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The Catholic Weekly Review.

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

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Vol. VI.

Toronto, Saturday May 28, 1892.

No. 10



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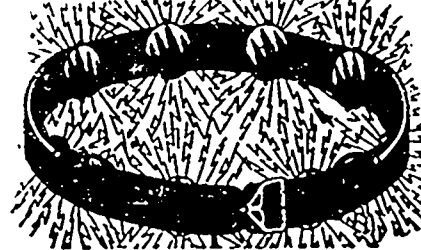
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Cured Entirely.

CINCINNATI, O., Feb. 1892.

I, the undersigned, hereby state that my son had epileptic fits over the years; but was cured by Pastor Koening's Nerve Tonic. I make this statement out of gratitude.

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Pastor of St. Francis Church.

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The Catholic Weekly Review.

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

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

Vol. VI.

Toronto, Saturday, May 28, 1892

No. 16

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EDITORIAL NOTES.

Census bulletin No. 9 (population of Canada by religions) is held over to next week. Catholics are 41.46 per cent. of the total population. The Methodists are next in strength, 17.65 per cent.

Many bad debts, like the Indian reservations in the West, are open to settlement. - *Rochester Post Express*. England's bad debts to Ireland are by special dispensation of His Grace of Salisbury to be closed from chance of settlement.

The California State Board of Health is trying to start a movement for the establishment of a lazaretto for the care of lepers. - (*Daily paper*.) As the *Catholic Review*, N. Y., remarks, they will have no difficulty in deciding where to look for a resident chaplain and for nurses.

We draw attention to an able article reproduced elsewhere from an excellent contemporary on "Methodist animosity against us." Nearly every word of it applies forcibly to our own position. The woods here in Canada, especially the backwoods, are full of Dr. King's.

HELP--The Irish party (whatever may be their differences on minor points) will advance, in the approaching contest, an unbroken phalanx against the common enemy, (we use an enemy's word). All friends of Ireland should send quickly their contributions to the Irish Fund, of which His Grace the Archbishop has kindly consented to be treasurer in Toronto. An epoch-making struggle is at hand, and a million vain regrets will not supply the place of actual present assistance. GIVE IT AT ONCE.

Here is something in the same line from a purely business standpoint: "It will not do to have added to this (i. e., the prevalent idea of

Toronto bigotry) the announcement that an Order with branches all over the continent was unable to hold its annual convention in this city because of religious bigotry. Toronto has a reputation at stake. More and more this is coming to be known as the convention city. Those attending these conventions spend a great deal of money here, and others coming to Toronto as a result of the advertising the city receives from the assemblages, spend still greater sums. Simply as a matter of business, then, and apart from any higher motive altogether, those having a stake in Toronto should frown down any attempt to destroy this source of the city's prosperity." - *News*, 23 May.

Last week an innocent named Walton wrote the Executive (Toronto) that the Knights of St. John were going to parade with the Host, and prophesied trouble." - (*Daily paper*). If innocents like him knew what they were going to write about before they wrote they might make as much progress but they would certainly make less noise.

Lord Salisbury has declared almost in a breath, for Protestant ascendancy in Northern Ireland and for a protective policy for the United Kingdom. He seems to purpose driving the two ideas abreast in the approaching elections. Those who affect to know appear to insinuate that the aggregation will be an unfortunate one for the driver. He had done better, they say, to drive them tandem with Protection for the leader.

"Journals that give publicity to the ravings of individuals who are afraid that the visitors at the convention next month will carry the Host in public procession, are doing their little best to stir up strife. The organization which holds its convention here is an exclusively Roman Catholic, but in no sense a religious, much less a proselytizing society. Why should the meeting of a fraternal association of Roman Catholics excite undue interest in Toronto? Their procession, if they hold one, will not be a religious parade. They are no more likely to carry the Host in their march than the Epworth League would be to display the communion service on its way to a picnic." (*Telegram*, 23 May).

LOOK AT THIS.

LORD SALISBURY addressing Primrose League: "I can hardly mention this subject without, in passing, expressing the gratitude which we all must feel to that eminent authority [the Pope] that the great position of influence which was occupied by the late Cardinal Manning is now conferred upon a man so deeply respected by all who know him, of whatever creed or shade of opinion, as Dr. Vaughan."

AND AT THIS.

LORD SALISBURY addressing Primrose League: "What Ulster Protestants had to dread was being submitted to the despotism of their foes. While Parliament had the right to govern Ulster, it had no right to sell the province into slavery. Any attempt to use the English military to subject Ulster to Archbishop Walsh would rend society in two. Home Rule was not a message of peace, but of civil and religious war."

CARDINAL LAVIGERIE, CATHOLICS, AND THE FRENCH REPUBLIC.

Is a pastoral lately issued, Cardinal Lavigerie relates the difficulties with which he had to contend, and the dangers he ran in bringing about what is now, on account of the recent letter of the Holy Father, the definite acceptance by the Catholics of France of the republican form of government. As our readers will remember, the initiation of the movement was due to a speech delivered by the Cardinal in the latter part of 1890. The pastoral now issued narrates the circumstances which led to the making of that speech. In the October of 1890 he was at Rome, intent solely on his African missions and on his crusade against the slave trade. The Pope asked him to suspend for a time his anti-slavery work in order to promote the views with reference to the relations of the Church to the Republic which the Holy Father had then embraced. Cardinal Lavigerie was struck by the combined simplicity and sublimity of those views, but could not disguise from himself the storm which he would arouse by entering upon such a movement. To use his expression, he foresaw the vengeance which some would endeavor to wreak upon him, and, what was worse, upon his work, should he undertake it. Nevertheless, after consultation with one of the superiors of the African mission in whom he had the greatest confidence, he accepted the task, and although as a matter of fact he met with the full amount of the opposition which he had anticipated, although there were no injustices, and scarcely any calumnies, which he had not to undergo, he now rejoices in the hour of triumph which has arrived, for in his recent letter the Pope has publicly repeated not only the ideas but the very words to which the Cardinal has been giving utterance during the past two years. This account is instructive, showing as it does how strong is the power, even within the Church and in opposition to the Pope, of those who are attached to outworn ideas, and with what circumspection the Holy Father has to act in order to serve the best interests of the Church and the world.—*Catholic World*.

THE LACK OF ENTHUSIASM.

BY MAURICE FRANCIS EGAN IN *Are Maria*.

HAS ENTHUSIASM gone out of fashion? Are the young no longer hero-worshippers? A recent writer complains of the sadness of American youth. "The absence of animal spirits among our well-to-do young people is a striking contrast to the exuberance of that quality in most European countries," says this author, in the *Atlantic Monthly*.

Our young people laugh very much, but they are not, as a rule, cheerful; and they are amiable only when they "feel like being amiable." This is the most fatal defect in American manners among the young. The consideration for others shown only when a man is entirely at peace with himself is not politeness at all: it is the most unrefined manifestation of selfishness.

Before we condemn the proverbial artificiality of the French, let us contrast it with the brutality of the average carper at this artificiality. "A Frenchman," he will say, "will lift his hat to you, but he would not give you a sou if you were starving." Let us take that assertion for its full value. We are not starving; we do not want his sou, but we do want our every day life made as pleasant as possible. And is your average brutal and bluff and uncivilized creature the more anxious to give his substance to the needy because he is ready on all occasions to tread on the toes of his neighbour? He holds all uttered pleasant things to be lies, and the suppression of the brutal a sin against truth. One sees this personage too often not to understand him well. He is half-civilized. King Henry VIII. was of this kind

charming, bluff old fellow, bubbling over with truth and frankness, slapping Sir Thomas Moore on the back, and full of delicious horse-play, when his dinner agreed with him! It is easy to comprehend that the high politeness of the best of the French is the result of the finest civilization. No wonder Talleyrand looked back and said that no man really enjoyed life who had not lived before the Revolution.

But why should enthusiasm have gone out? Why should the young have no heroes? Have the newspaper joke, the levity of Ingersoll and the irreverence of the stump-speakers, the cynicism of *Puck* and the insolence of *Judge*, driven out enthusiasm? George Washington is mentioned what inextinguishable laughter follows! the cherry tree, the little hatchet! What novel wit that name suggests! One *must* laugh, it is so funny! And, then, the Scriptural personages! The paragraphers have made Job so very amusing; and Joseph and Daniel!—how stupid people must be who do not roar with laughter at the mere mention of these august names!

Can not this odious, brutal laughter, which is not manly or womanly, be stopped? Ridicule cannot kill it, but an appeal to all the best feelings of the human heart might; for all the best feelings of the human heart are outraged. How funny death has become! When shall we grow tired of the joke about the servant who lighted the fire with kerosene, and went Above; or the quite too awfully comical *jeu d'esprit* about the boy who ate the green apples, and is no more? These jokes are in the same taste that would put the hair of a skeleton into curl papers. Still we laugh.

A nation without reverence has begun to die: its feet are cold, though it may still grin. A nation whose youth are without enthusiasm has no future beyond the piling up of dollars. It is not so with our country yet; but the fact remains: enthusiasm is dying, and hero-worship needs revival.

One can easily understand why, among Catholics, there is not so much hero-worship as there ought to be. It is because our greatest heroes are not even mentioned in current literature, and because they are not well presented to our young people. St. Francis Xavier was a greater hero than Nelson; yet Nelson is popularly esteemed the more heroic, because Southey wrote his life well. But St. Francis' life is written for the mystic, for the devotee. It is right, of course; but our young people are not all mystics or devotees; consequently St. Francis seems afar off—a saint, to be vaguely remembered, but nothing more.

If the saints whose heroism appeals most to the young could be brought nearer to the natural young person, they would soon be as friends, daily companions—heroes, not distant beings whose halos guard them from contact. One need only know St. Francis of Assisi to be very fond of him. He had a sense of humor, too, but no sense of levity. And yet the only readable life of this hero and friend has been written by a Protestant. (I am not recommending it; for there are some things which Mrs. Oliphant does not understand.) And there is St. Ignatius Loyola. And there is St. Charles Borromeo—that was a man! And St. Philip Neri, who had a sense of humor, and was entirely civilized at the same time. And St. Francis of Sales! His "Letters to Persons in the World" make one wish that he had not died so soon. What tact, what knowledge of the world! How well he persuades people without diplomacy, by the force of a fine nature open to the grace of God!

Our young people need only to know the saints—not out of Alban Butler's sketches, but illumined with reality—to be filled with an enthusiasm which Carlyle would have had them waste on the wrong kind of heroes.

"AFTER AUGHHRIM."

Do you remember long ago,
Kathaleen?
When your lover whispered low,
"Shall I stay or shall I go,
Kathaleen?"
And you answered proudly, "Go
And join King James, and strike a blow
For the green!"

Mavrone, your hair is white as snow,
Kathaleen,
Your heart is sad and full of woe;
Doo yo repent you bade him go,
Kathaleen
But you answered proudly, "No,
Better die with Saraheld so
Than live a slave nor strike a blow.
For the green."

By Arthur Geoghegan.

BISHOP OF THE NORTH POLE.

UNDER the title of "The Bishop of the North Pole," the *Missionary Record* of the Oblates of Mary Immaculate gives a brief account, in his own words, of the work and sphere of Bishop Girouard, O.M.I., Vicar-Apostolic of Athabasca-Mackenzie. The prelate, whose diocese extends further north than any other, speaks as follows of the Esquimaux, among whom he is thrown:—

The Esquimaux tribe appear to be quite numerous; that is, the one with which we are acquainted. Its language is different from that of the other tribes. The people are small of stature, robust and vigorous, but much given to vanity, as may be readily seen from the huckle bones with which they adorn their bodies, thrusting them through incisions made in the cheeks and lips. Among them there is no such thing as law or morality. They are given to rapine and pillage, and often to secure their ends will use the most barbarous means. They are wild and fierce by nature, and through their atrocities have become the terror of the surrounding tribes who regard them as dangerous creatures. They live on raw meat and fish prepared with grease and the oil of the whale. With this oil they smear their bodies and their clothing. They live in huts of ice during the long winter, and resemble foxes in their bodies, having to all appearances nothing human but the countenance. Everything here is discouraging, as everything here seems to mock at the will and the strength of man. And yet shall we see these poor people linger without the light of the true Faith in the shadow of death! Our bishops and priests do not intend to let them perish. They see beneath these rough exteriors so many souls created to the image of God and redeemed by the blood of Jesus Christ, souls destined to enjoy eternal happiness.—*Church Progress*.

