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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. I.

Toronto, Saturday, Oct. 22, 1887

No. 36.

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NOTES OF THE WEEK.

Mgr. Persico, the Papal envoy to Ireland, spoke at a banquet given in his honour on Wednesday evening, by the clergy of Dublin. In the course of his speech he said that his experience in Ireland had shown him that the Irish clergy sided with the tenants and opposed the landlords.

The conversion of Mr. Buchanan, the member for West Edinburgh, to Mr. Gladstone's Home-Rule Liberal programme, and the defection within the week past of two or three other Unionist members, give strength to the conviction that the Tory Government is in serious difficulties. Though the Ministry may survive, the Cabinet, it is admitted, must be at once reconstructed, then new and rigorous measures are to be taken against the National League, and prosecutions for seditious speeches instituted against the Irish Nationalist leaders and members. It is to be a fight to the finish, in which either the National League or a Coercion Government must go under.

The shocking revelations in connection with the inquest of Constable Whelehan, who was murdered by moonlighters in the county of Clare, are as disgraceful and damning as could well come to light against an administration. By the confession of Callinan, the informer, it appears on oath that he was in receipt of money regularly from Whelehan, to get up moonlight raids and organize outrages. For years the infamous fellow has been in the pay of the Government, for the purpose of egging exasperated men on to commit outrage and felony, reporting to, and receiving his pay through the late Constable Whelehan. The raid in which Whelehan lost his life was deliberately planned by him, but the loathesome scoundrel was struck down in the midst of his own wickedness. All this has been ascertained in evidence, and the connection between Whelehan and the Castle authorities clearly established. The killing of Whelehan appears to have been accidental, but there was peculiar justice in the wretch's falling victim to his own villiany. The shocking fact in connection with the matter

is that these outrages elaborately planned by depraved men in the pay of the Government are resorted to, to afford a pretext for coercion.

The Congress of the Liberal Federation at Nottingham, on Wednesday, was attended by 2,000 delegates from Liberal Associations in all parts of the United Kingdom. A resolution condemning the coercion policy of the Government was carried by acclamation. The chairman in a speech declared that the Government's attempt on the liberties of the Irish people was not intended to end there, and that the Government would interfere with the liberties of Englishmen likewise.

Mr. Gladstone in his speech reviewed the situation in Ireland, and denounced the Government for the manner in which it was dealing with the Irish Question. Coercion was directed not against crime but against the people, and did the Irish movement show the slightest tendency to crime the Liberals would not give it the slightest countenance.

He had always told the Conservatives that the choice lay between coercion and Home Rule. The Conservatives had told them that Home Rule was an idle dream, but events had shown them that it was not. A Coercion bill had been passed against combinations, against the liberty of the press and the right of public meeting, and not against crime. The Irish spectacle was now a grave and serious one, and if it continued it would drive Ireland into such a state that the difficulties of the Government would become almost insurmountable.

If the Government persisted in their rash and foolish policy, it would naturally lead to political demoralization, and render it in the highest degree difficult, even for Englishmen and a Parliament truly representing their best and most enlightened conclusion, to deal rapidly and beneficially with Ireland. Only one word could describe the present system of Irish government. It was "impertinence." The events of the last few weeks in Ireland would not have been tolerated in England.

He admitted having used the words, "Remember Mitchellstown." That affair must and would be remembered. The country had an account to settle with the Government in connection with that affair. The Mitchellstown authorities were undoubtedly wrong, yet Mr. Balfour, on behalf of the Government, unequivocally assumed the responsibility of their acts. The whole system of government required to be thoroughly reformed, root and branch. There had been a breakdown in the Government in all essentials. A radical change was wanted, and such a change an enfranchised nation alone could accomplish. (Cheers.)

Speaking at the Congregational Institute in Nottingham the same evening, Mr. Gladstone said that the pains and anxieties of the present political controversy were greatly mitigated by the conviction that the work of the Liberal party, though momentarily one of strife, aimed at peace. He trusted it was not profane or irreverent to say that the Prince of Peace would recognize and bless their efforts, in seeking to unite kingdoms now estranged and promote harmony among different classes.

SACRED LEGENDS.

ELEVENTH PAPER.

LEGENDS OF THE APOSTLES.

The name of apostle is given primarily to the Twelve whom our Lord chose. St. Matthew gives their names beginning with Simon; but St. Paul, and Matthias who was chosen in place of Judas, are not mentioned by him. Barnabas was an apostle, and the seventy disciples, with others mentioned by St. Paul, seem to have been called by that name. It means, one who is sent—a messenger; and so a very general idea connected with the apostles is that they were sent personally by our Lord, and walked on earth with Him. They were able to testify as to the Resurrection. St. Paul rests his equality with the other apostles on the ground of having seen Our Lord. The apostles were witnesses of Christ, and were commissioned to preach the Gospel to all men. They could consecrate, ordain, and confirm; they were the first bishops, and one of them, Peter, was placed over the others. Conjointly, they have universal jurisdiction and represent the Apostolic College; Peter only had an individual successor in his primacy and his universal jurisdiction.

It was immediately after John the Baptist had proclaimed Our Lord to be the Lamb of God that one of his disciples (Andrew) brought Peter, his brother, to Our Lord, representing to him that they had "found the Messias." Our Lord said to him: "Thou art Simon, the son of Jona; thou shalt be called Cephas," a word meaning the same as Peter. Andrew, James and John were called at this time; but it was not till the number was complete that Peter was elevated to the Primacy. The first call took place near the Jordan, in Lower Judea; later, when Our Lord took up His abode in Capernaum, and was preaching north in Galilee, He again named these four as apostles. After the miraculous draught of fishes, they were thenceforth, as He said, to be fishers of men. James and John were brothers, sons of Zebedee and cousins of Our Lord.

The fourth apostle was Levi, the son of Alphaus, an officer in the receipt of customs. He is known as St. Matthew, who, at the request of our Lord, rose up and followed Him. He appears to have been related to Him in the same way as the sons of Zebedee.

In the course of some months our Lord called together His disciples and He chose twelve out of them to be called apostles. Beginning with Simon Peter and the three called with him, He then named Philip and Bartholomew, Matthew and Thomas, James, the son of Alphaus, and Simon, who is called Zelotes, and Jude,* the brother of James, and Judas Iscariot, who was the traitor. After preaching and working miracles, He called the twelve together, giving them power over unclean spirits and power to heal all manner of diseases and infirmities. His charge to them is to be found in the tenth chapter of St. Matthew. While they went on their mission He continued to teach and preach as before. He afterwards joined them in a desert place and multiplied the loaves and fishes for the multitude of followers. When they arrived at Cæsarea Philippi he appointed Peter primate over the others. He was transfigured in the presence of Peter, James and John. The number and chief of the apostles having been determined, our Lord sent out the seventy disciples on their mission.

After the resurrection, our Lord appeared to ten of the apostles (Thomas was at first absent) at Jerusalem, and subsequently He appeared on the mountains in Galilee, and here it was that He gave to Peter the care of His sheep and His lambs. For the last time they saw Him at Jerusalem before He ascended into heaven.

These are the chief events in the lives of the Apostles during the presence of our Lord upon earth. Two of their number, Matthew and John, have written Gospels, and are Evangelists as well as Apostles. St. Paul, St. Peter, St. James and others of them have left letters—Epistles. St. Luke and St. Mark are the other Evangelists, and these four Gospels and other writings form the New Testament.

