

The Catholic Weekly Review.

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

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

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CONTENTS.

NOTES OF THE WEEK	617
CONTRIBUTED ARTICLES—	
The Events of a Month..... D. O. O'Sullivan, D. C. L.	618
English Letter—Exeter Cathedral	J. R. T. 620
SELECTED ARTICLES—	
The Irish Catholic Community in Montreal J. J. Curran, Q. C., M. P.	619
Flow Passages in Prose and Verse	624
EDITORIAL NOTES—	
Rev. D. J. Macdonnell and the St. Andrew's Society	622
Clerical Exemptions.....	622
Mr. Macdonnell's Assesment.....	622
Protestant Union.....	622
The American Small Girl.....	622
The Freeman's Journal and Critics.....	623
The Religious Future of America.....	623
CURRENT CATHOLIC THOUGHT—	
Pillars in Churches.....	624
Religion and Education.....	624
CANADIAN CHURCH NEWS.....	625
CATHOLIC AND LITERARY NOTES.....	625
IN THE KEEP OF LIFPINNY.....	620
POETRY—	
Old Voices..... W. A. Campbell.	621
Of Flowers..... Maurice F. Egan.	621

NOTES OF THE WEEK.

Mr. Gladstone, in a letter to a Liberal meeting at Dunoon, Scotland, says shocking and painful discord is being created in the name of the Union, as at one time the worst crimes were committed in the name of liberty. The state of Ireland has grown sadly worse under the present Government.

A fresh batch of warrants are out for the arrest of Messrs. T. M. Healy, M.P., John Dillon, M.P., T. P. Gill, M.P., the latter of whom has been in charge of *United Ireland* since Mr. O'Brien's imprisonment. Four additional summonses have been served on Mr. T. Harrington for publishing reports of suppressed branches of the National League.

Archbishop McGettigan, of Armagh, who died last week, was venerated and respected alike by Protestant and Catholic. As a tribute of respect to his memory the Armagh Harriers suspended their meeting for the week, and at the funeral Protestants mingled with Catholics, one of the mourners being Archbishop Knox, the Protestant Primate.

The Jubilee collection for the Pope last Sunday week, which was made a test in view of a recent tirade against the Government of the Church by "Italians and foreigners," was the largest in the history of the New York archdiocese. The receipts will reach \$35,000 against \$20,000 in other years. The Cathedral contributed \$2,945, Paulist Church, \$1,350, St. Stephen's, which last year gave only \$360, contributed \$1,034.7.

An address, to be signed by many English Catholics, will be presented to Mgr. Persico, who was charged by the Pope to make a personal investigation of affairs in Ireland, assuring him of their devotion to the Holy See, and expressing the hope that his mission will result in inducing the Pope to assist in obtaining for Ireland the fulfilment of the national aspirations. The address will repudiate the action of those English Catholics who have adopted a course of bitter and uncompromising hostility towards Ireland. The address has already been signed by the Marquis of Ripon, Lord Ashburnham, Lord Oxford, and other prominent gentlemen, and is now being circulated for signature among the Catholics of England. The *Dublin Express*, a Tory journal, says the Duke of Norfolk and Sir George Errington have declined to sign the address on the ground of its favouring the principle of Home Rule for Ireland. That is probable. Cardinal Manning, Bishop Bagshawe, of Nottingham, and other English Bishops it is likely will.

Speaking at a banquet given in his honour on Tuesday, by the Eighty Club, Lord Granville contended that the reception given to Lord Harrington and Mr. Goschen in Dublin, was no test of public opinion. The desertions had not destroyed the Liberal party, which was endowed with enduring vitality, carrying aloft the banner of progress. The Liberals did not wish to declare that the dissidents were beyond the pale of the party. On the contrary, they wished to bring about a reunion. But it was impossible to achieve reunion by the suspension of the Irish question. Not all the power of Lord Salisbury and Mr. Gladstone united could do that. (Hear, hear.) If the Government undertook to settle the Irish question upon a reasonable basis of self-government they would have the hearty support of the Liberals. It would be better for the Government to try and settle the Irish question than to follow their present course, which tended to take from the Irish all respect for law.

The extreme Protestants of every denomination are much agitated, it is announced, over the despatch of the Duke of Norfolk to Rome as a special envoy from the Queen. The Duke is the bearer of a civil message from the Queen in reply to the Pope's jubilee gift, but there is believed to be more than this in his mission, and that his presence in Rome is to be utilized to pave the way towards a renewal of formal diplomatic relations with the Vatican. Government by Coercion in Ireland is understood not to have commended itself much to Mgr. Persico, sent by the Holy Father on an official mission to Ireland, and it is probable that he may pronounce, in his report, in favour of Home Rule in Ireland, so endorsing the views of a great part of the Irish bishops and clergy. The mission of the Duke of Norfolk is heralded as a great *coup d'état* on the part of Lord Salisbury, designed to counteract Mgr. Persico's influence. The success of the movement remains to be seen. Lord Salisbury's proposition is supposed to provide for the despatch of a special envoy to St. James, while the Duke of Norfolk will for a time consent to remain as English Ambassador to the Vatican.

THE EVENTS OF A MONTH.