DECLINE OF PUBLIC ORATORY.

THE New York *Sun* of May 14th, in an interesting and well-considered article on "Our Popular Orators," while dwelling on the peculiarities and feibities that impart a distinctive flavor to the post-prandial utterances of some of our best known public speakers, incidentally sets forth a few general views on public eloquence which challenge comment and justify a revision. The writer is of opinion that the occasion which elicits an orator's efforts, provided those efforts are best suited to the occasion, in no manner affects the character of his deliverance, and that the sole test and measure of his periods should be the pleasure they afford to a cultivated audience. In the nature of things true oratory must deal with subjects of transcendent importance, with those that profoundly affect the interests of the race or of society, for then only can the heart be stirred to its depths, then only can the genius of the orator glow with the flame that was kindled by the hand of Nature and enable him to rise to the level of his best abilities. But the atmosphere of an after dinner board is not one that favors the discussion of such topics, unless, indeed, we except the Lord Mayor's dinner in London, when some big wig condescends to obfuscate his listeners by ponderous and oracular utterances touching some course of policy which the government may possibly adopt. It is true that those brief chronicles of the post-prandial hour are delightful, that the air sparkles and crackles with the electric flame of wit when Depew loosens the diamond latchet of his lips, that tropes and metaphors oft bubble like pearls from Coudert's teeming fancy, that the wand of Ariel waves at times over Porter, making him the mouth-piece of such humor as would induce the immortal gods to forget the ambrosia of their feast and join in the merriment of him who sots the table in a roar, that the coal of the prophet has touched the lips of Choate and Dougherty, (the latter, by the way, is not included in the *Sun's* list of oratorical heavy dragoons) and made their thoughts breathe as their words burnt, but eloquence is more than all this. In other words it is the essential aim of true eloquence to win men to one's opinions in matters of serious import, by matchless logic wedded to luminous expression by the form, which is light, strength, grace and splendor, together with the matter which is truth, cogency, and conclusiveness. Our scintillating dinner table orators labor under an inadequacy of topics. Their aim is purely to please and hence serious subjects are necessarily excluded from their repertory. Though they may wield the rapier of wit, though the nimble jest may fall trippingly from their lips, and coruscations of light play around them, so long as they seek only to afford pleasure, to tickle the *blase* fancy of fastidious *quintists*, so long must they fall short of the conditions of true eloquence. When Demosthenes thundered from the bema and the rounded utterances of Cicero filled the forum, little did those princes of speech reek whether the smile played on the languid lips of their listeners, provided they mastered hearts and subdued intellects and led the passions captive. The grave and splendid oratory of Burke and the impassioned periods of Mirabeau differed *toto celo* in the characters and qualities of eloquence, yet those consummate masters of rhetoric aimed at and accomplished the same end, the one carried conviction home to the minds of scholars and statesmen, and the other held the turbulent rabble of France breathless and spell bound.

It is true a new order of things has sprung into existence since the days when Fox and Sheridan, or Pitt and Grattan electrified the Senate Chambers. Great orators have given place to a power that sways millions instead of hundreds; the silent pen has usurped the functions of the silver tongue and the modern newspaper has revolutionized society. To-day there is but little scope for the exercise and display of the most exalted species of eloquence. The desk and the pen are now supreme, and public opinion is more quickly molded, more effectually controlled, and more thoroughly enlightened by the agency of the press, than if every hamlet in the land possessed a Webster and a Clay. Yet it by no means follows that there is no longer room for the orator, and that nothing can be accomplished by that supreme gift which alone lifts man to the highest plane of life. The pulpit and the bar are to-day, as they have ever been, the most inviting arena for the loftest flights of eloquence and for the most dignified utterances that can fall from human lips. And it is still true that the imagination is often fired by the fervent sentences of a few finished preachers and that the ear is at times charmed by such polished periods as once made the fame of Bossuet and Massillon world wide. But as a rule pulpit utterances are tame to-day and preachers prefer that calm and reflective tone which savors of the closet and the lamp to the vehemence and impetuosity of a hundred years ago. Exacting audiences beget cold and fastidious speakers.

Outside of a few *cas celebres* in the criminal line, the bar offers but limited opportunities to the jurist for the highest display of forensic oratory, and legal knowledge outranks eloquence. In the halls of legislation a cheap kind of smartness passes for art, a sort of Brummagem type of eloquence prevails there, born, no doubt, of much previous training in stump oratory. The stump did indeed once give birth to a famous school of speakers, but it has sadly degenerated from the days of Douglass, Calhoun and Clay, the days when giants measured lances with each other and men travelled miles to witness those mighty tournaments of the mind. Prominent among the causes that

have led to the degeneracy of oratory, may be mentioned the neglect of schools, colleges and academies to train pupils in the art of elocution. There was a time when no young man's education was considered complete unless it included a thorough training in all the graces of public speaking, when a well modulated voice, perfect enunciation and graceful gesture were as indispensable as a knowledge of Greek and mathematics.

Some institutions are aware of the necessity of giving prominence to this art in the curriculum of studies and their students have won fame for themselves and their *Alma Mater* simply by having heeded the precepts and principles taught them in the halls of elocution. To the Christian Brothers chiefly is due the credit of having revived an interest in this highly important branch of learning, of having almost snatched it from the tomb of decay, and having given it a prominent rank in the list of studies. The occasional oratorical contests in which the students of Manhattan College participate are a striking proof of this truth, and we mention the fact for the reason that the example thus set is a most commendable one and deserving of imitation.—*N. Y. Catholic Review*.

METHODIST ANIMOSITY AGAINST US.

THE other day at one of the conferences of Methodists, the Rev. Dr. King, for a long while conspicuous in this line of conduct, spoke in favor of an amendment to the United States Constitution forbidding any appropriations for the benefit of "sectarian" institutions. By "sectarian" Dr. King and most of his Methodist associates seem to mean religious. But the main object of this proposed amendment, as appeared in the discourse of the discussion, and as Dr. King has long avowed in substance, is to prevent any payments by the general government to institutions or charities conducted in connection with the Catholic religion. According to the published reports of the discussion in the conference, Dr. King's anti-Catholic sentiments met the approval of most of the ministers present. But this avowal of ill will against the Catholic religion on the part of Methodists is of course not new. It was Methodist influences no doubt which twenty years ago impelled Gen. Grant to commit himself most indiscreetly to measures detrimental to Catholic rights, and it has been Methodist influences which for many years, by the organization of secret anti-Catholic societies, and by the promotion of various other forms of anti-Catholic agitation, have been foremost as a mischief maker and fomentor of religious discord in the United States.

And yet, in some important respects the Methodist body comes nearest of all the Protestant sects to Catholic ideas, both as to religion and of religious organization. The Methodist Church, to a great extent, has, so far at least, put itself into sympathy with the common people. It has generally disowned Calvinism with its essentially aristocratic notions of a chosen few set aside by God as the only ones destined to be saved. It has spurned that other mischievous Protestant doctrine that those who have once attained to the state of grace cannot fall, and it has taken delight in holding out a helping hand to the sinner, no matter how vile, with the encouraging hopes for the backslider, no matter how frequent or flagrant his lapses from grace. All this touches the Catholic heart, for it is in harmony with Catholic belief and practice. Besides this, the strong recognition by the Methodists of the claims of a visible church, of a definite organization with an orderly hierarchy, enjoying powers as well as titles, is also greatly in conformity with Catholic notions.

Next to the Catholic Church, the Methodist body, counting its various sub-divisions, is not only the most numerous in its membership, but also the most potent in its direct influence upon those who profess to be its adherents. And, like the Catholic Church in this respect also, it undoubtedly numbers among its friends and admirers, many thousands who do not attend church at all, yet lean to it, because they once were in fellowship and communion with it, and expect some time in the future so to be once more. There is a certain broadness about the doctrines and practice of the Methodist Church, that is highly suggestive of the *Catholicity* itself of the Catholic Church, and that is greatly attractive to hosts of non-Catholic men and women who turn towards Christ but have had no opportunity to know the truth about the Catholic Church. It is more than unfortunate then, that this truly great body of our separated brethren should be carried away by the bitter animosity towards the Catholic Church which seems to impel their leaders.

If somehow a little leaven of true Catholic feeling could be imparted to the Methodists of the United States, as it was imparted to the Episcopalians in England fifty years ago in the so-called "Oxford Movement," what a host of conversions there would be from among the Methodists, and, in addition, how much of the rancor which now seems to possess the Methodists would disappear, even among those who still remained inflexible in their adherence to their very modern church institution!—*N. Y. Catholic Review*.

Surrounded by those who constantly exhibit defects of character and conduct, if we yield to a complaining and impatient spirit, we shall mar our own peace without having the satisfaction of benefiting others.—*T. C. Upham*.

General Catholic News.

The Minnesota School question

The following is the text of the decision in the Minnesota school business

THE DECISION AS APPROVED BY THE HOLY FATHER.

In special congregation of the Propaganda, held on the 21st of April, 1892, to consider the question what judgment is to be formed of the arrangement entered into by Archbishop Ireland concerning the two schools of Fairbault and Stillwater, Minn., in this case, they decided to reply affirmatively and without derogating from the decrees of the councils of Baltimore on parochial schools, that the arrangement entered into by Archbishop Ireland, concerning the schools at Fairbault and Stillwater, taking into consideration all the circumstances, can be tolerated. In an audience held on the same day His Holiness deigned to approve the resolution of the Cardinals given above.

IGNATIUS, Archbishop of Damietta.

The *Catholic Review* (N. Y.) comments as follows (21 May)

The interpreting of the recent Roman rescript regarding Catholic schools is not a very difficult matter. The letter of Propaganda says very explicitly two things. First, unusual provisions in the matter implying a departure from the Third Council of Baltimore, etc., cannot be approved by the Holy See. No one will deny that the scheme proposed in Fairbault is an "unusual provision," implying a departure from the decrees of the Third Plenary Council, which require a Catholic school for every parish (No. 199.) Secondly, the letter of Cardinal Ledochowski says these unusual provisions may, nevertheless, in given circumstances, be tolerated, and if tolerated by the Holy See no Catholic must object or cavil. Nothing can be clearer than the rule and the exception to the rule.

And the *Pilot* says

The Archbishop's position never was to do away with the parochial schools, so numerous and flourishing in his diocese, but to try, where he thinks it desirable, a modified system—a sort of co-operation between the Church and State in the education of Catholic children, such as already prevails in many places.

More than this was not asked by Archbishop Ireland; nor desired by him or any of those who have been watching the progress of the case with perfect understanding of his disinterested zeal for religion and education.

Intelligent Catholics in the West, as well as in the various parts of the East and South where similar plans are on trial, have never claimed more for them than that they are attempts towards finding a solution of a vexed question, beginnings of justice to Catholics, and the like. No more has been claimed even where the compromise between Church and State on the matter of education has been on a national scale, as in the national schools of Ireland.

The ideal system for the education of Catholic children—the only one which Catholics accept as a finality—is the purely Catholic school, whether it be maintained wholly by the voluntary offerings of Catholic parents, or by the Catholics' share of the State school tax, which in all justice Catholics ought to have.

We are not at all hopeful that our non-Catholic fellow-citizens will soon see the justice of our claim. Nor are we asking for such a division of the school fund as is above suggested. We can afford to wait.

The *Westminster Review* for May has a strong table of contents. Mathew Macfie writes of "The Great West" of Australia, treating of Western Australia, which, he claims, is an almost unknown country even to Australians. Evelina Fairbairn contributes a sketch of Lau-

rence Oliphant, one of the most notable biographical studies of the month. Clement M. Balthache presents "A Plea for Land Nationalization." James Oliphant considers the "Ethics of Gambling." Frederick Dolman has an interesting literary study on "The Social Reformer in Fiction." Henry W. Wolff writes of the wends and their customs in a paper entitled "The Remnants of a Great Race." The fragment, "Two Early Romances," will attract considerable attention. The department of "Contemporary Literature," the regular monthly review of noticeable books, is unusually full and complete, and of value to every reader. The department of "The Drama," notes on new London plays, completes a brilliant issue.