* Jude is sometimes known as Thaddeus.

The Evangelists will be referred to in another paper. Two of them, Matthew and John, were Apostles, but the other two, Mark and Luke, were not of the twelve. Matthew is the first of the Evangelists, as his Gospel is written first, but he is eighth among the Apostles; John is the great Evangelist, though his Gospel is named last; as an Apostle he ranks next to the Chief, and after the ascension he taught and acted in concert with St. Peter.

The twelve Apostles have each their distinguishing emblems, which will be referred to presently; as a body, there are a few circumstances worthy of note. In the last judgment they are represented as forming a council sitting on twelve thrones, judging the twelve tribes of Israel. In this view their rank differs somewhat from what is generally represented. Their place is ordinarily after the Angels, Prophets and Evangelists. In Michael Angelo's Last Judgment, six stand on either side of the Great Judge.

There is a legend, not supported by good evidence, that before the Apostles dispersed to preach the Gospel they formulated their creed by each one contributing a portion of it. It is erroneously stated that St. Augustine preached a sermon, giving to each particular Apostle a particular sentence, as follows:—

Peter.—I believe in God the Father Almighty.

John.—Maker of heaven and earth.

James.—And in Jesus Christ, His only Son, our Lord.

Andrew.—Who was conceived by the Holy Ghost, born of the Virgin Mary;

Philip.—Suffered under Pontius Pilate, was crucified; dead and buried.

Thomas.—He descended into Hell, and the third day He arose again from the dead,

Bartholomew.—He ascended into heaven, and sitteth on the right hand of God the Father Almighty;

Matthew.—From thence He shall come to judge the living and the dead.

James (son of Alphaus).—I believe in the Holy Ghost; the Holy Catholic Church;

Simon Zelotes.—The Communion of Saints, the forgiveness of sins;

Jude.—The resurrection of the body,

Matthias.—Life everlasting. Amen.

It is likely that this distribution is a too literal adaptation of the words of St. Ambrose, "that the twelve Apostles, as skilful artificers, assembled together and made a key by their common advice, that is the creed." There are probable grounds for the hypothesis that the creed used by the Church at this present day "is the extension of a form used from the Apostles' time in baptism." It is all older than the fifth century.

FIRESIDE.

ECCLESIASTICAL ARCHITECTURE.

The description contained in our last issue of the design of the beautiful new Church of St. Paul in this city, leads to a few general words on the subject of Ecclesiastical Architecture.

The subject, however, is so extensive in its range, covering, as it does, so many centuries, and so widely influenced by the historical events and religious aspect of each period, and by the climate, modes and customs of the different countries, that whole volumes would be required to give even a general view of the matter. In glancing over the history of the past we find that in all ages and all countries the erection of a temple to the Deity called forth the highest and noblest efforts of art. Even the Egyptians, Greeks, and Romans of the early times preceding the Christian era, with their pagan notions, yet believing in them, as possibly they did, put forth all their energies to give to their gods their most majestic and beautiful creations in architecture, as well also in the other high arts, and thus we find that their works of this class have for ages called forth the admiration of mankind. It, however, was left for the true and sublime spirit of Christianity to inspire works far surpassing in their extent, magnificence, and grandeur the noblest works of pagan times.

High art, however, being, of its nature, a growth and development, as with a classic language, took time to arrive at maturity.

When, their terrible persecutions ceasing, the early Christians emerged from the sombre recesses of the Catacombs, their first efforts in the direction of Art naturally were but tentative. As, however, their freedom and means increased, so did their anxiety to erect temples worthy, at least in some measure, of their high purpose, the glory of the living God, and consequently, except during the period of the barbaric incursions and of the later civil wars, they advanced rapidly in the knowledge and appreciation of high art in ecclesiastical architecture. Now, the different countries of Christendom, varying in their climates and other conditions, had their different models for their temples as well as for their secular buildings, but from the unity of the Christian sentiment and Catholic mode of worship their churches throughout had, so to speak, a family likeness.

Their works properly form one of the chief studies of the ecclesiastical architect of modern times, and in designing a new church he adopts a style of architecture of the new period suited to the climatic and other circumstances of the country and the purpose for which the structure is intended. In reference to St. Paul's Church, the style selected by the architect, with the warm concurrence of Bishop O'Mahony, whose appreciation throughout of the matter has been considerable, was that of the Italian architecture of the eleventh century. This style had its origin in the Roman architecture which prevailed about the fifth century, the century previous being noted for the great Christian basilicas built by the Emperor Constantine, but which, vast though they were, had not arrived to that degree of development in their especial style which obtained in subsequent years. C.

The Church in Canada.

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

MISSIONARY EXPERIENCES IN WESTERN CANADA.

LABOURS OF FATHER EMANUEL CRESPEL.

LETTER II.

MY DEAR BROTHER.—Nothing can be more flattering to my self-love than your answer. My first letter, you say, has satisfied many intelligent persons to whom you showed it, and excited their curiosity to such a degree that they are extremely impatient to see the rest of my travels. This desire, of which I feel all the advantage, might injure me if I delayed to gratify it. Things too long expected lose their value, and no one should fear this more than myself.

After the expedition of which I have spoken, if, indeed, we can give that name to an absolutely useless step, we resumed the route for Montreal, from which city we were about four hundred and fifty leagues distant. On our way, we burnt the fort at the bay, because, being too near the enemy, it would not have been a safe retreat to the French left on guard there. The Foxes, roused by ravage of their country, and convinced that we would not venture a second time into their country in the uncertainty of finding them, would have obliged the troops to shut themselves up in the fort, would have attacked and perhaps beaten them there. When we were at Micheillemakinak, the commandant gave a *carte blanche* to all. We had still three hundred leagues to go, and we should undoubtedly run out of provisions if we had not used every effort to expedite our movements. The wind favoured us in passing Lake Huron, but we had almost constant rain while ascending French river, traversing Lake Nipissing, and on the little Matawan; it stopped when we entered Ottawa. I cannot express the rapidity with which we descended that great river, imagination alone can form a just idea. As I was with men whom experience had rendered skilful in shooting the rapids, I was not among the last at Montreal, which I reached on the 28th of September and left only in the spring, in obedience to an order given me to

descend to Quebec. I had no sooner arrived in that city than our Commissary appointed me to the post of Niagara, south of Lake Ontario and six leagues from our fort. I accordingly again bent my way to Montreal and thence passed to Frontenac or Catarakony, which is a fort built at the entrance of Lake Ontario. Although it is only eighty leagues from Montreal, we were fifteen days in reaching it on account of the rapids we had to pass. There we waited some time for favourable winds; for at this place we leave the canoes to take a vessel which the King has had built expressly to run to Niagara.

This vessel, which gauges about eighty tons, is very light, and sometimes makes her trip, which is seventy leagues, in less than thirty-six hours. The lake is very safe, free from shoals and very deep; about the middle I sounded with nearly a hundred fathoms of line, but could not touch bottom; its width is about thirty leagues and its length ninety.

We set sail on the 22nd of July and reached our post the morning of the 27th. I found the spot very agreeable, the chase and fishery are productive, the forest of extreme beauty and fuel, especially of walnut, chestnut, oak, elm and maple, such as we never see in France.

