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The Catholic Weekly Review.

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

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

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NOTES.

The curtain is falling upon the career of another distinguished Irishman. The London correspondent of the *New York Times* writes that "poor Barry Sullivan lies in a helpless state at West Brighton. He has to be fed like a child. His reason has entirely gone, and he is unable to recognize anybody." In his golden prime, this brilliant Corkman, who began life as a dry goods clerk in his native city, had no equal upon the tragic stage. And now, like his countryman Moore, he drivels his declining days away in a strange land with the light of reason sadly quenched upon its throne.

The unexpected and serious illness of Cardinal Newman (whom may God spare to us yet a while) has no doubt interrupted a singularly interesting meeting which was expected to take place this week. Mr. Gladstone, who has been attending this week the meeting of the National Liberal Federation in Birmingham, was, we read some time ago, to be the guest of Sir William Foster, whose house is nearly opposite to the Oratory at Edgbaston, where Mr. Gladstone, would of course call to pay his respects to one whom he has so long and so much admired. Though the illness of the Cardinal has no doubt forbidden his undertaking the fatigue of a meeting, we may be sure that Mr. Gladstone, who observes all the old time forms of courtesy, has been a daily and anxious inquirer at the Oratory.

The bitterness which the Irish Americans bear towards England has been exhibited in a striking manner by the Sackville incident. The reasons for that hatred were summed up twelve years ago in a remarkable passage by the late Professor Cairnes, the well known economist, himself an Ulster Protestant, and, although an advanced Liberal, an opponent of the scheme for placing higher education in Ireland in the hands of the dominant Church. The passage will be found in his "Political Essays," p. 197:

"Not a few public writers feel much difficulty in accounting for the persistent hatred manifested by a portion

of the Irish people for the English name. It might help those writers to a solution of the difficulty if they would reflect on the condition of mind in which the victims of the violent expulsions just described must have crossed the Atlantic. Is it strange if in after years the picture of the sheriff and his posse, with crowbar and torch, and the smoking ruins of their hovels tumbling to pieces over their heads—if the nights spent in the ditch by the wayside, and all the wretchedness of the tramp to the port—if these things should find a more permanent place in their imagination than the advantages of Catholic Emancipation, Corporate Reform, the National Schools, or the Encumbered Estates Court? Men leaving their country full of such bitter recollections would naturally not be forward to disseminate the most amiable ideas respecting Irish landlordism and the power which upholds it. I own I cannot wonder that a thirst for revenge should spring from such calamities; that hatred, even undying hatred, for what they could not but regard as the cause and symbol of their misfortunes—English rule in Ireland—should possess the sufferers; that it should grow into a passion, a religion, to be preached with frantic zeal to their kindred, and bequeathed to their posterity." There is too much truth in this mournful reasoning. Mr. Gladstone's offer of Home Rule served to soften this feeling, but his wise and beneficent plans have no place in the policy of the present Government of England.

We direct the special attention of our readers to Cardinal Newman's lectures on Protestantism, portions of which we have for some time back been printing. They cannot fail to do good in such a religious atmosphere as we live in. The article in last week's number we think admirably hits off all such cowardly and characteristic attacks upon Catholics as those of the speakers at the late Montreal Christian Congress. Besides the Cardinal's description of the ministerial clamour and clatter against Catholics, the alarm ringing of the bells in the Protestant steeples, has been pointed out by some of our leading men of letters as one of the very best bits of satirical writing in the whole range of English prose literature.

The present month is dedicated, as our readers know, to the souls suffering in purgatory. The doctrine of purgatory, the belief in a middle state of punishment, has been grievously misunderstood by non-Catholics, but among non-Catholics, especially among the Anglican clergy, the proportion of those whose hearts and minds give assent to it, is much greater than is commonly imagined; for the Catholic belief in a purgatorial state corresponds with our feeble idea of divine mercy and justice. Dr. Johnson gave utterance to the truth, which commends itself to the thinking minds, when, in answer to the question of Boswell, what he thought of the Catholic doctrine of purgatory, he replied: "If I understand the Catholic doctrine of purgatory it is this. Catholics believe that the great mass of mankind are neither so good as to deserve to go straight to heaven, nor so bad as to deserve to go to hell, and therefore, a middle state has been prepared where those who die in smaller or venial sins may be purified and prepared for the immediate vision of God. I don't see that there is anything objectionable in that."

THE MASS OF REPARATION.

In these latter days the idea or spirit of Reparation to pervade all those special devotions which have been newly introduced among pious Catholics. And this idea or spirit is a natural outcome of the present state of religious belief and practice in all parts of the world. In every country faith is being attacked by both open and hidden adversaries, whilst devout practices are being more and more neglected by too many professing Catholics. Under one name or another errors are being plausibly advocated, not only by Freethinkers and those openly opposed to religion and morality, but far more fatally by those who would at first sight appear to be actuated by the love of all that is holy and elevating. This age seems to be one of reasoning and discussion, rather than one of humble, undoubting faith, and the consequence of this is that prayer and adoration are far too sparingly offered up to the Supreme Being, our Father in Heaven. Earnestness forms but a small part of our present system and hence loving veneration is in great danger of growing weaker and weaker.

Our mother, the Church, comes bountifully to the aid of those amongst her children who remain faithful and loving, and from the time of the revelation of the Devotion to the Sacred Heart up to the present moment, has been constantly approving of all those devotional developments, which have had their origin in the natural impulse of the human heart to redouble its own manifestations of love in order to make up for the lack of such manifestations in others towards the object of that love. This is an impulse which is laudable even in the natural order of things, as, for instance, when a child redoubles its caresses in order to soothe some sorrow from which its mother is suffering, or when a mother surrounds an afflicted or infirm child with even more tender affection than mothers are wont to bestow, lavish though that be. In a far higher degree in the supernatural order, is this loving impulse laudable when it expands into a sublime necessity of offering loving reparation to God, His Son, and His Blessed Mother to make amends for the neglects and insults that are heaped on them by public prints, by individuals, by whole communities, and, alas! even by entire nations.

Practices of Reparation and Institutions or Confraternities that further such practices, then, in these days, have become of an absolute necessity to fervent Catholics and, praise be to God, opportunities are not wanting for enabling each of us to give due expression to the loving sympathy and adoration with which our hearts are or should be filled.

It is well-known that towards the end of the 17th century, the acceptability of a special devotion to the Sacred Heart was made known to the Venerable Mother Marguerite Marie Alacoque, a Visitation nun. This devotion is specially one of reparation and atonement for the ingratitude of men, but it would lead us too far were we here to speak further of a devotion which is, so to speak, the parent of all modern devotions of reparation, and is besides too well-known for it to be necessary for us to do more than mention it here.

The Communion of Reparation (a branch of the Apostolate of Prayer), the Perpetual Rosary, the Work of Nocturnal Adoration, the Work of Reparatory Adoration (by means of a weekly half-hour spent before the Blessed Sacrament in a spirit of adoration and expiation), the Work of Universal Expiation, (founded in London, England) etc. etc., are all an outcome of that same spirit which has caused the Apostolate of Prayer to become so widely spread—the spirit of expiation and reparation. The two latest developments of this spirit are the Confraternity of "The Mass of Reparation" and the Association of "The Work of Perpetual Intercession for the Church and Sovereign Pontiff." It is with the Mass of Reparation that we have to do to-day, and we will briefly recount the origin and aim of this devotion.

