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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. II,

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NOTES.

Mr. Balfour, who wrote a pamphlet to prove that doubt was a state of philosophic enjoyment, continues to govern Ireland on the methods of a Spanish bull-baiter. The latest move of his minions was the increase of sentences on appeal, an outrageous abuse of power for which there is no precedent in England. Mr. Gladstone's attention having been drawn to Mr. Balfour's flippant speech at Battersea, in which he alleged that sentences were similarly increased in a few cases while the Liberals were in power, Mr. Gladstone has declared that if so it was done without the knowledge of himself or his friends. The practice is, he declared, contrary "to the plain intentions of Parliament, contrary to the spirit of criminal jurisprudence, and excluded, I believe, from the power of the higher and most competent courts, and in direct opposition to the universal practice in England." That the discovery has been made Mr. Gladstone rejoices, since that it is a new proof of how deeply the spirit of evil traditions has crept into Irish administration.

"I have the news at first hand," says Mr. Lesperance, in the *Montreal Gazette*, "that the Abbe Casgram is going to make things lively on the Acadian question. He comes back from Paris and London with most important volumes of papers and documents, copied at his own expense. Mutilations will be restored, and omissions supplied. The most interesting point seems to be that the burden of the expulsion will not be thrust on the home authorities, but on the New England contingent first and foremost—on Lawrence, Onslow, and their subalterns."

The *Catholic Columbian*, speaking on the subject of ministerial removals and calls, asks a pertinent question:—"Can that 'call,' which Protestant ministers speak of receiving, be 'from God,' when it is so easily confirmed or annulled by the amount of salary offered?"

Lord Randolph Churchill and Mr. Chamberlain are understood to be busily at work on a modified scheme of Home Rule, which they propose to force on Lord Salisbury by a threat of revolt against Balfourism. The treatment of Messrs. Dillon and O'Brien, who shortly go to prison as common criminals, is certain, it is seen, to make trouble. Mr. Chamberlain, the politician who preached, not so long ago, the doctrine of Ransom, has become a devoted society man, our English exchanges say, since he allied himself with the Tories, being at present the guest of Lady Mandeville for the Ascot races.

Nowadays, strangers who happen to be men of Irish name, travelling in England or Ireland, are subjected to endless annoyances. When the Hon. P. A. Collins, of Boston, the chairman of the National Democratic Convention which met in St. Louis a few days ago, landed in Ireland a year ago, he found himself under surveillance as a dynamite "suspect," and honoured with an escort of detectives; his baggage, to add to his discomfort, being, at all events for a time, confiscated. From the *Liverpool Times* we learn that another harmless Irishman has been arrested in London "by mistake." This time it was the late of Dr. H. J. O'Brien, a medical practitioner, residing on the East India-road, and son of a lately deceased Irish magistrate, to be assured he was quite another man—Mr. McInerney, of the Clan na-Gael! To add insult to injury, the detective officers of Scotland-yard had the audacity to offer the gentleman £5 as a *solatium* on discovering they had again blundered.

The *Dublin Freeman*, in a late number, pays this grateful tribute to the memory of the late Archbishop of Toronto, whose death is deeply regretted in Ireland.—"The people of Ireland will affectionately remember him as a friend who, though very distant from them, was never forgetful of them, or of anything that concerned them. His love for the Old Land was as fresh and strong on the morning of his death as it was nearly fifty years ago, when he left its shores, a young priest of the community of St. Vincent de Paul, to minister to the spiritual needs of his exiled fellow-countrymen away in far-off Canada. At critical periods in their recent struggles the words of Archbishop Lynch often came to our people to cheer them and to encourage them in their despondency, and to bid them be hopeful of the nearness of a great future, which, he was convinced, they had before them. Possibly, had he lived, he would have spoken to them once again in this the final episode of their long and weary struggle, and pointed to the signs that presage and precede the triumph. He loved Ireland with all his heart while he lived, and we may be assured that in death he will not forget her, as we feel assured that Ireland will not forget him."

DEVOTION TO THE SACRED HEART.

There is a grand likeness between the Feast of Corpus Christi and that of the Sacred Heart, both being eminently commemorative of Christ's wonderful love for man. There is, to, a mysterious tie which seems to bind these two feasts to that of the Holy Trinity, for in each of the three the Holy Spirit seems to be initiating us more and more deeply into the mysteries of that divine faith which prepares us for the clear vision of heaven. In our articles on the two first Feasts of this series we have spoken of the mysteries therein commemorated, so now we have to do only with the Feast of the Sacred Heart.

The universal celebration of the Feast itself does not date back to the early ages of the Church, in fact as *universal*, it only dates back to our own century, but the office of the Feast was compiled in A. D. 1670, and from that time was used in certain religious orders and seminaries, etc. In A. D. 1765 Clement XIII., the reigning Pope, promulgated a papal decree in favour of the Feast of the Sacred Heart of Jesus and approved the Mass and office, but he did not place it in the calendar. The likeness existing between the Feast of Corpus Christi and that of the Sacred Heart is still further increased by the establishment of the two Feasts having been alike accomplished through the instrumentality of a humble nun. We have already spoken of St. Juliana of Cornillon and we will now speak of the Blessed Margaret Mary Alacoque, a nun of the Order of the Visitation at Paray-le-Monial in France. This humble and retiring nun received from our Lord Himself the mission of working for the establishment of a special Feast in honour of His loving Heart, and whilst accomplishing this mission she met with all the difficulties and contradictions which seem always to accompany similar undertakings. Even her own Sisters in religion treated the Saint as a visionary, and it was only after ten years of patient and humble efforts to surmount the apparently insuperable obstacles she met with, that she had the consolation of seeing the community of Paray-le-Monial kneeling before a representation of the Sacred Heart on the very day (Friday after the Octave of the Blessed Sacrament) which our Lord Himself had chosen as the one on which He desired the Feast to be kept.

After this humble beginning there was a long series of contradictions and trials to be passed through by the holy nun and also by those, the other devout persons, to whom God intrusted the fulfillment of His mission. It would take us too long were we even to glance at all the adverse circumstances that delayed the final establishment of the Feast, but in A. D. 1856 our late Pontiff Pius IX., of glorious and saintly memory, promulgated the decree which gave the Feast its present place in our calendar and ordered its observance throughout the universal Church. The Mass and office of the Feast had already been composed in A. D. 1670 by the Venerable Jean Eudes, a fervent apostle of the devotion to the Sacred Heart, who in A. D. 1664 had founded a Church at Caen, Normandy, dedicated to the Sacred Heart. Although there is so much similarity between the Feast of Corpus Christi and that of the Sacred Heart, yet the objects of the devotions are not the same. In the former Feast the special object of devotion is the Body of Our Lord and under sacramental species, in the latter the special object is the adorable Heart of our Saviour, burning with love for men. Both are feasts commemorating our Saviour's love for us; in the one it is His absolute love for men, shown by his giving us, until the end of time, His Body as food; in the other it is His suffering love, so forgotten and abused, of which the material object is the Heart of flesh beating in the breast of the Man-God, hypostatically united to the Divine Word.