The November that is now no more was a month of considerable interest to everybody. In the first week died Judge O'Connor, an honourable man who succumbed to over work. Before going on circuit—a task that he was not able to perform—he wrote a private letter to the writer of these observations, in which he made reference to the many sufferings he was undergoing. The appointee who takes the place of Mr. O'Connor is a man of marked ability, and it may be fairly said that he is the first leading counsel appointed to the bench since the time of Sir Matthew Crooks Cameron. It is satisfactory to think he is not called to this position without the qualifications necessary for it. It is a misfortune for the public that sometimes a man of no qualifications is put into position if the party requires the support of that man's church, and that when his church is of no account a man of undoubted capacity is overlooked. This by no means applies exclusively to the Catholics. Judge MacMahon's elevation may be taken to be that of a capable lawyer appointed with regard only to his legal ability, and in spite of being a favourite of the party in opposition.

The resignation of the Hon. Frank Smith is in some respects a matter of moment if the presence of an Irish Catholic from Ontario is essential to the complexion of the cabinet. Mr. Smith's enemies say he was of no use and had no power at Ottawa, and Mr. Smith's friends might now say the same—if the newspapers are to be credited. If he prevented some capable man of his race and religion from being a real, live minister of the crown, he not only didn't resign too soon, but he should never have accepted the shadow of a post he was supposed to occupy. When, however, important appointments were being made in his province as if he didn't exist, there was no course open to him as an honourable man but to resign. It is to be seen if he will stay resigned, or if he will return and continue useless and powerless as it is said he has been in the past.

The great Temperance Gospel question has been revived by an heretical discourse of the Rev. Mr. Macdonell, which gave great scandal to his clerical friends and corresponding comfort to the Brewers and the Licensed Victuallers. The rev. clergyman thinks that when wine is mentioned in the Scriptures, it is not cordial or syrup, but wine indeed. He is sound on that question, and there is no way out of the difficulty for his opponents but to reject all those portions of Scripture that say wine is good, or is bad, or is anything in fact. There should be no difficulty for his opponents in this rejection. The Canon of Scripture is just as much in the hands of the Rev. Mr. Johnson or the Rev. Mr. Milligan or the editor of the *Globe* or any one else, as is the meaning of words of Scripture itself. When it becomes more popular to pray for the dead, the rejected Maccabees will be received. They are coming in every day. When one says heretical, it is not without a sense of its misapplication, because one man like Mr. Macdonell is as orthodox as the man opposing him. The Scriptures are all things to all men; it is pretty clear they are different things to some of these clergymen. Mr. Macdonell is a really good man, but he has the fashion of unpleasantly disturbing his friends by these little vagaries.

What afflicts his soul, however, and cuts him to the quick is that he pays taxes, and His Grace, the Archbishop, pays none. However, he declares he will struggle with bailiffs and have his possessions sold out next year if this crying injustice is permitted. The *Globe*, whose paths lie often in unpleasant places, tries to convince this wrathful taxpayer of the error of his ways, but the pastor of St. Andrew's will not be comforted. His only consolation appears to be that while at our banquet to the Cardinal, the Queen's health and the Pope's health were both left to take care of themselves, the hospitality of Government House noticed Her Majesty, but took no note of His Holiness, and yet, a week after these dinners, Mr. Macdonell raked the *Presbyterian Review* fore and aft for its attacks on those Protestants who received the Cardinal with any show of civility. The sermons that followed and the letters and editorials on them show what a city we live in. It is probable the Mayoralty election will point in the same direction. A writer in the *Mail* of a few

days ago sees Protestantism in danger, and calls out the police in his own fashion. Freely translated, he implores the High Churchmen to put aside their tom-foolery, the Low Church to appear respectable and resist Rome. Toronto is a bigoted city, but we don't live in fear and trembling. The bigots mean harm, but they are harmless.

The attack on Bishop Cleary was one of the most ridiculous things of this month or year. The affair of some Catholic pupils in Kingston was, with the Public School moral story of Napanee, made the basis of very wild talk, and not a little mystification. When the dust was cleared away by the Bishop, and the facts appeared, the respectable press apologized and the thing was over. It is true that Dr. Joseph Wild and Mr. Peter Ryan had something to say, when the necessity for it had passed by, but these gentlemen had probably their own reasons, and if they enjoy each other's companionship, no one will complain of it. Except, perhaps, the Lost Tribes of Israel, the Catholic Church and its Bishops are the best friends Mr. Wild has; he no doubt inwardly chuckles over its indestructibility, it is bread and butter for him, as it will be for others for all time to come. He would give pounds and pounds of money to be noticed by an Archbishop. When the modern Peter addresses the Churches in Kingston, he possibly assumes that outside attitude by which a man born, say within the United Empire, may be an Englishman or an Irishman at convenient intervals. His attacks on things generally are not so profitable as those of his confreres, and it was an unguarded political remark that "he spoiled himself for the hustings." It is related, though not by the local editor at Napanee, who hid himself under the Bishop's pulpit, that Mr. Ryan's exuberance of language on the occasion of this remark, went far beyond any of his previous efforts. Be that as it may, Mr. Ryan would have done better to have minded his own business. When a Catholic layman or Bishop goes wrong in reality, there are not wanting plenty to blazon it to the world. In Mr. Ryan's case, though it may have been a labour of love, it was a work of supererogation. If, on the other hand, a layman or a Bishop need sound correction and fatherly advice, it would be supposed Mr. Ryan would be conscious how unsuitable he is to play the part of a spiritual Nestor. Mr. Ryan's great strength lies in matters political, and while he has always been foremost in denouncing upstart leaders for Catholics—self-appointed representatives—he should have been a better pupil of his own philosophy. He has all the talents, but no commission.