In the month of October, 1882, at the Norbérine Convent at St. Anne de Boulieu, (Department of Drôme) France, there died a humble lay-sister known simply as Sister Rose, whose life, of singular merit, still remains to

be written. Her childhood was none of the happiest, but from her very earliest years she knew how to sanctify her sufferings and trials, and in spite of them, or perhaps because of them, attain to a nobility of mind and tenderness of heart seldom to be met with. Her childhood, wifehood, motherhood, and even her widowhood, were passed in sorrow and struggling with adverse circumstances of every description, and though from her sixteenth year she had felt the greatest desire of entering religion, it was only in comparative old age that she was able to satisfy this desire by entering as a Norbérine lay-sister at the above-named convent. We have not space here to speak of her heroic life, but we can refer our readers to a pamphlet, "Sister Rose and the Mass of Reparation," in which a sketch is given of her life and trials. We hope that some day she will meet with a worthy biographer, as a "Life" of this holy woman would furnish most useful matter of edification and encouragement to poor souls who, being in the world are yet not of the world, but to whom the convent haven is, for one reason or another, inaccessible. Sister Rose as we will call her (though she had not yet entered religion) had been a widow for some time and was already fifty years of age when the idea of a Mass of Reparation first presented itself to her mind. She tells us that the greatest of her sufferings was "to see that God, so deserving of love, was so little loved, When I went into the church and saw those long rows of empty benches I felt my heart oppressed and broken with grief; I multiplied my acts of faith, hope, and contrition, doing my best to make them equal, nay, even to exceed, the number of empty places." On Sundays she was accustomed to hear several Masses in various intentions, but on one day in particular—the Feast of Corpus Christi, June 19th 1862—when on the point of leaving the Church after her four customary Masses, she felt herself deeply touched on beholding so many empty chairs around the altar* denoting how many Catholics were absent.

As another Mass was about to commence "I resolved" she said "to remain, so that one less would be absent. I begged our Lord to do a good work for Himself by making Himself better known and loved." It was then she was struck by the thought of how little we think of making amends to the glory of our Father. She promised that on all Sundays and Holidays of obligation she would hear a Mass in the place of absent brethren and thereby make reparation to God's accidental glory. A clearer insight into the two kinds of glory which appertain to God was given her on the Feast of Corpus Christi that same year. She herself says: "It was given me to understand something of the two kinds of glory which belong to God, that the one is peculiar to God and, like His Divine Perfections, is far beyond the reach of man, who can neither add to it nor take away from it. The other, on the contrary He deigns to accept from us, and even derives from it a certain pleasure on account of the love He bears us." It is this *accidental glory* which it would be the joy of our lives to render unceasingly to God if we but possessed sufficient faith and charity. Sister Rose says further (still speaking of that Feast of Corpus Christi): "I prayed fervently that God would make all devout persons love the practice of hearing a second Mass in a spirit of reparation on Sundays and Feasts of obligation. Our dear Lord made me understand that He would grant many favours to those who should embrace that devotion." "Though I did not understand by what means this would become known, and when it would please God to make it popular and general throughout the world, I thought that some day the practice would become well known in the Catholic Church, and that it would be spread by means of an Association." Such, then, was the origin of this devotion of Reparation, which has now developed into an Arch-confraternity. After the progress of the devotion had drawn the attention of the ecclesiastical authorities, his Lordship the Bishop of Valence, in 1886, erected a Confraternity

*This was in France, it must be remembered, where the system of pews is not introduced but where chairs and kneeling-stools are used.

ternity of the Mass of Reparation, and that same year Pope Leo XIII. bestowed upon it the title of an Arch-confraternity, with all attendant privileges. The Bishop of Nottingham that same year erected the Arch-confraternity canonically in the Church of the Blessed Sacrament and St. Norbert, Crowle, Lincolnshire.

The essential practice of this devotion is that of hearing a second Mass on Sundays and Holidays in the place of an absent person and with the particular and explicit intention of making reparation to the glory of God for the injury done by this sinful absence. In places where but one Mass is said, or when a person is physically or morally unable to hear two Masses, either Holy Communion on the Sunday or a Mass heard in the above intention during the week may take the place of the second Mass.

Of course many other good works can be performed in the spirit of this devotion, specially such works as have reparation of God's glory in view, but the Mass of Reparation is, as we have said, the essential practice.

The only condition required for those who are desirous of becoming members of the Confraternity and sharing in the advantages granted to it, is that of having their names enrolled on a special Register, to be sent eventually to the chief seat of the Arch-confraternity in France. The indulgences to be granted are numerous. As yet the work is almost unknown in Canada, although the highest episcopal approbation has been bestowed on it in very many dioceses of the old country. Steps are now being taking for procuring it similar advantages in our own country, and meanwhile further information pamphlets, &c. (French or English) can be procured by addressing Madame Monica, Ste. Anne de Beaupré, P.Q., who will remit names, communications and any offerings that may be made to the Norbertine Canons, Crowle, Lincolnshire, England. Application may also be made directly to Rev'd F. M. Geudens, C.R.P., Director of the Arch-confraternity, at Crowle.

The practice of this devotion is most easy, since there is no question of superadding devotional practices but only of forming an intention. Let any one look round on the state of the Catholics in his own immediate neighbourhood and he cannot fail of being convinced of how appropriate is this devotion to the actual needs of Catholic society. Which of us has not some relative or friend whose necessary occupation at a distance from a Catholic church debars him from fulfilling his Sunday duty of hearing Mass? Which of us does not behold the most trivial pretexts being laid hold of by luke warm Catholics as an excuse for missing Sunday Mass? Which of us is ignorant of the constant *deliberate* neglect of Mass to be met with in every rank of life, in every parish?

To these two last categories of unhappy souls appertains the guilt of revolting against the established authority of Our Lord Jesus Christ, speaking by His Church, and of depriving God of that *accidental glory* which it is their duty to give Him; to those happy souls who join this Archconfraternity (or practise the devotion which is its essence), appertains the glorious privilege of testifying their own devoted love to the Church and respect for her precepts whilst theirs too becomes the lovely and congenial task of repairing that glory of which sinners would deprive our dearest Lord.

G. M. WARD.

NOVEMBER MUSINGS AT THREE RIVERS.

For one hundred and seventy years the faithful of Three Rivers have passed through the portals of their little Church of the Immaculate Conception to join with the beatified in giving God thanks for His great glory on the Feast of All Saints, and to make intercession on behalf of the suffering souls in the beautiful and solemn service of the day of commemoration of the dead. Fair and mild dawned the first of November of this year of grace, one thousand eight hundred and eighty eight. The grand river, without a ripple on its surface, lay before the old Trifluvieu town like a sea of opal—a simile, by the way, which is often employed to describe an effect that I never saw until yesterday. From the mouth of Lake St. Peter down to the Bécancourt woods, from the shore

of Three Rivers to the sandy beach of Sainte Angèle, and, water and sky were alike covered with an opal tinted haze. It was not a cloud, for the crescent of the pale young moon hung clearly visible, suspended in the grey-blue sky above us, nor was it a mist, for the steeple of Sainte Angèle's Church, and the heights of the sugar lands beyond were, although at a distance of several miles, distinctly outlined;—it was simply as if the face of nature had become opalesque (if there be such a word), or as if the cloud in which Elias ascended to heaven were let down once more over this most Catholic country, to flood it with some of the strange mysterious beauty of the abiding city of the Saints of God.