Though the feast of the Sacred Heart has not long been universally established, the devotion to that Heart is of ancient date. Its first apostle was St. John the Evangelist who, the Bible tells us, was allowed by our Saviour during the Last Supper to lean on His Master's breast. In every way St. John showed how eminently he was the apostle of love, and surely his naturally great love must have been supernaturally increased by his near contact with that Heart which so loved men. Great indeed must have been his abounding love, since Jesus, who loved His Mother, our dear Lady, with an unsurpassable love, commended her, when dying, to the care and love of His disciple. St. John then may be looked on as the first lover of the Sacred Heart.

It would take us too long were we to mention all the Fathers, Doctors and Saints of the Church who have spoken of the devotion to the Wound which was made in our Saviour's side when His Heart was pierced by the soldier's lance, but we will proceed to speak of the time when that devotion took its present form.

It was in A. D. 1281 at the Convent of Eisleben, in Saxony, that the divine Spouse revealed to St. Gertrude His desire that His Heart should be specially honoured, and He vouchsafed to show her the inmost workings and desires of that divine Heart, which had so large a share in the economy of the divine glory and the sanctification of souls. Wonderful things did our Lord make known to St. Gertrude and to St. Mechtilde, her companion, and wonderfully well have the two saints set forth the mysteries revealed to them, and though no mission was committed to them to ask for the institution of a Feast in honour of the Sacred Heart, yet St. Gertrude predicted that the day would come when that Feast should be universally established. The Blessed Margaret Mary Alacoque, as we have seen, was the human instrument chosen for this great work, and now in this busy nineteenth century the Feast of the Sacred Heart is celebrated in every part of the Catholic world, and, together with the devotion to that Heart, is instrumental in inflaming "hearts that had grown cold" with a burning and practical love of the Saviour whose Heart is afire and consumed with love for ungrateful man.

G. M. WARD.

MONTREAL GOSSIP.

"It is what one must expect in a progressive city," said a Montreal *Mark Tapley*, as he emerged from a shower of lime dust the other day in St. James Street, wearing all the outward appearance of a "whited sepulchre." Progress is all very well, but the idea suggests itself that a still higher development of civilization would provide hose to play upon plaster walls in course of dissection, and wooden platforms around the barricaded places on the pavement, so that one need not be perpetually diving under horses' heads, or flying from one side of the street to the other in the vain hope of reaching one's destination without being choked, bespattered or tripped up. The city is literally torn up in all directions—a state of things possibly progressive, but certainly not "jolly."

From the heat and dust and discomfort of St. James Street it is pleasant to turn to the cool white tent in the *Place d'Armes*, where *La Grande Kermesse* is in full swing. It seems to your correspondent that no design for a bazaar could be more beautiful than this one—introduced in Montreal by Madame Thibeaudeau some years ago. The tent, which is in the form of a Maltese cross, is divided into fourteen different departments—all exquisitely furnished according to their various lines of business. The decorations designed by M. Raymond Beullac are, it goes without saying, in perfect taste. The six national tables are draped with the emblems and colours of the various countries which they represent. Upon entering the tent one is struck by the soft mellow light which serves to enhance the beauty of Montreal's fair daughters—who look perfectly irresistible in their simple black dresses, with the muslin cap, fichu, cuffs, apron and sleeve badge which compose the *toilette* of the ambulance nurses, whom they, for the time being, personate. Your papers have doubtless given you many verbal photographs of the affair, so I shall not attempt one; besides, no description can give an idea of the Kermesse. It is unique and lovely, and bids fair to be successful as well, although, while I write, a violent squall accompanied with heavy rain and hail is raging, and may do a little mischief to the beautiful white tents with their precious stock-in-trade.

Various rumours were afloat regarding the opening of the fair—we were promised a visit from our popular Lieutenant-Governor, who was to give the inaugural address, then it was to be the Hon. Wilfrid Laurier; however, both these gentlemen were unavoidably prevented from being present, and the Kermesse was formally opened on Monday at three o'clock by Mr Justice Church.

The proceeds of the first day's sale were \$2000, including a cheque for \$500 sent by Hon. J. A. Chapleau.

St. Patrick's Church is not adapted for weddings, or, rather, its rule or custom, of the Median and Persian type, which relegates those ceremonies to a side altar, does not tend to set off what is capable, under more advantageous surroundings, of being made a beautiful and imposing spectacle. It is difficult to have a pretty wedding in a corner; the very idea suggests at once the espousals of a friend of our childhood, one Jack Horner, but if I remember aright, the nursery classic never went so far as the marriage of the hero. However, notwithstanding the cornering of the party, the marriage this morning in St. Patrick's church of Mr. C. J. Doherty, one of the representative Irishmen of Montreal, to Miss Catharine Lucy Bernard, third daughter of Mr. Edmund Bernard, Q. C., was emphatically a pretty wedding. The ceremony took place at half past ten o'clock, and the nuptial mass was offered by the Very Rev. Dean Doherty, of New York, a cousin of the bridegroom. In accordance with the old French-Canadian custom, there were no bridesmaids, but the contracting parties were given away by their respective fathers, who took up the position usually occupied by bridesmaids and goomsmen. With all due respect to Mr. Bernard and Mr. Justice Doherty, I cannot say that they looked as "lovely" as the bevy of fair girls who knelt at the prie dieux behind them. The bridegroom, who has been dined and wined and made much of generally during the past few days, appeared proud and happy, as he well might. And the bride! Well, one is allowed to be personal in writing of weddings, so I may say that the bride is a living illustration of the old couplet descriptive of one who was "born on the Sabbath day," and was, in consequence, "happy and bonnie and wise and gay." She looked the very ideal of a beautiful young woman, and carried her magnificent robe of rich brocade and rare old lace right royally. Mr. and Mrs. Doherty sail to-morrow for a bridal tour through England and the continent, carrying with them the good wishes and hearty congratulations of their numerous friends.

The Fête Dieu procession on Sunday was, as it always is, imposing and edifying. Some of the streets were exquisitely decorated, and the schools, sodalities, and Catholic citizens, as usual, turned out to the number of many thousands. There seemed to be, nay, there was, devotion in the air, as the clouds of incense and the sweet strains of the *Pange Lingua* were borne upward. It is a great privilege to live in the Province of Quebec,—one for which we shall have to give an account some day. Apropos of Catholicity, may I remind the readers of the REVIEW that the League of the Sacred Heart's General Intention for the month of June is for the "Conversion of England."

