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# The Catholic Weekly Review.

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

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

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## Notes.

It is a pleasure to learn that the American Catholic University intends to confer degrees only upon those who earn them, either in the ordinary course of the class room, or, in the case of those whose education has been acquired in other precincts, after a special examination. We agree with the *Catholic Review* of New York that this decision should be accepted as final by all respectable educational institutions. "It would have been the first stain," says that journal, "upon the American Catholic University had it consented to any other procedure in respect of degrees. No transparent folly has more effectually brought colleges and universities into deserved derision than the practice of dubbing Doctor of this and that, individuals notoriously lacking the qualifications or attainments the nominal degree represented. The practice has been general. Nearly every class of institutions has been tainted by it. Some resort to it in bold sheer advertising of their obscure existence. It is one of their ways of making themselves known."

Mr. JAMES BRYCE in his work "The American Commonwealth," tells of one of these Western "Universities." He was travelling in the far West. Chattering in a railroad tram with a fellow passenger he heard the latter say something about "our university." Mr. Bryce naturally asked how numerous were the faculties, how large was the staff, "Well," replied the cautious Mr. Johnson, "it is not so large at present as I hope it will be. Our university is young; at present the staff consists of Mrs. Johnson and myself."

"Some institutions," says our New York contemporary, "some Catholic ones among them, have made it a rule to confer honorary degrees at every commencement; and the category of their Bachelors of Science who have never learned a principle of physics or can define a syllogism is larger than their staff. As for A.M.'s and LL.D.'s, the country is full of them; and some of them never read a law, national or international, canon, statutory, or Justinian, Napoleonic or any other. In many cases the recipient of these dubious dubbings have been petty politicians making thrift of their supposed connection with religion and letters, and as bold hypocrites in the one as they are charlatans in the other." Honorary degrees, adds our contemporary, have long since ceased to honour either conferrer or recipient; since they fall too freely on the heads of the just and the unjust.

Two incidents of recent occurrence in Italy, the one in Rome, the other in Perugia, will help to illustrate to the reader the nature of the assaults upon the rights of the Church and religion, of the anti-clerical party in Italy; and the justice of the Sovereign Pontiff's indictment of the Italian Government which will be found elsewhere in this issue.

Holy Week was signalled in Rome by the expulsion of religious. Since 1694 the parent house of the Capuchin Fathers has stood beside the Church of the Conception on the Piazza Barberini, and the convent which they occupied was given to them by Cardinal Antonio Barberini, brother of Pope Urban VIII. In 1873 the Italian Government took possession of all the premises with the exception of the convent, which they deferred seizing until a change should take place in the generalship of the Order. Having chosen a new General this year, the Fathers recently received from the Government an ultimatum ordering them to quit the convent. The new General took no notice of the document, and forthwith the demolition of the convent commenced. Yielding to violence, the Capuchins then departed from their time-honoured retreat. The General has been installed in a new House near the Church of St. Nicholas of Tolentine.

Thirty long years have elapsed since Perugia, together with the second instalment of the States of the Church, was taken away from the Pope by General Cialdini, more commonly known as "the Butcher," and added to the dominions of Victor Emmanuel. There was a famous convent of the Benedictine Order at Perugia, and the Government Commissioner, Marchese di Pepoli, decreed that as soon as all the religious except two had died the convent and all its possessions, worth £200,000, should become the property of the State. It was, of course, decreed at the same time that no novices were to be received, so that the convent must die out. The fatal moment arrived a few days ago, and what took place is thus related by the Italian Catholic papers:

"No sooner had the death of the abbot, who was the last denizen, but two, of the convent, become known than the Government commissioner entered the building and laid hold of everything. The body of the abbot had not yet become cold when this was done. Hitherto, the convent supported a large number of poor and invalids, who are now left to destitution and starvation; hence the fearful distress that reigns at Perugia."

But we have not yet heard the last of these proceedings. The Government had, according to the laws of their own making, a right to take the property of the convent as it existed at the time of the Pepoli decree in 1860; they have no earthly right to confiscate the property that accrued to it since 1860, either through private donations or in the shape of the labour of the inmates. The two surviving members of the Order have taken legal proceedings against the Government upon this head, and the result of this action can scarcely be doubted.

## THE DISAPPEARANCE OF JOHN LONGWORTHY.

M. F. EGAN IN AVE MARIA.

With maternal looks at Rose, who had fallen asleep in her warm corner, the girls went out to resume their work.

Nellie Mulligan had very truly depicted the effect of Mr. Bastien's attempt to elevate the neighborhood of The Anchor. Chopin and Liszt and Gluck, and even Schubert's "Serenade," which would have pleased a German audience, no matter how uncultivated in other things, had fallen on unheeding ears. If Esther had not descended suddenly from her classical standard, the concert would have been an utter failure.

When she came into the withdrawing-room after her success, with a flush on her cheeks and her eyes shining, Bastien felt a great respect for her. She understood more than he understood; she could do something that he wanted to do—please the people. He bowed to her and said:

"Your grace and skill have tamed the lions. Miss Esther Galligan, you are indeed a second Daniel in Shylock's sense as well as the other."

Esther never learned how to take a compliment. If anybody praised her she was apt to be pleased, provided she knew the person well. But she looked on compliments from outside people as veiled sarcasm; and Bastien's manner, which was intended to be both deferential and considerate, struck her as the poison added to an arrow deadly in itself. Esther answered him with a flash of the eye and a stiff inclination of the head.

"Did you see that hateful creature's manner?" she said to Mary, as they stood at the little window while the damsel in sage-green warbled her Provençal *aubade*.

"What hateful creature?" Mary asked. She had caught sight of Maggie O'Connor down near the door; and she was a little absent-minded, too; for was not the resplendent Nellie Mulligan, all smiles and giggles, before her?

"Oh, that man, of course!"

"Oh, Mr. Bastien! I saw him bow very gracefully, and no doubt he said something nice—which you entirely deserved for your presence of mind."

Esther turned away a little impatiently.

Bastien offered to act as escort to the young ladies on their way home; and Arthur Fitzgerald, whose German song had been almost hissed joined him in the offer. But Mary, who outside her own house was a little uncertain about etiquette, and at the same time anxious to be on the side of formality, if possible, declined to avail herself of their politeness, and so the two sisters drove away alone.

"That is a clever girl," remarked Bastien, looking after the cab, as he stood in the glare of the gold and crimson facade, which still glittered with electric lights. "I feel that she has taught me a lesson to-night. I have read nearly everything, I have travelled nearly everywhere, I have met clever people from my youth up, and yet how narrow-minded I am! What a mistake I made to-night—the mistake of all theorists and *doctrinaires*! Because the great masters of music are very dear to me and to all whom I know, I fancy that these people, who have never heard anything better than a tramping cornetist, a hand-organ, or a brass-band, would care for them. To think that the wretched bit of trumpery, 'Listen to the mocking bird!' should have saved a concert in which the exclusive Miss Thornton, whose engagements are thick as leaves in Vallambrose, sang! It is too funny. I say, Fitzgerald," he asked, "how do these people amuse themselves? I have seen a great deal of them, but I haven't gotten near them yet. If John Longworthy were here," he added with a smile, "he could go into one of his favourite clubs for the settling of everything by 'culture,' and open their eyes."

## XXI.—A Great Function.

The eventful evening on which the Lady Rosebuds were to have their dance was a sleety and unpleasant one. Miles Galligan felt this as a personal grievance. There was no hope that he would be able to save the five dollars which it would now be necessary to spend for a carriage. Had it been a clear evening, Nellie Mulligan might have preferred to walk to the hall where the festivity was to take place,

carrying her dancing shoes in her hand, while he held her bouquet, her fan, her *rinaigrette*, an extra shawl, and other *impedimenta*.

As Miles tried to adjust his white tie—he told himself that he had too much self-respect to ask either Mary or Esther to do as usual—he looked dolorously into the storm, and felt that the five dollars must go. Nellie knew her position and his position too well to walk on such a night. What would Jim Dolan say? What would the Lady Rosebuds say? Miles had managed to get a loan from a future constituent who believed in him, but he felt the necessity of making it go as far as possible, since Mary had become suddenly so unkind and selfish.

Miles went to telephone for a carriage with a sad heart, in spite of the consciousness that his evening clothes were very new and had been seldom used—a fact which was made known to the public by the odor of camphor which clung to them; for Mary had a horror of moths. He looked at himself in the glass again, swathed himself in a long gold watch-chain, and sat down to wait until the carriage should come. He was obliged to ask Mary for a latch-key, as he had mislaid his on Christmas night.

Mary did not seem moved by his magnificent expanse of shirt front or by his stately manner; she did not even offer to find out whether his collar was properly fastened or not; she did not ask where he was going; she did sniff at the smell of camphor, and remarked that his coat ought to have been aired before he put it on. He replied to this by saying that his decision was unalterable.

"What decision?" Mary asked.

"I will marry Miss Mulligan."

Mary made no answer, and at that moment the driver of the carriage knocked at the door. Miles put on his light overcoat, stuck a cigarette between his thumb and finger, and went down, to be driven off—in solitary grandeur.

In the meantime Nellie Mulligan had not been serene or idle. Rose O'Connor had been able to go home, laden with the offerings of indigestible food which her kind friends had given her. She, at least, was off Nellie's mind.

When Nellie reached home, about half-past six o'clock, she carried various paper parcels, one of which contained Eliza Brown's white satin shoes. Her mother, two interested neighbors, and her younger sister, were in the little room in which they cooked, dined, and in which one of her brothers slept. Nellie swallowed a cup of tea, and then the neighbors, assisted by suggestions from other neighbors who appeared at intervals in the doorway, with their mouths full of pins, began to "do" her hair. It was nervous work.

