression that without an invitor: no one could come. I wish to say to you now that no invitation is ever given. For that night everybody is free. It is a joy to me if they come, and I would say specially to you—the representatives of Ireland—that I hope you will always consider from this day forward that I shall be glad to see you on that Tuesday night, and I hope you will understand that not only are you invited but that you will be most welcome. I had not thought what to say to you in answer to this very affectionate and only too kind address. Nevertheless, I do not feel it possible that I should ever have the representatives of Ireland with me without knowing what to say. In the year 1857, in Rome, it was my duty to speak in the Church of St. Isidore upon St. Patrick's day—a propitious day upon which to say anything about Ireland—and I said that day exactly what I say this day: and I believe if any of you have ever seen my words, or if you will take the trouble to see them you will find that I dwelt on the condition of Ireland about as exactly as I can do it now. Well, in the year 1868 I felt it my duty to write a letter to Lord Grey, in which I touched on the two chief subjects which seemed to me to affect Ireland—one, the disestablishment of the Church, and the other the land—and I believe what I said on the land is pretty much what I shall say now. I recollect, after that, Cardinal Cullen said to me, "The religious question of course is the one we sensitively feel, but the real question is the question of the land. One of the most odious evidences of the conflict between race and religion has been removed from the face of our country, and we cannot help a feeling of thankfulness; but the real question is the land." That made an impression upon me, and I have never forgotten it, and the Bessborough Commission deepened that conviction. Well, if I were to say one word on what seems to me to be the great problem that we have now to solve, it is this. The English three hundred years ago attempted a work which is beyond the power of man to accomplish. In the providence of nature and of God the soil belongs to those who are born upon it and will be buried in it. That was my opinion twenty years ago, and I am of that mind still, and the attempt, contrary to Providence and the law of nature, to build upon the soil any civilisation or any social state which does not spring from that first governing law of God and nature I believe to be doomed to failure. Well, it appears to me that all those unhappy conflicts, all those sad—and I am sure, gentlemen, you will feel with me, those most afflicting and humiliating cases of outrage, could never have happened if there had not been an attempt to undo the law of nature and of God. I have said thousands of times that these acts were not the acts of the Irish people. If I am asked who has provoked them, and who, I may say, has accomplished them, I should say we Englishmen have done it. Well, we are coming to better times. People say to me, "Why do you go on about the past? Why not let bygones be bygones?" You might as well ask me to let original sin be a bygone. No; it is impossible. It is impossible for us to treat their case justly as we ought unless we take it as a whole. I remember saying—it was also more than twenty years ago—"Who have taught the Irish people their most intense love of country? Who have taught them patriotism?" I say without hesitation the most exaggerated form of patriotism and the most exaggerated form of nationalism on the face of the earth is that of Englishmen. We Englishmen have exaggerated it. You have so far followed in our footsteps as Faith and Christianity would allow. I must say that your nationalism and patriotism, as compared with ours, are more rational, more Christian, and in every way more refined. I have no doubt some of you would be very slow to use the words I have used, but I feel I have a right to use them. But I say at the same time this—I love my country, as you have told me. I do not think even my worst enemy has a just or true reason for impeaching my English patriotism. Every drop of my blood is English; but I may say

