

Technical and Bibliographic Notes / Notes techniques et bibliographiques

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

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

Coloured covers/
Couverture de couleur

Coloured pages/
Pages de couleur

Covers damaged/
Couverture endommagée

Pages damaged/
Pages endommagées

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

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

Cover title missing/
Le titre de couverture manque

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

Coloured maps/
Cartes géographiques en couleur

Pages detached/
Pages détachées

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

Showthrough/
Transparence

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

Quality of print varies/
Qualité inégale de l'impression

Bound with other material/
Relié avec d'autres documents

Continuous pagination/
Pagination continue

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

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

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

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

Title page of issue/
Page de titre de la livraison

Caption of issue/
Titre de départ de la livraison

Masthead/
Générique (périodiques) de la livraison

Additional comments:/
Commentaires supplémentaires:

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

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

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. IV

Toronto, Saturday, Mar. 15, 1890.

No. 5

CONTENTS.

NOTES.....	69
THE DISAPPEARANCE OF JOHN LONGWORTHY.....M. F. Egan	70
THE SHAMROCK'S HISTORY.....	71
DAWN ON THE IRISH COAST.....	72
DUAL LANGUAGE DEBATE.....	73
THE MORALS OF THE JESUITS.....	74
THE POPE AND THE JEWS.....	87
EDITORIALS—	
A Glance at the <i>Bystander</i>	76
Mr. Goldwin Smith's "Loyalty".....	76
Some Curious Contradictions.....	77
Mr. Mereler and the University.....	77
A Droll Story.....	78
Men and Things.....	75
Our Christian Heritage.....	79
General Catholic News.....	80

Notes.

There is a sarcastic sentence in the London *Universe* about the Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland. "There is a fashionable festival on in Dublin at present," it says. "It is patronized by the Lord-Lieutenant, whose name we really forget, and the profits are to be devoted to the funds of the Dental Hospital."

The debate upon the Government's motion for the adoption of the Report of the Parnell Commission is in progress, and the powerful indictment which Mr. Gladstone formulated last week against the Ministry has been followed up by a speech of great force and invective from Sir Charles Russell, and the still more impetuous onslaught of Lord Randolph Churchill, a quondam colleague of the Conservatives.

Lord Randolph Churchill may be said to be pre-eminently a political weather cock, and his frequent turnings and changes are believed to unfailingly indicate in what direction the popular wind blows. That, as an independent Conservative, he would criticise the course of the Government and its connivance with the conspirators was of course to be expected; but the violence of his attack was almost unprecedented. It is scarcely possible that the Government can survive the blow which has been dealt to it by the *Times* Forgeries disclosures. Though it may manage to keep a working majority in the House, it is apparent that it is irretrievably discredited before the country.

The Irish bishops all devote a considerable portion of their Lenten Pastorals to the subject of intemperance, and exhort their flocks to make the centenary of Father Mathew the occasion of a new departure for Ireland with regard to this deplorable evil. The Most Rev. Dr. O'Dwyer, of Limerick,

in his Pastoral refers to the increase of intemperance in Ireland, and calls upon the clergy to use every effort to check the evil. He denounces the use of drink at wakes and funerals, and urges upon the clergy to put this practice down with the greatest stringency. Were the Irish people temperate he is convinced that none would be better, for nearly all the poverty and misery of the country was to be attributed to the vice of intemperance.

The Minister of Education for the Province of Ontario has submitted a measure to the Legislature providing, in conformity with the recent decision of the Chancery Judges, that any ratepayer wishing to be rated as a Separate School supporter must so notify the clerk of the municipality before March 1st in each year. Regarding the question of the ballot, Mr. Ross announced that it was not the intention of the government to enforce the ballot in the election of trustees for Separate Schools. The Minister explained that there had never been any demand made or petition presented to the government demanding the ballot, and there was, moreover, a grave constitutional doubt as to whether the B. N. A. Act empowered it to force the ballot on Roman Catholics. He volunteered the further information, which must have come as a surprise to the ballot advocates, that out of 291 Public Schools in the Province, only 95 had availed themselves of the method of secret voting.

The action of the Anglican Archbishop of Canterbury in applying for a license to sell beer and wine at Lambeth Palace, the archiepiscopal residence, for the entertainment of his clergy, is furnishing a subject for sarcastic comment to a number of our contemporaries. One of them ironically remarks, after the style of the clerical apologists for the liquor traffic, that it "presumes there is nothing wrong *per se* in this," but for all that suggests that it would be more exemplary if the head of the Anglican church, having such tastes, resigned his high office and opened a "public 'ouse." As a matter of fact, however, the Archbishop's application simply means that the Anglican clergy have organized a clerical club and established their headquarters at Lambeth Palace. The project has been on foot for some time. "It is well known," says another paper, "that few of the Anglican clergy are total abstainers, and if they want their tipples they have a right to a club house and all its attendant conveniences. One thing we must say for English churchmen, they are rarely hypocrites and they never touch quinine in any shape." This last remark has reference to the case of the Rev. Dr. Lorimer of Chicago, who traced to an over-dose of quinine a recent violent anti-Catholic exacerbation.

THE DISAPPEARANCE OF JOHN LONGWORTHY.

M. F. ROAN IN AVE MARIA.

XI.—*Esther Suffers.*

ESTHER watched the scene with deep interest. She could not hear what was said, nor could Mary.

"It's too bad that Miles cannot learn to behave himself," she murmured to her sister, as she watched the amazed look on Fitzgerald's face. "What is he saying?"

"Hush!" whispered Mary, trying to go on with the business of the dinner unconcernedly. "Do not mind him; he has been a little upset."

"Oh upset! Fiddlesticks!" began Esther.

"Esther," said Mary, rapidly and imploringly, "have patience. We women must bear a great deal for the sake of those we love. Miles has almost promised to go to his duty at Christmas, and don't—don't put any obstacle in his way."

This was an argument to which Esther had no answer. Mary had sacrificed so many things for the good of Miles' soul, and Esther was so genuinely reverent at heart, that she never said words she might have said when Mary pointed to Miles in his spiritual aspect.

"Look!" she whispered.

Miles' face, at Bastien's last words, had assumed the most wonderful look of astonishment and even horror. He turned helplessly to Fitzgerald, whose eyes were fixed with a strange gaze of fear on Bastien.

"My dear friend," Bastien continued, with a foreign accentuation of the r's in the speech, "you need not look at Mr. Fitzgerald; he knows nothing. Here is my card," and he drew a small square of pasteboard from his pocket. "If you will do me the honor to call at my little *atelier* to-morrow or next day, or the Fourth of July, or any day, you shall know all that is necessary for you to know about the late respectable John Longworthy. Oh, you look at me! Did I kill him? Well I did—if the law says so; but you must first prove it according to the law. Good night!"

Miles felt himself dismissed, and he was angry at himself for turning away. What right had that man to command him? Miles felt that he was better dressed, better-looking—that he had a louder voice, and that he wore a diamond. Nevertheless, he went back to his sisters' table, and forgot to grumble because the roast duck was cold; he forgot likewise to order the Chianti, much to Mary's joy. He looked at the card and read, "R. von Bastien, Photographer, No.—Bowery."

In the meantime Bastien asked very respectfully who the ladies were. Fitzgerald answered briefly, and Bastien went on:

"I have met the elder. She is a sweet and charitable gentlewoman. God be thanked that there are such women in the world!"

"Where did you meet her?" asked Fitzgerald, looking at his companion with distrust.

"At the bedside of the sick," Bastien answered. Then he continued: "Are they poor?"

"Who?" asked Fitzgerald, beginning to be irritated.

"Those ladies."

"They are not rich; they work every day for their living."

"And I think you said the younger is a musician?"

"I did," responded Fitzgerald, shortly.

Bastien smiled grimly.

"Come, come," he said; "let us finish our dinner. Trust me awhile, and you shall know all. If I did put the worthy Longworthy out of the way, believe me it was in self-defence."

He scanned Fitzgerald's face with a mocking look.

"For Heaven's sake, don't joke, Bastien! I have known nothing but good about you—have seen nothing but good. But if you go on this way—"

Fitzgerald stopped; Miles and his sisters had finished their coffee and were going. The young ladies repeated their cool nods, and Miles gave a sulky "Good-night." Vespucci followed them down-stairs graciously; and as the host was too preoccupied to ask Mary to lend him the price of the score,

Vespucci, who was the politest of men, put it down to Miles' account.

Esther made up her mind that a dinner at Vespucci's was not so gay as she had expected, but still it made her think of St. Mark's at Venice, of Mount Vesuvius, and the Doges; so she felt that it had somehow or other brought her nearer Europe.

Miles went up to his den after they reached home. Esther saw that Mary intended to make a long meditation, and when this had begun, and Mary was lost to all earthly things, she threw her fur cloak around her, glided through the hall, and knocked at Miles' door.

Miles had just arranged himself comfortably for a period of thought. His feet were on one chair and his body on another, and his corn-cob pipe was alight. His forehead was corrugated, for he was actually thinking with all his might. What did Bastien mean? He could not make out what all this meant. Were Fitzgerald and Bastien in league? Miles cursed his folly in blurting out his question. He ought to have waited. It was evident that Bastien was the most audacious and coolest villain possible. Miles' head swam; the knot was too tight for him.

Esther's knock aroused him, and before he knew what he was doing he had said:

"Come in!"

He was surprised to see Esther. It was generally Mary who brought him the salutary pitcher of lemonade.

Esther, uninvited, took a seat on a chair covered with newspapers, near the table. The light from the lamp showed Miles an unusual expression of determination on her face.

"Don't disturb yourself, Miles," she said: "I shall not stay long—but I shall not leave until I have found out what all this mystery means. What has Mr. Fitzgerald done?"

"I don't see what right you have to ask," responded her brother, sulkily. "I don't want to be badgered any more by you girls."

"I have a right to ask this question—you know I have. You introduce a gentleman to your sisters, and then, without any explanation, insist that we shall refuse to see him."

Miles looked at Esther's determined face and calculated, or tried to calculate, what would be the effect of his telling his thoughts to her. He had gotten himself into that state of mind which peremptorily required a confidant. He knew that he could trust Esther implicitly. If she chose to spurn his suspicions, she would be perfectly safe, at any rate. And she was the nearest person to him just now. He *must* tell somebody. Besides, he reasoned, if Esther really liked Arthur Fitzgerald she might be induced to raise money somehow in order to save that young gentleman's reputation. Miles was desperate enough to play any card. He held the opinion that Esther had an untold hoard of money somewhere, as she never gave him any, and he had on several occasions, when times were good, given her various gifts. Bastien had thrown him off the track. There was no use in attempting to run down a man of such unparalleled coolness. And Miles knew he must have money very soon, or a thing would happen from which he shrunk.

In the meantime Esther waited.

"You can't tire me out, Miles," she said, toying with the paper-knife. "Come, tell me the truth."

He puffed at his pipe and made his decision.

"The truth is, I believe Fitzgerald knows a great deal about the murder of John Longworthy."

Esther smiled. "Why do you say such a foolish thing? I am not a baby. It is easy to put Mary off with any story that comes into your head, but I am not Mary. And the only difference is that she tries to make herself believe she believes you, while I don't."

"I have proof of it," Miles said, calmly.

"How many times have you had all sorts of proofs in this Longworthy case? I wish you'd drop it and go to work."

Miles puffed at his pipe and watched Esther furtively. Then he told her about the handkerchief and the envelope. Esther's face whitened as she listened. She recalled Fitz-

gerald's change of aspect at her thoughtless speech, but she banished the incredible suspicion from her mind. Miles was careful not to mention his talk with Bastien at Vespucci's.

"Let us say that appearances are against Mr. Fitzgerald," she said, after Miles had finished. Why should you want to ruin him?"

"I don't want to ruin him," replied Miles, watching Esther's changing face closely. "I want him—well—to make it worth my while to drop the matter,—or I want the reward for having found John Longworthy's murderer."

Esther's face grew whiter than ever; she covered her face with the hand toward Miles.

"A-ha," he said to himself, "she *does* like him! Now let her buy him off. I'll be reasonable, though he has always been very selfish to me."

"And you want money so badly as that?" she asked, with her hand still shading her face.

"I want money more than anything else on earth. My future depends on it, and I am bound to have it."

There was silence, only broken by the sound of the wick sucking the oil in the lamp.

