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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. IV

Toronto, Saturday, June 7, 1890.

No. 18

ESSAYS

ON THE

Church in Canada.

The Catholic-National Churches—
—Anglican and Gallican—The
Church in Canada under
French Rule—
The Capitulations at Montreal and Quebec
(1759-60)—The Treaty of Paris,
1763—The Quebec Act, 1774,
and the Speeches
on it in the English Parliament—The
Church under British Rule—Terri-
tory within the Act and the
Treaty—Geographical
and Political
changes resulting in the the present Do-
minion—The Church in Ontario.

By D. A. O'SULLIVAN, ESQ., Q.C., LL.D.,
OF OSGOODE HALL, TORONTO.
Author of "Government in Canada," Etc.
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Vol. IV

Toronto, Saturday, June 7, 1890.

No. 18

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Notes.

FOR a second time organized fanaticism has failed Mr. Meredith. For a second time as a force in politics it has failed to bring that gentleman into power in this Province. The lesson of the election of 1886 has been taught him over again. That election, it will be remembered, saw the inception of the agitation against the Separate Schools and the civil rights of the Catholic minority which ever since has been continued in this Province, and which spent its ineffectual force on Thursday last. Moreover, the malignity of the feeling then aroused against Catholics was much increased by the excitement and unrest which followed the execution of Riel. No reader of this journal need be told that, in the circumstance of the hour, it was a trying and an anxious time for Ontario Catholics. The result, however, of the election of that year was the return of Mr. Mowat, who represented the principle of toleration, by a much increased majority. Mr. Meredith's experiences in that campaign have been simply repeated in the present one. Mr. Mowat has been again returned, and again, as appears, by an increased majority. To the party of Mr. Meredith—the party pure and simple, as he allowed it to become, of Orange domination—the result must be wholly demoralizing. In its practical effects the fanaticism manufactured by Mr. Meredith and his managers has been much more deadly to their candidates than to those of their opponents. The Equal Rights candidates, like the elephants of the Carthaginians, proved to be destructive only to those who used them. The results of the contest are wholly gratifying and encouraging; and promise much not only for the peace of the Province, but for the permanence of Confederation. The policy of the Opposition, it cannot be denied, was largely an assault upon the Constitution, which, if the Federation is to last, must remain, more especially as respects the clauses protecting the rights of minorities, an inviolable instrument. For that and for other reasons the defeat and discomfiture of Mr. Meredith is the defeat of the most dangerous and vicious principles that ever sought recognition in Canadian public life.

THE *Mail* has given up a large part of its space for some weeks past to the publication of a series of really anguishing epistles dealing with "the vital issues" of this week's election, and the endangered state of Profes-

tantism in Ontario—the work of a most redundant writer, "Gracchus." Just who this local Junius is we are unable even to conjecture. We pay tribute to the artistic reserve with which the writer surrounds himself, as well as to the elasticity of his literary style, when we say that there is to be found such an uncommonly large quantity of strong language in each letter, and such a copious vocabulary of vituperation, that "Gracchus" might be the glove concealing the find old Roman hand of either Mr. Goldwin Smith, Mr. James L. Hughes, or the Rev. John Carry of Port Perry. The writer is greatly exercised about what is termed "the power of Rome in Canada." "In the Province of Quebec," we read, "the Roman Catholic Church, in moulding the B. N. A. Act to her purposes, secured not only all the privileges and immunities she had previously possessed, or merely assumed, but also such additions and extensions as serve to render her control, in all things, social, religious, political, and educational, absolute and unquestioned—that clothe her with an influence and authority so supreme that the politicians have to lay their public measures before the hierarchy for approval or correction before they are submitted to the representatives of the people. She controls and strangles popular education by setting her face against modernism, and by converting the Public Schools into mere succursals to her chapels. She absorbs, not only without let or hindrance, but by authority, and, if necessary, by the aid of the civil power, the hard earnings of the industrious *habitant* into her surcharged coffers. She wields an iron censorship over the press, and permits or interdicts at will books, pamphlets, or journals, and if a recalcitrant layman ventures to read a proscribed pamphlet or book she excommunicates him, and even denies him the rites of Christian sepulchre, and the civil law is forthwith amended to support her monstrous usurpations, and the craven crew at Ottawa forget that there is such a thing as a veto power to prevent Quebec making our Dominion a bye-word of reproach and a laughing stock to Christendom. In defiance of stringent laws to the contrary she interferes in elections, dictates to her adherents how they are to vote, and also accumulates property in mortmain, and, in fact, whenever it suits her purpose to do so she defiantly over-rides the civil law and becomes a law unto herself. In short, she wields in Quebec, as she hopes ultimately also to wield in Ontario, a rigid absolutism and a spiritual terrorism which is utterly subversive not only to liberty of conscience, but of freedom of action and intelligent citizenship. She even dares to set aside the British Act of Supremacy and to insult the majesty of our Empire by inviting the authoritative interference of a foreign potentate in our domestic and national concerns, and, with no one to say her nay, she thrusts her arm elbow deep into the public purse and takes therefrom money to the tune of \$400,000 at a time, wherewith to endow her pet religious orders."

We give the passage in full. Judged by its adjectival force the writer must have built his literary style upon the model of Mr. Barnum's circus literature. There is the same careful accuracy.

THE DISAPPEARANCE OF JOHN LONGWORTHY.

M. F. EGAN IN AVE MARIA.

Chapter.—XXXI.

THE discussion at the clubs had only blinded him more and more; the more he thought, the more puzzled he became. Since the poor themselves stood almost as much in the way of their own elevation as the rich, it was clear to him that only by entering into the life of the poor could he understand them. The priest who spoke at the Twilight Club on the night he disappeared had said that the poor could only be saved by their acceptance of the practices of Christianity. He remarked, too, that the same thing must be applied to the rich; and since careful plumbing, sanitation of all kinds, fresh air, good food, did not prevent crimes among the rich, why should they be expected to make angels of the poor?

When John Longworthy entered the *coupe* on the night of the 1st of December he was utterly dissatisfied. What was there in life? Clubs and dinner parties, fads and frivolities! The priest's words rang in his ears; that priest, who lived and worked among the poor, seemed to be full of hope and energy, though he saw the seamy side of life every day. John Longworthy looked out at the misty lights on Broadway, and cried out, with Maurice de Guerin: "Oh, where are the secrets of the beginning of things hidden?"

Suddenly the *coupe* stopped. A circus procession was passing on its way to one of the ferries. He yawned and sank back in his seat; he grew more impatient and looked out again. Two men were standing on the street corner,—men with tin dinner-kettles in their hands. They turned and walked out of the circle of light into Canal Street. They were of the poor, evidently; they were going to their homes. Why should he not follow them, and find out for himself more than he could ever know from books or the talk of the theorists? Here was a chance to slip out of his artificial life,—out of his life of over-civilization into a new existence; and, impulsively, he took it. He laid more than the fare on the seat, and while Barnum's triumphal chariot, lit by electricity, charmed the eyes of the driver, Longworthy slipped out of the carriage and followed the two men along Canal Street.

They entered a barber-shop, and he followed. It was a small place, plastered with pictures from illustrated papers, highly heated by a big stove, and scented with the heavy odor of bergamot. One of the men, who was evidently drunk, put himself into one of the crimson-covered chairs; the other, after a vain attempt to get the barber to shave him for five cents, departed, indignant.

Longworthy, after a moment's fastidious hesitation, hoisted himself into the other chair, and requested the barber to trim his beard. The other man had gone to sleep, so the amiable artist kindly announced that he would take care of Longworthy first, although the sleeping man had prepared himself for the operation of having his hair cut by taking off his coat—which was of thick, rough, blue cloth—and his cap; they hung on a hook under a bust of General Grant which projected from a background of gilded wall-paper. The artist—he was described as a tonsorial artist on the front window pane—heard the distant boom of the circus band. He paused, listened, dropped the shears and went to the door. He was young; a graceful and highly perfumed half-moon of greasy hair was combed over a retreating forehead; he was susceptible to the charms of music.

"Just mind this place a minute!" he called out to the only conscious occupant of his employer's shop; and away he sped like the wind toward Broadway.

John Longworthy, who had begun to regret that he had placed himself in the power of the artistic barber, looked at his snoring companion. His face had been good once, but hard drinking and hard work had pinched it in some places and bloated it in others.

"If I could only get into that man's brain and know his thoughts," Longworthy said to himself, "I should begin to know what I want to know. I will understand these people!" he continued, half aloud. "I will live among them; I will be one of them."

He took off his coat and hung it on the nail where his tall

hat already hung. Looking at himself, half-humorously, half-hesitatingly, in the mahogany-framed looking-glass, he got himself into the blue jacket of the sleeping man, took his cap and went into the street.

After a short time the barber returned, and a little later his customer, freshly shaven, staggered into the darkness, unconscious that he had on much better clothes than he had ever worn in his life. The hat he lost; the coat was sold the following day to a Jewish clothes-dealer by his wife, and so it found its way to the shop of the Zcayskiss. From thence it was taken, for a consideration, by Miles Galligan.

John Longworthy saw many horrors that night in the cheap lodging-house to which he drifted. On the next day he purchased a photographer's place in the Bowery, installing the former proprietor as assistant. From this point of observation he proposed to study life. He read the papers with some amusement. What a fuss people were making about him! He had his mustache and beard cut off, and, with the name of "Rudolf Bastien," he assumed a slight German accent. Nobody knew him; for nobody that Longworthy had known intimately came to his place in the Bowery. He did not think much about this; he began at once to make a reality of his plan for the elevation of the poor by means of good music,—he gave the neighborhood of the Anchor a new concert hall.