As suddenly as it came, the strange atmospheric effect melted away, a soft western breeze stirred the surface of the lake, and the river awakened to life, trembled and throbbled, and ran down in long, smooth, rolling waves to meet the sun in the east, then there was heard a clash of silver-toned bells from steeple and tower, and the houses of God in Three Rivers rang out the morning Angelus. At the masses it would seem as if the whole population of the city approached the sacraments—while pews and aisles were so crowded that one could with difficulty secure a place to kneel. Monseigneur La flèche, the beautiful and holy old Bishop of Three Rivers, deserted his cathedral for the day, and came down to the little church, *dite de la paroisse*, to preach at the High Mass a sermon on death and heaven, the inheritance of the Saints.

It was my first experience of a Holy day in an entirely Catholic city. Not a shop was open, not a cart seen in the streets, no noise, no bustle, no stir. The citizens were in gala attire, the children walked demurely along with a deportment suggestive of Sunday School and "best frocks." The Catholics kept the day holy in the letter and in the spirit, and the Protestants, being a very small minority, made a virtue of necessity and observed it too.

In the afternoon, when the Church had sung her hymns of thanksgiving for the glory of her saints, and chanted in mournful numbers her vespers for the dead, the living flocked to the grave yard. The whole length of the road leading to the Coteau St. Louis was lined with people, the avenues of the cemetery were thronged. In the enclosures of the rich and on the unmarked graves of the poor knelt the survivors, many of them weeping in all the agony of fresh and bitter grief—and from the green sword of the Coteau to the throne of the Most High there arose a petition from countless hearts:

"Lord of mercy, Jesu blest,
Grant the faithful light and rest."

But it is not only in God's Acre on the Coteau that the dead of Three Rivers lie sleeping. There are many who await the last trump under the three churches that date from the old regime, the Church of the Immaculate Conception, the Chapel of the Ursuline Monastery, and the former Church of the Recollet Fathers, now, alas! an Anglican temple.

It is a strange mixture of old and new, this city of Three Rivers. It possesses antiquities that a more modern city would prize above rubies, and it strains after modern effects that would be despised in a North-West village. It covers its massive and ancient stone houses with brick, it cuts down elm trees over a century old for no reason discernible to any eye but that of the "corporation," it sells its antique furniture of polished oak and mahogany to purchase meretricious effects in walnut and plush, and it scorns to remember in what sections of the town its pioneers lived and moved and had their being. But there is a restraining influence; the Church, always Conservative, is careful of her records—and what succeeding generations have well nigh forgotten, the Church has garnered in her treasury of knowledge.

Students of historic lore come from afar to Three Rivers to see her registers, for therein, on the yellow pages clear and distinct, are the signatures of the early heroes, the first martyrs of the Canadian Church, De

Brebouf, Daniel Lallemand, Buteux, Garreau, de Nouz and Davost, of Père Le-jeune, and Père Quentin; of Pères Le Mercier, Ragueneau, Claude Pijart, Dupéron, Le Moyné, Jerome Lalemant, Ménard, Dablon, D'Enillètes, Bailloquet, Bouin, Albanel, Chaumonot and Al-louez, of the Company of Jesus. There are also the signa-tures of Messieurs Fremont and Dollier de Casson, priests of St. Sulpice, and of a large number of Récollet Fathers.

Here is a translation of the first page of the earliest register. I give the heading in its original French:

"*Catalogue des Trepassez au lieu nommé Les Trois Rivières.*"

"The gentlemen of the Company of New France having ordered that a habitation should be erected in this place, named The Three Rivers, Monsieur de Champlain, who commanded in this country, sent there from Quebec (Kébec) a barque under the direction of Monsieur La Violette, who set foot on land the 4th July of the year 1634, with a number of our Frenchmen, for the greater part artisans, and then we made a beginning of the house and the habitation or fort, which is seen in this place.

"The 3rd September of the same year the Rev. Father Paul Lejeune, and Father Breteux, of the Company of Jesus, left Quebec, and arrived on the 8th of the same month, to there assist our Frenchmen in the salvation of their souls.

"Towards the end of December of the same year the scurvy (*mal de terre*) being spread among our Frenchmen, carried off some of them, who are the first Christians dead in this country.

"On the 27th July, 1635, was buried Lefebvre, valet of M. le général Duplessis, who was drowned while bathing near the fort."

It was one of the superstitions of the old time Canadians that the dead walked upon the earth on the eve of All Souls, and this is just the sort of place for such a weird fancy to take hold of the imagination. At midnight I looked from my window over the broad river, peaceful as a sea of glass, and grey with the shadows of overhanging clouds. Far off on Lake St. Peter a strange bright light shone vividly over the motionless water. For a full minute the rays would illumine the cloudy atmosphere and then would die out in chilling gloom. All along the south shore lights would flash and quiver and expire, now advancing, now retreating, now fading away, even on the surface of the water these fire spirits seemed to dance. What were they? I know not. Belated travellers perhaps, or passing boats, or fishermen in quest of Friday's dinner, or, can it be possible that on this holy night, consecrated to Christian charity, the supernatural conquers the natural, and, as the old Canadian phrase expresses it, *les morts sont sur la terre!*

If it were really possible for ghosts to return to the scene of their former joys and sorrows, there would be many weeping and mourning spirits wandering homeless about Three Rivers on the eve of All Souls. Take, for instance, the pious Récollet Fathers who lie interred under the present comfortable and well carpeted Anglican Church! What would be the feelings of those brown clad and hooded sons of St. Francis did they wander up and down the aisles of their old sanctuary, consecrated so long ago, and see the books of "Common Prayer" and the King James' version of the Scriptures, and all the other accessories of the Anglican Low Church worship? More sorely would they be tried if they chanced to hit on an hour when the minister's wife and his two little daughters were dusting out the pews and "fixing up" the communion table for the next day's service. Then, also, Père Anne de Nouz and certain other holy Jesuits might not be exactly at home were they to rise up through the floor of Mr. Ogden's pretty old-fashioned house, which is supposed to stand on the site of the first cemetery of Three Rivers.

Again, take more secular ghosts. What would Mr. Moses Hart of happy memory say to Mr. Louis Badaeux' modern and fashionable selection of haberdashery, now being dis-

posed of at moderate prices within the walls of the building where the astute old Jew drove his hard bargains in the last century? And Captain Dame, would he consider Inkeroff's tinware as appropriate garnishings to his former *salon*? And the gay and gallant de Sonnaucours, they who lived, "not wisely, but too well," possibly they would be the most perplexed of all the *revenants*, did they pop through the massive walls of their stately residence, and glide into the once gorgeous precincts of their drawing-room, to find it lighted by the mild gleams of a sanctuary lamp, and a reverend Jesuit Father hearing a confession in one of the corners!

Only in two places in Three Rivers would the poor ghosts find themselves amid familiar surroundings, namely, in the little Church of the Immaculate Conception, where all is fair and beautiful as when they laid down to rest within its precincts, and in the old, old chapel of the Ursulines, where daily, for near upon two hundred years, God's priests have ascended the altar steps to offer up the Clean Oblation, and to make intercession for the living and the dead, where sweet voices beyond the black grating of the choir have continually made supplication for them before the throne of God, and where on this very day of All Souls the cry arose to heaven: "*Requiem aeternum dona eis Domine; et lux perpetua luceat eis.*"

LORRAINE.