"Well," Esther said, in a changed, strained voice "you will get yourself into trouble if you try to connect Mr. Fitzgerald with John Longworthy's murder. Depend upon it, the handkerchief and envelope episodes can be explained. That man never committed a crime. Trust a woman's intuition for that. It sickens me to think that you—my brother, Mary's brother—could have had the thoughts you have insulted me by expressing. How have you become so degraded? O Miles, when I think of the old times, and of mother, and of her hopes, and of you and me playing together—" Esther broke off, and the hand which she persistently held between her face and Miles trembled.

"Cut sentiment!" he said, doggedly. "I've been a pretty fair brother to you when I have been in luck. When a man wants money he can't bother about fine-cut distinction."

"Mary and I have some money in the bank. It isn't a great amount; for the taxes and all the repairs the tenants insisted on have not left much. There's about three hundred dollars. It is in Mary's name. I'll ask her to draw it out for you to-morrow. She'll be glad to do it without asking questions; or if she does," added Esther, with a touch of scorn, "you can satisfy her curiosity in the usual way. We intended the money for the trip, but I'd rather never see Europe than have you begin blackmailing—yes, blackmailing—an old schoolmate."

"And is that all you offer?" demanded Miles, his jaw falling. "You can't care so much for Fitzgerald, after all. I thought you'd do more than that to save him," he added, in an aggrieved voice.

A flood of red overspread Esther's face. She looked straight at her brother, her heart sinking within her. Miles puffed away at his pipe, with his eyelids closed, trying to conceal his nervousness. It was a bitter moment for the girl. She had said cutting things to and of Miles, but she had only half believed them. She drew the fur of her cloak more closely to her. She felt cold,—her hands were icy. She could not reproach him now: he had fallen too low. Suddenly she understood that he wanted to blackmail her, not Arthur Fitzgerald. Again the blush of offended pride and modesty overspread her face. She dared not trust herself to speak. She could no longer hold the paper-knife; she dropped it from her fingers.

Miles was entirely callous. He was bent on his own object. He had no conception that he had thrust a dagger in Esther's breast. Perhaps earlier in his life he might have understood it, but he had drifted past all comprehension of it now. Esther realized for the first time how far she was from him.

"I said," he repeated, "that I thought you'd do more than that to save a man whom you evidently like so much. Love at first sight, hey?"

"I want to save *you*," she answered, in a low voice.

"Three hundred dollars won't do it," he said. "But you needn't worry about me. I haven't killed anybody."

The girl rose. Good-night, Miles. Mary will get you the money to-morrow. It is all we have."

She opened the door without looking of him. He took his pipe from his mouth, opened his lips and muttered to himself:

"I am a fool! I've only made things worse." Then he said aloud: "Just close the door."

Esther obeyed.

"I may as well tell you, as you are bound to find it out anyhow, that I have already borrowed that money. In fact, I wrote Mary's name. I knew she wouldn't mind, and I didn't want to bother her. And, as they knew me at the bank—I just took the loan—you see—"

He stammered and pretended to stoop for a match.

Esther did not think of him; one thought drove all disgust and scorn from her mind: it was of Mary. She sunk down near the table and began to cry.

"O Miles," she sobbed, "when Mary finds out that you are a—a—she will die!"

To be continued.

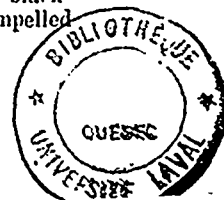
THE SHAMROCK'S HISTORY.

WHEN King Lorry, surrounded by his lords, vassals, and Druids, was celebrating his birthday at Tara, the ancient capital of Ireland, it happened to be on the eve of Easter. The time had come when all the fires were to be extinguished, that, after a while, they might be relighted by the sacred torch consecrated to the heathen gods. In the interval of hallowed darkness, suddenly there appeared a brilliant light at the top of the Slope of Chariots. The sparks and flames rose from the mysterious camp of profanation of the ancient faith of Tara. Who had dared to profane the sacred darkness by unholy fires? What bold blasphemer ventured to light the torch until the flame had been brought from the altar of the gods? The warriors grasped their arms and rushed up the hill to tear the infidel to pieces. They seized him and dragged him down to the hall of judgment; but all the while he kept reciting prayers to the unknown God; and when brought before the assembly of enraged idolaters, St. Patrick, who for seven years had been Mileho's herdsman slave, stood forth, like the heroic Paul, and answered for himself.

In his lonesome captivity St. Patrick had learned to love the Irish people, and with the burden of salvation he had traversed the great plains from the mouth of the Boyne to the Slope of the Chariots. He stood and preached to them all night—from the birth of the stars to the grand ascension of the sun. He spoke as never man had spoken in Tara. He told them the story of the Nazarene, of the Blessed Trinity—Father, Son, and Holy Ghost—of Baptism, of the Eucharist, of all the sublime faith of the Church of Rome. Towards daylight the people began to believe, and fell into debate, one with another. The arch-Druid, the king, and two beautiful maidens were converted and baptized. The tumult increased; the true fires of heaven were blazing in the dark valley of paganism, and St. Patrick preached on until the day-dawn began to reveal the course of the Black-water, the Boyne, and the hills of Cavan and the heights of Slane.

But the people could not understand the strange doctrine of the Trinity—how three persons should constitute one God—and with daylight their hearts began to return to their idols. Suddenly the apostle caught up a sprig of shamrock, which had been holding up his triple-palms in the adoration of the one true God, and holding it forth, he showed the people that three leaves growing from a single stock constitute but one. Instantly the quick-witted people understood the mystery; they rushed upon the apostle, and would have carried him on their shoulders, and from that hour the faith of Patrick was planted in the Irish heart, and that faith since has never failed.

A short time ago Mr. Flannagan, one of the editors of the London *Times*, and the writer of that paper's "Parnellism and Crime" articles, was proposed for membership in the Athenæum Club, in Pall Mall, an organization devoted to literature, science and art, and in no sense political. He has just been balloted for, with the result that he was black-balled to such an extent that his proposers have felt compelled to apologize for having presented his name.



DAWN ON THE IRISH COAST.

THE following exquisitely beautiful and touching poem, which we have thought it opportune to reprint this week, will touch a sympathetic chord in the Irish breast wherever the children of Erin may have made a home throughout the earth. The gifted Irishman who wrote it, Mr. John Locke, at one time editor of the *Celt* and afterwards of the *Celtic Monthly*, passed away in New York just about a year ago. In his youth he was compelled, like hundreds of other young Irishmen, to leave his native land after the abortive "rising" of '67, whence he came to New York where he afterwards resided for the most part. Well educated, and gifted with a vivid imagination, his literary contributions to the American press soon gave him a high standing as a writer. The poem which we publish is that, however, with which his name will be universally linked. In it he portrays, with the fidelity of one who felt himself what he described, the emotions of a returning Irish emigrant, as the first glimpse of his native shores burst on him with the rising of the sun out of the depths of night and ocean. It is a picture that many have looked upon, but none more faithfully limned than the dead poet:—

DAWN ON THE IRISH COAST.

Th' anam 'san Diahl! but there it is,
The dawn on the hills of Ireland!
God's angels lifting the night's black veil
From the fair, sweet face of my sireland!
Oh Ireland is'nt it grand you look
Like a bride in her rich adornin'
And with all the pent-up love of my heart
I bid you the top o' the mornin'.

This one short hour pays lavishly back
For many a year of mourning;
I'd almost venture another flight,
There's so much joy in returning—
Watching out for the hallowed shore
All other attractions scornin';
Oh, Ireland, don't you hear me shout?
I bid you the top o' the mornin'.

Ho—ho! upon Chona's shelving strand,
The surges are grandly beating,
And Kerry is pushing her headlands out
To give us the kindly greeting;
Into the shore the sea-birds fly
On pinions that know no drooping;
And out from the cliffs, with welcome charged
A million of waves came trooping.

Oh, kindly generous Irish land,
So leal and fair and loving,
No wonder the wondering Celt should think
And dream of you in his roving!
The alien home may have gems and gold—
Shadows may never have gloomed it
But the heart will sigh for the absent land
Where the love light first illumed it.

And does'nt old Cove look charming,
Watching the wild waves' motion,
Leaning her back against the hills
And the tips of her toes in the ocean?
I wonder I don't hear Shandon's bells!
Ah, may-be their chimings over,
For its many a year since I began
The life of a Western rover.

For thirty summers, *ashore machree*,
Those hills I now feast my eyes on,
N'er met my vision, save when they rose,
Over Memory's dim horizon.
Even so t'was grand and fair they seemed

In the landscape spread before me;
But dreams are dreams, and my eyes would ope
To see Texan skies still o'er me.

Ah! often upon the Texan plains
When the day and the chase were over,
My thoughts would fly o'er the weary wave
And around the coast line hover;
And the prayer would rise that, some future day,
All danger and doubtings, scornin',
I'd help to win my native land
The light of young Liberty's mornin'.

Now fuller and truer the shore line shows—
Was ever a scene so splendid?
I feel the breath of the Munster breeze,
Thank God that my exiles' ended,
Old scenes, old songs, old friends again,
The vale and cot I was born in!
Oh, Ireland, up from my heart of hearts
I bid you the top o' the mornin'!

SOME PASSAGES FROM THE LATE DEBATE.

THE following passages from the speeches of Sir Hector Langevin and the Hon. Mr. Laurier on Mr. McCarthy's Dual Language motion in the House of Commons, deserves a place in these columns and will repay the perusal of our readers. The extracts are taken from the official *Hansard*, and are fuller and more correct than the reports which appeared in the daily papers. In the course of his speech Sir Hector Langevin said:—

"The weapons he (Mr. McCarthy) uses can be used by two and not only by one; and if injustice is done anywhere that is generally followed by injustice elsewhere. I hope there will be no such injustice done. I would be the last man to retaliate, and if injustice should be done to my countrymen in the North West, I would prefer to suffer a thousand years than to retaliate by doing injustice to others. I want to be well understood. The minority in the Province of Quebec speak the English language, and this minority is divided into two sections, the Roman Catholic and the Protestants. The French are there in a large majority. Well, for nothing in the world would I consent, with any influence I might have on my French-Canadian countrymen, that they would do the smallest injustice to the other races in my Province. Hon. gentlemen may be assured that the people of the Province of Quebec, as a whole, the masses of the people, would never consent to anything of the kind. If there were any chance of that being done, I would, even during the Session of Parliament, leave my seat here and go down into the Province and call meetings and say: Do not commit an injustice, though injustice were committed towards you at the beginning of the colony; that has gone by; we are treated properly, our institutions are protected, our language is protected, and notwithstanding what the hon. gentleman wishes, it will be protected and will continue to be used; our religion is safe, we may pray and adore God as we please; but we wish our neighbors to have the same freedom to speak their own language, the English language; we wish to have their institutions protected as ours are; we wish them to have their own temples and to adore God as they please, and they must be protected in doing so. If occasional exceptions to this occur, they occur not only in our Province but in the other Provinces; but the sense of justice always takes the lead."

Further on Sir Hector said:

"The hon. gentleman speaks of uniting the country; he says he wants a united people all speaking the same language; and yet he is doing his best to divide this country as to races, to put the French and Catholics on one side and the Protestants on the other side. He will not succeed in that attempt, I know a great many Protestants who will not agree to that, and I know many Catholics who will not allow it. If we are to prosper in this country, and our institutions to succeed, we must be united, and we must not divide our people by races. The hon. gentleman thinks that by his Bill he is destroying us. He will see before many days are over that it has the contrary effect, that it is uniting us on both sides of

the House as one man. There are no politics in this. It is a question of self-preservation, and if he thinks that we are to allow the hon. gentlemen on the other side, who have the same sentiments, the same aspirations, and the same blood as we have, to be choked, he will find himself mistaken. We will go together to preserve our autonomy, our language, our institutions—everything which is sacred to a nation. Our forefathers have been buried in the Province of Quebec. There are the very grounds where we go and pray for their souls, as good Catholics, and does he think that we will abandon that country, that he is going to chase us away without a struggle? We would be untrue to our blood."

