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The Catholic Weekly Review.

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

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

Vol. III

Toronto, Saturday, Mar. 16, 1889.

No. 5

CONTENTS.

NOTES.....	65
CONTRIBUTED ARTICLES.	
Sir Charles Russell.....	Irene 70
Remarks.....	Observer 67
Montreal Gossip.....	Old Mortality 68
FATHER HAND ON THE JESUITS.....	67
THE JESUITS.....	71
THE REQUIEM MASS FOR THE CROWN PRINCE.....	76
EVENTS IN IRELAND.....	75
EDITORIAL—	
A Contemporary's Misrepresentations.....	72
The Salvation Army.....	73
A Catholic View of its Workings.....	73
The Army and the Early Methodists.....	74
Cardinal Newman on the Times 39 Years Ago.....	74
The Position of "The Thunderer.".....	74
Its Charges Against Mr. Parnell.....	75
Canadian Church News.....	77
Catholic and Literary Notes.....	77
BOOK REVIEWS.....	69

Notes.

Unless in the meantime it be withdrawn, Mr. O'Brien's resolution concerning the Jesuits' Estates Act will come up for discussion in the House before the publication of our next number. In that case *The Review* will publish a full report of the debate, the official division list, and an analysis of the voting.

The *Rabies Orangina*, a disease we had thought which only broke out in this Province, is apparently spreading, and the contagion has been carried to other than Orange communities. The tone of the Protestant papers of the United States, says an American Catholic journal, would indicate that the indemnity of \$400,000 awarded to the Jesuits by the Quebec Legislature, is to come out of the United States treasury at Washington.

What had long been an open secret has been brought out as a fact before the Parnell Commission, and that is, that the chief agents and colleagues of the *Times* were Irishmen, and, besides, Catholics. Pigott and Dr. Maguire, the latter the first Catholic Fellow of Trinity College, were both Dublin men. And it was not an Englishman, but an Irishman and a Catholic, Mr. Woulff Flanagan, from whose pen came the bitter articles published in the *Times* under the title of "Parnellism and Crime."

Among the frequent visitors to the Forgeries Commission during the later sittings were Lord Denbigh and Canon McMullen. One of them has said that he is a "Catholic first and an Englishman afterwards," and of both of them, it can be said, they are Catholics first and politicians afterwards. Strongly opposed as they may be, says the *Weekly Register*, to the Nationalist movement in Ireland, we can easily imagine with what feelings they heard Mr. Houston's confession that he had destroyed, of set purpose, his correspondence with Pigott; nor can we doubt that they will rejoice as Catholics

to be convinced that their fears for the Irish movement—led by Prelates, and dear to priests and people—are not justified by events; though out of the alleged authenticity of the letters much party capital has been made. It will be a pleasure to those who love peace to observe the absence of the names of English Catholics from the list of the helpers of Mr. Houston—himself an Irishman. Dr. M'Guire and Sir Rowland Blennerhassett, like Messrs. Pigott and Flanagan, are both Irishmen and Catholics.

A Winnipeg clergyman having quoted in a late sermon the *Mail's* alleged Jesuit oath as a genuine document, the Rev. Father Drummond, S.J., has written to the *Free Press* of that city as follows:

I have no intention to make a long defence of the Order of Jesuits to which I belong. For my friends who have read history aright, no such defence is needed; for my foes that are honest, study would dispel their ignorance; for dishonest foes an array of facts would only irritate them. I will, therefore, merely ask you to publish the following:

"I have been more than twenty-one years in the Society of Jesus, and have been admitted into its innermost circle; and yet I never saw the so-called 'Jesuits' Oath' till a friend showed it to me in a newspaper lately, nor did I ever see any of the passages quoted in the Rev. J. Dyke's sermon until that sermon was reported by you in to-day's issue. I need hardly add that I and all my brother Jesuites most distinctly repudiate every treasonable sentiment attributed to us. We are the sons of well-known Canadians, sprung from families famous for their loyalty. We work for our country's interests with no earthly reward but our food and raiment. Our whole lives are devoted to religion, and religion is the best bulwark of loyalty. We are therefore justified in challenging anyone to prove that the Jesuit Order has ever favoured disloyalty to any legitimate government.

As to the money question, which seems to be the excuse for bigotry, it is merely a matter of restitution to an Order which was re-established (not re-created) after a partial suppression. This Order is doing very much earnest work in teaching and preaching. It is not, above all, a useless secret society whose only purpose is to brag and bluster about loyalty and consign the Pope to the eternal flames.

The figures given by the Rev. J. Dyke, about the wealth of the Church of Rome, are misleading from his point of view. The Pope does not spend on himself six hundred dollars a year. Most of his income goes to support the standing committees (Roman congregations) which administer the affairs of more than a thousand dioceses throughout Christendom. In proportion to the Catholic population the Catholic Church of Quebec is not so wealthy as the Protestant churches are in proportion to the Protestant population of the said Province."

Notwithstanding however, the publication of Father Jones' and Father Drummond's disclaimers, there seems to be no reason to doubt that the *Mail's* wanton and dastardly libel will for many years to come serve the turn of every unprincipled libeller. It is not improbable, as a correspondent of one of the Toronto papers pointed, that it may even pass into the common stock of anti-Catholic fiction, taking its place side by side with the famous "Pope's Curse," (from "Tristram Shandy,") which devout Protestants have been taught to believe is one of the daily prayers of the Roman Breviary.

MONTREAL GOSSIP.

Since my last letter was written we have had another visit from Madame Albani—and have enjoyed the promised farewell concert—which was in all respects a brilliant success. Canada's Queen of Song was applauded to the echo, and was, if possible, more charming and more gracious than ever. Her sweet manner, no less than her sweet notes, will linger long in the hearts and memories of her countrymen.

Among the floral offerings presented to Madame Albani was a magnificent bouquet, in the centre of which was a piece of the last spike driven in the western end of the Canadian Pacific Railway—embedded in diamonds. This was the gift of Sir Donald and Lady Smith. On Saturday Madame Albani and Mr. Gye visited Chambly, where they were received with due honours by the mayor and leading citizens of the town. A visit was paid to the former home of the cantatrice, after which the party drove to the residence of the mayor, where an address was presented to Madame Albani. After partaking of luncheon the party returned to Montreal. Chambly will ever hold a fair place in the pages of our history—not only on account of its illustrious daughter who is living, but also by reason of its still more illustrious son who is dead. Honoured beyond measure was the little hamlet on the Richelieu by the visit of the Queen of Song, honoured is it no less by the stately effigy of the Leonidas of Canada, the gallant hero of Chateauguay, the brave and beautiful de Salaberry.

One of the sweetest anecdotes of Albani's visit to Montreal is that of her kind encouragement of our blind singer, Mademoiselle Tessier. Mademoiselle Tessier—a pupil of the Grey Nuns' institution of "Nazareth" on St. Catharine street, is gifted with a magnificent voice, and has become quite a favourite as a concert singer, not only in Montreal but throughout the Province. Notwithstanding her success the young girl is gentle and timid and none too confident of her own powers. An interview with Madame Albani was arranged for her by some of her friends, and one morning during Madame Albani's sojourn at the Windsor the blind girl was announced. One can imagine with what trepidation Mlle. Tessier responded to the great artist's request that she should sing to her. She, however, suffered Madame Albani to lead her to the piano and sang Massenet's "Alleluia du Ciel" in such a manner as to elicit warm applause from her illustrious hearer who took the blind girl in her arms and kissed her affectionately, assuring her that any favours that she could possibly grant would always be at Miss Tessier's command. After singing Faure's "Stella," Miss Tessier took her departure—not, however, without having received an invitation to come again. When the day appointed arrived, however, Madame Albani was unavoidably prevented from keeping the engagement, and therefore, early in the morning a dainty envelope from the Windsor found its way into Miss Tessier's hands, and it is whispered that its contents were, not only an affectionate note from the Queen of Song, but also a cheque for a handsome sum of money which will go far towards enabling Miss Tessier to prosecute her musical studies in the Conservatoire of Paris.

Few more interesting columns have ever appeared in the *Star* than the autobiographical sketch which gave to the world the account of that popular journal's early struggles. Who, in looking at the magnificent offices of the *Star* on St. James Street could believe that twenty years ago: "the coal to make the motive power was, during the greater part of the winter, bought by the bag, one bag at a time; the office boy's duty being to go to the coal yard with a hand sled every morning as soon as the cashier could give him half a dollar to pay the coal merchant." Again, when an engine next door, the use of which was rented by the *Star*, was stopped, ruin threatened. "At this juncture," says the writer of the article in question, "a messenger was sent to the country for an ordinary tread mill, horse-power, horse and all. This was actually set up in the press room, a telegram despatched to Boston for a small Roger engine, and in twenty-four hours we were running our own engine."

Whatever may have been the merits of the *Star* in the days referred to, everybody must be ready to concede that it is not a "one-horse" paper to-day.

A munificent donation has been made to the Numismatic and Antiquarian Society by Mr. R. B. Angus, who has presented that body with a very rare collection of engravings, comprising views of Montreal and Quebec, portraits of the ancient governors, etc. These are almost all extremely rare; and of great interest—in fact the collection is unrivalled here except by that of the Hon. Judge Baby, who, by the bye, has left Rome at last, and will probably arrive in Montreal about the middle of March. Judge Baby has received the decoration of the Grand Cross of the Order of St. Gregory.

The Grande Ligne Mission has held its annual meeting, and has considered its annual report, which would have us believe that each French Canadian Protestant costs the Mission but a very modest sum, there being 40,000 of those curiosities in Canada, and the annual disbursement of the Society being but \$9,154.91, something is evidently not worth much, is it the Society or its victims? We are told that Mr. Lefleur "pointed out that though the work in hand was great, the means at their disposal was small, and that it behooved those present to do their utmost to free the country from the Papal bonds." Judging from the above given statistics the product of the soup kitchen will scarcely be sustaining, and possibly, in order to prevent the Mission from tumbling bodily into the soup, Lent may be resorted to as a sort of enforced economy.

"A prophet has no honour in his own country," says the proverb; nevertheless, our much lauded laureate is somewhat of a hero to us in the Province of Quebec. We are proud of his talents, of his fame, of the classic beauty of his laurel crown. What then were the feelings of all true votaries of the gentle Muse to learn that "Mr. Louis Frechette, the French Canadian poet, appeared before the Recorder this morning, charged with having neglected to keep the sidewalk clear of ice and snow opposite his residence on Sherbrooke street." The absurdity of expecting the Laureate of the land to cast his upturned eyes downward to the vulgar level of a Sherbrooke street side-walk is infinite, the want of delicacy that could make public any disregard of the by-laws on the part of Mr. Frechette is shocking. The wonder is that nobody came forward into the breach to volunteer for the honour of removing stumbling blocks from Mr. Frechette's path. But then the good of the people is the supreme law, and though Mr. Frechette may be busy enunciating this noble sentiment in stirring words learned in the Parisian school of Liberalism the "people" whom he so loves may meanwhile break their necks at his door. So the guardians of the public safety, come forward—and spare not even those whom fame has made her own.