this, I love England as a son of the soil. I do not love England for the present Christianity of England. I love Ireland not only as a people that I hold to be in kindred with England, but I love Ireland for its Faith's sake, and I love it for the martyrdom which it has suffered. Well now, perhaps I may leave that part of the subject. My present feeling is one of the most profound hope. I say at this moment—and I not only say it, but I feel it—that Ireland has entered into the most intimate and cordial union with the English people. I touch it with my hand, and if I know anything, I know the people of England. I know the working people of England, and I know that at this moment the hearts of the working men of England have turned to Ireland in true and profound sympathy. Well, now, I remember saying to Cardinal Cullen some things which I do not think he liked. I said to him that Ireland was never so much united in her people as it is at this day. Ireland has never been one people—one in nation—as it is at this day. The Irish people never possessed, since the days of their confiscation, so much of the soil of Ireland for their own as they do at this day. They never possessed so much since the days of their utter spoliation. There never was a public opinion in Ireland till this time. There never were municipalities over the face of the country. There were never newspapers to teach the minds and the will of the people as at this time. Gentlemen, has not Ireland advanced in every respect which can note true progress? More than that—was there ever a time when Ireland had cast a harpoon into England as at this day? You have a million of your people in England, and are they not the centre of industry? Have you not influence over all the English Press, both provincial and in London, beyond anything you ever had before? Have you not in the Imperial Parliament at this moment a representation that Ireland never had until this day? Is not that true? Then why should we be downhearted? I was under the gallery of the House of Commons when Mr. Gladstone introduced his two Bills. Now I make a frank confession to you—I did not like his Home Rule Bill, but I did like 150 millions of money. I had not the slightest remorse or compunction, or compassion in taking that. For three hundred years England has drained Ireland, and when any statesman thinks it fit to tilt the stream and turn back again what England can do for Ireland it ought to be done. I am an English taxpayer, and I should therefore have to pay my share. When Mr. Gladstone had finished his speech on the introduction of these Bills I came out and I found myself surrounded by the Irish members. I do not know whether any persons present stood around me, but I think it was Mr. O'Connor who asked me what I thought? I said I think, this in substance—"You have everything—I do not say in form—as to the form I know nothing, the form will take its shape hereafter, but the substance is inevitable; but," I said, "not one of you must go away from Westminster." I say that here now. Not one of you must go from Westminster. Some newspaper writer, who did not show any great breadth of head, said, "Oh, this is because the Cardinal wants the vote of the Irish members about education." Well, now, I thank you for what you have done on the subject and for what you did last session about the Technical Education Bill, and I thank especially those who sat till a late hour in the morning in order to vote for that Bill. But it was not because of the question of education, much as I think that is of vital importance to our country. My reason was this it was an Imperial question, and not a foot of the Irish members must be lifted from the floor of the House of Commons. I do not know what you think, but that is what I think; and you would not think me an honest man if I did not say so. I do not know that I ought to go on much further in politics. I had a pleasant intercourse lately with Mr. Wm. O'Brien, whose absence I cannot regret as he is much happier where he is; but I will say this: I do not know whether any of you have seen *Punch* and the fun it made of my letter as to Mr. O'Brien's book; but I ought to tell you I did criticise the book in a private letter beforehand, and Mr. O'Brien asked me whether he might publish it. I said, "No; I will write you another letter which you may publish." The letter I did write you probably have seen

and know about. It was, as *Punch* said, "rather a sweet thing in criticism." I may say I never was more profoundly touched than I was at the conclusion of that book. I never thought anything more truly descriptive of the history and of the sorrows of Ireland than the conclusion of the book; and when I read that I said, "I cannot be a critic of this book, because I cannot think of anything but Ireland," and, gentlemen, you know what I feel, because that letter tells you. I limit myself to that. I cannot cope with the machinery of Acts of Parliament. I do not profess to do so, but I felt in that letter what both my brain and heart will never fail to affirm. I can only thank you very heartily for coming here this evening. I am happy to see you, and remember these words—that the oftener I see you, the happier I shall be.

## General Catholic News

It is stated that Prince Bismarck intends to visit the Eternal City and Pope Leo in the fall.

It is proposed to build a new church of St. Casimir for Polish Catholics in Seattle, Washington.

The second Catholic Congress of Spain will be opened the 5th of next October, at Saragossa.

*Lloyd's Weekly London Newspaper* of June, 1890, says: "Another clergyman of the Church of England has gone over to Rome, the Rev. I. E. C. Fownes, M.A., of Pembroke College, Oxford, a former curate of St. Mary, Woolnoth, Lombard street.

The first Catholic church in Germany to be lighted electrically is the grand old cathedral at Strasbourg. Arc lights have been used outside with fine effect, and it is stated that many of the noble lines of the architecture are accentuated by night as they never have been by day.

Now that the new order of "Deaconesses" has been put in working order by the Methodists, we may expect a crop of "escaped deaconesses" and the like. If they do appear, there will be no such welcomes tendered them by Catholics as are given alleged "escaped nuns" by the Methodists.

Amongst those who passed successful examinations on the two branches, Literature and Sciences, at the recent meeting of the Board at Three Rivers, for admission to study law in this province, we are glad to notice the name of Mr. Francis Joseph Curran, son of Montreal's distinguished representative in the House of Commons, Mr. J. J. Curran, Q.C., M.P.

The London dock laborers, in remembrance of the labors of Cardinal Manning in their behalf, on the occasion of the great dock strike, presented him on June 12th a purse of £150 in honor of his silver jubilee. The Cardinal, in accepting the gift, announced, his intention to devote the money to the endowment of a hospital bed for the benefit of laborers.

Father Martin Schleyer, the retired Catholic Priest of Baden, Germany, who gave Volapuk to the world, is quite satisfied with the progress the new "world language" has made in its first ten years. Houses all over the world are conducting their correspondence in it, it is stated, and there is now a library of over 1,500 volumes in Volapuk, while millions have become acquainted with its use.

Father Describes, Superior of the Apostolic School of African Missions at Clermont-Ferrand, has just obtained from the Bishop permission to establish at Nantes a preparatory school for the reception of young aspirants to the African Missions. The place has been very fertile for missionaries for African fields, and it is supposed that the new establishment will become very popular.