Mr. McCarthy stated in his speech that there was a marked antagonism between the Irish and the French people in Quebec, and it will be remembered that Mr. Curran, M.P., spoke in French as a protest against the statement. On this point Sir Hector said:

"I know that the two races—when I say the two races I mean not only the Irish, but the Scotch and the English in the Province of Quebec, as well as the French—agree very well, they live alongside each other, and the hatred that the hon. member mentions, does not exist—far from it. The hon. gentleman from Montreal Centro gave some examples and I will give some more. When Irish immigrants were coming into this country, and when a ship fever broke out amongst them, they were detained at the quarantine station of Grosse Isle, and the living cargoes of these ships were landed, what did the clergy of the Province of Quebec do? We saw that Cardinal Taschereau, then a simple priest, went to their assistance. He was then at the Seminary of Quebec, but he offered his services, and a number of others along with him, to rescue these poor Irish people. A number of Sisters of Charity, also French speaking, went to Grosse Isle to attend their wants, and a number of them lost their lives while caring for the poor Irish women and children. And when these men and women, the fathers and mothers of poor orphans, were gone, what became of these children? Were they left on the island to die? No. French-Canadian families adopted them, they were well taken care of, and they became French-Canadians. The hon. gentleman calls that absorption of race. I wish we could see more of such absorption of races, not only among the French, but among the other races. So much to show the hatred of races. More than that, when our people suffer, when French-Canadian families are in want, and there are any Irish families in the neighborhood, the hearts of the Irish people beat with sympathy for our people, and the Irishman and his wife come to the relief of the French-Canadian families. That is the hatred that exists in the Province of Quebec."

From beginning to end the speech of Mr. Laurier was pitched in the most elevated strain. The following passage is not only remarkable for its beauty and eloquence but for the spirit of true statesmanship which breathes through it:—

The hon. gentleman, I am sure, would himself admit that pride of race, attachment to the memory of one's nation and ancestors, are noble sentiments; and yet the hon. gentleman coldly proposes that one and a half million Canadians—in order, as he says, that they should become good Canadians—should renounce their origin and the traditions of their race. He proposes that the humiliation of one whole race in this country should be the foundation of the Dominion. Woe to the party which can adopt such degrading doctrines as this, and which does not see that the humiliation of one race would be a far greater danger than any we have yet known. I endorse the words spoken a short time ago by the hon. member for North Bruce, that we want to build up a nation on this continent, and we want to establish such a state of things that every citizen of this country, whatever his origin may be, whether he is English or French, shall feel in his heart a supreme pride to call himself a Canadian. But I would ask the hon. gentleman, does he believe that to subject one whole section of our population to the humiliation of renouncing its origin, of turning its back upon its history, he would make it proud of the country in which it lives? Who does not perceive that if you should force one section to hate the

institutions under which they live, those institutions cannot last? Sir, the humiliation of one race, one class, one creed, or one man, is not the foundation on which this Confederation can rest. There is but one foundation for it, that is, the fullest scope and the fullest sway to all those sentiments which could not be torn from the heart without a loss of pride. The hon. gentleman seems to think that all Canadians should be cast in the same mould. He is proud of his race, and he has every reason to be proud of it; but Sir, it does not follow that we should all be English-speaking Canadians, that we should all be merged in the Anglo-Saxon element. Certainly no one can respect or admire more than I do the Anglo-Saxon race; I have never disguised my sentiments on that point; but we of French origin are satisfied to be what we are, and we claim no more. I claim this for the race in which I was born that though perhaps it is not endowed with the same qualities as the Anglo-Saxon race, it is endowed with qualities as great; I claim for it that it is endowed with qualities unsurpassed in some respects; I claim for it that there is not to-day under the sun, a more moral, more honest, or more intellectual race; and if the hon. gentleman came to Lower Canada, it would be my pride to take him to one of those ancient parishes on the St. Lawrence or one of its tributaries and show him a people to whom, prejudiced as he is, he could not but apply the words of the poet with reference to those who at one time inhabited the Basin of Minas:

* Men whose lives glided on like rivers that water the woodland
Darkened by shadows of earth, but reflecting an image of Heaven.

Sir, I claim no more than is fairly due my countrymen when I say, let the two races stand together, each with its own characteristics; they will be all the more speedily united in the same aspirations towards a common object—British in allegiance and Canadian in sentiment."

In another splendid passage Mr. Laurier said:

It seems to me that the hon. gentleman must feel that the policy which he is now championing is one which appeals to a class, to a creed, and to a race, and is one which does not appeal to the better instincts to be found in all classes in all creeds and in all races, and a policy of that character is stamped with the stamp of inferiority. The French Canadian who appeals to his fellow countrymen to stand by themselves, aloof from the rest of this continent; the English Canadian who, like my hon. friend, asks his fellow countrymen to separate themselves from the rest of this continent, may, perhaps, win the applause of those whom they may be addressing, but impartial history will pronounce their work as vicious in conception as it is mischievous and wicked in its tendency. We are here a nation, or want to be a nation, composed of the most heterogeneous elements—Protestants and Catholics, English, French, German, Irish, Scotch every one, let it be remembered, with his traditions, with his prejudices. In each of these conflicting elements, however, there is a common patriotism, and the only true policy is that which welds yet stronger together that common patriotism, and makes it vibrate towards a common end and common aspirations. I may be asked perhaps, what, then is to be the future of Canada? The future of Canada is this that it must be British. I do not share the dreams or the delusions of those few of my fellow countrymen of French origin who talk to us of forming a French nation on the banks of the St. Lawrence, and I would say to my hon. friend from Simcoe, if he were here, that those dreams ought not to disturb his sleep. Those who share this delusion are very few, they might be counted upon the fingers of one hand, and I never knew but one newspaper which ever gave them utterance. Yet while I say that this country is bound to be British, it does not follow at all that there must be but one language—the English language—to be spoken in this country. I claim that I am as loyal as the hon. gentleman to the institutions of this country. I am the son of a French mother and I declare that I cling to the language which I learned at her knee as I cling to the life which she gave me. And upon this ground I appeal to every man of British origin, to every man of that race in which the domestic passion is so strong, and I know that in the heart of every one the answer will be that they would do as we do. But the hon. gentleman would revert to the cold dry argument

that after all a duality of race will produce friction and that friction will produce danger. But where is the remedy? I tell the hon. gentleman that the remedy is not ostracism, not in harsh methods nor in cruel methods."

FATHER JONES, S.J., AND PROFESSOR SCRINGER ON THE MORALS OF THE JESUITS.

The Rev. Professor Scringier at a recent meeting of the Protestant Ministerial Society of Montreal, read a paper on the subject of "Errors in the Moral Teaching of the Jesuits," which has led to an extended controversy between its author and the Rev. Father Jones, S.J., in the *Montreal Star*. Prof. Scringier dwelt upon the "lax morality" to be found in the text books of Jesuit writers, the maxim of the end justifying the means, etc., and contended that in the light of the written words of the theologians of the Order, denial amounted to nothing more than equivocation. In his first letter to the *Star* Father Jones says:

"I am sorry to see the *Star* condescending to become the echo of the Ministerial Association in its attacks on the code of Catholic morality: for the heading "*Morale des Jesuites*" is a misnomer, and to all intents and purposes might as well have been: "*Morale de l'Eglise Catholique*."

Liguori was not a Jesuit, but was the founder of the Order of the Holy Redeemer, worthily represented in this city by the Redemptorist Fathers of St. Ann's parish. The teaching of St. Alphonsus Liguori has received at the hands of the Holy See the most solemn approval, when the saint himself was honored with the title of Doctor of the Church.

Gury was indeed a Jesuit, personally known to me as a venerable God-fearing man. But the exponent of the Ministerial Association has not thought it fit to point out in what Gury, the Jesuit, differs from St. Liguori, or from other approved Catholic moralists. Until this be done every Catholic will look upon the attack as directed, not against the much maligned Order, but against his mother Church.

The columns of the daily press are not the place wherein to discuss intricate or delicate questions of ethics. Men, who very commendably and with righteous indignation, tear down the objectionable poster at the street corner with one hand, and distribute with the other F. Chiniquy's "Confessional" or Paul Bert's "*Morale des Jesuites*," can scarcely be looked upon as seriously in earnest.

Furthermore, the general public, not having had any special training in the matter, are as liable to blunder in the interpretation of the language of the "Schools," as our well-meaning fellow-citizen, Professor Scringier. And where is the wonder, for other and abler men have done so before him.

I say this in a Christian spirit, as personally I deem him an amiable, kind-hearted and upright man. In no case, more than in his, would one be more reluctant to judge intentions harshly, or more willing to condone shortcoming, with all that excessive leniency with which he supposes Jesuit moralists are instinct in the case of repentant sinners."

This is followed by an examination of Professor Scringier's translation of certain passages from the rules and constitutions of the Jesuit Order. Had Professor Scringier, Father Jones adds, been more familiar with ecclesiastical Latin, or the technical expressions of canon law he would not, he is convinced, have grossly misinterpreted the meaning of the passages presented. "The zeal of the Ministerial Association," Father Jones concludes, "may to themselves appear praiseworthy, and the efforts of their exponent sincere; but please let it be expended on some laudable object, revising, for instance, their Confession of Faith. With this they should have their hands full for some time to come. But when they go beyond their sphere, and attempt evilly to interpret religious Constitutions which the Catholic Church has sanctioned and declared holy, they make themselves unnecessarily offensive, or, much worse, they, the preachers of a Gospel of peace, stir up religious strife. I dare not say that ignorance, like charity, covers a multitude of sins, but according to the 'lax morality of the Jesuits' it at least dimin-

ishes their guilt; and may this one day be their excuse before God: they know not what they did. When convicted, however, of such ignorance, as in the present instance, but one thing is left for an honest man to do, and that is, to repair the injury done their neighbor by the slander. By not so doing, if they be in good faith, they openly espouse the principles they condemn. If, on the other hand, they maliciously circulate evil reports, with the view of injuring a religious body, they father on themselves the maxim which they have never found in any Catholic theologian, that "the end justifies the means."

In the last letter of the series Father Jones meets Professor Scringier's charge that the vow of obedience imposes upon a Jesuit submission to the command of a superior even to a command sinful in itself. On this point he says:

"The better to meet satisfactorily a number of points in Professor Scringier's letter in yesterday's *Star*, I shall begin with what comes under the heading of his paragraph 4. He will be hard to please, if what follows does not put an end to his last scruples. If after this, the Constitution of the Jesuits be still maligned, he will not have even the excuse of pleading before his Maker that he acted up to the dictates of his conscience in obeying a formal command given to him by a legitimate superior. He will continue then in accusing thousands of his fellow men of sanctioning, by their membership in an Order, the infamous principle that a superior may command in the name of our Lord Jesus Christ what would be an offence to his Divine Majesty.

A. Suarez (1549-1617), *Opera Omnia*, Tom. 16, Tract. 10, Lib. 4, c. 12: "Are the religious of the Society of Jesus bound by their vow in every matter whatever it licit?" In § 6, under the above heading, after a prefatory remark on the *status questionis*, Suarez proceeds to say: "In relation to the special obedience which the vow exacts, when viewed in connection with the rigorous binding force of the precept, the chief inquiry is: how far reaching is that obedience in the Society; in other words, does it extend to any object whatever, and to any actions? And here there is no question of any action implying wickedness, nor of any circumstantial adjunct of sin; for, from the nature of the thing (and we have proved it already in tome 2), it is certain that such acts cannot be included in the promise of a vow, as they are displeasing to God, and consequently cannot be comprehended in the vow of obedience. A second reason is because the command of an inferior, that is to say, of man, cannot hold good against the command of the Superior, that is, God." "This sets at rest the accusation that the Jesuits believe that a Superior may command sin, and this evidence is "previous to 1757."

I rehearsed part of § 7, of this same chapter XII, in my letter of Thursday last, and I now pass over the remainder of that section and the other sections which precede and follow it, as far as § 13. The passages omitted would throw still more light on the subject, but are too lengthy to find room in your columns. Those interested may consult them in the original. If Professor Scringier be willing to accept my invitation, he will be welcome to peruse Suarez at his leisure. For his former visit has left none but pleasant recollection."

In concluding his part in the controversy Father Jones says:—"I have neither leisure nor space to follow the professor in his invectives against the interior dispositions of perfect obedience, understood as it is by every Catholic in relation to a legitimate object. It is the virtue most repulsive to the world, I admit, as opposed to the pride of intellect, the great blighting sin of this and of every age. "Thereby fell the angels," and man. It was of the contrary virtue that our Lord set us the most sublime example, being obedient even unto death. The great revolt against the Church of Christ has left its mark in this upon its children, so that a Catholic is often at a loss how adequately to convey an idea of his belief in words capable of being understood by those outside his communion. When it is once understood that the Catholic clings to an infallible Church, his mother, and that she in turn sanctions religious life, and invests religious superiors with a character which makes them, with all their human weaknesses, the representatives of God, it will be time enough for further explanations. To show how that power is hedged round by innumerable precautions, to prevent abuse, would then become comparatively easy, as it would to convince the

bitterest opponent that as "obedience is better than victim's," its practice is most agreeable to God. As for the case of obedience where there is but a mere doubt as to the lawfulness of the command, the solution given by Gury dates as far back as the time of St. Augustin, and has been universally followed. The main reason is that the presumption is in favor of legitimate authority.