OLD MORTALITY.

THE BISHOP OF THE NORTH POLE.

One morning in the month of April, whilst chatting with a friend in her *boudoir*, we were interrupted by the entrance of a maid, who handed her mistress a visiting card bearing the name of Mgr. Clut, O. M. I., Evêque d'Erindel, Coadjuteur de Mackenzie. I had long wished to meet this prelate, and gladly accepted the invitation of my friend that I would come with her to the drawing-room to make his acquaintance. A very patriarchal-looking figure it was that rose from the sofa to greet us as we entered.—a thin, delicate looking man, with fine features, bright, sympathetic eyes, arched black brows, a heavy moustache, and long thick beard of silver gray. He wore a black cassock with purple facings, and carried a small flat hat, around which was twisted a green and gold cord, terminating in two tassels.

After I had been presented, and we both had knelt to kiss his ring, Mgr. Clut introduced his companion—a young priest who had been ordained in Ottawa on the Sunday previous, and who, on the 5th of May, was to leave Montreal for the cruel regions of the North, in company with three lay-brothers of the Order of Oblates, and three young women who are going out to act as secular assistants to the Gray Nuns, whose houses are already established in more than one district of Athabaska-Mackenzie. Two of these young ladies are, so the Bishop says, of good family, and accustomed to every home comfort.

His Lordship, whose health is terribly undermined by the hardships among which he has passed the last thirty years of his life, is, by the order of his physician, to spend another year in and about the Province of Quebec, so as to rest and recuper-

ate. "But," said he, "I long to start with Father—— on Saturday; for my dear savages are so interesting—at least their souls are." And then he told us something of these Indians, and how they had improved, and of the good the nuns were doing among them. There are twenty-two of the good *Seurs Grises* in the Vicariate, and they have three convents—one as far north as latitude sixty-three, forty miles down the Great Slave Lake. True to their vocation for soothing the last days of the aged poor, they have houses full of old people whom they found in the forest; it being the custom of the pagan Indians of the Montagnais and Chippeway tribes to leave their parents and other aged kinsfolk to die in the woods, once their usefulness is gone. When the tribe move off to a new hunting ground, they do not wish to be burdened with useless and weak old people; so all coming under that head are left behind, with provisions sufficient for two or three days, and their relatives' best wishes for their speedy translation to the "happy hunting grounds." These old creatures are found by the Christians, and brought to the nuns, who tenderly care for them, ministering to their souls as well as to their bodies.

The food of the religious communities in those regions is not of the choicest. One barrel of flour a year is indulged in by them; this suffices for the requisite supply of hosts, and for any little delicacy necessary for the sick. The ordinary food is fish and pemmican. Sometimes, on long missionary journeys, the supply gives out, and great hardship is endured. A young Oblate priest was once forced to subsist for some days on a box of ointment. Bishop Clut himself on one occasion, when travelling with some Indians in a dog-sleigh, was for three days without food, and was obliged to kill and eat his dogs. Another time he was alone and walking; he had walked many, many miles, and a great thirst had come upon him. His only resource was to melt snow, and drink the snow-water. He had but two matches; taking one in his weak and trembling fingers, the Bishop knelt down, and earnestly prayed that it might ignite, and kindle the fire which he proposed making with twigs gathered from the dead branches of trees. His prayer was heard; the fire burned, and the snow-water saved his life.

That Mgr. Clut loves the land of his adoption, no one who hears him talk of it can doubt. He claims that it is still the finest fur country of the world, and also speaks enthusiastically of the fish abounding in its rivers and the gold in its mountains. While he talked on these themes with my friend's husband, she and I turned to the sweet-faced young priest, whose countenance was all aglow with fervor, and hope and trust in the untried future. He was, as he told us, a native of the same diocese as Mgr. Clut, in the sunny south of France. Did he speak English? Oh! yes; and he gave us a sample, which was quite as good if not better than our French. But he had much to learn, he said,—there are spoken in Athabaska-Mackenzie eleven different Indian dialects.

And then they rose to take leave—the "good and faithful servant, who has borne the burden and heat of the day"; and the young disciple, who, clad in the armor of God, and shod with the preparation of the Gospel of Peace, is going into voluntary exile for the love of Christ and of souls. As he stood smiling down upon us, in all the bravery of his bright, young faith, it was sad to think that in a few short weeks he would be undergoing all the hardships of a journey through the great Lone Land of the North—sleeping on the snow, or starving on the lakes; suffering, foot-sore and weary,—he to whom life seemed now so fair.

We know that our priests do face these perils—we read of their so doing,—and we sometimes try to help them by a little prayer or a little subscription. But it is only when we are brought face to face with these Christian heroes that we truly realize how grand is the Church to which we have the immeasurable happiness of belonging, and how noble the spirit of self-sacrifice which nerves these her missionary sons to leave all and follow Him who, long ago in Galilee, once said: "Greater love than this no man hath, than a man lay down his life for his friends."—A. M. P., in *Ave Maria*.

The youngest priest in the United States is a redemptorist, Rev. John S. Kissner, who celebrated his first mass in Baltimore, Md., on May 10. He is only twenty-two years and a half old, and got a special dispensation from the pope to be ordained.

THE COLONEL'S STORY.

(From the Catholic World.)

We had been discussing mesmerism and spirit-rapping.

"Where physical agencies are used," said old Colonel G—, "there is room for deceit. I know of an instance of real, continual clairvoyance, as wonderful as any of the phenomena you have related, though it had nothing to do with the spirit world."

"Let us have it! Tell us your story," we all cried, preparing for a treat, for we knew that the colonel, while not at all addicted to fiction, had an abundant fund of stories. Our senior by many years, he had travelled much, seen much, and learned much. He never invented, but narrated curious facts that he could vouch for, adventures that had befallen him, or to which he had been an eye witness. Withal he was not very talkative, and his narratives were the more prized because he was so sparing of them. The old man threw his cigar into the fire, took a sip of claret punch, and told us the following remarkable story:—

Juan de Villafana was the youngest son of one of the proudest grandees who claimed the right to right to remain with covered head in the presence of the King of Spain. Passionately fond of study, an eager inquirer into the mysteries of the most abstruse sciences, the young nobleman was a ripe scholar and a profound thinker, ill-fitted for the hollow gayeties of the court. His manner was absent and eccentric, his speech as candid as a child's, but if his mind was absorbed in the pursuit of knowledge, his heart seemed to overflow with love for suffering mankind. The poor, the helpless, were the objects of his constant solicitude, and the better to serve them, he studied medicine with an eagerness and zeal which were crowned with rare success. Many were the cures he performed in the wretched suburbs of Madrid. The poor people looked upon him as a saint gifted with miraculous healing powers.

