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The Catholic Weekly Review.

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

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

Vol. I.

Toronto, Saturday, Oct. 29, 1887

No. 37.

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NOTES OF THE WEEK.

The project which has been afoot for two years of holding a great Catholic congress in London is likely to be realized, and it is possible that next summer will see a congress of lay and clerical delegates from all English speaking communities in the world. Preliminary meetings were recently held, at which three main subjects for discussion were suggested, namely, the attitude of the Catholic Church toward education in general, whether it is possible to arrange for greater co-operation of the laity in the work of the Church, and to consider what steps should be taken for the diffusion of Catholic literature among the masses. Cardinal Newman, Cardinal Manning and a majority of the Catholic hierarchy in England approved the proposal, which is to be submitted to a full meeting of the principal and most influential Catholics.

Mr. Chamberlain's explanation of the lofty manner in which he had referred to Canada only makes matters worse—in fact, as the *Globe* well remarked, Radical Joe "puts his foot into it every time he opens his mouth." When people make mistakes it has often been suggested that they should "go west," but we think that it would be better if Mr. Chamberlain would "go east"—that is, better for Mr. Chamberlain. From the day he left Liverpool on his mission of discord and treachery till date, he has been going from bad to worse. "Radical Joe" is more at home when attacking the Church Establishment in England than when talking about Canadian affairs, of which his ignorance appears to be unbounded. It was a stupid selection on the part of the Imperial Government to choose Mr. Chamberlain as its commissioner to Washington, and one which is likely to seriously injure Canadian interests. For, whatever people may say, Irish influence is very strong in the United States, even in the Senate, and proposals made by a man notoriously hostile to Ireland are not likely to be well received, though, perhaps, good in themselves. It is not fair to Canada that her interests should be entrusted to the keeping of such a bungler as Mr. Chamberlain, and that Canadians should in a certain manner be represented by such as he. If Mr. Chamber-

lain makes a treaty in the same style as he does an apology, he will give the lawyers something to scratch their wigs over.

Sir Wilfrid Blunt, an Englishman, formerly a Conservative but now a Home Ruler, was announced to preside at an indignation meeting to be held under the auspices of the British Home Rule Union in Woodford, County Galway. The meeting was proclaimed by the Government, and reinforcements of police and troops arrived in the morning and paraded the streets. The divisional magistrate, Mr. Byrne, forbade Sir Wilfred to hold the meeting, and upon his refusal to obey he was thrown from the platform by the police. Sir Wilfrid returned to the platform and was again thrown off and arrested. Regarding the action of the police as illegal, he refused to give bail, and for a week was imprisoned. This scandalous proceeding scarcely needs comment. That it will, however, have a good result is certain, for Englishmen will begin to open their eyes when they hear that one of their own nationality has been treated as a "mere Irishman." They will perceive that there is something rotten in the way in which the Tory Government secures "law and order," (?) and will not be slow to infer that if they do not remove the said Tory Government from office, the war will be carried into England, and we may possibly hear at no distant date that "Brummagem Joe" Chamberlain has been thrown down seven flights of stairs by an irate policeman who objected to the Radical's remarks on the House of Lords, the Established Church and kindred matters. Fancy Mr. Chamberlain with a green shade over one of his optics, with his nose swelled out of all proportion, going slowly through the streets of Birmingham on crutches, attended sympathetically by Messrs. Bright and Collings, each nervously eyeing the constables as they pass, fearing lest they too, might have offended the men in blue who carry out the behests of the Tories.

Lord Randolph Churchill, speaking at Stockton, referred to the arrest of Sir Wilfred Blunt. "Randy" says that the Nationalist leaders have made a tool of his friend, Sir Wilfred, but the fact is that he "Randy" has made something very similar of himself only the word begins with "I." Lord Churchill holds that Sir Wilfred Blunt is an impulsive man and knows nothing about "Irish affairs." So would Lord Churchill be impulsive if a policeman violently propelled him to the edge of a platform and deposited him on the ground below. When a man gets thrown off a platform of course it gives him an "impulse." Perhaps "Randy" wished to see Sir Wilfred stop in the air half way like Mahomet's coffin, and then let himself down easily. Again "Randy" finds that Sir Wilfred "knows nothing whatever about Irish affairs." Well, that may be. If so he is not a "rara avis" amongst Englishmen, at least amongst English Tories. But one thing Sir Wilfred does know about Irish affairs. He knows what it is to be unjustly imprisoned, an experience thoroughly Irish. He knows what it is to be refused a fair hearing, which is also so common in Ireland. Lord Churchill endeavoured to detract from the importance of the arrest. Doubtless he deems it worth his while to do his utmost to undervalue it.

The Church in Canada.

Under this heading will be collected and preserved all obtainable data bearing upon the history and growth of the Church in Canada. Contributions are invited from those having in their possession any material that might properly come for publication in this department.

HISTORY OF THE CATHOLIC CHURCH IN ST. THOMAS.

I.

The first Catholic clergyman who officiated in St. Thomas was a distinguished man, Right Rev. Alexander Macdonell, Bishop of Kingston. His Lordship came to the village at the request of Colonel Talbot, who happened to meet the Bishop in Toronto in July, 1827. The Colonel was then acting as commissioner under the British Government for the allotment and distribution of lands in South Western Ontario, and was aware of the presence of many Roman Catholics in the townships of Dunwich and Southwold. He represented to Bishop Macdonell that the Catholics inhabiting those townships were numerous, and had been for years deprived of the advantages of religious worship and ministration of the sacraments. Colonel Talbot was a member of the Episcopal Church, yet he showed every mark of respect and veneration for the Roman Catholic dignitary who came at his request from Toronto, and entertained His Lordship at his home by the lake at Port Talbot. As a result of the Episcopal visit Rev. James W. Campion, at that time stationed in Dundas, was directed to visit St. Thomas and London twice a year. He was succeeded in 1829 by Rev. John Cullen, who came to St. Thomas and London four times each year. This clergyman obtained as a gift from Archibald McNeil, an old settler, three acres of land in the east end of the village of St. Thomas, the site of the present Roman Catholic Church and school, now facing on Talbot street. The land was conveyed by deed to Right Rev. Alex. Macdonell and Rev. Father Cullen jointly, for the consideration of five shillings sterling, to be held and used for a Catholic Church and burying ground. The first Church was built in 1830, and was a small frame structure, which was afterwards moved to the back of the lot, close to the railroad track, and was used as a school-house until the present school building was erected. A few years ago it was burnt down, after it had fallen into disuse and decay. It was called St. George's Church, and was known by that name until the present Church was built, when it was re-named the Church of the Holy Angels. Father Cullen was succeeded in 1831 by Rev. Daniel Downie, who had charge of St. Thomas, London, Adelaide, Goderich and intervening stations until 1836. Rev. J. M. Burke then took charge, and remained till 1838, when he resigned the mission on being transferred to St. Catharines, Niagara district, and was succeeded by Rev. Michael Robert Mills. Rev. James O'Flynn was appointed pastor in 1839, and remained until 1842. Rev. P. O'Dwyer remained one year in this district, when Father Mills was again brought back under Bishop Power, and remained until 1848. After his retirement to a monastery, he was succeeded by Rev. T. Kirwan, who lived in London and visited St. Thomas once every month. Rev. T. D. Ryan was appointed parish priest here in 1850, and resided here seven years. He built the house on Talbot street now occupied by Rev. Father Flannery. He also purchased a temperance hall in Port Stanley, which has been used as a church since that time. He was succeeded in turn by Rev. Fathers Frachon, Bissey and Leucher. The latter remained here nine years, and was succeeded in October, 1870, by the present incumbent, Rev. W. Flannery. Among the most ancient records of the parish we find the names of some who have passed away to a better land, whose descendants are still amongst us, and others who have left no representatives, whose children no doubt emigrated to the Far West. Thus in 1831 the churchwardens were: Richard Fitzgerald, Hugh O'Beirne and Patrick Bobier. On the 23rd November, 1834, the under-mentioned were elected churchwardens:—Richard Fitzgerald