East Toronto.

SOLENN BLESSING OF THE NEW CHURCH OF ST. JOHN THE EVANGELIST.

For many years past the Catholics of East Toronto village have been labouring under a great disadvantage. They have had no church, and have been compelled to hear mass in the private houses of Catholics in the vicinity. At length by the hard work of the pastor and the united efforts of the parishioners and of outside friends, this disadvantage has been done away with, and the congregation has now one of the neatest little churches in the country. Work was begun on the church in November last, and everything was completed about a week ago. The building is of solid red brick, of gothic style, 60 by 38 feet, with vestry in the rear. Probably no church in Ontario is so beautifully situated. It stands in the Kingston-road, away up on the Scarborough-ridge. On the opposite side of the road is a vast and very picturesque ravine, and beyond this extends Lake Ontario. More than half of this has already been Archbishop Walsh gave \$200, James McLaughlin, W. T. Murray and Rev. Father O'Reilly \$100 each, and others sums ranging from \$25 down. This together with the general subscription, has enabled the congregation to start in their new church free from any great burden of debt.

His Grace the Archbishop blessed the church assisted by Very Rev. Vicars General Rooney and McCann.

There were present besides the Rev. Pastor Rev. Father Teefy C.S.S., Finan, Walsh C.S.S. Kelly and Jeffcott.

Father O'Reilly celebrated the Mass *coram Pontifice* assisted by Rev. Father Teefy as Deacon and Rev. Father Kelly as subdeacon. Father Finan acted as Master of the Ceremonies. His Grace preached the sermon and took occasion to congratulate the Catholics of East Toronto on the zeal they had shown in carrying on the work of building and furnishing their church. The Leslieville choir sang Peter's Mass in D under the direction of Miss Osmond Pape. Among those present at the blessing of the church were Mayor Stephenson, Councillor Morton, Messrs Rogerson, Murray, McLaughlin, Lynch &c. from the immediate vicinity. From the City were Messrs Jas. Murray (of W. A. Murray & Co.) J. J. Cosgrove, Angus Kerr, Jas. McGuire and others. After the ceremony His Grace and suite were entertained at dinner by Mr. J. T. McLaughlin at his residence Biantyker Park.

Archbishop Katzer has made the following decrees for the Archdiocese of Milwaukee:

1. Masons, Carbonari, Odd Fellows, Sons of Temperance, unless they have in act left the secret society, are to be deprived of ecclesiastical burial, except in the case in which a dying man could only promise before witnesses that he would leave it.

2. Some other societies have not been declared as forbidden *by name*, their members, unless something else prevents it can be buried; but we forbid their fellow members "in a body" or with badges and regalia to be present at, or to march, or to perform any rites or

ceremonies at the funeral, with the exception perhaps of the union known as "The Grand Army of the Republic," because this society is considered rather military and patriotic society. In this case even all as a rites and ceremonies must be excluded that are not strictly military.

"All societies are implicitly excommunicated which have a religion of their own—a 'priest' and a 'ritual,' which bind their members to observe their secrets so strictly that these can not be revealed to the ecclesiastical authority demanding it, and which pledge their members to unreserved and blind obedience to unknown commands. The safest course for Catholics to take is to join only Catholic societies."

At the laying of the corner-stone of the McMahon Hall of Philosophy at the Catholic University the other day, Cardinal Gibbons deprecated the common idea that there is a conflict between science and religion. "Human science and divine religion," he said, "like Martha and Mary, are sisters, because they are daughters of the same Father. They are both ministering to the same Lord, though in a different way. Science, like Martha, is busy about material things; religion, like Mary, is kneeling at the feet of her Lord. The Christian religion teaches nothing but what has been revealed by Almighty God or what is necessarily derived from revelation. God is truth. All truth comes from Him. He is the author of all scientific truth, as He is the author of all revealed truth. 'God, who dictated the Bible,' as Archbishop Ryan has well said, 'is the Author who wrote the illuminated manuscript of the skies.' You might as well expect that one ray of the sun would dim the light of another as that any truth of revelation can extinguish any truth of science. Truth differs from truth only as star differeth from star—each gives out the same pure light that reaches our vision across the expanse of the firmament. Legitimate inquiries into the laws of nature are therefore no more impeded by the dogmas of faith than our bodily movements are obstructed by the laws of physics. We may rest assured, then, that the Church of God has nothing to fear from the progress of physical science and from new discoveries of the laws of nature. So far from hiding her head like the ostrich in the sand at the approach of modern inventions, she will hail them as messengers of heaven and will use them as providential agencies for the propagation of the kingdom of Christ. Yes, we bless you, O men of genius; we bless your inventions and discoveries and we will impress them into the service of religion and say, 'Lightnings and clouds bless the Lord; all ye works of the Lord bless the Lord, praise and exalt Him forever.'" There is work cut out for the Catholic University to analyze the arguments of Darwin, Huxley & Co., to point out what is bed-rock fact, proved beyond a doubt; what is hypothesis; what is fiction. Then when we know precisely what are truths and what are theories, we shall see that science and religion have not been estranged and need no reconciliation. But this work must be done—for the agnostic physicists will not be put down by a wave of the hand.—*Catholic Review, New York.*

"The Nineteenth Century" for May is a strong number. It opens with a review of "Memorable Dissolutions" of Parliament during the last and present centuries, and is suggested by the approaching dissolution of the present Parliament. This is well supplemented by a forecast of Mr. Gladstone's triumph in the next Parliament by an article on "The Liberal Outlook," by T. Wemyss Reid. Prince Kropotkin contributes an interesting paper on "Recent Science," reviewing the most important progress in various fields of research. Mayo Williamson Hazeltine, the well-known literary critic of the New York "Sun," has a series of

"Studies of New York Society" which will attract wide attention both at home and abroad. The Rt. Hon. the Earl of Meath describes most interestingly some adventures in New Zealand under the title of "A Maori Meeting." Surgeon T. H. Parke tells, for the first time, "How General Gordon Was Really Lost," a story which will long retain its fascination for English readers, and the number closes with a list of the subscribers to the Russian Famine Fund raised by the Review, amounting to upwards of \$11,000.

Fresh and Unconventional.

"Esmeralda," which will shortly be produced at the Academy of Music by the St. Alphonsus Club, is one of the most charming domestic dramas which have ever been put upon the Toronto stage. Its story is but a quiet, homely romance, such as may often occur in every day life, but the narrative is so touching, the characters so natural, the dialogue so fresh and unconventional and the influence of the lessons which may be derived so healthy that the whole forms a delightful series of home-life pictures of absorbing interest to all but those whose tastes may have been perverted by the highly spiced sensational and extravagant dramas which are the rule on the stage of the present day. Mr. S. H. Clark is superintending its preparation.

Cast for Esmeralda.

Elbert Rogers (North Carolina Farmer)	Mr. J. J. McKittrick
Lyddy Ann (his wife)	Miss Annie Cummings
Esmeralda (his daughter)	Eva Ward
Dave Hardy (in love with Esmeralda)	Mr. Wm. Barron
Geo. Dren (a speculator)	Andrew Cottam
Estabrook (a gentleman of leisure)	N. C. McCarthy
Noah Desmond (Jack's Sister)	Miss F. Pringle
Kate	Mollie O'Donoghue
Jack (an artist)	J. G. O'Donoghue
The Marquis de Montessau	glue

Catholics and Freemasonry.

It is very well known that the Masonry Catholic church has pined Freemasonry under censure. Just now a great celebration is about to take place in Dublin, to signalize the centenary of an orphanage founded by the "breth-

ern of the mystic tie," and Archbishop Walsh has been asked by several members of his flock whether they would be warranted in participating, the object being purely philanthropic. The Archbishop, while admitting that the project is commendable in itself, has intimated in all the churches of the city that the attitude of Catholics should be one of absolute isolation. They are under a stringent obligation, and this must not be violated. The late Cardinal Cullen raised a similar note of warning against a grand Masonic ball held in Dublin. *Empire, 21 May.*

Pope Leo's Latest Verses.

A telegram from Rome says that Princess Isabel of Bavaria, having had the idea of preparing for a sale for charitable purposes an album of royal photographs and autographs, begged of Pope Leo XIII. the favor of being allowed to inscribe his name among the patrons of the work. His Holiness replied by sending the following verses, celebrating the art of photography:

ARS PHOTOGRAPHICA.

Expressa solis apiculo
Nitens imago quam bono
Frontis decus, vim luminum,
Refert, et oris gratiam,
O, mira virus ingeni,
Novumque monstrum! imaginom
Naturæ Apelles æmulus
Non pulchriorem pingeret.

—Leo P. P. XIII.

An Idolatrous Service.

The *Catholic Times* gives the following — The "Stabat Mater."— At the Easter vestry meeting in Manchester cathedral there has been a discussion about alleged ritual irregularities in the mother church of the Anglican diocese. There was the usual complaint of lighted candles in broad daylight, and the usual hair-splitting as to whether they were introduced simply for the purpose of giving light or as an accessory of the service itself. If they were utilitarian they would be legal, but if not well, they were "Popish" and contrary to law. But what will astonish all lovers of sacred music, and perhaps most members even of the Anglican church, is the violent objection made to the performance of Rossini's master-

piece, the "Stabat Mater." A Mr. T. Smelt characterized it as "a disgraceful thing" and "an idolatrous service." Dean Maclure beat a judicious, but hardly heroic, retreat before the evangelical assault. He sought to reduce the enormity of the offence by explaining that it was performed "more as a piece of music than with a view to any idea that the words would make the smallest impression, in their particular shape, upon the persons who heard them." In his view church music is simply a means of amusing the congregation, and not of exciting or elevating the religious aspirations of the congregation. It is a concert held in the church instead of the music hall!

Archbishop Cleary blessed and laid the corner stone of the new church of St. Charles Borromeo in Read to-day in presence of a full congregation of parishioners and numerous visitors from Belleville, Napanee and other places.

At the conclusion he addressed the multitude and called for a collection. The offering in cash amounted to \$3,100.

On this success he congratulated all present. The parish is supposed to be poor, but the generosity of the people is great.

Compliments for the Abbe.

In the current *Atlantic Monthly* is an elaborate paper upon a brilliant work recently published by Abbe Casgrain, F.R.S.C., of Quebec, upon "Montcalm and Louis." A careful comparison is made between this work and the justly celebrated writings of Parkman along the same lines. Says the author of the article:

"The Abbe Casgrain is a veritable product of his race, his tongue, his religion, his locality. When he writes he writes as a Frenchman, as a French-Canadian, as a Catholic, and he writes in the French language. In every one of these capacities he deserves well of his race, his tongue, his religion and his country."

A most marked tribute is thus rendered to one of our most capable and energetic literary men, one of whom Canada, as well as Quebec, has every reason to be proud.—*Empire, 21 May.*

SECRET SOCIETIES.

The following letter was addressed by Archbishop Janssens of New Orleans to all the priests of his diocese:

REVEREND AND DEAR FATHER:— After the conference of the Archbishops at Boston the impression had gone forth that no society was condemned by the Church except the Freemasons. This impression had gained strength by the official which, "as reported by the secretary, was somewhat exact and did not give the correct idea of the mind of the conference." Hence the Archbishops assembled at St. Louis in 1891 passed the resolution "that the rules of the Third Plenary Council regarding societies be adhered to, the resolution of the Boston conference to be explained as not having altered these rules."

In the preparation of the preliminaries of the Third Plenary Council held at Rome, and officially given in print to the Fathers of the said Council, also in the proceedings of the same Council, the secret societies of the Odd Fellows and Sons of Temperance were not excluded from condemned societies. The same Council decrees in its previous title: "We declare and decree that all the things which were constituted and decreed in the Second Plenary Council of Baltimore still remain in vigor, except those things which, perhaps, have been abrogated or changed by the Third Plenary Council."

In the Second Plenary Council of Baltimore (p. 335, No. xxviii.) we read that the Right Rev. F. P. Kenrick, Bishop of Philadelphia, asked the Holy See whether the societies of Odd Fellows and Sons of Temperance had to be held as forbidden, and the Holy See, by decree of the 21st of August, 1850, decided that these societies are included in the Pontifical Bulls. The learned Bishop of Philadelphia, afterwards Archbishop of Baltimore, assigned the following reasons for asking a decision from Rome, that these societies "study to arrange morality according to the light of reason, and practice virtue without the helps of religion, and so seem to tend by its own force to make the most natural religion, taking no account of the distinction between the true Church and the sects, as if they be matters of smaller importance."