His Cuban agent, Mr. Rudolf von Bastien, had lately sold one of his plantations in that island; he was a man whom Longworthy could trust, and in borrowing his name he took that of the most discreet man of his acquaintance. The real Bastien was in New York; Longworthy sent for him and arranged for the transmission of money to his new address. The letter, dated December 22, which Longworthy had shown Miles, was written on the eve of the real Bastien's departure for his home in Havana.

The real Bastien, who had known John Longworthy's father, held that eccentricities were part of the family inheritance. He held his tongue—by which he lost nothing,—and permitted his client to borrow his name. But before he went he introduced the new Bastien to Arthur Fitzgerald, of whose honesty and ability he had formed a high opinion during some business transactions in New York.

Arthur was drawn toward Longworthy by the sympathy that often flashes into being between two pure-minded men whose pursuits are in some sense congenial. He helped Longworthy's plans along without altogether believing in them. He admired Longworthy's disinterestedness and energy, though he was puzzled and almost made suspicious at times by the mysteries that veiled his new friend; for from the first Fitzgerald was treated in a half-fatherly, half-friendly manner.

It was plain to Fitzgerald that Longworthy was concealing something. What, he did not know at first; later, helped somewhat by Miles' hints, he began to connect him with the disappearance of John Longworthy. The fear that he might discover some secret crime in the life of his new friend, whose unerring sense of rectitude and purity of intention he had come greatly to admire, was a nightmare to him. And as the days went on any allusion to the Longworthy episode made the blood rush to his heart as if he had a secret of guilt to hide. He had heard Longworthy's cool admission of his supposed crime, given with astonishing heartlessness, to Miles at Vespucci's. The audacity of it had sent the color from even Miles' cheek. It was all horrible, and yet Fitzgerald was almost satisfied by Longworthy's promise to explain everything when the time should come.

Longworthy enjoyed studying Fitzgerald, for there was nothing in the world he liked so much as the vivisection of his acquaintances. If he had had less heart he would have been a dangerous man; for, in other ways, he would often have performed over again the tragedy of the Greek sculptor and the tortured slave who died for art.

He had a kindly, if keen, pleasure in the study of this true and ingenuous young man; and he felt that if in a pessimistic world he could find one being who could be true to him, in spite even of his own admission of guiltiness, life might begin to be worth living. But he learned another thing: Arthur Fitzgerald's religion was not on his sleeve, worn for days to peck at. The Jesuits had done their work well, in a way for which

the world does not usually give them credit. They had kept this young man unspoiled, though they had not left him ignorant of the means of combating evil. He was unaffectedly religious, without foolish scruples or timorous narrowness. Longworthy, with his faculty for analysis, soon recognized that the difference between Arthur and most of the young men he knew was in Arthur's favor, and that this balance was due to religion. To his surprise, Longworthy saw the vital influence of the church on the development of character. It did more for him than all the grand functions he saw at Rome and Florence, at Madrid and Vienna.

(To be continued.)

THE VINDICATION OF FATHER DAMIEN.

II.

We publish this week the second and concluding division of Mr. Robert-Louis Stevenson's open letter to the Rev Dr. Hyde. It is in this portion that Mr. Stevenson gives his estimate of Father Damien's character:—

I shall now extract these passages from my diary at Kalawao:

A. "Damien is dead, and already somewhat ungratefully remembered in the field of his labors and sufferings. 'He was a good man, but very officious,' says one. Another tells me he had fallen (as other priests so easily do) into something of the ways and habits of thought of a Kanaka, but he had the wit to recognize the fact and the good sense to laugh at" [over] "it. A plain man it seems he was; I cannot find he was popular."

B. "After Ragsdale's death" [Ragsdale was a famous Luna, or overseer, of the unruly settlement], "there followed a brief term of office by Father Damien, which only served to publish the weakness of that noble man. He was rough in his ways, and he had no control. Authority was relaxed; Damien's life was threatened, and he was soon eager to resign."

C. "Of Damien I begin to have an idea. He seems to have been a man of the peasant class, certainly of the peasant type—shrewd, ignorant and bigoted, yet with an open mind and capable of receiving and digesting a reproof, if it were bluntly administered; superbly generous in the least thing, as well as in the greatest, and as ready to give his last shirt (although not without human grumbling) as he had been to sacrifice his life; essentially indiscreet and officious, which made him a troublesome colleague; domineering in all his ways, which made him incurably unpopular with the Kanakas, but yet destitute of real authority, so that his boys laughed at him, and he must carry out his wishes by the means of bribes. He learned to have a mania for doctoring, and set up the Kanakas against the remedies of his regular rivals; perhaps (if anything mattered at all in the treatment of such a disease) the worst thing he did and certainly the easiest. The best and worst of the man appear very plainly in his dealings with Mr. Chapman's money; he had originally laid it out [intended to lay it out] entirely for the benefit of Catholics, and so not wisely; but after a long, plain talk, he admitted his error fully and revised the list. The sad state of the boys' home is in part the result of his lack of control; in part of his own slovenly ways and false ideas of hygiene. Brother officials would call it 'Damien Chinatown.' 'Well,' they would say, 'your Chinatown keeps growing.' And he would laugh with perfect good nature, and adhere to his errors with perfect obstinacy. So much I have gathered of truth about this plain, noble human brother and Father of ours; his imperfections are the traits of his race, by which we know him for our fellow; his martyrdom and his example nothing can lessen or annul; and only a person here on the spot can properly appreciate their greatness."

I have set down these private passages, as you perceive, without correction; thanks to you, the public has them in their bluntness. They are almost a list of the man's faults, for it is rather these that I was seeking; with his virtues, with the heroic profile of his life, I and the world are already sufficiently acquainted. I was, besides, a little suspicious of Catholic testimony; in no ill sense, but merely because Damien's admirers and disciples were the least likely to be critical. I know you will be more suspicious still; and the facts set down above were one and all collected from the lips of Protestants

who had opposed the Father in his life. Yet I am strangely deceived, or they build up the image of a man, with all his weaknesses, essentially heroic, and alive with rugged honesty, generosity and mirth.

Take it for what it is, rough private jottings of the worst sides of Damien's character, collected from the lips of those who had labored with and (in your own phrase) "knew the man;" though I question whether Damien would have said that he knew you. Take it, and observe with wonder how well you were served by your gossips, how ill by your intelligence and sympathy; in how many points of fact we are at one, and how widely our appreciations vary. There is something wrong here, either with you or with me. It is possible, for instance, that you, who seem to have so many ears in Kalawao, had heard of the affair of Mr. Chapman's money, and were singly struck by Damien's intended wrong doing. I was struck with that also, and set it fairly down, but I was struck much more by the fact that he had the honesty of mind to be convinced. I may here tell you that it was a long business; that one of his colleagues sat with him late into the night, multiplying arguments and accusations; that the Father listened as usual with "perfect good nature and perfect obstinacy"; but at the last, when he was persuaded—"Yes," said he, "I am very much obliged to you; you have done me a service—it would have been a theft." There are many (not Catholics merely) who require their saints to be infallible; to these the story will be painful; not to the true lovers, patrons and servants of mankind.

And, I take it, this is a typo of our division; that you are one of those who have an eye for faults and failures; that you take a pleasure to find and publish them; and that, having found them, you make haste to forget the *overruling* virtues and the real success which had alone introduced them to your knowledge. It is a dangerous frame of mind. That you may understand how dangerous, and into what a situation it has already brought you, we will (if you please) go hand-in-hand through the different phrases of your letter, and candidly examine each from the point of view of its truth, its appositeness, and its charity.

Damien was coarse.

It is very possible. You make us sorry for the lepers who had only a coarse old peasant for their friend and father. But you, who were so refined, why were you not there to cheer them with the lights of culture? Or may I remind you that we have some reason to doubt if John the Baptist was genteel; and in the case of Peter, on whose career you doubtless dwell approvingly in the pulpit, no doubt at all he was a "course, headstrong" fisherman! Yet even in our Protestant Bibles Peter is called Saint.

Damien was dirty.

He was. Think of the poor lepers annoyed with this dirty comrade! But the clean Dr. Hyde was at his food in a fine house.

Damien was headstrong.

I believe you are right again; and I thank God for his strong head and heart.

Damien was bigoted.

I am not fond of bigots myself, because they are not fond of me. But what is meant by bigotry that we should regard it as a blemish in a priest? Damien believed his own religion with the simplicity of a peasant or a child; as I would I could suppose that you do. For this, I wonder at him some way off; and had that been his only character, should have avoided him in life. But the point of interest in Damien, which has caused him to be so much talked about and made him at last the subject of your pen and mine, was that, in him, his bigotry, his intense and narrow faith, wrought potentially for good, and strengthened him to be one of the world's heroes and exemplars.

Damien was not sent to Molokai, but went there without orders.

Is this a misreading, or do you really mean the words for blame? I have heard Christ, in the pulpits of our Church, held up for imitation on the ground that His sacrifice was voluntary. Does Dr. Hyde think otherwise?

Damien did not stay at the settlement, etc.

It is true he was allowed many indulgences. Am I to understand that you blame the Father for profiting by these, or

the officers for granting them? In either case, it is a mighty Spartan standard to issue from the house on Beretania street; and I am convinced you will find yourself with few supporters.

Damien had no hand in the reforms, etc.