and Hugh O'Beirne, senior wardens, retired; Patrick Bobier, Maurice Healy and John Brady; associates, Patrick Burns, Hugh McCann, Laurence Doyle, Archibald McNeil John St. Etienne (Sapnagan), Michael Murphy, and John Carbery. We find also on the records in the handwriting of Rev. J. M. Burke, that on Sunday, the 2nd October, 1836, the undersigned were elected to discharge the duties of churchwardens; Patrick Bobier, John Kirby, wardens; John Westlake and Hugh O'Beirne, associates. The first subscription list is dated, 21st October, 1836, and states that: "We, whose names are hereunto subscribed, do bind ourselves to pay annually, in quarterly payments, the several sums set opposite our names to the Rev. J. M. Burke, missionary apostolic, being our stipend as his support, as witness our hand in the church of St. George, in the London district, this first day of October, one thousand eight hundred and thirty-six: Hugh O'Beirne, £4; John Westlake, £3; Luke Sweetman, £2; Michael Hampton, £1; John St. Etienne, 10s.; John Lee, 15s.; Laurence Doyle, £2; Denis Kavanagh, £1; James Finlan, £1 10s.; Patrick Burn, £1; John McNeal, £1; James Briody, £1; Daniel Coughlin, £1; Denis Regan, £3; Patrick Bobier, £1; etc. Amounting in all to £50 16s. 3d."

(Conclusion next week.)

MGR. DE SEGUR.

A SAINT AT TEN.

(From the French. For THE CATHOLIC WEEKLY REVIEW.) By F. B. H.
Letters from Mgr. De Segur to a young boy, René D— and to his mother.—The child was gifted with precocious piety and intelligence, and died a holy death at the age of 10 years, after over a year of cruel sufferings heroically endured.—What Mgr. De Segur was for him and his, that he was for many others in every class in society.

PARIS, 9th Aug., 1858.

MY DEAR LITTLE RENÉ,—This letter will reach you, no doubt, on the anniversary of your first communion and of your miraculous recovery. I will say mass for you on that day, and will pray that our Lord may crown His mercies by leaving you in our midst for many years to come, so that you may serve Him longer and win, by faithful and constant love, a brighter crown in heaven. I would not pray for this if I feared you would become bad, like so many others. Life is a grace and a blessing only when it is Christian, pure and holy. But you have already been so loaded with graces and your good parents watch so lovingly over your soul, that I have no doubt as to your faithful perseverance in the service of God.

I was unable to answer you sooner, because my time was wholly taken up with business. Not only do I approve of your communion of the 12th, but, moreover, if you promise our good Lord and your mamma to be very good, very meek, very patient and very recollected, I counsel you to ask leave to communicate on the 15th, in honour of the Blessed Virgin. Thus you will have a double festival and a double blessing. Across the distance which separates us, and which in our good God's eyes does not exist, I give you, my dear little child, the blessing of our Lord Jesus Christ; I embrace you with all my heart, and beg you to remember me to your good father and mother and to your sister.

PARIS, 27th October, 1858.

MY DEAR LITTLE RENÉ,—All Saints' day is approaching. I write these few words to remind you that you must, while passing through Paris, come to me, so that you may approach the Sacraments and thus imbibe from the heart of our good Lord the patience, meekness and love which you need in order that you may suffer in a holy manner. Do not complain of your fate, my dear little child; you are upon the cross with Jesus, and the cross is the tree of eternal life. It is, in truth, hard and wearisome to suffer; but suffering passes and the reward remains.

I embrace you with all my heart and hope for your speedy return. May God bless you, my dear child, and may He fill your heart with His holy joy.

PARIS, 4th November, 1858.

MY DEAR LITTLE RENÉ,—I shall not this time have the consolation of blessing you, of receiving you in my little chapel, and of giving you your great and dear Consoler, our Lord. I leave Paris on Monday morning for a fortnight. Communicate on the 12th as you mention, and go to confession to the priest who confesses your good mother. Remember me that day, my dearly beloved child. I embrace you and bless you, commending you to the most Blessed Virgin, the consoler of all who suffer, the health of the weak and queen of the little angels whom you must imitate by the innocence of your life and by your love for God.

POITIERS, 12th Nov., 1858.

MY DEAR CHILD,—I wish you a happy day. This morning you received into your pure and innocent little heart the most holy body of our Lord, who is infinite purity and innocence. I beg of Him to sanctify you by suffering, and to render you more and more worthy of your name. You know Rene in Latin means *Christian*, *baptized—renatus*. Be Rene more and more, by resembling more and more Him whose disciple you are.

Paris, 5 January, 1859.

DEAR LITTLE RENÉ,—May the Holy Child Jesus, your Saviour and your Model, deign to bless you at the opening of this new year. I beg this for you with all my heart, for I love you with all my heart. The news you give me about your health gives me great joy, and I would bless Cannes and the air of Cannes if you could leave your infirmities there. However, my dear child, we must wish, before all things, what God wills, and I dare not ask of Him, for you, strength and health, unless that condition be better for your true happiness, for the sanctification of your life and the salvation of your soul. I have, within the last four days, specially recommended you to the prayers of the saintly *Cure D'Ars*, a great servant of God, of whom you have no doubt heard.

I embrace you and wish you a happy new year, and beg you to think of God very often throughout the day, and to love Him practically with your whole heart by obeying Him perfectly.

I bless you in the name of our Lord.

Les Nouettes, 24 June, 1859.

MY DEAR, GOOD CHILD,—I have just this moment received your little letter of yesterday. I learn, with great grief, that you are still suffering, and, with great joy, that you are suffering like a Christian, so that you are laying up for yourself, against the day of your entrance into a happy eternity, a beautiful crown, which is daily being enriched with fresh gems. Do you know, my little René, that when you love Jesus, it is a great grace to suffer? It is better than health and pleasure, though pleasure and health are more agreeable for the time. Our Lord has granted me that grace by depriving me of my sight, as He has granted it to you yourself by planting His dolorous and blessed cross, not in your eyes, but in your poor little body, exhausted by fever and pain.

Do not forget me in your communion on Corpus Christi day. For my part, I do not forget you; yesterday, I would have written to you if I had had time. I will write to you again before my return, 7th July, and on the following day I will go and see you, and will bless you in the name of Our Lord. Adieu my dear child, I embrace you again and again.

L. G. DE SEGUR.

Laigle (Orne), 3 July, 1859.

TO MADAME D . . .—How is our poor little René, dear Madame? I fear lest your silence may be a bad augury, and that the sufferings of the poor little one have increased and taken up the whole of your time and care, as well as M. D.'s. What anguish you must both be enduring! I deeply regret not having been in Paris during the past three weeks; I would have visited him often in order to bless and encourage the dear little sufferer, and perhaps, like Simon the Cyrenian, I might have helped

you to carry your heavy cross. I return to Paris on Thursday evening, a couple of days sooner than I intended for René's sake. It would be very kind if you were to send me a line on Thursday evening, giving me news about René.

Give him my tender love, and tell him I beg our good God to grant him, in place of health, which it would seem is an impossibility, patience, meekness and the love of God, real treasures which do not pass away.