In other words these societies have the tendency of placing natural religion above revealed religion, and to weaken the faith and the practice of religion in the mind of Catholics. These societies have ever since been held as forbidden, and until Rome should decide to the contrary, we hereby declare that members of these two societies cannot be absolved, unless they break their connection with them, nor can they be buried with the rights of the Church, unless they have first severed their connection with these forbidden societies. The reverend pastors will make these declarations known to their congregations.

We again urge on pastors and confessors earnestly to warn the faithful not to join, or to withdraw from all dangerous societies that have secrets not to be revealed, that require an oath and a promise of absolute obedience, that have their chaplains and rituals not approved by the Church. We single out as especially dangerous in its tendencies the secret society called the Knights of Pythias, which has frequently of late prevailed on Catholics to have deceased members of their family buried with rites forbidden by the Church, because they feared that the death or burial benefits would otherwise not be paid.

Given from our archiepiscopal residence, Sunday of Quasimodo, 1892.

FRANCIS JANSSENS,
Archbishop of New Orleans.

By order of His Grace
J. BOGAERTS, V. G., Chancellor.

In one of the most beautiful and celebrated cathedrals of Europe there is a triple doorway, and over the splendid arches are three inscriptions. Over one is carved a wreath of roses and the words, "All that pleases is but for a moment." Over another a cross is sculptured, and the motto, "All that which troubles is but for a moment." While over the great central arch is this sentiment cut in stone: "That only is important which is eternal."

The Catholic Weekly Review.

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

Commenced 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 Carberry, of Hamilton.

The Late Rev. Father Dowd of "St. Patrick's" Montreal.

And by the leading clergy of the Dominion.

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TORONTO, SATURDAY, MAY 28, 1892.

SECRET SOCIETIES.

WHAT attraction can a secret society have for a Catholic? He knows that by joining such he is giving allegiance to an aggregation which either is condemned by the Church or is at any moment liable to that condemnation. In every case he is risking his eternal salvation, in the first by the direct disobedience to the Church's precept, and consequent excommunication, in the second by the evil influences to which he exposes himself, and which readily work dire havoc with all supernatural and Christian ideas. Some excuse themselves by the plea that they seek only the insurance and sick-benefits of these bodies and pay no attention to the lodge work. A very lame excuse. As good (may, better) insurance can be given by Catholic benevolent organizations. Catholic societies which insist on the frequentation of the Sacraments by their members must, in the long run, make a better showing than societies having no such restraint over intemperance and immorality. A Catholic who frequents the Sacraments must be temperate and moral, and an association of temperate and moral men must other things being equal have a smaller death-rate than an association composed of temperate and intemperate, moral and immoral, in the normal proportion. We fear some of our Catholic young men join the secret organizations from business motives, or from the yet more unworthy motive of showing how liberal-minded they are. We commend to their attention the letter (reproduced elsewhere) of the Archbishop of New Orleans and the decrees of the Archbishop of Milwaukee, also in this issue. The spirit of these secret societies is the same the whole continent over, and the consequent danger the same.

"All societies are implicitly excommunicated which have a religion of their own a 'priest' and a 'ritual,' which bind their members to observe their secrets so strictly that these can not be revealed to the ecclesiastical authority lawfully demanding it, and which pledge their members to unreserved and blind obedience to unknown commands. The safest course for Catholics to take is to join only Catholic societies."

CAHENSLEYISM.

If sectionalism in religion required a second blow it has received it in the letter alluded to in the following despatch, which, though judging by what has gone before, appears to be substantially accurate, though no doubt the publication of the original

will tone down some of the terms used by the press agent.

ROME, May 21.—Cardinal Ledochowski, prefect of the Congregation of the Propaganda Fide, has written an important letter, addressed to the Catholics in the United States, which, it is believed, will finally end the Cahensley agitation in that country. In this letter, after eulogizing the civilization and culture of the United States, Cardinal Ledochowski says: The letter sent by Cardinal Rampolla to Cardinal Gibbons last July does not appear to have wholly extinguished the movement which has for its object the appointment of bishops of the same nationality as the people over whom they preside. Rival national factions, Cardinal Ledochowski adds, seek by every means to advance their own favorites whenever a bishop's see is vacant. The Vatican, he further says, is immovably resolved to adhere strictly to the rules of the Baltimore conference. European immigrants in the United States must coalesce as one people and form one nation.

HOW SHALL THEY TEACH UNLESS THEY ARE SENT? AND WHO SHALL SEND THEM?

THE Board of Trustees of Queen's College (Presbyterian) is engaged in a pretty row with the General Assembly over the appointment of their professors of theology. The Board claim the right to appoint independently of the Assembly. The Assembly urges that as the members of the Board are not necessarily elders nor even church members, they have no such right. The fact is the Assembly and Queen's have not for some time back been precisely of one mind on doctrinal points. They are both, of course, thoroughly orthodox, and it is the effort of each to impose its orthodoxy on the other which makes the trouble. It is such efforts of confessedly fallible bodies to act the infallible which has degraded the word orthodox till a cynic could say, "Orthodoxy is my doxy, heterodoxy is the other man's doxy." From the Catholic standpoint orthodoxy is the teaching of God's revealed truth, and heterodoxy is the teaching of the contrary, viz., of a lie; and there's an end to it.

WHO ARE INTOLERANT?

In disputes like that at present going on in Presbyterian circles over the management of Queen's College, the question of intolerance comes up sharply. The Catholic Church is written down in all Protestant minds as the embodiment of intolerance. Let us see. The Catholic Church professes to teach and rule by divine commission and can no more be tolerant of error than a truthful man can be of falsehood or a moral man of impurity. But it is quite another case with our friends outside. Not claiming inerrancy, they may consistently abide divergence of opinion; the personal equation is simply infinite, they may be tolerant to any extent and they *wont* tolerate. They are then unreasonably intolerant; the Catholic Church reasonably so.

IRISH DIFFICULTIES.

BECAUSE the Irish members had a difference of opinion a few days ago, and expressed the difference so as to be quite well understood, the repressionists are pointing scornful fingers and saying, "what a people to be trusted with autonomy. What wayward children! We do not understand how they can expect much force to attach to such argument. When was there ever a large party of active parliamentarians who in all matters saw eye to eye with one another? Were not our own men of 1837 of many minds, though they had but one purpose? And if the Irishmen did express their divergence of opinion in somewhat vigorous style what else could you expect from long habit of parliamentary courtesies. At least here in Canada the argument derived from the little *contre-temps* loses all force. Take our own Commons. Within the past week or so they had a *night of it*. They debated (that is, three or four of them), they (that is the balance of them) laughed, coughed, kicked desks, played Jew's-harps, sang songs,

whistled jigs, told stories, and shied blue-books, interruptions, bad names and general Commons' sundries into the opposing ranks with the *bonhomie*, persistence and accuracy which mark that illustrious gathering. Somebody in an unguarded moment called somebody else (who was making a noise fit to wake the dead but which had no effect on the practised sleepers of the House), a *greenhorn*. The ban of the House stood instantly on end. The change of temperature was so sharp that slumbering members awoke with a shiver, which, when they had heard of the fearful cause of the disturbance, was made to do duty for a shudder. Blue books stopped in middle flight and landed on noses they were not meant for. All they on the greenhorn's side, who were not themselves greenhorns, at once forgot that they had ever been such and appropriately pulverized the daring blasphemer. Having thus duly strained at a gnat after swallowing camels all night, the House calmly went again to sleep, or to making snoring balls. As an evening paper puts it. "If the bar of the House were closed at eleven o'clock, the remarks at a protracted meeting of Parliament would read less like sounds of revelry by night." And Congress is as bad. How a *Times*' correspondent would revel in such an all night session if it were of the Irish Parliament! or of the Irish anything else on which he could cast a slur.

STATE-AIDED SCHOOLS.

We republish elsewhere the official document in the case of the Minnesota schools, and one or two comments of Catholic papers in the United States. Only they who are on the ground can have any idea of the enormous educational difficulties under which Catholics labor in the poorer dioceses. We here in Ontario are enjoying all they in Minnesota can ever hope to wring from their "non-Catholic fellow citizens." They do not even hope for anything like the system we have, to possess which, with all its imperfections, would be for them more than the realisation of their fairest dreams. "We can afford to wait," says the *Pilot*. While waiting they must bear the double burden of state and parochial school-rates. By the sturdy efforts of those gone before us, we have entered into possession of a moderately workable Separate School system, and it is the personal concern of every Catholic in the Province that it be maintained. A Minnesota Catholic could read, from the hard lines of experience, a very practical lesson to his weak-kneed Ontario brother, who affects to see in every Separate School a relic of medievalism. That is the precise term. We heard it twice in the past week from a man who does not know the meaning of four words of like length in the English language.

A TRIP TO NORTH CAROLINA.

FROM SNOW TO SUNSHINE.

II.

GREAT clusters of pink peach blossoms, terraced chimney stacks below, a rugged mountain above, are our remembrances of Knoxville as we saw them from the open window in the early morning, lit up by the sun slowly stealing from behind the peaks. We leave it behind us in the dewy freshness of morn, and gaze with lingering look on its forest of pink blossom as we steam away. A clear, sluggish stream washes the railway bank a few miles out of town; we quicker pace, but it follows in our wake, we jump it, but it meets us on the other side, we turn sharp angles, but it meanders gracefully, widens, curves and glistens, but keeps by your side. We take no notice at first but it soon rivets our attention by its gambols in and out, yet always with us. How fascinating it becomes, bright and winsome, smiling back at the sunlight that flecks it through the trees. How noisy it is now, rushing faster and faster to keep up with us; chatter, chatter, over the stones, swirl, swirl, spatter, as it plays hide-and-go-seek with the train. What a merry fellow it is, but how he clings to us. We dash in and out of little towns and hamlets, but if we lose it for a time a silvery streak through the trees winding towards us, and, laughing and dancing, it comes again still more bewitching. Look where we will, it meets us with a roguish, sunny smile, as if it knew we were delighted with its beauty but do not want to say so. Through a vista before us two mountain boulders jet out above, and stream and train are hemmed in a wild embrace. Now we are one; quick and quicker we fly along, a rocky wall and a pine forest, a bit of blue sky beyond, the rushing water and the iron steed are shut in amid those dense

solitudes and run their goodly race far indeed from the "madding crowd."

Miles and miles we hurry upwards, up, up, into that lovely "Skyland" to the fresh, sweet, bracing air. Steam and stream, stream and steam, side by side make for the goal, and we wonder if even God could give anything more beautiful in nature. As if to prove how unbounded are His gifts, without a moment's warning the mountains unlock, move back, look down from the distance with stately grandeur, open and show the great world of "Skyland," clothed to their very summit in luxuriant moving pines. Gorge and peak overawe us with their mighty splendor. The train shudders at the sudden change, then in the next instant winds toward the retreating mountains and keeps beneath their shadows. The stream has thrown off its wild pranks and assumes all the airs and graces of a lovely matron that has discarded the lightness of girlhood. With a swift bond it becomes a great flowing river, laps with soft ripple the rocky banks, leaves the islands that have grown upon its bosom and assumes all the wondrous charm and importance of the famous professional beauty, "The French Broad River," so justly celebrated throughout North Carolina.

Thus leaving earth, we ascend into regio is higher, more beautiful, more entrancing, as the soul rising toward God soars to loftier and more sublime heights. What must that other "Skyland" be when even this is so lovely, radiant and fair. While lost in a world of thought the train reaches Asheville, and we are now at an altitude of 2,250 feet above the sea.