It will not be with feelings of unmingled cordiality that all Canadians will welcome the artist correspondent of the *London Graphic*. "The *Graphic* is non-political," says Mr. Villiers. This will be news to those who recollect its remarks on the subject of the fancy ball given by the patriotic Countess of Aberdeen at Dublin Castle. Probably the *Graphic* has "no political prejudices" except as regards Ireland and Canada, which countries it dearly loves to represent as bristling with mud huts or bark wig-wags, as the case may be.

Gros Bourdon has rung out again its sonorous notes of joy. The reception accorded to His Grace Archbishop Fabro was most hearty, and the address of welcome presented to him expressed the true sentiments of the thousands of loving children whom His Grace's sceptre sways. In his reply to the address Monseigneur Fabro took occasion to toll his hearers that "the gift of the Canadian Seminary at Rome was most acceptable to the Pope and was a matter of greater satisfaction to His Holiness than anything that he had received during the year."

It is pleasant to have our Archbishop once more in our midst, and to see for ourselves as well as hear His Grace's assurance that he has greatly enjoyed and benefited by his visit to the Eternal City. OLD MORTALITY.

"BRIGHT'S DISEASE has no symptoms of its own" says Dr. Roberts, of the University of New York City. Additional proof why Warner's Safe Cure cures so many disorders which are only symptoms of kidney disease.

REMARKS.

Now that everybody is execrating the memory of Richard Pigott how few there are who will stop to consider who or what it was that created such a character. What was it that allured this Irishman to turn on the cause of his own country, to live for so many years in the guise and with the seared conscience of a spy, to weave out a web for the ensnaring of honourable men, and finally to find himself by the tyranny of circumstances with no further prospect before him than to take his life by his own hand? Surely when on the great Accounting Day the British nation will have its account taken, there will be few blacker deeds to be exhibited than the temptation, the encouragement, and the end of this unhappy man. The *Times* and others may say that none other than an Irishman could be got for such a purpose, but the worst enemies are those of one's own household. If the world wants to attack the Church does it not beguile and encourage the fallen priest or the misguided nun to do its work? Are not our deadliest enemies from within and have they not always been so? None but an Irishman could have served the turn of the *Times*, and it has been served. The False Witnesses were Jews.

It is a curious instance of the irony of fate that the *Times* should have helped Home Rule against its will, more than it ever could have injured it by pursuing its usual course. Nothing that could have happened in Ireland or in the House of Commons would have given the same impetus to the Irish cause as the defeat of the arch-defamer. The cause has progressed by the retreat of its enemies and the Irish people must now be more sanguine than ever. There has not been a year within the last decade but that priests and politicians have told us that it was only a matter of months until Home Rule would be secured; and not a few from having their hopes deferred were beginning to faint under the new obstacles that were put before them. Success has been by a slow advance against a motionless adamant enemy, but within the last six months the enemy has been put back, badly shaken, and badly discredited. The one source of weakness ever with Ireland was the race of Pigotts, and they are not all dead yet.

Some one has been comparing the *Times* to our own and only *Mail*, but the comparison is unjust to the English paper. The *Times* has been largely the organ of what may be called the beef-thought of England, the *Mail* lives on the vinegar diet of disappointment in Canada. If we had no French Catholics, nor Separate Schools, nor Jesuits, nor Ultramontanes, we would have no *Mail*; and because it is disappointed over the existence and unseemly increase of all these it seeks to make a reputation for itself, and an excuse for its appearance. Doubtless the *Mail* also hates Frenchmen because French judges and juries will endeavour to protect slandered individuals, and because Sir John Macdonald has a number of able Frenchmen in his Cabinet. Because Sir John did not smash Confederation and appeal to the French Republic to abrogate the Treaty of Paris as to Catholics, the *Mail* is mad and disappointed; and indeed it is likely that it will not be satisfied until the Frenchmen are done away with, the Separate Schools abolished, the Jesuits expelled, and the Catholics cut off from the Pope. The *Mail* is likely to have material for double-headed articles as long as it lives; it would be unreasonable to expect anything pleasant from it for a long time to come. The service of the writ by the Jesuits the other day was certainly a black Friday for the *Mail* in the first week in Lent.

The Jesuit discussion—if it could be called discussion—is about dead so far as Toronto is concerned. We may expect shortly, when some violent preacher shall have delivered himself to an unusual degree that the papers will say that this subject has been sufficiently ventilated and that they must now close their columns over the controversy. I am well pleased that Father Whelan did not descend to notice a man here who lives and fattens on notoriety and whose legitimate subject is the Ten Lost Tribes of Israel. Nobody minds him and no one could get any credit for defeating him in any of his polemical ethnological whims.

The bad spirit that has shown itself against everything Catholic in Toronto was exemplified the other day by an unimportant newspaper here in an attack against the Notre Dame Institute on Bond street. That establishment is one of the most comfortable places for lady boarders in the city and the result is that it is well patronized by ladies of all denominations. There were about thirty Protestants, the great majority of whom, subsequent to the attack mentioned, signed a protest against the lies published in the newspaper. However, as has been said, a lie goes round the world before truth gets its boots on. The same paper has made an attack on another body, in the hopes, no doubt, that its circulation may be increased. Another symptom of bad feeling is the attack on the French schools in Prescott and Russell, in which the children are taught their mother tongue. This ought to be offset by the columns of Gaelic that appear every week in the *Mail*, but if not I should like Mr. Craig or Mr. Meredith to point out wherein under our constitution the English language takes precedence over the French. Is not each of these equally the language of the Senate and of the Commons at Ottawa? Are not the Bills and motions put in both tongues—the statutes printed in French as in English? and where did the Fathers of Confederation insist on one language for the Canadian people? Why, as Mr. Ross hinted, but seemed to be afraid to say, the French is the language of Canada, was its language before any emigrant from Great Britain appeared here to talk of two peoples and his language for both. There are places in Western Ontario where Gaelic is the language of the people and if it were taught in the schools I don't think that Mr. Craig or his leader would trouble themselves much about it. However, I admire Mr. Meredith for adhering even to the stake for his principles. It was the boast of the late Mr. Cameron when in the same place that on one occasion he voted without a single follower and stood up alone in the House. That was heroic, but it was bad for the party. When the one man in the pit of the theatre stood up alone, there being no other spectator in the house, and applauded the performance, the manager was heard to remark that "the house stood up too much like one man." And that is the case with Mr. Meredith. As it is he stands up too much like one man.

OBSERVER

Warner's Safe Cure removes defective vision or sight, Why? Because it gets rid of the poisonous kidney acid circulating in the blood. Impaired vision is caused by advanced kidney disease, another name for Bright's disease, which "has no symptom of its own." Warner's Safe Cure removes the cause, when normal vision returns.

FATHER HAND ON THE JESUIT QUESTION.

SERMON AT ST. MICHAEL'S CATHEDRAL ON SUNDAY LAST.

History of the Society and Cause of its Suppression.

Father Hand preached on the Jesuit question in St. Michael's Cathedral again last Sunday evening to an immense audience. He took the text, "With Christ I am nailed to the cross and I live now not I, but Christ liveth in me; I live in the faith of the Son who loved me and delivered himself for me."—Gal. 2: 19-20.

He began by saying that Christianity is not a mere speculative and theoretical science; nor is it a sequence from material premises, nor conclusion from historic fact or experimental exploration. It is personified, embodied, portrayed and illustrated in Jesus Christ. From the perfection of interior and invisible life came forth the blossom and the fruit, which were at once the qualities, the visible ornaments of the Master and the disciple—poverty, chastity and obedience. These were the three qualities or characteristics in the life of Jesus, upon which were constructed the constitutions of the Society of Jesus. Christ inveighed against the wealthy, classifying them with the hypocrite and the infidel. When a man of fortune and fame applied for a passport to the heavenly Jerusalem, he was told that if perfection was his aim to go and dispose of his possessions and distribute their proceeds to the poor. There was still a greater depth of self abnegation upon which Christ insisted. Kinship and family

were to give way to the stern demands of duty. Father, mother, husband and wife must be sacrificed for Christ. When St. Ignatius laid down the sword in Pampeluna he took up the cross. He longed for a body of men animated with the true apostolic spirit, with souls attuned to the music of the Master's order. Hence the question to the aspirant, "Are you willing to renounce the world, and the possession of all hope of temporal goods; are you ready, if necessary, to beg your bread from door to door for the love of Jesus Christ. Are you ready to reside in any country and to embrace any employment where your superiors may think you will be most useful to the glory of God and the good of souls?" This was the essential article of the constitution of St. Ignatius. Chastity was inculcated by St. Ignatius, and he repeatedly gave expression to his spirit of obedience. Pride and rebellion devastated the eternal kingdom and made Eden tenantless; humility and obedience calmed the Divine anger and unlocked the bolted portals of heaven. Obedience was the crown of the divine work. Upon this plan were arranged the constitutions of St. Ignatius. Twenty sovereign pontiffs solemnly approved the constitutions which were not condemned even at the suppression of the Society. The objects of the Order were the greater glory of God and sanctification of souls, and the chief characteristic of its members, obedience.