D. A. O'SULLIVAN.

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

THE IRISH CATHOLIC COMMUNITY IN MONTREAL.

A narrative of the many forms in which the gratitude of a people was manifested to a beloved pastor, and one of his most zealous associates, honouring together the 50th anniversary of the day on which they consecrated themselves to the service of the Most High, and were ordained His priests for ever, would form a neat little memento of so auspicious an event, yet we may be permitted to make of that day an epoch in another sense, and choose it as the point from which to glance at the history of the congregation engaged in its celebration. To-day the position of the Irish Catholic community of Montreal and its vicinity is one of influence, power and prestige. The assessment rolls are evidence of the interest they command to the extent of millions of dollars. Their hold on commerce and manufactures, their representation in the judiciary, in the Senate and Commons of the Dominion, in the Local Legislature, at the aldermanic board, in the various offices of trust and emolument connected with public affairs, and their place in the learned professions, by men of their race and creed, leave no room for cavil. Census returns are scarcely needed to establish

numerical strength, when not only the throngs that worship at St. Patrick's from early morn until noon at the successive masses, but the congregations of Saint Ann and Saint Anthony, Saint Gabriel and Saint Mary may be viewed every Sunday, and are the living evidence of how the Irish Catholic population of this great and growing city have increased and multiplied, and preserved the inestimable boon of the faith of their fathers. With all this in view, and other unmistakable signs of moral and material progress, can it be realized that only a few years ago the Irish Catholics of Montreal were so mere a handful as not even to attract notice to their existence, and that it was only in 1817, a zealous priest of St. Sulpice learned that a small colony of sons and daughters of the Green Isle were to be met every Sunday, pouring forth their applications to God at the shrine of His Immaculate Mother, *Notre Dame de Bonsecours*. It was but natural they should have flocked there; their lively faith was intensified by their isolation in a strange land, and the sequel shows that they appealed not in vain for the protection of our Lady of Good Help. In 1817 the Rev. Father Richards of the S.S., discovered this little band of Irish Catholic worshippers, numbering not more than thirty to fifty adults. They increased but slowly, since in a directory of the city, published in 1819, we find not more than thirty names that could be identified as hailing from Ireland, and in 1820 their number was still so small that a prominent gentleman who visited the Bonsecours Church in that year stated, "he could have covered with a good sized parlor carpet all the Irish Catholics worshipping there on Sundays." The tide of immigration soon set in, and in 1830, the congregation had largely increased. At that time the old Recollet Church on Notre Dame Street was considerably enlarged, and in the following year was reopened for the use of the Irish Catholics of the centre and western portion of the city, those of the eastern section still remaining attached to *Notre Dame de Bonsecours*. From that time until the opening of St. Patrick's the Recollet was the religious headquarters of the Irish Catholics of Montreal. There the Rev. Father, afterwards Bishop, Phelan commenced his remarkable career of usefulness as pastor of our people.

The indefatigable Father Richards still continued his labours in the interest of the section of the community to which he was so devotedly attached. In 1829 the Church of Notre Dame, commonly known amongst the English speaking residents of Montreal to this day as the "French Church," was opened. There the Rev. Father gathered the Irish soldiers in the British garrison then stationed here, every Sunday morning at eight o'clock mass, and numbers of Irish Catholic civilians unable to attend morning service at the "Recollet" used to flock and assist at the holy sacrifice at the Virgin's Altar, when a short but impressive sermon was invariably preached. The contingent from Ireland swelled to large proportions in 1831-32, and the "Recollet" became altogether inadequate to the wants of the people. Not only was the sacred edifice crammed to suffocation at High Mass, but across Notre Dame street, and in Dollard lane, opposite to the line of St. James street, the devout worshippers actually knelt in the roadway in rain or sunshine.

This rapid increase necessarily gave rise to a demand for further accommodation, and room had to be found for the Irish who could not attend Mass at the Recollet, and crowded the low masses in Notre Dame, Bousecours and other Churches. Rev. Father Patrick Phelan, who was ordained in 1825, continued his pastorate at the Recollet Church till his consecration as co-adjutor Bishop of Kingston in 1843. His successor was Rev. J. J. Connolly. The relief came at last. After several meetings of the Irish Catholics, in which urgent representations were made to the Seminary and Fabrique on the necessity of a new Church, the Fabrique determined upon building one which should bear the title of the patron St. Patrick. In this consummation they were efficaciously assisted by the Abbe Quiblier, Superior of the Seminary of St. Sulpice, who held the Irish in high esteem, with full appreciation of their services to the cause of religion, in consequence of which he strongly supported their claims in the premises.