Three Rivers, All Soul's Day, 1888.

HERE AND THERE.

I notice in an exchange "An Authentic Apparition of Satan," said to be taken from *Blackwood's* under the title of "Aut Diabolus aut Nihil." The *Blackwood's* referred to is not named by date, and the paper or journal from which the extract is copied is not mentioned. I have a vigorous distrust of pseudo-spiritualistic manifestations of this sort. This country was not built on plans furnished by the Congregation Holy Office, but it evidently would not do any harm if a few of its very sensible rules were applied to newspapers which reproduce phantasmagoric atrocities of the kind I allude to. Wild vagaries of this sort have given our enemies a vantage ground from which they cry "fool" and "imbecile" to their very hearts' content. If such unauthenticated accounts of alleged miraculous manifestations had the bad result alone of putting bad words against the Church into mouths already foul from their constant use of them, it would yet be an evil. But there is a greater evil produced by such foolish newspapering. These mouthings, those fantasies are, in a Catholic paper, produced side by side with statements of Catholic doctrine, with apparently the same earnestness and, as far as Protestant eyes can see, with as much reason. This is a great injustice to the Church for which such papers presume to speak. Catholic faith, Catholic doctrine, projects, prospects, have plenty of points which may for years exercise the best energies of Catholic newspapers (even were they all *Montreal Free Witnesses*) without their babbling fables or recounting unauthenticated "authentic deviltries."

Rev. D. J. Macdonell is the man who, last year, swore by the sanctity of the British Constitution that he would not pay his taxes till he had made those pampered Romanist priests pay theirs. He has just pleaded guilty before the Revision Court to the ownership, for his own personal advantage, of about \$20,000 worth of real estate besides a fine salary. He has evidently weakened on his last year's contentions, for I noticed that he plead the ordinary legal exemptions. He thereby abandons his position. Catholic priests are no more desirous than he would have been, had he been sincere last year, to take refuge behind the present law. They are the poorest paid clergymen in Ontario, and the Catholic Church would be a distinct gainer if salary exemptions were removed. Of the eleven or twelve millions exempt in Toronto to-day we don't own anything near our proportion, and in matter of income our priests have not 15 per cent. of non-Catholic clergymen's revenue. The Rev. Mr. Macdonell may some day find himself served with

the sauce he is advertising, and I have all manner of serious doubts whether Protestants generally will thank him for his efforts. So long as the matter has an anti-Popery colour they may fancy it, but when they find they have to pay twice the Papists' taxes for the fun of having the Papists taxed, they will change their mind.

They dedicated a new Orange hall in Ottawa last Tuesday. Senator Clemow regretted the intense annexationist feeling which permeated all classes of the country and adjured the brethren to stand by British connection. Bugbearism is the life of the Orange Order. The Orange leaders are essentially a set of fakirs. If annexation ever come, they will tell the world they did it, to save the country from French-Canadian domination. EPPENDI.

THE MOTHER OF CHURCHES.

I.

On last Saturday week, the Quebec basilica was the scene of the consecration of Mgr. Begin, the new Bishop of Chicoutimi. Such an event, always interesting, is a further reminder of the historic stand which that old Church holds, as the *principium et fons* of the episcopal succession in all the original Provinces in the Dominion.

To confine ourselves to the period since the Conquest, we have the following Bishops of Quebec who were consecrated there:—1786, Mgr. Hubert; 1789, Mgr. Bailey de Messein; 1801, Mgr. Plessis; 1807, Mgr. Panet; 1827, Mgr. Tignay; 1834, Mgr. Turgeon; 1871, Mgr. Taschereau. The consecration of Mgr. Duplessis de Mornan was performed by the Cardinal de Rohan, and that of Mgr. Baillargeon, by Cardinal Ranzoni, at Rome. One Canadian prelate, and only one, received consecration at the hands of a Pope. The Bishop was Mgr. Dosquet, the Pontiff, Benedict XIII., and the date, Christmas, 1725.

The Bishops of the other provinces of Canada who were consecrated in the Quebec basilica, are these:—

1796	Bishop O'Donnell,	1st Bishop of Newfoundland.
1818	" Burke,	" " Nova Scotia.
1820	" Macdonell,	" " Upper Canada (Kingston).
1821	Bishop McEachran,	1st Bishop of P. E. Island.
1843	" Dullard	" " New Brunswick (St. John).

II

In a broader sense, old Quebec may be set down as the central and distributing point of the Church in North America. The Church of San Domingo is older, founded in 1614. That of Mexico dates from 1524, and that of Havana was established still earlier. But none of these can compare in influence with the town of Champlain. From Quebec went forth nearly all the missionaries who spread the gospel in the West and North-West. The sons of Asisi and Loyola set forth on their wanderings from under the shadow of Cape Diamond. In the list of priests who dwelt at Quebec, on the 1st October, 1674, is read the name of Jacques Marquette. Little did that humble missionary dream of the glory which was soon to be attached to his labours and discoveries. By finding and exploring the Mississippi to the mouth of the Arkansas, not only did the Jesuit open a vast land to the realms of his king, but he spread out a broad field to the zeal of the Bishop of New France, and widened the boundaries of the diocese of Quebec, by thousands on thousands of miles. Thus it happens that Detroit, Chicago, Milwaukee, St. Louis, New Orleans, Cincinnati, Louisville and scores of western cities—although they were not thought of then—now occupy ground which was under the sway of the great Bishop, Francis Laval of Montmorency, who was first raised to the See of Quebec over two hundred years ago. It is no stretch of fancy, but literal truth—and the picture is a great one—that when Laval stood on the steps of his high altar, in that venerable temple, he could wave his crozier over a whole continent, from the Gulf of the St. Lawrence to the Gulf of Mexico, and from the Red River of the North to the waters of Chesapeake Bay. Time has flown since then, and the Church

has spread at such a wonderful rate that more than one hundred dioceses may be said to have sprung, in a straight line, from the single old diocese of Quebec.

JOHN TALON-LESPEANCE.

GOING BACK ON THE REFORMATION.

Among the many curious "resolutions" of the late "Lambeth Conference" of the English Church, the last (19th) is most curious and significant:

"19. That, as regards newly-constituted Churches, especially in non-Christian lands, it should be a condition of the recognition of them as in complete intercommunion with us, and especially of their receiving from us episcopal succession, that we should first receive from them satisfactory evidence that they hold substantially the same doctrine as our own, and that their clergy subscribe articles in accordance with the express statements of our own standards of doctrine and worship; but that they should not necessarily be bound to accept in their entirety the Thirty-nine Articles of Religion."

Now just think of it for a moment: here is a solemn Synod of bishops, representing the English Establishment in all its dependencies and affiliations, assembled, if not to legislate for the Church, (which it seems, they are careful to avoid,) at least to declare the principles of their Church as applicable to the subjects treated of, insisting that newly-constituted churches seeking union with them shall give satisfactory evidence that they hold substantially the same doctrine as their own, and that their clergy shall even be required to subscribe articles in accordance with the express statements of their own standards of doctrine and worship, but that they should not necessarily be bound to accept in their entirety the XXXIX Articles of Religion.