I sincerely regret that Professor Seringer (par. 9) has felt hurt at a relatively very harmless expression, borrowed from the Englishman's pastime *par excellence*, the equally harmless game of whist. It is inconceivable to me how, after supposing I could abet the slaying of his boy's soul, he found that the reproach of *finessing* lacked the courtesy to be expected from me. Had he one year's experience of a Jesuit's life he would have to complain of many and much more energetic expressions. I cheerfully withdraw it if it has caused the least pain. I expect two things from his own sense of rectitude. Let him admit that I have satisfied him that there is no ground for the sinister interpretation placed on the "*obligare ad peccatum*" in our Constitutions; and that he manfully cease flying false colors. My meaning I think is clear. When he intends attacking the doctrines of the Catholic Church (par. 8), as he does when he would have us send by the board our doctrine of Confession (though as a Sacrament it was instituted by Christ), let him frankly acknowledge it; and so for other dogma or religious practices. When he wishes to attack what is peculiar to the Society of Jesus, let him label his wares properly, and not mislead the public, for this is much worse than *finessing*. The time has gone by for such subtleties, I do not say on his part, but on the part of his co-religionists. Catholics know perfectly well that the Society of Jesus enjoys the full favour of the Holy See, and that, in what pertains to faith and morals, neither Jesuit, nor ought else, can cause to deviate one hair's breadth the unerring utterances of the Vicar of Christ.

As for the publication of his paper, we can all await it with equanimity. A straightforward course may draw out a rejoinder, if he be anxious for one, where double dealing will simply suggest that it go by unheeded. I cannot but rejoice, however, at the publication by him of our correspondence, for it will secure for the Jesuit cause a hearing in quarters which anything I could publish would stand little chance of reaching."

Men and Things.

The *Manchester Guardian* says:—"Mr. Biggar had long been the greatest friend of the Catholic Sisters known as the Sisters of Bon Secours, located at Bayswater, and in the management of this charity he felt so much interest that he took up his residence in the locality in order that he might be nearer the work. The Sisters give succour to the sick poor, and Mr. Biggar contributed large sums almost monthly." The *Liverpool Daily Post* repeats the well-known story of the correspondence which took place between Mr. Biggar and his father when the former became a convert to Catholicity. Mr. Biggar, sen., cut out from a newspaper the paragraph announcing his son's admission to the Church, and enclosed it with the following note:—"Dear Joseph, is this true? Yours, J. B." Our Mr. Biggar wrote on the flysheet—"Dear father, it is. Yours truly, J. G. B." After this the father threatened to disinherit the son, but before he died relented, and did nothing worse than cut him off with £10,000.

In the course of the speech which he delivered when moving an amendment to Mr. Wallace's Orange Incorporation Bill, Mr. Curran, M.P., made a remark, the truth of which is beyond dispute and of which the practical self-application by a large class of our fellow-citizens, says the *Dominion Illustrated*, "would be of considerable service to the cause of peace and order." We have in this Bill," said Mr. Curran, "the principle enunciated that the association is essentially a loyal one, and that one of its objects is the inculcation of loyalty. Now what is loyalty if it is not respect for the law? The word loyalty is derived from the word '*loi*' (and respect for the law is the best method of showing our loyalty." Here is a text, adds the *Illustrated*, on which the shepherds of

our people, of every name, might profitably preach sermons of instruction and admonition. Indeed, Mr. Curran's pithy sentences, without any further comment, form an admirable sermon, which those who run may read, which all of us, pastors and people, would do well to mark, and the practice of which would keep us on the path of safety, pleasantness and peace.

The Rev. Dr. Chas. O'Reilly, Treasurer of the Irish National League in America, lectured in the Grand Opera House in Ottawa on the 3rd inst., the anniversary of the birthday of Robert Emmet, under the auspices of the Celtic Benefit Society of that city. Dr. O'Reilly spoke on "The Ireland of To-day," and was introduced to the immense audience by Mr. F. R. Latchford, the president of the society. What impressed one strongly in visiting Ireland, Dr. O'Reilly said, was the indomitable spirit of the people. He had not known a single instance of where a man's spirit had been broken. He spoke of the similarity in the features of the youth of Ireland to Robert Emmett, and said physiologists would explain that the women of Ireland had taken Emmett's prophesy from the scaffold to heart. The Land Question, he said, was tremendously involved, and sacrifices would be required from both landlords and tenants. It was only a question of time and opportunity before the Land Bill came into effect. In regard to Home Rule Dr. O'Reilly intimated that the general opinion was that the present government could not maintain a hold more than two years longer. At the next general election there would be a change of government and Ireland would have a native Parliament.

"As in our memoir of the late Mr. Biggar we referred to his visit to Birkdale on Sunday, the 16th inst., we may set forth," says the *Liverpool Catholic Times*, "the object of that visit. Our readers know how deep was the interest Mr. Biggar took in the temperance movement, and how keenly he felt the disgrace which has too often been reflected on the National party through meetings of the Nationalists being held in licensed public-houses and in clubs wherein intoxicants are sold. Mr. Biggar made an appointment to meet Father Nugent and Father O'Callaghan, of Manchester, at the house of Mr. Mulgrew, with the view of discussing this subject and seeing if a combined effort could not be made by which drink would be entirely banished from all clubs conducted under Nationalist auspices. This was the last effort of one who held a place in the National movement only second to that of the leader himself, a man of sterling and unswerving principle, a true-hearted patriot, and the staff upon which Mr. Parnell leaned with the surest confidence. We earnestly trust that his last wish will be regarded as a testament which it is the sacred duty of the National party to execute."

Mr. Lawrence Kehoe, the well-known Catholic book-publisher, died at his home, in Brooklyn, on Thursday last, of pneumonia, after an illness of five days. He was born in Wexford, Ireland, fifty-seven years ago and came to America when a boy. Soon after his arrival in New York he was appointed clerk in the book publishing firm of D. & J. Sadlier. He soon became a contributor to the *New York Tablet*, owned by the firm, and during the war became its manager. When Father Hecker founded the Catholic Publication Society Company, about twenty-three years ago, Mr. Kehoe was made its manager. He retained this responsible position until his death, being at the same time a partner in the concern. The society is the agent for Burns and Oates, the big Catholic publishing house in England. The *New York Review* says of Mr. Kehoe that his sudden death will be a severe loss not only to his family but to the entire Catholic body of whom he was a faithful representative. "Blunt," it says, "in his speech, and brusque in his manner every one knew him to be; but never was there a more honest and kinder heart or a simpler and sincerer nature than his. He was the most faithful of friends, a combative American, and above all a Catholic of the Ultramontane school, the best kind of Catholics, whose good lives, strong faith, and invincible courage are the delight of friends, and the awe of enemies." May he rest in peace.

The Catholic Weekly Review.

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

Commended by

The Most Rev. Dr. Walsh, Archbishop of Toronto.
The Most Rev. C. O'Brien, Archbishop of Halifax.
Rt. Rev. T. J. Dowling, Bishop of Hamilton.
The Rt. Rev. Bishop O'Mahony, Toronto.
The late Archbishop Lynch.
The late Rt. Rev. Bishop Carbery of Hamilton.
The Rev. Father Dowd of "St. Patrick's" Montreal.
And by the leading clergy of the Dominion

Published by

The Catholic Review Publishing Company, (Limited)
Offices: 64 Adelaide St. East, (opposite Court House).

A. O. MACDONELL, Managing Director

PH. DEGRUCHY, Business Manager

Terms: \$2.00 per annum, payable strictly in advance. Advertisements unexceptionable in character and limited in number, will be taken at the rate of \$2 per line per annum 10 cents per line for ordinary insertions. CLIPPING rates: 10 copies, \$15.

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

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

TORONTO, SATURDAY, Mar. 15, 1890.

A GLANCE AT "THE BYSTANDER."

WHATEVER may be the merits of Mr. Goldwin Smith as a writer, and the incisiveness of his style and the ornatness of his diction are as much above praise as they are wholly beyond question, it is not easy to accord the same measure of admiration to the opinions, and often the intensities of opinion, contained in his writings. Nor is it always easy to gather just what the *Bystander's* opinion is. Upon some points his views are pronounced enough, in all conscience; but when all is said the fact remains that Mr. Smith is a free-lance in literature, and that his brilliant and ephemeral criticisms point, for the most part, to no conclusion or consequence. This is made abundantly clear in the current number of *Bystander*. The variety of view which its scattered paragraphs furnish must, to the average mind, we think, prove a trifle embarrassing. A few extracts will serve to show what amount of coherency there is in its contents.

Mr. Goldwin Smith deploras the adqption of Mr. Mulock's loyalty Resolution. "On the mind of the American people," we read, "the effect of an anti-continental Resolution passed with apparent unanimity by the Canadian Parliament can hardly fail to be bad, and it would be idle to deny that in this way the action of Mr. Mulock and his party may have done serious damage to the cause of improved trade relations. . . . The spirit miscalled loyalty to which they have appealed is that of hostility to closer relations of any kind with this continent, commercial as well as political, and it has answered their call with a vengeance." Then Professor Smith goes on to impute motives. Mr. Mulock "may very likely have had reasons of his own." "More than once," says Mr. Smith with a fine sneer, "though he is now so ecstatically loyal, he has voted sympathy with the 'veiled rebellion' the object of which was to 'break the last link which bound Ireland to Great Britain' and deprive Her Majesty of her Irish crown." Passing this shocking misstatement of the motives and aims of the leaders of the Irish National movement, and assuming even that it were the object of the Irish movement to 'break the last link which

bound Ireland to Great Britain'—and it is not—would it be any greater iniquity in Mr. Mulock to have sympathy with it than for Mr. Goldwin Smith to actively abet in a movement the success of which would deprive Her Majesty of the greatest of her colonial possessions—the Canadian half of the North American continent? Here is Mr. Smith sneering at Mr. Mulock for his "loyalty" to Canada, and condemning him for his "disloyalty" to Great Britain, in having ventured to sympathize with a misgoverned section of his fellow-subjects—and all, as we have seen, in a single breath. Mr. Goldwin Smith handles a two edged weapon; this question of loyalty cuts both ways. What is to be thought of the loyalty of one who, like Professor Smith, can condemn a claim for legislative autonomy in Ireland as "Separatist" and "disloyal," and actually promote a Separatist movement in an important section of Her Majesty's Colonial Empire? What is to be thought of the loyalty of one who, like Professor Smith, can affect fear at the prospect of the Queen losing her Irish crown, and can yet make himself the Arch-advocate on this continent of a proposal to deprive Her Majesty, in America, of the British dominions? "Is there any hope," asks Mr. Smith, (p. 177 *Bystander*) "of fusing British and France Canada into a nation? Is there any hope of keeping permanently united, and at the same time separate from their continent, a string of territories geographically divided from each other, commercially unconnected, and devoid of any boundary, either physical or ethnographical, such as now constitutes the Dominion?" Mr. Smith answers his question in the negative. "Without a partnership of the heart, without identity of character, without community of aspiration, without anything at once to unite and to distinguish, is there any object in creating a separate community, or any chance of its holding together when it has been created?" And again, (on page 180) he tells us: "Certain it is, at all events, that willingness to entertain the idea of Political Union, if not positive desire for the change, has been spreading of late, even in the most unexpected quarters, all official or Parliamentary displays of loyalty notwithstanding. Nothing but a bold organ and a resolute leader seems wanting to give the vague tendency the form of a pronounced movement, and turn the whispered heresy into an avowed creed." So that from his own words we may take it that in Canada, at all events, Mr. Smith is not a "loyalist."

Further on in the same number Professor Smith deploras the violence of the strife of political parties in England. In such peril has political passion placed the country that it is to him doubtful whether it could be effectually saved from its present danger by any leader who was not prepared to face the risk of civil war. "Scarcely without such daring," we read, 'could the measures be passed which even at this eleventh hour might redress the balance of the Constitution and place British progress beyond the reach of Radical and Socialistic revolution.'" From this paragraph it may be gathered that the writer is not a Radical or Socialist in sympathy.