I think that you will admit that I have already been frank in my description of the man I am defending; but before I take you on this head, I will be franker still, and tell you that perhaps nowhere in the world can a man taste a more pleasurable sense of contrast than when he passes from Damien's "Chinatown, at Kalawao to the beautiful Bishop Home at Kalaupapa. At this point, in my desire to make all fair for you, I will break my rule and adduce Catholic testimony. Here is a passage from my diary about my visit to Chinatown, from which you will see how it is (even now) regarded by its own officials: "We went round all the dormitories, refectories, etc., dark and dingy enough, with a superficial cleanliness, which he" [Mr. Dutton, the lay Brother] "did not seek to defend. 'It is almost decent,' said he; 'the Sisters will make that all right when we get them here.'" And yet I gather it was already better since Damien was dead, and far better than when he was there alone and had his own (not always excellent) way. I have now come far enough to meet you on a common ground of fact; and I tell you that, to a mind not prejudiced by jealousy, all the reforms of the Lazaretto, and even those which he most vigorously opposed, are properly the work of Damien. They are the evidence of his success; they are what his heroism provoked from the reluctant and the careless. Many were before him in the field; Mr. Meyer, for instance, of whose faithful work we hear too little; there have been many since; and some had worldly wisdom, though none had more devotion than our saint. Before his day, even you will confess, they had effected little. It was his part, by one striking act of martyrdom, to direct all men's eyes on that distressful country. At a blow, and with the price of his life, he made the place illustrious and public. And that, if you will consider largely, was the one reform needful; pregnant of all that should succeed. It brought money; it brought (best individual addition to them all) the sisters; it brought supervision, for public opinion and public interest landed the man at Kalawao. If ever any man brought reforms, and died to bring them, it was he. There is not a clean cup or towel in the Bishop-Home, but dirty Damien washed it.

[At this point we reluctantly omit one brief passage from Mr. Stevenson's letter. We omit it most regretfully, because it is the one passage in all the letter which is best calculated to set the ears of the Rev. Dr. Hyde tingling with shame, but it treats of things that are best "not even so much as named among us." Let it suffice to say that Mr. Stevenson tells how the calumny was not new to him; for he had heard it from the lips of "a miserable leering creature" in a bar-room at Apia. And he adds that he finds a joy in relating the sort of welcome which greeted the slander, even among that rude knot of beech combing drinkers in a public house. For the rest Mr. Stevenson has stood in Molokai, has conversed freely with the men who knew Father Damien, and with the men who watched him; has listened to all the praise and to all the blame, has heard there in the streets of Honolulu all the sordid details of trivial dislikes—and without ever hearing a word of the monstrous charge against the dead which was brought by an obscene drunkard in the bar-room at Apia, and then retailed to "Brother Gage" by the Rev. Dr. Hyde.]

But I fear you scarce appreciate how you appear to your fellow-men; and to bring it home to you; I will suppose your story to be true. I will suppose—and God forgive me for supposing it—that Damien faltered and stumbled in his narrow path of duty; I will suppose that, in the horror of his isolation, perhaps in the fever of incipient disease, he, who was doing so much more than he had sworn, failed in the letter of his priestly oath—he, who was so much a better man than either you or I, who did what we have never dreamed of doing—he too tasted of our common frailty. "O, Iago, the pity of it!" The least tender should be moved to tears; the most incredulous to prayer. And all that you could do was to pen your letter to the Rev. H. B. Gage!

Is it growing at all clear to you what a picture you have drawn of your own heart? I will try once again to make it clearer. You had a father: suppose this tale were about him,

and some informant brought it to you, proof in hand: I am not making too high an estimate of your emotional nature when I suppose you would regret the circumstance—that you would feel the tale of frailty the more keenly since it shamed the author of your days; and that the last thing you would do would be to publish it in the religious press? Well, the man who tried to do what Damien did is my father, and the father of the man in the Apia bar, and the father of all who love goodness; and he was your father, too, if God had given you the grace to see it.

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

THE IDEA OF MARY.

Is the most mystical, perhaps, of his *autos*, Calderon portrays, in Philothea, the soul beloved of God,—the idea of Mary which has pervaded all time, as it also preceded it. Philothea is assailed by many enemies, under their great leader, the devil. Judaism, paganism, heresy, atheism, are enrolled under Satan's leadership. Philothea has for allies faith, hope, and charity; and by their aid she sustains the combat against all who are inimical to the Prince of Light, the heavenly Bridegroom. Philothea,

"Heaven's favorite and flower,
Whoso name is the cipher of love and of power."

is, of course, triumphant. From all eternity she has been the ideal creature, planned in "the eternal thought" of God to be the Mother of the Incarnate Word.

Mary, the most perfect of created beings, is the idea which has entered into Catholic literature, Catholic thought, and Catholic sentiment, down through the glorious, if sometimes terrible, vicissitudes of the Ages of Faith, to our own day. It entered into the national life of Spain, and became a vital part thereof; it seized upon schismatic Russia, and flourished amid a crop of errors; it inspired the *troublers* and the *munesingers*; it set on fire Italy, the land of art and song. It crossed the seas with Columbus, giving names to the vessels upon which he sailed, and the strange, new lands at which he touched. It rose in hymns and canticles from quiet old cloisters, built in bird-haunted solitudes, throughout the length and breadth of Europe. It penetrated into the Sugars of the North, and was sung there by Olafs and Vladimirs, sweetly displacing the old pagan Freda, who, perhaps, had her origin in some glimmering of this truth. In the depths of Canadian forests, by the Red River of the North, and near the stream which Cartier discovered, the Indian heard of it from the missionary, and together their songs arose to Mary, the perfection of womanhood.

In Ireland this idea of Mary became a dominant force. Over "the fair hills of holy Ireland" it fell like a benediction. Irish heroes—the O'Neils, the Donnells, the Geraldines,—unfurled their banners for "God and Our Lady." Irish women honored Mary most of all by their imitation of her. From childhood till the green grass of their ancient graveyards covered them they looked up to the "Virgin blest" as to their model, their helper, and their sympathizing friend. Irish emigrants bore the devotion to her over land and sea to the ends of the earth. Thus Denis Florence MacCarthy, in his poem "The Emigrants," represents the home staying parents as addressing their departing children:

"Go, clear the forests, climb the hills, and plough the expectant prairies,—
Go, in the sacred name of God and the Blessed Virgin Mary's!"

Exquisitely does this same poet show as the "Bell Founder," in the morning of youth, kneeling at the altar, vowing—
"To offer some fruit of his labor to Mary, the Mother benign";
and in the evening of age, after wandering far, returning to die of joy when his own bells ring out the hour from St. Mary's shrine.

In the "May Carols" of Aubrey de Vere, in the ringing verses of Thomas D'Arcy McGee, in the ballads of Keegan and Callanan, in the inspired translations of Mangan,—everywhere we find the Irish Muse lending a strain to "Mary, Queen of Mercy."

England, once called "Our Lady's Dower," in those beautiful old times when the faith brought to the Saxons had ripened to fruition, seized upon the idea of Mary and claimed it as its

very own. Lady chapels were built, shrines were erected on every highway, vows offered, hymns composed, charities endowed, orders of monks brought thither from over seas wrongs were righted, slaves freed,—all for the love of Blessed Mary. The name of Our Lady, or St. Mary, was on every tongue. It entered into heraldic devices; it became a war-cry; kings fought under its protection; while the peasant in his cot spoke it lovingly, and it was heard on the lowly lips of children in the cathedral or parish schools. Part of a rhyming chronicle learned there ran thus:

"Mary, full off grace, weel thou be;
God of heven he with thee;
Over all wimmen bliscedd thou be,
So be the Bairn that is born of thee."

The poor scholar, subsisting, in his eagerness for learning, on the charity of the rich, sang at their door the *Salve Regina*. St. Richard, the great Oxford scholar, died with the words of a quaint Latin hymn to Our Lady upon his lips. St. Edmund built his Lady Chapel; and St. Godric's hymn to "St. Mary, pure Virgin Mother of Jesus Christ of Nazareth," was sung alike by the beadsman in his cloister and the yeoman at his plough.

A pretty tale comes to us from Glastonbury, the creation of the great St. Dunstan. Edmer, a little boy, the pupil of St. Ethelwold (Dunstan's successor), lay prone upon a bed of illness. All at once Our Lady appeared to him in the midst of a heavenly company. Mary asked of him whether he would go with her or remain yet longer upon earth. The boy, seeing the joy upon the spirit faces, begged that he might go. He told the abbot of his vision, and then, as the story runs, departed from this world forever.

The English poets, in so far as they were Catholic, have joined with no uncertain note in the universal song of Christendom. The voice of a Protestant is heard ever and anon, in a species of minor note, out of the darkness. Thus Wordsworth, Coleridge, even Milton in his "Morning of the Nativity," strike a note to the "Virgin blest." It is not possible here to dwell upon the exceptions to the fact that the great mass of Protestant literature ignores Mary, or denies her her rightful place both in the kingdom of her Son and in the heart of humanity. One may turn over whole volumes of collected poetry without finding one line to the Blessed Virgin, or read page after page of poet or versifier and not discover one stanza dedicated to the Queen of Heaven. It was not so in Catholic times.

Chaucer, in his "Priore de Notre Dame," or the "A B C," as it is sometimes called, fully expresses that cordial and hearty devotion which belonged to the Ages of Faith. He calls upon his "Lady dere" when his "synne and confusion" forbid him to appear in the presence of God, that "the blyssful hevenc's Queene, the glorious Mayde and Moder, full of sweetness and mercy, the Queene of comfort, may give help, that my Fader be not wroth." When Constance is banished from her husband, the King of Northumberland, this same poet makes her, embarking upon a rudderless ship, with her infant son, commend herself and the child, in touching language, to the "Mother and Maiden bright, thou flower of womanhood, thou faire May!"

Again "the well of English undefiled" shows us, with the charm of a wonderful grace and simplicity, "the widewe's lytel sone," who had been taught by his mother to say a "Hail Mary" whenever he beheld a picture of Our Lady. At the village school he heard the *Ave Redemptoris Mater* sung—

"As children lerned the antiphonero";

and, discovering that it was a hymn in praise of Mary, he resolved to learn it all before Christmas time. How pathetic the sequel! Before the Christmas time had come he had "fallen asleep," as the old Christian phrase is, and his brother students had borne him to his resting-place, his "grammarian's cap lying upon the bier."