No time was lost; on the 20th May, 1843, the purchase of the land was made, comprising the area bounded by Lagau-chetiere, St. Alexander and Dorchester Streets (including the sites of St. Patrick's Orphan Asylum and St. Bridget's Home and Night Refuge). The property was bought of the Rocheblave family for £5,000, or \$20,000. Shortly afterwards the ground was broken and blessed by the Bishop of Montreal,

and a cross was planted according to usage. Immediately the work of digging the foundation was begun, and on the 26th of September of the same year, the corner-stones were blessed and laid. They were seven in number; they were blessed by the Bishop, Monsignore Ig. Bourget, and laid, the 1st by the Bishop, the 2nd by the Mayor, the 3rd by the Speaker of the House of Assembly, the 4th by the Chief Justice, the 5th by the President of the Irish Temperance Association, the 6th by the President of St. Patrick's Society, the 7th by the President of the Hibernian Benevolent Society.

The work was prosecuted with vigour, through the efforts of the Fabrique, and all the materials employed were of the most substantial character. Finally, on the 17th March, 1847, the church was dedicated to the honour of St. Patrick, and the inauguration partook largely of the ceremonial generally observed on the festival of the patron saint of Ireland. Early in the morning of that day all the Irish Societies, comprising the St. Patrick's Society, the Hibernian Benevolent Society, and the Irish Catholic Temperance Society, with the children of the Christian Brothers, attached to the Recollet Church, and the whole body of the Irish Catholics of the city, joined in procession at the Recollet Church on Notre Dame Street, and marched to the Place D'Armes, where they were joined by the Bishop of Montreal and a number of the clergy of Notre Dame and others, whom the Societies conducted to the church. High Mass was celebrated by Right Rev. J. C. Prince, coadjutor of the Bishop of Montreal, assisted by a number of gentlemen of the Seminary. The eloquent sermon on the occasion was preached by the Rev. J. J. Connolly, director of the Irish Catholics of Montreal, on the text, "Build the House, and it shall be acceptable to me. I shall be glorified." The collection taken up at Mass amounted to £53, or \$212, a large sum for those times.

Father Connolly continued to preside over the fortunes of the new Church and parish until 1860, when he resigned, and it became necessary to find his successor. Several years before in 1846, very Rev. M. Quiblier, superior of the Seminary, had visited Ireland expressly to recruit priests for them, and obtained permission from the then primate of all Ireland, the Most Rev. Dr. Crolly, for the transfer to Montreal of Rev. Fathers Dowd, O'Brien, McCullough and others, all of them distinguished for their piety, zeal, and eloquence, while Fathers Dowd and O'Brien were further noted for their great administrative abilities. The choice of a new pastor was therefore an easy task, and Father Dowd, appointed by the Seminary, entered upon those duties which he has discharged uninterruptedly for the past 27 years.

The year 1847 was further painfully memorable for the Irish Catholics of Montreal in the outbreak and ravages of typhus fever. A few months after the opening of St. Patrick's Church, a member of the clergy of St. Sulpice contracted the pestilence while attending the poor Irish immigrants at the fever sheds, Point St. Charles, where the pastor, Father Connolly, had distinguished himself by his zeal and great labours among the infected, and several of these devoted men died the death of martyrs, among them being the venerable Father Richards, and Father Morgan, a cousin of Father Dowd, who had preceded him to Canada by a few years, and several others. In consequence of this great mortality, the Seminary secured the aid of five Jesuit Fathers, just arrived in the country, and for a few years these assisted in the ministry of St. Patrick's until the Seminary found means to do the work once more through its own members. The more recent history of the congregation is fresh in the minds of all who feel an interest therein. One of its pleasing features was the pilgrimage to Rome, headed by the Rev. Father Dowd in 1877, when the good priest had the pleasure of laying at the feet of Pope Pius IX., the sum of \$6,000 as the contribution of his parishioners to His Holiness.

As already mentioned, the parishes of St. Ann and St. Anthony, St. Gabriel and St. Mary have each their large contingent of the Irish Catholic population of the city of Montreal, but all look up to the venerable pastor of St. Patrick's as the father of the Irish Catholic people of this city and district. His career proves him to have been a providential man. Coming at a critical moment in our people's history, he has guided their steps and unceasingly watched and unflinchingly contended for their interests. They were growing in number, but lacking the institutions necessary for consolidation; these his great powers of administration have provided. His like we may never see again, but the influence of his master mind will

be felt long after the call shall have gone forth, summoning him to the eternal reward of his arduous labours. The Irish Catholics of Montreal will ever look to St. Patrick's as the great centre towards which all their interests converge. Animated by the zeal, and formed in the school of the venerable pastor, others will, in God's own time, be found to carry out the broad and comprehensive policy he has so wisely devised; but heaven grant that the day may be far distant when our people shall be deprived of the inestimable benefits that are daily being conferred upon them by the powerful intellect and boundless sympathies of their beloved Father Dowd.

J. J. CURRAN, M.P.

EXETER CATHEDRAL.

To the Editor of the CATHOLIC WEEKLY REVIEW.

DEAR SIR,—Exeter, the fort or *castra* on the Exe, remarkable for its cathedral. Such was the extent of my knowledge of the county town of Devonshire, acquired in school, until last summer pleasure and duty gave me an opportunity of visiting its beautiful Cathedral, a short account of which will form my letter.