The Sacred Congregation of Rites has pronounced in favor

of the introduction of the causes for beatification of the Venerable Jean Baptiste Vianney, Cure d'Ass, and of Venerable Isidor Gagein, one of the martyrs of Cochin China. The Holy Father has also approved the decision of the same congregation in favor of the beatification of the Venerable Mother Vivier, foundress of the Sisters of Presentation; and the decree will be promulgated next month.

The *Catholic News* calls attention to the following ingenious slip:

"The New York State Board of Charities issues a report upon the care of dependent children. It classes institutions in this way: Protestant or non-sectarian; Hebrew, Roman Catholic. This is not a slip of the pen, for it occurs on page 8; on page 9, 16, etc., it occurs again. Thus we have an official, State recognition that non-sectarian simply means Protestant, nothing less, nothing more. It is a report to keep as evidence."

The opening of the new Catholic church at Herne Bay, England, on June 26, was a remarkable event. The rector of this mission, Father William O'Hagan C. P., is the first Catholic priest who has resided at Herne Bay since the days of Ridley, of Reformation notoriety. Ridley was parish priest of Herne Bay when he joined Henry VIII., and it was in this parish that the *Te Deum* was first sung in English. The fact that an Irish Catholic missionary now occupies Ridley's place, and that the Catholic ritual has been permanently restored to this historical spot by a son of Ireland must be interesting and pleasing to Father O'Hagan's countrymen.

The unusual scene of fifty Protestant families assembling in a Catholic church and making a public profession of the Catholic faith and thus becoming Catholics themselves was witnessed a few weeks ago in the south of Ireland. One of the converts, an educated man, addressed the people after Mass, saying that he had been contemplating this change of religion for some time, but that recent occurrences had hastened the event. The others gave similar reasons. The "recent occurrences" are connected with the coercion law and its application in Ireland.

From Loretto come tidings that Mgr. Strassmayer, Bishop of Diokavar, desires to second the generous efforts of Leo XIII to bring back the entire Slav nation to Catholic unity, has formed a project to erect in the Basilica of the Holy House of Loretto a special chapel, in honor of the Apostle of the Slavs, Saints Cyril and Methodius on the plan of that already dedicated to their cult in the Basilica of St. Clement, in the Eternal City. This purpose is highly approved by the Pope, whilst the Slav Catholics rejoice over the prospect of beholding their pious traditions thereby affirmed in that august house of Loretto, which, at the moment of its first translation, rested temporarily on Croatain land, at Finme.

The second annual convention of the colored Catholics of America began at St. Peter's Cathedral, Cincinnati, Tuesday, July 8. It was intended that Father Augustus Tolton, the only colored Catholic priest, should celebrate the Solemn High Mass previous to the opening of convention, but he failed to arrive. The ceremony was, therefore, performed by Rev. M. Griffin of Pittsburg, Pa. The deacons were Rev. J. White of Louisville, Ky., and Rev. H. Eumelin of Leavenworth, Kan. The sermon was delivered by Rev. John A. Mackey, Brother Albert, a Benedictine monk, also colored, was in attendance, coming from St. Vincent's Abbey, in Pennsylvania. Forty-eight delegates, representing 200,000 Catholics in the thirteen states, were in attendance at the Mass and took part in the celebration. The choir and neolytes were members of the colored Catholic churches in Cincinnati. Daniel A. Ridd of Cincinnati, was chosen as temporary chairman, and C. H. Butler of Washington, secretary.

The Paulist Fathers, since the establishment of their new church on Ninth avenue and fifty-ninth and sixtieth streets, New York, five years ago, have directed their particular

attention toward limiting the number of saloons in their immediate neighborhood. The field has been so well cleared of saloons that two entire blocks on Tenth avenue remain free from saloons.

Upon hearing of applications recently for licenses in those blocks the Fathers visited the various other organizations opposed to new licenses in their neighborhood and were instrumental in securing a concerted action, which has resulted in protests now on file at the Board of Excise.

Father Elliot, of the Paulist Fathers, and other gentlemen interested in the movement against the saloons, are determined to make every effort to keep the saloons away from their locality, and if necessary will take legal action to effect a similar move should one be made by the applicants for license.

Thirty-seven years ago the Sovereign Pontiff Pius IX., of happy memory, re-established the Catholic hierarchy in Holland; since that time the Church has made wonderful progress throughout the country. A memorial tablet, displaying statistics of the work of religion, was presented to the Holy Father Leo XIII. on the occasion of his Sacerdotal Jubilee. These have been recently published, and from them we glean the following: In 1853 there were in Holland 711 religious men and 88 monasteries; in 1887 this number had increased to 2,572 in 144 houses; the number of religious women had multiplied from 1,913 in 109 establishments to 8,350 in 453 convents. Catholic hospitals and orphan asylums had increased from 93 to 233; 416 new churches had been built, and 136 restored. The number of Catholics in 1887 was 1,402,400. More than two years have passed since the preparation of these statistics, but there is assurance that the Church has made proportionately rapid strides.