We pass from this to the paragraph about the revolution in Brazil. That event, we are informed, bids fair to make an epoch. "The fall of the Brazilian offset of the Portuguese dynasty has given an impulse to the Republican movement in both countries, while the narrow escape of the Spanish infant from death impressed upon the people the irrationality and the instability of a system which entwines public order and the national welfare with the frail thread of an individ-

ual life." The event, *Bystander* continues, has set people speculating on the future of Monarchy in England, and *Bystander* takes no optimistic view of it. The entanglements and the inevitable necessities of Royalty, we read, "will finally break the spell," and a crisis may even be near at hand. The Prince of Wales, it is added, could not bequeath his popularity or influence of any kind to his youthful son. "The barque of Collars and Cuffs" as the young man is irreverently called, "would not long ride in safety," says the *Bystander*, "the stormy waters of Radical and Socialistic revolution;" and he adds that "the British monarchy retains prestige in proportion to the distance from its centre." From this we may infer that Professor Goldwin Smith is not a Royalist.

If then, the writer of *Bystander* is neither a "loyalist" nor a Royalist, a Radical nor a Socialist, what, it may be asked, is he? And if the world is running headlong to the devil in these several directions, what is his panacea for its evils? what is the political pill with which he would physic the universe? Amidst all this destructive criticism, we find Professor Smith putting forward not one constructive principle, which, after all, we have a right to expect from an intellectual guide and a great political thinker, for it is in construction that the genius and insight of statesmanship is given a chance to exhibit itself.

Inconsistent and contradictory as the opinions and conclusions put forth in these passages seem to be, we find in the same number of *Bystander* a unique example of mental inconsistency, and of recklessness and inaccuracy of statement. Speaking of the Irish problem, and of Mr. Balfour's declaration that he intended to be a Cromwell to Ireland, rigorous in his repression, but, unlike Cromwell, to be an improver at the same time, Mr. Goldwin Smith writes: "If he did say this he knows very little about Cromwell who was the only genuine improver that ever appeared on that unhappy field, and of whose improvements what is soundest and best in Ireland remains the monument." A native Irish Parliament, he adds, would be a curse, and that what is wanted for Ireland "is the Home Rule of a government such as that of the Protector." What the peasantry of Ireland really need, he says is "to raise more hogs and less hell" and the case of Ireland is dismissed as follows:

"Under every sort of regime, under their native chiefs, their native kings, their native priesthood, under Tudor aristocracy and Stuart Parliament, under the Catholic Parliament of Tyrconnell, under Grattan's Parliament, under the Parliament of the United Kingdom, and not at home only but in the United States and in the colonies, the Irish, fed by successive swarms of agitators and fed with political firewater have been 'raising hell' for about two thousand years." That is all. There is not a word about landlordism, bad government, Protestant ascendancy, religious proscription, or any one of Ireland's innumerable ills. For about two thousand years the Irish have been a bad lot. We quote this here only to call attention to the fact that Professor Goldwin Smith was not always of this way of thinking. For example in his essay on Pitt, he speaks of Irish discontent, and the cause of it, as follows:

"I have myself sought, and found, in the study of Irish history, the explanation of the paradox that a people with so many gifts, so amiable, naturally so submissive to rulers, and everywhere but in their own country industrious, are in their own country by-words of idleness, lawlessness, disaffection,

and agrarian crime." And we know of no book in which the barbarities of English rule in Ireland are related with more painful fidelity than in that of Mr. Goldwin Smith from which we have quoted. It is worth while to compare his words then and now. After recounting the frightful cruelties practised by the English authorities upon the people of Ireland before and after the rebellion of 1798, Mr. Smith wrote:

"These men were not fiends; they were a dominant class, the planter class of Ireland, maddened with cruel panic and administering martial law. It is good that these things should be recalled to mind when we see men of letters and artists, who have been brought up in the air of English liberty and within the sound of Christian church bells, proposing to blow Fenians from guns, and to re-enact on Irish insurgents the atrocities which marked the putting down of the Indian mutineers."

Yet, if we read the March *Bystander* aright, it is to this Mr. Goldwin Smith would reduce Ireland again,—government by fire and sword,—a return to the rule of the accursed Cromwell. He would bring about the pacification of the country, by giving to its people the peace of Death. Enlightened statesmanship surely.

The *Bystander* hints at a return in the case of Ireland, to martial law, and its writer has of late years more than once sighed that some old Sergeant of the Guard could not step into the shoes of Lord Salisbury. And yet martial law was not always to his liking.

In the work from which we have quoted we find these words on the subject:

"The term martial suspends the right of citizens to legal trial: the term law suspends the claim of an enemy to quarter and the other rights of civilized war. The whole compound is the fiend's charter; and the public man who connives at its introduction, who fails in his duty and in his place to resist it at whatever cost or hazard to himself, is a traitor to civilization and humanity, and though official morality may applaud him at the time, his name will stand in history accursed and infamous forever."

We think it is clear in view of these many and marked contrarities of opinion that however clever and graceful Mr. Goldwin Smith may be as a writer, his opinions are unstable, and that as a political guide he is unsatisfactory.

MR. MERCIER AND THE UNIVERSITY.

We agree with the *Week* that it is not easy to conceive of anything more injudicious, unkind, or discourteous than the spirit in which Premier Mercier's proposal that the Legislature of Quebec should make a small grant in aid of the restoration of Toronto University, is being met by certain Ontario newspapers and some of their correspondents—unless it be the more frantic and more unreasoning protest of *La Verite*. There has been no declaration of war, as the *Week* says, between Ontario and Quebec; and there can be scarcely any conceivable guile lurking in a ten thousand dollar cheque in aid of an educational institution, such as could warrant the most suspicious Ontarioan in distrusting his French Canadian fellow citizens even when making offerings at the shrine of Minerva. While it is not for a moment likely that the authorities of the University would be guilty of the discourtesy of refusing Mr. Mercier's felicitous offering, yet we wholly agree that it is to be

regretted that such a cry should have been raised in reference to what would have been in itself a graceful expression of Provincial good will, and that at a time when every good citizen must wish to allay mutual exasperations.

As for *La Verite*, it in its turn inveighs against any grant to this "Godless," and "atheistical" institution. It is true that the University is non-denominational as it must needs be, being a Provincial institution; but that has not prevented St. Michael's College of this city from affiliating with it, nor has it prevented some of our best known priests from accepting seats on the Senate of the University. The present Archbishop of Toronto was one of these Senators for many years, and we published a few weeks ago the letter addressed by His Grace to Sir Daniel Wilson, the president of the University, expressive of his great sorrow at the disaster which befell this great temple of learning. In that letter His Grace expressed the hope that the University might "soon rise from its ashes in renewed grace and beauty, and that the glory of the new house will be even greater than that of the one that has passed away." It is painful to be called upon to take notice on the part of our Quebec contemporary of these frequent and petty ebullitions of obstructive illiberality. "To be distrustful of science" Bishop Spalding has lately said, "is to lack culture." Perhaps *La Verite* is not able wholly to agree with that prelate that "stupidity is more to be dreaded than malignity," that "ignorance and not malice is the most fruitful cause of human misery," that "the evils that spring from enlightenment of mind will find their remedy in greater enlightenment," and that "since morality is practical truth, increasing knowledge will make it at once more evident and more attractive."

While of course it were greatly to be wished that Toronto University were what Laval is in Quebec, and what Oxford was before the Reformation,—a garden of knowledge in which each flower that grew gave out the sweet perfume of Catholicity—yet it has done a noble work. One of the highest seats of learning on this continent, it has been in Canada a mighty power and a mighty influence, and has contributed much,

Not only to keep down the base in man,
But to teach high thought and amiable words,
And courtliness and the desire of fame,
And all that makes a man.

"It has been said," remarks the *Weekly Register*, "that a man may be known by his books, which is a saying some times fantastically far from the truth. Perhaps equally true, and equally untrue, would be the statement that a man can be known by the contents of his pocket. The index thus afforded is often an infinitely true and a pathetic one. A schoolboy's pocket is indeed a schoolboy's as distinctly as his sister's, too, is all her own. Penetratingly has the fact been utilized in one of the loveliest of poems which even contemporary Catholic poetry supplies, and which shows us, by the bedside of the boy 'dismissed with hard words and unkind' the wealth his pockets mainly yielded:

A piece of glass abraded by the beach,
And six or seven shells, . . .
And two French copper coins ranged there with careful art
To comfort his sad heart.

Members of Parliament are, on the authority of a member, 'just Eton boys grown heavy;' and there was assuredly something of the schoolboy's simplicity, as well as of his pluck, about Mr. Biggar, and among the contents of Mr. Biggar's pocket after his death were found three rosaries."

A GOOD STORY.

We come upon the following droll thing in a late number of the *London Weekly Register*. It recalls that extraordinary story about a cock and a bull:

You put the money in a box, and the moment it chinks, out jumps a soul! (Attributed to) LEO X.

A CORRESPONDENT assures us that he has discovered by great good chance the veritable book in which these words are put into the mouth of Leo X. and from which the Clapham Lecturer of last week was evidently quoting. It is a small anonymous publication of some forty years ago (apparently), entitled, *Echoes from Babylon, or passages in the Secret History of the Popes*. The place containing the words in question is headed, "Curious Episode in the Life of Leo X." It begins:—

"The dawn of the glorious Reformation may be traced to the day when Leo X., in the garb of a Dominican monk, and under his assumed name of Tetzel, entered the town of Wittenberg one morning in 1517 to inaugurate the sale of Indulgences in Saxony. The fact has been questioned; but there is little reason to doubt that the person who passed for Tetzel was no other than the Pope himself. By means of this shameless traffic in sins and souls, the Bishop of Rome had amassed enormous sums, with which he was able to complete his magnificent Vatican Palace, besides having a large surplus wherewith to pander to his luxurious tastes and other numerous vices. But the secret of his identity was carefully preserved. Little did the good people of Wittenberg imagine whom they had in their midst, as they saw a portly and fulfed friar advancing through the streets, beating a gigantic drum suspended before him to signal his approach. After traversing the greater part of the town, the Pope established himself in the proximity of a convent; deposited his drum in front of him in lieu of a stall, and then produced a well-worn and very dirty money box, as his stock in trade. Having explained to the crowd what he had to offer—viz., release from purgatory, pardons, indulgences to commit sins, etc.—His Holiness began."

(From the following verbatim report of some part of his speech, it will be seen that the Pope fully sustained the character he was playing.)

"Will any lady or gentleman try their (*sic*) luck with my lucky money box to-day? It's all prizes and no blanks. You puts your money in the box, and the moment it chinks, out jumps a soul! Now who'll help a soul to jump out to-day and also assist an honest man like me to get a living? If you'll believe me, as sure as I stand here I haven't had so much as 'arf a pint all this blooming morning. Won't you try your hand, Guv'nor? (*Uttering the box.*) Kidding? What d'yer mean? Ask this gentleman here? Have I ever seen you before this morning? Very well, then, why do you want to interfere with my little game and take a poor working man's bread away? Yes, you did! Yes, you did! Shut up! Now then, you puts the money in the box, and the moment it chinks, etc. Will the gentleman with the pink buttonhole try the small sum of one half dollar? (*Audible aside to some small boys.*) Who are you ashoving of? (*Working with his elbows.*) Grrr! Can't you keep back, and let the toff come up! Now you puts the money in the box, etc." Here, Leo X., fairly paused for breath, while on the outskirts of the crowd might have been seen a pale young Augustinian Friar shaking his fist threateningly at the supposed Tetzel, and saying (in the German language): Ach! mein Gott, but I will go for his big drum!"

OUR CHRISTIAN HERITAGE.