We leave the town in the distance down the valley, and climb the hills through the most picturesque views of mountain and forest. The steep rugged road is furrowed in many places by the fierce torrents from above. We slowly wind along, lost in admiration, and from beneath a long avenue of trees draw up before the wide galleries and open doors of "Oakland Heights," where we expect to throw off all the ills that flesh is heir to and come forth rejuvenated. The quaint, old-fashioned southern house, its towers and turrets ombowered in the trees, has a homelike, comfortable and delightful appearance to our poor tired eyes far away from the Canadian maple. From a balcony in the tower we look down on the "French Broad River," which still clings to us, and its sister beauty, the "Swannanoa," who meet below with a great display of grace and effusion after their long race from their mountain home. There is a magnificent view of the peaks, more than seventy in number, and Vanderbilt Park encircled by the rivers in the distance.

Perched aloft 'mid mountains bold,
With its wild and varied view,
Peeping shy from out the trees,
Fair Oakland Heights salutes you.
Cosy, homelike, bright and sweet,
Verdant, fragrant, fresh and fair,
To its galleries wide and long
Comes delicious mountain air.
Down below, deep, green ravines,
Waving woods and gurgling rills,
Sloping meadows stretch away
Outlined by the grand old hills.
Rhododendron, lilies rare,
Nature with a lavish hand
Shows her wild flowers through these vales,
Making it a Fairyland.

Up afar the mighty peaks
The Alleghennies towering high,
The soft Blue Ridge seems to steal
Its tinting from the Southern sky.
Sweet Oakland Heights! Who wonders now
That strangers seeing love thee?
Who can resist thy famous charms
The mountain peaks above thee.
Oakland Heights! Asthore macree!
Mavourneen! must I leave thee?
A colleen rhus cries to-day,
"The Heavens ever save thee."

D. G.

(To be Continued.)

THE FALL OF ITALY.

THE so-called "Kingdom of Italy" appears to be topling to its fall. Financially, at least, it has "gone to the dogs" long ago; and its treasury department has been carrying round the hat, in European financial circles, for several years, with the result, as they say in Wall street, that there are "no takers." A few days ago the Rudini Ministry, which represented the nominal Government resigned in a body. The reason assigned for their throwing up the reins of government is very simple. The Italian Government, in order to maintain its position

as one of the "Great Powers" of Europe, has to keep up an immense standing army, and a navy proportionate to its seaboard. That costs a large amount of money, which the income of the country does not begin to bring in. Hence, Italy, has been a borrower in all the financial centers of Europe for years past, until now her credit is exhausted, and the Italian Government cannot borrow any longer. For this, they have taxed their own people, on every necessary of life, until taxation can go no further, and then they have mortgaged those taxes to the money lenders, and have relegated the collection of them to the usurers who are the real controllers of the Italian Government, with the result that the people, who are the eventual sufferers, are in revolt against the burdens imposed on them, which they find to be more than they can bear. That is one of the causes of the immense emigration from Italy, which constitutes one of the politico-economic problems with which the people of the United States find that they have to deal, without having anything to say in the preliminaries.

It would seem that the Kingdom of Italy is already doomed. The mere shadow of a shade, created by the connivance of Bismarck and Napoleon the Third, it had not even the pretentious existence until the forcible seizure of Rome from the Pope, who could not, even if he would, offer any resistance to the robbery of the territory of the Church. Now, history appears to be repeating itself. One of the propositions on which the Radical Ministry was turned out of office, was that, as there was no further chance of raising taxation, eternally, the expense of the standing army and navy should be met by curtailing the foreign cost of the government, and, to this end, it was proposed that all the Italian colonies of Africa, with one or two exceptions, should be given up, as burdens which the State could no longer bear. It is the story of the Roman Empire, in its decadence, repeated. Once the physical and political mistress of the world, Rome felt her armour grow too heavy to bear and she laid it aside, to have it taken up by the hardy northern tribes whom she had scornfully designated as "barbarians" and who eventually scattered her defenders, and razed her once impregnable walls. The fall of the Roman Empire, which had its culmination under Augustus, began with the abandonment of its colonies, a policy fatal to a country with an immense seaboard, which even the genius of Charles the Great could not rectify. The empire of the seas, and of the New World yet to come, passed from Rome because she had become too effete to bear the arms with which her founder had conquered the world. But another had, meanwhile, arisen, which vanquished the barbarian invaders, and which, under the banner of the Cross, still maintains the supremacy of the once-while mistress of the world over the civilized nations of the earth. Modern politicians have attempted to supplant this government of religion and justice and to substitute for it the rule of "blood and iron," of which Bismarck was the promulgator, and Humbert is the mere figure-head representative. As the result we have the so-called Kingdom of Italy, crumbling to pieces under its own weight, falling more ignominiously than the Roman Empire, of which it effected to be the successor, since it is yielding not to attacks from abroad, but to its innate corruption and rotteness. *Irish American.*

THE EVILS OF INTEMPERANCE.

During a recent mission given in St. Patrick's Church, Montreal, the Rev. H. P. Doyle, C.S.P., spoke these powerful words on the evils of intemperance:

Of all the evils that have cursed mankind, crushed woman's heart, sent youth to destruction, driven virtue to the resort of shame, and smoothed the pathway of hell, none can compare with the evil of intoxicating drink. Astonishing it is that more of our upright Catholic citizens do not attempt to wipe out this plague. It is pleasant to address the young and intelligent men of this vast city, the men who are to be the formers of public opinion for the next generation, and to lay before them the fearful havoc of this terrible enemy. If a disease, smallpox or fever, broke out so that a hundred would be laid low, how medical aid would be called in, how every expedient would be tried, how the cases would be isolated, yet this disease is destroying daily thousands, and where are the citizens that seeks the remedies? Were a mad dog abroad, you would raise a hue and cry, seize any weapon to stop him in his murderous career; yet worse than a hundred rabid dogs is the demon of drink, and you are not up in arms against the monster. Were a stagnant pool to appear in the centre of the city, and to offend the senses with its green impure films, and its noxious stenches spreading miasma and seeds of all manner of diseases, you would petition the corporation, hammer at the doors of the municipal authority and demand the removal of the deadly danger. And yet, worse than stagnant pools, we see pools of vice belching their alcoholic fumes over the land, opening the doors to invite young men to destruction, and where are the men to stand up and demand redress, demand protection, demand the wiping out of these manufacturing centers of drunkards? Not only do the poor suffer from intemperance, all classes are its victims. Where goes your tax-money? To pay policemen for arresting the product of those drunkard factories, to pay asylums and prisons for holding the wrecks of humanity. Seventy-five to eighty per cent of the inmates of these places are there on ac-

count of drink. Business men suffer on account of its ravages. Enter into that house where the drunken father has left the impress of cold property; a broken stove, a few shattered chairs, ragged children, empty cupboard, dirt and filth greet your eye. Had not the man's money gone to the saloon, it would have gone to the hardware house for a stove, to the tailor for clothes, to the grocer for food, to the carpenter for furniture, to the painter, the butcher, to every honest trader, but not to the saloon.

Statistics tell that 75,000 men go down in America, every year, to the drunkard's graves. Say one were to pass this church every minute, the vast army would take forty-eight days in marching past that door. Two hundred per day; eight per hour; during the hour and a half we are in this church twelve men have gone into eternity through drink. If these twelve men could be summoned from the saloons where they were murdered, the rivers where they were drowned, the railway tracks where they were smashed, and offered a lease of life on condition of taking a temperance pledge, how gladly would they not one and all jump at the glorious chance of a respite, of a salvation they can never know! This demon of drink grapples with a man in his physical, civil and spiritual life. It is a good thing to have health; glorious to be strong, without it there is no real happiness in life; yet nothing ruins the health nor saps the strength like drunkenness. It is never necessary, no matter how tired one may be. A young man can work longer, better, and with less fatigue when he is a total abstainer.

Alcohol is a poison; infused into the veins it produces instant death; taken into the stomach it courses through the system and puts all its parts out of order. If a stranger intruded into a polite family circle, he would receive gentle or pointed hints that he was out of place. Your system is a family composed of its organs and members; let alcohol intrude, the headache, the bad stomach, the abnormal pulse, all these are hints that the presence of the stranger is hurtful. But let the intruder be a mad man who proceeds to smash the furniture and you seize him and eject him. Too much alcohol, what is called being drunk, abuses the members of the system, and they all rebel and strive to fire out the intruder. That self-preservation so instinctive in every organ of man, rebels against the presence of alcohol.

Some mistakingly say that drink helps to work. It does, for it will make you work in your old age when you should be enjoying at ease the fruits of life's labor; it will drive you to work when it has robbed you of the power to perform your labor. . . . Take a man upon a noble horse; while he sits steady and keeps a firm grasp of the reins, the beauty and power of the animal are his; but if he relaxes, the steed takes the bit between his teeth, rushes off, tosses the rider to the earth, drags him to death in the mud. So with our unguarded passions; if in drink we let go the reins, the demon rushes away with us, flings us to the ground and tramples us in the mire, and finally kills us outright. Drink is a vampire that sucks the life-blood a serpent that stings to the death; a demon that haunts the whole of life; a ghost that tracks its victim to the grave.—*N. Y. Catholic Review.*

A FLAVOR OF ROMANCE.

BISHOP McDONNELL is receiving many congratulations on his elevation, especially from the secular press in Brooklyn and its neighborhood. His piety, ability and personal high qualities have long been recognized, and the people of Brooklyn particularly manifest their gratification at the high honors just conferred upon him. The *Brooklyn Times* alludes to the flavor of romance about the name of the new prelate that seems, as the paper remarks, almost archaic in these matter-of-fact *in de siècle* days:

Among the tribes of the Scottish Highlands there was none that clung more firmly to the ancient faith of Rome or fought more bravely for the lost cause of the Stuarts than the McDonnells of Glengarry. And the name of Brooklyn's new Catholic Bishop, Charles Edward, which was the name of the young chevalier to whom a thousand Jacobite poets have done honor, shows how long the traditions of the clan have survived even after the race was broken and scattered and the children of the mountain warriors became tradesmen and artisans in the cities of the new world. "Prince Charlie" still lives in the affections of the grandchildren and the great-grandchildren of the men who went down in the wreck of Drummossie, and Brooklyn's Bishop in his name bears testimony to the tenacity of the survival of the Jacobite tradition.

The congratulations and good wishes extended to Bishop McDonnell come as effusively from Protestants as from Catholics—*Catholic Columbian.*

The greatest service a man can do for a good cause is to die for it. No man's life or work, however illustrious, is so potential as a martyr's death. The cause for which men are willing to die can never be destroyed. There is no seed so infallible and so fruitful as the seed of human sacrifice.

If we knew more of one another, how much more love, pity, compassion, and generous feeling there would be in the world! It is from that very ignorance of one another's trials and afflictions that we judge so hardly, and sometimes so unjustly.

DEATH OF SIR ALEXANDER CAMPBELL.

SIR ALEXANDER CAMPBELL, Lieut. Governor of Ontario, passed away on Tuesday afternoon at 3 o'clock. His illness had been extended over a long time. Eighteen months ago he was stricken with paralysis. Since then he has had two more strokes, the last one, of course, leaving him more helpless than before.

But a little more than a week ago he took a sudden relapse and it was then thought that the end was near. Since that time he was almost unconscious of everything that passed around him. But even while in this condition it was apparent that he was suffering acutely.

Beside Sir Alexander Campbell in his last moments were Miss Marjorie Campbell, his daughter, who has been with him almost constantly during the long days of his illness, Mr. Charles Campbell, his brother, and his niece, Miss Strange. Dr. Grassett was sent for, but before he arrived Sir Alexander was dead. The deceased leaves two children, Miss Marjorie Campbell, and Mr. Charles Campbell, of the legal firm of Abbott, Campbell and Meredith, of Montreal. In his life he was a firm adherent to the Church of England and for some years past was a regular attendant of St. George's church, John street.

On Thursday afternoon the funeral took place, and as the hour appointed for the starting of the funeral cortege approached, the hearse, in which the remains were to be carried to St. James' Cathedral and thence to the Union Station, was driven up to the main entrance of the Government house. Several policemen kept the public out of the grounds and Deputy Chief Stewart ddduty at the door. At 3 o'clock the casket was borne to the hearse, and the pallbearers then took carriages as follows:

In the first were Sir David Macpherson and Senator MacInnes, in the second, Mr. J. L. Blaikie, E. W. Rathbun, Mr. E. H. Kirkland and Justice Maclellan; in the third, Hon. A. S. Hardy, Hon. J. M. Gibson, Hon. R. Harcourt and Mr. W. R. Meredith, and in the fourth, Chief Justice Hagarty, Chief Justice Sir Thomas Gait, Sir William Howard and Hon. J. C. Aikins.