Mrs. Mulligan, a good-natured, elderly woman, with a matured resemblance to Nellie, looked on, alternately poking at the grate of the stove and making comments.

"Faith," she said, when Nellie's hair had been "done" and "undone" several times, "I've seen corpses laid out elegant with less trouble."

She was promptly rebuked for this, as a long box was brought in, containing the white satin gown which Nellie had hired at a customer's, at an expenditure somewhat more than a week's salary. It was opened very carefully by a committee of the women with the pins in their mouths, and loudly admired. But Nellie had no time for any unnecessary emotion. A fan she had been promised had not come, nor had Eliza Brown's lace handkerchief been sent; but one of the committee offered her a diamond ring.

"I bought it on installments," this good Samaritan said; "and the second has not been paid yet. The agent is coming to take it to-morrow, so you may as well get some good out of it."

Nellie made the ring glitter in the light of the kerosene lamps her attendants held, and felt that now indeed was she blest.

It took two hours to complete her toilet—two hours of nervousness, indignation, hope that she might look well; fear that somebody else would look better; doubt as to the fit of Eliza Brown's shoes, trepidation lest Eliza, whose temper was uncertain, might come to claim them at the last moment; of quarrels among the various nymphs with pins in their mouths. But at last the awful work was done. Nellie stood in the little parlor, complete, while the

two chief assistants held a large mirror—borrowed from the Italian barber in the cellar—in various positions, that she might not lose any point of view.

Certainly she was very imposing, and she seemed very much out of place in the little room, with its shabby horse-hair sofa, its unblackened cylindrical stove, its cheap paste-board plaques, bearing Lacy's advertising imprint, on the walls, and its general air of tawdiness and neglect. Her gown of satin and spangled lace, with a long train, into the folds of which a garland of pink roses fell from her waist; her bouquet of blush roses—for which poor little Rose O'Connor had so valiantly struggled; her spangled fan, and her high-mounted hair, pinioned with a golden aigrette; her long white gloves, and the air of "deportment" that naturally went with such a dress, created a sensation. The inhabitants of the neighboring rooms passed by the Mulligans' door in a respectful procession and felt proud of being represented in society by such a beauty.

The breathless ascent of several children—who, to Nellie's disgust, would treat her appearance as something extraordinary—to say that there was a carriage at the door, caused her to put on the precious shoes. She was sure there would be no walking now. Her mother threw a shawl over her shoulders, and she glided slowly downstairs, the women with the pins bearing her train. Miles met her, and, still attended by her careful friends, she was led across the sidewalk between two dense lines of admirers, who had gathered at the news of her splendor. There was a chorus of "Oh's!" as she entered the carriage. No lady on her way to one of the Patriarch's balls could have felt more complacent—but there was one drop of gall in this honey of popular adulation. As Miles slammed the door of the carriage a voice was heard to say:

"She's got on our Eliza's satin shoes!"

Miles did not hear it, however; and Nellie reflected that at last she was safe—it was too late for the said Eliza to reconsider her loan now.

#### XVII.—Bastien's Point of View.

Bastien had been filled with vague doubts by the result of his first concert. It had disturbed all his preconceived theories; and he caught eagerly at Arthur Fitzgerald's suggestion that he should go to the Lady Rosebuds' "social" and examine the amusements of "the poor" for himself. His experience in the photographic workshop had as yet taught him very little of the real life of the people around him, and he had an almost passionate wish to get into the centre of it.

Arthur Fitzgerald found it easy enough to get tickets for this great assembly; they were supposed to be limited to those friends whom the Lady Rosebuds delighted to honor. But Arthur had discovered that the gorgeous badges—always an important feature in such gatherings—were not paid for yet, and that the manufacturer refused to send them until they were paid for. This fact, communicated to the chief Lady Rosebuds, had created a sensation. But there was no help for it; and had not Nellie Mulligan, in a burst of confidence, told it to Rose O'Connor, who told it to her Brother John, Fitzgerald's office-boy, the "social" would have been deprived of one of its glories.

The various committees were to be marked by what the milliners call *confections* of gold fringe and ribbon, and each member of the committees was to present a similar badge to her escort. When it was announced, almost at the last moment, that Bastien the photographer would give the badges, there was great relief among the Lady Rosebuds, and he received the warmest invitations to be present with his friends at the "social." Arthur Fitzgerald, who, while he admired Bastien, often found him incomprehensible, was astonished at the eagerness he showed about this festivity. But Bastien did not apologize for it.

"I have wasted most of my life," he said; "and now I propose to make up for the wrong—the crime, I may say,—by getting near to the heart of these people."

Fitzgerald and Bastien went early to the hall in which the "social" was to be held. Although nine o'clock had struck, nobody had arrived. The janitor and two policemen were guarding the entrance; there was a face visible in a pigeon-hole to the left, above which was written, in large letters, the

word "Tickets." Fitzgerald cast his credentials into the depths of the pigeon-hole, and, on paying fifty cents, he received two metal pieces with numbers marked on them. These entitled Bastien and him to have their hats and coats put away.

Suddenly a young man, on hearing the rattle of a carriage, burst out of the hall into the vestibule and called out, "Gents to the left! Ladies to the right!" He wore evening clothes, and from the left lapel of his coat hung a strip of white ribbon, heavy with gold fringe, bearing the words: "Reception Committee, Lady Rosebuds." Above this glittered a red star with silver rays, and above it was a button-hole bouquet of rich hues. The struggle he was keeping up at intervals with a pair of long white cuffs, which would fall over his hands, detracted somewhat from the easy grace of his appearance.

Several shawled and coated groups entered, and the young man continued to make his announcement, which was obeyed. Bastien and Fitzgerald remained in the vestibule, as the arrivals came thick and fast,—young men carrying parcels done up in paper; young women holding up their trains, and with many curl-papers visible under their veils. The contemplation of the arrivals seemed to give Bastien intense pleasure.

Arthur Fitzgerald had a face that concealed nothing. His eyes and his lips—he wore no mustache—were the plainest indices of what he thought and felt. Had he been sent abroad in the old days of diplomacy he would have been obliged to adopt Talleyrand's advice, and to sit with his back to a window, in order to watch his opponent's face without allowing his own to be seen.

Bastien was quick to see the expression of dissatisfaction in Fitzgerald's eyes.

"What's the matter?" he asked.

Fitzgerald reddened. "Well, the fact is," he answered, with a little hesitation, "I don't like your manner. You act as if you were examining a lot of animals with a microscope. If you are to understand the people around you, you must make yourself one of them; but if you are going to remain apart, an aristocrat at heart, you might as well let them alone."

Bastien seemed struck with this observation. He said, with his habitual short laugh:

"You mean that I must not be 'von Bastien,' but simply 'Bastien the photographer'? *Ach Himmel!*" Then he laughed again, but it seemed to be at himself. "Well, I'll take your advice, Fitz. I am afraid I have gotten into a habit of looking on the poor as a distinct class. But these people don't seem to be poor; I can't make out what they are—oh, you are right! There's a great difference between the spirit of the theorist and the practical philanthropist."

"Say rather," answered Fitzgerald, softly, "there is a difference between the spirit of Augustus the Emperor and of Christ the Saviour."

Bastien frowned. "I am not what you call a Christian," he said,— "but this is no place for the discussion of ethics."

They went through the swinging doors, upstairs and to the right, as they were commanded to do. Their overcoats and hats were taken in through another pigeon-hole, and they found themselves among a large number of "gents." Some of these young persons—all of whom wore collars of painful height and stiffness—were trying their powers in the dance, others pining on badges of varying degrees of splendor, others brushing their mustaches. Pleasant anticipation reigned, and the preparatory squeaks of fiddles came from the interior of the hall.

Bastien and Fitzgerald stood near the door, unnoticed. The latter knew some of the young men slightly, but they had no time for him just then. His spirits, usually good, were somewhat depressed; he liked Bastien, and his last words gave him something like a chill. Besides, though Fitzgerald had very little in common with the members of the assembly of which he and Bastien were now a part, he did not like Bastien's apparent attitude toward them. It seemed to Fitzgerald to be interested, but heartless. He knew that Bastien was anxious to help them, to lift them; but he began to doubt whether, if they were lifted up according to Bastien's ideas, they would be any better.

The truth is, Fitzgerald did not understand Bastien. It is hard for a man who is intellectually and spiritually Christian, nurtured in Catholic schools and environed everywhere by the perfume of religion, to understand one who has never known the relation of dogma to life, whose favorite reading is in Marcus Aurelius and Amiel.

Bastien forgot himself in the life round him. It was new to him; he had known only an artificial atmosphere since his boyhood. At Heidelberg, at Munich, at London dinner-tables, in New York, he had not met people like these. The open vanity of the young men—whose coats of all cuts and kinds, whose *bouttonnières* and mustaches and badges were objects of the utmost importance to them,—amused him very much. He enjoyed their scraps of conversation. A question of precedence—as to whether the reception committee should precede the floor managers in the grand march—was hotly discussed. It was finally decided by a message from the other room, where the ladies were concealed.

Fitzgerald was astonished to see Miles enter. Miles seemed equally astonished. He shook hands with Fitzgerald, nodded to Bastien, and forgot their presence in the supreme act of adjusting his badge, which was flamboyant, and of fastening a card containing "the order of dances" by a silk cord to his button-hole. Suddenly there sounded the blare of a cornet;—it was the announcement of the grand march.