The See of Devonshire was originally fixed at Crediton, but was transferred to Exeter in the time of Edward the Confessor. The ceremony is thus described. "King Edward first placed the charter with his own hand upon the high altar of St. Peter's Abbey Church, which was chosen for the Cathedral; he then led Leofric by the right hand while his Queen Eaditha led him by the left up to the episcopal seat and placed him in it in the presence of many nobles and ecclesiastics." Of this Saxon Church no portion now remains. The foundations of the present Cathedral were laid by Bishop William Warelwast, a nephew of William the Conqueror. He built the two massive towers, which were afterwards joined to the nave by Bishop Quivil (1280-1291), who made them serve as transepts. The Cathedral was dedicated in 1328, and soon after the magnificent screen in the West Front was completed, but many of the images here suffered greatly from the iconoclasts of the 16th and 17th centuries. The interior was thoroughly restored about twelve years ago.

Entering the Cathedral by the western door and looking down the aisle, the visitor is charmed by graceful columns and delicate arches and varied windows. Not so lofty as many of the continental Cathedrals, still for uniformity of architecture and beauty of detail Exeter Cathedral is unrivalled in England. The whole length presents one unbroken view of slender reeded column with exquisitely carved capitals, while between every two arches spring the ribs of vaulting to form the chaste canopy above. Separating the choir from the nave and transept is a beautiful screen which was completed in 1324. The stalls are well carved in oak, but the principal object of attraction here is the Bishop's throne, with a light and elegant pyramid of open oak carving rising above it nearly to the vaulting. A beautiful reredos of alabaster has been placed in the choir—the central group representing the Ascension; the left, the Transfiguration; the right, the Descent of the Holy Ghost. Here there is a fine pulpit of Mansfield stone containing three splendidly carved panels—one referring to St. Alban, the second to St. Boniface "the Apostle of Germany," and the central one to an Anglican, Bishop Patteson, who was murdered in the East in 1871. The Lady Chapel stands back of the choir and contains a very fine stained window and a rich decorated tomb of Bishop Bronescombe, who died in 1280. In St. Mary Magdalen's Chapel is a stained window with Bishop Stafford (who died in 1395) on his knees, and a label with the inscription "Sancta Maria Magdalena ora pro me." There are many other chapels around the choir, with two in the transepts, and all are rich with monuments; but my description is too long and rambling. Let us turn away, for yonder comes the Dean in surplice to go through the cold dull reading of the Book of Common Prayer—what a mockery on the grand liturgy of the old Church which, once sung by Benedictine Monks, echoed through those aisles, built by their hands and sanctified by their prayers. But all is changed; the temple is there in renewed beauty, but the Light and the Lamb of the temple is gone, and the voice of the sacrifice is hushed. How long, O Lord, how long? "What a shame!" is and ought to be our only word as we pass outside.

Sometime ago in your columns it was stated by a friend of mine, Mr. D. A. O'Sullivan, that the only monuments of Catholicity in England were those of stone. I must differ from him, and call attention to a few. In the language we have several examples. "Bumper" is derived from *Bon Père*, and was a toast drunk by the fishermen to the Pope. "Bloody," used as an irascible adjective, is a corruption, according to Max O'Rell, of *By our Lady*; according to others it is an oath taken by the Precious Blood. Both prove its Catholic origin. Many names of places still savour of Catholicity—Paternoster Row, Marylebone, All Saints' College. In Cornwall we have many places called after Saints, while in Devonshire we have two odd examples; these are Mary Tavy and Peter Tavy. One might think they were called after some family of the name of Tavy; not so, however, as they are corrupted forms for St. Mary on the Tavy and St. Peter on the Tavy, the Tavy being a small river. Another interesting example is "Lady Day." This is so common that if a grocer were to send a bill of the 25th of March (for it refers to that day) he would date it "Lady Day," while there are deeds not more than twenty-five years old which are distinctly dated "The Feast of the Annunciation." These are from memory, but many more can be found, carrying the mind back to the days of faith. Nor could it be otherwise, the land that was Catholic for a thousand years cannot be entirely changed in three hundred years so that neither in laws nor language nor custom there should remain some relic. "Yours was the first, it will also be the last," is the remark of the Cornish people to the priests. Let us hope so, at any rate.

England, Nov. 24th, 1887.

J. R. T.

IN THE KEEP OF LISFINNY.