SOME time ago we had occasion to ask whether it was possible to be sincere in one's belief and faithful to its principles without offending the religious susceptibilities of others. An affirmative answer to that question (in so far, at least, as what is generally regarded as orthodox Christianity is concerned) has come to us quite recently in the shape of a remarkable book, written by one of the highest dignitaries in the Catholic Church. The author may be regarded as a signal example of the broadening tendencies of this age—tendencies which we naturally expect to find more evident and emphatic in the new world than in the old. Still in the prime of riper middle age, for he was born in 1832, in the city whose name is part of his title, Cardinal Gibbons has had a succession of promotions which reminds us of the career of another cardinal who served an earthly king too well. He has only just commemorated the silver wedding of his priesthood. Four years after his admission to that order he was appointed Vicar-General of North Carolina, and four years later he was consecrated Bishop of Richmond. In May, 1879, he became coadjutor to the Archbishop of Baltimore (Dr. Brayley), whom he succeeded before the close of the year. In 1885 he presided at the third Plenary Council at Baltimore, and in 1886 he was raised to the dignity of cardinal. Those (outside of Italy) who attain this high distinction are generally more than churchmen. It was considered a compliment to England when Drs. Manning and Newman were admitted to the Sacred College. In the United States, when Archbishop McClosky was made a prince of the church, and in Australia and Canada when Archbishops Moran and Taschereau were elevated to the same commanding height, the choice in each case was accepted as a compliment to the country in which the ecclesiastic had his jurisdiction. Our readers may recall the congratulations which greeted the selection of our own esteemed fellow-countryman for so high a distinction. It was felt, without regard to creed, that a son of Canada had reflected lustre on his native land and that the whole Dominion shared in the honor. In all these instances the choice fell on typical representatives of the communities in which they ruled. And of none of them is this more true than of the New World prelates. Cardinal Gibbons is proud of being an American. The land of his birth has his fondest, his more earnest thoughts, and in the work to which we would call attention his patriotism is as noteworthy as his religious tone. The title of it is already familiar to our readers. He calls it "Our Christian Heritage," because he holds that Christianity is the heart and brain of American civilization. It is hardly necessary to say that the book is not polemical. Only a man who had been accustomed to think generously of his "separated brethren" could have written nearly five hundred pages of print without uttering a single word by which, but for his name on the title page, one could tell whether he was Catholic or Protestant. We venture to say, indeed, that, had the volume been published anonymously no person, not strictly trained in comparative theology, could have discovered to what branch of Christianity the author belonged. The quotations from the Bible alone give the hint. Cardinal Gibbons adheres faithfully to the plan laid down in his introduction of making common cause with all who "retain faith in at least the divine mission of Jesus Christ." And, he adds, "far from despising or rejecting their support, I would gladly hold out to them the right hand of fellowship, so long as they unite with us in striking the common foe." That foe he certainly does not spare. He wages a war of extermination against "professional free-thinkers, agnostics and other avowed enemies of Christianity." The Cardinal, it will be seen (for the italicizing is his), emphasizes his hostility to those who make a profession of unbelief in the generally received doctrines of Christianity, and he picks out one noted controversialist as a type of the offender for whom he reserves his sharpest rebuke. Those who have become "estranged from the specific teachings of the Gospel," through association, lack of Christian training, wrong education and pernicious reading, he addresses in an altogether different tone. To them is due pity rather than reproach, and the timely counsel of affection rather than harsh condemnation. With such as these, who, perhaps, long for the light and solace which have hitherto

been denied them, who reject Christian revelation because they have confused and disturbed ideas on the subject, he deals patiently, hearing their doubts and endeavoring to remove them. He even accepts their appeal to the court of reason and meets them on their own ground.

The work, though written for no select circle, but for the great mass of readers, is not a mere popular treatise. The author must have consulted hundreds of books that do not come within reach of the "general reader"—books of philosophy, ancient, scholastic and modern; books of theology, patriotic, mediæval and recent; books of history and science; books of travel and statistics; books of poetry and fiction—before he set himself to his task. His Eminence has, indeed, set a good example to other apologists by giving in every case the exact references of his quotations. Among the authors whom he cites may be mentioned Plato, Aristotle, Plutarch, Juvenal, St. Augustine of Hippo, St. Thomas Aquinas, Grotius, Montesquieu, Goethe, Emerson, Lecky, Livingston, Darwin, Doellinger and the Duke of Argyll, not to speak of several others equally illustrious. Quotations from the Bible are found in almost every page. The truth of Christianity is attested, the author claims, by a weight of evidence which no modern discovery can weaken. He points to the triumphs that have attended its progress—triumphs by which all humanity has benefited, but especially, the weak, the poor, the suffering, the oppressed. Not the least important chapters are those in which the Cardinal treats of the duty of Christians as to the labor question. To recognize the dignity and rights as well as the duties of the laboring classes is of the very essence of the Christian faith, which alone presents a safe basis for the solution of the problems that are now vexing society and states. The Cardinal defends the United States Constitution and Government from the charge, often made against them, of being godless. He "would rather sail under the guidance of a living captain than under that of a figure-head at the prow of the ship." The spirit of the Constitution he holds to be Christian and the laws of the United States to be intimately interwoven with the Christian religion. The Bible is revered in the courts throughout the land. The Sabbath is observed. The founders of the nation were Christians, and their descendants have not abjured Christianity.

That, however, grave dangers threaten the civilization of the Republic Cardinal Gibbons does not deny. There is a laxness in the family life which cannot be viewed with unconcern. From 1867—the year of Canadian federation—to 1886 there were in the United States no less than 328,716 divorces—the divorces of the second half of that period being 69 per cent. more than during the first. "Our neighbor, Canada," says the Cardinal, "presents a far more creditable attitude on this subject than we do. From 1867 to 1886 inclusive only 116 divorces were granted in the Dominion of Canada, or an average of less than six every year in a population of four millions. During the same period of twenty years there have been only eleven in all Ireland." The Cardinal urges that children ought to have an education that will make them not only learned but pious. Only then can the nation be kept Christian. The Cardinal lays great stress on the observance of the Sabbath, laxity in which is always, he holds, a sign of danger to the public weal, as is shown by the experience of the European continent. The Cardinal counsels his readers to guard jealously every heirloom in their Christian heritage as the best guarantee for a safe and enduring civilization. Though addressed to citizens of the United States, the work is, in the main, equally applicable to the inhabitants of other Christian countries, and as the recognition of a comprehensive Christianity by a prelate and prince of the Church of Rome, it deserves careful study by all who would "hold the faith in unity of spirit, in the bond of peace and in righteousness of life."—*Montreal Gazette*.

Cardinal Pecci, the Pope's brother, had chosen his burial place at San Lorenzo, in the vaults of the Society of Jesus. In this obscure sepulchre the Jesuit Fathers are laid, with nothing but a number to record the personality of each—no name, no age, no date, no arms, no motto. It is the final renunciation.

General Catholic News

The Count of Carpegna has just died in Rome. It was his lot as Colonel on the staff of the Pontifical army, to negotiate the surrender of the city in 1870.

The Catholic Celtic League will celebrate St. Patrick's Day with a Concert in St. Andrew's Hall, on Monday Evening next.

Through a typographical error last week we made the number of communicant at St. Mary's Church, Toronto, during the recent mission, read 1000, it should have read 4000.

A collection in aid of the St. Mary's Church St. Vincent de Paul Society, was taken up on Sunday last, when the handsome sum of \$132.39 was realized.

Of your charity pray for the soul of Mrs. Alice Conolly, late of Dublin, Ireland, (the beloved mother of Joseph Conolly, architect, of this city) who departed this life on the 8th ult., fortified by the Rites of Holy Church.—May she rest in peace.

According to Mr. Biggar's will, the bulk of his estate is to be divided amongst his relatives. Mr. Healy, M.P., to whom the deceased was much attached, comes into possession of Waterford Castle, and a large sum has been bequeathed to Catholic charities and religious orders.

Laval University has conferred the degree of Doctor of Letters upon Mr. S. E. Dawson of Montreal. It is a somewhat noteworthy coincidence that while some English-speaking Canadians have been waging war on the mother tongue of their French-Canadian fellow-citizens the highest representative of the French language and its manifold culture should have chosen an English *litterateur* for special distinction. The act is worthy of Laval and the new Doctor of Letters will assuredly do that great institution no discredit.

Representatives of the different branches of the Irish Catholic Benevolent Union waited upon his grace Archbishop Walsh on Saturday evening, and presented him with a beautifully illuminated address congratulating his grace on his elevation to the high office now held by him, and welcoming him to the city. The Archbishop received the deputation with his usual graciousness, and a pleasant hour was spent. His Grace kindly consented to become grand chaplain of the order in this diocese and in his remarks congratulated the delegation on the rapid strides made by the order in Canada, and wished them every success.

It will be remembered that it was stated that Mr. W. Johnston, of Ballykilbeg, was one of the witnesses to Mr. Biggar's will. The London correspondent of the *Freeman's Journal* has since heard that the Orange leader was amazed and amused when the late member for Cavan unexpectedly asked him to perform this formal service for him. "I have not the least objection," said Mr. Johnston, "but if this will should ever be contested, the fact of my being a witness to it will be taken by any jury as a proof of your not being of sound mind when you made it." To which Mr. Biggar replied with one of his indescribable smiles, "I think I can take the risk even of that evidence of my insanity."

THE POPE AND THE JEWS.

Of late there has been much discussion about the attitude of the Pope toward the Jews, it having been said that he had given his approval to a work entitled "*Le Mystere du Sang chez les Juifs*," which purported to tell of the human sacrifices offered at certain times by the Israelites of to-day. Of course, it was not true, as may be seen from the following correspondence which passed at that time, but it shows how quick the enemies of the Church are to turn anything the Pope utters into a meaning altogether different from what was intended. The letters follow:

OFFICE OF THE CHIEF RABBI, LONDON, Dec, 5650-1889.

DEAR CARDINAL MANNING,—In common with all the members of my communion, I cherish with sentiments of heart-felt gratitude the recollection of the invaluable service rendered by your Eminence to my fellow-religionists a few years ago on the sad occasion of the Russian persecutions. These memories encourage me to appeal to your sentiments of human sympathy in the present instance.

The newspapers report that a book has recently been published by M. Henri Desportes, entitled "*Le Mystere du Sang chez les Juifs*," in which a monstrous fable is revived—I shudder while I transcribe it—that the blood of Jewish children is necessary for the performance of Jewish rites. The fact is deeply to be regretted that in this nineteenth century a literary resurrectionist should unearth the putrid carcass of mediæval prejudice, and seek to fill the atmosphere of brotherly love and charity with the miasma of hatred and ill-will.

Yet we could have afforded to ignore the compilation of an obscure writer, hoping that ere long it might have been relegated to the limbo of oblivion. But the matter assumes a different complexion when we see it stated in the newspapers that Cardinal Rampolla has written to the author, intimating to him that "the Pope greatly approves of his work on the horrible custom of the rabbinical Jews."

I refuse to believe that the exalted head of the Roman Catholic Church, famed as he is for his wisdom, clemency and justice, can have given utterance to these words. For there is not one phrase in the whole *corpus* of Jewish literature which can be construed as suggesting so fearful a crime, nor is there one trustworthy fact in history which could in the remotest degree justify so foul an aspersion.

With the assurance of my sincere esteem, I remain, dear Cardinal Manning, yours very faithfully—HERMANN ADLER.

ARCHBISHOP'S HOUSE, WESTMINSTER, Dec. 13, 1889.

DEAR RABBI ADLER,—I do not know what Leo XIII. may have said upon the subject of your letter; but I will, without delay, send what you have written to Rome. You do me only justice in believing that I have neither sympathy or credulity for such horrors. Believe me, yours faithfully.

HENRY E., CARD. ARCHBISHOP.

ARCHBISHOP'S HOUSE, WESTMINSTER, January 16, 1890.

DEAR RABBI ADLER.—I sent your letter to Rome, and it was officially communicated to the Secretary of State, Cardinal Rampolla.

His reply is as follows: "That the Pope directed the usual letter, which acknowledges the receipt of books, without any commendation on them to be sent to the author, of whose books you complain. It was the formal letter sent to every one before the book is examined, and often before it is seen."

Nothing could be farther from the mind of the Pope than to wound gratuitously the susceptibilities of the Jewish people. Believe me, yours faithfully,—HENRY E., CARD. ARCHBISHOP.

THE PRIDE OF HIS CLASS.

He was a bright, handsome boy of sixteen, sunny-tempered, brilliant and engaging, the delight of his parents, the joy of his home, and the pride of his class. But a shadow fell across his bright prospects. It began with a trifling cough: soon came premonitions of consumption, his strength failed, his cheeks grew hollow, and he seemed doomed to an early grave. Then a friend advised Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. He tried it and was saved. Health and strength returned, his cheerful voice rang out again across the school playground, his cheeks again grew rosy, his eyes bright. He is still "the pride of his class" and he graduates this year with highest honors.

Chronic Nasal Catarrh positively cured by Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy. 50 cents, by druggists.