Now we defy any man of ordinary literary skill to give a more perfect specimen of how to do it and yet not to do it, than that. If you want to join the English Church you must of course subscribe to the same doctrines embodied in her standards; nevertheless, you need not accept the XXXIX Articles in their entirety. Well, then, in Heaven's name, what must they accept? The XXXIX Articles are the expression of the reformed Church of England. They contain the reason and attempted justification of the separation from the mother Church. They cost an immense amount of discussion, and the non-acceptance of the doctrines contained in those Articles caused rivers of blood to flow. Multitudes of the best and holiest men in England were hanged, drawn and quartered because they refused to assent to those doctrines, and to this day every ecclesiastic who is ordained in the English Establishment is required to subscribe to those articles, and yet "newly constituted churches" wishing to unite with the English Church need not necessarily be required to subscribe to those Articles "in their entirety." Well, if not in their entirety, what portion of them must be received? Ordinarily, organic statements of principle and especially religious creeds are required to be received in their natural and obvious sense. This is a settled canon of interpretation. We are aware that there is a considerable section of the Establishment and its affiliations in this and other countries who feel at perfect liberty to ignore the XXXIX Articles and affect to despise them as they do the name Protestant. But we were not prepared to believe that a solemn synod of the Bishops of the Church would publish and formally sanction the ignoring of the Articles. That evidently is what it amounts to; for, if I want to join that Church, what do I care for the declaration that I must subscribe Articles in accordance with the express statements of their standards of doctrine and practice, if at the same time I am assured that I need not receive the XXXIX Articles in their entirety? As long as they do not tell me how much of the Articles or in what sense I am to receive them, I take it for granted that I am left to judge for myself, and, accordingly, I may understand them in a "non-natural" sense or ignore them entirely, as the Ritualists do. That may be thought good policy on the part of the authorities of the Church, but it strikes us they cannot be called very satisfactory guides in matters of faith, and if that nineteenth "Resolution" is not a tremendous going back on the Reformation, we know not what to call it.

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LETTER FROM HIS GRACE THE ARCHBISHOP OF TORONTO.

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

GENTLEMEN,—

I have singular pleasure indeed in saying God-speed to your intended journal, THE CATHOLIC WEEKLY REVIEW. The Church, contradicted on all sides as her Divine Founder was, hails with peculiar pleasure the assistance of her lay children in dispelling ignorance and prejudice. They can do this nobly by public journalism, and as the press now appears to be an universal instructor for either evil or good, and since it is frequently used for evil to disseminate 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 style, form and quality of the REVIEW, and I do hope it will become a splendid success.
 Believe me, yours faithfully,

JAMES J. CARRHY,
Bishop of Hamilton.

TORONTO, SATURDAY, NOV. 10, 1888.

We observe that the opinion expressed some time ago by this journal respecting the Muller—Young controversy, "Outside the Church there is no Salvation," has since been endorsed by the better class American Catholic papers. "In the play of Hamlet," says the Milwaukee *Citizen*, "there is a caution against 'talking caviare to the general.' Caviare was a dish of 'fish eggs' appreciated by the few in Shakespeare's time, but not liked by the general public.

"Here are Fathers Elliot and Young talking 'caviare to the general,' and Father Muller giving them caviare in return. It is like all theological disputes—mightily entertaining to the disputants, but fruitful only of disrespect of theology to the multitude. We have had it shown that either the ancient doctors disagree in their teachings or these modern D. D.'s are at variance in their interpretations. The Mellifluous Doctor is quoted against the Angelic Doctor and the Subtile Doctor against the Irrefragable Doctor. It is all 'caviare to the general.' It is pearls cast before swine. Shades of Abelard and Duns Scotus meander not through the columns of the modern press; the learning of the schoolmen is not appreciated. But the Sermon on the Mount can be still heard with reverence and the wonderful parables of the New Testament have morals for the masses."

We are in receipt of an interesting letter from Mr. John Gilmary Shea, the eminent historian of the Church in America, with reference to Mr. W. J. Macdonell's "Reminiscences of Bishop Macdonell," originally published in this REVIEW. Mr. Shea expresses his indebtedness to the "Reminiscences" for the definite knowledge he had long desired regarding the Highland Catholic Settlement on the

Mohawk river, and adds that "his (Mr. Macdonell's) grandfather, from his military experience, was evidently the leading man in the Colony, where I find by letters of Capt. Alexander Macdonell, there were 200 of the name in 1775.' As to the merits of Mr. Macdonell's little volume, and its value as a contribution to the history of the Church in Ontario, Mr. Shea, whose opinion is entitled to the greatest weight, says:—

"It is indeed a most valuable contribution to the history of Catholicity in Upper Canada, and the first book to my knowledge directly on the earlier period. Its personal details, anecdotes and incidents give an inexpressible charm. It would have been lamentable if Mr. Macdonell's reminiscences of the Bishop and the facts he learned in his early life had been unrecorded. Few of the venerable men survive whose recollection goes back to the first quarter of this century, or who can give even the knowledge acquired as children from their parents," and touching on our own efforts in this direction, Mr. Shea is kind enough to add: "Few even of these find friends like yourselves to take down from the lips of age the details of struggle, hardship, zeal and fidelity that characterized our forefathers in the faith. Attempting now to write history, I regret often and bitterly that I did not begin in boyhood to do what your REVIEW has done so well."

Mr. Shea expresses his intention of reviewing the "Reminiscences" at length in the forthcoming number of the *United States Catholic Historical Magazine*, and also of writing an article on the Catholic Highland Settlement in New York, already referred to.

THE QUESTION OF ANNEXATION.

It is gratifying to find that at least one American Catholic paper, and it one of the ablest, has some accurate notion of the temper of Canadian opinion in regard to annexation. The *Catholic Standard* of Philadelphia, with a fuller knowledge of our affairs and a keener discernment of the direction of the ideas and feelings which weigh with our young nation, falls into no such false step as did the New York *Freeman's Journal*: it sees that Canadians are, and why they should be, opposed to annexation. The arguments urged in support of Canada's becoming an integral part of the United States, arguments the force of which it to many persons appears strange that we should be unable, or unwilling to admit, are, briefly, that such a step would enure to our own advantage in every way, that our population would increase more rapidly, our grand natural resources be developed, our commercial advantages improved, and our position and prestige enhanced as a part of the great American nation.

"But on each one of these points," observes the *Standard*, "the majority of Canadians meet us with a positive denial of its truth. They enforce their argument, too, with the declaration, that even if our statements as regards these points had a substantial basis of fact, there is something else, and something of much greater importance, to be considered. They tell us that there is such a thing as a people increasing rapidly in population, and in industrial activity and the volume of its trade and traffic both at home and abroad, yet at the same time deteriorating morally and religiously; personal and public virtue diminishing; the ties of the family relations becoming laxer; the sanctity and perpetuity of those relations almost lost sight of; manufacturing and commercial activity converted into engines to oppress the 'masses'; the nation's wealth concentrated into a few hands, and where not thus accumulated, the aggregate savings of the masses invested

in corporations which are so managed by those who control their management that the very money of the poor is used to impoverish them still further; and last, but most important of all, that the vast majority of the inhabitants of the United States are only in name a Christian people; that at least five-sixths of them are non-Catholics, and that the majority of the non-Catholics are indifferent as regards religion, and as for the remainder, their adherence to one or another of the Protestant sects is determined more by business or social connections than by any positive religious convictions.