The old Marquis did not relish the idea of his son becoming a physician, or a sort of Brother of Charity; if the army did not suit him, there was the refuge of younger sons, the Church, where the family influence would secure him a Bishop's mitre. In obedience to paternal wishes Juan de Villafana studied for the priesthood, and he was on the eve of being ordained, when an adventure befell him which was to change his fate and make him the hero of a true story.

King Carlos was ill; he suffered from an unknown malady, which baffled the skill of the court physician; he pined and wasted slowly, retaining his mental faculties, but unable to make the least physical exertion. He still received his grandees at the ceremonious court levee, and one morning he graciously invited the Marquis of Villafana, whom he held in great esteem, to bring his son Juan the next day to receive the assurance of the royal favour and protection. It was no easy matter to prevail on the young man to make his appearance at court; but he could not decline the royal invitation, and on the following day he accompanied his father to the palace and was admitted to the regal chamber. Villafana, approaching the sumptuous couch upon which his sovereign reclined, bowed low, and taking the hand of the king graciously held out to him, raised it to his lips. In doing so his gaze rested dreamily on the emaciated and pallid face of the sufferer; suddenly the young man recoiled, exclaiming: "Good heavens! your Majesty has taken poison!"

Horror struck at the startling announcement, the king fell back in a swoon. A short, awful pause ensued, followed by confused uproar. The court physician and certain favourite courtiers surrounded the young man and dragged him out of the king's chamber, with loud denunciations of "Madman!" "Fool!" "Traitor!" Juan de Villafana followed them unresistingly, his pale face wearing an expression of solemn awe and tender pity, as he repeated in a prophetic tone: "His Majesty has been poisoned! I see the working of the fatal drug in his veins; I know the hand that poured it!"

The old Marquis, on recovering from his stupefaction, had hastened to follow his son. With the help of some friends, he succeeded in getting him safely out of the palace. But the young seer had said too much; he must not live to name the guilty wretch whom he knew. That same evening, as Juan de Villafana was going to see a sick man in the suburb, he was attacked by two hired assassins. He fought for his life, and killed one of his assailants; the other bravo fled. The young student was horrified. He had shed the blood of a human being. He felt himself unworthy of the priesthood; his

blood-stained hands should not touch the sacred Host. Then he detested the corrupt atmosphere of the court; his place should not be there. Bidding farewell to his aged father he set off, a voluntary exile from his native land. The king did not die of the poison. Juan had left in the hands of the marquis a prescription for the royal sufferer. He had made to him, besides, revelations so precise that the marquis could not hesitate to communicate them to the king. The court physician and a certain grandee, upon whom the queen looked with too much favour, were banished.

The life of the wanderer became an eventful one. The vessel on which he had taken passage for America was attacked by pirates, and fell into their hands after a bloody conflict. Villafana, unmindful of danger, was ministering to the wounded in the ship's cabin, which he had transformed into an ambulance. When the pirates, maddened by the resistance of the crew and their own losses, boarded the vessel, they commenced an indiscriminate slaughter. The pirate chief, rushing into the cabin, found the unconcerned physician busy with his work of mercy. The serenity of the young man struck the hardened bandit with admiration.

"Oh, you are a surgeon," said he. "Many of my men are wounded, and I will spare your life for their sake. Leave these dogs to be thrown to the fishes, and you come on board of my brig."

"Not one of your men will I touch unless these unfortunates are permitted to live," was the quiet and decided answer.

"What!" exclaimed the pirate, and he uttered a blasphemous oath; "you resist my orders! Obey, or you shall die a horrible death."

"You can kill me, senior, but that will not cure your comrades; their lives are linked to the lives of these poor men."

"Demonia! . . . Well, let it be as you say. Cure them all; I will hang you afterwards for your impudence."

"As you will." And Villafana resumed his work at the bedside of the poor wretches who had listened with agonizing anxiety to this dialogue.

(To be continued.)

O'CONNELL'S LOYALTY TO ROME.

From a little manual of spiritual reading published recently in Dublin, with the *imprimatur* of Archbishop Walsh, we read: In all such conjunctures what an example to Catholics is not the conduct of the great O'Connell, whom Pius IX. called "the Hero of Catholicity," a compliment worthy alike of the great Pontiff who conferred it, as of the great man on whom it was conferred. He attended the funeral of the celebrated Cobbet, but did not enter the church, nor assist in any way at the funeral service. Next day he was assailed for his bigotry, as his mode of action was criticized in the newspapers of London. He replied briefly by saying, "We Catholics pray for all men, but we do not pray with all men,"—words deserving to be treasured as a maxim for the guidance of Catholics on all such occasions.

Were I to live a thousand years, I shall never forget an interview I had the honour of having with this greatest of Irishmen, some months before his lamented death. Our conversation ranged over several topics, mostly of a politico-religious character, and, amongst other things, he said, in the deep and solemn accents for which he was so remarkable, when treating of subjects bordering on religion: "I am now approaching the term of my days in this world, and I owe it to the views and sentiments that have guided me in my public life to say that the main purpose and ultimate object of my agitation has been to lift up the religion of my country. I always regarded her religion as the true nationality of Ireland, and I therefore felt convinced that it was by raising up her religion as a Catholic nation that her true nationality was to be achieved and established. On this account I always sought to act in concert with her bishops and priests, courting their co-operation and blessing, and by this means endeavouring to blend the religion and patriotism of the people in a common sentiment for the amelioration of the country."

The present Sovereign Pontiff once listened to a speech from O'Connell in the House of Commons. He so stated lately in his address to the Irish Pilgrims.

THE DREAMER AND THE BELLS.

The blind boy loved the chapel bells,
Nor cared the cause that set them singing;
Loud wedding chimes, dull funeral knells,
Discordant jangling, solemn ringing,
All were alike, all worship-bringing;
He heard them, and he bowed his head,
"God speaks," he said.

Blind as the boy, I groped along
The path which stumbling instinct noted,
When on my ear there burst a song
As from a skylark, silver-throated;
Out to the listening world it floated—
I know your voice, and raised my head,
"Love speaks," I said.

The boy awoke; his bells were still;
The morning air seemed void and hollow.
He climbed the tower o'er beam and sill,
But woke no sound that he might follow,
No note but from a frightened swallow;
The bells were gone—he dropped his head,
"God frowns," he said.

I woke, as dreamers may arise,
To find that love is ever flying;
The light died from the summer skies
As if the weakened sun were dying.
Ah, love, the pain, the tears, the sighing!
Your vibrant voice was hushed and dead,
"Love dies," I said.