L. G. DE SEGUR.

EN RECONNAISSANCE.

A PASTEL.

An Old Chateau on the Banks of the Loire—on the Terrace of the Chateau.—Date 1698.

DRAMATIS PERSONNÆ :

GEORGES DE SAINT EUSTACHE, a young man.
OLYMPE DE LIANCOURT, a young girl.

SAINT EUSTACHE. And is it quite decided? Must you go with him? My dear little heart, must you leave me?

OLYMPE. Yes, Monsieur.

SAINT EUSTACHE. In one little month from now, you would have called me Georges, if all had gone well.

OLYMPE. Yes, Monsieur.

SAINT EUSTACHE. I care for you so much. Ah! so much, yet—you do not care for me.

OLYMPE. Oh! Monsieur!

SAINT EUSTACHE. When I arrived from Paris, two months ago, I thought that—that—it was difficult to love—to become in love when—in truth, I know not how to say it to you—when everyone around you wished you to fall in love with a certain young girl, and—when you had been sent a long journey for that especial purpose. Yet,—I had only to see you to feel that—I could not go back to Versailles—leaving you here. Do you remember the day that I arrived?

OLYMPE, (in a low voice). Yes, Monsieur.

SAINT EUSTACHE. You were standing on this terrace feeding the peacocks, and singing a little song to yourself. And just then a terrible voice was heard saying, "Is that a song for a demoiselle, Mademoiselle Olympe?" And what with seeing me, and hearing Madame Françoise's voice, you were quite frightened. Do you remember?

OLYMPE. Yes, Monsieur.

SAINT EUSTACHE. And the first evening that we spent together, when you sang: "*Il pleut, il pleut Bergère*," so prettily that I forgot my compliment, and could only look at you. Do you remember?

OLYMPE, (in a very low voice). Yes.

SAINT EUSTACHE. And the day by the river in the Willow Walk, when I told you all about St. Eustache, and all that we should do there together? But why speak of all this now? You are going away; to the other side of the world. Could not your father go alone?

OLYMPE. Perhaps we shall come back—some day.

SAINT EUSTACHE. You know what I shall do? I cannot go with you now, but in a year's time I shall come and fetch you and Monsieur de Liancourt. We shall all live at Saint Eustache together, and—But, my little heart, you shake your head. Do you not believe me?

OLYMPE. We may come back. It is a long way to come for me. You will see others, and you will forget Olympe. But if you think of her, think tenderly, and say, "She loved me truly."

SAINT EUSTACHE (reproachfully). Olympe! How could I forget you? How can I, having been in Paradise, come back to earth? I vow to Our Lady of Saint Eustache to build a chapel in her honour, on the cliff near home, should all end as I hope and believe. A light shall always be kept burning, and the mariners in distress will bless you, for our chapel will be a beacon to those in storms. And over the great doors shall be inscribed in gold letters, "*En Reconnaissance*." Perhaps it will become a great Pilgrimage. There, that makes you smile!

OLYMPE. I shall think much of the chapel. Perhaps—perhaps I might begin some altar cloths. You know that I can sew and broider.

SAINT EUSTACHE. And I shall try to find a good designer, and a worthy builder, for all must be of the best. But not a stone shall be placed till you are there. Our Lady of St. Eustache will listen to us and grant our wish. Ma chérie, will you write to me sometimes, so that I may know that you do not forget me?

OLYMPÉ. Yes, Monsieur.

SAINT EUSTACHE. You will tell me all about your life there. Dear heart, I hope that Canada is not an utterly barbarous country.

OLYMPÉ. It is a beautiful land. At least Monsieur l'Abbe says so. He has a friend there—a priest who is a missionary. There are savages who are named in his letters Iroquois. They will not harm us, for we shall be in Quebec, a fine city. I hope that it resembles Amboise.

SAINT EUSTACHE. Alas! I fear that you will find it very different. And you will not have your peacocks there, and—Olympe! forgive me; I have made you cry.

OLYMPÉ. My poor peacocks! sadly will they miss me.

SAINT EUSTACHE. You cry for peacocks. You think but little of me; yet I shall miss you too.

OLYMPÉ. I cry for you also. Ah! and many other things, *mon ami*. But you are displeased with me, I fear. Listen, I have a present to give to you, a souvenir of myself: my portrait. It was done before you came. My father meant to send it to my godmother, the Comtesse de Chandlieu; but I have got it. Yesterday I asked his permission to give it to you. You will find it in your room. I told Lissette to put it there. When you look at it remember that I, too, am thinking of you, and praying for you.

SAINT EUSTACHE (*kissing her forehead*). It shall never leave me; though I have little need of it, for you are graven on my heart.

OLYMPÉ. See, Madame Françoise is calling us to *dejeuner*.

Second Scene.—A study in the Chateau of Saint Eustache, in Brittany.

GEORGES DE SAINT EUSTACHE (*seated at a table, thinking aloud*). They started last June. Surely a letter must soon arrive.

MAJOR DOMO (*entering the apartment*). Monsieur, a letter.

SAINT EUSTACHE (*reading it*).

"St. Michel, pres Quebec.

"MON CHER AMI,—I write to thee because a vessel is leaving for France. May St. Joseph guide it safely to Havre. This land is still most strange to me, for though French is spoken, many folks have forgotten the manners of France. My father is Seigneur of this village. He feels much sadness, and now says that a *lettre-de-cachet* would have been preferable to going into exile; but I cannot feel in this manner. Know we not that many have been imprisoned for twenty or thirty years in the Bastille, or at Pégérol? All sacrifice would be preferable to that.

"I think of home often. There is a great river near here, which is named the Saint Laurence; it is quite unlike the Loire.

"I think of my peacocks, of thee, and of the Willow Walk so much, that I seem to see Liancourt every time that my eyes close; this they do often, for I have been much fatigued lately. All the ladies are kind to me. The Governor's wife has come to see me twice.

"The altar cloths are begun. My father speaks no more of coming back to France, for he is growing old and infirm.

"Think sometimes of thy *fiancée*. "OLYMPÉ."

Would that I had not to stay in France this year. She is not happy there. The moment I can leave I shall go and see whether Monsieur de Liancourt's foolish conduct cannot be forgiven by the king. In any case, she must come home; he could not wish to keep her there all her life.

Third Scene.—A large bedchamber in the palace of Versailles. On the wall, opposite the bed, hangs a pastel portrait of Olympe de Liancourt. In the bed lies Georges de Saint Eustache recovering from the effects of a wound. By the bed stands Lieutenant de Baume.

DE BAUME. Mon cher ami, thou canst not start yet. Thou wouldst be food for the fishes before thou hadst got half way there. Why art thou in such a hurry?

SAINT EUSTACHE. She is ill, I am sure of it. Her letters get rarer and rarer. I feel that a great misfortune hovers over me.

DE BAUME. Thou art still wandering. Believe me, thou wilt find thy fiancée well and happy, and delighted to see thee. Thou hast been an exceptionally faithful lover. I hope she has followed thy example.

SAINT EUSTACHE (*in an excited whisper*). Come nearer, de Baume, listen, that thought has haunted me. She was but a child when we parted, five long years ago. She must now be a woman, and though she loved me then, many others she must have seen, who must have loved her, for she was so sweet, and most enchantingly beautiful.

We were to have been married in a month when her father received a warning from a friend at Versailles that he must needs for his safety leave France. He had got mixed up in some foolish plot, and so feared a *lettre-de-cachet*.