The remains were taken to Kingston for interment.

The Hon. Sir Alexander Campbell, K.C.M.G., Q.C., P.C., was in name and blood a Scotchman, by birth an Englishman, and by adoption a Canadian. He was the son of the late Dr. James Campbell, and was born in 1821 at the village of Hedon, near Kingston upon-Hull, in the east riding of Yorkshire, England. In 1823 his parents came to Canada and settled at Lachine, near Montreal. They gave their son the best educational advantages the country then afforded. They placed him first under the tuition of a Presbyterian clergyman and afterwards sent him to St. Hyacinthe College, Quebec, and still later to the Royal Grammar School at Kingston. He was of a studious turn of mind, and although he left school at what would now be considered a comparatively early age, he had imbibed all the essentials of a liberal education. At St. Hyacinthe College he acquired considerable knowledge of the French language and a consequent interest in French literature that accompanied him through life. When but seventeen years of age he entered on the study of law at Kingston in the office of the late Mr. Henry Cassidy. On the death of Mr. Cassidy in 1839 young Campbell entered the office of Mr. John A. Macdonald, whose reputation even then was rapidly growing. In 1842 he was admitted as an attorney, and immediately formed a partnership with Mr. Macdonald, the firm being known for some time as Macdonald & Campbell. The business, in the hands of these two exceptionally able men, was of course a lucrative one.

Politics, however, soon began to absorb the attention of the senior partner, and the burden of the office work fell upon Mr. Campbell, who soon acquired the reputation of being one of the soundest lawyers at the bar of Upper Canada. In 1851 he took a seat in the Kingston City Council. In 1856 he was created a Queen's Counsel, and in the following year was made a bencher of the Law Society of Upper Canada. Two years later he followed his senior partner into the field of politics, and was elected to the Legislative Council in the Liberal-Conservative interests for the Cataragui division. He was not an exceptionally brilliant man, who flamed across the political sky and attracted every eye. Respect for his ability and soundness of judgment grew slowly but steadily, and in 1863 he was chosen as Speaker of the Council. For this position he was by temperament and character pre eminently fitted, but a wider sphere of usefulness was opened up to him when, in 1864, the administrative strength of the Government having received a great reinforcement, he was assigned to the position of Commission of Crown Lands in the Tacho-Macdonald Ministry. Here his knowledge of law and prompt business methods found ample exercise, and it was admitted on all sides that he filled the office in a very admirable manner. From this time forward Mr. Campbell was looked upon as one of the strong men of his party, though one whose strength was shown in council rather than in fight. His was the balanced judgment and sound knowledge of affairs which at many critical moments was exerted in favor of sound and safe methods of party management. A staunch advocate of Confederation he took an active part in the Quebec conference, which resulted in the union of the provinces, and in 1867, when the first government of the Dominion was constituted under the leadership of the then newly knighted Sir John A. Macdonald, Mr. Campbell was sworn in as Postmaster-General. During the six years that he remained at the head of

this department much substantial progress was made, in all of which he took a lively interest and exerted a judicious control. In 1873 he accepted the portfolio of the newly constituted Department of the Interior, and resigned with the Government in that year. He failed to discover any sufficient reason for separating himself from his party, and judging that he could render better service to the country in the ranks of the Conservatives than anywhere else, he looked forward to the time when that party would surely be called upon again to control the destinies of the country. From 1873 to 1878 Mr. Campbell acted as leader of the Opposition in the Senate, and discharged the duties of the position with the same ability as well as with the same fairness and moderation as when he had represented the Government. To act a really factions part was almost wholly out of his power, certainly it would have been foreign to his nature. When the Conservative party returned to office in 1878 Mr. Campbell first accepted the position of Receiver-General, but in the spring of 1879 he returned to his old office of Postmaster-General. Thence he passed, in January, 1880, to the Department of Militia and Defence, which, during a brief term of office, he did not a little to invigorate.

The end of the year saw him back in the Post-office Department, which he again left in the month of May of the following year (1881) to assume the portfolio of Justice. In the meantime on 24th of May, 1879, he had been created by Her Majesty a Knight Commander of the Order of St. Michael and St. George, an honor which his eminent public services had very fully merited. Sir Alexander remained at the head of the Department of Justice until the latter part of the year 1885, when he once more returned to the Post-office Department. He was chairman of the commission appointed to consolidate and revise the statutes of Canada, June 7, 1883. Leaving the Post-office Department finally in 1887, he was appointed Lieutenant-Governor of Ontario to succeed Hon. John Beverley Robinson. His appointment was viewed with pleasure and approval, even by his political opponents. Before coming to Toronto, however, Sir Alexander went to England, at the request of the Government, to represent Canada at the colonial conference, where an opportunity was given for a confidential exchange of views between members of the British Government and leading representatives of the colonies. As a departmental chief Sir Alexander Campbell was deservedly popular. He was not, perhaps, the most accessible of men, but it was soon discovered that he had a kind heart and a strong sense of justice. He believed in holding men to their duty, but was always glad of an opportunity of rewarding faithful service. He had a keen insight into character and had consequently little difficulty in dealing with men on their merits. No department of government came amiss to him for the simple reason that his sound business methods were applicable everywhere. It will be remembered that while Minister of Justice it became the duty of Sir Alexander to draw up a memorandum explaining and defending the policy of the Government in executing Riel. This he did in a manner that for force, conciseness and logic, left nothing to be desired. It was indeed a fitting utterance of the highest organ of executive justice in the country.

Sir Alexander was married in 1855 to Miss Georgina Frederica Locke, a daughter of Mr. Thomas Sandwith, of Beverley, Yorkshire, England. How well and how faithfully he discharged the duties of his office as Lieutenant-Governor until his demise is known to all. The social duties at Government house devolved upon his daughter, Miss Marjorie Campbell, who, during her few years' residence in Toronto, has endeared herself to hosts of friends and been actively connected with as many charitable and other good works as her often tedious duties would allow.

The paragrapher who cabled last week that the Pope favored a Republic in Italy as a means of securing his own independence, omitted utterly to notice the negotiations now pending for a suitable royal partner for Her Serene Majesty the Moon.

It does not appear that Grand Master John Ross Robertson takes any stock in the wonderful Masonic relic, marked A. D. 1601, recently unearthed at Arnprior. The farmer who found it will, unless he gets it into a museum, be out his expenses. *Apropos* of nothing there is a mistake in the date. To make the joke a good one it should have been engraved B. C. 1601.

A pretty little story comes from Rome last week of a nun running away from a convent, madly pursued by the ecclesiastical authorities. When these stories are investigated on the spot they always prove to be sensational fabrications. We can remember one story which originated here in Toronto a year ago and which for a day or two gave the more sensational dailies very spicy half columns, but which melted into nothing, a simple fabrication, when the girl was interviewed by reporters. We do not doubt that the whole story is to-day alive and well, doing duty in distant climes like the testimonials of the patent medicines. "Sin has many tools and a lie is a handle which fits them all."

ANCIENT CITY OF DUBLIN—ITS SURROUNDINGS, STREETS AND BUILDINGS.

The following interesting description of the old capital, as it was in days gone by, is from the facile pen of Miss Catharine Tynan.

Dublin, a city by the sea, whose salt breezes in a time of east wind come up into the city streets, sweet and penetrating, a city ringed with mountains which one sees far off from upper windows, lovely in a grey-blue haze; a city of wide and empty thoroughfares; of stately buildings put to scant use, a city sleeping with the dust of centuries upon her hair and robe. Coming from busier worlds, one notices first the depression of the streets before one has realized other things, the velvety air, for example, which blows on one's face exquisitely pure and grateful. The superannuated cabs which crawl through our thoroughfares are supplemented by the thin streams of people on the sidewalks, while the well horsed outside cars, to which the stranger may be seen painfully clinging, only give a look of spasmodic dard-devility to the scene. There is a new street in Dublin, in line with and following the great main thoroughfare of Dame street, and it has been opened three years, and only one shop has been built there: the street is two straight lines of desolate building plots. Decay could not speak more eloquently. Yet the city is full of memories of the grandeur that was in the eighteenth century. The great Custom House, James Gandon's master-piece, has miles of disused rooms and passages, despite that half-a-dozen boards of one kind or another burrow there for we are overrun with bureaucracy. The Exchange and the Linen Hall have been diverted from their original purpose. The magnificent houses of the nobility have fallen upon evil days: Charlemont House shelters the Registrar-General and his staff; Tyrone House, the Board of National Education; Moira House, the Mendicity Institution; Aldborough House, the Commissariat; Leinster House the National Library, and Museum and Picture Gallery and so on. We love the memory of that glittering old nobility, we Irish, being conservative in all our instincts despite the temporary *bouleversement* of the land revolution. Probably as a class they were as oppressive as their brothers in France, whose curled heads fell under the guillotine, despite such glorious exceptions as the Earl of Charlemont and Lord Edward Fitzgerald; but we have forgotten all that, as their retainers did when they barricaded the castle rackrents against the forces of the law, and fought tooth and nail to save their masters from the inconvenient consequences of their mad unthrif.

Dublin is the only city in Northern Europe possessing two Cathedrals. To see really picturesque Dublin one must fare away from the more prosperous parts from the temple like front of the Bank of Ireland, once the houses of Parliament, and the long, unlovely line of Trinity College, westward up Dame street to Christ Church, the smaller of the two Cathedrals. This beautiful Gothic Cathedral, the ancient priory of Holy Trinity, has many memories about it: there Lambert Simmel was crowned in 1486, with the crown of the statue of the Blessed Virgin in St. Mary's Abbey over the water, for which act of treason the Archbishop of Dublin in those days had later to do public penance. Here was kept the great relic, "the Staff of Jesus," with which St. Patrick performed many miracles, and which was burnt by a too zealous reforming Bishop in the time of Henry VIII. The saint came by it in a strange fashion. He was warned in a dream to go seek it, in an isle in the Mediterranean, coming to which he found it populated by people young and of celestial beauty, and people old and withered. And to his surprise he learned that the ancients were the children, the sons and daughters of those beautiful young folks. And then they told him how in the practice of hospitality they had given shelter one night to an unknown traveller, whose presence among them was even as might be the presence of that one who journeyed unknown with the two travellers of Emmaus. For the night he abode with them the hospice seemed bathed in a fair light, and all their hearts were full of raptures and songs. And in the morning the cell where he slept was empty, none having seen him depart; but his staff, of exceeding richness and beauty, he left behind. They called it the Staff of Jesus, understanding that he had deigned to visit his people. And all who looked upon him were gifted from that hour with undying youth and beauty. But the hermit, who was their chief man having been warned in a vision, delivered up this precious staff to St. Patrick, who returned with it to Ireland, and worked by its aid many miracles, and afterwards, in its shrine in Christ Church it remained an object of great veneration till the coming of this iconoclastic Bishop of unlovely memory.

From Christ Church, and the hill on which it stands, as one goes westward from the city, many quaint and corkscrewy streets twist their tortuous way down to the river, some of them, such as Wormwood Gate, impossibly crazy and headlong as any wynd in Edinburgh Old Town. Wormwood Gate commemorates one of the old gates of the fortified town, which stood at the foot of those narrow streets on the banks of the river, an admirable natural position of defence, one would think. As late as 1610 all the north of the river was sand and sea marshes, save only the great pile of the Abbey of St. Mary's to the northwest, which had gathered around itself an appanage of streets and dwelling houses as a university might in our day, on the old maps it looks like a little town of itself.

At the foot of Parliament street once stood Izod's tower, named from the Iscult of Ireland whose story has such power to charm that three great poets of our day have set it in their poetry. One imagines her looking from some narrow tower-window over the sandy marshes and through the east-wind sea-fogs with her destiny as yet a sealed book and no messenger from Mark upon the water-way, her fate in his hand. One could make a picture of her thus, before her love and sorrow, a Barne-Jones or a Rossetti picture it must be, for passion and prevision are so wrought into one's thoughts of her. Her tower is gone, and only the memory of it remains; but there is Chapelizod, a sunk village between swelling hills and by the Liffey banks, on beyond Phoenix Park. There, after all her sin and suffering, her father erected a chapel for her soul's sake, and the name of the village commemorates this. It is a "Sleepy Hollow" where even the fiery heart of an Iscult might drowse, if her resting-place had been there.