The fever soon dampened the pleasure we enjoyed at Niagara and troubled us till fall set in, which dissipated the unhealthy air. We spent the winter calmly enough, I may say agreeably, had not the vessel which should have brought us supplies been compelled, after standing a terrible tempest on the lake, to put back to Frontenac and left us under the necessity of drinking nothing but water.

As the season was far advanced, it did not venture to set sail again and we got our supplies only on the first of May.

From Martinmas, the failure of wine prevented my saying mass, but as soon as the vessel got in, the garrison went to their Easter duties, and I started for Detroit on the invitation of a religious of my order who was missionary there. It is a hundred leagues from Niagara to this post, which is situated six leagues from the entrance of a very beautiful river, about fifteen leagues from the extremity of Lake Erie. This lake, which may be a hundred leagues long and some thirty wide, is very flat, and consequently bad when the wind is high; towards the north, above the Great Point d'Ecorres, it is bounded by very high sand hills; so that, it surprised by the wind in portions where there is no landing-place, and these are only every three leagues, experience has shown that the vessel must infallibly be lost.

I arrived at Detroit on the nineteenth day after my departure; the religious whom I went to visit (Father Bonaventure) received me in a manner which wonderfully characterized the pleasure we usually feel on finding a countryman in a far country; add to this, we were of the same order, and the same motive had led us from our native land. I was, therefore, dear to him for more reasons than one, and he neglected nothing to show me how pleased he was with my visit. He was a man a little older than myself, and highly esteemed for the success of his apostolic labours. His house was agreeable and commodious; it was, so to speak, his own work and the abode of virtues.

The time not employed in the duties of his office, he directed between study and the labour of the field; he had some books, and the selection he had made gave some idea of his purity of life and extensive knowledge. The language of the country was quite familiar to him, and the ease with which he spoke it endeared him to many Indians, who communicated to him their reflections on all sorts of matters, and especially on religion. Affability wins confidence, and no one deserved it more than this religious.

He had carried his complaisance towards some of the people of Detroit, so far as to teach them French. Among these I found several whose good sense, solid and profound judgment would have made them admirable men, even in France, had their minds been cultivated by study.

During the whole time I spent with this religious, I found daily new reasons to envy him a lot like his. In one word, he was as happy as men should be not to blush at their happiness,

PISA AND ROME.

(Correspondence of the Catholic Weekly Review.)

ROME, Sept. 21, 1887.

I arrived at Pisa about 11 p.m. pretty well worn out. I slept tolerably well that night and in the morning set out in search of a Church, which, as you know, in an Italian city is not a difficult undertaking. After I had heard Mass and breakfasted, I walked to the celebrated square or piazza which contains the "lions of Pisa," the famous Campanile or leaning tower, the Cathedral, the Baptistery, and the Campo Santo. When I first came in sight of the graceful leaning tower the bells on its summit were chiming out for High Mass, as it was Sunday. However, this sentence might mislead you, for of course in an Italian Cathedral High Mass is not, as amongst us, sung only on Sundays and holidays, but the bells do not ring out with such solemnity on ferial days or simple feasts as upon festivals of obligation. It was charming to see the bells outlining themselves sharply against the clear blue sky, as they swung to and fro, and as I approached closer I could hear the humming sound produced in the great hollow tower. I will attempt no description of this famous structure, for your readers have no doubt read many accounts giving a far better idea of it than I could. Certain figures and dates connected with the monument may, however, be of some interest, so I, having cribbed them from the guide book, will jot them down here. It was commenced in 1174 by Bonano of Pisa and William of Innsbruck. Its incline is such that a plumb line let down from the top, when it reaches the ground, is distant from the base more than fifteen feet. The cause of such inclination is attributed to the sinking of the earth on one side when the building was in course of construction. Galileo made many experiments from the top of this tower. I climbed the 293 steps which lead to the summit, though such work is not very agreeable to one in rather a delicate state of health, yet I was amply repaid by the view from the top over the magnificent Tuscan Plains, and the territory of the ancient Republic. But, as I said before, these descriptions are useless, there is nothing new to be said about Italy except to give one's own impressions. After descending—I need hardly say by the steps—I went to the Cathedral. The moment I entered I was seized upon by one of those guides who help to make travelling in Europe much more uncomfortable than it need be, and notwithstanding the fact that I had not a tourist's appearance (for I wore my soutane) I was doomed. I had been detected and escape was impossible. You cannot shake those persons off, they are so importunate. God knows, I pity and sympathize with all these poor creatures who gain their living so precariously, but really they should not be tolerated in the churches—at least while service is going on. Fancy my case: There I was in the ordinary Italian clerical dress, in a Cathedral, on Sunday morning whilst Mass was going on, and the Rosary being said by the Canons in choir, and there at my ear was one of those torments of guides (I can call them by no other name) shouting out in a tone anything but suitable for a Church: "So and so painted this picture; it represents such and such a thing." "Yes, I know, but I don't want to see it." "It is considered the best picture in Pisa." "May be; but I don't care." "But I will explain everything in the Church for a franc." "I can do without you." But it was of no use; I had to succumb, and walked out of the Church in a fume of mingled anger and disgust. I then went to the Baptistery, where, as there were no people whose devotions I might disturb—an action reprehensible in any person, but unpardonable in a cleric—I let my guide rattle on. Certainly they are of use, these guides, for they point out many things which a casual visitor would and not observe, but which are often of great interest, as they have generally lived from childhood in the place they describe, they are familiar with it in every respect. The Baptistery of Pisa, as you know, is a magnificent temple near the Cathedral, and in it only, baptisms are solemnized at Pisa. This I have been told is the custom in Tuscany, only the cathedrals have baptismal fonts. I

will omit all description of the Baptistery, its magnificent pulpit carved by Nicolo Pisano; its font made so that people could be baptized in it by immersion, though such is not now the use of the Pisan church; the statues with the heads, arms, or feet knocked off in riots between Guelphs and Ghibellines; the stained glass windows, etc., for all have been written of time and again. The guardian of the place commenced to sing, and his voice was echoed back like the rolling tones on a magnificent organ. Of course the vocalist had to be rewarded with a tip. The Campo Santo, or burial ground, is close at hand, and I walked over the green leading to it, trying to look at the beautiful façade of the Duomo, and at the same time to impress upon the cabbies, who, also, alas! haunt these beautiful places, that I was not in need of a carriage. Inside of the quiet burying-ground, as was to be hoped, I at last found peace, and was left undisturbed to admire the frescoes, the tombs, and above all the green grass in the centre of the two long parallel corridors, the green grass growing from holy land, for the sods were brought from Palestine by the faithful Pisans, who wished that only their most celebrated men should have the honour of such a resting place. What would the Pisans of those days, so Catholic as they were, have thought and said, could they have seen the kind of celebrities who would be laid to rest in their cemetery during the last half of the nineteenth century? How they, so chivalrous and Christian, would have shuddered if they had seen in the cemetery of which they were so justly proud, monuments to the men who have made (?) Italy. If they had seen, close by the monument of the noble Countess Matilda of Canossa, the heroine who so bravely defended the Pope and the Holy See, a bust of the infamous Count Camillo de Cavour! I noticed a monument of a professor who helped on the rebellions of '48 and '49. It was beautifully carved in white marble, and on the pedestal was a base-relief, representing the professor haranguing a crowd of students. Amongst the banners carried by these worthies, was one inscribed "Viva Garibaldi." Then below, was a description telling Italy of what she had lost by the untimely death of the aforesaid professor. There was another monument of the "prodi," the brave who fell fighting for Italian independence, that is, against law and order, and against the true prosperity of the Italian people. Many English and Americans visit the Campo Santo by moonlight, and it must, indeed, be beautiful to see the subdued light of the moon pouring through the gothic arches and delicate marble columns. When I had thoroughly explored the Campo Santo, I went to the Cathedral again to hear High Mass. This time I was not molested by guides. After High Mass there was a procession with the Blessed Sacrament round the church, The acolytes, as well as the cross bearer, wore copes, as did the thurifer. I never before saw boys with copes on. Then came the canons in their red robes, and then the magnificent canopy was carried along by men in black albs. Under the canopy walked the celebrant with the Blessed Sacrament, and accompanied by the deacon and sub-deacon of the Mass. The people followed, singing the hymn *Pange Lingua*. On leaving the Cathedral I took a cab, or rather the cab took me. This is no attempt at a feeble joke, but the cabman, I may fairly say, went beyond the bounds of moral persuasion, so I resignedly got in and let him drive me around the city. It is really not a bad plan to hire a cab, and let the driver explain things as he rattles along—that is provided one only intends to stop a short time in the city he visits. I drove to the Church of St. Stephen, or as it is generally called, "the Church of the Cavaliers." The interior of this church is decorated with scores of banners and banners, from whom taken or where acquired does not appear. Then I proceeded to the Church of St. Maria della Spina, a Gothic gem, of which I have two pictures in my possession. After dinner I was too tired to go out sight seeing, so I remained in my room till supper time. I slept considerably better that night, and next morning left for Rome. On leaving Pisa the train passed through a flat, richly cultivated country, for about two hours, and then below the town of Grosseto, where the Tuscan territory