Thou knowest Monsieur de Liancourt? No? Well, he took great interest in new discoveries, and in far off lands. He had always wished to see Canada, "La Nouvelle France," so decided to go there. I implored him to leave Olympe with me, but he refused. He thought that she was too young, for though he would have been willing for our marriage had all gone well, we should have lived at first with him. Ah! hadst thou seen her when she left me even thou wouldst have been troubled.

Poor little heart, I was her only friend, for her father was a stern, embittered man. I was going to follow them the next year, but thou knowest how sadly I have been delayed. Last year when I might have gone, Monsieur de Liancourt wrote me a letter, giving me information that they were coming home. But they never came, so I must go and fetch her.

DE BAUME. I must go now and assist at the King's coucher. Thy story is sad, but after night there always comes morning. In two months thou shalt start. And next year I shall come and see thee at St. Eustache, and judge for myself of thy wife's beauty. Good night, *mon ami*.

SAINT EUSTACHE. How shall I find her? She did once think well of me. But, alas! she was but fifteen, and had never seen anyone but her father and l'Abbé du Burét. Now, she must have seen many others more worthy than myself. She writes that in her next letter she has to tell me something that may cause me pain, but she hopes that I shall arrive first. Can it be that she no longer cares—whether I come or not? (*He looks at the portrait.*) Great God! she seems to look at me reproachfully. I see the tears in her eyelashes. Dear love, I do not doubt you. Look not at me like that. (*The flames of the fire suddenly goes down, leaving the room in darkness.*) I must have been tired, excited—pastels, alas! do not feel.

... ..
Same room, next morning.—The pastel has faded during the night. Olympe's face is only seen as through a mist. Saint Eustache, De Baume.

SAINT EUSTACHE. I tell thee that it is supernatural. Pastels do not fade in a few hours. Many other things have happened this night of which I cannot speak to thee.

... ..
Fourth Scene.—Study in the Chateau de St. Eustache. Two months later.

SAINT EUSTACHE (*breaking the seal of a letter*). My heart misgives me. This is not her handwriting, yet it comes from Havre. It must be from Canada. (*Opens and reads*):

"Convent of the Annunciation,

"Quebec, Canada.

"MONSIEUR,—We had the grief, yesterday, of losing by death, Mademoiselle Olympe de Liancourt. Her father bids us write to you.

"She made a holy death, and was a source of edification to all who had the privilege of being near her. She wished to die in our house; so was moved here twenty-one days ago. Her death was mysterious. We know not of what she died. She became weaker and weaker, notwithstanding all our care.

"I enclose, within this, a letter which she wrote to you five days before her death, to be sent in case you did not arrive. Also, I have sent a case full of things which she

wished us to send to you. Believe me, Monsieur, your faithful sister in Jesus Christ,

"SOEUR MARIE DE LA MISÉRICORDE."

He opens the enclosure.

"DEAR HEART,—I have been thinking much of thee. I hoped that I should see thee once more. But doubtless thou would'st have been put to much pain in coming; all is for the best. Thou would'st hardly know thy Olympe again, so am I changed.

"Cher ami, I have been thinking our Lady must not lose her chapel and the mariners their beacon. I have had much to cause me joy, and to give me gratitude. Forget not thy

"OLYMPE."

Our Lady of St. Eustache is a famous pilgrimage. And the sailors to this day are saved from shipwreck by the light.

As the peasants come and go, they say to one another: "See'st thou those fine gold letters?"

En Reconnaissance.

"He who built this chapel must truly have had much to be grateful for."

—*Marie Adelaide Belloc in Merry England.*

CATHOLIC AND LITERARY NOTES.

The new St. Joseph's Church, Chatham, was dedicated on Sunday last by the Bishop of London. His Grace Archbishop Lynch, preached in the evening.

The Rev. Father Laboureau, of Penetanguishene, preached at St. Basil's Church on Sunday last, in aid of his memorial church of the martyrs.

We have received a copy of the press notices of "The Gate of Flowers," Mr. O'Hagan's little volume of poems. The notices are very kind, both those of the press and of well-known Canadian *litterateurs*.

Several of the Protestant Churches erected in Rome recently are for sale. The proselyting societies are becoming disheartened with the task of reformation in the City of the Popes.

At a banquet of the Catholic students of Switzerland on the occasion of their annual reunion at Lugano, the other day, the health of the Catholic youth of Canada was proposed by the Abbe Taschereau, nephew of the Cardinal Archbishop of Quebec.

At St. Mary's cathedral, Halifax, Sunday last, 517 persons—about 100 adults, and the remainder boys and girls, were confirmed by his Grace Archbishop O'Brien. Previous to the ceremony his Grace addressed them on the subject of confirmation. On next Sunday afternoon confirmation will be administered in St. Patrick's church.

Two Hebrews were received into the Church in New York by Archbishop Corrigan. This unusual event took place at the Paulist Church of St. Paul the Apostle, where the converts received the Sacrament of Confirmation, together with 270 candidates, among whom were a number of converts from other denominations.

Mr. L. H. Frechette is at present writing a history of Canada, which will be illustrated by the best artists of France. The publishers intend to make the work an *édition de luxe*. Mr. Frechette is also, it is said, engaged on a translation of one of Shakspeare's plays for the French stage.

Early in February next the foundation stone of the new church of St. Patrick in Rome will be laid in the Villa Ludovisi by the Archbishop of Dublin. The Archbishop of Cashel will deliver the oration. The present Pontiff has not only blessed the project, but practically ordered the erection of this church to mark his devotion to the Apostle of Ireland and his love for the Irish race. Leo XIII. looks forward to the ceremony in February as one of the grand services to celebrate his Sacerdotal Jubilee.

On the day when the foundation-stone is laid our Holy Father will be presented with various works of art and industry from the different parts of Ireland.

Rev. Father O'Shaughnessy, of Girvan, Scotland, preached in St. Michael's Cathedral on Sunday last. Father O'Shaughnessy's mission, to obtain aid for whose wants his present journey has been undertaken, extends over 40 miles long by 30 broad, and contains 500 Irish Catholics scattered among 10,000 Protestants. Though the congregation is in Scotland, every soul in it is Irish, and intensely Irish. Their needs are recommended to their countrymen in America, by Dr. Cooke, the patriotic Archbishop of Cashel.

On Saturday last Rev. Emile Brun, a Methodist minister was baptized and received into the Church at Ottawa College. Mr. Brun is descended from a Huguenot family, and came from France three years ago to be professor in the Wesleyan College, Montreal. Having taught there for two years, he went to New Orleans under medical advice, took a fever there and had to return to Montreal. After being admitted to the ministry he was sent to the Mattawa district to "evangelize" the French Canadians, but his studies led him towards the Catholic Church, and placing himself under the instruction of Rev. Father Faillard, of Ottawa College, was in due time received into the Church.

The Temiscamingue colony and settlement is assuming large proportions in population, with the near prospect of going rapidly up in numbers, and as a consequence it is said that His Grace Archbishop Duhamel contemplates recommending to the Holy See the necessity of erecting that district into a separate episcopal district. At present it is under the episcopal domain of Bishop Lorraine, of Pembroke, but as his territory is of such an immense area it is considered advisable to lighten his labors by giving the Temiscamingue district a Bishop of its own. The calculation is to have the Diocese of Temiscamingue extend as far eastward as Mattawa and as far as James' Bay in the north and west. The new Diocese will be included in the Archdiocese of Ottawa.