The boy lay dying; friendly sighs
Stiffened to sobs at Death's decision—
But God, who blinds the sinner's eyes,
Grants at the gateway one glad vision,
One hearing of a chant elysian.
"The bells! I hear the bells!" he said—
Smiled—and was dead.

And I, too, wait the calling hence—
While earth grows harsher, heaven dearer—
And fancy, with a gladdened sense,
I hear your voice come near and nearer;
Your voice of old, but sweeter, clearer
Its pureness purified above,
Where God is Love.

—John W. O'Keefe, in *Boston Pilot*

Current Catholic Thought.

The following extracts are made from the masterly address of the Rt. Rev Bishop Spalding of Peoria at the laying of the corner stone of the new Catholic University at Washington:—

THE CHURCH IN AMERICA.

To turn to the Catholic Church in America. All observers mark its great development here, the rapid increase in the number of its adherents, its growth in wealth and influence, the firm yet noble hand with which it brings heterogeneous populations under the control of a common faith and discipline, the ease with which it adapts itself to new conditions and organizes itself in every part of the country. It is not a little thing in spite of unfriendly public opinion and of great and numerous obstacles, in spite of the burthen which high achievements impose, and of the lack of easy and supple movement, which gathering years imply, to enter new fields, to bend one's self to unaccustomed work and to struggle for the right to live, in the midst of a generation heedless of the good, and mindful only of the evil which has been associated with one's life. And this is what the Catholic Church in America has had to do, and has done with a success which recalls the memory of the spread of Christianity through the Roman Empire. It counts its members here by millions, while a hundred years

ago it counted them by thousands; and its priests, churches, schools, and institutions of charity it reckons by the thousand, while then they could be counted hardly by tens. And public opinion, which was then hostile, is no longer so in the same degree. Prejudice has not, indeed, ceased to exist; for where there is question of religion, of society, of politics, even the fairest minds fail to see things as they are, and the multitude, it may be supposed, will never become impartial; but the tendency of our life and of the age is opposed to bigotry, and as we lose faith in the justice and efficacy of persecution, we perceive more clearly that true religion can neither be defended nor propagated by violence and intolerance, by appeals to sectarian bitterness and national hatred. And by none is this more sincerely acknowledged or more deeply felt than by Catholics of the United States. And the special significance of our American Catholic history is not found in the phases of our life which attract attention and are a common theme for declamation; but it lies in the fact that our example proves that the Church can thrive where it is neither protected nor persecuted, but is simply left to manage its affairs and do its own work. Such an experiment had never been made when we became an independent people, and its success is of world-wide import, because this is the modern tendency and the position towards the Church which all the nations will sooner or later assume; just as they all will be forced finally to accept popular rule. The great underlying principle of democracy—that men are brothers and have equal rights, and that God clothes the soul with freedom—is a truth taught by Christ, is a truth proclaimed by the Church; and the faith of Christians in this principle, in spite of hesitations and misgivings, of oppositions and obstacles, and inconceivable difficulties, has finally given to it its modern vigor and beneficent power.

THE BROAD SYMPATHY INSPIRED BY CHRISTIANITY.

To be Catholic is to be drawn not only to the love of whatever is good and beautiful, but also to the love of whatever is true; and to do the best work the Catholic Church must fit herself to a constantly changing environment; to the character of every people and to the wants of each age. Has not Christ declared that whoever is not against us is for us, and may we not therefore find friends in all who work for worthy ends, for liberty and knowledge, for increase of power and love? This large sympathy, which true religion and the best culture promote, is Catholic and it is also American; for here, with us, I think, the whole world is for men of good-will, who are not fools. We, who are the children of ancient faith, who inherit the boon from fathers who held it to be above all price, are saved, where there is a question of former times, from irreverent thoughts and shallow views:

"For us the long past ages have not flown;
Like our own deeds, they travel with us still;
Reviling them, we but ourselves disown;
We are the stream their many currents fill;
From their rich youth our manhood has upgrown,
And in our blood their hopes and loves yet thrill."

THE CATHOLIC YOUNG MAN.

"The Catholic Young Man" is an ideal which varies to the conception of different minds. Many of us are inclined to think that he is characterized by goody-goodyness rather than by manliness. If there are types which seem to bear out this notion we may ascribe them to the taint of Phariseism, which comes of too conscious effort at appearing good.

We want to perceive in the Catholic young man the rugged virtues of honesty, patience, courage, sobriety and public spirit; these virtues for everyday use—and not those rarer virtues which turn up the whites of their eyes when we meet them.

Our contact with the Catholic young man must leave the impression "Here is a man," rather than the impression "Here is a Catholic." Although, of course, we like to see the man show his religious colours.

We want the good, whole-souled makings of a man in our Catholic youth; the genuine democratic *homo*—natural, independent, truthful, broad. We do not want the *dellitant* at theology or the *dude* in morals.—*Milwaukee Catholic Citizen*.

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 ARCHBISHOP OF TORONTO.

ST. MICHAEL'S PALACE, Toronto, 29th Dec., 1887.

GENTLEMEN,—

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

I am, faithfully yours,

JOHN JOSEPH LYNCH,
Archbishop of Toronto.

FROM THE LATE BISHOP OF HAMILTON.

HAMILTON, March 17, 1887

MY DEAR MR. FITZGERALD,—

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

I believe me, yours faithfully,

JAMES J. CANNERY,
Bishop of Hamilton.

TORONTO, SATURDAY, JUNE 16, 1888.

When the Papal Rescript which condemned the Plan of Campaign and the Boycott as methods of land warfare in Ireland was issued, there were those who, while not doubting the docility of Ireland, yet feared for the loyalty of the greater Ireland on this side of the Atlantic. In its last issue, the London (Eng.) *Weekly Register* quotes the utterances of several leading American Catholic journals, as showing the trend of American, and of this REVIEW as showing the trend of Canadian, Catholic opinion on the subject. "When," it says, "we are able to gather so complete a catena from the Catholic press of Ireland there will be cause for rejoicing.

We are glad to be able to announce that "Reminiscences of the late Bishop Macdonell," originally written for this REVIEW by the venerable Chevalier Macdonell, has just been issued in pamphlet form by Messrs. Williamson and Co. As it is to be sold for the benefit of the local Society of St. Vincent de Paul, of which Mr. Macdonell has for well-nigh forty years been the honoured President, we ardently hope it may have a large sale. It is a work of great merit, and a valuable contribution to the history of the Church in this Province, and the thanks of the Catholic public are due to Mr. Macdonell for the time and labour he has, at his great age, devoted to the sublime cause of charity, in the production of this little work.