The republic of Ecuador, dedicated long ago by its pious president, Moreno, to the Sacred Heart, is about to erect a sanctuary in the honor of the Sacred Heart, which will be the wonder and pride of South America. On the 19th of March last the temporary chapel was solemnly begun by Mgr. Macchi on the site which the grand building is to occupy. The position is peculiar and astonishing. It is on the side of the mountain which overhangs Quito, some thousands of feet above the level plain, and when the church is erected it will be visible to the whole country for miles around. The opening ceremonies were attended by the President of the Republic, the religious and civil authorities, and an immense crowd of people. The impulse which the pious Moreno gave his people before his unfortunate assassination seems bound to continue. He never did a wiser thing than consecrate his country to the Sacred Heart.

The St. Patrick's T. A. and B. Society made a pilgrimage to Oka on Saturday, the attendance being very large. At 7 a.m., the pilgrims left the Bonaventure depot, taking the steamer *Prince of Wales* at Lachine. On the steamer religious duties were performed and sacred music was sung by a choir directed by Professor Fowler. On arriving at Oka a procession to the church was formed, when Mass was celebrated. Later on the devotion of the Way of the Cross took place. The pilgrims formed in procession headed by Marshal James Milloy and Assistant Marshal Lappin, and wended their way up the mountain, at each station a short stop being made for prayers and instructions, which were conducted by the Rev. J. A. McCallen, S. S. At 3.30 p.m., solemn benediction was celebrated in the church, and at 4.30 p.m., the start was made for home. On the way down the choir gave several well rendered selections, which needless to say were much appreciated. The pilgrimage on the whole was most successful, and much of the success which attended it is due to the untiring and able efforts of the Rev. J. A. McCallen, S.S., under whose direction it was held. During the trip the Rev. Father was kept busy, but had a pleasant word for everybody. The committee are also to be congratulated on the manner in which everything was conducted.

The Pope on June 22nd, bestowed cardinals' hats upon Mgr. Vanutell, Papal nuncio at Lisbon; Archbishop Galerti, of Ravenna; Bishop Mermillod, of Lausanne, and Bishop Dunageivski, of Cracow.

## Men and Things.

It will be remembered, says a letter from London, that Mr. Dillon, in the course of his speech at the recent welcome home banquet in Dublin, gave eloquent expression to the feelings that animated him whom he stood upon the site of the Eureka Stockade at Ballarat, the place where legislative freedom for the Australians was won by the insurrection of the oppressed diggers under a brave Irish leader, Peter Lalor, in December, 1854. The rebel general, notwithstanding that a large reward had been offered for his capture, dead or alive, lived to become a Minister of the Crown and Speaker of the Victoria Parliament, and to twice decline the offer of knighthood from the Queen against whose troops he had fought in the cause of liberty and justice. Mr. Lalor died about a year ago, to the deep regret of all classes of the colonists; but amongst the news by the mail that has just arrived is the gratifying announcement that his memory is to be perpetuated by a heroic bronze statue to be erected on the historic spot with which his name and fame will ever be identified—the Eureka stockade. Mr. James Oddie, one of the few surviving pioneers of the Ballarat gold field, and a gentleman who had himself experienced some of the brutal tyrannies that ultimately drove the diggers into open rebellion, has munificently taken upon himself the whole cost of the statue and its erection.

In the *Review of Reviews*, Mr. Stead, formerly editor of the *Pall Mall Gazette*, pays a graceful tribute to Cardinal Manning on the occasion of his jubilee. It may be remarked here that His Eminence received abundant praise from Protestant journals and publicists, who testified to his transcendent virtues as a Christian and as a citizen. Said Mr. Stead: "No words that I can use can give more than a faint and inadequate impression of the inexhaustible kindness which the cardinal has shown not merely to me but to others of my friends who needed it even more, of the ready sympathy, of the resourceful counsel which were ever at their command. London would be a very different city to me if the cardinal were not at Westminster keeping vigilant and loving watch, in true Cromwellian spirit, over the interests of the empire and the welfare of the common people. Since my father died there has been no man who has been so good to me, so helpful, so loving and so true as Cardinal Manning. And as he has been to me, so he has been to a great multitude which no man can number of obscure, unknown, despised and broken-hearted men and women, to whom in their darkest hour of misery and despair he has appeared as a blessed minister of love and hope."