The questions above mentioned having been accepted by the postulant, the gates of the novitiate were opened to him for two years of trial. He was not bound by any vow or oath; his strength and his weakness were tested. Then he was permitted to make his first vows, "Are you ready to obey in all things in which there is evidently no sin!" Upon this point of the Jesuit stronghold the heavy artillery of their enemies was directed. The members of the company have been upbraided as slaves and the generals characterized as hypocritical knaves. The constitutions of the Jesuits have been most treacherously misrepresented. He went on to speak of the condemnation of the Jesuits in Portugal, France and Spain, and the suppression of the Order by the Pope. In France it was accomplished by infidel philosophers, as a Protestant historian, Schoell, says, "to destroy the power of the Church." It was necessary to isolate it by depriving it of that sacred army devoted to the defence of the Pontifical throne. This Protestant author had diagnosed the case clearly. He claimed that it was a compliment to the Society to be so singled out as the most important regiment of the Christian army. Schlosser and Ranke affirm that "the Society was the most formidable bulwark of the Catholic principles." Voltaire, the bitterest of its enemies, acknowledged "during the seven years that I spent in the Jesuits' house what did I see? Their lives most frugal and laborious, and their time divided between the care they gave to their pupils and the exercises of their austere profession." The life of Louis XV. was attempted in 1757. The would-be assassin was a miserable fanatic named Damians, a Jansenist, but once a servant in a Jesuit house. The howl was raised against the Society. Voltaire said of it: "I have never spared the Jesuits, but I should enlist the sympathies of posterity in their favour were I to accuse them of a crime of which all Europe and Damians himself acquitted them." He then went on to speak of the Jesuits and Madame de Pompadour and Louis XV. The refusal of the Jesuits to administer to the monarch hastened their destruction. Then he dealt with the charge made in 1741 that the Order was amassing power and wealth in the West Indies, and read the confession of Father Lavallette on oath that he was neither authorized nor approved in the commerce. Not one of his superiors connived at it. This individual implored that his sentence be made public. He was expelled from the society and retired to England. Charles III. expelled the Jesuits from Spain. No more infamous act can be discovered on the pages of Spanish history. Sealed despatches were sent to all the government authorities in Spain and America. They were to be opened April 2, 1767. Directions for the destruction of Jesuit establishments and annihilation of the Order were given in detail. How could a monarch such as Charles III. be brought to commit such a sacrilegious spoliation? It was accomplished by the wicked machinations of de Choiseul, minister of Louis XV. He got D'Aranda, the minister of Charles, to present the monarch a letter purporting to be written by Father Ricci, General of the Company of Jesus,

in which it was stated that he possessed documents sufficient to prove the illegitimacy of Charles. This concoction of Choiseul had the desired effect. It aroused the fury of the monarch who dared not submit the document to any but D'Aranda. His vengeance was reaked upon the Order throughout his dominions. On the 3rd April, 1767, 6,000 Jesuits were driven from their colleges and missions to the dungeon and exile. In 1761 the Parliament pronounced upon the theology of the Jesuits and condemned them; fifty-one bishops pronounced upon the orthodoxy of Jesuit theologians and demanded that they should be maintained in France. There was one prelate against their maintenance in France, Fitz-James, bishop of Soissons, and he said, "as to their morality, it is pure; we readily do them the justice to acknowledge that there is perhaps no Order in the Church where the religious are more regular and more austere in their morals." After the pronouncement of the Parliament of Paris, a deluge of pamphlets, replete with blood-curdling falsehoods issued from the French press. The most notorious of these found its way to some of the bookshelves of Toronto. This was entitled, "*Extraits des Assertions des Jesuits.*" It was proved by unmistakable evidence that this book contained 758 forgeries. Clement XIII. and the French bishops indignantly protested against it, but the Parliament ordered the papal brief to be suppressed. D'Alembert, a noted enemy of the Church, said of the book: "Until the truth is known, this work will have produced the good expected of it—the destruction of the Jesuits." The preacher next spoke of the expulsion of the Jesuits from England, at the time of Titus Oates. He quoted Macaulay here as follows: "The tale of Titus Oates, though it had sufficed to convulse the whole world, would not, unless confirmed by other evidence, suffice to destroy the humblest of those whom it accused. But the success of the first impostor produced its natural consequences. In a few weeks he had been raised from penury and obscurity to opulence. He was not without coadjutors and rivals. A wretch named Carstairs, who had earned a livelihood in Scotland by going disguised to conventicles and then informing against the preachers, led the way; Bedloe, a noted swindler, followed, and soon from all the brothels, gambling houses and spongeing houses of London false witnesses poured forth to swear away the lives of Roman Catholics." While it reminded one of the preachers in this city of Toronto to-day, who stood up in the pulpits of large churches to expose the sensations of "Twenty-five Years in the Church of Rome." Those preachers who were listened to by confiding Protestant citizens had been hustled out of the Church of Rome because of their conduct being intolerable. Coming to the time of the suppression of the Order of Jesus by Clement XIV., he said though the Society was suppressed it was never condemned. He would not deny that it was expedient to suppress the Jesuits then. The sovereigns of Europe were plotting against it. If it had not yielded to the suppression he was not there to deny that the result might have been a schism in the Church. If the Order had rebelled there would have been none of its enemies to-day crying out against it. They would have been its warmest upholders for its rebellion against the sovereign pontiff. "We are kicked out like dogs," said one of the Jesuits, "but we shall come in like eagles." He next took up the subject of education by the Jesuits, and quoted the opinion of Professor Goldwin Smith in a Toronto newspaper that the Jesuits had never produced men of eminence, except Voltaire by repulsion. He felt inclined to think that the writer of that opinion had never gone very deeply into philosophy or he would have known that the Jesuits educated popes, generals, magistrates, writers and poets. Gregory XIII., Benedict XIV., Pius VII., Cardinal de Berulle, Bossuet, Bellamine, Bourdaloue, Suarez, Bollandus, &c., Cardinal de Fleury, Cardinal Borromeo, Montesquieu, Tasso, Galileo, Corneille Descartes, and Emperors Ferdinand and Maximilian were educated by the Jesuits. Among modern great men he would only mention Sir Charles Russell. Yet this writer had the temerity to come out and say that the Jesuits had never produced men of eminence. He was sorry to hear in Toronto men preaching liberty that they could never understand. It was the liberty of Lucifer in trying to kick Almighty God out of heaven. If such were the liberty and quality these men desired for the *habitant* he hoped they never might experience it. Eminent gentlemen came

forward to defend her Majesty from the dreadful Jesuits, notwithstanding the fact that her Majesty had armies, fleets and statesmen to defend her. But he would mention that her Majesty's Government had sent a Jesuit Father at the head of the expedition of astronomers to make observations of the transit of Venus, the great astronomer Perry Secchi. Secchi, a Jesuit, was the greatest astronomer of the present century.

In passing judgment upon the Jesuits in Canada, he urged that they must judge according to Christianity and Christ, who was the same to-day and forever. He especially emphasized the statement that the oath of the Society of Jesus was poverty, chastity, and obedience, and claimed that any fears of disloyalty to the Queen and State were those of alarmists. The references made from time to time of the fact of the Superior-General of the Society living at Rome, he urged, were pure noise without cause. The proceeds of the estates of the Order were devoted to education and Christian work. The general of the Order would be expelled from his position by the Congregation if he attempted to divert these moneys to his own uses. He claimed that the suppression of the Jesuits by the Pope was not a condemnation, but a piece of diplomacy demanded by the political exigencies of the day, and wrung from him by Charles III. of Spain and Louis XV. of France. The expulsion of the Jesuits from England he attributed solely to the infamous machinations of the Apostate Titus Oates, and quoted Macauley to support his argument. In conclusion he advocated harmony and love between men of all creeds, the cultivation of which virtues would be the adoption of the lessons taught by Our Lord.

There was a large attendance, the aisles of the church being crowded with attentive listeners, and Father Hand's remarks were received with frequent evidences of conviction.

FREDERICK T. ROBERTS, M. D., Professor of Clinical Medicine at University College Hospital, London, England, says: "Bright's disease has no symptoms of its own and may long exist without the knowledge of the patient or practitioner and no pain will be felt in the kidneys or their vicinity. Ordinary common kidney diseases, many times unrecognized as such, will become chronic and terminate in Bright's (organic) disease of the kidneys, unless taken in hand. Warner's Safe Cure is the only recognized specific that has ever been discovered for this disease. The late Dr. Dio Lewis said, over his own signature: "If I found myself the victim of a serious kidney trouble, I would use Warner's Safe Cure."

Book Reviews.

Lehmkuhl's Moral Theology. Lehmkuhl's Compendium of Moral Theology. B. Herder, Fribourg; D. & J. Sadlier & Co., Toronto and Montreal.

We have received from the Canadian agents, Messrs. D. & J. Sadlier, Father Lehmkuhl's Moral Theology. The work consists of two volumes of eight hundred pages each, and there is a Compendium in one volume of five hundred and eighty pages. Father Lehmkuhl's work has received the greatest praise from some of the most competent theologians and theological journals in Europe. That in less than six years it has reached a fifth edition and the Compendium, a second edition, speaks more highly for it than the commendations of even the most learned. It proves the work to be not only solid and trustworthy but also clear and simple enough to reach the capacity of the youngest theological student. We cannot say that Father Lehmkuhl display any striking originality—it would indeed be no compliment to say that he had—because people who are "strikingly original" in questions of moral theology and who publish their views are apt to find their books figuring on the Index before long. Neither has Father Lehmkuhl thrown any extraordinary light upon debated questions of casuistry as far as we have seen, but it would be hard to do that since the greatest minds of the world have been at work on such questions for centuries past, and about the best that can be done is to present the wisdom of the great theological doctors in a concise and clear form. This Father Lehmkuhl has done. Reference from the *Compendium* to the principal work is easy since the former follows the latter chapter by chapter, and the num-

bering of the articles is the same in both works. The full and clear explanation of what is technically called "*facultas binandi*," will be useful to priests in a missionary country such as ours. And since we have immigrants from all parts of Europe, some of whom may have contracted matrimony clandestinely and invalidly in their own country, the list of places where the Tridentine law, commonly called the "*Decretum Tametsi*," is in vigor, will be very serviceable. The new "*elenchus festorum*" of the Third Plenary Council of Baltimore, together with that council's decision regarding the observance of feasts which fall on a week day and are not observed by the majority of the community, is to be found in this very excellent work. We mention this last to show the modern character of the book and that it contains the latest decisions of the Roman Congregation as well as of national or provincial councils. Some of the decisions regarding censures contained in the Bull "*Apostolicæ Sedis*" we have not seen elsewhere. The Canadian agents for these publications are the Messrs. D. & J. Sadlier, of Toronto and Montreal. Price of the "*Theology*" (2 volumes) is \$6.50, *Compendium* (1 vol.) \$2.50.

Atlas des Missions Catholiques, by the Rev. O. Werner, S. J., and M. Valerien Groffier. Fribourg: B. Herder. Toronto and Montreal, D. & J. Sadlier & Co.

Clearer, or more concise, or more convincing proof of the universality and growth of the Catholic Church throughout the world,—in spite of the diversity of races and the multiplicity of peoples—it would be difficult to find than is furnished in the tables and maps of this excellent publication. Some idea may be had of the character and extent of the work from an enumeration of its contents. To the very full explanatory text, and statistical tables are added large plans showing the development of the Missions in British America, the United States of America, Australia, Polynesia, The East Indies, and China and twenty-five coloured maps arranged as follows:

1. Showing the distribution of Catholics over the Globe.
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4. Ireland.
5. Denmark, Sweden and Norway.
6. The Balkan Peninsula.
7. Patriarchate of Armenia.
8. Syria, Palestine, and Cyprus.
9. East Indies.
10. Indo-China and the Philippine Isles.
- 11 and 12. China.
- 13 and 14. Africa.
15. Dominion of Canada.
16. Province of Quebec, Halifax, and Toronto.
17. The United States.
18. The West Indies.
- 19 and 20. Australia and Polynesia.