ends and the Roman begins. Here the country becomes more deserted. It astonished me more than I can express to see that, in a country so thickly populated as Italy, the train should pass for hours through fields, apparently fertile enough, and yet rarely a single sign of human habitation to be seen. Sometimes for miles, as far as the eye can reach, there is absolutely not even a shepherd's hut. Great herds of cattle roam over these plains, and I, for my part, would not have been surprised, had I been carried there by some "Wonderful Lamp" process, if they told me the country I was passing through was Texas. As one approaches Rome, the desolation and monotony of the scenery becomes more complete. One feels inclined to say: where do the thirty millions of Italians live? Are they all in the cities? At last we arrived at the Station of St. Paul's, outside Rome, and in a few minutes more, at the terminus. I was too tired that day to visit, but I went into one church I came across, close to my hotel, the Church of the Holy Apostles. In it repose the bodies of St. James and St. Phillip. The church is not a very grand one for Rome, though in Canada it would be a marvel. The next morning I served mass and communicated in the Church of St. Andrea delle Frate, at the altar where, on the 20th January, 1842, the Blessed Virgin appeared to Alphonsus Ratisbon, a Jew, and converted him to the Catholic faith. There is an inscription in French and one in Latin relating the miracle, and over the altar is a picture of the Madonna with rays of light flowing from her hands as they did during the apparition. Afterwards I went to the Piazza del Popolo and saw the beautiful Church of the Sta. Maria del Popolo, the titular Church of Cardinal Capocelatro, the celebrated Oratorian. I must now draw to a close, but before doing so I wish to say one thing about the Romans, so far as I have seen them. They seem very polite, I have not been insulted once. Though I walked through many most filthy streets on the famous 20th, I heard not a single offensive word. Needless to say, I wore my soutane, because otherwise there would have been no fear whatever of being insulted. I visited this morning the Church of the Gesu, where reposes the body of St. Ignatius, founder of the Society of Jesus. C.

CATHOLIC AND LITERARY NOTES.

Archbishop Croke, telegraphing from Paris, tendered his sincerest sympathy to Mr. O'Brien on the occasion of his conviction.

Lady Wilde is about to bring out a volume of Irish legends. Mr. Oscar Wilde will present a copy to every Irish club in London.

Archbishop Duhamel, of Ottawa, recently consecrated a new \$10,000 Catholic Church in the township of March. There was a large number of the clergy present, and a big gathering of the people.

Mr. Wilfrid Ward, son of the famous "Ideal" Ward, and himself no mean "knight of the pen," is shortly to be married to Josephine, daughter of the late J. R. Hope-Scott, the great advocate.

At the consistory to be held in December, the Pope will confer the Cardinalate upon Archbishop Richard, of Paris, and Mgr. Persico, at present on a special mission to Ireland, and also invest Cardinal Jacobini.

Mr. T. F. Galwey, the translator of Feval's "Jesuites," and formerly editor of the *Catholic World*, has resumed his very successful Latin lectures at Manhattan College, which, by the way, counts sixty students more than it did last year.

The latest news from Rome is that Mgr. O'Callaghan, Rector of the English College in that city, has been appointed Bishop of Hexham and Newcastle. Mgr. O'Callaghan, we understand, seeks to decline the dignity, but it is probable that the appointment will be made absolute.

Among the distinguished visitors whom the Holy Father will receive on the occasion of his Jubilee, are mentioned the Crown Prince of Germany, one of the Queen's sons, and an Austrian Archduke, also special envoys from France, Spain, and the United States, and the Emperor of Brazil.

A very pleasing event occurred at the Gloucester Street Convent, Ottawa, last week. Rev. Abbe Tanguay, on the occasion of his departure for Rome, was presented by Miss Valade, daughter of Dr. Valade, on behalf of the young ladies, with an address wishing him *bon voyage*. A musical programme was executed. Quite a number of parents of the pupils were present. Abbe Tanguay has been acting as chaplain of the institution for some time past.

Rev. Father O'Shaughnessy, of Girvan, Scot., has arrived in Ottawa, his object being to secure some assistance towards the needs of his poor mission, which comprises a population almost entirely of Irish Catholics. He is recommended by Archbishop Croke, of Cashel, and has the approval of the Archbishop of Ottawa. He will preach in St. Joseph's church on Sunday at 10 o'clock a.m., and in the Basilica in the evening. On the latter occasion a collection will be taken up for his mission.

His Lordship Bishop Grandin, of St. Albert, left on a tour of the northern part of St. Albert diocese on Sunday, Sept. 4th, being accompanied as far as Sturgeon mill by a large company of St. Albert people. He will visit the missions along the Saskatchewan to Carlton, then turn north to Isle la Crosse, and still further north to Reindeer Lake, the most northeasterly mission of the diocese, if the season will admit. He will return by way of Cumberland on the Saskatchewan.

The Sacred Congregation of Indulgences and Holy Relics have lately decreed that crosses, rosaries, etc., do not lose their indulgences, if, before being used, they pass into the possession of a second, third, or even fourth person. That indulgenced objects must be given away altogether *gratis*, any return demanded or accepted as an exchange, or on the plea of an alms, would take away the indulgence. That whether indulgences are to be gained between midnight and midnight, or from the first vespers, must depend upon the terms of the concession. That he who has the power of blessing and indulgencing objects, may do so for himself also, and gain the indulgence by using them. That he who has faculties to enroll the faithful in any Confraternity or Association may enroll himself also, so as to gain the indulgences, provided the faculties be given indiscriminately, and not for a particular person, place, religious body, etc., (*taxative*).

A PARALLEL.

Written for "The Catholic Weekly Review."