This in Conservative England, which has an established church, of which the reigning sovereign is the head. If Cardinal Manning lived in free America he would be assailed, vilified, traduced, misrepresented and maligned by the Music Hall fanatics and their breed throughout the country. Let us be thankful that English Protestants have enough decency to recognize merit even in a religious opponent, who was once of their communion, and who saw his duty and his salvation elsewhere. And let us hope that a similar spirit of tolerance will develop in the United States, under which the Fultons, Cooks, Bradburys and Moxoms will be sent to the oblivion which their bigotry merits.

CANADA'S GREAT FAIR.—The receipt of a copy of the Prize List for this year's Toronto Industrial Exhibition, which is to be held from the 8th to the 20th of September next, reminds us that the fair season is again fast approaching. The Prize List shows the addition of many new classes and a large increase in the amount offered as premiums. Toronto offers many attractions to visitors during the season, but the greatest of all is its annual Exhibition, which this year promises to be greater and better than ever. A copy of the Prize List can be obtained by any of our readers, who may desire one, by dropping a post card to Mr. H. HILL, the Secretary, at Toronto.

THE easy quiet way in which T. A. SLOCUM'S OXYGENIZED EMULSION of PURE COD LIVER OIL has won its way into public favor speaks volumes for its merits. At the office of the company, Toronto Ont., can be seen scores of valuable testimonials while any druggist will tell you that for all pulmonary difficulties it stands unrivalled.



**Continuation of the  
GREAT JULY  
MARK-DOWN SALE  
McKEOWN & CO.**

During the remainder of this month we  
will continue our enormous  
**MARK DOWN SALE**

In order to reduce our Stock as much as  
possible prior to 1st August.

Our sales this month has been unprece-  
dented but there are lots of Goods left yet  
that must be closed out. We will offer un-  
approachable bargains in Dress Goods,  
Silks, Satens, Prints, Gingham, Table  
Linen, Sheetings, White Quilts, Lace  
Curtains, Flannelettes, Tennis Flannels,  
Check Muslin, Victoria Lawn, India  
Linen, Skirting and narrow Embroideries,  
Laces, Handkerchiefs, Corsets, Ribbons,  
Kid and Silk Gloves and Mitts, Ladies'  
summer Underware, etc, and also a special  
purchase of 500 doz. Ladies Balbriggan,  
Striped Black and Colored Cotton Hose  
selling 3 pair for 50 cts. this is less than  
half actual value.

Immense reductions in Jackets, Jerseys  
Waterproof Cloaks, Parasols, Ladies and  
Childrens Muslin Underware &c, &c.  
Everything as advertised

**M'KEOWN & CO.**  
182 Yonge Street.

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

Class	Day	a.m.	p.m.	a.m.	p.m.
G. T. R. East	.....	6.00	7.30	7.45	10.30
O. and Q. Railway	.....	7.30	7.45	8.00	9.00
G. T. R. West	.....	7.00	3.20		12.40
					7.10
N. and N. W.	.....	7.00	4.10	10.00	8.10
T. G. and B.	.....	6.30	3.45	10.40	9.00
Midland	.....	6.30	3.30		9.30
					12.30
C. V. R.	.....	6.00	3.20	11.20	9.35
		a.m.	p.m.	a.m.	p.m.
G. W. R.	.....	2.00	9.00	2.00	
		6.00	4.00	10.30	7.30
		11.30	9.30		8.20
		a.m.	p.m.	a.m.	p.m.
U. S. N. Y.	.....	6.00	4.00	9.00	5.45
		11.30	9.30	10.30	11.00
U. S. West States	.....	6.00	9.30	9.00	
		12.00			7.20

English mails will be closed during July,  
as follows: July 2, 3, 7, 9, 10, 14, 16, 17, 21, 23  
& 30 and 31.



**NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN** that new  
tenders will be called for at an early  
date for the construction of the Caisson for  
the Kingston Dry Dock, as changes are to  
be made in the Specification as regards the  
size of the Caisson.

By order,  
**A. GOBEIL,**  
Secretary.

Department of Public Works,  
Ottawa, July 5th, 1890.

**SEALED TENDERS** addressed to the  
undersigned, and endorsed "Tender  
for Post Office, &c., Walkerton, Ont.," will  
be received at this office until Tuesday,  
22nd July, 1890, for the several works re-  
quired in the erection of Post Office, &c.,  
Walkerton, Ont.

Specifications can be seen at the Depart-  
ment of Public Works, Ottawa, and at the  
office of Mr. C. W. Stovel, at Walkerton,  
on and after Monday, 7th July, and tenders  
will not be considered unless made on form  
supplied and signed with the actual signa-  
tures of tenderers.

An accepted bank cheque, payable to the  
order of the Minister of Public Works,  
equal to five per cent. of amount of tender,  
must accompany each tender. This  
cheque will be forfeited if the party de-  
cline the contract, or fail to complete the  
work contracted for, and will be returned  
in case of non acceptance of tender.