The price of the Atlas is \$1.25.

Compendium Cereemoniarum of Mass: B. Herder, Fribourg; D. & J. Sadlier & Co., Toronto and Montreal. Price 60 cents.
Accessus et Necessus ad Altare, B. Herder, Fribourg; D. & J. Sadlier & Co., Montreal. Price 30 cents.

Directions and devotions before and after Mass for priests. Both useful little books.

T. GRANGER STEWART, M. D., F. R. S. F., Ordinary Physician to H. M., the Queen in Scotland, Professor of Practice of Physic in the University of Edinburgh, writes: "Hypertrophy of the heart is almost always present in cases of advanced cirrhotic disease, and also in the advanced stages of the inflammatory affection. One may trace in patients the gradual development of this hypertrophy advancing *pari passu* (together) with the progress of the renal (kidney) affection." In a large number of these cases the kidney disease is entirely overlooked and the trouble ascribed to heart disease as a cause, when in reality the kidney disease is the cause and the heart trouble the effect. This error is made easy on account of the kidney disease having no local manifestations in the majority of cases. The kidney disease can be cured by the timely use of Warner's Safe Cure and the consequences avoided.

SIR CHARLES RUSSELL.

His masterly conduct of Mr. Parnell's defence in the *Times* Forgeries case has made Sir Charles Russell so large a sharer in the public attention fixed on his distinguished client, that a few words about himself and the well-known Irish family of which he is a member will be opportune. He is the son of Arthur Russell, Esq., of Nowry, County Armagh, Ire., and was born at the family residence in 1838. He chose the law, was admitted to the bar at Lincoln's Inn in 1859, and became Queen's Councillor in 1872. He was elected M.P. for Dundalk, County Louth, Ire., in 1880.

Mr. Russell early scored a distinct success in his profession, and before middle life had an enormous practice both in the civil and criminal courts in London, and in the North and West of England. Nothing short of ability of the first order could have induced Gladstone to appoint him Attorney-General for England. He was the first Catholic to fill this office since England's defection from the Catholic Faith. His tenure of it was but brief, however, owing to the defeat of the Gladstonian government in July, 1886.

When Sir Charles first entered the House of Commons he did not identify himself with the Irish Nationalists. Indeed, his complete conversion to Home Rule is coincident with that of Gladstone. But so sincere was the man and so great his respect for the sincerity of others, so high his character for probity and disinterestedness, that even while not of them, the Parnellites trusted him utterly, and often found his influence extremely useful.

He was married in 1858 to Ellen Mulholland, eldest sister of the well-known Irish novelist and poet, Rosa Mulholland. The union has been blessed with a large and talented family. Lady Russell is a woman of fine presence and noble character; and her husband is very happy in his home life.

The Rev. Matthew Russell, S.J., of St. Francis Xavier's, Upper Gardiner St., Dublin, is a brother of Sir Charles. Father Russell's deservedly high reputation in literature might be wider and higher had he not given so much of his time to developing the talent and making the reputations of others. Nearly all the young writers of Ireland of to-day have found the kindest encouragement and assistance from Father Russell through his *Irish Monthly*; and some of the best productions of Irish pens have first seen the light on its pages.

A charming little volume published two years ago, "Memoirs of Attie O'Brien," by Mrs. Morgan John O'Connell, derives half its interest from its revelation of the retiring, kind-hearted, unselfish priest and scholar who actually conducted the literary education of a remote and personally unknown contributor; and through her first struggling expression, blank ignorance of the business side of literature, and unconsciousness of her own aptitudes, discerned and drew out the true poet and story-teller.

The uncle of Sir Charles and Father Matthew Russell was the celebrated Irish priest, the Very Rev. Charles William Russell, D.D., long-time president of Maynooth. He was also a man of letters, the author of the life of the great linguist, Cardinal Mezzofanti; a member of the Royal Commission on Historical Manuscripts, a contributor to the "Encyclopædia Britannica," "North British Review," etc. Cardinal Newman was his close friend and admirer, and was wont to say that Dr. Russell had more to do with his conversion to Catholicity than other human being; and this, not so much by argument and controversy as by the mildness, gentleness and suggestiveness of his ways.

The name of Sir Charles Russell is upon everybody's lips. His forensic ability, his marvellous powers as a cross-examiner, and the cleverness with which, when the moment came, he shattered the fabric of the forgeries, are the theme of greatest praise. "Truth," says the *Daily Telegraph* of Wednesday, "has happily prevailed. The final and despairing step of the scoundrel Pigott, forced from him by the pitiless cross-examinations of Sir Charles, has come at the right moment to give the last proof needed that the letters were forged." The *Daily News*, in its leading article on Wednesday, observes:—"An eminent counsel who differs entirely from Mr. Parnell in politics, declared that he had never, in all his professional experience, known a witness so utterly crushed in cross-examination as Pigott was." The testimony of the entire press is

of a similar character on this point, and quotations such as we have given might be multiplied endlessly.

Sir Charles—an Irishman to the core of his heart, and a Catholic in its every sentiment—has only his own energetic ability to thank for the high position he occupies as first advocate in the United Kingdom. In spite of all the obstacles which a steadfast adherence to his religion and a frequent avowal of his nationality created around him, his indomitable determination to succeed, added to a plentiful supply of mother-wit, led him on firmly, step by step, until every effort at opposition gave way and he found himself head of the legal profession.

HONESTY AND INTELLIGENCE.

It pays to be honest, you say,

Granted.

Yet how many are dishonest through ignorance, expediency, or intentionally. One can be dishonest and yet say nothing.

A clerk who lets a customer buy a damaged piece of goods, a witness who holds back the truth which would clear a prisoner, a medical practitioner who takes his patient's money when he knows he is doing him no good,—all are culpably dishonest.

It is generally known that doctors bind themselves by codes, resolutions and oaths not to use any advertised medicines. Now, there is a medicine on the market which, for the past ten years, has accomplished a marvelous amount of good in the cure of Kidney and Liver diseases, and diseases arising from the derangement of these great organs,—we refer to Warner's Safe Cure. So widespread are the merits of this medicine that the majority of the doctors of this country know from actual evidence that it will cure Advanced Kidney Disease, which is but another name for Bright's Disease,

The medical profession admit that there is no cure for this terrible malady, yet there are physicians dishonest enough to procure Warner's Safe Cure, put the same into plain, four ounce vials, and charge their patients \$2.00 per vial, when a sixteen-ounce bottle of the remedy, in its original package, can be bought at any drug store in the world for \$1.25.

Perhaps the doctor argues that the cure of the patient justifies his dishonesty, yet he will boldly stand up at the next local medical meeting and denounce Warner's Safe Cure as a patent medicine, and one which he cannot and will not use.

The people are waking up to the truth that the medical profession is far from honest, and that it does not possess a monopoly of wisdom in the curing of disease, doctoring the many symptoms of kidney disease, instead of striking at the seat of disease—the kidneys themselves,—allowing patients to rather die than use a remedy known to be a specific, simply because it has been advertised, and when patients are dead from Advanced Kidney Disease, still practising deception by giving the cause of death in their certificate as pneumonia, dropsy, heart disease, or some other accompanying effect of Bright's Disease.

SCENES IN A LIQUOR STORE.

The Rev. P. J. Harold of the archdiocese of Toronto, who is at present in Jacksonville, Florida, writes to the *C. T. A. News* of Philadelphia as follows:—

Sitting in an office waiting for a friend, within earshot of a bar attachment to a wholesale liquor store, I have been listening to language, from black and white toppers alike, shocking to purity and religion. Frightful blasphemies from frenzied lips, lips dripping with bad whiskey, floated athwart the store, eliciting only a smile from the proprietor as he jingled the liquor money in his pocket. Whatever extreme things may be said about the liquor business one thing is potent to the most careless observer. It is this: few whiskey sellers have the courage to refuse their stimulants to those whom they see in the act of abusing them. Men under the influence of alcohol, talking foolishly, indecently, or blasphemously, enter their store, throw down the price of more liquor and the temptation of gain overpowers them. Instead of ordering out such people the saloon man pockets the coin, and with it, often enough, insults to himself and to his God. If he offers a feeble protest with the same breath he yields and becomes an accomplice in the sins his wares are surely

increasing daily and hourly. I have known hundreds of liquor men, but only two or three who would neither sell liquor to partly intoxicated people nor tolerate improper language on or about their premises. I know one saloon-keeper who had his place frequently full of men drunk or half drunk and swearing horribly, while his children, four and five years old, were playing about. At that age they had acquired a habit of blaspheming, and so accustomed was their parents to this sort of language that he never thought of correcting them.

"Granting that the liquor business is lawful in itself, few there are who can escape its fearful surrounding dangers. Catholics, leave this profitable business to those who do not believe in a hereafter."

T. GRANOR STEWART, M. D., F. R. S. E., Ordinary Physician to H. M. the Queen in Scotland, Professor of Practice of Physic in the University of Edinburgh, in an article on Bright's disease, says, "Dyspnoea (difficult breathing) is met with in the inflammatory and cirrhotic forms of the disease and may be independent of any local lesion, being probably a result of uræmic poisoning." And it is well known that uræmic poisoning arises from kidney disease. So much known, it remains to recognize the fact that, to remedy an effect the cause must be removed, and it is universally acknowledged that Warner's Safe Cure is the only reliable remedy for kidney disease.

THE JESUITS.

The Jesuits claim the first rank as due to their learning, zeal, and devotedness; their steps were directed with consummate skill and were crowned with astonishing success; they studied the character of those with whom they had to do, and suited themselves to the peasant and the noble. They selected from their society the instruments best fitted for their several spheres of action. They were physicians, astronomers, mathematicians, artists, in every occupation which could render them subservient to missionary purposes; their gentle manners gained them the confidence of the natives where they resided, they consulted the habits and inclinations of the several nations which they visited; in short they became all things to all men, that they might attain the great object they had in view. The New World and the Asiatic regions were the chief field of their labours. They penetrated into the uncultivated recesses of America, civilized the savages and won them over to habits of industry. They visited the untried regions of Siam, Tonquin, and Cochin China, they entered the vast region of China itself, and insinuated themselves into the confidence of that suspicious people, and numbered millions among their converts. In India they assumed the garb and austerities of the Brahmin, and boasted of a thousand converts, baptized by a single missionary, on the Malabar Coast.