In no place, as our readers know, has the war upon the saloons been waged with more vigor by Catholics than it

has been for a year or two past in that saloon stronghold, Chicago. The action of the priests of that city, 89 we believe in number, in petitioning the city authorities to close the saloons on Sunday, the growing electoral influence of the League of the Cross, and the rigid enforcement of the saloon regulations, have forced matters to an issue, and the dismissal of Mr. W. J. Onahan, one of the most prominent of American Catholic laymen, from the City Collectorship, an office which for nearly twenty years he has discharged with singular ability, establishes, for a time at least, the supremacy of the saloon element in the government of that city. Mr. Onahan, who has always been an outspoken opponent of the saloons, and a firm believer in the efficacy of high license legislation, appears to have enforced all too faithfully the saloon regulations. The distillers and saloon keepers, the controllers of the city government, demanded Mr. Onahan's head, and the Mayor, doubtless at their dictation, appointed a representative of the saloons as his successor. It is more than probable, however, that the Catholic element of Chicago, which is numerically very strong, will make of the incident an electoral issue. The fact that Mr. Onahan, by his protest, as a prudent and loyal Catholic, against the purpose of the Finnerty meeting held there a few days ago—a meeting called to condemn the Papal rescript for Ireland—offended the fire-eating section of Irish Americans, was a circumstance which the Mayor also probably counted upon. But Mr. Onahan occupies a position of leadership in a wider Catholic public, which may prove numerous enough, now that the issues are drawn, to vindicate its position.

The late Archbishop of Toronto was in the habit of pointing out how continuously the holy Providence of God manifested itself in the sustainment from day to day of the institutions in our midst devoted to the care and relief of the sick and the destitute. The donations to the House of Providence in this city, an institution harbouring nearly nine hundred souls and involving an annual expenditure of over \$30,000, corresponded from year to year to cover even the expenses which new buildings and necessary improvements entailed. And this is the story of Catholic charities pretty much the world over. In a letter read in the churches of the archdiocese of Westminster a few Sundays ago, Cardinal Manning referred to what had been done during the year past, and what there remained to do for the poor in the vast London districts. Anticipating the further demands that would have to be made upon their charity, His Eminence spoke as follows of the difficulties that seem to attend every good undertaking, and of what great things are done by the industrious and the poor in the cause of the Faith, and of charity:—"We know too well how few of our flock possess wealth, and how heavily those few are burdened with continual claims and appeals for works of piety and charity. The great multitude of our flock are industrious poor; and their poverty is liable to all the vicissitudes of life and labour which, in our complicated social and commercial system, may at any moment leave them without work or bread. How, then, in these long years we have been able to multiply altars and priests we do not know beyond this: that from persons unknown, and from sources beyond our reach, and in moments of the last anxiety, hands have been stretched out to us, and help has been given,—sometimes when we were at our greatest need. Sometimes, also, where one help has failed, another has risen up. This

has taught us a lesson of simple trust in God, and has warned us not to leave undone anything that the salvation of souls demands. If the work be His, He will provide."

So far as we can learn from a careful reading of everything of any importance that has appeared on the subject, as well as from private correspondence from Rome and from Ireland, the recent Rescript may be summed up, in its bearing on Irish matters, as a pronouncement sound in morals, but unsound in facts. It is based on evidence that does not appear.

From the very inception of the present national movement, it is not a little unfortunate, there have been levelled against it by unscrupulous agents accusations black enough to damn any cause. Since the crusade began against landlordism, all sorts of dishonest methods have been resorted to to create the impression at Rome that the Irish Catholic people were becoming converts to the doctrines of Socialism; that they refused to pay their just debts; that they no longer recognized the obligation of contracts, and that unless some barrier were interposed they would become lost to the Church and to the Faith altogether. To such an extent were these rumours spread about at the Vatican that in 1882 a meeting of Irish Bishops was announced in Rome to consult with the Holy Father concerning the situation in Ireland. The Archbishop of Cashel undertook the defence of the Irish agitation, and showed how untruthful were the stories which English agents and landlords had so sedulously spread about the movement. He pointed out that the great reforms that had in the past been won in Ireland had been carried out by the same means as the Irish people have since been employing in their war against misrule and landlordism, and he assured the Sovereign Pontiff that there was not the slightest danger of the Irish people either losing their faith or relaxing in their attachment to the Holy See. And although Dr. Croke's representations were doubtless conclusive in the case of the Holy Father, who is known to be well-disposed towards Ireland, yet the policy of misrepresentation has at no time been suspended.

In the case of the two points of policy condemned in the late circular, which were exceptional means adopted as temporary remedies for unusual distress amongst the tenantry, they are those upon which the anti-Nationalists have founded their chief arguments against the probity of the tenant people, and the morality of the movement, and whilst the competency of the Holy Office to pass judgment upon them cannot be questioned for a moment by Catholics, yet it may be questioned, without any disrespect to the Holy See, whether the facts upon which the condemnation is based exactly correspond with the facts as they are known to obtain in Ireland; whether the working of the Plan of Campaign is such as is contemplated in the decree of the Holy Office, and whether the Cardinals, when forming their conclusions, were fully informed of the relations between landlord and tenant in Ireland. For example, the circular of the Holy Office presupposes the existence of free contracts in Ireland, and that the Plan of Campaign involves repudiation of contracts, but as the *Liverpool Catholic Times* says: "The contention of the supporters of the Irish land agitation is that in a country which, owing to the loss of a Native Legislature, is entirely devoid of industries, contracts between landlords and tenants are not really free; that in Ireland a very large number of the tenants, being in

arrears, have not been permitted by landlords to go before the land courts; that if these tenants did not enter into some sort of combination for their own protection, they would be unjustly deprived of the co-proprietorship in the land which had been granted to them by the Legislature; that where farmers have adopted the Plan of Campaign, the rent has been handed over voluntarily to trustees, who, as men of honour and practical Catholics, are above reproach; and that in all such cases fair terms have been offered to the landlords."