The department does not bind itself to  
accept the lowest or any tender.

By order,  
**A. GOBEIL,**  
Secretary

Department of Public Works  
Ottawa, 7th July, 1890

**SEALED TENDERS** addressed to the  
undersigned, and endorsed "Tender  
for Dredging River Kaministiquia," will  
be received at this office until Friday, the  
18th day of July next, inclusively, for  
dredging on the "Bar" at the mouth of the  
River Kaministiquia, Thunder Bay, and  
in the River itself, in accordance with the  
terms and stipulations contained in a com-  
bined specification and tender to be ob-  
tained on application to W. Murdoch, Esq.,  
Resident Engineer, Port Arthur, and the  
undersigned at the Public Works Depart-  
ment, Ottawa.

Tenders will not be considered unless  
made on the form supplied and signed  
with the actual signatures of tenderers.

The Department does not bind itself to  
accept the lowest or any tender.

By order,  
**A. GOBEIL,**  
Secretary.

Department of Public Works,  
Ottawa, 4th July, 1890.

**SEALED TENDERS**, addressed to the  
undersigned, and endorsed "Tender for  
Warton Works," will be received at this  
office until Tuesday, the 8th day of July,  
next, inclusively, for the construction of  
an extension to the Breakwater at War-  
ton, Bruce County, Ontario, according to  
a plan and specification to be seen on ap-  
plication to Mr. David Dinsmore, Post  
Master, Warton, and at the Department  
of Public Works, Ottawa.

Tenders will not be considered unless  
made on the form supplied, and signed  
with the actual signature of tenderers.

An accepted bank cheque, payable to the  
order of the Minister of Public Works,  
equal to five per cent. of amount of tender  
must accompany each tender. This cheque  
will be forfeited if the party decline the  
contract or fail to complete the work con-  
tracted for, and will be returned in case of  
non-acceptance of tender.

The Department does not bind itself to  
accept the lowest or any tender.

By order,  
**A. GOBEIL,**  
Department of Public Works,  
Ottawa, 23rd June, 1890

**SEALED TENDERS**, addressed to the  
undersigned, and endorsed "Tender for  
Dredging River Kaministiquia," will be re-  
ceived at this office until Friday, the 18th  
day of July next, inclusively, for Dredging  
on the "Bar" at the mouth of the River  
Kaministiquia Thunder Bay, and in the  
River itself, in accordance with the terms  
and stipulations contained in a combined  
specification and tender, to be obtained on  
application to W. Murdoch, Esq., Resident  
Engineer, Port Arthur, and the under-  
signed at the Public Works department,  
Ottawa.

Tenders will not be considered unless  
made on the form supplied and signed with  
the actual signatures of tenderers.

An accepted bank cheque, payable to the  
order of the Minister of Public Works,  
for the sum of two thousand dollars (\$2,000)  
must accompany each tender. This cheque  
will be forfeited if the party decline the  
contract, or fail to complete the work con-  
tracted for, and will be returned in case of  
non-acceptance of tender.

The Department does not bind itself to  
accept the lowest or any tender.

This notice cancels and supercedes the  
previous notice.

By order,  
**A. GOBEIL,**  
Secretary.

Department of Public Works,  
Ottawa, 8th June, 1890.

**RUBBER BOOTS, COATS**

And other Rubber Goods Repaired

**-H. J. LA FORCE-**

Fine Boots and Shoes Made to Order

117 Church St. - - - cor. of Queen

The Great Secret of the Canary Breeders of the World  
**MANNA BIRD** to cage birds and pre-  
serve them in health, etc. by mail. Sold by druggists.  
Directions free. Bird Food Co., 401 N. 3d St., Phila., Pa.

**FITS** Send at once for a FREE BOTTLE  
and a valuable Treatise. This remedy is  
a sure and rational cure and is perfectly  
harmless as no injurious drugs are used in  
its preparation. I will warrant it to cure  
**EPILEPSY OR FALLING SICKNESS**

In severe cases where other remedies have failed.  
My reason for sending a free bottle is I want the  
medicine to be its own recom-  
mendation. It costs you nothing  
for a trial, and a radical cure  
is certain. Give Express and  
Post Office. Address:

**H. G. ROOT M. C., 186 West Adelaide St.  
Toronto, Ont.**

**POEMS**

OF  
**POPE LEO XIII.**

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

**NATIONAL COLONIZATION LOTTERY**

Under the patronage of Rev. Father Labelle.

Established in 1881, under the Act of Quebec, 32 Vict., Chapit. 35, for the benefit of the Diocesan Societies of Colonization of the Province of Quebec.