Hence the conclusion reached by much the greater number of Canadians is that they had better maintain for a time their present political relations with Great Britain, and then, should they ever sunder those relations, establish a Government of their own, independent of every other people and country.

It is worth while, now that the annexation of Canada is a matter of general surmise on our part, to look the arguments on both sides squarely in the face."

As regards the educational, social, moral, and religious aspect of the question, the *Standard* accepts the views of an educated French-Canadian, which were published a week or two ago in these columns, as those entertained by the vast majority of Canadians. These opinions are summed up as follows:

"Will they favour the scheme of education deemed essential across the border in the States?"

"We have no need to copy the States. They are godless—given over to the pursuit of money without concomitant grace. The Canadian people—the English people as well as the Roman Catholics—have a keener perception of the necessity of religion than the people of the United States. You can stand by the Windsor Hotel in Montreal and see more handsome stone churches than you will behold in any city in the Union, not excepting New York. There are more fine churches in Montreal than in Boston, with twice her population. Religion and progress must go hand in hand."

"Then you can scarcely favour annexation with the States?"

"Never. It is treason to Canada to consider it even. Union with the States would destroy our nationality. We would become merely mongrels. We see how the peculiar republicanism of the States works in the case of our French-Canadians who go to New England. There are nearly half a million of them scattered about there. They return on visits, and they terrify their good fathers and mothers by their reckless ways. They no longer salute the Cure save in an off-hand manner. They lose their respect for the Church and become flippant and profane. I think annexation would prove a curse to our people."

And as long as these ideas prevail with the people of Canada, and prevail they do with the great majority of non Catholics as well as of Catholics, the *Standard* rightly surmises that they will not look for the realization of their destiny as a people in annexation to the United States, but, if the logic of events lead to changes, in eventual national independence as the natural and political outcome of their development. Nor does the *Standard* seem to think that we are mistaken in these aspirations; nor that it is to be regretted by the people of the United States that Canadians do not mean to allow their country to be absorbed by theirs.

"THE YOUNG SEIGNEUR :"—A CANADIAN NOVEL.

"The Young Seigneur" by Wilfred Châteaclair—a *nom de plume*, if we mistake not, which furnishes as with a hint as to the real name of the writer—is the title of a novel of peculiar interest and of marked excellence, which has been but recently issued, and in which an effort is made to depict the more picturesque phases in our Canadian life,

along with what is pernicious. The chief aim of his work, the author tells us in his preface, is "to map out a future for the Canadian nation; a lesser purpose, to make the atmosphere of French Canada better understood by those who speak English." To "these brothers of ours," the French-Canadians, he hopes to have done some service "in using as his hero one of those lofty characters which their circle has produced more than once." "The book," he adds, "is not a political one, and must not be taken for a Grit diatribe." Its author is an old-fashioned Tory and an old-fashioned Liberal, whose parties are dead, and who finds himself at present "in an universal opposition." But his characters he claims are neither untrue nor impossible. What he has written has been studied from the life, and man and date may be found for the essential particulars.

With the general spirit and motive of the book we confess it would be difficult to find question. The good intention of the author is everywhere evident. He has given us a sort of Canadian "Comingsby." The hero he draws is one of those unselfish and high-minded characters, who bring to mind Lord Beaconsfield dictum that to think noble thoughts is to be noble; because to act nobly one must first think nobly. Chamilly Haviland, the young Seigneur of the story, is a young Canadian inheriting all the chivalrous feelings of the old French gentry or *noblesse*, filled with high resolves for the betterment of his people, and with a sense of duty to, and of faith in the coming greatness of, his country. The scene of the story is an old Seigniory on the St. Lawrence. An old Ontarian, his friend, is his guest; they are both Members of Parliament and their conversations convey the political movement of the story.

"Its a queer old Province and romantic to me," said the Montrealer with whom old Mr. Chrysler fell in on the steamer descending to Sorel, and who had been giving him the names of the villages they passed in the broad and verdant panorama of the shores of the St. Lawrence. In truth it is a queer romantic province, that ancient Province of Quebec—ancient in store of heroic and picturesque memories, though the three centuries of its history would look foreshortened to people of Europe, and Canada herself is not yet alive to the far-reaching import of each deed and journey of the chivalrics of its early days. Here a hundred and thirty years after the Conquest, a million and a half of Normans and Bretons, speaking the language of France and preserving her institutions still people the shores of the river and gulf. Their white cottages dot the banks like an endless string of pearls, their willows shade the hamlets and lean over the courses of brooks, their tapering parish spires nestle in the landscape of their new world *patrie*."

Thus opens the story. "You great Ontarians," observes the Seigneur to his friend, "believe too firmly that there is no progress here. According to you there is no being to be met with in these forsaken wastes, except a superstitious peasant; clothed all the year in beefs and homespun, capped with the tuque, girded with the sash, and carrying the capuchin hood on his shoulders, like the figure on some of our old copper *sous*;—who sows after the manner of his fathers, a strip of the field of his grandfathers, and cherishes to his heart every prejudice of his several great grandfathers."

Unfortunately we are unable owing to the necessities of space, to make quotations from the book as fully as we could wish, but one other will indicate its political drift. "I do not care (the Seigneur is made to say) for a thing because it is striking; but I care for a great thing if it is really great. Do not think me too daring if I suggest for a moment that Canada should aim to lead the nations instead of being led. I believe she can do it if she only

has enough persistence. A nation should only exist, and will only exist permanently, if it has a *raison of existence*. France has hers in the needs of the inhabitants of a vast plain; local Britain in those of an island; with Israel it was religion; with Imperial Rome organized religion; Panhellenism had the mission of intellect; Canada, too, to exist must have a good reason why her people shall live and act together."

"What then is our 'reason of existence'?" "It must be an aim a work," he said soberly. . . . Simply Ideal Canada, and the vista of her proper national work, the highest she might be, and the best she might perform situated as she is, all time being given and the utmost stretch of aims. As Plato's mind saw his Republic, Bacon his new Atlantis. More his Utopia; [so let us see before and above us the Ideal Canada, and boldly aim at the programme of doing something in the world."

This *raison d'être* is described in another passage as follows: "To do pre-eminently well a part of the highest work of all the world; if by being a nation we can advance mankind; if by being a nation we can make a better community for ourselves; our aims are founded on the highest *raison d'être*,—the ethical spirit. We must mark out our work on this principle; and if we do not work upon it we had better not exist."

With these extracts before him the reader will be able to form some estimate of the style and strength of the story. We are not this week able to refer to more than the political portion of it. In dealing with Lower Canadian life the author has of course had to describe the action of the Church upon affairs, and the influence of *Monsieur le Curé*. Two of his characters are strongly tainted with anti-clerical Liberalism, and there is an election, a political sermon, and some rather bold references to the condemnation by the ecclesiastics of the Institut Canadien.

On this part of the work we shall have a word to say later. The author is not open, we are sure, to any suspicion of bigotry, but he has been led into some little extravagances, and one or two of his pictures are a trifle off colour.

Current Catholic Thought.

MONEY RULES.

A Protestant Episcopal Layman writes the *Evening Wisconsin* a letter in which the public is "set right" on the relations subsisting between the ministers and flocks of that denomination:

"The clergy are our servants; we hire and pay them and expect they will keep in the front with the growth of thought. We don't dispute that they may have been called of God to the work of the ministry, but we assert that our rectors were called by us and their teachings must suit us or there will be a vacancy and an opportunity for labour in another field. History repeats itself. We accept suggestions from the pulpit, but take no orders."