At the other side of Christ Church and its hill there is another descent to the low-lying streets marking the ancient bed of the Poddle, a mysterious subterranean stream which, leaving its parent Dodder at a lovely green place behind Harold's Cross, slips away from the sunlight and goes sluggishly under houses and streets and becomes a common sewer, till it spills itself into the Liffey through a side gate in the quay-walls. A dreadful stream it has always seemed to me since I read long ago of a woman falling into it through a trap-door which she had lifted in her little house-yard in order to draw up water. Imagine the helpless creature swirling away into that living grave! Imagine her dead, floating on and on through the labyrinth in the dark! I have never forgotten the horror of it. There is some thing ghastly about a subterranean river. The water-rats used to come from this river swarming into St. Patrick's, the other cathedral, by night, till Sir Benjamin Lee Guinness, the munificent father of more munificent sons, restored it, and the old flooring was replaced by concrete and tiles. There is a story of an officer who was shut in here by accident at night having been eaten by rats, a story which I have always hoped was untrue.

If one wanted to make a brilliant impressionist picture one could scarcely do better than to come to Patrick Street, the direct route from one cathedral to the other, and the most picturesque street in Dublin, if also the dirtiest. He should catch it on a frosty winter afternoon, with the sunset reddening all over the sky and the haze of frost in the air. The street goes down steeply; there is the pointed dark tower of Patrick's sheer up in the luminous sky, and the long expanse of the cathedral with its great buttresses solemn in the growing shadows. But at its feet there is this street of booths, stocked with the most miscellaneous merchandise for the very poor—tin kettles and flaming cheap prints, coarse crockery and tawdry second-hand clothing, cradles and cabbages, looking glasses and sheeps' heads. The saleswomen, with their argumentative voices and bold, bright eyes, their touzled heads and scarlet woollen neckerchiefs, their weatherbeaten faces, and the stout apron, or *praskoon*, tied round their comfortable waists, are on the happiest terms with the other ladies, similarly clad, who have fish stalls by the curb-stone, and sit in sight of the world all day industriously cleaning their fish. There is always much conversation going on in Patrick street, not always of the belligerent kind an uninitiated person might fancy from voices and attitude. As it grows dark flaming gas jets spring up in the open fronts of the booths. An old woman, with the inevitable red shawl, knits at her door post, a velvety black cat rubbing himself up against her; a golden-haired child in a print frock and a dirty pinafore looks on sedately; a stray cur or two is snuffing the garbage for some delicate morsel. Patrick's Close, by the Cathedral side, is another such collection of crazy booths and bright bits of color. How different from the cathedral closes one remembers, those green places with the singing of the birds and the murmur of the wind in great branches, and the humming of bees in the heart of a rose or the cup of a lily!

I am not sure that the Cathedral does not gain from its strange surroundings. Impressive it is to gloom, with its stateliness, its loneliness, its overmastering memories of Swift, one of the saddest figures in all the world's history. It lies very low; after all the descent one has to go down steps into it. It is an eerie place of an evening, with the ragged banners of the Knights of St. Patrick fluttering in the gloom over the dark oak stalls, and the shadows heavy in the long side aisles. The gloom of stained glass has a richness and holiness about it; but here, where the white glare of the clerestory windows was darkened over by the coming night, there was a cold gleam like death. The verger was very old and very tired of sight-seers; there were no worshippers—only some who went tiptoe down the far aisle; there was a far away glimmer of light at the organ, where the organist was droning upon his instrument; and overhead was the bust of Swift, with the strange terrible inscription, "Here where fierce indignation can no more lacerate his heart."

Walter Scott, visiting here, said, "One thinks of nothing but Swift; the whole cathedral is merely his tomb," and this is so. One leaves it gladly as one would a mausoleum; yet I would rather see it so, ghost haunted, than in its hours of service, or on those gala nights when an oratorio is given here. There is a tomb in the cathedral to the memory of Alexander Magee, "the faithful servant of Dean Swift." Is this "the Dane's man?"—the invariable second

person the Irish peasant brings into every story of the saturnine dead man, who is remembered so only by his jests - his jests which were nearly always such terrible earnest!

In Marsh's Library close at hand, the gift of Archbishop Marsh to the citizens of Dublin, where none reads and none penetrates except the librarian, I have heard that a ghost walks of nights, flinging about disdainfully the worm eaten folios. Swift might well haunt this place, yet he of all ghosts ought not to "walk," after his unrestful life he should sleep well.

Close by it is the Coomles, the highway of the Liberties of Dublin, where, after the revocation of the Edict of Nantes, great numbers of French silk-weavers came and settled, and introduced the poplin-making industry. Their "weavers' hall" is still in existence, though turned to other purposes. The descendants of some of them prospered well, and now French names belong to some of our most considered people. We have so many Huguenots yet amongst us as to necessitate a special graveyard for their use, a walled place between houses in Merion Row, which not one out of every fifty passers by knows to be a graveyard.—*True Witness.*

AN IMPRESSIVE SCENE.

CATHOLIC FUNERAL SERVICES HELD IN THE U. S. SENATE.

THE U. S. senate transacted no business on Monday of last week except such as was incidental to the funeral services of the late Senator John S. Barbour, of Virginia. These services were of a striking and imposing character, being conducted in accordance with the ceremonies of the Catholic Church, with bishop, priests and acolytes in attendance attired in the gorgeous vestments of the Church and with every accompaniment of crucifix with candles and censers and incense. The distinguished concourse included, besides the senate and house of representatives, the members of the cabinet (with the exception of Postmaster General Wanamaker), the justices of the supreme court, the general of the army and senior admiral of the navy, Sir Julian Pauncefote, the British minister, and other members of the diplomatic corps. All the galleries were densely crowded. Bishop Keane, rector of the Catholic University delivered a powerful and eloquent sermon, in which he said that although Senator Barbour was not a member of the Catholic Church, yet he was in the position of a catechumen or candidate for baptism, and therefore was entitled to the prayer of the Church. This was the first occasion in the memory of the oldest officers of the senate when Catholic clergy officiated in such manner in the senate.

As the funeral-cortege entered, the august assemblage rose as one body in reverential silence. Preceded by acolytes in purple and white vestments, bearing aloft a crucifix and lighted tapers and carrying in their hands incense censers and other holy vessels of the Church, and accompanied by Bishop Keane, Father Gillespie, S. J., of St. Aloysius Church, and five assistant celebrants, the body was borne into the chamber and placed on the catafalque prepared for it. The imposing purple and black and silver embroidered vestments of Bishop Keane and the celebrant priests; the broad white silk sashes of the attendant senators and representatives; the magnificent flowers under which the casket was buried; the perfume of the incense; the burning tapers and the hushed silence of the great throng which filled every part of the chamber combined to make a scene of the most remarkable and impressive character.

At the conclusion of the prayers the acolytes and assistant priests withdrew to the side, and Bishop Keane, taking his stand at the head of the corpse, delivered an eloquent and impressive funeral address, referring to his intimate knowledge of the deceased senator during a period of years when his ministrations were conducted in Virginia, and speaking in the highest terms of his worth and character.

At the close of Bishop Keane's address the vice president took charge of the order of proceedings. Priests and acolytes resumed their allotted places and the cortege slowly wended its way by the main entrance out of the senate chamber back to the house of the late senator.

BY THE VALLEY OF THE SHADOW.

By ROBERT LENNOX.

Oh, my early love, in silence I am waiting here at last,
While a summons thrills my being like a fitful trumpet's blast;
'Tis the roll-call of the angels and my soul must answer "Here."
Have they told thee of my coming? Will they let thee linger near?

Has the echo floated to thee, "I am coming home to-night"?
Through the vale of mist and shadows with the star of hope for light;
Through the darkness, through the twilight, in the gathering of the gloam;
Labor weary, weak and trustful, I am coming to my home.

Not as long ago I came to thee when toil and day were done,
O'er the path through dewy meadows at the setting of the sun;
When the quail were whistling loudly from the fields of ripening grain,
And the bells of home-bound cattle rang sweet music in the lane.

When the lamp lit in the window seemed a lone-star shedding love,
Brighter than each wheeling planet in its golden sphere above,
To the hawthorn by our doorstep filling night with its perfume,
Come I not as then to meet thee in the gath'ring of the gloom.

Then my heart was free and buoyant as the lark's at break of day,
When the flame of summer mornings melts the mists of solemn grey,
When each buttercup is sipping dewdrops with its yellow mouth,
And each daisy nods obeisance to the wind from out the south.

Oh, the breezes o'er the meadow! I can almost feel them now
Sweep with incense heavy laden all the fever from my brow,
View the lark with rapture soaring high to greet the dawn's first beam,
See the white waves that the cattle splash in wading through the stream.

Oh, it is a dream worth dreaming as the spirit takes its flight,
Yet I cast it by as worthless when I dream of thee to-night.
All the phantoms of life's battle vanish in the sunset glow,
And thy form alone seems standing by me in the dusk below.

Art thou waiting? I am sightless, filled with pain at every breath,
And I hear a great wave breaking. Oh, is this the thing called death?
Stars are flashing, worlds are crashing, ocean seems to leave its bed,
Lurid lights and shades of evil war around my fenceless head.

Oh, the awful utter blackness! myriad fears my blood instil,
Oh, the seas of seething waters! Oh, the horrid icy chill!
Oh, the music! Oh, the angels! and the rustling of their wings,
Did I view one gleam of heaven through a cloud of baser things?

There, 'tis over! I am feeble, worn, delirious and old,
Yet a sudden rapture thrilled me as I saw those gates of gold,
Could the soul peer in the future from the fortress of the brain,
I would swear I saw the palace where the King of kings doth reign.

What is this?—a calm all holy seems to shield me from alarms,
And a blessed Peace seems folding me within its gentle arms,
Earth is fading like a rushlight in the morning grey and dim,
And I've lost the fear of starting on the road that leads to Him.

Art thou waiting? Art thou watching? O my love to lead me on,
Wilt thou guide me through the valley to the cliffs ablaze with dawn?
Stretch thy hand and speak in accents of the old remembered tone,
For my courage seems to falter, and I fear to walk alone.

Have they told thee I am coming unto thee and home to-night,
Through the vale of mists and shadows? Is the star of hope alight?
Through the darkness, through the twilight, in the gathering of the gloam,
Labor weary, weak and trustful, I am coming to my home.—*Standard.*

MY LADY'S PRAISE.

How may I scan my Lady's ways?
How may I tell my Lady's worth?
Nor tongue nor pen on this wide earth
Dare hope to fitly speak her praise.

Were every word I wrote a gem,
And every thought a golden thread,
'Twere all unworthy to o'erspread
My Lady's raiment's very hem.

With rarest pearls of words and deeds,
Into historic settings wrought,
On costliest chain of human thought,
I'd form my Lady's Rosary beads,

And bid them 'loud, and men's hearts fire
My Lady's love and praise to sing,
Ah me! I can do naught but string
Rough pebbles on a rusty wire.

And in rude accents lisp my prayer,
And stammer what I fain would say
To make more loved from day to day
More blest and loved my Lady fair.

Brother Aarons.

A LIFE LESSON.

Mr. Philip Elliotson, a man in moderate circumstances, lived in a neat little house, which he rented, in a thriving country village. He was keeping a store, which yielded him a very comfortable living. As Mr. Elliotson's family increased, the dwelling which he occupied became too small for him, making a removal or an addition to the house necessary. Being a good tenant, and a man well thought of in the community, his landlord was very ready to build him a couple of additional rooms for an increase of rent equal to ten per cent. on the outlay.

Mr. Gage, the carpenter, was employed to make the required improvements, and he forthwith went to work. It was not long before

a suitable frame was erected and weather-boarded in, and the plasterer commenced upon the interior. On the morning that the plasterer was to go to work, Mr. Elliotson, who was an early riser, walked out into the yard to look around and see how the new building was progressing. The first thing that met his eye was a load of lime that had been thrown down close to the gate, where the plasterer had arranged his mortar-troughs. It was in fine large lumps, fresh from kiln.