(To be continued.)

### OLIVER CROMWELL IN HIS TRUE LIGHT.

"A revolution will be the very last resource of the thinking and the good."—*Burke*.

ON more than one occasion we have pointed out the fact that the muse of English history is a prejudiced and partial muse. It is impossible to accept without hesitation; it is unwise to accept without examination—any of the conclusions of any of the principle writers of our history. Most of them have set out in their labors with preconceived notions; some of them have set out with a particular object in view; and when all has been written from all points of view we are as far as ever from a condition of what has been called certitude of mind concerning any of the great or little events which have been always in dispute in our history. And among these events, as we had occasion recently to discuss, the episode of the great rebellion, the execution of King Charles and the reign of Cromwell, stand pre-eminent for the variety of opinions entertained concerning them and for the extreme difficulty with which a reasonable mind is confronted in coming to a fixed conclusion.

To the Stuart cause history has not been generous; it may be said indeed that history has not been fair. Two reasons operated to produce this ungenerous result. In the first place political feeling, party spirit, has animated most of our historians, and the bulk of our history has been written from the Whig point of view, a point of view from which the claims of monarchs and the weight of authority in the Crown, do not appear in a favorable light. In the next place, a large part of our history is animated by religious feeling, and unfortunately the popular religious feeling (in itself largely political) was also opposed to the Royal cause. Therefore the two strongest passions by which the world has always been governed, religion and politics, acting separately and acting conjointly, have blinded generation after generation to the true, or at least to the critical and moderate, view of history. But time works all sorts of wonders, and time has been operating silently but effectively in aid of the cause of legitimacy and in exposure of the means by which rebellion was made to look like duty, murder like patriotism, robbery like justice, and selfish greed like the legitimate rewards of wisdom and valor.

We have at hand at least one book in which a courageous effort has been made for the opening of the eyes of students to the true character of at least one great actor in the great Rebellion, Cromwell. It is called "Oliver Cromwell, the Protector; an appreciation based on contemporary evidence," by Reginald F. D. Palgrave, C. B., (Sampson Son & Co.,

London), and is dedicated to the Rev. Mandel Creighton, whose name is so well known to students of history in these days. Mr. Palgrave is well known to all public men and students of public affairs as the clerk of the House of Commons, and he writes under the roof and shadow of the historic buildings which in whole, or in part, from Westminster to Whitehall, saw come and go the once brilliant and memorable procession of the makers of English history. The scenes on which he works are full of ghosts, and the voices of the mighty dead may seem at times to call for reparation and refutation from a thousand tombs. Mr. Palgrave has been industrious beyond the use and wont of most writers in our day, in the consultation of those original documents the publication of which has been forced upon indifferent or reluctant politicians by the energetic demands and protests of scholars and students, or which remain in manuscript under the intelligent and courteous care of the officers of the British Museum. He prefaces a list of these authorities to his volume, thus adding to the value of his work in the eyes of those who may be disposed to pursue the line of his investigations.

Mr. Palgrave has so filled his mind with the literature of his subject that he uses in many cases the language of the time, and fills his pages with sentences quoted with remarkable felicity to illustrate his own conclusions. Thus we find him using such words as "insensed," "unease," "I wot not," "naught," "ament," "pothor," "despitefully," "enheartened," "laded himself" and so on, which have an odd look to modern eyes, but are justified in fact by the authority of some of the greatest of the old-time masters of the English tongue. The constant felicitous quotation has the effect of filling the pages with quotation marks which in such numbers are somewhat destructive to the beauty of the page. But the reader who is on the search for information, and the critic who is seeking for the merits of the book will by no means be inclined to quarrel with either the mode of expression or the fancy of the author for accurate quotation.

In his introductory chapter Mr. Palgrave admits us at once to what may be called the prime postulates of his political theory concerning Cromwell. We are all too much disposed to forget that our favourite political heroes were in general only successful politicians, and that they were successful by means common to all politicians, superior skill, knowledge, audacity, cunning, unscrupulousness or even crime. Of how few can it be said that they were successful by means of superior wisdom, learning, virtue, generosity, justice or faith! Mr. Palgrave at once puts before us the political situation in England before the outbreak of the rebellion: "On the 10th September, 1640, England was in this position. Our northern counties were occupied and held down by the army of the Scotch Covenanters. They had routed our troops, exacted £850 a day and were on the advance to London. King Charles stood face to face with the invader. The Yorkshire trained bands had mustered and their comrades throughout central England were rallying round the Royal Standard. The King reviewed "a gallant army with horse and foot sufficient;" he could have met the Covenanters in the field. Nothing had occurred in England to mar this hopeful aspect of affairs when twelve days later, the King threw up his arms and sank down. He submitted to the covenanters; he consented to the Long Parliament. His subjects had deserted him." The reasons for this desertion Mr. Palgrave goes on to state in general before proceeding to discuss the career of Cromwell in detail. The first great cause of the break down of loyal feeling was the fear that the King was going to bring over an Irish army; the second was the wild rumor of a religious conspiracy.

Mr. Palgrave gives the facts thus: "Englishmen in general are not a submissive race. Nor, if I may speak for my brethren, are we prone to accept atrocity notions." (We are not sure that Mr. Palgrave is right, for England has seen as many political panics as any country in the world). "We do not readily believe that those in authority over us are plotting our destruction or are more depraved and heartless than the rest of mankind. Yet in 1610 we were compelled by fear to

yield to our Scotch conquerors; and in 1641 we became the slaves of a ghastly idea, of a terror that shook us through and through. The belief that the King plotted our subjection by the Irish army was in itself sufficiently disturbing; but to the King's opponents that rumor was not sufficient, they coupled it with another belief far more appalling. England was taught that a vast conspiracy was on foot, headed by the Pope of Rome, the Queen, and therefore by the King, and therefore by every person, connected with the King, the Church and the Government, to inflict upon us Popery and tyranny." How this wild belief was fostered Mr. Palgrave then goes on to show; how the little news sheets were made to inflame the public mind; how the Queen was attacked; how Pym used Parliament to fan the flame; how committees were appointed to examine into mares' nests; how every reckless fanatic or designing knave was enabled to approach Parliament with his fabricated tale of unreal horror; how addresses were passed to the King; how the church was assailed; how rumors of a "Popish army" marching on London were in the air; how guards were appointed for the House; how letters were forged and "discovered" just in the nick of time; how fondly the patience of the King was exhausted by these ruffianly proceedings. "Charles would not have been a man if he had not struck back. He did so; he impeached 'the Five Members,' Pym, Hampden, Haselrig, Hollis and Strode; and up flared the Great Rebellion."

The Great Rebellion, as we have often said, was, in fact, but the culmination of a prolonged policy of disloyalty, conspiracy, greed and rascality; and its progress was characteristic of its origin. One of the first men to abandon Pym and Hampden when they plunged into murderous sedition, was Falkland, and to Falkland's purity of purpose all the world from Clarendon to Matthew Arnold bears witness. Mr. Palgrave avoids (except once in the case of Carlyle) discussing the position of those who have written about Cromwell. He goes straight for his subject. "If the Protector be likened to the devil, the comparison will be likened in parabolic fashion; his cruel shuffling ways are set down without make; and the fact that his subjects regarded him as a man in whom there was no truth, who set snares to entrap them, shall be published as far as possible in his own words. Nor are the names or the imaginations of the creators of the ideal Cromwell even mentioned here; although the attempt thereby will lose a certain kind of attractiveness." The instalment of Cromwell, Mr. Palgrave points out, was a fraud of the most audacious kind. "His supremacy was founded on a lie, for Lambert led him to the Protector's chair 'in the name of the army and the three nations.' In so doing Lambert took in vain the name of the three nations and of the army. The rank and file, the officers as a body, had not been consulted; many amongst them repudiated government by a single person. With Cromwell's installation the three nations powerless, voiceless, had naught to do." Cromwell was in fact the creation of a few military officers who used their tool for their own purposes.

The first purpose was plunder. "This feature of the Protectorate shall be exemplified by taking the 'three great ones' as representatives of their associate money-suckers. Estimating their yearly income at our money value, Fleetwood and Lambert received over £19,000 and £21,000 apiece. Thus, following that mode of calculation, and adding to that sum Major-General Disbrow's modest yearly gains of over £9,000, the 'three great ones' were to England a financial burthen of more than £50,000 a year. . . . Cromwell, besides the cost of his life-guard, the yearly pay for his civil officers, such as a cofferer at £1,500 a surveyor of H. H. houses at £2,000, drew for his annual maintenance first £61,000 and then £100,000, sums equal to, with us, of £192,000 and £300,000. Each of the sixteen members of his council also drew £1,000 a year, and created a cost that would have been upon us an annual charge of £48,000." The army officers, of course, had to be paid, and were paid in sinecures of astonishing variety and brazen audacity. Jobbery became one of the main pillars of the new commonwealth, and the Saints showed an uncommon itch for plunder.

The next purpose was of course to keep themselves in power. Having produced the rebellion by intrigues, plots, falsehoods and slanders, it became doubly necessary that it should be maintained by means that had proved so successful, and that were so deadly if allowed to drop out of sight. Consequently the Protector and his council and his officers became manufacturers of plots, invasions, risings, "Jesuit conspiracies," "Popish designs" and attempts on His Holiness' life, on a scale quite creditable to their powers of production but deadly indeed to their souls and their fame. Mr. Palgrave describes the situation in a paragraph containing as fine a simile as may be found in contemporary literature:—"On the plains of ancient Egypt monumental avenues of statue after statue, bearing alike the same portentous and uncanny aspect led up to a colossal repetition of the same form. So during the Protectorate, plot after plot bearing alike the impress of craft, fatuity and treachery, arose in grim repetition until Cromwell revealed himself in the last and typical example of his statecraft, the death of Sir Henry Slingsby."