Oeclece, a follower of Chaucer, testified, after the latter's death, that the poet—

"The servant was of Maiden Marie."

Lydgate, who also came after Chaucer, left a rhyming "Lyt of Our Ladye," and, in his poem on the sufferings of Christ, he makes Our Lord Himself describe His Mother as "swooning for grevaunce, upon the Cross, when she sawe Me now."

The praises of our Blessed Mother were likewise celebrated

in the ballad lore, the minstrelsy, of the people throughout the Middle Ages. In the ancient carols devotion to Mary was made familiar; homely incidents were related in no less homely language. Jesus the Son of Mary, as he was also the Son of God, and Mary the Mother of God, were very near to every household in those simple and devout days. Such carols as the "Twelve Good Joys of Mary," of which the verse here given is a specimen, were especially popular:

"The next good joy that Mary had
It was the joy of seven—
To see her own Son Jesus
To wear the crown of heaven."

Another favorite was "The Holy Well":

"As it fell out one May morning,
And upon a bright holiday,
Sweet Jesus asked of His dear Mother
If He might go to play."

A very beautiful and ancient carol, "The Virgin and Child," portrays "the lovely Ladye" singing "lullaby to her King veray." "The Babe of Bethlehem," "The Cherry Tree Carol," and others principally relating to Christmas, such as "A Virgin Most Pure," "The Holly and the Ivy," "The Carnal and the Crane,"—all repeat the same affectionate yet reverential strain in honor of the Mother of the King. The old mysteries, of which the "Wepyng of the Three Maries" is an example, are but developments of this central idea. Such, too, was the poem written in Norman-French by the celebrated Grotteste, called the "Chateau d'Amour" (afterward put into English by Robert Manning); as also various anonymous fragments, such as the "Lamentation of the Blessed Virgin" and "Dame Lyfe." From the latter is this exquisite verse, appropriate to the season:

"As she came by the bankes, the boughs eche one
Lowked to the Ladye, and layd forth their branches,
Blossoms and burgens breathed ful swete,
Floures bloomed in the path where she forth stepped,
And the grass that was dry greened before."

So much for the ancient rhymsters. Now onward through the varied phases of English song-writing. Father Southwell, the martyred Jesuit in the reign of Elizabeth, takes up the praises of the Second Eve in a series of verses commemorating the chief incidents in the life of her who was—

"The loadstar of all engulfed in worldly waves,
The light of earth, the sovereign of saints."

Crashaw calls our Blessed Mother—

"A piece of heavenly light, purer and brighter
Than the chaste stars whose choice lamps came to light her."

Sir Edward Sherburne has his poem to Mary; Thomas Ward deploras the iconoclastic Reformation—

"Tearing the picture of Christ's Mother."

Pope touches the same note. In fine, did space allow, it would not be hard to thread our way downward, avoiding the broad highways of heresy, to our own day and its Catholic poets.

What can be more beautiful than Adelaide Procter's "Shrines of Our Lady"? What melody more sweet and clear than Father Faber's? Cardinal Newman joins in the harmony with a warmth which shows us that his heart is with his judgment in its fervent acceptance of this sweetest of Catholic devotions. I shall quote in full his lines upon the month of May, because of their appropriateness, and because they fittingly close a theme upon which I must not dwell too long. I should like to have said a word of what the English-speaking poets of America have done in this regard: of how sweetly Eleanor C. Donnelly has sung, what sublime notes have been sounded by Father Edmund of the Heart of Mary; I should like to have given a thought from Maurice Francis Egan, a verse from Father Ryan, or some stanzas from Eliza Allen Starr. They, with many others, have had their part in the world chorus: "Behold, all generations shall call me blessed!"

Says Cardinal Newman:

"The freshness of May and the sweetness of June,
And the fire of July in its passionate noon,
Munificent August, September serene,
Are together no match for my glorious Queen,
O Mary, all months and all days are thine own!
In thee lasts their joyousness when they are gone,
And we give to thee May, not because it is best,
But because it comes first and is pledge of the rest."

Anna T. Sadlier in *Ave Maria*.

The Catholic Weekly Review.

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

Commented by

The Most Rev. Dr. Walsh, Archbishop of Toronto.

The Most Rev. C. O'Brien, Archbishop of Halifax.

Rt. Rev. T. J. Doelling, Bishop of Hamilton.

The Rt. Rev. Bishop O'Mahony, Toronto.

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FATHER DAMIEN'S VINDICATION.

THE REVIEW had the happiness of publishing in its last number perhaps as remarkable and as welcome an article as it has ever been privileged to give place to in its pages—the letter of Mr. Robert Louis Stevenson, one of the most distinguished of English men of letters, vindicating the character of Father Damien, the martyr missionary to the lepers, from the foul aspersions of an infamous detractor. It will be remembered that Father Damien had not long been dead when slander, like an ugly serpent, drew its slimy folds across the hero's grave. Some months ago there appeared in a Liverpool paper a letter signed by the Rev. Dr. Hyde of Honolulu, in which certain abominable charges were made against the private life of Father Damien. The scandal spread of course, thanks largely to the enterprise of the evangelical journals which copied it widely—for the advancement of Protestantism. Then followed a disgraceful paragraph in the London *World* to the effect that the title of the great movement headed by the Prince of Wales, for the relief of the lepers, had been changed from "The Father Damien Memorial Fund" to "The National Leprosy Fund" in consequence of its having been discovered that Father Damien's private life was not quite all that it was supposed to be when the project was first started. As this was a simple statement of fact, the truth of which could be easily ascertained, its utter falsity was at once established, and an authoritative contradiction from the Committee of the Fund followed in the very next issue of the paper that uttered it. But with the cruel, sweeping libel which came from Honolulu it was less easy to deal, though it bore all the marks of falsehood and malevolence across its face. Mr. Edward Clifford, a Protestant gentleman, and the biographer of Father Damien, came forward to bear witness for the martyr missionary. "I never observed any sign of dirtiness or coarseness in his manner of living"—thus wrote Mr. Clifford, who, it will be remembered, had visited him. "I noticed that the lepers were extremely attached to him, and clustered around him whenever he appeared;" and he added: "He had made many enemies by his war against vice and intoxicants; and I fear that his being a Roman Catholic made some people very restless if he was praised." That much

having been said, it seemed as if Father Damien's memory and reputation must be left to Time to rightly vindicate.

But—to quote the appropriate words of the London *Tablet*—"evil shall not always succeed, nor iniquity prosper forever;" and a most unlooked for avenger has turned up. "It chanced,"—for we cannot do better than give the story in the words of the *Tablet*—"it chanced that cruising in the Southern Seas was the man whom many are ready to hail already as the King that shall be of English Letters. Landing at Sydney he read in the papers there the letter from Dr. Hyde, and at once stripped for battle. In his own words he felt that at last he was face to face with an opponent for whom the button must go off the foil, and with whom he was free to strike right home. And never, surely, has that magnificent weapon, the pen of Robert Louis Stevenson, worked to deadlier purpose than now in letting the wind through this traducer of the dead. Even if the two opponents had been less unevenly matched, even if it had not been Dr. Hyde's misfortune to find himself pitted against one of the most dexterous of the masters of our English speech, he must needs have found himself worsted. For the defender of Father Damien is a man who has stayed in Molokai, who has seen and talked on the spot with those who knew him and worked with him, and with some of those who loved him little; while the poor traducer stands the confessed retailer of the gossip of the streets of Honolulu, and ignorant even of the locality of the leper settlement. There are some, perhaps, who, when they read this indictment of the Honolulu minister, with its directness and its scorching scorn, will find it in their hearts to wish it had been a little more judicial in tone. But Mr. Stevenson knew what was wanted, and what he did, when he girded himself, not with the robes of the judge, but with the simplicity of the executioner. For our part we would not have had it otherwise, would not willingly spare a single throb of anger, but rather take it as a splendid homage to the memory of a dead saint and hero—a homage too seldom offered by genius to sanctity."

The second portion of Mr. Stevenson's "Open Letter to Dr. Hyde of Honolulu," as published in the *Scots Observer*, will be found elsewhere in this issue. There is something specially appropriate, another contemporary, the *Weekly Register*, thinks in Mr. Stevenson's choice of the medium between himself and the British public in this matter of the dead missionary and his clerical detractor. "Apart," says the *Register*, "from the *Scots Observer* being a paper which dims to dullness all others of its class by comparison, it is a Scottish paper, and he who addresses it is a Scot, whose sect, so far as any sect avows him, has its home in Scotland. This fact he takes care to tell the Rev. Dr. Hyde, a name so curiously Stevensonian. What little of the Jekyll there remains yet in this Mr. Hyde, Mr. Stevenson shall tell us. . . Much has been written about lepers, but it needed Mr. Stevenson to speak of these 'deformations of our common manhood,' these 'butt ends of human beings,' these blots of the landscape, before literature had brought home to us the denizens of that island which he wept to approach, on which he spent seven days, but to which, he takes it, not 'oxen and wain-ropes' could drag the Rev. Dr. Hyde from his 'pleasant parlour on Beretania Street' in Honolulu. It shall be left to Mr. Stevenson to tell the story. For us it remains only to thank him and to bless the Providence which took him to Molokai, which made the Rev. Dr. Hyde attempt to curse and which kept all others, of any consideration, silent until Mr. Stevenson came to bless 'that noble brother of mine and of all frail clay.'"

THE LATEST PHASE OF EVOLUTIONISM.