The Jesuits in every University to which they could get access broke new ground, to the scandal of the old sticklers for routine; indefatigable in their pursuits the new professors made incessant inroads into the domain of ignorance and sloth, and very ridiculous were the dying convulsions of the old universitarian system which had squatted for centuries of Paris, Prague, Alcalá, Valladolid, Padua, Cracow, and Coimbra; but it was not in their colleges alone that they unfolded all their excellence, and toiled unimpaired for the revival of classic studies. Forth from their new college of La Fleche came their pupil Descartes, to disturb the existing theories of astronomy and metaphysics and to start new and unexampled inquiries. Tutored in their college of Faenza the immortal Torricelli reflected honour on his intelligent instructors, and by the invention of the barometer showed that his mind had been fitted by the lessons of the Jesuits. Justus Lipsius, trained in their earliest academies, did equal service to the cause of criticism, and cleared off the cobwebs of commentators and grammarians. Soon after Cassini rose from their benches of tuition to preside over the newly established observatory in France, while the illustrious Tournefort issues from their halls to carry a searching inquiry into the department of botanical science, then in its infancy. The Jesuit Kircher meantime astonished his contemporaries

by his untiring energies and his sagacious mind, equally conspicuous in its most sublime, or in its most trifling efforts, whether he predicted the eruption of a volcano, or invented that ingenious plaything—the magic lantern. Father Boscovitz shone subsequently with equal lustre, and it was a novel sight in 1759 to find a London society preparing to send a Jesuit to observe the transit of Venus in California.

Forth from their college in Dijon, in Burgundy, came Bossuet, to rear his mitred front at the court of a despot, and to fling the bolts of his tremendous oratory amongst a crowd of elegant voluptuaries; meanwhile the tragic muse of Corneille was cradled in their college of Rouen, and, under the classic guidance of the fathers, who taught in the College de Clermont, in Paris, Moliere grew up to be the most comic and excellent of writers. The Lyric poetry of Jean Baptiste Rousseau was nurtured by them in their college of Louis Le Grand; they have won in France, Italy, and Spain the palm of pulpit eloquence; logic, reason, wisdom and eloquence flowed from the lips of Bourdaloue. Lingendis Chemains and De La Rue wore at the head of their profession among the French; while the unrivalled and pathetic Feguiri took the lead among the eloquent orators of Italy.

In Spain a Jesuit has done more to purify the pulpit of that fantastic country than Cervantes did to clear the brains of its chivalry; they wooed and won the muse of history, sacred and profane; Strada in Flanders, Maffei in Genoa, Maricani at Seville. In France, Maimburg, Daniel Bongeant and Charlevoix, Borruyer, D'Orleans, DuRceaux, and DuHalde shed light on the parts of historic inquiry in which they severally trod. Father Rozzi was one of Rome's best painters. A Jesuit was employed to drain the Pontine marches, another to devise plans to sustain the dome of St. Peter's when it threatened to crush its massive supporters.

In their missions through Greece, Asia Minor, and the islands of the Archipelago, they were the best antiquarians, botanists, and mineralogists; watchmakers as well as mandarins in China; they were astronomers in the Plateau of Thibet; they taught husbandry and mechanics in Canada; in the Plains of Paraguay they taught civil architecture, civil economy, farming, tailoring, and all the arts of civilized life.—*Missionary Anecdotes by Rev. Dr. Burder.*

Dr. Wm. Roberts, Professor of Medicine in the Owen's College, Manchester, Eng., in writing of Bright's disease, says: "The blood becomes speedily deteriorated by the unnatural drain through the kidneys. It becomes more watery and poorer in albumen, while urea, uric acid and the extractives are unduly accumulated in it." Warner's Safe Cure will restore the kidneys to a healthy condition and purify the blood.

The Bishop of Salford says: "We are now in the age of the apostolate of the press. It can penetrate where no Catholic can enter. It can do its work as surely for God as for the devil. It is an instrument in our hands. All should take part in this apostolate. For ten who can write, ten thousand can subscribe, and a hundred thousand can scatter the seed. . . . We need writers, a multitude of subscribers, and a numberless body of men and women sowing and scattering the truth wherever English is read and spoken. This means zeal, time, labour, and, we may add, humility; for the work has not apparent dignity of debates on public questions and passing resolutions, though it will be as certain of its spiritual results."

Begin now and see how much good you can do for the cause with very little effort on your part, by subscribing and inducing others to subscribe for THE CATHOLIC WEEKLY REVIEW.

The inscription on a coin in the British Museum could not be deciphered until on applying heat out came the words *Deo Gloria*, upon which Lord Carlisle observed: "When the torch of science is faithfully applied to dark subjects *Deo Gloria* is always the result."—*Memories of our Friends, Caroline Fox.*

"That man," says Dr. Nevin (a Protestant divine), "can not be right at heart whose tongue falters in pronouncing *Mary the Mother of God.*"

The Catholic Weekly Review.

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

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LETTER FROM HIS GRACE THE LATE ARCHBISHOP OF TORONTO.

St. MICHAEL'S PALACE, Toronto, 29th Dec., 1888.

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 LYNOX,
Archbishop of Toronto.

FROM THE ARCHBISHOP OF HALIFAX.

HALIFAX, July 11, 1888.

DEAR MR. FITZGERALD,—

I have been very much pleased with the matter and form of THE CATHOLIC WEEKLY REVIEW. The high moral Catholic tone, the fine literary taste displayed make your paper a model of Catholic journalism. May it prosper much so long as it keeps to its present line.

Yours very truly,

C. O'BRIEN,
Archbishop of Halifax.

FROM THE LATE BISHOP OF HAMILTON.

HAMILTON, March 17, 1887.

MY DEAR MR. FITZGERALD,—

You have well kept your word as to the matter, style, form and quality of the REVIEW, and I do hope it will become a splendid success.

Believe me, yours faithfully,

JAMES J. CARRERY,
Bishop of Hamilton.

TORONTO, SATURDAY, MAR. 9, 1889.

We are sorry to see that the *Irish Canadian* is again at some pains to ungenerously misrepresent the course, and to impugn the motives of this journal, for the purpose of injuring it, as we presume, in the eyes of our Irish Catholic people. The *Irish Canadian* finds its point of attack in an article which appeared in a late issue in which we gave it as our opinion that the introduction in the House of Commons of a series of Home Rule resolutions "could scarcely be regarded, at the present juncture of affairs, as a matter for congratulation by far-seeing and earnest well-wishers of the cause in the Dominion." We added that in view of the excitations to bigotry that were being so industriously addressed to the Orange and fanatical elements in this Province—and we were far from disposed to regard them too seriously—a more inopportune moment, in our judgment, could hardly have been selected; and we stated, with regret, that it was feared, for reasons which, unfortunately, are only too obvious, that their introduction in the House would prove very embarrassing, and that their passage, at the moment, appeared more than problematical. That in speaking thus we "stabbed at Home Rule" and were "in thorough accord" with the anti-Irish *Mail*, the *Irish Canadian* labours to prove over the length of a column. It is good enough to go farther even, and to insinuate that in speaking thus we "were concerned for the Conservative side of the House;" "the extract from THE REVIEW," it says, "is a fair specimen of Conservative special pleading, and as earnest and urgent as if the product of a pronounced political hack."

And farther on in this painful piece of editorial casuistry, it states, "if the CATHOLIC REVIEW proposes to hoist the banner of the Conservatives and become their apologist and defender, it must remove its certificates of character as an exclusively Catholic journal."

We submit these passages to our readers without argument and without comment. They will appreciate, at its worth, the honesty and the fairness of the *Irish Canadian*. They are the best judges whether we have "stabbed at Home Rule," or coquetted with politics, and as between the *Irish Canadian* and this REVIEW which of us has kept the path of honour.

THE SALVATION ARMY.

"Whether it happens by accident or by design," says the *Liverpool Catholic Times*, "it is a fact that the British public is never allowed to forget the existence of the Salvation Army. We have one day a detachment of officers,—which never, somehow, includes any member of the Booth family—sent to prison for upholding the sacred right of making a noise in the street. Another day we have the head of the sect demanding (with characteristic modesty) of the Home Secretary that the public funds should be devoted to giving outdoor relief under the auspices of his organization. And the application is hardly refused before we are again reminded of the existence of the Army by a correspondence in the *Times*. Doubtless Mr. Booth is aware of the fact that every letter printed in a newspaper concerning him or his religion is a valuable gratis advertisement, and like most movements which are well advertised, the Army grows apace." Already, it goes on to say, it rivals in numbers many of the older Protestant sects, and there is little reason to doubt that it will attain yet greater proportions. As it grows it will attract a still greater share of attention, and public opinion in regard to it, will be divided even more sharply than at present. In view of this our contemporary has been led to make some thoughtful observations.

That the vast majority of people who are familiar with its methods have only words of condemnation for the Army and all its works, there can be little question; on the other hand there are those who are disposed to take a more lenient view of it, and who apologize for the "Salvationists" in this wise: that they are preaching the Gospel to a class who, but for them, would not hear it, evangelizing the lowest stratum of humanity, and reaching a people without the pale of ordinary church labour. Is this a reason which should be sufficient to secure for the "Salvationists" strong and unreserved Christian sympathy?

"In asking ourselves," says the *Times*, "whether we approve or condemn a movement of this nature it is always necessary to distinguish between the object and the means taken to attain that object, and also to discriminate between the enthusiasts themselves and the system or principle upon which they proceed. It may frankly be admitted that the aim of the Army is good, and that the great bulk of its members are sincere in their profession. They honestly desire to preach the Gospel, or what they understand by the Gospel, to the poor; and many of them are willing to undergo, while some in fact do undergo, considerable hardships in the accomplishment of what they consider to be their Divine mission. These "captains" and "lieutenants" (as they foolishly call themselves) were not satisfied with the ordinary religion of the prosperous chapel, with its fine phrases, its cushioned pews, and its entire lack of anything like the devotion of self-sacrifice. They were fired with the enthusiasm of humanity, and with something better—with something of the spirit

which has animated saints and heroes. They are ready to endure not only the contempt of the respectable but the insults and brick-bats of the non-respectable, and to run the risk of having to spend a few weeks in gaol every year. Many of them gave up regular employment to live upon the precarious contributions of a sect which numbers very few rich people among its adherents. From such men it is impossible to withhold one's respect, but it does not in the least follow that their system is a good one, or that their methods are not deserving of the severest censure. As for the argument that "they do good," that they "reach a class which no other religious organization cares to approach," it rests upon an assumption of fact; and no one can say how far that assumption is warranted or whether it is altogether unwarranted. That the Army try to convert thieves and drunkards may be admitted; that they have in some instances persuaded sinners to amend their ways may also be admitted. To what extent they have done so must always be uncertain. Many, no doubt, of those who were reckoned as "saved" and who honestly tried to reform, have relapsed; how many no man can say. To imagine that the Army consists in any great proportion of "reformed characters" would be to entertain a delusion. The bulk of the rank and file belong to the respectable part of the working classes; and they are attracted from other denominations by the freedom from restraint, the music and processions, the heartiness and "go" which are characteristic of the public services of the Army.