Mr. Palgrave then goes on to frame point by point an indictment, which is in effect an iron tablet that will endure against the career of the protector. He tells us how a moral plague spread over England, how the army of Cromwell's spies infested the land, how the vile art of trepanning was practised as part of the Government of England; how men made a practise of hunting out traces of property that Royalists had screened from confiscation; how needy cavaliers were made to attempt to betray their master; how "deceit, subordination and injustice, were a good investment whilst Cromwell ruled the market;" how the guise of religion was made a cover for fraud, and how even the army of Saints became in no long time filled with brutality and license. All the principal "conspiracies" alleged against the Royalists are examined in detail and shown to be almost invariably the production of Cromwell's own servants and spies. He had two means of getting rid of two kinds of enemies. Those of his own party who suspected his selfish purposes and were disposed to oppose the stifling of liberty and the robbery of the State, he removed without redress or imprisonment on the merest suspicion; those who were of the King's party he trepanned into "conspiracy" and executed or exiled. And yet it was all in vain since the belief began to grow that Cromwell was not honest and that his insurrections were shams. The Protector's friends began to fall away. Parliament were not for the glory or the liberty of England; and a struggle began. Lambert, Fleetwood and Disbrow, his old friends, were driven out of office. And the Protector began a struggle with Parliament which ended with the destruction of his health and peace and life. But he was wicked to the end and died with the scent of blood on his hands. "Can it be held," says Mr. Palgrave in conclusion, "of those who made Oliver Cromwell's excellent dissembling look like honor," that they had no cause to consider their ways? Surely they had warning enough. Had the cry of the Lord Protector, "I do not lie," or of his prisoner (Slingsby), "I see that I am trepanned," been duly heeded, they would have perceived that they were ensnared by a being who calls on "him that wanteth understanding." "Turn in hither!"—and then leads his guests where "the dead are" and among those who "are in the depths of hell." We must take an abrupt leave of a powerful volume, one of the first to make head against the too prevalent idea that there is no defence for the traditions of the English Conservative cause.—*M. J. G., in Montreal Gazette.*

O sweet is kindness unbought  
By service we ourselves have wrought,  
Or long-tried friendship's winning arts!  
O sweet is sympathy which springs  
From chance occasions, random things,  
And unexpected hearts!

—Father Faber.

All Subscribers who are in arrears to the Review would confer a favor, by at once remitting to us the amount of same.

## THE REVERIE OF A FATHER: AN HUMBLE PROTEST AGAINST WOMEN OF CULTURE.

CONSERVATIVE and thoughtful people are wondering why so much criticism—I take criticism to mean, in its modern corrupted sense, censure—should be at this time heaped on convent schools; and—I hope the critics will forgive me, as I forgive them—by men who neither have children nor are likely to have any. After all, the father of daughters may be excused, if he take a hand in the present controversy, with no other qualification than that he has given hostages to society.

The principal critics of the American convent schools are the brilliant and clever Rev. John Talbot Smith, and the scholarly Rev. Peter Finley. The Rev. Father Smith, who is one of the strongest of American novelists, has produced "A Woman of Culture,"—a very interesting personage to read about; but who would want to live in the same house with her? Father Finley, as is evident from his article in *The Lyceum*, does not yet know enough about the real needs of Catholics in the United States, to write with authority on our social question. And there is one thing he overlooks, that we shall have no higher education here of the best kind—which is not of the Vassar and Wells type—until many of his compatriots in Ireland discard the idea that Americans ought to be drained of their superfluous cash, in order to give Catholic University education to our consins in Ireland. If bishops and priests in Ireland cannot settle the question of higher Catholic education in their own country, with all the State grants they have—if they must make it an obstacle in the way of Home Rule—they had as well watch our unaided struggle in silent sympathy. As for Father Finley—a man whom every American who knows him respects—he has done a wrong which he can hardly make satisfaction for. He has put weapons in the hands of the enemies of Catholic education in this country which they will use for years; he has pampered the ignorant parent and the superficial, half-educated child with the support of his respectable name: he has discouraged religious women in their admirable work by making them feel that even in the houses of their friends there is unjust carping and ill-considered criticism.

Having myself done some ramping and tearing in editorial columns, in the days of an elder consulship, I find much sympathy in my heart for Father Smith. The only women he knows are those he creates in his delightful novels. If he had to live much in the society of the *beau sexe*, he would thank God for the convent schools. One may go to a lecture spoken by a young woman from Vassar or Wells—but why is Wells emphasized so strongly? nobody heard of it until Mrs. Cleveland emerged from its shades—but Father Smith must remember that a man has to live with his wife and daughters. The critics seem to have forgotten this point of view. I should be charmed if my daughters—who are not yet old enough to read this—would in time be able to discuss the eleventh idyl of Theocritus in Greek with Father Smith or explain the difference between protoplasm and the exploded bathybius to Father Finley—but I can't help thinking with horror of the time when they might try a fall with me on the same subjects. But this, I feel, is but a personal way of looking at it; and on this question of education, one ought to be altruistic—but it is hard when one has children to sacrifice them on the shrine of education and have a hearth infested by women of culture. What must be, must; and when Catholic editors dictate, who shall disobey?

It seems to me that the convent schools are on the right track? Some of our critics presume that a normal school training is necessary for every novice that enters a religious community. They forget that many ladies become Sisters after an education and a training more thorough than any known normal school can give. I have met novices who knew as much as a girl out of Vassar College or out of any normal school. Would the critics create normal schools for them—just to make them as philistine as the average normal school graduate? For Heaven's sake, gentlemen, do not write from your inner consciousness; do not talk as if you had seen God and come to a private understanding with Him on the matter of re-creating the world;—but examine the work of the convents. Go to the Convent of the Holy

Childhood, at Sharon, Pa., or to the Sacred Heart at Torresdale, Pa., where Miss Agnes Reppier, one of the cleverest young women of this country, is lecturing on Literature; go to Mount St. Vincent's, come out here to St. Mary's—and see whether the Sisters are unprogressive! Then go to Prof. McAlister, of Philadelphia, the most competent authority in this country on general educational matters, and see what he says about normal schools as they are conducted!

Pardon the indignation of a father—of an ignorant, but affectionate father—of an honest, but perhaps misguided, father—and train your guns towards him, gentlemen, as a bad representative of his class, but let the sisters alone.

If our education lacks anything, believe me, it is due to ignorant parents rather than the lack of progress on the part of the Sisters—God bless them!—*Maurice Francis Egan.*

## THE CATHOLIC PRESS.

FOR years the Holy Father has lifted up his voice in behalf of the Catholic press. For years the most prominent prelates have voiced the will of heaven in its regard. Every thinking man has lamented its indifferent success. But we doubt if any prelate has taken steps so practical towards the solution of this problem as the Bishop of Leavenworth.

Persuaded that the Catholic Press to-day is of equal importance with the pulpit, and in many respects more so, he has delegated one of his best and most eloquent priests—Rev. Father Kinsella—who takes a lively interest in the affair—to spend at least a year lecturing in every parish on the importance of the press of our day. The lecture is a most important one; and is handled in such a masterly way, that it conveys conviction to every soul present. Indeed seldom have we heard the importance of the press, for good or evil spoken of as in that lecture.

The great conqueror of the present age is not the sword, nor eloquence, but *public opinion*; and this public opinion is formed entirely and exclusively by the public press.

He that holds the press to-day governs the world. The agents of evil understand this well, and they have everywhere grasped for this mode of warfare—this vehicle of public opinion—whilst Catholics have so far, almost everywhere neglected this most important means, and have but a feeble share in affecting the opinion of the time.

The statistics given in reference to the non-Catholic press are most scathing and humiliating. No wonder Catholics, in spite of all they do and have done for the country, are hated and looked upon as a set of lepers, dangerous to the State. The lecturer shows clearly that for this state of affairs so outrageous, so revolting to human nature, no one can be accused or blamed but the sleeping Catholics alone.

All of us bewail this said condition of affairs. But what do lamentations amount to? We must be up and doing. How shall the Catholic press be spread amongst the Catholic people? It must be done by the Church. Every other great idea has emanated from that source. Laymen alone will not succeed. The priest must help, and no nobler mission can be assigned to the Church to-day.

The lecturer of Kansas always lectures to a full house on Sunday nights. Immediately after the lecture, before Benediction, (whilst the choir sings some hymns) a number of good penmen go around from pew to pew, to take the names of all who desire to become subscribers to the Catholic diocesan paper and thus the priests create more interest and more substantial help for that paper by one hour's work than the best lay agent would do during six months.

One year would be sufficient to place the Catholic paper in every family of the diocese, and thus one year's work of a priest, sent out and authorized by his bishop, will accomplish more than all the talk and lamentations of a whole nation. No mission and no set of missions of our day can or will accomplish as much good as the mission that preaches a Catholic paper to every Catholic family.—*N. Y. Catholic Review.*

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## Men and Things.

Mr. Wm. O'Brien, M.P., has become engaged to the daughter of Mr. Raifalovitch, a Paris financier.

Mr. A. C. Macdonell, the Managing Director of the Review, has been elected Captain of the Argonaut Rowing Club, in this city. The Club has over 300 members.

The engagement of Miss Mary Anderson to Mr. De Navarro is formally announced. The marriage is to take place in London.