That the methods condemned in the Circular were not at best methods identified with the national movement, or endorsed by the nationalists leaders is made clear, we think, by Mr. Healy, in the following extract from a recent speech delivered on the subject in Dublin, an able, and moderate and therefore forcible statement of the effect of the Circular upon the national movement. "For my part," he said, "if my adhesion is asked to the abstract propositions laid down in that document, I will say I cordially assent to them and declare that if any man does extort money, or does attempt to rob any other man, he is a criminal and ought to be flogged at the cart's tail; and if any unjust or unlawful boycotting is going on, that it ought to be pursued by the spiritual and temporal power but with equal confidence and firmness I give it as my opinion that if a man, takes land from which others are unjustly evicted, if men wrongfully covet unjustly their neighbour's goods, if they take what are politely called in the circular 'vacant' farms but for which we can find other terms, these men, I believe are visited by the censures of the Church, as well as of mankind, for stealing these farms, for stealing the improvements on these farms, and for destroying the tenancies of unprotected men. I believe it is quite right that the arm of the people should reach them; and by that arm I mean this—that there is no obligation upon us to salute such men in the street, or to fetch or carry for them, or to show them any kind of courtesy or give them any kind of aid. Let them find their friends in the police barracks, let them rely on the strong arm of the law; let them get the assistance of the British government; let them get their help by any means that are open to them; but as to getting my assistance, or my salute, or my help, I can only say that the only help they will ever get from me will be to wish that every honest man as he passes them by, will pass them by with a scowl, and that even their children and their children's children will be remembered as the offspring of the grabber."

"I confine myself, for my own part, to this, that if the Plan of Campaign condemned by the Vatican be not my Plan of Campaign, and their boycotting not my boycotting, the thing resolves itself into this, that the matters to be determined will be matters to be determined by the spiritual law in the light of each man's conscience. I am satisfied to leave the matter there. I am satisfied that the Irish people, under the guidance of their pastors, will know how to discriminate accurately between what is lawful and what is not lawful. I do not believe that there is any reason for the Irish people to be sour or ill-tempered over the matter. I regard the circular as a judgment made on inexact information, and that being so I confidently appeal to the people to preserve a calm, dignified, and respectful attitude, satisfied of the righteousness of their cause, which, if it be the cause of justice, will have God on its side, and against it, ultimately, nothing can prevail."

The presentation of the Irish case in its full bearing to the Holy See, the shifting of the violations of natural law on to the proper shoulders, is the duty of the Irish Episcopate, and that the matter was not taken up by them long ago, in which case the conclusions of the Congregation would not have been open to the imputation of being based on imperfect knowledge and mere *ex parte* statements, is a circumstance which our Old Country exchanges mention with evident regret. If, however, even at this late day, the events of the past few weeks lead to a proper representation of the Irish Church in Rome, a matter about which Irish people have practised upon themselves a vast amount of self-deception, there will be cause for no little congratulation.

This is a subject on which we shall have something to say later.

CANADIAN CHURCH NEWS.

On May 23 the Catholics of Quebec celebrated the second centenary of an historic Canadian church, the church of Notre Dame des Victoires, Lower Tower. Cardinal Taschereau presided, and the Abbe Cote preached. The sacred edifice has been repaired and decorated of late at considerable expense, the artist being Mr. J. S. Tardivel, of Upper Town. Near the grand altar, on each side of the statue of Notre Dame des Victoires are medallions recalling the events of 1690 and 1711, which led to the dedication of the church to Notre Dame des Victoires. One represents an angel dispersing the fleet of Admiral Walker and the words, *Deus Providebat*. Under the other are the words *Kibeka Liberata*, referring to the defeat of Admiral Phipps. The following are the inscriptions (in French) on the left wall of the choir, commemorating facts of Catholic interest: "1690—Defeat of Admiral Phipps. The church takes the title of Our Lady of the Victory. 1711—Dispersion of the fleet of Admiral Walker. The church takes the title of Our Lady of Victories. 1759—Burned down during the siege. 1765—Re-built. 1888—Restored on the occasion of its second centenary." The inscription on the right is: "1688—Laying of the corner-stone by the Governor, the Marquis of Denonville—Innocent XI., Pope, Louis XIV., King of France. This church is dedicated to the Infant Jesus."

Ursuline nuns from Three Rivers, Que., founded a house in Waterville, Me., in September, 1887. Their school opened with 250 pupils. They have now over 400 girls, and are besides preparing a class of 150 boys for First Communion.

The "Jesuits' estate" in Quebec comprises 18 lots of land, in all 616,500 acres. In the district of Montreal, they own 48,000 acres, in Three Rivers 439,000, and in Quebec 129,500.

Rev. Abbe Lemieu, cure of Tadousac, has arrived in Quebec, to ask assistance from the Provincial Government to repair the Catholic church there, which is the first place of Christian worship erected in Canada.

The Catholic church authorities at Hull intend constructing two churches instead of one on the site of the one which was destroyed by the fire.

WHAT SCIENCE OWES TO CHRISTIANITY.

Greater individuals may have lived than are now living, but never before has the world been governed with so much wisdom and so much justice; and the power back of our progress is intellectual, moral and religious. Science is not material. It is the product of intellect and will, and the great founders of

modern science, Copernicus, Kepler, Bacon, Descartes, Galileo, Newton, Leibnitz, Ampere, Liebig, Fresnel, Faraday, and Mayer, were Christians. "However paradoxical it may sound," says Du Bois-Reymond, "modern science owes its origin to Christianity." Since the course of events is left chiefly to the direction of natural causes, and since science enables man to bend the stars, the lightning, the wind and the waves to his purposes, what shall resist the onward march of those who are armed with such power? And since life is a warfare, a struggle, how shall the ignorant and the thoughtless survive in a conflict in which natural knowledge has placed in the hands of the wise forces which the angels may not wield? And since the prosperity of the Church is left subject to human influence, shall the Son of Man find faith on earth when He comes, if the most potent instrument God has given to man is abandoned to those who know not Christ? And why should we, who reckon it a part of the glory of the Church in the past that she laboured to civilize barbarians, to emancipate slaves, to elevate women, to preserve the classical writings, to foster music, painting, sculpture, architecture, poetry and eloquence, think it no part of her mission now to encourage scientific research?

A Gentleman.

Let no boy think he can make a gentleman by the clothes he wears, by the horse he rides, the stick he carries, the dog that trots after him, the house that he lives in, or the money he spends. Not one of all these do it—and yet every boy may be a gentleman. He may wear an old hat, cheap clothes, live in a poor house and spend but little money. But how? By being true, manly and honourable. By keeping himself neat and respectable. By being civil and courteous. By respecting himself and others. By doing the best he knows how. And finally, and above all, by fearing God and keeping His commandments.
—Catholic Youth.

CATHOLIC AND LITERARY NOTES.

Lord Archibald Douglas, who is now a priest in London, is constantly mortified by the queer things his people do. It is Lord James Douglas this time, and he has been sent to prison for writing letters to Miss Isabel Edith Scott. The family is all eccentric. Lord James, in addition to the letters complained of, has written some fairly readable novels. The Marquis of Queensberry, his brother, increased his already wide notoriety by getting up in his box at the Lyceum and protesting against what he considered to be a slur on free thought in Tennyson's play. Lady Florence Dixie, a sister, had a dream in which two assassins attacked her near a window. She was found screaming by John Brown, who, in rescuing her, caught the cold which deprived her Majesty of his valuable services, and as Lady Florence's assailants turned out to be entirely imaginary, the Queen has never quite forgiven her. She afterwards distinguished herself as the self-elected champion of Cetewayo, and now goes grouse shooting in trousers. Lady Gertrude Douglas, another sister, married a baker and settled down quite happily with him in his shop at Shepherd's Bush.