It cannot be admitted for a moment, however, that even if the success of the Salvation Army were twice as great as the admirers of Mr. Booth have claimed for it, that success would justify its procedures. It acts on the principle that irreverence is justifiable under certain circumstances, and for certain ends, a principle that cuts, as the *Times* truly says, at the root of all religious feeling. It is not easy to believe in the complete reformation of those who "find salvation" on the "penitents' bench" while their ears are filled with the profane shouting of sacred names, the beating of drums, the braying of brass horns, and the cries of hysterical women. Miracles of grace, it is true, sometimes happen, but we cannot expect them to happen too frequently. And it is rather too much of a demand upon our credulity to ask us to believe that a sinner who has been surrounded with influences of a sort to send him into a state of half mental, half physical excitement, will ever illustrate all the virtues of humility and true contrition. "It is not an accident," to again quote our Liverpool contemporary, "but a necessity of the methods by which the society exists and flourishes that the atmosphere which it breathes is redolent of cant. There is cant everywhere, from the painful letters in the *War Cry* written (or purporting to be written), by children of six or seven years of age, who are 'saved,' and are in a state of anxiety about their parents' souls, to the public utterances of the leaders of the sect. The principle of the society is that it is before all things necessary to make a show, to make an impression, to attract attention: and the men who could set this aim before themselves in a religious sphere without lapsing sometimes into cant have yet to be born. It is not easy to draw the line between mere vulgar, thoughtless irreverence and actual profanity, but that the Army's services are sometimes to be charged with the graver fault can hardly be doubted. As for the blasphemies which the proceedings of the Army have incited others to commit, they have been innumerable and horrible beyond description; and it is impossible to deny that for these the Army is to some extent responsible."

It is a consequence of the carrying of sacred things into the market-place. For these reasons, and apart altogether from

a consideration of heresies, so specially dangerous to people of strong passions and weak wills, involved in its teaching, it is tolerably evident, our contemporary thinks, that the Salvation Army, as an organization, has no claim to the good wishes of Christian men or to the forbearance of the public. It adds that it is in fact the sect long known as the Panters, in a new dress, and with various modern extravagances attached. The order of procedure it traces us follows: "The Church of England was asleep when John Wesley appeared; and the Methodists almost proclaimed in so many words that in them only was salvation to be found. They, in their turn, grow rich, respectable, and supine, and now the salvationists have stepped into the place they left vacant. In all probability the same thing will happen again. The Salvation Army will grow quieter and more respectable in the course of years, and Protestantism will then give birth to a new sect, more noisy, more extravagant, and more irreverent than the Army itself.

The parallel, in which there is *prima facie*, a certain fitness, is, however, unfair to the early Methodists, we think, in this: that they were actuated by a more reverent, and a more rational spirit, and that the condition of religious thought at the end of the eighteenth century was very different to what it is now at the end of the nineteenth. No less distinguished a Catholic writer than Mr. W. S. Lilly, (the author of "Ancient Religions and Modern Thought," and "Chapters in European History,") has told us in an article which appeared in the *Fortnightly Review* some few years ago, that Christianity perhaps never presented less of the character of a spiritual religion in England, than during the last half of the eighteenth century. The prevailing religion of the day was a nerveless and impotent Protestantism. He tells us that the general aim of its accredited teachers seems to have been to explain away the mysteries of Christianity, and to extenuate its supernatural character. "The age seemed smitten with an incapacity for producing deep or strong feeling." Such was the condition of English religious thought about the beginning of this century. It was in such an atmosphere and amidst such conditions that there sprang up the school of Wesley, a figure in the history of that period who deserves, Mr Lilly thinks, careful study. For, making all deductions for his narrowness, his self-conceit, his extravagance, and still it remains, he contends, that no one of his time so nearly approaches the stature of the great heroes of Christian spiritualism in the early and middle ages. He had more, he goes so far as to state, in common with St. Boniface and St. Bernardine of Sienna, with St. Vincent Ferrer and Savonarola than any religious teacher whom Protestantism has ever produced. Nor does he regard the rise of the sect which adopted his name, as by any means the most important result of his labours. Those whom he formed and influenced, chiefly kept alive in England the idea of supernatural order during the dull materialism and selfish coldness of the eighteenth century. To him is undoubtedly due the Evangelical party. And though it is as easy now as it ever was to ridicule the grotesque phraseology of the Evangelical school, to make merry over their sour superstitions, their ignorant fanaticism, and their intellectual littleness, it is not so easy to estimate the work which they did by reviving the idea of grace in the Established Church. They were not theologians, they were not philosophers, they were not scholars; possibly only two of them, Cecil and Scott, can be said to rise above a low level of mental mediocrity, but they were he writes, men who felt the powers of the world to come in an age when that world had become to most little more than an unmeaning phrase.

Making all allowances then for much that was grotesque and extravagant about Methodism in its beginnings, and it is obvious that, from whatever point it be viewed, there is room for a distinction as between it and the latest phenomenon of Protestantism. "General" Booth, we should judge, is not a John, or Charles, Wesley; the atrophy which called Methodism into being a century since, has given way in our day to religious activity; and neither the idea of grace nor of the supernatural order stand in any need now of being revived, by the processes of a ragged pageant and a very noisy procession.

THE POSITION OF THE LONDON "TIMES."

The reader who will turn to the issue of this Review of the first of December last, will come upon the following passage in one of those luminous lectures, of which, it will be remembered, we republished a series, and in which Cardinal Newman held up to light the nature of the traditions which obtain against Catholics. The words were spoken in 1851; 38 years afterwards we can quote none more pointed nor applicable:

If there be a periodical of the day which lays claim to knowledge of this globe, and of all that is in it, which is catholic in its range of subjects, its minute curiosity, and its world-wide correspondence, which has dealings with all the religions of the earth, and ought to have the largeness and liberality of view which such manifold intercourse is calculated to create, it is the *Times* newspaper. No men avow so steady a devotion to the great moral precepts embodied in the Decalogue, as its conductors, or profess so fine a sense of honour and duty, or are so deeply conscious of their own influence on the community, and of the responsibilities which it involves, or are so alive to the truth of the maxim, that, in the general run of things, honesty is the best policy. What noble, manly, disinterested sentiment do they utter! what upright intention, strong sense, and sturdy resolution, are the staple of their compositions! what indignation do they manifest at the sight of vice or baseness! what detestation of trickery! what solemn resolve to uphold the oppressed! what generous sympathy with innocence calumniated! what rising of heart against tyranny! what gravity of reprobation! how, when Catholic and Protestant are in fierce political antagonism, they can mourn over breaches of charity, in which they protest the while they had no share! with what lively sensibility and withering scorn do they encounter the accusation, made against them by rivals every half-dozen years, of venality or tergiversation! If anywhere is to be found the sternness of those who are severe because they are pure—who may securely cast stones, for none can cast at them—who, like the cherub in the poem, are "faithful found among the faithless"—you would say that here at length you had found the incorruptible and infallible, the guides in a bad world, who, amid the illusions of reason and the sophistries of passion, see the path of duty on all questions whatever, with a luminousness, a keenness, and a certainty special to themselves. When, then, I would illustrate the value of the Anti-Catholic tradition, as existing among the money-making classes of the community, I cannot fix upon a more suitable sample than the statements of these accomplished writers. Accordingly, I refer to their columns; and towards the end of a leading article, in the course of the last month or six weeks, I find the following sentence: "It is the practice, as our readers are aware, in Roman Catholic countries, for the clergy to post up a list of *all the crimes* to which human frailty can be tempted, placing opposite to them the *exact sum* of money for

which their perpetration will be indulged." And what makes this statement the more emphatic is the circumstance that, within two or three sentences afterwards—ever mindful, as I have said, of the Tables of the law—the writer takes occasion to refer to the Divine prohibition, "Thou shalt not bear false witness against thy neighbour." Such is a specimen of the tradition, marvellous to say, as it exists among the classes who are well-to-do in the world. You see, they are so clear on the point, that, for all their mercantile sense of the value of character, their disgust at false intelligence, their severity with fraud, and their sensitiveness at libel, they have no hesitation in handing down to the next generation this atrocious imputation, that the Catholic Church proclaims that she is commissioned by the Moral Governor of the world to bestow on her children permission to perpetrate any sin whatever, for which they have a fancy, on condition of their paying her a price in money for that perpetration, in proportion to the heinousness of the offence.—(*Lectures on the present position of Catholics in England.*)

To understand at all adequately the enormity of the conspiracy against the Irish leaders, which, under Divine Providence, has within the past few weeks been laid bare, it is necessary to recall the *fractions* of the *Times* and its supporters with regard to the charges made against Mr. Parnell. "We place before our readers to-day," it said on the morning of the very day on which it was arranged for the second reading of the Coercion Act to take place, "a document, the grave importance of which it would be hard to over-estimate. It is a facsimile of a letter from Mr. Parnell, written a week after the Phoenix Park murders, excusing his public condemnation of the crime, and distinctly condoning, if not approving, the murder of Mr. Burke." Again it said "We do not think it right to withhold any longer the fact that we possess, and have had in our custody for some time documentary evidence, which after a most careful and minute scrutiny, is, we are satisfied, quite authentic." Again it said: "We repeat that, in our deliberate judgment, there can be no doubt of the genuineness of the letter." And again, on the 15th of April, after Mr. Parnell from his place in Parliament had repudiated the letters attributed to him as villainous and barefaced forgeries: "We pay no attention whatever to Mr. Parnell's big words, and if he should proceed to apply the only test by which the truth can be plainly brought before the world, we are quite prepared to meet him." And again: "We shall substantiate our charges."

These are but a few from many such sentences printed during the past two years by that journal, and repeated from every Tory platform in the kingdom against Mr. Parnell. All this time the platforms were ringing with denunciations of the National leaders, and the National movement based, on the allegations of the *Times*. All this time the country was being flooded with the *Times*' "Parnellism and Crime" pamphlets; and now at last, after all these months of the most terrible and grave insinuations; after all these "big words" and all this editorial bravado; after publicly branding Mr. Parnell as the colleague of assassins and as a party to the Phoenix Park murders; after denouncing, day after day, all those who are associated with him in public life as criminals, or as associated with criminals, as political desperadoes whose footsteps were dogged by crime; after months, in a word, of repetition of the most infamous suggestions that could be hurled against a public man, or against a body of public men,—a policy of moral assassination which Mr. Parnell was forced to patiently and silently endure—the *Times*, on being put to the proof, has been found to be a blackmailer, and the employer and patron of a professional

blackmailer. It has had no alternative but to "withdraw" its letters, and this it has done in words, as one English journal has said, "whether they are those used in court by the Attorney-General or those printed in a leading article, the most inadequate and shameless ever used under circumstances so grave and so charged with infamy." The *Times* has now confessed that before publishing its forged letters it took no steps to conscientiously inquire into their history, the credibility of the sources from which they were received, nor indeed to determine their genuineness beyond a perfunctory examination of the handwriting. They purchased them from the forger, and flung them before the public at an important political crisis, to influence a division, and to blast the cause of a people.