**CLASS D**  
The 36th Monthly Drawing will take place

**WEDNESDAY JULY 16th**  
At 2 p.m.

PRIZES VALUE  
**\$50,000**  
Capital prize—One Real Estate worth \$5,000.00

**LIST OF PRIZES.**

1 Real Estate worth.....	\$5,000	5,000
1 do .....	2,000	2,000
1 do .....	1,000	1,000
1 do .....	500	2,000
10 Real Estate ..	300	3,000
30 Furniture sets ..	200	3,000
60 do .....	100	6,000
200 Gold Watches ..	50	10,000
1,000 Silver Watches ..	10	10,000
1,000 Toilet Sets ..	5	5,000
2,507 Prizes worth ..		\$50,000.00

**TICKETS - \$1.00**

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

Winners, names not published unless specially authorized:  
A. A. AUDET, secretary,  
Offices, 19 St. James street, Montreal, Can

**The Province of Quebec Lottery**

AUTHORIZED BY THE LEGISLATURE

For public purposes such as Educational Establishment and large Hall for the St. John Baptist Society of Montreal.

**MONTHLY DRAWINGS FOR THE YEAR 1890**

FROM THE MONTH OF JULY

July 9, August 13, September 10, October 8, November 12, December 10.  
**SECOND MONTHLY DRAWING, AUGUST 13 1890.**

**3134 PRIZES**  
**WORTH \$52,740.00**  
**CAPITAL PRIZE**  
**WORTH \$15,000.00**  
**TICKET, . . . \$1.00**  
**11 TICKETS for \$10.00**

Ask for circulars.

**LIST OF PRIZES.**

1 Prize worth \$15,000—	\$15,000.00
1 " " " " " "	5,000.00
1 " " " " " "	2,500.00
1 " " " " " "	1,250.00
1 Prizes " " " " " "	1,000.00
25 " " " " " "	1,250.00
25 " " " " " "	50
100 " " " " " "	1,250.00
200 " " " " " "	15
500 " " " " " "	10

Approximation Prices.

100 " " " " " "	2,500.00
100 " " " " " "	1,500.00
100 " " " " " "	1,000.00
999 " " " " " "	4,995.00
999 " " " " " "	1,995.00

**3134 Prizes worth \$52,740.00**  
S. E. LEFEBVRE, .. MANAGER,  
81 St. James St., Montreal Can.



**The Antidote to Alcohol found at Last!**

A NEW DEPARTURE  
**The Father Mathew Remedy**

Is a certain and speedy cure for Intemperance and destroys all appetite for alcoholic liquor. The day after a debauch, or any intemperance indulgence, a single teaspoonfull will remove all mental and physical depression.

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

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

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

S. Lachance, Druggist, Sole Proprietor  
1588 and 1510 Catherine st., Montreal

**ST. LAWRENCE CANALS.**

**RAPIDE PLAT DIVISION.**  
**NOTICE TO CONTRACTORS.**

**SEALED TENDERS** addressed to the undersigned, and endorsed "Tender for the St. Lawrence Canals," will be received at this office, until the arrival of the eastern and western mails on *Wednesday, the 23rd day of July* next, for the construction of a lift lock, weirs, etc., at Morrisburg, and the deepening and enlargement of the Rapide Canal. The work will be divided into three sections, each about a mile in length.

A map of the locality, together with plans and specifications of the respective works, can be seen on and after *Wednesday, the 9th day of July* next, at this office, and at the Resident Engineer's Office, Morrisburg, where printed forms of tender can be obtained.

In the case of firms there must be attached to the tender, the actual signatures of the full name, the nature of the occupation and residence of each member of the same, and, further, an *accepted cheque* on a chartered bank in Canada for the sum of \$6,000, must accompany the tender for Section No. 1, and an *accepted cheque* on a chartered bank in Canada, for the sum of \$2,000 for each of the other sections.

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

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

By order.

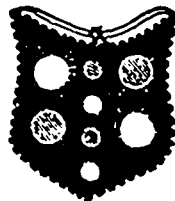
A. P. BRADLEY,

Secretary.

Department of Railways and Canals,  
Ottawa, 13th June, 1890.

**CLIMAX OF ABSORPTION**  
**A CURE WITHOUT MEDICINE.**

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



All diseases are successfully treated by

CORRESPONDENCE,

as our goods can be applied at home.

**STILL ANOTHER NEW LIST.**

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Would no. be without your Belt and Suspensory for \$50, says J. McG.

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

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

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

Mention this Paper. Illustrated Book and Journal FREE.

**W. T. BAER & CO., 171 Queen st. West, TORONTO, ONT.**





Canada, Montreal, Quebec

# ROYAL BAKING POWDER

**Absolutely Pure.**

A cream of Tartar Baking Powder. Highest of all in leavening strength.—U. S. Government Report, Aug. 17, 1889.

## Dominion : Line : Royal : Mail STEAMSHIPS SUMMER SEASON.

Liverpool Service—Sailing Dates FROM MONTREAL. FROM QUEBEC.