THE last volume of Mr. Romanes on the Mental Evolution of man has advanced the evolutionary controversy another stage. Mr. Romanes is the scientific heir of Mr. Darwin and carries the work of patient investigation of comparative phenomena undertaken by the father of *Origin of Species* and *Descent of man*, into the more difficult region of psychical being and mental analogies. The son is heir not only to the painstaking rewards but also to the inherent difficulties of the father's intellectual position. It is a pity that the product of so much labor should be thrown away and so many volumes rendered valueless by being forced into the building of a theory devoid of foundation and lacking scientific cohesion. Mere resemblances of organism, analogies of structure, and phenomena of whatever kind can be referred to community of origin only in so much as they point to an identity of principle in which they are rooted. If instead of indicating this identity they clearly prove diversity and opposition, far from favouring they exclude all theory of evolution. It is the specific nature or kind in each individual being which, under conditions of environment, is the source, not of one or more, but of all its phenomena, activities and developments. A being can no more act outside its kind, or exercise the functions of another kind, than a stream can flow above its level. Now if we travel back over the domain of life, through the geological periods as mapped out in the various fossil strata, we find breaks in the continuity of being; not mere diversities of structure and functions, but profound and radical differences, chasms which only the hand of the Creator could have bridged. M. Pasteur has demonstrated to evidence that in inorganic matter there is no cell or protoplasm from which the germ of organic existence, the first seed of vegetable life, could be evolved. Whence then the seed of the first organism if not from the creative act of God? In like manner there is a radical difference, another chasm, between the vegetable and animal kingdoms.

Notwithstanding many resemblances and analogies of the plant with the animal, between the non-sensitive life of the former and the sensitive life of the latter, there is one absolute break. On account of the difference of nature the vegetable devoid of feeling could in no condition of environment make the slightest approach to feeling. There is nothing in the plant, which does not feel, out of which the animal, that feels, could be evolved. The very root of feeling is wanting. If we ascend higher the impassable gulf is still more apparent between the kingdom of sentient beings and that of intellectual beings, between mere animals and men. The products of intelligence as found in man—reflective-thought, self-consciousness, ratiocination, volition, moral perception, infinitely transcend the effects of sentient life or animal intelligence. The latter do not rise above the level of matter. The perceptions and inferences of animal instinct do not extend beyond the sphere of the material and experimental. It has no ideas abstract from the conditions of matter. On the contrary human intelligence outstrips the sphere of the material and all the powers of material organs. It can reflect on itself, become the object of its own thought and wish. It rises to the comprehension of abstract relations, to the grasp of necessary, immutable, and eternal truths. On the principle that the cause must be proportioned to the effect all such phenomena can find an explanation only in a spiritual substance acting independently of matter and transcending the condition of merely sentient being. In this substance

called the soul, intelligence and will and all the higher faculties and aspirations of man are rooted. It lifts him above the world of sense, introduces him to the celestial spirits, enables him to recognize the First Cause and enter into communion with it. But the same break which exists between the different kingdoms of being, likewise exists between the various kinds or species. The whole Darwinian system is built upon the improved hypothesis of the transition of species. Yet its upholders have not been able to adduce one fact of fecund animal intercourse resulting in the production of a new species. To leave the region of actual facts and go back to what might have been in past eyles and other conditions of animal life, to supply missing links and cast up possibilities and probabilities, is drawing on the imagination, not giving scientific proof. We have it on the word of Prof. Virchow, who stands in the foremost rank of the scientists of the day, himself a patron of modern thought, that there is nothing in the progress of experimental science which affords even a probable basis for the Darwinian theory.

J. J.

We extend our congratulations to Father Hudson and the *Ave Maria* on the silver jubilee of that journal which occurred on the first of last month. The *Ave Maria* has no superior among journals of its class and is doing a world of good among the devout of this country. Its tone is healthy and its conduct marked by prudence and wisdom. It has done more, as the *Watchman* of St. Louis has lately said, to spread a solid and energetic devotion to Our Blessed Lady than all other publications in this country, or in the British Isles, besides.

THE *Humane Advocate* is the title of a deserving publication issued by the Toronto Humane Society and having for its purpose the interesting of readers, young and old, in the work which that Society was organized to promote. As such, all who love—and who does not?—our friends among the dumb beasts, will wish for it the widest circulation. The work which the Toronto Society is so successfully furthering is one altogether elevating and wholesome—the diffusion of that feeling of broad and true human sympathy of which Cowper spoke when he wrote :

"I would not enter on my list of friends,
Though graced with polished manners and fine sense,
Yet wanting sensibility, the man
Who needlessly sets foot upon a worm."

THE recent establishment by Mr. Parnell of a new organization for the extension and strengthening of the Irish vote in Great Britain, may be taken as an evidence that the Irish leader anticipates a General Election, and that in his judgment the term of the present Government is approaching. Mr. Parnell is of opinion that a large portion of the strength of the two millions of Irish people in England is wasted and lost through imperfect registering and lack of organization. While at home, as the *Nation* says, the vote can only be used to demonstrate Ireland's unalterable attachment to the principle of self Government, in Great Britain it can be used in large measure to decide the issue. Mr. Parnell thinks that the Irish in England should give to the national cause a vote of from a quarter of a million to three hundred thousand, and this thrown in favour of the Liberals at the next general election should prove irresistible.

MR. MERCIER ON THE SO-CALLED DOMINATION OF THE CHURCH IN QUEBEC.

It would require a large volume to refute in succession the errors and misrepresentations forming Mr. Sellar's pamphlet. Leaving aside all useless and idle details, I take the substance of the pamphlet; this can be summarized in the following points:

Firstly. The so-called domination and wealth of the Catholic Church in the Province of Quebec;

Secondly. The parish system and its so-called injustice to Protestants;

Thirdly. Tithes that English courts are degraded by being called upon to enforce their collection;

Fourthly. That the introduction of the parish system in parts of the Province situated outside of the seigniories is a violation of a formal engagement and a usurpation.

As it happens with all men who give up to fanaticism the control of their conscience and reason, the editor of the *Gleaner* is not distinguished by order or method; his pamphlet is only a confused mass, without any regular order in its ideas; but by analysing it a little, the reader will find that it is only a repetition of the four propositions above enumerated. I will follow this order in the refutation that I am going to make.

I.

THE SO-CALLED DOMINATION AND WEALTH OF THE CATHOLIC CHURCH IN THE PROVINCE OF QUEBEC

Speaking of the Catholic Church as it exists in the Province of Quebec, the author of the pamphlet says:

"In one sense it is a church, in another it is a government, having the Province divided into sections and controlled by its deputies, yet a government irresponsible to Crown or people, claiming an authority above and beyond that of the State."

Taken in the general sense given by the author, the assertion is false. With respect to worship, Catholics are divided into groups known under the name of *parishes* as Protestants are known under the name of *congregations*; but these divisions have only a religious character, and are not controlled by deputies, as falsely asserted by the editor of the *Gleaner*.

What harm can there be, I would ask, in thus grouping Catholics for purposes of worship? Does not this grouping likewise exist among Protestants, in our Province as well as in all the other parts of the Dominion? Is there any reasonable man who can seriously see harm in it? It is only the delirious fanaticism of Mr. Sellar that objects to a state of things so natural, so necessary to public order.

Now to say that this "government is irresponsible to Crown or people, claiming an authority above and beyond that of the State," is to state a thing true in itself, but false in the sense that Mr. Sellar gives to his assertion, which is general and without restriction. Catholic doctrine teaches that, in purely spiritual matters, religious authority is of an order superior to that of the civil authority, but that in temporal matters civil authority or the authority of the State transcends all others. That is to say, according to Catholic doctrine, the preponderance of authority is derived from the preponderance of the end at which such authority aims; and as spiritual ends are superior to temporal ends, the authority which provides for the former is, in its nature and in the strict limits of its ends, of an order superior to that which provides for temporal ends.

You are a minister of the Gospel, Mr. Caven, and you thoroughly understand Protestant theology. I would now ask you: Is not Catholic doctrine, such as I have just exposed it, the doctrine of all Christian religions? Is it not simply the application of these words of the Gospel—"Render unto God that which belongs to God and to Cæsar that which belongs to Cæsar?"

In order that there be no misunderstanding about this part of Catholic doctrine, I will cite a few extracts from the work of Mgr. Cavagnis, published at Rome in 1887, with the approbation of the highest Catholic authorities. These are the citations:

(Here follow a number of extracts from the work cited.)

These are the principles which govern the Catholic clergy in this Province as well as in other parts of the world.

Where can there be found in all this "the authority superior to that of the State" mentioned by Mr. Sellar? This so-called domination of the Catholic clergy exists only in the too vivid imagination of the *Gleaner* writer. I defy him to bring forward facts of writings to establish it.

No; outside of purely religious matters, the Catholic Church does not claim an authority superior to that of the State; on the contrary, one of the fundamental principles of its doctrine is its submission to civil authority. It is surprising that Mr. Sellar, who lives among Catholics and pretends to know them, should not yet know this. If he would only give himself the trouble to go over the debates on the Catholic Emancipation Bill, he would find that, nearly a hundred years ago, a distinguished Protestant bishop, Dr. Horsley, (English Parliamentary History (Vol. 29, page 670), declared in the House of Lords that "the Roman Catholics better understand than the thing seems to be understood by many of those who call themselves our Protestant brethren, in what plain characters the injunction of the unreserved submission of the individual to the government under which he is born is written in the divine law of the Gospel."

I need not add that in asserting that the Catholic Church "assumes that the people exist for her and not she for the people," Mr. Sellar is guilty of an untruth which does not deserve the honour of being refuted. I defy him to corroborate this altogether gratuitous assertion by facts or writings.

Mr. Sellar asserts that the Catholic Church of the Province of Quebec "is the greatest real estate owner on the continent." This is simply a falsehood which must be apparent to the most limited vision. As a church the Church of Rome does not own one inch of land in the Province of Quebec. I defy Mr. Sellar to prove the contrary.