Mr. Wm. O'Brien, M.P., spent Easter Sunday in Rome. He visited the new church of St. Patrick and dined with Prior Glynn. At the Convent of St. Isidore he had an interview with Mrs. Dillon, mother of Mr. John Dillon, M.P.

Archbishop Corrigan of New York is visiting the sacred places in the Holy Land; to a friend in New York he has written an interesting letter from Mount Carmel, which will appear in the Review of next week.

The account of Stonyhurst which the editor of the *English Illustrated Magazine* is about to bring out as part of a series of articles on the great public schools of England, will, we learn, be written by Father Gerard, S.J. The article will be illustrated by Railton, and should prove very interesting.

Rumor has it that Lawrence Barret, who is rapidly regaining health, all reports to the contrary, will present next year the historic part of "Thomas a Becket." The play is a new one, and its author an English gentleman of recognized literary talent. Apart from the masterly power of Mr. Barret, the figure of the great martyr-Archbishop of Canterbury cannot but be welcomed.

A distinguished Catholic publicist has lately passed away in France, at the ripe age of eighty, the Count de Pontmartin. His published books are very numerous and he may be said to have died working. The *Gazette de France*, on which he laboured for the past quarter of a century, published on the day of his death the last article from his pen. His work as a literary critic is said to have been as varied and considerable as that of Sainte Beuve; and of a high quality, sincere, lively and brilliant. He was a royalist and a Catholic, and to his faith and his political principles was a most faithful adherent.

Of the late Sheriff Chauveau of Montreal, Miss A. T. Sadlier writes "an uncompromising Catholic, his devotion to the Church and her doctrines was as manifest in his utterances, spoken or written, as his great love of country. He loved the traditions of his race, and delighted to bring them forward on all occasions. He was an ardent lover of books, and had collected a considerable and very choice library which it was the writer's privilege to have visited. In manner he had the courtliness of the French Canadian gentleman of the old school. He had many friends and was respected by all for the sterling integrity of his character. As "Dean of French Canadian literature," as he has been called, his place will not be easily filled."

The *Catholic Review* of New York has of late been making mention of Catholic actors of note, a class of Catholics and a class of artists who have been too long and too greatly ignored. A late issue contains a short sketch of Mr. Charles

G. Craig, whose name recalls the familiar features of a talented young Irish Canadian. He was born in Bundorn, Ireland, in 1851. Soon after his birth his father and mother came to Canada. His father, full of energy and life, settled what was soon known as Craig's Mills, near Cobourg, and here young Craig passed his boyhood in rural charms and simplicity. He was educated at the Grammar School and Victoria College, Cobourg. As a boy at school he had given indications of histrionic ability, and it developed with years. He made his debut in Hamilton, Canada, in the role of "Rob Roy" in 1876. Since then he has supported the leading stars of his time—Edwin Booth, W. E. Sheridan, Genevieve Ward, and various others. His chief successes have been in the roles of *Spider* in the "Silver King," *Iago*, in "Othello," *Lord Rochester* in "Jane Eyre," and *Albert Graham* in "The Planter's Wife." Of Mr. Craig in the last mentioned impersonation a critic says: "He is one of a hundred whose physique, handsome features, and freedom from egotism, make him almost faultless in the eyes of an audience." A few years ago he was married to Miss Buchanan of San Francisco. The bride, a most charming woman, was a near relation of President Buchanan. She is the only member of her family professing the Catholic faith. She became a convert previous to her engagement to Mr. Craig and has since been a fervent practical Catholic. Both have endeared themselves to a large host of friends who hold Mr. and Mrs. Craig dear by many ties.

Mr. Gladstone's remarkable success in life says a writer in the current *New England Magazine*, has been due in no small degree to his health, his capacity for work and his prodigious memory. When one sees him now, one sees a venerable figure, bearing the marks of age. The outer skin of the face is almost like parchment, so pale is it and finely lined. But twenty years ago, when I first saw him, he was a splendid-looking man, the very picture of health. Not an ounce of superfluous flesh or fat on his body, all well-preserved and in perfect condition. From his earliest days his health has been marvellous. He could sleep at any moment, casting aside easily the weight of public cares, and slumbering as softly as a little child. Like Sir Walter Raleigh he could "toil terribly"; and like all first-rate statesmen, he has been endowed with a good memory. A friend told me that at a dinner party a few years ago at Oxford, at which Mr. Gladstone was present, the conversation happened to turn upon some obscure matter connected with the incomes of some of the Oxford Colleges, about which none but an expert could be expected to know. The experts present, however, knew nothing, while Mr. Gladstone came out with the desired information. The same informant told me that a friend happened to call in on Mr. Gladstone two or three days after the revised version of the New Testament came out. Mr. Gladstone had been through the new version, comparing it critically with the original Greek text, and spoke learnedly of the subject. Yet he was then in his 63d or 64th year, and held the double office of Prime Minister and Chancellor of the Exchequer, and was holding the threads of debate in the House of Commons every night. Even now he can repeat much of Homer and Dante by heart. He has recently given a French speech in Paris and several Italian speeches in Italy, and in every case without previous preparation. For a leisured man to do this is not at all easy. For a busy man, with the affairs of the great globe in his mind, a man arrived at fourscore years, to do it well, is little short of the marvellous.



## The Catholic Weekly Review.

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

Commenced by

*The Most Rev. Dr. Walsh, Archbishop of Toronto.*  
*The Most Rev. C. O'Brien, Archbishop of Halifax.*  
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SINCE writing last week upon the subject of Dr. Barnardo's proselytising operations in Canada, English exchanges have come to hand containing some further and more recent words from Bishop Vaughan of Salford in regard to the rescue of Catholic children, a work which, under his direction, is being prosecuted with much earnestness. At the last meeting of the Diocesan Rescue Society his Lordship said: "He could assure them that they had lost thousands upon thousands of Catholic children because they had been neglectful under this head. He himself had no idea of the extent of the evil until the committee of laymen and priests formed, some four years ago, produced statistics to prove to those who were still unwilling to believe the fact. It proved to them that there was a great deal of proselytising going on in their midst, and that an immense number of poor little orphans and abandoned Catholic children went to join the criminal classes." The great duty devolved upon them of saving and protecting their orphaned and abandoned little children who, without their assistance "would go to swell the ranks of crime or be carried away into Protestantism or infidelity."

### A GREATER IRELAND.

MENTION has already been made in these pages of the new Temperance Movement launched on Passion Sunday in Ireland—a movement pregnant perhaps with as glorious promise for the future of the Irish people, moral and material, as any inaugurated since Daniel O'Connell sounded the first note of Catholic emancipation. Of the new movement Cardinal Manning has said: "It will, I believe, save Ireland;" meaning thereby that it will complete the work of national regeneration. It is all too true, and he is no sincere friend of Ireland who would seek to evade it, that that unhappy country has presented two problems, a social one, not less than a political one, although, doubtless, the social one is largely the creation of the political—the offspring, in a word, of bad laws and bad government. The drink evil, and the Government of Christian England have been the two fruitful parents of Irish misery. The one stepped in to finish what the other had started. They formed a first cause, and a complement. Together they swept through the land; and

the people were struck down as before swords. The one killed the body; the other destroyed the soul.

It is a pitiful story, and too harrowing to be dwelt upon. The late A. M. Sullivan relates in "New Ireland" of the "Black '47" the year of the famine, that wherever Government Relief Works were started to save the people from starving, there drink shops sprang up in great number whose proprietors fastened, like parasites, upon the poor victims who, nearing death even, turned for oblivion of their pains to whiskey, in the full stupor of despair.

That success which the national movement will effect for the betterment of the political condition of the Irish people, the new Temperance Movement, blessed and directed as it is by the united bishops of the nation, will secure for their moral and material improvement; and it is a happiness to know that there has been laid for it a secure and enduring basis. The Pastoral of the Lemster Prelates says: "We would remind you that, unlike many noble efforts hitherto made in the cause of temperance, this work in which we now invite your co-operation will not be abandoned to its own resources. It will not be left to depend for its prospects of success merely upon the strength to be derived from the efforts, however energetic, of desultory individuals. For throughout Ireland it is being taken in hand by the bishops, as a work to be carried on with the sanction and under the blessing of the Church." In other words the work will be prosecuted in every parish. Such temperance societies as exist will be encouraged and strengthened; and in those districts where they do not exist they are to be formed immediately. Especially is it intended to enlist the rising generation of Catholics in one vast total abstinence body; and a pledge which is to hold good till they have reached the age of twenty-one will be administered to the children of each parish on the occasion of the episcopal visitation. This process of enrolling the young has already been proceeded with in many dioceses, and on Passion Sunday, in the Cathedral of Thurles, was presented the beautiful sight of twelve thousand children renewing the total abstinence pledge in the presence of Archbishop Croke. In the case of adults, a total abstinence society will exist in every parish and all religious associations and confraternities, such as those of the Sacred Heart, are to co-operate in the promotion of temperance reform. In short, the efforts of the Church will be systematically directed towards rooting out from amongst the people "every vestige of the degrading and soul-destroying vice of drunkenness." Who can doubt that the success of such a movement solves the future of Ireland and the Irish race?

"He would indeed," says an English contemporary, "be but a poor specimen of an Irishman who did not rejoice at the united action of the Bishops and who did not feel profoundly grateful to them for entering on an undertaking fraught, indeed, with grave difficulties, but also with the richest blessings for the Irish race. It was the one thing necessary for the building up of a new and greater Ireland. The issue of the political struggle is beyond all doubt; the establishment of the national temperance movement will complete the work of regeneration. As a result of the progress of both causes, we seem so see the Irish people arising in renewed youth to add a bright, a glorious, page to their country's chequered history."