*Sarat	Thur. July 17	21
*Oregon	" " "	31
Dominion	" " "	31
Vancouver	Wed. Aug. 6	Thur. Aug. 7th
Toronto	Thur. " 14	

Bristol Service, for Avonmouth Dock. SAILING DATES. FROM MONTREAL.

Idhao..... July 19th  
Ontario..... " 31st

Rates of passage per S. S. "Vancouver" Cabin \$60, to \$80. Return \$110 to \$150, according to accommodation. By all other Steamers \$30 and \$50, according to accommodation in three and two berth rooms. Return \$40 and \$60. Intermediate \$30. Return \$50. Steerage \$20. Return \$30.

\*These Steamers have Saloon, State-rooms, Music room and Bath-rooms, and ships, where but little motion is felt, and carry therein Cattle or Sheep.

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

# ALLAN LINE

SUMMER ARRANGEMENT, 1890.

Reduction in Cabin Rates

Liverpool, Londonderry, Montreal and Quebec Service.

STEAMER	From Montreal At Daylight	From Quebec 9 a.m.
Circassian	9 July	19 July
Sardinian	16 "	17 "
Polynesian	23 "	24 "
Parisian	30 July	31 "
Circassian	13 August	14 August
Sardinian	20 "	21 "
Polynesian	27 "	28 "

### RATES OF PASSAGE.

Montreal or Quebec to Liverpool. Cabin, from \$45.00, to \$80.00, according to accommodation. Intermediate, \$30. Steerage, \$20.00. Return Tickets, Cabin, \$95.00 to \$150.00.

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

H. BOURLIER,  
GENERAL WESTERN AGENT  
Corner King and Yonge Street  
TORONTO

# ECONOMIZE

One Tablet of SUNLIGHT SOAP Will do more Washing than Five Tablets of ordinary Laundry Soap

IT WILL MAKE YOUR CLOTHES WHITER

IT WILL NOT INJURE THE MOST DELICATE LACE

IT WILL NOT SHRINK FLANNELS AND WOOLENS

IT WILL ENABLE YOU TO DO A LARGE WASH IN HALF A DAY

YOU NEED NOT USE WASHING-POWDERS OR BOIL THE CLOTHES

**BEWARE.** Do not allow other Soaps, said to be the same as "Sunlight" Soap to be palmed off upon you. If you do you must expect to be disappointed. See that you get what you ask for, and that the word "SUNLIGHT" is stamped upon every tablet and printed upon every wrapper.

## Niagara River Line

In connection with Vanderbilt System of Railways

SINGLE TRIPS

On and after Thursday, May 15, steamer

### CIBOLA

will leave Yonge-street wharf (daily except Sundays) at 7 a. m. for Niagara and Lewistown, connecting with trains on New York Central and Michigan Central Railways for Fair, Buffalo, New York, etc.

Tickets at all principal offices.

JOHN FOY, MANAGER.

## W. K. MURPHY

Funeral Director & Embalmer

407 QUEEN ST. WEST TORONTO

Diplomist for Embalming

## R. BEULLAC

MANUFACTURER AND DEALER IN

## Church Ornaments

1674 NOTRE DAME ST.

MONTREAL.

Send to us for Catalogue & Price List

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

## THE BOILER INSPECTION

and Insurance Co. of Canada

Consulting Engineers and Solicitors of Patents.

—HEAD OFFICE—

QUEBEC BANK CHAMBERS TORONTO  
G. C. Robb A. Fraser  
Chief Engineer Sec.-Treas.



CHICAGO, October, 1887.  
I, the undersigned, C. Schwennck, suffered from a nervous trouble for eight years, and after having tried some of the leading physicians of Germany, they could give me no relief, but advised an ocean voyage, even this however, did not improve the trouble and my condition became daily more hopeless. I was about this time advised to try Pastor Koenig's Nerve Tonic. I freely state that since using it three years ago, I have had but two very mild attacks, while formerly I had an attack every week.  
CONRAD SCHWENCK, 1445 Mountain St.

Our Pamphlet for sufferers of nervous disease will be sent free to any address, and poor patients can also obtain this medicine free of charge from us.  
This remedy has been prepared by the Reverend Pastor Koenig, of Fort Wayne, Ind., for the past ten years, and is now prepared under his direction by the

**KOENIG MEDICINE CO.,**  
60 W. Madison cor. Clinton St., CHICAGO, ILL.  
SOLD BY DRUGGISTS.

Price \$1 per Bottle. 6 Bottles for \$5.  
Agents, Lyman & Co Toronto

## John McMahon

MERCHANT TAILOR

39 King St. W., : Toronto

### AGENTS

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

Advertise in

The Catholic Review

and it will pay you.