"Do you wish to see me, sir?" asked Mr. Jasper Douglas Pyne, M.P., as he thrust his characteristic face through an ivy-wreathed aperture half-way up the northern wall of Lisfinny Castle on Saturday evening last. I intimated that I had travelled from Dublin for that purpose. The hon. member then gave me certain instructions as to the mode by which I could accomplish my object. For the present I shall not describe how I carried them out. Suffice it to observe that it is not by any means easy, even for a friend, to get an interview with Mr. Pyne, and that he has it in his power to make it utterly impossible for an enemy to do so. This may seem a strong assertion, but it is nevertheless perfectly true. Were it possible for any instruments of Mr. Balfour to get up in a balloon over Lisfinny Castle and endeavour to capture Mr. Pyne in that aerial fashion, I would not advise them, for reasons which I wot of, to try it. The fact is, marvellous as it may seem, that Mr. Douglas Pyne occupies a position which is absolutely impregnable and unassailable, and that nothing short of the artillery which battered down the forts at Alexandria could reduce his fortress. As the river Bride, which flows under the walls of Lisfinny, is not quite the place to manœuvre ironclads in, he can calmly afford to wait the issue. Hence, we have the sublimely absurd spectacle of one man defying the whole power of the British Government for perhaps some months to come. The situation is absolutely unique. Mr. Pyne is a humorist of the first order; and he enjoys the fun immensely. As the police, armed with the warrant for his arrest, patrol his farm-yard, and look helplessly up at the satiric invitation, painted on a board seventy feet from the ground, that visitors wishing to see him will please ring the bell—neither bell nor door being visible anywhere—he smiles benignly while he watches them from some ivy-covered loophole in his ancient eyrie. Never was there beheld a situation so utterly ridiculous.

I joined Mr. Pyne in his drawing-room as soon as the arrangements for my advent had been perfected. It is a fine apartment, as far as space is concerned; but it is right to note that it has not been kept in the best possible state of preservation. It is a room of about fifty feet square and about thirty high, and, to put it mildly, looks more like the cave of Macbeth's witches, poetically known as the Pit of Acheron, than anything else I have seen. This fact, however, does not in the slightest degree interfere with Mr. Douglas Pyne's equanimity, but rather adds to his delight. There is plenty of air in the apartment, inasmuch as the windows have no glass. Glazing was not much of a fine art when Lisfinny Castle was built; and the

bold Geraldine who put it up didn't take any trouble to get it introduced into the several keeps along the *Bride* and the *Blackwater*. Mr. Pyne compensates for the absence of glass by the simple expedient of stuffing his windows with hay, but he leaves sufficient ventilation in the place to enable him to maintain that cheerful temper which is his peculiar characteristic. He was delighted with my visit, and took great pains to show me over his premises and point out the various preparations he had made for the reception of visitors not so welcome as myself. For the present I refrain from dwelling on these. I shall merely content myself with saying that these are of their kind admirable, and would in a couple of instances have cost me my life were it not for the vigilant protection of my guide. Any woodcocks who can manage to find a way—if that were possible—into his fortress will find some sprynges there—that is all that need presently be said. At the same time, it must be observed that Mr. Pyne has not the faintest notion of doing anything that is not perfectly within the law. He will not molest anyone who wishes to force a way into his dwelling, but will simply allow him to do so at his own peril. That is all need be said by way of *verbum sap.*

The fortress in which the gallant Douglas plays the part of Coriolanus is one of a chain of castles erected by the great Earls of Desmond in the latter days of their struggle for faith and freedom against the tyranny of the Tudors. It stands on a fair hill overlooking the valley of the *Blackwater*, and commands a magnificent sylvan panorama from its summit. The bold outlines of the *Commeragh Mountains*, with cloud-capped and snow-clad *Knockmeeldoun* towering high above all the rest, form a majestic background for the graceful combinations of a rural landscape almost without a rival for beauty of natural arrangement and infinite variety. From the ruined battlements of *Lisfinny* the eye can follow the line of fortifications thrown up by the *Desmond*, and mark how admirably they were adapted for their purpose. The presence of an invader in any part of the *Blackwater* region must be at once detected by the warders in any one of the towers, because of their commanding situation; and the signal fire would send the news quick as a lightning-flash between all the towers in their possession. Externally, the stout ancient fastness is a worthy momento of the great struggle in which it played so large a part. Its towering form is clothed to its very topmost pinnacle with the affectionate ivy, and its huge sides stand out in bold, outbroken outline, high above the tall trees which form the avenue leading up to it and the dwelling-house of its tenant, which stands, barricaded, shuttered, and solitary, beside it. But inside it is very different. The great central room of the donjon, where Mr. Pyne holds his levees, looks more like a wild cavern than a baronial hall. There are no ancestral portraits on its ruinous walls, and the only attempt at pictorial ornament I saw there, was *United Ireland's* likeness of William O'Brien. The apertures, which once were windows, are all sashless and unglazed; and, to keep out the "winter's flaw," Mr. Pyne has had them stuffed with hay, which makes his abode more comfortable than æsthetic. The hand of time, the shot of dead-and-gone besiegers, and, perhaps, the ravages of Vandalism, have played sad havoc with its great fireplaces, its corridors and its steep spiral intra-mural stairways. To climb these latter, amid a darkness as dense as that of a railway tunnel, requires no ordinary agility, not to say nerve; for the steps have all but disappeared, and their places are filled with loose stones, which slip away beneath your feet; yet Mr. Pyne takes them like a chamois-hunter, for he knows every coign and cranny in the building as he does the alphabet. With his friendly help I got at last to the summit, and was rewarded with a magnificent view of the *Blackwater* valley at sundown. On the roof of the Castle, as at the base, Mr. Pyne has every preparation made to make the work of visiting him a perilous feat; but it is not at all likely that anyone will be so bold as to attempt it. He believes himself to be entirely in the right in the course he is taking. Apart altogether from the non-binding character of the *Coercion Act* on Irish consciences, from the mode in which that nefarious measure was passed, he holds that his summons was illegal, and, consequently, that he is perfectly entitled to place as many obstacles in the way of the accomplishment of the illegality as possible. These obstacles are of such a nature that I doubt if he can be captured, either by force or strategy. He has an ample store of provisions and creature comforts,

places of security and retreat in abundance—even though his castle were battered down with hundred-ton guns—and an inexhaustible store of cool, indomitable courage, which cannot but carry him through. He enters into the spirit of the fight, indeed, with a keen delight, suggestive more of the *Tipperary* than of the *Surrey* blood which flows in his veins.