The North American Review for October, reviewing Dr. O'Reilly's "Life of the Holy Father" says:—"As portrayed in this volume, Pope Leo XIII. is a man whom it would be easy to love and reverence for his own sake, apart from his exalted office—a man of vast attainments without a shadow of vanity or self-consciousness, sagacious and yet simple-minded, a man of the keenest insight and yet overflowing with charity, exacting and methodical in office, and yet inspiring others to a willing performance of duty—more than an equal in diplomacy for the acutest politicians, and yet unwilling to contend, if contention can be honourably avoided—a man at whose feet kings might sit for instruction, and yet with whom little children feel perfectly at ease and happy. Such is the man here pictured and there is no reason to doubt the fidelity or the skill of the artist."

On Sunday last a pilgrimage was made to the shrine of our Lady of Lourdes, by the inhabitants of Rigaud, P. Q. and vicinity. The shrine is distant about a mile from the village, on the slope of a beautiful mountain enshrouded with nature's beauty, and embellished by works of art. Mass was celebrated for the pilgrims at 11 a.m., in the chapel which has been lately erected by the Fathers of Bourget College. The chapel is near the summit of the mountain, which enables it to be viewed from the surrounding country, and numbers can assist at mass when the folding doors are extended. The interior abounds with beautiful signs, symbolical of the Catholic religion, and richly stained glass windows strain the sunlight into a pleasing variety of hues. The mountain was thronged with pilgrims, attracted by the abundance of our Lady's fruits, and anxious to show their devotion to her from whom they have received so many favours. Rev. Father Foucher, P. S. V., Professor of Rhetoric in Bourget College, delivered an eloquent discourse on the efficacy of prayer, and the powerful intercession of the Mother of God,

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LETTER FROM HIS GRACE THE ARCHBISHOP OF TORONTO.

ST. MICHAEL'S PALACE, Toronto, 29th Dec., 1886.

GENTLEMEN,—

I have singular pleasure indeed in saying God-speed to your intended journal, THE CATHOLIC WEEKLY REVIEW. The Church, contradicted on all sides as her Divine Founder was, hails with peculiar pleasure the assistance of her lay children in dispelling ignorance and prejudice. They can do this nobly by public journalism, and as the press now appears to be an universal instructor for either evil or good, and since it is frequently used for evil in disseminating false doctrines and attributing them to the Catholic Church, your journal will do a very great service to Truth and Religion by its publication. Wishing you all success and many blessings on your enterprise.

I am, faithfully yours,

(JOHN JOSEPH LYNCH,
Archbishop of Toronto.

TORONTO, SATURDAY, OCT. 29, 1887.

His Grace Archbishop Lynch is in Chicago. He assisted at the consecration yesterday at the Holy Name Cathedral of the Rev. Maurice F. Burke, Bishop-elect of Cheyenne, Wyoming Territory.

We publish elsewhere the concluding portion of Mr. Joseph Tasse's letter on the French-Canadian question which appeared in last Saturday's *Mail*. The *Mail* scarcely attempted its answer. Mr. Tasse was unanswerable. His splendid letters, we hope, will be published in pamphlet form and given public dispersion.

We note a disposition on the part of some contributors to write the American language and abandon English, as, for example, when they write for labour "labor," and for honour "honor." The custom is not held in favour. In all kindness, likewise, we beg to caution them against unnecessarily italicizing. It is a sign of weakness; and, to use Lord Beaconsfield's phrase, "the last resort of the forcible feeblers."

Those who have been engaged to any extent in literary labour, and know how difficult it is for a busy writer to bring himself to the despatch of correspondence, will appreciate the advantages of the plan adopted by Mr. Ruskin. In a recently published letter he says: "And now my room is ankle deep in unanswered letters, mostly on business, and I'm going to shovel them up and tie them in a parcel labelled 'Needing particular attention,' and then that will be put into a cupboard in Oxford, and I shall feel that everything's been done in a business-like way."

The New York *Independent* points out, as a somewhat noteworthy incident in connection with the outcry raised by the followers of John Knox, Cromwell, Calvin, and King William against the closing of the proceedings of

the late Constitution Convention, by Cardinal Gibbons pronouncing the benediction and closing prayer, that no expostulation has been offered on the part of Catholics against the presence on the platform, or the participation in the religious exercises of the Rev. Dr. Potter, who in the Episcopal denomination is referred to as "Bishop" of New York. By invitation of the committee, Dr. Potter opened, and Cardinal Gibbons concluded the proceedings with appropriate prayers, as representatives of the two main divisions of religious belief in America, and their presence together, and their performance of an impressive office, was rightly adjudged to be a peculiarly pleasing incident of the occasion. Very similar conduct has characterized a section of the separated brethren in this city. "The entertainment of Cardinal Taschereau, in his official capacity, at Government House, and the invitation of Protestant clergy to meet him, were insults," said a Presbyterian journal, "to the Protestant sentiment of Ontario." "I am sorry," writes the Rev. D. J. Macdonnell, of St. Andrews, Toronto, in answer, "that you thought it necessary to write the above sentence. I cannot for a moment imagine that you would think the Lieutenant-Governor justified in making a discrimination between Protestant and Roman Catholic dignitaries, or that one rule should be applied to Ontario and another to Manitoba. Is there, then, any radical difference between the action of our Lieutenant-Governor in offering the hospitalities of Government-House to Cardinal Taschereau, and that of the Lieutenant-Governor of Manitoba in entertaining the Moderator of the General Assembly at Winnipeg, and inviting distinguished men of other Churches to meet him? Was that an insult to the R. C. sentiment in Manitoba? Did you protest against that departure from the impartiality which ought to characterize the chief official of a Province? Did you even object to the use of public money by the city council of Winnipeg in entertaining the Moderator and members of the General Assembly? I have not heard that any of the Roman Catholic citizens of Winnipeg objected even to the latter.

"I am sorry that you should waste your ammunition on one who is not an enemy, and who simply followed the dictates of his genial heart in bringing together around his hospitable board Protestant and Roman Catholic clergy and laymen on an occasion which was one of considerable interest to the R. C. Church." We are glad that Mr. Macdonnell has had the courage to speak out against the bigots of his communion.

That exemplary servant of God in this city who to the virtues of a Christian unites the refinement of a scholar, the erudition of a savant, and the dignity of a gentleman, and who on a Sunday evening in May last, a period, it will be remembered, of very painful excitement, in the exercise of his sacred office, spoke these spiritual words to a congregation professing to follow Christ and to reverence His teaching:

"I say the Orangemen are too quiet. (*Vide London Advertiser report*) I say to you Orangemen who may be here tonight to rise up. Rise up, I say, and keep them in their place, and on the night when Billy O'Brien comes, see that he keeps his place, and if he exceeds here, then mob him, I say, and I will be there to help you. (Intense excitement and great applause)...And Mr. Billy O'Brien had better look out or he will get his eye knocked out. (Loud applause).

—this Christian gentleman incorporated into his calumnies of last Sunday evening a reference to THE CATHOLIC WEEKLY REVIEW. For this fact the REVIEW is unable to determine whether it is most to be condoled with or congratulated. But it is not concerned with his comments, nor with the absurd construction he chose to place upon the partial, and therefore dishonest, quotation of a sentence, and a half sentence, torn from their context. A music hall god coming up to the conception of a constituency conspicuous in the main for the viciousness of its character and the vulgarity of its tastes, must, doubtless of necessity, descend to methods which men of less ignoble ambition and instincts would be scrupulous only to avoid. It is his business, in a manner; it is the business of others to pass him over unnoticed. As a specimen, however, of the painful and immoral method of argument pursued by the speaker of last Sunday evening, the reader will permit us to submit one quotation. "Cardinal Manning, writing about the Gunpowder Plot, says of Guy Fawkes and his crew, 'On earth they wore the garb of felons, in heaven they stand arrayed and crowned; here they were arraigned in the dock as malefactors, there they sit by the throne of God.' Do you see that they cannot see as we see? I suppose for their heroism they would get a passport through purgatory. Such doctrines are an encouragement to the assassin, to the foulest to commit crime."