Nor was it merely reckless or negligent in ignoring the source of the letters. It took no heed of the practical confession of guilt of the wretched man who had been lavishly bribed to produce them. Twice he wrote to his employers in November to warn them that he could not stand a cross-examination, and asking for money to get out of the court's jurisdiction. Yet the *Times* continued its sale of the fac-simile letter, reiterated its charges, and characterized Mr. Parnell's repudiation of the letters as "imprudent!" Now, when it is considered that a simple accident might have sufficed to convert the *Times* case into one of the successful, instead of happily into one of the most unsuccessful, conspiracies of history, it is scarcely possible to exaggerate the evil and infamy of the whole business. For example, had Pigott fled, or like the other man, Maguire, died, before being called as a witness, how could the secret have been discovered? The Commission had been so constituted as to remove from the *Times*' shoulder the *onus probandi*. Looking back upon the whole piece of villainy, upon the nature of the investigation, upon the position of the *Times*, and upon the vast machinery of Government which had been placed at its hand for the subornation of evidence, what punishment is too great for the principals in the conspiracy?

The circumstances revealed at the trial, the mysterious disappearance of Pigott, and his subsequent suicide, all denote that the inwardness of the plot has not yet been disclosed. "We deliberately charge," said Sir Charles Russell before the Commission, "that behind Pigott and behind Houston there has been a foul conspiracy." Every legitimate means, let us hope, will be employed to bring to light the history of the whole wickedness, and to secure the punishment of all who had hand, act, or part in it.

PREVENTION of disease is both rational and scientific. If one knows the causes of most diseases, and can remove that cause, the diseases must disappear. Prof. Wm. H. Thompson of the University of the City of New York, says: "More adults are carried off in this country by chronic kidney disease than any other one malady except consumption." The majority per cent of all diseases are caused by unsuspected kidney poisoned blood. The late Dr. Dio Lewis, in speaking of Warner's Safe Cure said over his signature, "If I found myself the victim of a serious kidney trouble, I would use Warner's Safe Cure."

The Episcopate of the Provinces of Quebec, Montreal and Ottawa have addressed a letter to the Holy Father protesting against the invasion of the liberties of the Church by the Italian Government, and adhering to His Holiness's declarations on the subject of the temporal power.

Vicar-General Routhier at the Basilica, Ottawa, on Sunday last, read a decree of the Council of Quebec forbidding such dances as waltzes, polkas. He also condemned the present style of full dress adopted by ladies for balls as immoral.

Events in Ireland

The fortnight just passed has been one of the most eventful periods in the history of Ireland. "The scattering of the forgers and conspirators," says the *Nation*, "reminds us of no event in our history so much as Old Brian's rout of the raventined Danes; only with the difference that our leaders comes out scatheless and triumphant from the fray." The victory is acknowledged to be complete, overwhelming, and dramatic. One thing seems especially clear, and that is that the end has been attained of the Commission. The public will not longer require the Irish leaders to be at any trouble to defend themselves against the Pigottists. The public wanted to learn but one thing, and it has learned it. "And that was the truthfulness of the *Times*' charges against the Irish leaders of connivance in crime, of complicity with crime, and their condonation of crime. The point was, did Mr. Parnell write the letters attributed to him by the *Times*? Was Mr. Parnell the patron of the Phoenix Park murders? Were he and his followers engaged in fostering murder clubs? And all this has been cleared up. The Irish leaders emerge from the investigation without a shadow or a stain upon their characters, the victims of a vast and cruel conspiracy.

"The dramatic interest of the Forgeries Commission," says the *Liverpool Catholic Times*, "culminating in the suicide of Pigott, and the sudden death of Dr. Maguire, one of the prominent characters in the case, is as vivid as that of any plot that the inauguration even of the elder Dumas, with all its weird and fascinating power, could weave. Pigott was the central figure in a conspiracy against the honour of a public man, and the credit of a national party, as diabolical as was ever hatched in the worst days of Venetian wickedness." Even for a moment one cannot dwell in thought on the working of this infamous plot without a feeling of horror and loathing; and that it has been exposed is a signal proof, says that journal, of the marvellous ways in which Divine Providence accomplishes its purposes and brings the truth to light.

That the reverent, faithful Irish people see the finger of God in these recent events is apparent from the tone of the press of the country. We quote from the leader of the *Nation* of the 2nd inst., the following passages:

Great is truth, and in God's own good time it must prevail.

The proverb is old, but its verification is old and unmistakable, comforting to the heart, and strengthening to the arm, of Ireland.

The edifice of lying has crumbled. The main prop to the hideous system of tyranny which oppresses our people has fallen, and confusion and shame are upon the slanderers of the nation.

The tyranny was built upon lying and fraud. It has subsisted because slander prevailed. From the date of its establishment in our island until the present hour infamous falsehood has been its most trusty reliance.

By it the mind of the world was poisoned, and the sympathy of civilized men diverted from a suffering nation. The slanderer of Ireland had the ear of the world, and for a century the profligate *Times* was his speaking trumpet. Through it the world was told that O'Connell was a beggarly and mercenary charlatan, a big beggarman; that the Irish priest was a surpliced ruffian; that the Irish peasant was a ghoulis sav-age; that the Irish leaders of the present day were the confederates and accomplices of assassins; that Mr. Parnell was the instigator and abettor of murder.

These latest calumnies were but the climax in a career of slander. They were, unfortunately for the calumniator, stated with a definiteness and supported by allegations that enabled them to be met. They have been met, and there is but one word that expresses the verdict of the whole civilized world on the conduct of the *Times*—infamous.

The liar and the slanderer have had their evil day in our history. It is ended. Henceforth they are impotent. The instrument by which they worked is broken, the foul employer that enabled them to live is ruined.

The lie has been the main prop in the structure of the alien tyranny. What the tyrants will substitute for it we do not know. The truth will kill them. And now, more than ever, there is a chance for the truth.

The scales have fallen from the eyes of the British people. Every man that wishes to see Ireland as it is has now his chance. He can, if his heart takes to the truth, act with the feeling that he is face to face with a nation foully traduced by those whose interests depend upon the separation of the peoples. He is confronted with the fact, that the *Times*, which gave vitality to the great lie, stands now before the world as the confessed paymaster of forgers. He must be aware, that the same authority is responsible for most of his beliefs and prejudices about Ireland. Surely with these things stirring his conscience, the least reparation he can make is to seek to know Ireland as it is.

If he should come to seek and know, he will find a very different Ireland from that which the putrid fancies of her slanderers have given to his imagination. He will find Ireland to be not a nation of cut-throats, cattle-houghers, and robbers; a nation of midnight plotters, with an assassin and a liar for its leader; but a nation cruelly oppressed and foully wronged; weighed down with a multitude of evils which those who speak and act in England's name have created; wronged beyond all by those who have tried to filch its good name; poor through oppression; weak through suffering; doomed, as far as they could doom it, by its governors to ignorance, yet capable of producing devoted, gifted, and courageous sons to brave and check the oppressor; able, too, in its weakness, by loyalty and steadfastness, to vindicate its cause; and led in its success by a leader who, prompted by his sympathy with justice and right to trample down the barriers of class prejudice and to take his stand by a harassed people, has thus become the target for the paid ruffians of class and privilege.

ENORMOUS FORTUNES.

Notwithstanding the enormous fortunes accumulated through the use of printer's ink, large sums of money are annually wasted in ineffectual and unremunerative advertising.

The merits of a really valuable commodity properly portrayed in the columns of an influential and widely read newspaper, like THE CATHOLIC WEEKLY REVIEW will speedily become generally known and appreciated, while the returns reaped by the advertiser will more than justify the amount expended.

Clearness, attractiveness, brevity and sincerity must characterize any announcement intended to catch the public eye and appeal to public confidence. An advertisement inserted in a London journal a few days ago brought instant and multitudinous replies accompanied by an almost unlimited supply of bank notes, simply because it touched the chord of nature which makes all mankind akin. Its simply pathos and self-evident truthfulness appealed to every heart.

The advertiser sought for a lost relative and giving his name, said, "I am ill and friendless. My last half crown is expended in paying for this advertisement. Write me at" —(giving the address). As already stated, nearly every one who read the announcement hastened to relieve the necessities of the sufferer.

Thus it is with a really meritorious commodity or preparation; if its virtues be properly and truthfully set forth in the public press, its success is prompt and certain.

On the other hand, the public is quick and unerring to detect deception and charlatanry; and, accordingly, no amount of "puffery" will force a vile nostrum into public esteem and patronage.

Valuable medicines, like Warner's Safe Remedies carry their own best commendation in their power to cure the particular diseases for which they are a specific.

They require no labored panegyric to convince the people of their power and efficacy, for they have been tried and found perfect.

Mr. Arthur Russell is collecting autographs of all persons connected with the Parnell Commission. He has those of the judges and those of the ushers, those of his brother counsel, and those of a number of journalists, as well as one of Mr. Hall, the *Graphic* artist, whose signature is written beneath a very clear signature of Sir Charles Russell as he appears in a moment of inspiration.

THE REQUIEM FOR THE CROWN PRINCE RUDOLPH AT THE JESUIT CHURCH, LONDON.