According to our law, real estate destined for Catholic worship does not belong to the Church, but to the parishioners, and the extent of real estate destined for that object is very limited. On the first point, the following is what is cited by Judge Beaudry:—

"Parishioners are obliged to contribute to the purchase of land required for the buildings. *They are its proprietors.*"

As to the extent of the land, it is fixed in the following manner by article 3450 of our Revised Statutes:—

"The quantity of land so acquired for the purposes aforesaid, within the walls of the cities of Quebec and Montreal, respectively, shall not, in the whole, exceed one arpent and outside of the walls, but within the limits of the said cities, shall not exceed eight arpents in superficies; and the quantity of land so held in any other place for the use of each parish, mission, congregation or religious society, shall not exceed two hundred English acres."

There are not one thousand Catholic parishes or missions in the Province of Quebec, and I assert without fear that the extent of the land possessed by such parishes and missions does not exceed in the whole 20,000 acres.

Is the Equal Rights Association prepared to assert with its fellow-labourer Sellar that there are not to be found in all America proprietors owning a greater extent of land or greater real estate owners?

Without going to foreign countries, compare these 20,000 acres with the extent of the monopolies which the Ottawa Government has established in the North West. Without speaking of the colonization societies, is it not known that the grants made to the Bell Farm Company exceeded 50,000 acres?

"Her lands," continues Mr. Sellar, "are placed outside the jurisdiction of the laws governing real estate, for they are locked up under mortmain and on her property she pays no taxes."

Wrong; ecclesiastical property is not placed outside the jurisdiction of the laws governing real estate; when a congregation purchases or sells a property the title deeds are subject to the formality of registration, in the same way as all other real estate transactions, as prescribed by articles 3443, 3444 and 3450 of our Revised Statutes, which only reproduce the old law. The real estate conceded or sold to Church Trustees or marguilliers only acquires the character of mortmain by the registration of the deed of acquisition.

What is there extraordinary or wrong in this law? The

intent is merely to place outside of the sphere of trade real estate acquired for religious worship, and to prevent its expropriation without the consent or against the wish of the inhabitants or of the members of the congregation.

At any rate if this system be wrong and worthy of condemnation, the Protestants of the Province of Quebec are as blameable as the Catholics, as the law of which Mr. Sellar complains applies indiscriminately to all religious congregations Protestant as well as Catholic. Before casting stones at vs, let Mr. Sellar and his friends give the example, by asking the Legislature to abolish mortmain in case of properties belonging to Protestant congregations. I challenge him to have such legislation accepted by the majority of the Protestants of the Province of Quebec.

With what grace, therefore, does he dare to place among the so-called disabilities of the Province of Quebec legislation by which they benefit as well as Catholics and to which they hold as well as Catholics? Is it in this way that an honourable man would act, who is animated by the noble sentiments which justice and equity should inspire?

I can say the same thing about exemption from taxation, which Mr. Sellar also gives as one of his disabilities. In our Province, all property destined for religious worship is, by article 712 of our Municipal Code, exempt from municipal and school taxation. Protestants as well as Catholics profit by this exemption, and I think that they hold to it as much as do the Catholics.

Then, how can the *Gleaner* man find in this a disability for the Protestants? One may be fanatical, but no sensible man has a right thus jauntily to make a mockery of the elementary rules of logic and of the plainest common sense.

WEALTH OF THE CATHOLIC CHURCH.

But where this brave Mr. Sellar completely loses his head is where he speaks of the so-called wealth of the Catholic Church.

"Counting ministers of all denominations," says he, "I do not suppose you would find in Ontario many over 3000. Quebec has a third less population, yet nearly 8000 men and women have taken the perpetual vow of obedience to the Church of Rome. Add to these the lay servants and dependents and there must be twenty thousand whose daily bread comes from this gigantic organization."

Like the monkey in Lafontaine's fable, who took the Piraus for a man, the leamed editor of the *Gleaner* takes, as members of the Catholic clergy, all members of religious communities, whether brotherhoods or sisterhoods, and with this he forms the big figure of 8000. Would you like to know why he so cheerfully inscribes them among the clergy? Purely because they have made a vow of perpetual obedience to the Church of Rome!

In that case the learned Mr. Sellar is far from the truth; if to be a member of the Catholic clergy, it is sufficient to have made a vow of perpetual obedience to the Church of Rome, there are in the Province of Quebec 1,170,718 ministers of Catholic worship, for the reason that 1,170,718 Catholics who inhabit it are obliged, in religious matters, to absolute obedience to the Church of Rome. There are likewise 320,839 ministers of Catholic worship in Ontario, for I see by the census of 1881 that there is that number of Catholics in the Province of Ontario, and like those of Quebec they are held to perpetual obedience to the Church of Rome, of course in religious matters only.

These are the consequences of the premises laid down by Mr. Sellar, whom the Equal Rights Association has chosen to inform it about Catholic affairs in the Province of Quebec.

NUMBER OF MINISTERS OF RELIGION.

Happily, the census of 1881, an authority almost as worthy of belief as the editor of the *Gleaner*, gives totally different figures. According to that authority there were at that time in the Province of Quebec, 2,102 clergyman, 3,783 nuns, and 401 Brothers of the Christian schools, in all 6,286. But the figures given for clergymen comprise Protestant ministers; they must be numerous, as there are in our Province almost as many Protestant as Catholic churches. The census for 1881 gives for all the Province 1280 churches, of which 712 are Catholic and 568 Protestant. The latter must be attended

by 400 or 500 ministers, which would leave 1600 or 1700 Catholic priests.

CATHOLIC ALMANAC.

But there is an easier and more certain method of establishing the number of Catholic priests in the Province of Quebec. If the worthy writer of the *Gleaner* had only given himself the trouble of reading the calendars or almanacs for 1890, he would have seen that the Catholic clergy of the Province of Quebec, regular and secular, is composed of 1,260 priests, one cardinal, seven archbishops and bishops, one prefect apostolic. The calendars give the name, surname and residence of all those priests, so that there can be no doubt or mistake about their number in the mind of an honourable writer.

These priests, however, are not all engaged in parish work. The documents which I have just mentioned show with the clearest evidence, even to the wilfully blind, that of these 1260 priests at least 250 are employed in teaching in our classical and commercial colleges and in our normal schools; about one hundred more are engaged as chaplains in our charitable institutions or as professors in our theological seminaries, leaving only about nine hundred in parish work. If you divide the number of Catholics by the number of priests ministering to parish wants, you will find that the average of each congregation under the care of a Catholic priest is about thirteen hundred souls.

You are a minister of the Gospel, Mr. Caven, you know the duties imposed by the spiritual care of a congregation; you know that in this respect the task of a Catholic priest is two or three times greater than that of a Protestant minister; in presence of the figures which I have now given, will you not admit that far from being excessive, as Mr. Sellar pretends, the number of Catholic priests in the Province of Quebec is comparatively slight. Make the same calculations about the Protestant clergy, and you will be surprised at the results at which you will arrive!

REVENUE OF THE CATHOLIC PRIESTS.

And what are the revenues and resources of this clergy which Mr. Sellar represents as so rich? The tithe alone and a very small amount of perquisites commonly called "*le casual*." What does the tithe represent? It is quite easy to calculate it by taking the *data* furnished by the census of 1881, which can be seen by everybody. At the rate of the twenty-sixth bushel, it forms about the following quantities: 58,889 bushels of wheat, 58,866 of barley, 601,310 of oats, 142,208 of peas, 55,494 of buckwheat, and 12,571 of rye. Estimating them at current rates they would represent about \$500,000 in money. But our priests are not exacting, notwithstanding what Mr. Sellar may say, and I can assert without fear of contradiction, that on the average they remit or neglect to collect at least twenty per cent. of their tithes, which would leave a real revenue of not more than \$100,000, to be divided among nine hundred priests doing parish work, or an average of \$450. Adding another hundred dollars for the *casual*, which is certainly the highest amount ever received under that head, we have a total of \$550.

Would you pretend that this is too much, Mr. Caven? That Protestant ministers do not receive as much, even more?

And that is in truth the so-called wealth of our Catholic clergy!

As you can perceive, our clergy do not cost the people so much.

GENEROSITY OF CATHOLIC PRIESTS.

Let us not omit to add that our clergy returns to the people a great part of this slender revenue. It is thanks to the generosity of the clergy that are founded and maintained the numerous institutions of charity— asylums, refuges and hospitals, and institutions of public instruction—which are seen all over the Province. You would be astonished, you Protestants, at the number of young men belonging to poor families, whose education, classical and commercial, is paid for in whole or in part by our good country priests; you would be equally astonished at the number of legacies bequeathed by those good *cures* to our colleges on condition that interest thereof be employed to meet the cost of the education of poor children. All this, it must be admitted, is in the interest of

the people, and for its benefit, and gives back to it in another form what it has laid out as tithes or *casual*, and, as I stated on a recent occasion, our Canadian clergy returns to the people, in one way and another, for purposes of education or charity, blessed and sanctified by the Church, the tithe which it collects from the people.

There is not a country in the world where classical and university education costs so little as it does to the Catholics of our Province, where it is so fully within the reach of all, even of the poorest; there is not one serious, sensible man who, knowing in the slightest our system of education, would refuse to admit that it is solely to our clergy that we owe these inestimable advantages.

RELIGIOUS COMMUNITIES.