It is needless to say that Card. Manning in this passage has not the slightest reference to Guy Fawkes. He refers to Father Garnet, Blessed Sir Thomas More, Bishop Fisher, and the other martyrs, those victims of religious persecution, who were but recently beatified. The man who can convert Cardinal Manning's tribute to these glorious men into a panegyric upon the Gunpowder Plotters is assuredly one to whom unveracity is become an elaborate art.

Brief reference has already been made in these columns to Mr. Gladstone's article in the *Nineteenth Century* for Oct. on "Dr. Ingram's History of the Irish Union." Determining to investigate the subject for himself, Dr. Ingram announces he found, on "examining closely, and in detail, the original and contemporaneous authorities," that the charges against the Union rested only on the stories of Barrington, or on unsubstantiated speeches. Mr. Gladstone, who proves how minute is his own knowledge of Irish history, shows Dr. Ingram's book to be a wholly inaccurate account of the manner in which Ireland was deprived of her Parliament, and charges that of the greater and heavier points of the question Dr. Ingram has offered "no investigation whatever;" that in those items of the case with which he principally deals, "he has completely misapprehended the point and essence of the charges;" that he has, in certain instances, "betrayed so gross a want of acquaintance with the leading facts of Irish affairs as to show that he has not acquired even a rudimentary conception of the historic scope of his great subject;" and that he has merely presented to us a piece of special pleading, too narrow and confined to qualify us to give an opinion on the Union. And Mr. Gladstone, with almost cruel thoroughness, gives complete proof to his statements, outlining, however, at the outset, the two special difficulties which stand in the way of the inquiry, namely, that the pre-Union records of the Irish Government are kept secret in the Home Office, and access refused to the documents, while, more serious still, there has been something approaching to systematic destruction of papers

throwing light upon its progress, by individuals concerned in the Union, or confidentially acquainted with its history. Mr. Gladstone establishes this as a fact, and then claims as inevitable the inference that "the history of the Union has been so exceptionally black that it must be hidden from the eyes of men." It will scarcely be believed that Dr. Ingram undertook to maintain that the Union was carried by fair and constitutional means, without corruption. He must since be convinced that he was mistaken. Mr. Gladstone enters with great detail into the charges of bribery and corruption against the promoters of the act of Union, and proves the charges to be true in every particular, closing his minute and, as he himself says, "most irksome," examination with these lines from Mr. Lecky respecting the Union: "There are indeed few things more discreditably to English political literature than the tone of palliation, or even eulogy, that is usually adopted towards the authors of this transaction." Dr. Ingram presumes to treat as "childish" and to pass by unnoticed the arguments used by the most distinguished public men of the day in Ireland that the Irish Legislature was not competent to enact the Union. "Abstract competency," says Mr. Gladstone, "is restrained by considerations both of honour and of constitutional principle. To vote away the public life and independence of a nation, to effect this abolition in a House of which a large majority in no real sense was representative, and to have this done under a virtual compulsion of foreign influence, was an act which many would say strains to the breaking point every principle of politics, and shocks the moral sense; nor will Dr. Ingram's sentence upon the adverse argument as trifling, influence the judgment of anyone who has had the facts under his view." Concluding Mr. Gladstone formulates the main charges against the course of action by which the Union was carried, charges of which Dr. Ingram's pages, and they purporting to be a history of the proceedings, totally fail to convey any conception. Briefly summed up these charges are, that by the recall of Lord Fitzwilliam, the prevailing and growing religious harmony of Ireland was broken up, the party of Protestant ascendancy replaced in power, and the good disposition of the Irish parliament arrested; that to sustain this altered policy, religious passions were let loose by the ascendancy party, and Orangeism, sworn to its maintenance, founded to inflame those passions: that the magistracy, by lawless oppression, drove into disaffection the party of the United Irishmen; that a reign of terror was established, and a portion of a population previously distinguished for its loyalty driven into rebellion; that circumstances warrant the belief that the Government acquiesced in making the condition of the country intolerable, that after the rebellion was put down the system of intimidating the Irish nation was upheld by robbery, devastation, rape, torture, and murder practised by the armed forces of the Government, and viewed with impunity by those clothed with authority; and lastly, that the Irish Parliament was not constitutionally competent to transfer its legislative authority to an alien body, and that no sufficient answer was made to this argument sustained as it was by high legal authorities.

This is the terrible and historic indictment. Is it any wonder that the party opposed in the great controversy of to-day to the natural rights and national aspirations of the Irish people, decline, as Mr. Gladstone complains, to enter the historic field? All other points have been strained, as he says, to the utmost by its leaders, "but as

regards the history either of Ireland generally, or of the Union, their speeches have presented a dismal blank."

What moral force can such an Union be supposed to have upon Irishmen? Precisely that much described in the ringing words of Sir Thomas Henry Grattan Esmonde, M.P., speaking at Boston a few nights ago :

"We in Ireland have always held, and we shall always hold, that the act of Union was an illegal and unconstitutional and corrupt arrangement; and so long as there are men amongst us who remember what they owe to the land that gave them birth, so long as there are men amongst us who love to drink in the passions of heroism and of patriotism which their history teaches, so long shall we regard this act of Union as a monstrous injustice, and an intolerable wrong. We shall never submit to our union with England in its present shape. Never, while yet we look back, with pride and with pleasure, to the time when our country held her rightful place among the nations of the earth, and it will always be the object of every Irishman, who is worthy the name of Irishman, to strive, with every means within his reach, to establish the nationality of old Ireland." (Tremendous applause.)

THE FRENCH CANADIAN QUESTION.

We give below the concluding portion of Mr. Tassé's able letter of Saturday in reply to the *Mail's* articles on Catholic education in Quebec and the French Canadian Question :

We are proud of our university, of our colleges, of our convents, of our academies, of our school houses of all kinds. They have moulded more than one generation. They are the noble work of a noble succession of bishops, priests, laymen, and nuns, who, like the vestals of old, have kept burning the sacred fire of nationality. Their names, their labours, from Laval down to Bourget, cannot be forgotten. They will last as long as virtue is remembered. But for them French Canada would not exist to-day. But for them we would not have produced those great men who, either in the religious or political arena, have been enabled to defend our rights at all times, and to lead us in the path of duty and honour. Now, more than ever, I feel greatly indebted to the college which gave me the necessary education to raise my voice, imperfect as it may be, and to defend my race in the very language of its traducers. These colleges, these convents have not been limited to my people; their portals have been open to all races, to all creeds, to the whole new world. You have visited them and you have noticed, I am sure, that a good many of their pupils, in some cases a very large percentage, are of Anglo and Irish-Canadian extraction, and that hundreds of them even hail from the United States. By the way, Catholic education is not so backward in Ontario as it is sometimes represented by the *Mail*, if it is true, as alleged by Principal Austin in your issue of last Saturday, that there are at present over 1,000 Protestant girls in the Roman Catholic convent schools of the province. In that great institution, in that ancient seat of learning, called the Seminary of St. Sulpice, hundreds of American clergymen and some of their most eminent prelates, including the present Bishops of Boston and Portland, have studied science and theology. If I were mentioning laymen I could name such men as General Dix. Out of four hundred pupils, the college of Ottawa can claim every year eighty belonging to the Republic. I am not exaggerating in asserting that our religious orders, the Sulpicians, the Jesuits, the Father Oblates, the Fathers of St. Croix, the Clercs de St. Viateur, the Christian Brothers, the Sisters of the Congregation of Notre Dame, the Sisters of the Holy Name of Jesus and Mary, the Grey Nuns, etc., etc., have become, to a certain extent, the educators of the continent. Not only are they distributing here to foreigners the bread of science, but they have established