This is plain talk. It must be a little galling to the divines of the Episcopal church to have matters so presented. But we surmise that this layman is fairly accurate.

Your wealthy business man, your railway magnate, your leading lawyer and extensive manufacturer compose the vestry of the Episcopal church. Rev. Algernon Allthings, installed as rector, must observe that he is the hireling of these gentlemen. Must they make it plain to him that they pay him? Very well; they want value received. His pulpit exhortations must entertain. He must teach the agreeable. If he pleases God 'tis well; but at any rate he must please the vestrymen.

Here are the makings of a very sordid religion. Res-

pectability may be its God, but no moral impulse will ever go out to the world from such a sect. No premium is placed upon conscience; individual consecration to any timely truth or crying reform is repressed. The preacher is not allowed the liberty of his natural courage.

Yet this is the system prevailing in the most respectable of Protestant sects. Put it to the ministers themselves: Does this sort of government breed the sincerest Christianity? Must not the preachers themselves feel cramped within its worldly limitations?—*Milwaukee Citizen*.

A SAMPLE SUNDAY SCHOOL STORY.

Perhaps the softest, flabbiest and most sickening kind of literature poor human nature was ever forced to wade through, is the stories which sectarians tell of "converted" Chinamen, goody-goody sailors, psalm-singing "sloggers," and other "brands saved from the burning,"—and all through the fact that each of these "regenerated" religion-mongers had possessed himself of a Protestant bible!

Here is a story of one of the "John" family (whose peculiarities we in California are so well-acquainted with) which will make many readers of the *Monitor* laugh, when they come to realize the manner in which the aforesaid "John" bamboozled the unsuspecting young lady who saw a tear in the Chinaman's eye!

The story is headed "Keeping the Sabbath," in the sectarian paper from which we clip it, and the editor says that "a Chicago lady recently ascribed her conversion to the following incident:

She was travelling through New Mexico, three years ago, and was side-tracked at Santa Fe one Sunday. She and a lady friend had some handkerchiefs she wanted washed, and spying a Chinese camp a short ways off, went to it, and asked the Chinaman if he would wash the handkerchiefs. He replied: 'No, me no washee to-day.' The lady friend, thinking, of course, that John was lazy, recommended her to display her cash and renew her request. So she held out a dollar bill, together with her handkerchiefs, and asked him again to wash them. At this John grew solemn, and reaching up to a shelf took down a book, which the lady was surprised to see was a bible, and holding it in one hand, pointed to it with the other, looked into her face, while a tear stood in his eye, and he said: 'Me Chinaman and you 'Melican lady; and I lovee that book. You no good lady.' There were no handkerchiefs washed that day. A profound impression was made on the ladies and their party, ending in the conversion of the speaker."

The above story is credited to the *Sailor's Magazine*, and it is just such a "fishy" yarn as "Jack" would tell to a young land-lubber between "watches," in order to keep him awake till "four bells."

The lady who could become converted through such a story as this, could be made to believe that Jonah swallowed the whale—the bible to the contrary notwithstanding!—*San Francisco Monitor*.

MEN AND THINGS.

Sir Thomas Esmonde, M.P., is about to visit Australia on a mission similar to that which he discharged with Mr. A. O'Connor in the United States. He will probably be accompanied by Mr. John Dillon, whose health is not yet fully restored.

Bernard Charles Molloy, one of the Nationalist members for the King's County, was at one time a captain in the French army. He is now a member of the Inner Temple, President d'Honneur des Chevaliers Sauveteurs, and one of the private Chamberlains to Leo XIII.

The Buffalo *Union* has this to relate of J. C. Flood, the Californian millionaire: "His daughter he humoured in every whim, and although Flood never gave a cent in charity himself he allowed her full latitude to indulge her desires in that direction. 'If it pleases you, my dear,' he was wont to say, 'to throw money away in charity, I shall not regard it as wasted.' In all his life Flood was

hard, cold, selfish and revengeful. He brought financial ruin to a man who taunted him with being a whisky-seller and sent that man to a suicide's grave."

Mr. Fitzgerald Molloy's success, says the London *Register*, is an incentive to young authors. His first novel, a serial called "Merely Players," appeared when he was twenty-four. Since then he has written ten books; his eleventh, "The Life of Edmund Kean," is shortly to appear. Mr. Molloy is a middle-sized man, with dark brown eyes, a well-formed head, and a picturesque beard and moustache. Mr. Molloy crossed St. George's Channel when he was twenty. In the four years which preceded his first attempt, he was at the office of the New Zealand Government in London, and held the post of private secretary to Sir Charles Gavan Duffy. "Merely Players" did not attract much attention. The first book that brought him under notice was "Court Life Below Stairs." "A Modern Magician" was his last novel. Mr. Molloy's other best known works are the "Life of Peg Woffington," "Famous Plays," "Royalty Restored," and two novels.

Cardinal Howard has been removed for the winter to a private asylum near Brighton. He has been quite insane now for nearly a year, though at first he had frequent lucid intervals, in which his grief and despair are said to have been highly pathetic. He is now crazy all the while, says a recent despatch, and the cerebral affection is hopeless. He still looks the picture of health, save for a wild glance in the eyes. His mania almost steadily is that he is a captain in the Horse Guards, which he was before he took Orders, and his language now is much better adapted to the mess-room than to a monastery. He is very watchful, though, about his clothes, and insists on maintaining a Cardinal's dress throughout, even to the red stockings and the red beretta, which he wears back on the side of his head, like an officer's forage cap.

The Bishop of Saltord (Dr. Vaughan), whose recent criticism of the Bishop of Carlisle's paper, at the Church Congress, with reference to the Apostolic succession of the Anglican Church, has given rise to much comment, is a notable man, and belongs to one of the oldest Catholic families in England. His handsome features, his bright eyes, his open, genial countenance, which seems always wreathed in smiles, gives him a striking appearance. His career has been remarkable. The sword and the Gospel have claimed his services. Fired by the enthusiasm of his father, the life of a soldier had for him an almost irresistible fascination from his school-boy days. He joined the ranks of the Army soon after quitting his studies, and was for a number of years a captain in the Guards. Resigning his position he entered the Church, where his ability, his eloquence, and learning soon earned for him the pastoral crook.—*London Echo*.

Berthelie, one of the most lively of the lyric comedians of Paris, has just left the stage of life as well of the theatre in an alarmingly sudden manner. Only the other evening he was playing at the Gaiety in the *Dragon de la Reine*, and owing to the excessive heat he drank on his way home two glasses of iced beer. This led to congestion of the lungs, and M. Berthelie, just like M. Oppenheim, the banker, a few years ago, succumbed to his own imprudence. During the war of 1870 the actor became a *franc-tireur* and re-entered the Bouffes when Paris had recovered from the two sieges. M. Berthelie's greatest success at the Gaiety were in *Dix Jours aux Pyrénées* and the *Dragon de la Reine*. He died comparatively well off; his greatest desire being to leave his son independent. Madame Berthelie, his wife, was away at the time of her husband's sudden illness, but returned immediately to Paris, and attended him at his last moments. The deceased actor gave a remarkable proof of the reconciliation which can sometimes be effected between the Church and the stage. He was a devout Catholic and used to attend in a most assiduous manner the Lenten sermons of Père Monsabré, the Dominican preacher of Notre Dame.