"Just the thing," said Mr. Elliotson, stooping down and turning over several large pieces with his hand. "This will save me from buying lime."

Mr. Elliotson then looked about him, and seeing that no one was near, stooped down again, and selecting two of the largest lumps, took them up and carried them away remarking in a low tone of voice to himself, as he did so "They will never be missed."

The lime was placed in an out building and an old piece of board thrown over it. In a day or two afterwards, it was slacked and used in whitewashing the fences.

Now the taking of a couple of pieces of lime by Mr. Elliotson was a little matter, comparatively speaking; but from small causes important results often come and they came in this instance. It happened that Mr. Gage, the carpenter, saw him take the pieces of lime—an act that surprised him very much. He could not have believed Mr. Elliotson guilty of such a petty act of meanness, not to say dishonesty.

Not willing to condemn a man in his own mind, and especially a man held in such high estimation by every one as was Mr. Elliotson, without being very sure that the lime had been taken for his own private purposes, the carpenter, on coming to work that day, and after Mr. Elliotson had gone to his store, searched about to see if he could find the lime. This search discovered it concealed beneath an old board, where it had been placed.

"I wouldn't have believed it, if I hadn't seen it with my own eyes," said Gage, quite confounded by what had occurred. "Some people might call this honest, but I don't," he continued. "Why it's downright stealing! What right had he to take this lime without the plasterer's consent? If he had asked for it, he could no doubt have had double the quantity he had taken, in welcome; but I don't like this—it doesn't look well. I almost wish I hadn't seen it; I shall never feel just right towards him again."

The carpenter was a strictly honest man, and far above an act of meanness. He regarded the rights of every one, in little as well as in great things, and could not tolerate in others any departure from rectitude. What he had seen troubled him. He tried to push the thought of it out of his mind, but could not succeed in doing so; it haunted him for days. When he met Mr. Elliotson, he felt like avoiding him, and could hardly bear to look in his face while he conversed with him.

Gage had a brother who owned a large farm in the fertile valley of a river whose waters passed through the village in which Elliotson kept store. The village was a depot for the receipt of nearly the entire product of this valley; it contained three stores. Elliotson's was the largest, and he received, as factor, at least two-thirds of the produce that came down the river; the selling of this was his chief business. For several years he had sold for Mr. Gage, the farmer, the products of his land, consisting principally of wheat, rye, corn, and oats; making him returns according to the ruling market prices.

Shortly after the occurrence of the little circumstances just mentioned, the farmer was in the village, and stayed, as usual, with his brother. While with him, the brother asked this question: "How does Elliotson manage your sales for you?"

"Very well."

"Are you always satisfied with the price he gets?"

"Why no, not always; but, then, I suppose it isn't his fault. The markets are not always as high as we farmers could wish."

"No, I suppose not. But does he return you the highest market rates?"

"Not for every consignment; but quotations of prices and actual sales do not always correspond. Sometimes we send down a lot of grain, and get for it more than we expected, and sometimes less; it is just as it happens. Why do you ask these questions? Isn't Mr. Elliotson the fair thing?"

"Not exactly, I am sorry to say."

"What?" The brother expressed strong surprise.

"The fact is, Henry," said the carpenter, "I have lost my good opinion of the man, and I will tell you the reason."

He then related the story about the lime.

"That was a little business," remarked the farmer, after he had heard the relation. "I could not have believed that a man of his standing could be guilty of such conduct."

"Nor I; it really confounded me. I have thought about you ever since, and how easy it would be for him, in rendering account of sales of your produce, to put the prices down a cent or two a bushel less than what he actually received. It would be a little matter in each particular, but quite an item in the year's business."

"Indeed it would! But I can hardly believe that Mr. Elliotson would do such a thing."

"Nor can I; and yet there is the fact of the lime staring us in the face. That shows what is in the man, and what is in it is pretty sure to come out, some time or other; it only needs the opportunity. When he took the lime it was early in the morning, and no one about, as he thought. He first turned it over, and then raised himself up and looked all around him carefully. After that, he stooped and lifted two large pieces, and carried them away. It looks bad, doesn't it?"

"It certainly does. I don't like the appearance at all."

"I don't know how you feel about it," said the carpenter, "but if I were in your place, I would be loathe to trust as much in his hands as you do."

"I must think about it," remarked the farmer. "I should be sorry to break with him, for our intercourse has been pleasant. He has always made me prompt returns. I believe I never had to write to him for money in my life."

"So far, so good, but if the returns were actually short, why—"

"That's another consideration altogether."

"Indeed it is."

"Now, although the suspicions of Gage, the carpenter, were, to all appearance, well founded, yet they wronged Mr. Elliotson. He had always made the most accurate returns for the produce sold, and retained not a farthing beyond the regular commissions agreed upon. In all matters of regular business, his ideas were clear and his practice blameless; he considered honesty to be the best policy, and was always honest in his dealings. The matter of the lime was an out-of-the-way operation—a kind of accidental affair, for which no rule of action, involving principle, had been laid down. The temptation came suddenly in his way, and he fell, but the fall was so light, that he scarcely felt the concussion; he was but indistinctly conscious of having done a wrong act, it was such a trifling matter; but, trifling as it appeared to be, it was destined to produce a serious effect upon his business. The first effect was the loss of Mr. Gage's consignment. The fact stated to the farmer by his brother rested upon his mind and troubled him. He continued to send his grain to Mr. Elliotson for some months, but his suspicions being aroused, he began to imagine that the account sales he received showed a low range of prices. One of his neighbours, who sent his produce to another store in the village, asked him one day what his last load of wheat had brought.

"A dollar and ten," replied the farmer.

"I did rather better than that," said the neighbor.

"Ah! How much did you get?"

"A dollar twelve."

"Did you, indeed? Herbert does your business?"

"Yes."

"Does he make prompt returns?"

"Oh, yes. He is very prompt and very correct."

"A dollar twelve! Have you just heard of the sale?"

"I received the account to-day."

"That's strange! My wheat was in every way as good as yours, and ought to have brought as good a price."

Mr. Gage was now decided in his own mind about changing his agent, he felt satisfied that something was wrong, and yet there was nothing wrong; the grain of the neighbour had been received three days before his came to market, and, in that time the price had fallen two cents. His next lot of produce was sent to Mr. Herbert, who, from that time, became his consignee. By this change, the business of Mr. Elliotson, suffered considerably. Gage was his largest consignee, and usually made heavy purchases from him during the year, thus giving him a double profit.

From this period, the business of Elliotson gradually declined. One after another of his old customers in the neighborhood of Gage fell off, without assigning any reason, and went over to Herbert, whose operations doubled within a year. The cause lay in hints from farmer Gage, in reply to questions as to why he had changed his consignee. He said nothing touching the integrity of Elliotson, but hesitated not to allege that Herbert obtained better prices for his produce; this was, of course, enough to induce others to follow his example. At the end of a year, the business of Elliotson was so much reduced, that he found it very difficult to keep his head above water. He was no longer as prompt in making returns of sales to the farmers as before, and this caused others of them to leave him.

"What's the matter with Elliotson?" now began to be asked among his neighbors. "He seems to be going down hill."

But no one could answer the question. He was known as an active and energetic business man, and it was believed that he would, in time, acquire a fortune. That a different result was threatened, created general surprise. When a man begins to go down hill, there is but little hope for him; he rarely fails to reach the bottom. Thus it was with Mr. Elliotson. In three years from the day he was guilty of the trifling act of taking a few pieces of lime that did not belong to him, he was sold out by the sheriff. Of the cause of the blight that had fallen upon his fortune, he had not the most remote conception. It never entered his imagination that a suspicion of his integrity existing anywhere, or that he had ever given cause for such suspicion. In the calamity by which he was stricken, he retained one consciousness—that of being an honest man.

(To be continued.)

THE PROVINCE OF QUEBEC LOTTERY.

The Capital Prize \$15,000 Won By A Poor Girl.

The Capital prize \$15,000.00 4th of May Drawing. "Province of Quebec Lottery" was won by Miss May Donovan, 113 Dufresne Street, Montreal.

Dame Fortune was not blind, for once. This fortune could not have fallen into better hands.

Miss Donovan belongs to a poor but highly respectable family. The father, now dead, was one of the good parishioners of Reverend J. J. Salmon, parish priest of St. Mary's, Craig Street, who takes pleasure in recalling the merits of this good man.

The mother left a widow, dependent mostly for a living on her daughter's daily labor. She, bestowing on her mother all the care that her feeble resources permitted and very often she wished to be able to do more. It was for this end that she deprived herself in order to buy a lottery ticket, not however without adding a fervent prayer. Her hopes were not in vain as we may see.

She presented herself this morning at the Lottery's Office accompanied by her mother and Reverend Father Salmon.

The prize was paid her at once as the two following certificates may show.

THE PROVINCE OF QUEBEC LOTTERY.

CERTIFICATE of the bearer of Ticket No. 18458 \$15,000.00 DRAWING OF MAY 4TH, 1892.

I the undersigned do hereby certify that on presentation of my ticket No. 18458 which drew the first capital prize \$15,000.00 at the Drawing of May 4th instant of the Province of Quebec Lottery, I have at once been paid.

Witnesses AIME MATHIEU LOUIS PERRAULT MARY DONOVAN, 113 Dufresne St., Montreal.

CERTIFICATE OF REVEREND J. S. SALMON.

I the undersigned, Cure, of St. Mary's Church, Craig Street, Montreal, do hereby certify that the above prize has been paid this day in my presence to Miss Mary Donovan.

Witnesses AIME MATHIEU LOUIS PERRAULT JOHN J. SALMON, P. P. St. Mary's "LA PRESSE," Montreal, 6th May, 1892.

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.

BI-MONTHLY DRAWINGS FOR THE YEAR 1892

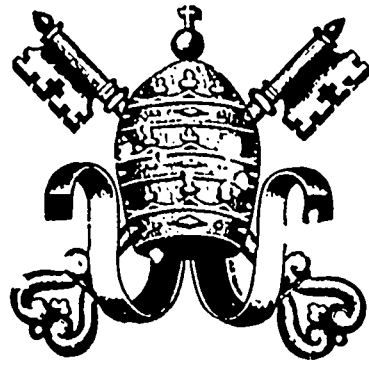
7 and 20 January, 3 and 17 February, 2 and 16 March, 6 and 20 April, 4 and 18 May, 1 and 15 June, 6 and 20 July, 3 and 17 August, 7 and 21 September, 5 and 19 October, 2 and 16 November, 7 and 21 December.

3134 PRIZES WORTH \$52,740.00 CAPITAL PRIZE WORTH \$15,000.00 TICKET, . . . \$1.00 do - - - 25 Cts.

LIST OF PRIZES.

Table with 2 columns: Prize worth, Amount. Includes 1 prize worth \$15,000-\$15,000, 1 prize worth \$5,000, 1 prize worth \$2,500, 1 prize worth \$1,250, 2 prizes worth \$500, 5 prizes worth \$250, 25 prizes worth \$100, 100 prizes worth \$50, 500 prizes worth \$25, 100 prizes worth \$15, 100 prizes worth \$10, 999 prizes worth \$5, 999 prizes worth \$1.

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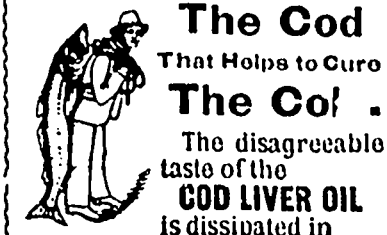
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TORONTO POSTAL GUIDE. During the month of May 1892, mails close and are due as follows:

Table with columns: Close, Dux, a.m., p.m. Lists various routes like G. T. R. East, O. and Q. Railway, G. T. R. West, N. and N. W., T. G. and B., Midland, C. V. R., G. W. R., U. S. N. Y., U. S. West States.

English mails close on Monday and Thursdays at 4 and 10 p.m., and on Saturdays at 7 p.m. The following are the dates of English mails for May: 2, 3, 5, 7, 9, 12, 14, 16, 19, 21, 23, 25, 27, 30. N.B.—There are branch post offices in every part of the city. Residents of each district should transact their Saving Bank and money order business at the local office nearest to their residence, taking care to notify their correspondents to make orders payable at such branch post office. T. C. PATTERSON, P.M.

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