throughout the United States—even South America has witnessed their zeal—scores of institutions where the rising generation learns to become good Christians and good citizens. You are well acquainted with the holy life of Marguerite Bourgeois, the celebrated founder of that most important order of religious ladies called "The Sisters of the Congregation of Notre Dame." Of this noble woman, as learned, as virtuous, Parkham has truly said : "To this day in crowded school-houses of Montreal and Quebec, fit monuments of her unobtrusive virtue, her successors instruct the children of the poor, and embalm the pleasant memory of Marguerite Bourgeois. In the martial figure of Maisonneuve and the fair form of this gentle nun, we find the two heroes of Montreal." When you visit the beautiful convent of Villa Maria, the former residence of our governors, you admire in the parlour a large picture splendidly drawn by a nun, a true artist, representing Marguerite Bourgeois, teaching an Indian girl under the shadow of a large tree. To-day the tree planted by Marguerite Bourgeois is not only firmly rooted in Canadian soil, producing the most abundant fruits, whose perfume permeates the whole society, but it has the most extensive ramifications on the whole northern section of America. Her successors are not less than 800, educating 20,000 pupils in 86 establishments, to be found in Canada, Connecticut, Massachusetts, Maine, Vermont, Illinois, etc. Next in number, the Sisters of the Holy Name of Jesus and Mary, whose mother house is the magnificent convent of Hochelaga, have 34 branch establishments in Canada and the United States, their splendid convent of Oakland, at San Francisco being not the least remarkable, and they teach between eight and nine thousand children. The Grey Nuns of Ottawa, who I am proud to say, are educating my daughters, count not less than eighty-one sisters of their order in Buffalo, Lowell, Ogdensburg and Plattsburg.

A few years ago took place a very unusual and solemn demonstration, the first of the kind, in the little picturesque town of Nicolet (*O Nicolet qui embellit la nature!* is a favourite song of the students) which claims to possess one of the most important and oldest colleges of the country, in fact the first founded since French Dominion ceased to exist. It was a large and imposing gathering of its former pupils, many of whom had reached the highest distinctions. There you could find princes of the Church mixed up with learned judges and prominent politicians. They were animated by one deserving object, that of honouring their old *Alma Mater*. Many were the speakers and eloquent were their words. It seemed as if they had united to choose as a text, those inspiring words : *Quam bonum et jucundum est habitare fratres in unum*. How good and joyful it is for brethren to dwell in unity. Their Lordships the late Bishops Bourget of Montreal, and Baillargeon of Quebec (both became Archbishops afterwards), and Cook of Three Rivers, Rev. Mr. Désaulniers, a prominent professor of the Seminary of St. Hyacinthe; Rev. Mr. Laféche, now the eminent Bishop of Three Rivers; the Hon. Mr. Chauveau, the late Judges Mondelet and Loranger,—what shadows we are, but two are now living,—rivaling successively with their eloquence, paying the most beautiful homage to the merits and services of the institution. One of the last, but not the least eloquent speaker, was another good man, lost since to the country, the silver-tongued Mr. Edward Carter, a leading politician and barrister, and a former pupil of Nicolet. He being a Protestant, educated by Catholic priests, under the special guidance of the late lamented Rev. Mr. Leprohon, his remarks were of peculiar interest, mingled, no doubt, with keen curiosity. Let us admire, if we were not there to cheer with the whole assemblage :

As an English pupil of Nicolet College. I am not ashamed to acknowledge it. Notwithstanding that my career is in part spent, and although a period of thirty years has elapsed since I left this institution, I never regretted the days I spent within these walls, and the early associations and friendships I then formed. On the contrary, I have never ceased to boast of it. I am aware that it is not unusual to hear a certain portion of the English community speak with levity of institutions of this kind, and affect to despise them. But if they could only witness the magnificent spectacle here presented, and see the fruits which have ripened into maturity from the young plants nurtured and cared for by your religious pastors, how soon would they not acknowledge their error? In

fact, who are the men who compose this grand reunion? I see before me your illustrious bishops, on each side and all around me, men whose careers have covered them with glory, men who have become distinguished in the pulpit, distinguished in literary pursuits, distinguished at the Bar, on the Bench, as public orators and statesmen, and who are assembled here to bear testimony, as former pupils of Nicolet, to their achievement and success. I consider it my duty publicly to declare, in the presence of this illustrious assembly, that during the whole course of my studies no attempt was ever made to interfere with my religious persuasion.

In common with all the other pupils, I submitted to the rules of the College, but apart from this observance, inseparable from the exercise of proper discipline, I enjoyed the utmost freedom, and was treated with every possible consideration. The recollection of this will last as long as I live. It is here that I have learnt to respect your clergy. Unfortunately persons are to be found in this country who are far from entertaining for your clergy that respect which is due to them. These persons ignore the golden rule, that our duty as fellow-citizens is to respect the religious persuasion of others, and forget that the morality of the people entirely depends upon the influence exercised by the clergy. The man who in his youth has received a religious education is less liable to omit the performance of the duties which his position in life may impose upon him, and thus it is that early religious instruction affords to society the best guarantee that can be given that that man will be an honest man and a good citizen. It is precisely in such institutions, where science, literature, and religious instruction are disseminated, that so much good is to be accomplished.

These remarks answer more than one of your objections, and will be considered a fitting rebuke to some of your correspondents who affect to despise our educational establishments. I could not conclude by a more eloquent and disinterested testimony to the worth of our clergy and to the great services which they have rendered to the members of the community, irrespective of creed, in the great cause of education. Coupling the utterances of Mr. Edward Carter with those of Lord Durham, one the prologue, and the other the epilogue of this lengthy letter, the fair-minded public will easily ascertain how unjust are your aspersions, and how indefensible your position. *Magna est veritas et prevalebit.*

CORRESPONDENCE.

BISHOP MACDONELL.

St. Margaret's Convent,
Edinburgh, 7th Oct., 1887.

To the Editor of the Catholic Weekly Review.

SIR,—I beg to offer you my best thanks for your most interesting papers on Bishop Macdonell and Bishop Gillis. You have afforded to the inmates of St. Margaret's Convent a real pleasure, and at the same time a most edifying entertainment. There are still Sisters amongst us who remember your revered Bishop personally, and we have some good friends in our immediate neighbourhood who are nearly related to him, or rather to his family. For my own part I remember his coffin being pointed out to me in the crypt, as containing the relics of a saint, and I shall never forget the visit paid by Dr. Horan, who came to take the remains away.

The grateful people of Canada presented the Superior of the Convent at that time, with money to put in a stained glass memorial window in the chancel of our little chapel. The chancel has never yet been built for want of the necessary funds, but I have hopes of seeing it erected before many more years elapse, and I am at this time beginning to solicit contributions for the purpose. If there are any rich Catholics in Canada who would care to aid in this pious work, their assistance, I need hardly say, would be most welcome.

It is pleasant to hear that our book, "The History of St. Margaret's Convent," is well thought of. When the book itself has paid expenses, we shall think of publishing the autobiography of Sister Agnes Xavier in pamphlet form, or in a small book, either in this country or America.

I shall be only too happy to send you any interesting facts or news connected with the Church in Scotland, when I think they will interest our friends in Canada.