The exit from the Castle I found more difficult and dangerous even than the entrance, and as I called out a final "good-night" to my host, high above in his strange eyrie, I could not but be struck by the singularity of the situation. Was there not something of historical fitness in the whole scene and its circumstances? Here was the old fight which *Lisfinny's* keep represented, being fought out, in a kind of way, after a lapse of three hundred years, all over again. The men who waged it on the Irish side were, like Mr. Pyne, of English blood, and the principles at issue in both contests were practically the same—whether *Dublin Castle* and its English back were to be the lawgivers of the Irish race, or whether Irish ideas should prevail in the government of the Irish land. Was there not, too, ground for high hope in the augury, that though the Irish went down in that red struggle, this grim fortress remained as a proof that the cause for which they bled was still alive and unconquerable, and being actually fought out, though in different fashion, not only in that lonely old ruin, not only throughout broad *Desmond*, but throughout the whole length and breadth of the land. So, with the moon beginning to glint out in the evening sky, and the calm, solemn twilight settling down silently upon tower and pine grove and far-stretching hill, with a fervent aspiration for his ultimate triumph, I left the Douglas in his hall, and sought the train for *Dublin*.—*United Ireland*.

OLD VOICES.

"The past never comes back; our fancies are but the ideal ghosts of things that were."—*Prof. G. P. Young*.

I stand on the confines of the past to-night,
The world that is gone before,
And in the soft flicker of the fire's dim light
Old shadows steal before my sight
From its strange and misty shore.

And bygone murmurs are in my ears,
And sweet lips touch my cheeks,
And old, old tunes that no one hears
That steal to me from the sad old years
And sweet words that no one speaks.

But only the rhythm of an old time tune
That steals down the halls of time
And comes so soft like the far off rune
Of a stream that sleeps thro' the afternoon,
Or a distant evening chime.

And in the silence that intervenes
Sad voices whisper low:
"Come back once more to the loved old scenes,
To the dim old regions of boyhood's dreams,
The sweet world you used to know."

Toronto University.

W. W. CAMPBELL.

OF FLOWERS.

There were no roses till the first child died,
No violets, nor balmy-breathed heart's-ease,
No heliotrope, nor buds so dear to bees,
The honey-hearted suckle, no gold-eyed
And lowly dandelion, nor, stretching wide,
Clover and cowslip-cups, like rival seas,
Meeting and parting, as the young spring breeze,
Runs giddy races playing seek and hide,
For all flowers died when Eve left Paradise,
And all the world was flowerless awhile,
Until a little child was laid in earth;
Then from its grave grew violets for its eyes,
And from its lips rose-petals for its smile,
And so all flowers from that child's death took birth.

—*Maurice F. Egan in the Century Magazine*.

Signorina Teresina Tua is on a starring tua in this country. She plays the violin, but is, we trust, no amatua,
—*Boston Beacon*.

The Catholic Weekly Review.

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LETTER FROM HIS GRACE THE ARCHBISHOP OF TORONTO.

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

GENTLEMEN,—

I have singular pleasure indeed in saying God-speed to your intended journal, *THE CATHOLIC WEEKLY REVIEW*. The Church, contradicted on all sides as her Divine Founder was, battles 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, DEC. 17, 1887.

Ella Wheeler-Wilcox sketches the American small girl thus: "She hurries through her childhood as fast as the years will permit, eager to enjoy the privileges she sees accorded to her older sister. She is inclined to be pert and critical of her elders, and very frequently needs repressing during this period. She stares boldly at strangers, comments on their peculiarities, and giggles audibly as they pass by. She learns better manners, however, as she grows older."—*Globe*, 10th Dec. She is pert and critical, and stares boldly and giggles at passing strangers. How horrible it would have been had any one but Ella Wheeler-Wilcox said these atrocious things!

"A Protestant" writes to the *Mail*, "If the Church of England does not wake up very soon to a sense of her duty, we shall appear worse than ridiculous in the eyes of reasonable men. At present, we cannot help appearing inconsistent, and our position a most illogical one. We clamour for Christian unity, and at the same time present the pitiable spectacle of a mutinous host in the presence of the enemy." He wants Protestants "to wake up," "abandon their supineness . . . and let the world know that the Church of England is the Church of the Reformation." No need, dear soul. All the world knows that's all she is, or ever will be. And the Reformation was essentially a mutiny.

A spirit of wisdom pervaded the councils of the late Conference of the Evangelical Alliance of the United States. No votes were taken, and no resolutions passed on any of the questions brought before them. This is one of the most lovely ways of avoiding discord and retaining unity. "Discuss all you please, but don't come to any conclusion. Conclusions are inconvenient things, and by no means necessary. We all intend to do as we please, and in that intention is the proof of our unity and Christian spirit." Admirable! and so simple!