Mr. Orbey Shipley, a distinguished English convert, will contribute an article to the July number of *The Catholic World* on "A Catholic Aspect of Home Rule." It is a calm yet forcible statement of the difficulties which beset the question of Irish rights and English wrongs, and as the first of a series of articles tending to establish the justice of the Irish claim to autonomy, it is devoted to a clearing-up of these difficulties, to an exposition of fallacies, mere probabilities, and half truths with which either prejudice or political trickery, or hasty and intem-

perate zeal, have encumbered the real issue of the present agitation.

We are pleased to notice the name of the talented young lady, Miss Gertrude Lawlor, niece of Rev. Father Lawlor of this city, among the successful candidates in the recent examinations at the University of Toronto. Miss Lawlor obtained honours in three departments, Mathematics, Modern Languages, including English, French, German, Italian and History, and Mental Science and Logic. This is a very remarkable achievement, and all the more noteworthy as one of the departments is Mathematics. We congratulate Miss Lawlor while wishing her all success in her future course.

THE BAKING POWDER DISCUSSION.

OFFICIAL TESTS TO DETERMINE THE BEST.—WHY THEY ARE SUPERIOR LEAVENING AGENTS.—THE USE OF CARBONATE OF AMMONIA.

The official analyses Prof. W. G. Tucker, of New York State, have afforded some of the most valuable evidence yet produced relative to the actual character of the food and drugs in every day use. Some time since Professor Tucker was directed to analyze the various brands of baking powder and report which was the purest and best. He procured samples from the grocers in Albany, and after a series of exhaustive tests reported that the Royal was the purest and best of all examined. The accuracy of the published report being questioned by a local manufacturer, a reporter of the Albany Journal obtained an interview with the Professor, which is reported as follows in that paper:

"Doctor," said the reporter, "it appears that one of our local baking powder manufacturers attempts to discredit the report some time ago published in the Journal with reference to baking powders, for which the analytical examinations were made by yourself and Prof. Mason. Were your analyses and opinion printed correctly?"

"They were," replied Prof. Tucker, "literally."

"You say, Doctor, that the Royal baking powder is superior to any other baking powder which you have examined?"

"That is my report."

"Wherein, Doctor, consists this superiority which you find in the Royal over other brands?"

"As stated in my report, in the great purity of its ingredients, in the unquestioned propriety of those ingredients, in the exact proportions of the same, and the chemical accuracy and skill with which they have been combined. As I said before, it is, I believe, a baking powder unequalled for purity, strength and wholesomeness."

"Doctor, the Journal's lady readers would like you to inform them what are the peculiar virtues of a good baking powder over other and more old-fashioned methods of raising bread, biscuit and cake?"

"That would require a long answer, something in the nature of a lecture. Briefly, however, the advantage of the Royal baking powder over yeast consists in the quicker work it accomplishes, in the preservation of some of the best elements of the flour, which are destroyed in the production of the carbonic acid gas by the use of yeast, and in the absolute certainty of sweet, light and digestible food. Over other methods for quick raising, the merits of a pure baking powder are great. It is always ready for use, the acid and alkali are combined in exact proportions to produce definite results, so to render the largest amount of leavening gas and leave nothing more than a neutral residuum, which is not the result where cream of

tartar and soda are bought separately and mixed in the kitchen, for it will always occur where this is done that one or the other of these substances will predominate, making the food yellow, heavy, bitter and unwholesome. Besides, the cream of tartar which can be procured by the housekeeper is mostly adulterated, adding to the uncertainty of the results or the unwholesomeness of the food. All these difficulties are avoided in the use of a pure, properly-made baking powder."

"Will baking powders keep? How long will they hold their strength?"

"If properly made, until used. A perfect baking powder must combine superlative strength with power to retain it indefinitely. Baking powders generally are robbed of the necessary preserving agent in order to give present strength, or else have their efficiency largely destroyed by the addition of large quantities of flour to prevent premature decomposition. The method by which both these qualities are retained in the highest degree produces the perfect article, and this I believe is fully accomplished in the Royal baking powder."

"Doctor, what about ammonia in baking powder?"

"Carbonate of ammonia is sometimes used in the higher class of baking powders."

"Is it injurious or objectionable?"

"Nonsense! Quite the contrary. It has been used for generations in the finest food. It is a very volatile agent. Heat entirely evolves it into gas, leaving no residuum. Were it used in sufficient quantity to do the entire work of aeration. I am inclined to believe it would be the acme of leavening agents. Some of the highest authorities, as Hassall, recommend its exclusive use for this purpose in preference to yeast or other kinds of leaven. It is universally admitted to be a wholesome and valuable agent, and no chemist of reputation will class it otherwise. I have become indignant when I have read the silly charges that have frequently been made through ignorance or otherwise against it."

"Then those manufacturers who advertise that their powder does not contain it—"

"Confess that their powder lacks a most useful, wholesome and excellent ingredient."

"But they say its origin is filthy."

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2147 Lots, worth

TICKETS - \$1.00.

Second Series Prizes value..... \$10,000 00
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LIST OF PRIZES.

1 Real Estate worth	\$1,000 00	\$1,000 00
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1000 Toilet Sets worth	5 00	5,000 00

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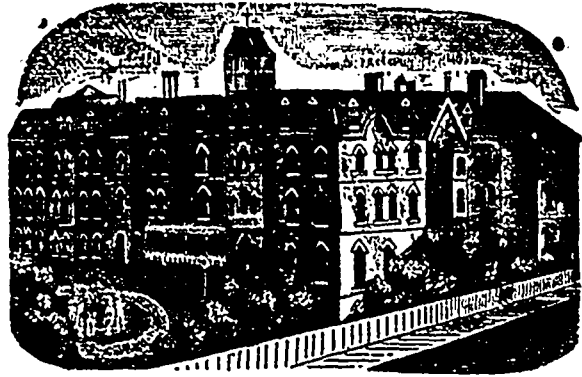
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Specifications and drawings can be seen at the Department of Public Works, Ottawa, and at the office of Messrs. Hudspeth & Jackson, Barristers, Lindsay, Ont., on and after Friday, 6th June, and tenders will not be considered unless made on the form supplied, and signed with actual signatures of tenderers.

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By Order,

A. GOBEIL,
Secretary.

Department of Public Works,
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