Yours, etc.,
SR. MARY BERNARD,
Ursulines of Jesus, Superior.

CARDINAL MANNING ON THE LEAGUE OF THE CROSS.

The following is the letter referred to in another column, recently addressed to the League of the Cross by His Eminence Cardinal Manning. It is as true and eloquent as it is characteristic of that great prelate:

"ARCHBISHOP'S HOUSE, WESTMINSTER.

"September, 1887.

"DEAR SIR,—Nothing but good and strong reasons would keep me from coming to preside over our convention, and it is to me a sensible privation not to be among you. What I would have said I will try, in a few words, to write. It is an immense joy to see the rapid and solid growth of the League of the Cross in England, and the still more rapid and solid growth in Ireland (applause). Father Mathew, the true and only founder of the League, has revived his work in our days, and his work has now what it had not then. On his death-bed he said that an organization to bind it together was vital to its permanent existence. You have the League. On you, then, friends and people, the future of Father Mathew's work will depend. The benedictions of Pius IX., of happy memory, of Leo XIII., happily reigning, rest upon it, and the benediction of Leo XIII. on the societies of total abstinence in America, has given strength and encouragement to us all. Never forget that you are not only fighting against intemperance, but against the great trade which makes the people of our land intemperate. I have never used hard words against brewers or distillers, but only against their trade. They grow rich by increasing the sale of intoxicating drinks, and the increasing sale of intoxicating drinks destroys men and women and children, and therefore it wrecks the homes and domestic life of the people of our land. There would never be the inhuman atrocities that blacken London and Newcastle, and all our populous cities if parents were sober and their homes were pure. There are three things, then, that I bid you to do. First, do all in your power to help the United Kingdom Alliance in its efforts to obtain the local option, or local veto, by which the people will be able to defend themselves and their houses. Next, do all in your power to bring up your children from their infancy in total abstinence from all intoxicating drink. Warn and persuade fathers and mothers to enrol their children in the League of the Cross. I would to God that the children in every school in the land were enrolled in it. Children keep their place better than grown people, as a large experience tells me, and they, therefore, grow up without the taste or temptation to drink. And lastly, do all in your power to persuade good and temperate people, who have never been tempted by excess, to enter the League of the Cross. Let them, in thankfulness for their own happy lot, set the example of total abstinence for the sake of those who are tempted. It is a slight act of self-denial, which brings a great reward of health of body and peace of mind. It is also an act of intercession for the fallen and the tempted, which will have a sure recompense when we go to our Divine Master. I say this to men, and to men of every class in life, and with especial earnestness. I say it to young men and to young women in the outset of life. It is a joy to me to see the number of young men, both priests and people, joining and working nobly in the League of the Cross. I can now look on and pray that God may prosper all they do, and I heartily pray that the blessing of God may rest abundantly upon the Convention and upon the League of the Cross in every place. Believe me always to be yours faithfully and affectionately,

"HENRY EDWARD,

"Cardinal Archbishop.

"President of the League of the Cross."

His Lordship, Bishop Walsh, of London, will start early next week for Rome, on the usual visit *ad limina*.

Current Catholic Thought.

STRENGTH OVER TEMPTATION.

The strongest men, intellectually, have been betrayed by the same small vices that blight the lives of the commonest clay. Particularly is this true of the drinking habit. Men of the widest mental culture, the highest principles, and the strongest sense of the degrading influence of yielding to the lowest cravings of our fallen nature have permitted themselves to be lured to the brink of abject ruin by closing their eyes to the dangers of which they are fully cognizant. Such men fall, not so much because they overestimate their own strength, but because of their refusal to make due allowance for the insidious growth of habit. If a man can take one drink and stop, there is no reason why, under ordinary circumstances, he cannot repeat the experiment. It is the repetition of it that usually disproves the truth of the first claim. This very confidence in one's power of self-control is a source of weakness. It encourages us to meet temptation that fear would prompt us to avoid. If those who profess to be able to stop at one drink would regulate their practice upon that basis there would be far less misery and suffering in the world. The vice and degradation that inevitably follow in the wake of intemperance would not be so widespread; but, unfortunately, too many of those who can, do not stop, and the remarkable power which they claim for themselves proves no safeguard. There is much more reason to believe that men and women who are afraid to trust their own strength, and who dread the dangers of yielding to a desire to be sociable or an inherent craving for stimulants, will succeed with more certainty in evading the ruin of over-indulgence than those who rely solely upon the strength which they affect to believe resides within them.—*Baltimore Mirror*.

BOOK REVIEWS.

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The "Ave Maria" Press of Notre Dame, Ind., have here given us twenty-five interesting stories culled from the "Youths Department" of their popular magazine.

In these days of "dime novels," and "penny novelettes," and other trashy literature, it is no small advantage to be able to point to such a volume as this, and a few others that the

Ave Maria press have published lately. The tales are not only amusing, but safe and improving reading for Catholics of both sexes, and although intended particularly for the young, all ages will find interest and suggestions for good thoughts in them.

They will help to meet a want which is referred to by an English priest—the Rev. George Bamfield—in a recent issue of the *London Weekly Register*. After giving some instances of the evil influence and power of the "penny novelette" over the youth of England, he says that the "romantic and sensational are as irresistible to the schoolboy of the present day, at least as the sweet-meat and the apple. No use to warn him that the sweet is made of bad sugar, and the apple is not ripe, and, if it were, is not his to eat! Reason and conscience are overpowered by the apple—and the novelette. To check the evil, it would seem that the only way is to provide plenty of sweetmeats made of the best sugar, and put apples ready to the youth's hand, and see that they be ripe. The good sweet and the ripe apple will benefit more than the bad."

The publishers of the *Ave Maria* are doing what they can to perform the work suggested by Father Bamfield, at least for the American Catholic youth, and we hope that they will receive the encouragement they deserve. Not only do the contents of the volume before us come up to the standard of being "good" and "ripe," but the outside appearance is also attractive. Good paper, well printed, and a pretty cover:—it should be in every family, Parish and Sunday School Library.

"When we first went into action," said an officer who had served in the late American war to the correspondent of a London daily, "our brigade was very nervous, and as we had to stand still, and occasionally to receive some stray shots from the enemy, we felt uncomfortable and in need of something to stiffen us up. In the course of half an hour the line in advance of us had a number of men shot down. It was an Irish regiment; and presently I saw their chaplain, a Catholic priest, going through the field, kneeling down by each wounded man, and staying with him for some minutes, although the bullets were rattling around quite lively. Our chaplain, who was a Methodist minister, all this time was lying behind a haystack, reading his Bible and drinking buttermilk. I have had a liking for the Roman Catholics ever since."

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A. F. BRADLEY, Secretary.

Department of Railways and Canals, Ottawa, 20th October, 1887.

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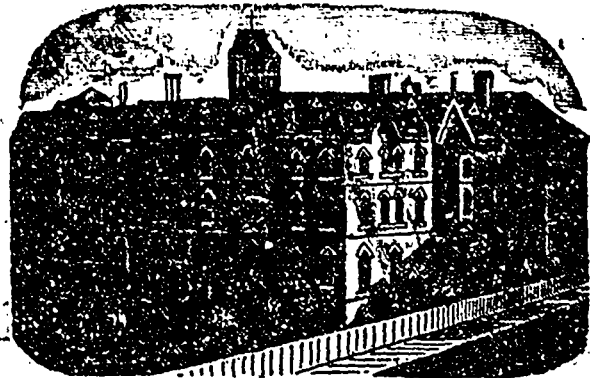
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