With a sense of honesty more than doubtful, the editor of the *Gleaner* includes among the clergy all the members of our religious orders, not omitting members of the brotherhoods and sisterhoods. This is a deception that it is unnecessary especially to remark, for all well-informed Protestants know perfectly well that these brothers and sisters are no more members of the Catholic clergy than the members of the Municipal Council of the city of London form part of the Government of England. They belong simply to the body of the faithful, like all other Catholics, who have absolutely nothing to do with the government or the management of religious affairs. The Church exists in all its integrity outside of these communities, which are merely associations for the purposes of charity and public instruction. They might disappear without in the least affecting the Church of Rome. The only difference that would then be felt, as regards the Catholics of the Province of Quebec, is, that in place of having to care for the sick and infirm, as well as for the instruction of their children, brothers and sisters, who work gratuitously, without other remuneration than that which is strictly necessary to keep and clothe them modestly, Catholics would have to pay laymen, who most certainly would cost much more.

THE CATHOLIC CLERGY.

Mr. Sellar asserts that the priests, members of religious orders and sisters are 8000 in number in our Province, and that adding to these "the lay servants and dependents, there must be 20,000 whose daily bread comes from this gigantic organization."

This also is one of these assertions which it is difficult to qualify otherwise than as a lying statement.

The number of priests and bishops in the Province is given exactly in the calendar; it is 1269; the number of members of brotherhoods and sisterhoods devoting themselves to teaching is given in the "Report of the Superintendent of Public Instruction;" it is 2,389, and add 1,000, which is more than the actual number, for the brothers and sisters who devote themselves to works of charity in hospitals, refuges and asylums of every kind, and we have a total of 3,389, or about one-half the number given by Mr. Sellar.

As to servants, whom he estimates to be 12,000 in number, I assert that they do not exceed 3,000, and I challenge him to prove the contrary. In almost all the communities there are lay sisters and lay brothers engaged in the manual labours of the communities, so that the number of lay servants is almost nothing. The number of servants of parish priests is quite as inconsiderable, and most certainly does not exceed 1,500. By adding the servants of the religious orders we have a total of 4,500, or not more than a third of the number given by Mr. Sellar. That is to say, that far from reaching the figure of 20,000, the population of which this gentleman speaks is at the utmost 9,158. Simply an error of more than half!

SERVICES AND LABOURS OF THESE PERSONS.

What is returned to the Catholics of the Province of Quebec by the 9,158 persons? Most perfect religious service, superior education in all its branches, commercial and agricultural instructions, the care and maintenance of the poor, the orphans, the infirm, the sick, and of all these unfortunates who depend upon public charity. Are these works not sufficiently useful to employ 9,158 persons in a population of 1,170,718 people?

It is said that comparisons are odious. If I did not fear to expose myself to the reproach of making them, I would make one which would expose more clearly the full extent of the injustice of which Mr. Sellar has been guilty towards our clergy and the religious communities of Catholics in the Province of Quebec.

To give greater effect to his false representations, our Quebec Loyalist opposes the 3,000 Protestant ministers to the pretended 20,000 persons living on religion in the Province of Quebec. To arrive at the latter figure he includes the brothers, the sisters, the servants, in fact anyone that his imagination can summon. Let us adopt the same method of calculation for Ontario. Your 3,000 ministers are heads of families and support their wives and children. It would not be exaggerating, I think, to assume that these 3,000 families comprise at an average five persons each, which gives at once a population of 15,000. It is reasonable to suppose at least one servant for each of these families, which gives at least 3,000 more, forming a total of 18,000 persons "whose daily bread comes from this gigantic organization." For the same ends, that is to say, for the care of souls or the service of public worship, we find in the Province of Quebec only 2,500 persons at the most; that is to say, 1,000 priests and 1,500 servants.

DIFFERENCE IN THE EXPENSES OF CATHOLIC PRIESTS AND PROTESTANT MINISTERS.

There exists a decided difference as to the respective positions of the Catholic priest and the Protestant minister. Owing to celibacy, the former has to provide only for his own support, whilst the latter has to maintain a whole family.

With an income of five or six hundred dollars, the Catholic priest lives comfortably, can even practise a few small economies which ecclesiastical discipline obliges him to employ in good works. The Protestant minister, on the contrary, only finds what is absolutely necessary for himself and his family in an income of six hundred dollars, and if his salary is sufficiently large to permit him to economize, he very naturally employs the amount of his savings for the benefit of his family in place of devoting it exclusively to institutions of learning, benevolence and charity.

It is thus that are formed in great part, by our clergy, and without in the least overburdening the faithful, those resources with which are created and maintained the greater number of these Catholic institutions which are the admiration of every one not blinded by prejudice. That which the Protestant minister gives to his own family, the Roman Catholic priest devotes to the use of the people and to works of public benevolence.

What is there in all this which can be taken as a cause of disability for Protestants of the other Provinces? Is it our fault if, because of their marriage, the support of Protestant ministers is more expensive and does not permit them to make, as do Catholic priests, gifts and legacies to institutions of public benevolence?

It is to this that is reduced the so-called wealth of the Catholic Church.

I more or less understand that you, Mr. Caven, who live in a Protestant Province and who can only know superficially our religious organization, should allow yourself to be drawn into these exaggerations on this question; but as to your co-labourer, Sellar, who lives in the midst of a Catholic population and pretends to know their institutions, it is unpardonable dishonesty on his part, which should stamp upon his brow a stigma which for charity's sake I will not particularize.

"Love is its own great loveliness always
And takes new beauties from the touch of time;
Its bough owns no December and no May,
But bears its blossoms into winter's clime."

Diamonds, Fine Watches, Novelties in Jewellery at D. H. Cunningham's Jewellery Store. Every satisfaction in ordered work and manufacturing. Designs and prices given for fine Diamond work, unset stones kept on hand. Best value in the city. Remember the address, 77 Yongo St., two doors north of King.

FREEMASONRY: "THE SYNAGOGUE OF SATAN."

A REMARKABLE discourse on the evils effected in modern society in Europe by the principles of Freemasonry was delivered recently in the Church of St. Francis Xavier, Liverpool, England, by the Jesuit Father Donnelly. We make the following extract:—

To understand the state of society at the present time we should lift our eyes above the petty concerns of our daily life and take our stand with the sentinel upon the watch tower which he was empowered by his Divine Master to guard. It was the firm conviction of many pastors that the Church was never in a better state internally than at the present time. Priests and pastors were united in firm union with the Pope in a way that was simply unparalleled. There was more sanctity in the Church at present than there was before in its whole history. But though this be true there is more wickedness abroad, and the enemies of Christ are more united in a diabolical spirit of hatred and enmity towards Him. The three wounds from which society is suffering are Sensualism, Infidelity, and Insubordination. Painting and sculpture are becoming more and more debased; in continental theatres scenes are enacted calculated to arouse the worst passions in the human heart; while the press is pouring forth books the most unclean, romances the most effeminate, and pamphlets the most hideous. Gaze where we would, the worship of the senses pervaded the earth. Again, the spirit of exaggerated independence, the pride of *non serriam* (I will not obey) rang throughout the world; men wished no longer to obey. Man would not submit his reason to faith because he could not see and feel and touch the doctrine of revelation; because his feeble reason could not understand the mysteries of eternal truth he will have none of it. As if it was beneath the dignity of man to bow down to and obey his Creator, God was despised, and in His place was erected the temple and worship of humanity. Christianity was more openly attacked, the divinity of Christ more shamelessly denied, and the very fact of His existence called into doubt. They were striving to uproot His influence over society, the family, and the individual. Others practically denied God and lived for this earth; Christian traditions were banished from the home, family prayer in common was disused, and the crucifix no longer held the place of honour; while pictures of Our Lord, the Blessed Virgin, the angels and saints, gave place to the productions of modern paganism. People were ashamed of their religion, which was relegated to the bedrooms and private chambers. What a different spirit from that which permeated society in the ages of faith, when men were not ashamed of professing their Christianity by every word and deed! In civil society the danger was becoming greater. In many countries of Europe the governments and the laws were godless and atheistic. Bad as things were, they would become worse. Everywhere he saw the enemies of Christ and his Church were banded together, powerful, numerous, and active, animated with a diabolical and satanic hatred. There was an association whose one aim is to subvert Christianity. In 1858 it numbered more than 16,000,000 adherents and had 1,200 lodges. It was justly styled by Pius IX. the "Synagogue of Satan." It had now nearly double the number it had then, and had close upon 30,000,000 adherents, banded together as one man that they may accomplish their scheme with the greater security. "Our object," they said, in the secret instructions sent to their highest officers by the Supreme Council, "is the object of Voltaire and the French Revolution—the complete abolition of Catholicity and of the Christian idea altogether. Try with the utmost of your power to make the priesthood unpopular, do all you can to make it lose favor amongst the populace." That was the object of that secret society known throughout the world as Freemasonry. He was speaking to those who were at the head of it, who understood fully and plainly what it was; he was not speaking of the thousands and millions of misguided men and women who entered into it thinking it was a benevolent society, but of those who were the mainspring of its every action and guided and ruled it. In a letter of instruction, dated October 15, 1866, commended by the Grand Master of the Grand Orient of France to all Masons united to his lodge, their methods were set forth, which were

that all public education should be in the power of the State; that the supernatural and religious idea should be eliminated from all public instruction, that no citizen by right of law should have the power or faculty of instructing or causing children to be instructed in any school except a State school. It was a revival of Julian the Apostate's idea of de-Christianizing the young. That law had been passed in France, and was likely to pass the Legislature in Italy in even a worse form. Another method was the secularization of religions. They drove out the monks and nuns from the hospitals, refuges, and reformatories, abolished the distinction between cleric and layman, and exacted military service from clergymen and ecclesiastical students. No religion was to enter into the marriage ceremony or the ceremonies that took place at birth or death; hence the wonderful increase of civil interments and civil marriages and of parents who would not allow their children to be baptised. More terrible still, we had one more method in which another branch of this same society had done its best to ruin the soul for ever and ever. This was the most diabolical of all. It concentrated itself even around the death-bed, and its members bound themselves under oath in writing, which often took place in presence of a notary, that they would send away every minister no matter what his religion, when they were dying, and on no account whatever allow a religious ceremony to take place at their funerals. This was not the worst. Knowing well that human nature is weak and at the moment of death naturally turns to God again, though it may have forsaken him in life, the members pledged themselves to do their best to see that no priest or any minister of religion shall have a chance to get near one of their associates when dying in order that he may pass from this world to the next without the grace of the Sacraments.