In this way the priests and prelates of Ireland celebrate the centenary of Father Mathew, the great temperance apostle whose name and whose memory will be ever blessed. The race abroad could do no better work than enlist themselves in, and continue, the same grand object.

## THE PROGRAMME OF "LA VERITE"

MR. LAURIER, that gifted and high minded French-Canadian, in the course of the speech delivered in the House of Commons in February last during the debate on the Dual language question—a speech which will be forever memorable in the Parliamentary annals of Canada—made use of these noble words :

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 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 he is 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 antagonistic 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 perhaps be asked, 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 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 utterance to them.

One would have supposed that these enlightened and statesmanlike utterances would have touched the intelligence, even if they failed to touch the heart, of every Canadian, from whatever stock he be sprung, from whatever Province he be come, who is sincerely desirous that his country and its people should proceed in the path of peace, and of unity, and of national permanence. Not so, however; that were a fallacious assumption—Mr. Laurier's views are out of all joint with the programme of *La Verite*. Because of these words, that journal, in a late issue, taunts Mr. Laurier with being an Anglified renegade. "Such," says *La Verite*, "is Mr. Laurier's patriotism, such are his hopes in the French-Canadian race, such are the national aspirations and national pride of him who pretends to be the political chief of a great number of his compatriots. 'The future of Canada is to be British.' Such sentiments cannot be discussed." It suffices, it adds, to submit them to the appreciation of all French-Canadians "who possess a remnant of heart, and who are not, like Mr. Laurier, denationalized, denaturalized, and Anglified." That gentleman, it further says, "has only the name of French-Canadian." Such language, he is told, "does not suit a French-Canadian." If he means what he says he is to be "pitied," for he has "no notion of the pure and strong emotions inspired by patriotism, the holiest after those inspired by religion." "If the future of Canada,"

continues *La Verite*, addressing itself to Mr. Laurier, "is to be English, if such is the conviction, as you say, of almost the whole of our race, why do we cling so persistently to our tongue? No, Mr. Laurier, our past and present are one; we tell you that you have calumniated your compatriots, they are not so degenerated. They have of late shown themselves weak and faltering, but thanks be to God they still believe that French-Canada will live and confirm itself more and more, and will rise under the folds of the British standard and at last will take its place among the nations of the earth, Mr. Laurier, and you know it."

Our readers have before them a tolerably fair example of the treatment sometimes extended to public men and to public questions by a Quebec *confre* which, emulating the zeal of a Veillot, seems to have caught also something of the spirit of toleration, and about the same flavour of charity, as a John Knox or John Calvin. In point of mental narrowness, its strictures upon Mr. Laurier are about on a par with its objections to the grant by Mr. Mercier's Government of a few thousand dollars—a gracious and, under the circumstances of the hour, a patriotic act—to Toronto University, upon the occasion of the destruction of that noble institution. Of the sense of justice, not to speak of the liberality, of a journal that can so attack a man who brings into his public life the fairest flowerings of the heart and mind, whose nobility of purpose, whose scorn of the popular, the expedient, and the base, not less than his rare intellectual qualities, have won for him the respect of men of all shades of politics, — it would be useless to speak. Of the programme of *La Verite*, it is apparent that that journal feels itself bound by no sense or consideration of duty to that considerable part of Canada which does not lie within the boundaries of the Province of Quebec. It refuses to take notice of the conditions that arise in the remaining and the larger parts of Confederation, and it promulgates a programme adherence to which, as the Montreal *Gazette* has observed, "would dwarf every French speaking representative in the field of national politics." Mr. Laurier's words carry their own conviction, and they are the thoughtless and the enemies of their race who set up any other doctrine. *La Verite's* attack on Mr. Laurier, says the *Gazette*, will do him no harm among those who keep their sentiments in check by their intelligence. It will do great harm, however, we regret to say, in this province at all events, to the progress and spread of the Catholic religion, to the interests of which the policy of *La Verite* professes to be wholly subordinated; and the Catholic name, as we have more than once said, instead of being a name to lighten the heart, will more and more be regarded by the non-Catholics of Ontario with distrust and uneasiness. That being so, although we greatly regret to be compelled to say it, we believe the illiberality of *La Verite* to be productive to the cause of religion, of much positive harm.

Our Quebec contemporary, for now several weeks past has, protested against this Review's "attacks" upon it. This journal has on several occasions expostulated with it; but never in other than terms of studied moderation and courtesy. The canons of journalism which this Review follows, do not permit it the same latitude of speech which *La Verite* exercises. Nor, if we may so say, would that license be much to our liking. Charity is as much a virtue in journalism as in any other department of conduct; and when *La Verite* regards a printed opinion with the same gravity as we do, it will find less place in its pages for virulent attacks upon well meaning public men.

THE *Owl*, for March, the monthly published by the students of Ottawa University, sustains its place as the best college publication known to us. The editorials, literary notes, and college gossip, are excellent, but some of the contributed articles, like so many college disquisitions, are a little ponderous and academic,—defects that disappear with practice. We cannot speak as highly of the *Owl* as we would wish, for the reason that THE REVIEW is itself indebted to it for such a kindly notice that to speak as we might otherwise would have a *quid pro quo* appearance.

The *Owl* says: THE CATHOLIC WEEKLY REVIEW of February 22nd is before us. The REVIEW is one of the most powerful exponents of Catholic thought and principles in Canada, and is a power for good in the direction of educating and refining Catholic taste and judgment. Its columns are ever well stocked with matter to suit the most fastidious. The current number has as frontispiece an engraving of His Grace Archbishop Walsh. The number also has portraits of Archbishop Fabre of Montreal, his Lordship Bishop O'Mahony of Toronto and Cardinal Newman, together with an interesting reference to the life and labours of the last mentioned distinguished prelate. The editorial department is conducted with a firmness and pointedness highly commendable. We congratulate the REVIEW on the successful completion of its third volume, and bespeak for it a lasting and prosperous existence.

*United Ireland* is not always vitriolic. Commenting upon the demise lately of a man who in his day was a conspicuous figure in the public life of Ireland, it says: "No taint of bitterness mingles with the deep regret with which Ireland bids good-bye forever to Baron Dowse," and for his memory it adds,—genial, honest, sturdy, and Irish to his fingertips—the country has nothing but regret and admiration. Its words are at once generous and eloquent. "As it was with John Bright, so," says *United Ireland*, "it is with him. Ireland, remembering only the priceless services of his prime, forgives and forgets the foolish words of his failing age. It is given to fine minds, as it is to Mr. Gladstone's, to ripen, not to wither, even to the last, with the lapse of time. Of late years Baron Dowse's mind was but the dry husk of what it had once been. Rather, it was but the cinders and ashes of the fire that had once burned so hot and bright." At the Bar, in Parliament, and on the Bench, until age and sickness dimmed his once brilliant intellect, he rendered a series of brilliant services to his country. "In all our mournful literature," says the Nationalist journal, "the literature of pathos, of slavery, of misery and death, in speech, or essay, or poem, there is no finer or truer figure than that of Dowse when in the trial of a Fenian prisoner he declared:—'The course of Irish history is like a river streaked with blood, that tells a long and silent tale of death.'" The tradition of his eloquence, of his wonderful humor and sarcasm still lives in the House of Commons, as fresh as ever, more than twenty years after his departure—an unusually long lease of Parliamentary reputation. "Student, Barrister, Senator, and Judge, Dowse," says the writer, "was an Irishman and loved Ireland and the Irish with an honest warmth of affection. He never felt, or affected to feel, ashamed of his country. Death closes all. The foolish or petulant phrase of broken health and troubled spirit cannot weigh for one moment against the eloquence and sterling services of his manhood. He is but a poor spirited Irishman, who can refuse the tribute of affectionate admiration to a great Irishman who has gone for ever from amongst us, and of sympathy for the afflicted family who bemoan his loss."

A LATE number of the New York *Commercial Advertiser* has this to say about anti-Catholic schools and anti-Catholic teaching: "Even in this city, there are men in the prime of life who remember sentences like this in the school readers, 'The Roman Catholic religion is merely the old Roman paganism, with the images of the Virgin and the Saints substituted for those of the pagan gods and goddesses.' There is a tradition among the Roman Catholics of one public school where the arithmetic was made to teach Protestantism by the use of such problems as this: 'If the Pope can pray a man out of purgatory in so many hours and a Cardinal can pray him out in so many, and there are so many Cardinals, how long will it take them all to pray him out?' The first of these cases was of course extreme, the latter mythical. But the fact remains that in all intensely Protestant communities the teaching of Protestantism in the public schools has been of frequent occurrence. Boston furnished us an example about two years ago. The explanation in the school history of the Catholic doctrine of indulgences was little short of a caricature. Even where anti-Catholic doctrines have not been taught, the conducting of religious services without any of the Catholic ritual has seemed to Catholics—not without reason—to be aggressively Protestant."