Diamonds, Fine Watches, Novelties in Jewellery at D. H. Cunningham's Jewellery Store. Every satisfaction in ordered work and manufacturing. Designs and prices given for fine Diamond work, unset stones kept on hand. Best value in the city. Remember the address, 77 Yonge St., two doors north of King.

NATIONAL COLONIZATION LOTTERY

Under the patronage of Rev. Father Labello.

Established in 1881, under the Act of Quebec, 32 Vict., Chap. 36, for the benefit of the Diocesan Societies of Colonization of the Province of Quebec.

CLASS D
The 31st Monthly Drawing will take place

WEDNESDAY FEBRUARY 19th
At 2 p.m.

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

LIST OF PRIZES.

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

TICKETS - \$1.00

It is offered to redeem all prizes in cash, less a commission of 10 per cent.
Winners, names not published unless specially authorized:
S. E. LEPPEYRE, secretary,
Offices, 19 St. James street, Montreal, Can

DEVOTIONAL & INSTRUCTIVE BOOKS.

For the Season of Lent and Holy Week.

- The Lenten Manual and companion for Passion time and Holy Week.....50c
- The Lenten Monitor.....60c
- The Devout Communicant.....35c
- Meditations for the Holy Season of Lent.....35c
- The Elevation of the Soul to God.....35c
- The Love of our Lord.....35c
- Reflections on the Passion.....35c
- Considerations on the Passion.....18c
- The Clock of the Passion.....18c

MONTH OF MARCH BOOKS.

- A Flower for each day of the Month of March, 10cts each or \$6.00 per hundred.
- The Month of St. Joseph cloth.....60c
- The Prayer of St. Joseph.....50c
- The Crown of St. Joseph.....90c
- Devout Client of St. Joseph.....35c
- Life of St. Joseph paper 25cts cloth..65c
- Novena to St. Patrick.....20c
- Imitation of Christ in all styles from 25cts each and upwards.

HOLY WEEK BOOKS

With instructions when to stand and when to kneel cloth 5cts ch, red edges 70cts, French Morocco \$1.00.
Any of the above books mailed free of Postage to any address, on receipt of price.

D. & J. SADLER & CO.

Catholic Publishers, Booksellers and Stationers, Church Ornaments, Vestments and Religious articles.
115 Church Street, TORONTO
1669 Notre Dame Street, MONTREAL

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

	CLOS.	DUE.		CLOS.	DUE.
	a.m.	p.m.		a.m.	p.m.
G. T. R. East	6.00	7.30		7.45	10.30
O. and Q. Railway ..	7.30	7.45		8.00	9.00
G. T. R. West.....	7.00	3.20		12.40	7.40
N. and N. W.....	7.00	4.40		10.00	8.10
T. G. and B.....	7.00	3.45		11.00	8.30
Midland.....	6.30	3.30		12.30	9.30
C. V. R.....	7.00	3.20		9.00	9.20
	a.m.	p.m.		a.m.	p.m.
G. W. R.....					12.60
	2.00	9.00		9.00	2.00
	6.00	4.00		10.30	4.00
	11.30	9.00			8.20
	a.m.	p.m.		a.m.	p.m.
U. S. N. Y.....	6.00	4.00		9.00	
	11.30	9.30		10.30	5.45
U. S. West States	6.00	9.30		9.00	3.44
	12.00			7.20	

English mails will be closed during January as follows: Jan. 2, 6, 9, 13, 16, 20, 23, 27, 30

McShane Bell Foundry.

Finest Grade of Bells, Chimes and Pells for Churches, Colleges, Tower Clocks, etc. Fully warranted; satisfaction guaranteed. Send for price and catalogue. J. H. McSHANE & CO., BALTIMORE, Md., U.S. Mention this paper.

A. J. McDONAGH

DENTIST

Office and Residence, 250 SPADINA AVE TORONTO
Third door south of St. Phillips' Church
FIRST CLASS WORK. TERMS MODERATE
Night calls promptly attended

"Best cure for colds, cough, consumption is the old Vegetable Pulmonary Balm." Cutler Bros. & Co., Boston. For the large bottle sent prepaid

I CURE FITS! THOUSANDS OF BOTTLES GIVEN AWAY YEARLY.

When I say Curo I do not mean merely to stop them for a time, and then have them return again. I MEAN A RADICAL CURE. I have made the disease of Fits, Epilepsy or Falling Sickness a life-long study. I warrant my remedy to Curo the worst cases. Because others have failed is no reason for not now receiving a cure. Send at once for a treatise and a Free Bottle of my Infalible Remedy. Give Express and Post Office. It costs you nothing for a trial, and it will cure you. Address:—H. G. ROOT, M.C., Branch Office, 186 WEST ADELAIDE STREET, TORONTO.

AGENTS

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

ASTHMA—DR. TATT'S ASTHMALENE
CURED—DR. TATT'S ASTHMALENE
address, we will mail trial bottle FREE
DR. TATT DRUG, ROCHESTER, N.Y.

ALEXANDER & CABLE

Lithographers
Engravers Etc:
MAL BUILDING
- Toronto -

The Great Secret of the Safety of the Birds.
MANNA BIRD to cage birds and preserve them in health. Inc. by mail. Sold by druggists, Discontinue free. Bird Food Co., 40 N. 4th St., Phila., Pa.



John McMahon
MERCHANT TAILOR
39 King St. W., : Toronto

ALLAN LINE

ROYAL MAIL
STEAMSHIPS

WINTER RATES.
Reduction in Cabin and Intermediate fares.

First Cabin (choice of berths) by any steamer of the line, Montreal or Quebec to Liverpool or Londonderry \$60, return \$110. First Cabin (2 berth rooms saloon deck, inside rooms) \$50 and \$100 return. Intermediate \$25. Liverpool, Derry or Glasgow: London \$28. Steerage, Liverpool, Londonderry, Belfast, Glasgow, London, \$20.
H. BOURLIER,

GENERAL PASSENGER AGENT
Corner King and Yonge Street
TORONTO

DROPSY

TREATED FREE. Positively Cured with Vegetable Remedies. Have cured many thousand cases. Cure patients renowned hopeless by the best physicians. From first dose, symptoms rapidly disappear, and in ten days at least two thirds of all symptoms are removed. Send for FREE BOOK of testimonials. TEN DAYS' TREATMENT FREE by mail. If a cure is not effected, I furnished with your order, send ten cents in stamps to pay postage from
DR. H. H. GREEN & SONS, ATLANTA, GA.

W. K. MURPHY
Funeral Director & Embalmer
407 QUEEN ST, WEST TORONTO
Diplomat for Embalming

ALICE McLAUGHLIN M.D., C.M.
 23 Church st. (opp Normal School)
 Office Hours 8 to 10 a.m., 1 to 1 p.m.
 Telephone 1843

STAUNTON & O'HEIR
Barristers, Solicitors in Supreme Court
Notaries Public
 Office—Spectator Building, 18 James st.
 HAMILTON, CAN.
 Geo. Lynch-Staunton Arthur O'Heir

O'SULLIVAN & ANGLIN
Barristers, Solicitors, Notaries, Etc.
 Offices—Medical Council Building, corner of
 Bay and Richmond streets.
 Next door to the Registry Office
 TORONTO

D. A. O'Sullivan F. A. Anglin
FOY & KELLY,

Barristers, Solicitors, Etc.
 Office—Home Savings and Loan Co's Bldg
 74 Church street,
 TORONTO

J. J. Foy, Q.C. H. T. Kelly.
MURRAY & MACDONELL,
Barristers, Solicitors, Notaries, etc.
 Offices—Quebec Bank Chambers,
 No 2 Toronto Street,
 Toronto.

Huson W. M. Murray. A. C. Macdonell.
FREDERICK C. LAW
 - Architect -

Office and Residence, 408 Sherbourne St
 TORONTO

DR. GREGORY A. FERÉ
 119 McCaul St. Toronto
 Consulting Hours
 7.5 to 10 a.m. - - 1 to 3 p.m.
 and 6 to 8 p.m. 1'
 Telephone No. 2006

RUBBER BOOTS, COATS
 And other Rubber Goods Repaired
-H. J. LA FORCE-
 Fine Boots and Shoes Made to Order
 117 Church St. - - - cor. of Queen

SEALED TENDERS addressed to the undersigned, and endorsed "Tender for Hot Water Heating Apparatus, Goderich, Ont., will be received until Monday, March 10th next, for the construction of a Hot Water Heating Apparatus at the Goderich, Ont., Post Office, etc., Building.
 Plans and specifications can be seen and form of tender and all necessary information obtained at this Department and at the Clerk of Works Office, Goderich, Ont., after Monday, 24th instant.

Persons tendering are notified that tenders will not be considered unless made on the printed form supplied, and signed with their actual signatures.
 Each tender must be accompanied by an accepted bank cheque, made payable to the order of the Honorable the Minister of Public Works, equal to five per cent. of the amount of the tender, which will be forfeited if the party decline to enter into a contract when called upon to do so, or if he fail to complete the work contracted for. If the tender be not accepted the cheque will be returned.

The Department will not be bound to accept the lowest or any tender.
 By order,
 A. GOBEIL,
 Secretary.
 Department of Public Works,
 Ottawa, 21st February, 1890.

LORETTO ABBEY.
Wellington Place, Toronto.

A Seminary for the education of young ladies, under the superintendence of the ladies of Loretto, situated in the western part of the city, having the full benefit of the pure air of the lake and the pleasant shade of grand old trees, covering several acres. The course of instruction in this establishment comprises every branch suitable to the education of young ladies. Bookkeeping, Stenography and Typewriting are taught to any of the pupils who may desire to learn these branches. Tuition in Vocal and Instrumental Music, Painting, Violin, Guitar and Organ may be had from Professors if desired.
 For further particulars apply to the Lady Superior.

St. Jerome's College
 Berlin, Ont.
 Complete Classical, Philosophical and Commercial courses, and Shorthand and Typewriting. For further particulars address,
 REV. L. FUNCKEN, C. R., D.D.,
 President.

St. Michael's College,
TORONTO.
 (In Affiliation with Toronto University.)

Under the special patronage of the Administrators of the Arch-diocese, and directed by the Basilian Fathers.
Full Classical, Scientific, and commercial courses.
 Special courses for students preparing for University matriculation and non-professional certificates. Terms, when paid in advance: Board and tuition \$150.00 per year. Half board \$75.00. Day pupils \$28.00. For further particulars apply to
 REV. J. R. TEEFY, President.

LORETTO CONVENT, LINDSAY.
 Under the supervision of the Ladies of Loretto, the course of instruction comprises every branch suitable for the education of young ladies. Those who wish to pursue the course of studies for teachers' certificates will find every opportunity of doing so, a large number of pupils from this Academy, are among the most successful teachers in the Province. Board tuition \$30.00 per year. For further particulars apply to
 LADY SUPERIOR.

Invitations *
 * Tickets *
 * Programmes *
 and
 Every Description of
 Church, Society,
 and General
PRINTING
 executed by
 The Catholic Review



DOMINION
Stained Glass Co.
 FACTORY
 77 Richmond st. W
 TORONTO
 : MEMORIAL : ILLUS :
 ART GLASS.
 and every description of
 Church and Domestic Glass
 Designs and estimates
 on application.
 W. Wakefield & Harrison,
 Proprietors.




U. S. Address P. O. Box 1
 Fort Covington, N. Y.
 Canada Address
 40 Bleury St. - Montreal
Castle & Son
 STAINED GLASS
 For Churches
 Sacred subjects and symbols a specialty.
 Designs free. Correspondence invited.
 Reference by permission, Carl. To Chereau.

McCAUSLAND & SON
 MEMORIAL WINDOWS TORONTO ONT
 MEDALISTS CHURCH & SECULAR
 LONDON-ESTD 1886 STAINED GLASS
 DESIGNS SUBMITTED

ALL DESCRIPTIONS OF
Ecclesiastical Windows.
 Highest references from the clergy covering
 a period of 40 years.



Canadian Photo-Engraving Bureau
 Engraving of every description,
 Best work in Canada
HALF TONE
Process A Specialty
 Prices reasonable and quoted on
 application.
MOORE & ALEXANDER
 230 YONGE STREET
 TORONTO.


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

SEALED TENDERS addressed to the undersigned, and endorsed "Tender for Hot Water Heating Apparatus, Strathroy, Ont.", will be received until Monday, March 10th next, for the construction of a Hot Water Heating Apparatus at the Strathroy, Ont., Post Office, &c., Building.