Like to the unreflecting child
For whom the present minute,
Which shows, as it is passing by,
Something to please the baby's eye,
Holds past and future in it;

Like to such thoughtless child are we,
Or semblance oft we borrow:
The pleasure of an hour can thus
Obscure our life's real aim for us,
Blot past and shut out morrow.

But for the babe no morrow wakes,
No past entreats forgetting,
Our present fades so soon to past;
Our pleasures into future last
To crowd it with regretting.

—K. B. C.

Rossetti, though melancholy in his drawings, and so profoundly emotional as a poet, was a man of many jests, and sometimes his jokes were wise as well as witty, as when, for instance, he said, speaking of Mr. Swinburne in his younger days: "*Poeta nascitur non fit*—a poet born; truly, but *non fit* for publication."

The Catholic Weekly Review.

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

Published Every Thursday.

Offices: Bon Accord Building, 22 $\frac{1}{2}$ Church-street, Toronto.

Gerald Fitzgerald, - - - Editor.

H. F. McIntosh and A. C. Macdonell, - - - Associates.

Terms: \$200 per annum, payable strictly in advance. Advertisements, unexceptionable in character and limited in number, will be taken at the rate of \$2 per line per annum: 10 cents per line for ordinary insertions. Club rates: 10 copies, \$15.

All advertisements will be set up in such style as to insure the tasteful typographical appearance of the REVIEW, and enhance the value of the advertisements in its columns.

Remittances by P.O. Order or draft should be made payable to the Editor.

LETTER FROM HIS GRACE THE ARCHBISHOP OF TORONTO.

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

GENTLEMEN,—

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

I am, faithfully yours.

JOHN JOSEPH LYNCH,
Archbishop of Toronto.

TORONTO, SATURDAY, OCT. 22, 1887.

In an article reprinted elsewhere in this number, the *New York Freeman's Journal*, referring to His Grace's recent letter to the REVIEW, says Archbishop Lynch ought to be made a Cardinal, and protector of Catholic journals.

The bazaar undertaken on behalf of the Redemptorist Convent, McCaul street, opened last Monday evening. We beg to again bespeak for the good Fathers of St. Patrick's the warm cooperation and patronage of our people on the first occasion, during many years of very difficult labour, on which they have made any appeal for assistance.

A correspondent of one of the daily papers thinks it was a sin to lay the corner stone of St. Paul's church on a Sunday. We are delighted to see that at least one of the lunatics who insist on what they call Sabbath observance, has the nerve to push his crazy principles to their limit. Following his line faithfully he would condemn choir-singing, which involves muscular effort; preaching, which is plainly sinful, since the preacher could have his sermon printed during the week and distributed to the congregation to be read in calm quiet during the morning devotions; and the unholy and pernicious habit of taking up a collection, of all things done in church the most harrassing, and the least conducive to prayerful devotion.

Commenting recently on the unwarranted addendum to Cardinal Newman's beautiful poem prayer, "Lead Kindly Light," of the fourth stanza found in some Church of England hymn books, the editor of the *Union and Times*, a Buffalo Catholic paper, paid this appreciative tribute to the renowned and venerable author:

"So long as genius and virtue possess a charm for the heart, and their rare combination in one illustrious character enchants the imagination, so long will the name of

John Henry Newman be revered among men and his fame be cherished as a holy heritage. The story of his life, so simply and touchingly told by himself in his *Apologia*, cannot fail of an ennobling influence upon a selfish, materialistic age like the present. . . Cardinal Newman, the pride and glory of Oxford, and the greatest living master of English speech, is now in the 87th year of his age, retaining all his marvellous mental vigour unimpaired, and preserving amid the mellow radiance of his setting sun all the sweet freshness of life's morning.

"To have met this wondrous man, to have felt the gentle pressure of his hand, and listened for nearly an hour to the gentle music of his voice, shall be to us always a precious memory."

The Pan-Presbyterian Synod is to meet in June of next year. Already its general committees are at work mapping out the ground to be covered, and, above and beyond all, the difficulties and disagreements which are to be, at any cost, covered and thrust out of sight. These people must feel very severely the want of a central authority since they are willing to expose themselves year after year to a criticism which can scarcely, under the best of circumstances, be friendly to them, for the sake of keeping up some form or appearance of that which is in the true Church the centre of Catholic unity, a Sovereign teaching power on earth. Their Council will be, as all its kind have ever been, whether Pan-Anglican, Pan-Baptist (if such a thing ever existed), or Pan-Methodist, a more or less solemn mummery. We call those mummies from whom the soul is long since fled, but who still retain the human form. They still retain the form of a church, but the soul, the authority which alone can give life and vigour is, by their own confession, departed. They may have a deliverance on Sunday-schools, and a try at the liquor question, and an exhortation on foreign missions, but they would as soon legislate on the translation of Cheops' pyramid to New York (and have as good grounds for hope of success) as endeavour to decide any one of the many differences of belief held by their preachers.

A Presbyterian journal, with that coarse brutality and scurrility characteristic of Calvinism, devoted part of its last issue to an attack on Cardinal Taschereau and the men, distinguished in public position, who united in doing him honour. That the visit of the venerable Cardinal would bring out all that was odious and ugly in the pur- lious of Protestantism was clearly to be anticipated; but that it would overwhelmingly range against it all that was liberal and enlightened and high minded in the life of the community was as confidently to be expected, and has been as abundantly demonstrated. Writing now, we see no reason to at all qualify what we claimed as the lesson of the late visit. It may be that they, for whom the Presbyterian paper speaks, fail to understand the significance of the cordiality and kindness with which his Eminence was treated, but that its malicious and un-Christian spirit finds only a very inconsiderable acceptance was attested by the presence at the late banquet of so notable a number of men of light and of leading. The Presbyterian paper talks wildly of the outraged "Protestant sentiment of Ontario"—the Protestant sentiment, we presume, which took up a position on Yorkville avenue and regaled the Cardinal on his arrival with very choice Orange ribaldries.

The Rev. Lewis Drummond, S. J., of Winnipeg, whose *brochure*, "The French-Canadian Element in the North-West," and other historical writings have attracted, and deservedly, so much favour and attention, lectured recently at Regina on "True and False Ideals in Education." We quote one striking passage on the standard of education in our Canadian Catholic colleges:—

"Allow me to give the result of my own unbiassed experience. I have spent between four and five years teaching among French Canadians, five years in England among graduates of the great Universities, and seven years in the most cultured centres of the United States. I have always strived to combat in myself the narrowness of national prejudices, a thing which for me is the easier in that I am a descendant of four different races. Well, I am inclined to think that the average student who has completed the ordinary curriculum in one of the many Catholic Colleges of the Province of Quebec is intellectually better equipped than the average graduate of Oxford and Cambridge, Yale and Harvard. Of course these latter gentlemen may know a great many more fine points of scholarship; but I doubt if they will be able to reason and think as well as the much-maligned French Canadian student who can show nothing but his certificate of two years of philosophy. Moreover, I am quite sure that it is easier to get together an audience capable of following a close thinker in Montreal and Quebec than in any other cities of the same size in England or America. I don't speak of Scotland, for Scotchmen are particularly good at hard thinking, nor of Ireland, for Irishmen are among the clearest reasoners the world has ever seen."