He was also patronized by the late Cardinal Guibert who, as Archbishop of Paris, once presided at a school *matinée* where Berthelie sang. It was announced on the programme that after M. Berthelie's songs the Archbishop would say *un mot*, which meant either that the prelate was about to utter a "good thing," or merely to make a "short speech." His Eminence did both, for after saying a few words appropriate to the occasion, he added that he had often heard of M. Berthelie, but not being a playgoer he did not know at what theatre he performed. "Most assuredly, however," concluded the Cardinal, "it must be at the Gaiety."

Mrs. Lynn Linton, in her paper in the *Fortnightly* on "The Irresponsibilities of Genius," describes thus Disraeli's wife, and her love for her husband:—That love was absorbing, overwhelming; and if shown and confessed with more naïveté than reserve, it was beautiful and almost pathetic from its sincerity. She was the spring-board whence he took his higher leap. Her fortune saved his energies and enabled him to concentrate his activities. "I shall live to see my Dizzy Prime Minister," she said to me, as she said to many others. . . . I remember to this hour some of her dresses—notably a soiled white satin trimmed with black lace. She made her evening gowns do duty for the morning, and attained a very fair likeness to someone dressed out of a rag shop.

CATHOLIC AND LITERARY NOTES.

Mr. W. J. Fitzpatrick's two volumes of "The Correspondence of O'Connell," which were issued lately, have been very favourably criticised and liberally quoted in the London dailies. The great Liberator's letters to his wife have awakened a strong feeling of genuine sympathy in even the most antagonistic breasts.

The *Waterloo Chronicle* referring to the rumour that Mr. W. H. Riddell, the able secretary of the Ontario Mutual Life Association Co., had accepted a similar position in Toronto, states that although the position of Secretary of the Manufacturers' Life Co. was offered to him, and tempting inducements held out to him, Mr. Riddell refused at present to become an applicant. Mr. Riddell's departure from Waterloo, the *Chronicle* says, would be sincerely regretted.

The Right Rev. John S. Foley, Bishop of Detroit, was consecrated on Sunday last at the Cathedral at Baltimore. The ceremonies attending the event were characterized by all the splendour usual to such occasions in the Catholic Church, and were participated in by the Cardinal, three Archbishops (including Mgr. O'Brien of Halifax), nineteen Bishops and about one hundred priests, twenty-five of the latter coming from the Detroit diocese. The late Bishop of Detroit, the Right Rev. Dr. Borgess, also assisted.

On the eve of the arrival of the Dominion Line S. S. "Sarnia" in Liverpool, Archbishop Duhamel, of Ottawa, presented a testimonial to Captain Gibson of the "Sarnia," expressing, in his own name and in that of the reverend gentlemen who accompanied him, the satisfaction and pleasure experienced by them during their voyage across the Atlantic. "We have felt at home," the testimonial reads, "and have entertained no fears of the danger of the deep, as we could at once see that every man of your crew did his duty well and cheerfully under your kind and gentlemanly command.

"Through God's mercy, the sea has truly been benign to us, and, through your kindness, we have enjoyed a very pleasant passage. Allow me to express to you our best sense of gratitude for your urbanity, and, through you, to the 'Dominion Line Company,' our best thanks for the comfort they provide for the passengers on their magnificent steamers.

"We will offer up our fervent prayers to God for your welfare and the happiness of those most dear to you."

CANADIAN CHURCH NEWS.

Mr. Justice Taschereau returned last Monday from New York, whither he went to see off his son Father Taschereau, who goes to Rome to complete his theological studies.

Bishop Walsh, of London, Bishop Dowling, of Peterborough, and Bishop Cleary, of Kingston, held a conference at St. Michael's Palace last week. The business discussed was of a purely private nature. It is believed that the choice of a successor to the late Archbishop Lynch was the chief point which took up the attention of their Lordships.

His Lordship Bishop Dowling will deliver a lecture in St. Peter's Cathedral on Sunday evening, Nov. 18th. The subject of the lecture will be "The Church and the Bible." The proceeds will be in aid of the St. Vincent de Paul Society for the benefit of the poor. This will be Bishop Dowling's first lecture in Peterborough, but he has a reputation as a very interesting speaker. His lectures have received high praise when delivered in Canada and in the United States.

The affection with which the good Sisters of Charity of Quebec still cherish the memory of their late angelic chaplain, Father Bonneau, was evidenced by the touching manner in which his patronal feast—that of St. Edward—was honoured at their institution lately. The whole community, together with the orphans and pupils under their charge, attended a solemn high mass, which was sung in the convent chapel and which was graced by the presence of His Eminence the Cardinal's representative,

Mgr. Legare, V.G. The anniversary of Revd. Edward Bonneau's death does not occur until April; consequently the mass was not a *requiem*, but one of thanksgiving for the many blessings vouchsafed by heaven to the institution during Father Bonneau's chaplaincy. After the religious ceremony, a very graceful tribute of love was paid to the deceased's memory by the pupils of the English classes, who proceeded in a body to his grave in the cemetery adjoining the chapel and decorated it with a beautiful floral cross and crown.

The Gloucester St. Convent, Ottawa, conducted by the sisters of the congregation of Notre Dame was *en fete* on Wednesday of last week, and seldom in the annals of that excellent institution has a prettier spectacle been witnessed. The occasion of the rejoicings was the visit of His Excellency the Governor-General and the Lady Stanley of Preston. The distinguished visitors, accompanied by Capt. Bagot, Capt. Colville, Mrs Bagot and Miss Lister, entered the hall of the institution at 11 o'clock. They were tendered a cordial reception on their arrival by the Rev. Father Gendreau, chaplain of the convent, the Rev. Mother Provincial, the Mother Superior, her assistant and Mother St. Egbert. There were also present in waiting Rev. Fathers Gonthier and Dal-laire, of St. Jean Baptiste Church, Nolin and Nelles, of the Ottawa College, Principal McCabe of the Normal School, and Mr. E. H. Langevin.

The vice-regal party, after the usual exchange of courtesies, were conducted to the large music hall, where a programme of music was rendered. Addresses to Lord and Lady Stanley were then read in French and in English, to which Lord Stanley made graceful answers.

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1 Real Estate worth	2,000 00	2,000 00
1 Real Estate worth	1,000 00	1,000 00
4 Real Estates	500 00	2,000 00
10	300 00	3,000 00
30 Furniture Sets	200 00	6,000 00
60	100 00	6,000 00
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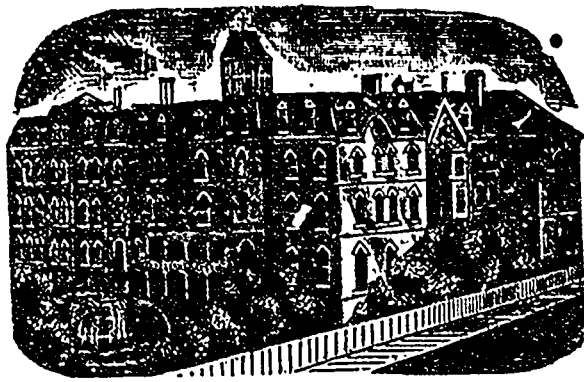
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