Plans and specifications can be seen and form of tender and all necessary information obtained at this Department and at the Clerk of Works Office, Strathroy, Ont., after Monday, 24 instant.

Persons tendering are notified that tenders will not be considered unless made on the printed form supplied, and signed with their actual signatures.

Each tender must be accompanied by an accepted bank cheque, made payable to the Honorable the Minister of Public Works, equal to five per cent. of the amount of the tender, which will be forfeited if the party declines to enter into a contract when called upon to do so, or if he fails to complete the work contracted for. If the tender be not accepted the cheque will be returned.

The Department will not be bound to accept the lowest or any tender.

By order,
A. GOBEIL,
Secretary.

Department of Public Works,
Ottawa, 21st February, 1890.



With a remarkably beautiful Frontispiece in Gold and Colors.

Price, free by mail, 25 Cents

Per dozen, \$2.00; per dozen, by mail, \$2.35

The Best Writers! The Best Illustrations!

The Best Family Reading for Winter Nights.

Catholic Worship.

The Sacraments, Ceremonies, and Festivals of the Church explained in Questions and Answers. From the German of Rev. O. Glaser, by Rev. Richard Brennan, LL.D. Tenth Thousand.

Paper, 15 CTS.; per 100, \$ 8.00.
Cloth, inked, 25CTS.; per 100 15.00.

Sold by all Catholic Booksellers and Agents

BENZIGER BROTHERS

Printers to the Holy Apostolic See,

Manufacturers and Importers of Vestments and Church Ornaments,

New-York, Cincinnati, and Chicago.

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

THE BOILER INSPECTION

and Insurance Co. of Canada

Consulting Engineers and Solicitors of Patents.

— HEAD OFFICE —

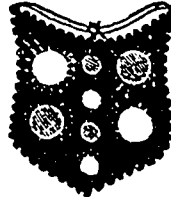
QUEBEC BANK CHAMBERS - - - TORONTO

G. C. Robb Chief Engineer A. Fraser Sec.-Treas.

AGENTS WANTED by an old reliable firm large profits, quick sales. **SAMPLED.** A rare opportunity. Geo. A. Scott, 543 Broadway, N. Y.

— THE —
CLIMAX OF ABSORPTION
A CURE
WITHOUT MEDICINE.

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



All diseases are successfully treated by

CORRESPONDENCE,

as our goods can be applied at home.

STILL ANOTHER NEW LIST.

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

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

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

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

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

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

G. R. Glasford, Markdale, Sciatica and Dyspepsia cured in 6 weeks; 15 years standing.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Would not be without your Belt and Suspensory for \$50, says J. McG.

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



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

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

Mention this Paper. Illustrated Book and Journal FREE.

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

CONSUMPTION SURELY CURED

TO THE EDITOR:

Please inform your readers that I have a positive remedy for the above named disease. By its timely use thousands of hopeless cases have been permanently cured. I shall be glad to send two bottles of my remedy FREE to any of your readers who have consumption if they will send me their Express and Post Office Address. Respectfully,
T. A. SLOCUM M.C., 186 West Adelaide St., TORONTO, ONTARIO.



STATUTES OF CANADA

AND

OFFICIAL PUBLICATIONS.

The Statutes and some of the publications of the Government of Canada are for sale at this office, also separate acts, Revised Statutes, price for 2 vols, \$5.00 and for supplementary volume, \$2.50. Price list sent on application.

B. CHAMBERLIN,

Queen's Printer and Comptroller of Stationery.

Department of Public Printing and Stationery.
Ottawa, May, 1889.

- Church Pews -

SCHOOL FURNITURE

The Bennett Furnishing Co., of London, Ont. make a specialty of manufacturing the latest designs in Church and School Furniture. The Catholic clergy of Canada are respectfully invited to send for catalogue and prices before awarding contracts. We have lately put in a complete set of pews in the Brantford Catholic Church, and for many years past have been favoured with contracts from a member of the clergy in other parts of Ontario, in all cases the most entire satisfaction having been expressed in regard to quality of work, lowness of price, and quickness of execution. Such has been the increase of business in this special line that we found it necessary some time since to establish a branch office in Glasgow, Scotland, and we are now engaged manufacturing pews for now churches in that country and Ireland. Address
BENNETT FURNISHING CO.
London, Ont., Canada

ROYAL BAKING POWDER

Absolutely Pure.

This powder never varies. A marvel of purity, strength and wholesomeness. More economical than the ordinary kinds, and can not be sold in competition with the multitude of low test, short weight alum or phosphate powders. Sold only in cans. ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., 106 Wall St., N. Y.

Dominion : Line : Royal : Mail STEAMSHIPS! WINTER SEASON

Liverpool Service—Sailing Dates

OREGON.
From Liverpool. From Portland. From Halifax
Tues. Mar 20 Thurs. Apr 10 Sat., Apr. 12
*VANCOUVER
Thurs. Apr 3 Thurs. Apr 21 Sat. Apr. 23
SAILING DATES.
FROM PORTLAND.

ONTARIOabout Mar. 15th
TEXAS..... Apr. 3rd

REDUCED RATES.
CABIN, Portland or Halifax to Liverpool, \$50 to \$60, Return, \$100 to \$110. INTERMEDIATE to Liverpool or Glasgow, \$25. STEERAGE to Liverpool, Queenston, Londonderry, Belfast, London or Glasgow, \$20.

These Steamers have Saloon, State-rooms, Single-rooms and Bath-rooms amidships, where but little motion is felt, and carry neither Cattle or Sheep.

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

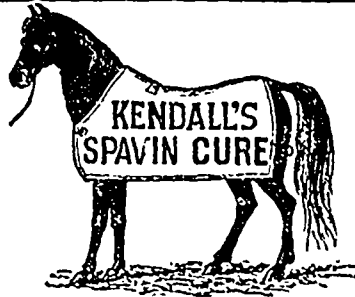
OUR NEW 1890 FLOWER SEED OFFER.

A Magnificent Collection of **FLOWER SEEDS**

200 Varieties, FREE!

An Unparalleled Offer by our Old-Established and Reliable Publishing House! The Ladies' World is a mammoth 16-page 64-column illustrated paper for ladies and the family circle. It is devoted to stories, poetry, ladies' fancy work, artistic needlework, home decoration, housekeeping, fashions, hygiene, juvenile reading, etiquette, etc. To introduce this charming ladies' paper into 100,000 homes where it is not already taken, we now make the following colossal offer: Upon receipt of only 12 cents in silver or stamps we will send "The Ladies' World" for three months, and to each reader thereafter we will send FREE and postage free, a large and magnificent collection of Choice Flower Seeds, two hundred varieties, including Pansies, Verbenas, Crysanthemums, Asteris, Flixes, Drummondii, Halesii, Cypress Vines, Wittalia, Double Zinnia, Pinka, etc., etc. Remember, two cents pays for the paper three months, and this entire magnificent collection of Choice Flower Seeds, put up by a first-class seed house and warranted fresh and reliable. No lady can afford to miss this wonderful opportunity. We guarantee every subscriber many times the value of money sent and will refund your money and make you a present of both seeds and paper if you are not entirely satisfied. Ours is an old-established and reliable publishing house, patronized by all leading newspapers. Do not misunderstand this offer: with the extraordinary schemes of unscrupulous persons. Write to-day—don't put it off! Six subscriptions and 200 Choice Flower Seeds sent for 60 cents.

SPECIAL OFFER! To any lady who writes this advertisement and names the paper in which she saw it, we will send free in addition to all the above, one package of the celebrated Frenchman's Chiffon Collage Seed Seeds, one of the most beautiful and most valuable of the leaves sometimes growing 3 feet long by 1 foot wide, in variegated colors. It is perfectly hardy, continuing an object of beauty long after Colours and Canes have succumbed to frost. Address: S. H. MORRIS & Co., 57 Park Place, New York.



The Most Successful Remedy for disease of the horse, and does not blister. Read the following.

KENDALL'S SPAVIN CURE.

OFFICE OF CHARLES A. SNYDER, BREKIDDER OF CLEVELAND BAY AND TROTTING DRAG HORSES. ELMWOOD, ILL., NOV. 21, 1888.

DR. D. J. KENDALL CO.
Dear Sirs: I have always purchased your Kendall's Spavin Cure for the half dozen bottles I would like price in larger quantity. I think it is one of the best treatments on earth. I have used it on my stables for three years.
Yours truly, CHAR. A. SNYDER.

KENDALL'S SPAVIN CURE.

BROOKLYN, N. Y., November 3, 1888.
DR. D. J. KENDALL CO.
Dear Sirs: I desire to give you testimonial of my good opinion of your Kendall's Spavin Cure. I have used it for lameness, Stiff Joints and Spavins, and I have found it a sure cure, I cordially recommend it to all horsemen.
Yours truly, A. H. GILBERT, Manager Troy Laundry Stables.

KENDALL'S SPAVIN CURE.

SANT WITKO COURT, OHIO, Dec. 19, 1888.
DR. D. J. KENDALL CO.
Gents: I feel it my duty to say what I have done with your Kendall's Spavin Cure. I have cured twenty-two horses that had Spavins, ten of King Bone, nine afflicted with Big Head and seven of Big Jaw. Since I have had one of your books and followed the directions, I have never lost a case of any kind.
Yours truly, ANDREW TURNER, Horse Doctor.

KENDALL'S SPAVIN CURE.

Price \$1 per bottle, or six bottles for \$5. All Druggists have it for sale for you, or it will be sent to any address on receipt of price by the proprietors. DR. D. J. KENDALL CO., Keosauqua Falls, Vt. SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

TEETH WITH OR WITHOUT A PLATE

Best Teeth on rubber, \$3; on celluloid \$10. All work absolutely painless. Vitalized Air C. H. RIGGS, L.D.S., South east cor. King & Yonge sts., Toronto. Telephone 1476.



CURED AFTER SIX YEARS.

MANKATO, MINN., Sept. 30th '87.
To whom it may concern:—I hereby certify that I have tried many great physicians ("by reputation") in the large cities in the west, and for six years I sought for one skillful enough to cure my daughter of a nervous disease, but without success I was then induced to try the Rev. F. KOENIG, of Fort Wayne, Ind., who was reported as being very successful in treating diseases of this character, and I am pleased to say that by his skillful treatment my daughter was in a short time completely cured, and he refused to accept any compensation for his services. I cheerfully recommend him to any parties needing his services. My daughter and myself will ever hold the reverend gentleman in grateful remembrance.

JOHN SCHWEITZER.
Subscribed and sworn to before me this 30th day of September, A. D. 1887. W. B. DAVIS, Clerk of Municipal Court, Mankato, Minn.

Our Pamphlet for sufferers of nervous diseases will be sent free to any address, and poor patients can also obtain this medicine free of charge from us.

This remedy has been prepared by the Reverend Pastor Koenig, of Fort Wayne, Ind., for the past ten years, and is now prepared under his direction by the

KOENIG MEDICINE CO.,
50 W. Madison cor. Clinton St., CHICAGO, ILL.
SOLD BY DRUGGISTS.
Price \$1 per Bottle. 6 Bottles for \$5.
Agents, Lyman & Co Toronto.

The Father Mathew Remedy



The Antidote to Alcohol found at Last! A NEW DEPARTURE

The Father Mathew Remedy is a certain and speedy cure for intemperance and destroys all appetite for alcoholic liquor. The day after a debauch, or any intemperance indulgence, a single teaspoonful will remove all mental and physical depression.

It also cures every kind of FEVER, DYSPEPSIA, and TORPIDITY OF THE LIVER when they arise from other causes than intemperance. It is the most powerful and wholesome tonic ever used. When the disease is strong one bottle is enough; but the worst case of chronic tremors do not require more than two bottles for a radical cure.

If you cannot get from your druggist the pamphlet on Alcohol its effect on the Human Body and intemperance as a Disease, it will be sent free on writing to S. Lachance, Druggist, Solo Proprietor 1538 and 1540 Catherine st., Montreal

GREAT SALE.

M'KEOWN & CO.

WILL FOR ONE WEEK OFFER OVER.

2,000 PAIRS OF LACE CURTAINS AT 50c. ON THE DOLLAR.

Prices will range from 50c, 65c, 75c, 85c, \$1, \$1.25 to \$4 pair.

Blankets, Comforters and Silk Sealettes at less than half price.

Great drive for ten days in White and Grey Cottons, Table Linens Napkins, Towellings, etc., etc.

McKEOWN & CO.
182 Yonge Street.