The following letter, over the initials of a writer not known in these columns, appeared in the *Mail* of last Tuesday. Preferring, for obvious reasons, to make no comment on the subject, the purpose of which might, at the moment, have been misapprehended, the REVIEW felt itself unable, however, to publish, in its account of the banquet, a considerable portion of Mr. Mowat's speech. However playful Mr. Mowat may have meant to be, much of his speech, we are forced to say, was scarce in keeping with the occasion. Indeed we think Mr. Mowat could hardly have been more infelicitous. His pleasantries about Protestantism were, in point of taste, at least doubtful, and the tenor of his speech seemed throughout apologetic and cautious. The letter appended is wickedly ironical, and has in it a moral for Mr. Mowat.

To the Editor of The Mail.

SIR,—For a protesting Protestant commend me to Mr. Mowat. He is, one would think, in an unceasing state of fear lest his Church should discipline him for his horrid backsliding. In his capacity of a Christian gentleman he is obliged to deal civilly with Catholic notables from time to time, and on such occasions he invariably apologizes for his crime. He felt obliged to do this at the banquet to the Cardinal. I have so often listened to that speech of his that, though at first I laughed with the rest, I have become weary of it. I beg to propose that the hon. gentleman issue once for all a proclamation covering all phases of this eternally recurring apology, I submit the following as a rough draft:

"Know all men by these presents, that We, Oliver Mowat, are a Protestant, and that if by any accident of civility or other unavoidable exigency we should be at any time involved in the manifestly pernicious and soul-destroying company of Catholics, and peculiarly of Catholic dignitaries, we are not to be supposed to have abated one jot of our well-known and extremely convenient Protestantism. Due attention to the above, on the part of our

Presbyterian friends, will spare us the necessity of making a fool of ourself any more by repeating that little speech about the possibility of men being good citizens in spite of their Catholicity."

I think that would fill the bill, save time, and, so to speak, let the hon. gentleman out.

Yours, etc.,

N. D. F.

Toronto, Oct. 17.

An important pamphlet has been put forward this week in London, "The Handbook of Home Rule," with a preface by Earl Spencer, and with articles on the Irish question contributed by Messrs. Gladstone, John Morley, James Bryce and other Liberals. Mr. Gladstone's paper, entitled "The Lessons of Irish History," is a review of the growth of the national movement in Ireland. He traces the history of Ireland for the past 700 years, and again urges the necessity of becoming acquainted with the true nature of the relations between the islands of the United Kingdom, in order to understand rightly the Irish question of the hour, and what it is that the present political crisis involves. Up to the beginning of the eighteenth century, Mr. Gladstone says, policy was subordinated to violence as the instrument of the Government. Of three great nostrums England had applied extirpation and persecution. Both had entirely failed, but confiscation had done its work. He traces at length the progress of measures designed to give effect to the Irish aspirations to national life, and gives a sketch of the history of the eighteenth century. He says:—

"Awful as is the force of bigotry, hidden under the mask of religion, but fighting for plunder and power, with all the advantages of possession, prescription, and extraneous support, there is a David who can kill this Goliath. That conquering force lies in the principle of nationality, and a growing sense of nationality prompted the Irish Parliament and developed its earlier struggles for privilege on a narrow ground into a genuine contest for freedom, on a ground as broad as Ireland and humanity at large. If there be such thing as contradiction in the world of politics, there will be found nationality on one side and bigotry of all kinds on the other, especially religious bigotry, the most baneful of all. Whatever is given to the first is lost to the second. Ireland within the last year has seen in Belfast painful proof of the work of Beresford and Castle-reagh. This is capable for a moment of revival to aggravate or sustain Irish disunion. Religious bigotry has been again evoked in Ireland. If the curse be an old one, there is also an old cure recorded in the pharmacopœia of history, and if the abstract force of a policy of prudence is insufficient for the work, we may yet find that the evil spirit may be effectually laid by the gentle influence of a living working Irish nationality."

Mr. Gladstone's concluding words aim apparently at the mission of Mr. Chamberlain in Ulster. Following, as part, doubtless, of the Tory-Unionist programme, the disgraceful course of Lord Churchill in the autumn of 1886, in inflaming the Orangemen of the North to riot and bloodshed, Mr. Chamberlain is in the North-counselling fanatical Orange Tories to "offer resistance" to the transfer of the legislative affairs of the province to a native Parliament at Dublin. Mr. Chamberlain is reported as saying in a speech at Bush Mills, on Saturday, that to transfer the allegiance of Ulster to an Irish Legislature was beyond the competency of Parliament. If that be, in Mr. Chamberlain's judgment, a valid argument in respect to Ulster

as a province returning, be it remembered, a majority of members pledged to the principle of Home Rule, on what possible grounds can he advocate, apart altogether from the expression of the demand and desire of the nation, the maintenance of the present Union which, in the words of Chief Justice Baron Wolfe "had no legal or moral sanction," and which Sheridan declared in the House of Commons, to be "a great and legitimate cause for resistance?"

A FRIEND OF THE PRESS.

There is an oral tradition in society that books and umbrellas are common property, and that the command "Thou shalt not steal" does not apply to them. Theologians have in vain declared this a mistake; and the general disregard for mine and thine, where these two articles of property are concerned, has not decreased. We view with alarm a tendency to add Catholic papers to the list of things which "it is no harm to steal."

It seems to be understood that a paper printed for Catholics is put into the market by some miraculous means—that locust and wild honey and all needful things are mysteriously furnished to the people who furnish such a paper for the public good, that nobody ever sends in a bill for paper, or for composition, or for press-work, and that the whole commercial world reverses its usual process, and delights in giving something for nothing to the Catholic publisher. This is a delusion; but it is widespread. As an example of it, a letter has lately come to hand from a subscriber who has for some years found it impossible to do without the *Freeman's Journal*. He enjoyed it. He has even lent it to his neighbours; he has frequently asked the editor to put into its admirable columns biographies of dear friends of his; he has been known to say to his acquaintances that he would rather lose a relative than do without the "dear old *Freeman*," and at times, when his prejudices were offended, he has even threatened to stop his paper. Greater proof of deep affection for a Catholic paper than this there is none. But he never "stopped" until the other day; then he wrote:

"You will please discontinue the *Freeman's Journal* from this out, as the family do not wish to have too many papers in the house without being looked at. Myself and wife read them all, the rest do not seem to care to spare a little time to read; therefore it does not pay. Wishing you success with your undertaking, I remain your friend,

"P.S.—I do not wish to intrude upon good nature too much."

There is a reticence and delicacy about this note to which we must call attention, as it is really not so valuable for what its writer does, as for what he does not mention. There is a small balance—about fifteen dollars—five years' subscription against him—but he does not allude to it. His heart is wrung with such agony at parting with the staunch journal, that lesser matters pass him by. His children do not read the sheet that has cheered and illumined with its wit and wisdom his leisure hours; he must "stop" it; his tears drop on his letter of renunciation. He will not—he cannot—he does not prolong the agony of parting; he will be always its "friend;" he breathes good-by; it is over—but he keeps fifteen dollars that does not belong to him in his inside pocket. He has forgotten this little circumstance. We beg leave to remind him of it, and to quote for him the words of the Archbishop of Toronto (who ought to be made a Cardinal and the protector of Catholic journals):

"SIR," writes Archbishop Lynch to the editor of the *Toronto Catholic Weekly Review*, "I have been often pained and astonished at the frequent appeals of editors and proprietors of newspapers to their subscribers, urging them to pay their just debts. Catholics, at least, cannot be unaware of their obligations in this matter, and that absolution to a penitent heartily sorry for his sins does not free him from the obligation of paying his just debts. The atonement for oblivion of justice in this world will certainly be exacted in the next. The editors and pro-

prietors of newspapers, on their part, give their time, the product of a high education and experience, together with their money for stationery, printing and wages to employes, and they expect, and should have, in common justice, a return, often by no means adequate, for their outlay. A man who will not pay for a paper he subscribed for, read, and whose contents he enjoyed, is a retainer of another man's goods, and is on a level with a thief. Yours faithfully,

"† JOHN JOSEPH LYNOH,
"Archbishop of Toronto."