Last Tuesday a solemn Mass of *Requiem* was sung at Farm Street for the repose of the soul of the Crown Prince Rudolph, of Austria, who died last week from a wound inflicted by his own hand. The nave of the church was draped in black, bordered with gold, and ornamented with shields with the cipher *R* under a crown. Nearer the altar the drapery was looped back with black and gold cords, and the shields bore the Imperial double Eagle and Austrian arms. Before the sanctuary a Gothic catafalque had been raised, having on a border running round the top, the first verse of the *De profundis*, divided by small shields of black velvet, with the letter *R* and a crown in gold embroidery. The coffin was covered with a purple velvet and gold pall, and at the head a gold satin cushion, upon which the Imperial crown was placed, transparently veiled with crape. Between tall candelabra with yellow torches and smaller ones with white lights, were masses of green ferns and white flowers. Round three sides of the catafalque were placed benches, draped in black and gold, for the Ambassadors; and close to the sanctuary rails on the Gospel side, was another bench, covered with crimson, for the Princes. The High Altar was hung with purple, in the centre of which was a large gold satin cross. Shortly before half-past ten the various Ambassadors and Ministers began to arrive, and were shown to their seats by the Legation Councillor, assisted by other members of the Austrian Embassy. Among the first to take his place was Rustem Pasha, the Turkish Ambassador, a very grave and reverend-looking personage, carrying a stout umbrella, which contrasted strangely with his elaborately embroidered uniform, and the handsome Order of the Medjidie in diamonds on his shoulder. Next to him sat Count Hatzfeldt, Germany's representative, who, after settling himself, pulled out a small hair-brush, and gave the finishing stroke to his toilet by carefully smoothing his hair. These were the only lighter touches, however, in a most sad and impressive ceremony. Lord Salisbury, who sat in a line with the German, Turkish, and Russian Ambassadors, looked extremely solemn, and followed the service closely from the book handed to him as to all the rest. Just before eleven a stir announced something unusual, and Father Hayes, the Rector of Farm Street, advanced up the aisle, followed by the Prince of Wales, in the splendid green-and-gold jacket and red breeches of the Hungarian Regiment of Hussars, whose Honorary Colonel he is, and Princes Albert Victor and George of Wales. The Prince, after saluting Count Deym, was led by Herr v. Heidler to his seat, slightly bending his head as he passed the catafalque. In quick succession now came Prince Christian, Prince Henry of Battenberg, and the Duke of Teck, who took their seats on the right of the Prince of Wales. Countess Deym and several ladies from the Austrian Embassy, in deep mourning, with crape veils covering their faces and falling in long graceful folds back and front, sat with the wives of other Ambassadors on the Epistle side of the altar, facing the catafalque. The scene now was eminently picturesque, the brilliant red and blue uniforms were toned down by the lovely blue-greys and silvery-greens of the Austrian Attaches, and the deep blue satin, embroidered in silver and gold, of the Chinese Minister, who had an air of apartness which even the distinctive Oriental look of his brother of Japan could not rival, clothed as he was in a Western diplomatic dress. Count Deym stood on the left, facing the altar, and in the centre, immediately behind the catafalque, Herr v. Heidler, in his blue-grey Jager uniform, holding his black-plumed hat in his hand; and behind him a brilliant line of Attaches in dress of every variety of lovely colour. When the Princes were seated the procession moved slowly from the Sacristy to the High Altar, and the Mass began: the celebrant being the Bishop of Emmaus; deacon, Father Goldie, S.J.; sub-deacon, Father Strassmaier, S.J.; assistant priest, Father Leslie, S.J. The choir now began the *Kyrie*, and the voices rose and fell imploring mercy for the soul of the dead. The Mass continued, the voice of the Bishop and his ministers being heard in the pauses between the singing. How sad it all was! the splendid catafalque surrounded by the brilliant throng, the sweet wailing notes of the choir at the Offertory—"Remember not, O Lord,

his sins; enter not into judgment with Thy servant." The absence of a sermon was wisely ordained; what could any preacher have said of the vanity of all earthly greatness that this scene did not suggest? The Prince of Wales followed the service out of a book bound in black velvet, which had been handed to him on his entrance, and stood and knelt with all the rest. Herr v. Heidler was the only one who gave irrepressible signs of profound grief as the mournful service proceeded. Count Deyn looked grave, but his Councillor looked sorrowful. The Mass over, the Bishop and his assistants gave the last Absolutions, bowing low, in passing, to the Princes and Ambassadors on each side. After this last rite the clergy filed into the Sacristy. The Prince of Wales rose, shook hands, in passing, with Lord Salisbury, Count Hatzfeldt, and others; and when he reached the Austrian Ambassador, paused and said a few words as he grasped his hand, and his example was followed by the rest of the Princes. Father Hayes then preceded the Princes to the porch, and the church was gradually emptied of its distinguished crowd, who filled Farm Street waiting for their carriages. The American representative had, to say the least, an unconventional aspect, standing on the steps in his plain blue tail coat and a top hat, rasher rakishly placed on one side—cocked hats being the head gear of most of the others, except his Chinese Excellency. The Great Powers and the small ones, who had got mixed up in the crowd, now disentangled themselves, and entered their carriages, doubtless in strict order of precedence; the crowd, which had been kept at bay by the police, closed in, and one of the saddest of *Requiem*s was at an end.

R. A. GUNN, M. D., Dean and Professor of Surgery, of the United States Medical College; Editor of "Medical Tribune," Author of "Gunn's New and Improved Hand-book of Hygiene and Domestic Medicine," referring to Warner's Safe Cure, said: "I find that in Bright's disease it seems to act as a solvent of albumen: to soothe and heal inflamed membranes, and wash out epithelial debris which blocks up the tubuli uriniferi (urine bearing tubes); and to prevent the destructive mesomorpeosis of tissue. . . . I am willing to acknowledge and commend thus frankly the value of Warner's Safe Cure"

CATHOLIC AND LITERARY NOTES.

Sir John Croker Barrow, whose "Mary of Nazareth" has excited most favourable notice, has received a commendatory letter from Mr. Gladstone, in which he speaks of our Lady as the "Blessed Virgin Mary."

The Holy Father has sent a chalice to Cardinal Manning and to Cardinal Newman, and in Scotland to the Archbishop of Glasgow. Still another chalice of special splendour has been sent to the Archbishop of Edinburgh.

There is a great deal of misapprehension concerning the monks of the Grande Chartreuse. There seems to exist a vague idea that these hard-working and devout Carthusians "hoard immense sums produced by the manufacture of an intoxicating liquor." It is true that they manufacture a famous cordial which has certain digestive properties, and of which a thimbleful is taken after dinner in Continental countries. The Grande Chartreuse is situated among the wild mountains which overlook Grenoble. It contains fifty priests and about one hundred lay brothers and servants. The *liqueur* is manufactured in the town of Fourvoirie, which has been built up by the monks. All the other communities in Italy, France, and Switzerland depend on the parent one. The procurator has always been elected a member of the town council, and the Carthusians are almost adored by the population around them, which would have been utterly impoverished had Jules Ferry dared to suppress the community. Of the proceeds of the *liqueur* the Carthusians keep a hundred dollars for the support of each member of their institution. They spend the rest of their great income in works of charity. The Rothschilds have been anxious to buy in the monopoly of the Chartreuse; but the Carthusians, who look upon themselves as mere almoners of their income, refused all negotia-

tions. The conduct of the monks of Chartreuse and the monks of St Bernard is a standing refutation of the fables about monastic life which have filled the minds of some with ungrounded prejudice.

CANADIAN CHURCH NEWS.

There will be a lecture in St. Michael's Cathedral on Sunday next, in aid of the St. Nicholas Home. The admission will be by ticket.

Rev. L. Drummond, S. J., of Winnipeg, is conducting the women's retreat at the Gesu Montreal, this week. The retreat commenced on Monday.

Mgr. Tache is, we are glad to hear, well enough to propose returning to his diocese. Archbishop Ireland, of St. Paul, U. S. A., will be his guest at St. Boniface soon after his return.

Rev. Father Plessis, the noted preacher of the Dominicans at St Hyacinthe, has arrived in Montreal, and is the guest of the St. Sulpice Brothers. He will preach every Sunday at Notre Dame churches at High Mass.

Rev. Father Drummond, S. J., of Winnipeg, gave an interesting dissertation on Manitoba, in which he has great faith, on Sunday afternoon before the Union Catholique of Montreal.

In several of the Catholic churches in Montreal on Sunday the pastors made a strong appeal to the members of their congregation to respond to the call of the Archbishop, and sign the petition against the abolition of private prosecution and in favor of giving the city power to limit the number of liquor licenses.

FATHER LAMBERT SUSTAINED BY THE HOLY SEE.

While in no way suggesting the slightest disrespect to the Rt. Rev. Bishop McQuaide, we feel that there is universal satisfaction that the subject in controversy between him and the Rev. Father Lambert has not been decided adversely to the distinguished author of "Notes on Ingersoll." The question at issue had no reference to any issue of doctrine; there was no question of disobedience involved in it. The Rt. Rev. Prelate came to the conclusion that Father Lambert, as he was not originally ordained for his diocese, and as before his entering his diocese, many years ago, Father Lambert had not gone through certain formalities required by canonical law, he was not entitled to be considered as a priest fixed and settled in the diocese, and that the bishop could remove him. The action of the Rt. Rev. Bishop arose out of some comments made by Father Lambert on an anonymous contribution which appeared in a newspaper; and the writer of which not having come forward to uphold his position and declare his identity when invited to do so by Father Lambert, he styled him "a Tartuffe." The bishop then avowed the authorship of the contribution and stated that he had styled his bishop a Tartuffe. He refused to permit Father Lambert to minister in his diocese, and based his right substantially on the legal disability in which Father Lambert lay in consequence of the formalities we have referred to, not having been complied with by him. Father Lambert advanced that the formalities merely required that a clergyman, when entering into a new diocese, should at once take an oath of fidelity, &c., to its bishop, in order to give him a permanent foothold within it; he admitted that on his entry into the diocese which Bishop McQuaide rules over, he did not take such oath, but he added that the canonical law requiring it to be taken was not passed for years after his entrance into the diocese; that it had no retrospective effect; that it did not refer to him in any regard. Father Lambert respectfully bowed to his bishop's suspension, and referred the matter of the controversy to Rome where the points at issue were decided in his favour.—*Catholic Advocate*.

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Administrator's Notice.

Notice is hereby given pursuant to the
statutes in that behalf, that all Creditors or
persons having claims against the estate of
the late MICHAEL LARKINS, of the city
of Toronto, Police Constable, who died on or
about the 27th day of January last are hereby
notified to send in their claims to the under-
signed collectors, at their offices, corner of
Bay and Richmond sts., Toronto, on or before
the 15th day of April 1889, with their full
names and particulars of their claims and
the amount thereof.

And notice is hereby further given that on
and after the said 15th day of April the ad-
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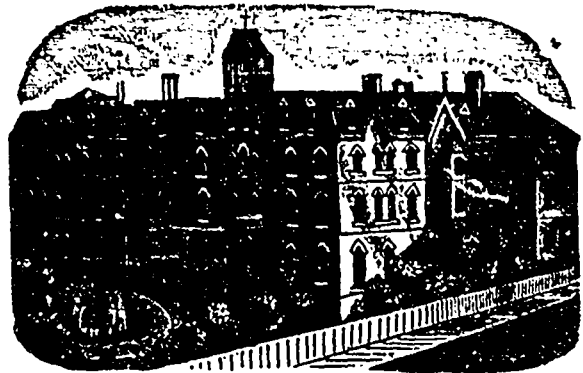
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Intending contractors are requested to bear in mind that tenders will not be considered unless made on the printed forms supplied, and accompanied by a letter stating that the person or persons tendering have carefully examined the locality, have satisfied themselves as to the nature of the materials to be excavated and the foundations for the cofferdam and its probable cost. Tenders must be signed with the actual signature of the tenderer.

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