THE Pope made a stirring speech on Monday to five thousand Italian pilgrims in the hall over the vestibule of St. Peter's. Twelve cardinals and twenty archbishops and bishops were present, besides many of the Roman nobility. After the pilgrims had laid their address at his feet, Leo XIII. pronounced an indictment against the Italian Government. He said:—"Among the grave solicitudes of the apostolic ministry which we exercise, one of the bitterest and most poignant is that which concerns the condition of the church in Italy and the faith of the Italian people. If we have always to signalize the dangers that menace us, this time we have a motive more just to do so, as for some time now these perils have become more grave. The war that the satanic hatred of parties wages against the Catholics is openly sustained here by the authorities, who have declared in favor of these parties. The laws and acts which directly or indirectly concern the church and religion are, in Italy, made under the direct inspiration of these parties, which all obey. There is in fact tangible evidence that the action of the authorities in ecclesiastical matters fully responds to their sectarian aspirations and to their culpable designs which henceforth are no mysteries to any one. It is sufficient to record the articles of the new penal code against the clergy, the standards of June last, the discourse in Palermo, the proposed law on church affairs, and others which are in course of preparation. It is a continuation of the war which was commenced by the destruction of the sovereignty of the pontiffs, and which all along its course manifests itself more and more in the intentions of the agitators—that is to say in war *a Pontifice*, made without truce against religion and against the Church of Jesus Christ. In presence of the state of things the duty imposes itself on Italian Catholics of showing what they are, with a bold front and uncovered visage, in order to preserve the inestimable treasure of faith. There can be to-day only two camps clearly defined—the Catholic camp resolved to remain always united at any price to their bishops and to the Pope, and the camp of the enemy who fights against them. Those who, through cowardice, fear to show themselves and who wish to remain between the two camps only swell the ranks of the foe, as the Divine Word tells us. We cannot do less, beloved sons, than congratulate ourselves on the sincerity of your open profession of faith and to appreciate your homage and the protestation of your perfect union with us."

His Holiness, in conclusion, urged the Italians to unite themselves more and more to the Church and the Pope.

## REMINISCENCES OF ORESTES A. BROWNSON.

## I.

Is these reminiscences there may be an occasional error as regards dates and minor facts but the reader may depend on the substantial truth of what is here related.

Forty years ago, Orestes A. Brownson was decidedly the first Catholic layman in the United States. He had become a Catholic in October, 1814, under the instructions of Bishop Fitzpatrick, of Boston, and began the publication of his *Review* as a Catholic periodical in January of the following year. During the first ten years of his life as a Catholic publicist his influence was something quite phenomenal, in certain circles it was well nigh unbounded. "*Fleury a dit*," (Fleury has spoken) was, we are informed, a saying among the French scholars. It meant that when Fleury had given his opinion on some subject that ought to be regarded as settled for good and all. So it was to a great extent with Brownson. To dispute the truth of what he might say on any social, political or religious question, was in the eyes of many rashness itself. But this great popularity was not destined to last.

The years 1853-54-55 was the period during which the native American or know nothing excitement was at its highest. Foreigners were coming pouring into the country in great numbers, and one of the questions of the day was what should be done with them. As the editor of an influential periodical, Brownson had to write on this question, and when he did write on it, he gave expression to views which were as unexpected as they were offensive to many of his best friends. The article he wrote on this question appeared in the July number of his *Review* for 1854. The only sentence of this article which the writer can at present recall was somewhat as follows: "If Congress should enact a law making a residence of twenty-one years in the country necessary in order to the naturalization of foreigners, we, for one, would offer no objection." The article was widely and unfavorably commented upon by the Catholic press of the country.

It was pretty well known, and Brownson must surely have known it, that opposition to foreigners was almost the same thing as opposition to Catholics. Hence the surprise and anger of many of the most generous supporters of his *Review* showed themselves in words and deeds that were too plain to be mistaken. Brownson, of course, replied to the severe strictures that were passed on his article but his replies had little effect. It was clear that he had lost, to a great extent, the confidence of the American Catholic public. His name was no longer a name to conjure with. His *Review* continued, indeed, for many years longer, but it was never the same that it once was. During these years it did great service in the cause of Catholic truth, but it decreased steadily though slowly in influence and circulation until at the close of the year 1861 it ceased to appear.

From the nature of the subjects of which Brownson's *Review* treated, and from the way it treated of them, the class of readers to whom it appealed was necessarily limited. Hence it was never a great pecuniary success. If it afforded the editor and his family a decent living it was the most it did. So that when it ceased to appear, and when Brownson had become an old man, he had not much to depend upon.

But kind friends, among them Father Hecker, came to his assistance and contrived to get up a fund from which he received one thousand dollars a year the rest of his life. Brownson lived the greater part, if not all, of the last years of his life at Elizabethtown, N. J. He died at the home of his son in Detroit, Mich., on Easter Monday, April, 17, 1876. At the time of his death, he was in his seventy-third year.

Brownson was a large and very noble looking man. Some one remarked of him once that he had very much the appearance of a lion. And now, when we look at his portrait, we are sure to be struck by the justness of the comparison. Like all men of very positive convictions, he was impatient of contradiction. It was not always the safest thing a person could do to provoke his anger. Once an impudent man insulted him most wantonly, calling him a traitor for having turned Catholic. And Brownson answered him with an *argumentum ad hominem*, that is with a knock down argument, laying the fellow out as neatly as Paddy Ryan or John L. Sullivan could have done.

He was blunt, very blunt, a little too blunt. The following

anecdotes will well illustrate this trait of his character. Whilst at a supper party in Louisville, a Protestant lady asked him if it were true he had said that all but Catholics would be lost. "Madam," answered Brownson, "if you don't become a Catholic you will be lost." He told how, when he first became a Catholic, his wife did not become a Catholic along with him, on the ground that becoming a Catholic would be admitting that her deceased father was not happy, and how he answered her difficulty by saying, "Suppose your father is not happy, many a woman's deceased father is not happy."

Whilst here in St. Louis in January, 1854, he was waited upon in his room in the Planters House by three preachers—the Rev. Messrs. Elliott, Smith and Anderson—if we remember the names aright. After introducing themselves, they told him they understood that he was the organ of the Catholic Church in the United States. "No, gentlemen," said Brownson, "I am not the organ of the Church in the United States, I am my own organ; if I say a good thing I want the credit of it, and if I say a bad thing I will take the blame of it." They answered that that was all well and good, but it was not the matter about which they had come to speak to him. They had come to learn from him whether he would meet a champion whom they would appoint, and discuss with him in a public hall the relative merits of Protestantism and Catholicism. "No, gentlemen," answered Brownson, "I'll do nothing of the kind; and for the simple reason that accepting a challenge of that sort would be the same thing as admitting that the question as to the relative merits of Protestantism and Catholicity is a debatable one."—*Church Progress St. Louis*.

## FATHER PROUT:

## HIS MANNER OF EXHORTATION AND ENTERTAINMENT.

The Rev. Canon Hagarty, whose parish is at Glanmire, County Cork, Ireland, lives within sound of Shandon bells, and only six miles distant from Watergrass Hill. This reverend gentleman is very properly an enthusiastic admirer of Father Prout, as all who have heard him discourse of Prout or have heard him sing "The Bells of Shandon" will cheerfully testify, writes Eugene Field, from London to a Chicago paper. Father Hagarty gives me an anecdote of Prout which I do not remember to have seen in print. "My late Bishop told me," says he "that when he was completing his collegiate course (a brilliant one) old Father Prout invited him to come and stay with him at Watergrass Hill. He went, and being in orders but not yet a priest, he was devoutly attending Mass within the sanctuary of Prout's Church the Sabbath morning after his arrival in Cork. One of the congregation was a certain captain Nagle, a Catholic magistrate or petty judge, who was generally revered and was a most austere man. Old Prout duly faced the congregation and preached the word of God to them in *hic ipsissimis verbis*: 'Ah, ye set of villians! I often told ye my heart was broke for ye! But I said I'd manage ye yet! There's Captain Nagle there, and he couldn't angle ye. I couldn't do anything with ye, ye set! But d'ye see that young man there? I brought him all the way from Maynooth College to ye; he knows how to settle matters in this parish. He knows Hebrew, and Chaldaic, and Syriac, and all the acts, and if he and Captain Nagle up there in the gallery can't manage ye I won't know what to do with ye at all.'"

It was quite a custom with Father Prout to invite a company of jolly good fellows from Cork to dine with him at his home at Watergrass Hill. He would seat this company at a table upon which there was no cloth, and which was bare of plates, knives and forks. When the guests were seated upon rude forms two rustic servants would hustle in, bearing a pot of boiled potatoes, and these steaming hot vegetables they would shoot along the table between the guests. Then was there a great rushing and ostentatious haste in fetching a wooden vessel filled with cold milk for every two guests. Then Prout would say, gravely: "Your dinner is before you, gentlemen, let us say grace." Eminent jurists, poets, journalists and ecclesiastics would vie with one another in the delicate task of peeling hot potatoes with their fingers, and when the joke seemed to have gone far enough the host

would arise and announce dinner in the next room. There would be found a repast fit for a king; nobody knew better than Prout how to serve a dinner or how to felicitate digestion with felicitous anecdote and merry song.

## General Catholic News

The St. Vincent de Paul Society of Paris distributed \$100,000 in relief last year.

The annual service for the repose of the soul of Mgr. Larigue was celebrated on Saturday morning in the Cathedral Montreal. His Grace Archbishop Fabre officiating.

We have received the first numbers of the Syracuse *Sentinel* a new Catholic paper published in Syracuse. Its contents and make up are very creditable and we wish it a career of prosperity and usefulness.

At the close of a sermon on temperance delivered by one of the Redemptorist Fathers in Montreal a short time ago, 8,000 of the audience stood up in the church, at the request of the Father, and publicly took the pledge. They, the same night, individually ratified their pledge by passing in front of the altar and giving their names.

Great interest is felt by Catholics and non-Catholics in the discovery by Father Morris, S. J., at Canterbury Cathedral, of the body of an Archbishop believed to be Cardinal Stephen Langton, who joined the cause of the barons and won the gratitude of the English by his opposition to the tyranny of King John. Langton died in 1228.