It is sad to draw the attention of our late friendly subscriber to these hard words by means of a marked copy. But we must do it—and when his expectant neighbours cross his threshold to borrow the *Freeman's Journal*, he will no doubt sorrowfully tell them how lacking in "good nature" a Catholic paper can be. And they will hear with horror that such an old subscriber has been asked to pay his bill. Such is life.—*N. Y. Freeman's Journal*.

THE MODERN SAVONAROLA.

A SKETCH OF THE FRA AGOSTINO DA MONTEFELTRO.

The *Rassegna Nazionale* of Florence, the well-known Liberal organ, publishes a remarkable article on Fra Agostino da Montefeltro, the famous preacher, who is likened both to Larcordaire and to Savonarola, as follows:—

When we see a preacher, not only in a single city which is exceptionally religious, but in many cities of different regions, in the cathedrals of great cities, as in little village churches, everywhere in fact where his voice is heard—drawing around his pulpit thousands of hearers, the devout and fervent, together with non-Catholics, Jews, sceptics and atheists; the learned with the ignorant, people of all parties, rich and poor, men and women, old and young. When such a success everywhere accompanies the same preacher, and that at an epoch and in a country where indifference, materialism, prejudices, and human respect, all concur to empty the churches, it must be said that this man is endowed with truly exceptional qualities. Sometimes, as history teaches us, in the hearts and minds of the multitude an uneasiness is perceived to arise, which is the symptom of a want, vague at first, and of which those who feel it can give no account, but which answers to an imperious necessity. It is the want of peace after years of agitation and torment, a need of national dignity after long periods of humiliation, a need of again steeping in blood the enervated fibres of a whole people. Now the humble religious of whom we speak has seen what is the great unrest of our society, and being rich in the noblest qualities of a *savant*, an orator, an artist; rich, above all, in youthful faith and enthusiasm, he finds the way to the heart and mind to explain with greater clearness this social unrest, to seek out and indicate its causes and to prescribe its remedies.

This unrest, he says, consists in the absence of the spiritual from our daily life, just like the want of nerve force in the human body. The proportions may be those of a colossus, the blood may circulate in abundance; but the body will remain inert, and the whole organism will suffer from the want of that element of vitality which is called nerve-force. In our society there is plenty of material activity, economic forces are developing, population is on the increase; but something is felt to be wanting; it is felt that social activity, manifesting itself only on the icy fields of science, and the still more arid ones of economy, is wanting in equilibrium, because it lacks the development of the spiritual and moral part of ourselves. The principal source of this spiritual element is, however, not altogether dried up, and, like a new Moses, Padre Agostino has been able to strike the rock whence wells forth the clear water to quench the thirst after the ideal, after the spiritual, after faith, and just at the moment when this thirst is most ardent. It is in religion that we find that which must counterbalance the aptitudes, exigencies, and needs of a purely material life. One of the chief ends which the illustrious preacher pursues is to

combat the prejudice circulated by a few, and accepted by many, that religion and obedience to its precepts are incompatible with social progress.

The divorce between the religious sentiment and the love of country were weighing like a nightmare on the new generation, and seemed just as intolerable to the elder one. One of the principal causes of the success of Padre Agostino is, that he has been able to show in the clearest manner that the Catholic Church puts no obstacle in the way of science and economics, that she does not sustain the tyrant against the oppressed, that she favours just liberty, whilst watching lest liberty degenerate into license; that our religion, so far from combating the love of country, proclaims the latter as a duty; that all progress useful to humanity will always win the good-will of the Church; in a word, that Catholicism does not at all signify retrogression in whatever is truly noble, good, useful, and glorious; but rather signifies aid and encouragement for the advancement of all great things.

Padre Agostino, a man of large and comprehensive mind, enriched by profound studies, by the practical experience of life, by a sentiment of poetry and art which allows him to rise to the sublimest spheres of thought and sentiment, restores to God, to religion and to man himself their respective greatness. Man no longer feels himself impotent to struggle to do good; he trusts in God, he does not tremble before the Church, which he learns to look upon as the loving mother she really is, and not as a tyrannical stepmother. Let it not be thought, however, that the artistic and poetic sentiment manifested in the preacher's words contribute to render his arguments vague and misty. Poetry he allows to shine forth in the form, in sacred enthusiasm, in hymns to God and virtue, in the glorification and sacrifice, in the sublimity of patriotism. Art and science furnish him with his most striking images—arguments in which the *savant* comes to the aid of the theologian. But the logic is always close and severe. The argumentation proceeds with all the required dialectic rigor. The people have surrounded the figure of Padre Agostino da Montefeltro with a halo of heroic and poetic legend, in which we know not how much be true. It is certain that in his youth he did not wear the Franciscan habit; he has lived in the world, he has been drawn into the tempests of life, and, for an instant, shipwrecked. But it was given to him to touch the shore where the Sun of Faith shines. It is to this shore that he desires by means of his noble enthusiasm, his vast learning, his powerful word, his great love, to lead his neighbour; and God, we do not doubt, will crown his noble work with success.

THE CHURCH AND THE WORKINGMAN.

In the course of an address on Socialism, before the recent Catholic Congress at Liege, Belgium, the Abbé Winterer drew a wonderfully eloquent picture of the Church's mission in regard to social questions. He concluded his speech with a strong appeal to employers of labour, to workmen, to all Catholics, in a word, to become "Apostles of Labour," to do all in their power to solve the social problems now before the world. One day he said, in the streets of Paris, a workman met a priest. The former advanced threateningly towards the other. "Priest," he said, "if you only knew how I hate you!" And the priest meekly made answer, "Ah, if you only knew how I love you, my brother!" The workman's heart was touched and he begged the priest's pardon. "Ah, if you only knew how I love you!" These are the words, said the orator, of Leo XIII., of the Cardinal Archbishop of Baltimore, of the Bishops of America, of the Cardinal Archbishop of Westminster; and they are words which contain a truth which will eventually solve the most difficult problem the world ever had before it. When the workman feels how much the Church loves him, social questions will cease. The speech was immensely applauded and produced a profound impression on the auditory,

Current Catholic Thought.

RELIGION IN POLITICS.

There is an accepted saying and belief that religion should not enter into politics. The saying is essentially false. It is equivalent to saying that religion should not enter the school. "Religion is good enough at home," folks say, "but we can't have it round us. It is good enough of a Sunday when we go to church or meetin'. But it don't do, it don't pay in every-day life. We don't want our children taught religion in school. Sunday-school, an hour or so a week, is enough for us and for them. Every-day religion is Papistry."