THE PRIESTHOOD.

CARDINAL MANNING has issued a pastoral letter to his people soliciting aid for the work of educating young men for the priesthood. His Eminence takes occasion to discourse as follows on the qualifications necessary in aspirants for the holy office:—

Learning is not enough without the mind of Jesus Christ; and the mind of Jesus Christ is a gift of God, not to be acquired without the infused gifts of the Holy Ghost; and those gifts are not to be looked for by any who are not trained to ask for them and to act upon them. It is not common goodness, nor goodness even in an uncommon degree that fits men to be priests. As the priesthood is the highest of all offices, so the grace proportioned is the greatest given to men. When God calls anyone to an office, He calls him to the grace needful for the discharge of that office, so that, as St. Paul says to St. Timothy: "The man of God may be perfect, furnished to every good work." (2 Tim. 3: 17). But no learning without charity will suffice in any man, above all in priests. "Knowledge puffeth up; but charity edifieth." (1 Cor. 8: 1). It often happens that the most learned are the least compassionate. Intellect is often selfish and contentious. A large sympathy with less learning will often be the centre of souls, while self-centred learning will attract nobody. A lover of souls will make a good student, for he will esteem as precious all the means that lead to his desired end. The science of God is the means to the salvation of souls. Having said this, we shall not be thought to pass slightly over the need of thorough study and intellectual culture, if we dwell on certain other qualities needed for the pastoral office. The Incarnation of the Son of God teaches us that men are drawn "with the cords of Adam, with the bands of love." (Osee 11: 4). He took our manhood, and dwelt among men, that he might win their hearts. Human sympathy, the sharing of sorrows and joys; the looking not on our own things, but on the things of others; the being all things to all men according to their need—ourselves being always the same in humanity, charity, truthfulness, pitifulness and confidence in God; this it was in our Divine Master, apart from the Divine Personality in which the multitude did not as yet believe, that drew men on all sides to His presence. Such, in his far-distant measure, will be every true pastor in his flock. He will be refined with a refinement

which the world can never give. Worldly refinement is on the surface, like a whited wall. The refinement of faith is the mind of Jesus Christ reigning within, and sensible to all; to the evil as well as to the good! The refinement of charity and humility is as the bloom upon the fruits of the Holy Ghost. To this mind and life, dear children in Jesus Christ, it is our desire and prayer to train and to form your future priests and pastors. But in this work we need your help. First, we ask you to devote the best of your sons to the priesthood of our divine Saviour. Many a vocation is lost, or stifled, or wasted by worldly, ambitious, avaricious, or lukewarm parents. What will they wish upon their death-bed, when the salvation of their soul is, perhaps for the first time, their chief thought? They will wish they had a son labouring to save souls, and morning by morning saying Mass for their salvation. Next, we ask you to seek out youths who desire the priesthood, not as an honour or a profession, but for our Lord's work and for their own soul's good. Be careful in your choice. Do not be moved by secondary motives of human pity or affection. It would be like "imposing hands lightly" to choose lightly, or to help an unworthy or unfit youth to seek the office of a priest. Further, it often happens that the parents of the most promising youths have no means to educate them. You can do no better work than to give the means to educate such youths in whole or in part. And lastly, we have done all in our power to increase our means of educating a larger number of youths of whom we have reasonable hope that they are called to the priesthood. But many do not persevere; often through failing health, sometimes by loss or want of vocation; some, again, by want of capacity, or, again, by want of fitness. These are, at first sight, disappointments; but when well weighed, it is a consolation that the unfit should be sifted out in time. Between the ages of twelve and twenty-four this trial and sifting is in our hands, and we are not forgetful of the Apostle's warning. We, therefore, ask your help in the form of gifts, or of the resolution to educate a priest now, or hereafter, when you make your last will before you die, to leave in the form of a bequest enough to educate a priest who may offer for you the Holy Sacrifice after you have been called to your account.

THE LEAGUE OF THE SACRED HEART AT PETERBOROUGH.

The month of the Sacred Heart was inaugurated at St. Peter's Cathedral, Peterborough, by an enthusiastic demonstration of the League of the Sacred Heart. The Rev. J. Connolly S.J. who had established the League at the time of the Jesuit Mission, came from Montreal on the invitation of the devoted Rector, Father Rudkins, to perfect the good work and reward the Promoters whose efforts had been marked with such zeal and success, by conferring on them the diplomas and gold crosses of their order.

Sunday last was a real Sacred Heart day in Peterborough. At the morning Mass, celebrated by His Lordship the Bishop an immense number with badges on approached Holy Communion. At High Mass, His Lordship assisting on the throne, the sermon was on the Elevation to the Sacred Heart, which is the quintessence of Catholicity since it has for its object the immense love of the Son of God, the source of all his benefits to mankind, brought out before our eyes under the most touching of symbols, that of the Heart in which it dwelt and throbbled for our happiness. This love, exhibited by so many proofs during the life of the Incarnate Lord and continued after his Ascension to heaven, demands the consecration of our hearts to the Sacred Heart of Jesus and the removal of the obstacles to this Elevation which are all sinful passions and especially the vice of intemperance. After Mass there was a meeting of the Men's League representing all the social grades, the professional taking the lead, nobly supported by the C.M. B.A. and the Young Men's Emerald Association, the agriculturalists also taking part. The promise to promote temperance by discountenancing the use of stimulants in hotels, bar-rooms and taverns was added to the morning offering and general Communion in a body four times a year, as the practices of

the Men's League. Then the meeting proceeded to the election of officers. The following gentlemen were elected. President C. J. Leonard, Barrister. Vice Presidents, Mr. Thos. Doran Mr. John. McGrath, Tres. Mr. John Doherty, Sec. Mr. J. P. Curran. A council of twelve influential gentlemen was also chosen.

At three o'clock P.M. the Juvenile League composed of school children almost filled the church. After an exhortation they renewed their Act of Consecration to the Sacred Heart, the boys repeating aloud their formula of pledge against the use of tobacco and stimulants before the age of twenty-one. His Lordship the Bishop who encouraged the children by presiding at the ceremony addressed them in a few well chosen words by which he exhorted to perseverance promising they would grow up to be the honor of their family, church and country and obtain with the happiness of the purest life, the glory of the life to come.

The ceremony of the celebration which thronged the church was the evening one, consisting of the blessing of badges and conferring of the gold cross on the Promoters. The boys also to the number of fifty who had distinguished themselves by fidelity to their promises were decorated. In the sermon for the occasion the preacher said: "There never was a sublimer Mission entrusted to man than that given to the Apostle by Our Lord on the eve of his Ascension. Though intended directly for the Popes and Bishops of the Catholic Church assisted by the priesthood, the laity were not excluded from it. Every Catholic is called to be an apostle, to help on the work of the church by cooperating with the episcopate and clergy. The first apostles failed not to testify their gratitude and under the inspiration of the Holy Ghost to send salutations in their epistles to those noble men and women who had assisted them to spread the Gospel. In all ages the church has gratefully recognised the help tendered her by kings and queens, and the zealous and generous of the laity. At the present time on account of the manifold perils that beset the flock of Christ the episcopate and clergy feel more than ever the want of a devoted and active body of laity to help on the cause of God and the work of Christ. What we need in our days, said an illustrious Archbishop of the Baltimore Congress, is salvation armies that will go out into highways and byeways and do battle for the church, drawing in to her preaching and Sacraments souls that her clergy cannot reach. The League of the Sacred Heart is an army at the disposal of Bishop and clergy thoroughly equipped under enlightened and zealous officers wielding the most powerful of weapons, prayer and the Sacraments and self-sacrifice and zeal for every good work.

The Church of God this evening, in the person of her Pontiff, recognises the services rendered her by the pious League of Peterborough. She blesses their badges, she confers upon its promoters the insignia of her praise and of her gratitude, she lavishes upon them her indulgences, and exhorts them to continue and spread wider the good work they have begun."

After the sermon the Bishop blessed and distributed the badges to the most deserving of the boys, and conferred the indulgenced crosses on the gentlemen and lady promoters to the number of 50, the organ and choir giving out the while their sweetest anthems. His Lordship, the Bishop, who had shown throughout the day the great interest he took in the League, by presiding at all the ceremonies, in a few well-turned words, complimented the promoters on the good they had achieved and encouraged them to perseverance and renewed ardour in their noble work. The day ended by Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament.

The Peterborough League numbers 800 members, and has 200 *Messengers of the Sacred Heart* in monthly circulation.
Cont.

We would advise the Rev. Clergy, Nuns, and our readers generally, when they are requiring Church Ornaments or Religious articles to write or call on Desaulnier Bros & Co., Montreal, for Catalogue and Price List.

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An accepted bank cheque, payable to the order of the Minister of Public Works, equal to five per cent. of amount of tender, must accompany each tender. This cheque will be forfeited if the party declines the contract, or fail to complete the work contracted for, and will be returned in case of non-acceptance of tender.

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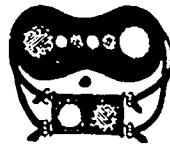
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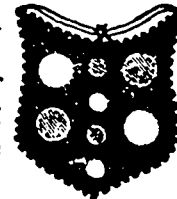


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