The Sacred College now contains only sixteen Cardinals who were there under Pius IX. One of these, Cardinal Howard, is unfortunately seriously ill, and several others are past eighty years of age. The youngest of the Cardinals of the time of Pio Nono are their Eminences Cardinals Parocchi and Zigliara, who are each fifty-seven years of age; the oldest is Cardinal Mertel who is eighty-four, and has worn the scarlet for thirty-two years.

In connection with the Shamrocks recently presented to the Pope it is related that the very Rev. Prior Glynn had begged Archbishop Persico to present the gift to His Holiness he meanwhile waiting without in the ante-chamber, but the Holy Father ordered that the Prior should enter his presence that he might receive the National Irish flowers from the hands of an Irishman. He further added that "in like manner as he bore Ireland in his heart, so would he wear on his heart the Shamrocks in honour of St. Patrick."

We learn from *Church Progress* that the Bishop of Leavenworth has deputed Rev. Father Kinsella, an eloquent talker, to spend at least a year lecturing in every parish in his diocese on the importance of the press. This is the most practical and effective method of stimulating interest in the Catholic press which has ever come to our notice. It is indeed to be regretted that there should be any necessity of stimulating interest in Catholic papers, but unfortunately the apathetic condition of numbers of Catholics in this regard is too true.

As there has been a great deal of misunderstanding in the public mind relating to the several appeals to the Roman congregations in the matter of the Rev. Father Paradis, the following official communication settles the matter:—

ROME, MARCH 13, 1890.

*Mgr. Charles Edouard Fabre, Archbishop, Montreal:*

The sacred congregation of bishops and ordinaries relative to the appeal interjected by Father Paradis has rendered judgment by this word, *reponatur*, which signifies that the appeal has been rejected. Therefore, in virtue of this decision Father Paradis must be considered as definitely expelled from the religious congregation to which he formerly belonged, and consequently is fully subjected to the jurisdiction of his archbishop. If, therefore, his conduct merits censure, Your Grace

will proceed against him in the ordinary manner. In the meantime I pray God may keep you a long time.

JEAN, CARDINAL SIMON,  
Prefect.

## OULD DOCTOR MACK.

Yo may tramp the world over  
From Delhi to Dover,  
And sail the salt say from Archangel to Arragon,  
Circumvint back  
Through the whole Zootiack,  
But to ould Doether Mack you can't furnish a paragon.  
Have ye the dropsey,  
The gout, the autopsy?  
Fresh livers and limbs instantaneous he'll shape yez;  
No ways inferior  
In skill, superior,  
And humal postarior of Ould Aysculapius.  
How the rich and the poor,  
To consult for a cure,  
Crowd on to his doore in their carts and their carrages,  
Showin' their tongues  
Or mlacin' their hungs,  
For divle one symptom the doether disparages.  
Truth, and he'll tumble,  
For high or humble,  
From his warm feather-bed wid no cross contrariety;  
Makin' as light  
Of nursin' all night  
The beggar in rags as the belle of soziety.  
And as if by miracle,  
Ailments hyaterical,  
Dad, wid one dose of bread pills he can smother,  
And quench the love-sickness,  
Wid wonderful quickness,  
By prescribin' the right boys and girls to nich other.  
And the sufferin' childer--  
Your eyes 'twould bewilder  
To see the wee craythurs his coat-tails unravellin',  
And nich of them fast  
On some treasure at last,  
Well knowin' ould Mack's just a toy-shop out travellin'.  
—London Spectator.

Miss Larkins was bilious and feeble and sick,  
And it seemed as if nothing would ever relieve her.  
Her liver was clogged with impurities thick,  
And her stomach was constantly burning with fever.  
Of the great G. M. D. she bought a supply,  
And directions for taking pursued to the letter.  
'Twas the best thing on earth she could possibly try,  
And soon, very soon, Miss Larkins was better.

The G. M. D. which she took was Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, the great remedy for bronchial, throat and lung diseases, sick headache, scrofula, dyspepsia, and all diseases that have origin in impure blood and a disordered liver.

The cleansing, antiseptic and healing qualities of Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy are unequalled.

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.

## IRISH MEN

Wishing to serve their country practically should encourage Irish Manufacturers. The best way to secure this result is for each one to go to P. H. O'Meara, 561 Queen St. West, and get a suit of *Irish Chevrolet*, manufactured at the *Irish National Mills*.

**NATIONAL COLONIZATION LOTTERY**

Under the patronage of Rev. Father Labelle.

Established in 1881, under the Act of Quebec, 32 Vict., Chap. 56, for the benefit of the Diocesan Societies of Colonization of the Province of Quebec.

**CLASS D**  
The 31th Monthly Drawing will take place  
**WEDNESDAY MAY 21st**  
At 2 p.m.  
PRIZES VALUE  
**\$50,000**  
Capital prize—One Real Estate worth \$5,000.00

**LIST OF PRIZES.**

1 Real Estate worth.....	\$5,000	5,000
1 do .....	2,000	2,000
1 do .....	1,000	1,000
1 do .....	500	2,000
10 Real Estate .....	300	3,000
30 Furniture sets .....	200	3,000
60 do .....	100	6,000
200 Gold Watches .....	50	10,000
1,000 Silver Watches .....	10	10,000
1,000 Toilet Sets .....	5	5,000
2,307 Prizes worth .....		\$50,000.00
<b>TICKETS</b> .....	<b>\$1.00</b>	

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. LEFEPYRE, secretary,  
Offices, 19 St. James street, Montreal, Can

**Books for the Month of May.**

—0—

A Flower for Each Day of the Month of May paper 10cts each per doz.	80c
The Month of Mary in Religious Communities, after the French of the Abbe L. S. S. By Agnes Sadlier, 24 mo cloth .....	50c
The Child's Month of Mary paper, Water Admirabilis By Rev. C. O'Brien D. D., cloth .....	50c
The Glories of Mary. By St. Lazouir cloth .....	85c
New May Devotions. Wirth, cloth	\$1.00
The New Month of Mary. By Very Rev. P. R. Kenrick, 18 mo. cloth red edge .....	60c
A Flower Every Evening for Mary Little Month of Mary for children. Translated from the French, cloth .....	35c
The Graves of Mary, or Instructions and Devotions for the month of May. Cloth gilt edge .....	60c
Marin Magnificata; Short Meditations for a month on Our Lady's Life. By Richard P. Clarke S. J. Fancy board cover .....	15c
The month of Mary, containing Meditations for each Day of the month of Mary. Translated from French by A. M. S., cloth .....	35c
The month of Mary, by Father Muzzarelli, S. J. ....	35c
Our Blessed Redeemer Speaking to the Hearts of the children of Mary paper .....	15c
The month of Mary for the use of Ecclesiastics. Translated from the French .....	40c

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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 CURE the worst cases. Because others have failed it is no reason for not now receiving a cure. Send at once for a treatise and a Free Bottle of my Infallible 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, 180 WEST ADELAIDE STREET, TORONTO.

**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 CURE the worst cases. Because others have failed it is no reason for not now receiving a cure. Send at once for a treatise and a Free Bottle of my Infallible 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, 180 WEST ADELAIDE STREET, TORONTO.

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**TENDERS**

SEALED TENDERS addressed to the undersigned, and endorsed "Tender for Indian Supplies," will be received at this office up to noon of MONDAY, 21st April, 1890, for the delivery of Indian Supplies, during the fiscal year ending 30th June, 1891, consisting of Flour, Beef, Bacon, Groceries, Ammunition, Twine, Agricultural Implements, Tools, &c., duty paid, at various points in Manitoba and the North-West Territories.  
Forms of tender, containing full particulars relative to the Supplies required, dates of delivery, &c., may be had by applying to the undersigned, or to the Indian Commissioner at Regina, or to the Indian Office, Winnipeg.

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Each tender must be accompanied by an accepted Cheque in favor of the Superintendent General of Indian Affairs, on a Canadian Bank, for at least five per cent. of the amount of a tender, which will be forfeited if the party tendering declines to enter into a contract based on such tender 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.

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This advertisement is not to be inserted by any newspaper without the authority of the Queen's Printer, and no claim for payment by any newspaper not having had such authority will be admitted.  
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Department of Indian Affairs,  
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	Clos.		Dre.	
	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. ....	6.00	3.20	9.00	9.20
	a.m.	p.m.	a.m.	p.m.
G. W. R. ....	2.00	9.00	2.00	
	6.00	4.00	10.36	5.40
	11.30	9.30		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	3.45
	12.00			7.20

English mails will be closed during April as follows: Apr. 3, 7, 10, 11, 17, 21, 24, 28.

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Bristol Service, from Avonmouth Dock.  
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 FROM PORTLAND.

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 pool, \$50 to \$60; Return, \$100 to  
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 Glasgow, \$25. STEERAGE to Liver-  
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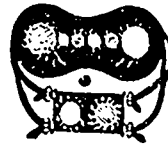
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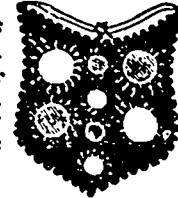


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Sardinian....	7 May	8 May
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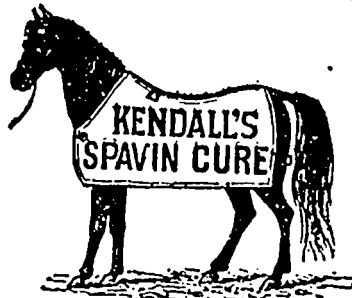


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