That comprises the inherited opposition to religious teaching in the public schools, the schools of the people. The idea and conception of this latent opposition to religious teaching, to every-day religion, are un-American. They were begotten of the atheistic writers of France, who were the avowed enemies of Christianity, and who inoculated the French people with their ideas. Seeing that they could not eradicate Christianity from the hearts of the French, they tried, with much success, to make it a laughing-stock. They mocked at faith. They mocked at Christianity. They mocked at Christ and the cross of the Redeemer. They identified the enemy of France, the great and grand France which in the earlier Christian days wrought the deeds of God, with clericalism, that is to say, with religion, with the priest. Well, it is open to the world to judge to-day whether or not the priests or the politicians are the worst enemies of France.—*Catholic Review*, Brooklyn.

THE THEATRE.

In Nashville, Tenn., a Methodist Episcopal minister denounced the theatre last Sunday. He dropped a word or two on the character of certain players, and he did not hesitate to call a spade a spade.

There was an actress present—Miss Emma Abbott. Miss Abbott arose in her pew and defended the stage.

Miss Abbott gave the Rev. Mr. Chandler no quarter; she protested that actors and actresses were really too good for earth, and defended her favourite operatic roles, among which are "Traviata," *Margaret* in "Faust," and a part she plays in a page's dress. The reporter has not given her exact words, but it is evident that she showed that "Traviata," whose heroine is one of a class of females not now mentioned in print by their right name, is a moral story intended for young people; and that the tale of "Faust" and *Margaret* ought to be read in school-books.

Miss Abbott defended the actors against Mr. Chandler's assertion that the stage had an evil influence over them. Mr. Chandler might have quoted the opinion of a man who knew the theatre very well—Charles Reade. His opinion was that the theatre was "a den of lubricity." It is remarkable that nearly every actor and actress of the rank of stars on the stage to-day, is "married" to somebody else's wife or husband. They change partners as frequently as if life were a quadrille.

The example given by actors and actresses is extremely bad. It is no wonder that parents tremble when their children take stage fever. It is no wonder that Protestant ministers denounce the stage when topics are scarce. If there had been enough interest in the yacht-races in Nashville last Sunday, we may be sure Mr. Chandler would not have attacked the theatre. It is useless to attack it. It is a fixed institution. It is useless for us to hold up our hands in horror at it, and at the same time to know that our children are attracted to it. The theatre is good and bad. We must utilize the good, and ward off the bad. There are theatres and theatres. Mr. Augustine Daly, for instance, is showing how the stage can be at once harmless and delightful. That is all we can ask. Intemperate attacks only provoke illogical retorts; and no doubt all Mr. Chandler's congregation that could go, thronged to see Miss Abbott act the night after the indignant minister had consigned the theatre to hell.—*N. Y. Freeman's Journal*,

THE LONGING.

From out this dim and gloomy hollow,
 Where hang the cold clouds heavily,
 Could I but gain the clue to follow,
 How blessed would the journey be!
 Aloft I see a fair dominion,
 Through time and change all vernal still;
 But where the power, and what the pinion,
 To gain the ever-blooming hill?

Afar I hear the music ringing,
 The lulling sounds of heaven's repose,
 And the light gales are downward bringing
 The sweets of flowers the mountain knows.
 I see the fruits, all golden-glowing,
 Beckon the glossy leaves between,
 And o'er the blooms that there are blowing
 Nor blight nor winter's wrath hath been

To suns that shine forever, yonder,
 O'er folds that fade not, sweet to see;
 The very winds that there may wander,
 How healing must their breathing be!
 But lo, between us rolls a river—
 O'er which the wrathful tempest raves;
 I feel the soul within me shiver,
 To gaze upon the gloomy waves.

A rocking boat mine eyes discover,
 But, woe is me, the pilot fails!
 In, boldly in,—undaunted ever!
 And trust the life that swells the sails!
 Thou must believe, and thou must venture,
 In fearless faith thy safety dwells;
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 The glorious Land of Miracles!

--Schiller.

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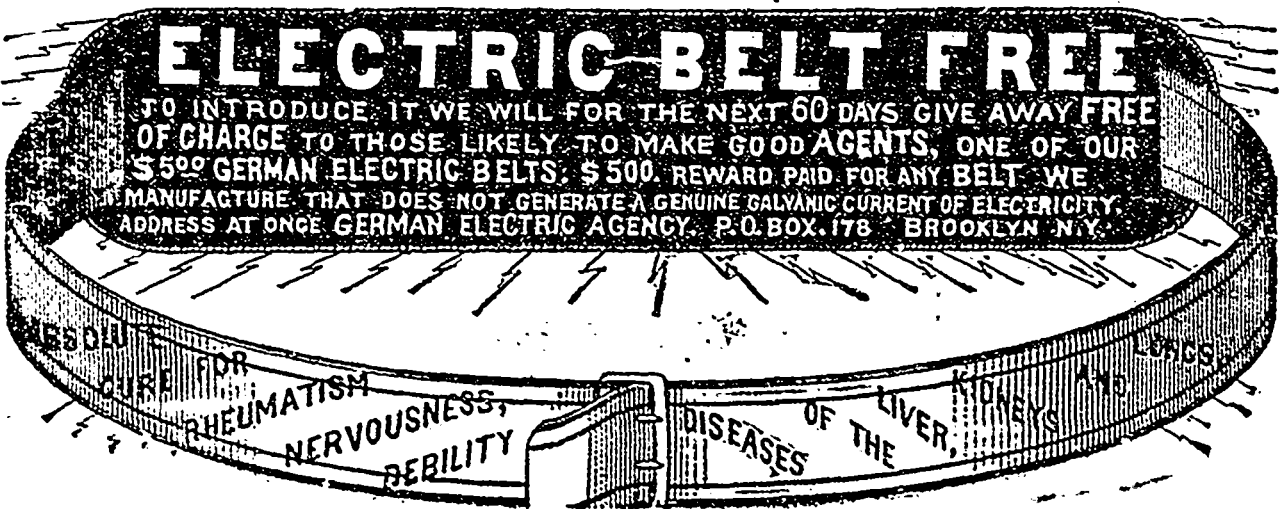
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 ceived at this office until FRIDAY, 21st
 October, for the several works required in
 the erection and completion of the Post
 Office, &c., at Cayuga, Ont.

Plans and specifications can be seen at the
 Department of Public Works, Ottawa, and at
 the office of Messrs. Snider & Snider, Barris-
 ters, Cayuga, on and after Monday, 3rd
 October.

Tenders will not be considered unless
 made on the form supplied, and signed with
 the actual signatures of tenderers.

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 to five per cent. of amount of tender, must
 accompany each tender. This cheque will
 be forfeited if the party declines the contract
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 ance of tender.

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By order,
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Department of Public Works,
 Ottawa, 30th Sept., 1887



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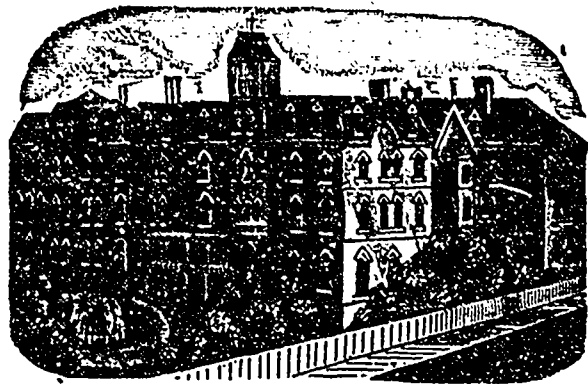
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