The Rev. Mr. Macdonnell is intimately convinced that our clergy manage to secure unfair exemption from taxation, and to prove (not the *fact* but) his conviction, he has declared his intention of refusing to pay his taxes. Whilst the sheriff's crimson ensign floats on the lurid air, he will calmly sit on his Saratoga before the portal of his violated homestead, and wait for the impending disruption of the British Constitution. Marius amid the ruins of Carthage, will have become an insignificant type of heroic misery after this.

On the exemption question the *Globe* has the following: "Some change in the law itself is apparently required to satisfy the complainants. The matter is a very difficult one to deal with. To place the income tax exemptions below \$1,000 a year would be hard on Protestant clergymen with small salaries. And it appears that the exemption would need to be put at something like \$500 or \$600 a year in order to touch the income of the great majority of Roman Catholic priests. What, then, can be done? Those who complain of the situation are bound by all considerations of common sense to formulate a plan for bettering it. We all agree that the Roman Catholic clergy and Church should pay taxes in exact accordance with the rules applied to the Protestant clergy and Churches. The existing law is equitably designed. No distinct evidence has been produced to show that it is not justly administered. If the complainants have an invincible suspicion that the Roman Catholic clergy unfairly evade the law, let them suggest one that will work better. We shall be happy to further any reasonable scheme for setting the matter at rest, because it is very much against the harmony of the community that one Church should be either unfairly exempted or unfairly accused of obtaining undue exemption."

The clergy do not seek any unfair exemption. The whole matter of income tax is an affair of *strict legality*. Law compels a man to pay tax. Like law exempts another man up to a certain amount. What iniquity is there in availing oneself of the law's provisions? Where is the Protestant minister who has declined to have the exempted \$1,000 deducted from his income before the tax was levied on it? The proposition before Mr. Macdonnell is simply to show that our priests get over \$1,000 of personal income. We have very good reason to believe that if he will be kind enough to go ahead and show them where to find this \$1,000 odd, he will have their most tender gratitude.

A reverend gentleman wrote a few days ago to the *New York Freeman's Journal* criticizing the theology of some of the lines of a poem of a devotional nature on "November," which appeared in a late number of that journal. The lines were:

"They cannot lift their prayers to Thee,
Their lips are dumb,
They cannot sing Thy praises, Lord"

—the reference being to the holy souls in purgatory. The *Freeman's Journal* answers that the writer, "who, although a woman, knows theology as well as some theological Gradgrinds who are always on the alert, meant what any well-instructed, but not too critical Catholic would understand—that the holy souls are powerless to help themselves—that their lips are dumb so far as they themselves are concerned. Her words were intended as a foreboding presentment of the sore need of our dear ones, who are

helpless unless we help them. It is not necessary to tell our readers that the holy souls can pray for them." Having squared himself thus from the suspicion of heresy, the editor of the *Freeman's Journal* proceeds in a caustic fashion to pay his respects to the critic. He says:—

"While we thank our reverend friend—who is a poet himself, and a good one—for having suggested this paragraph, we beg that the next time he writes he will remember that a high and mighty tone of patronage is inadmissible in addressing even a Catholic editor. The only good argument for a Catholic University we know of, is that it might teach some pretentious critics that all knowledge and all charity are not confined within college walls."

In his sermon to St. Andrew's Society, Mr. Macdonnell paused on the threshold of a most interesting question. Said he, "It might be profitable were I to spend the time at my disposal this evening, in dwelling at large upon the record of the 'great things' God did for Scotland 'in the days of old,' in telling how God's right hand, and God's arm, and the light of God's countenance saved her from her adversaries, and put to shame them that hated her, in speaking of the great men who were raised up to fight her battles, and write her ballads, and make her laws." The rev. gentleman exercised a vast amount of judgment (so much, indeed, that there was little left for the balance of the sermon), in dismissing thus curtly the ancient glories of the Scottish nation. The sermon was a very abrupt and glaring bid for the applause of latent bigotry and low prejudice. It would have been highly injudicious to have prefaced it with a eulogy of Catholic times and manners. All the glory of the Scottish nation, all that to which the St. Andrew's Society points with pride, is wrapped in Catholic faith and piety. By Catholics were her laws written, her battles fought, her glories won. Eloquent silence on these ancient glories was evidently the orator's best plan. More practical and less inconvenient themes called him on. "Wake up, Protestants! Your brothers are appealing to you for help, for very life." The Oka Indians are in trouble, and my assessment is out of joint.

"Wha' wad be a traitor-knave?
Wha' wad fill a coward's grave?
Wha' sae base as be a slave?
Let him turn and flee!"

"Wake up, sons of freedom-loving Scotland." The air is full of "ominous straws" and "Romish devices," notably the infamous device priests have of living on one-fifth of what it takes to support me. This is transparent villainy. Away with them!

The facts and considerations which the *Liverpool Catholic Times*, following up the thoughtful utterances of a learned English Jesuit, Father Morris, lately set forth on the subject of the religious future of England, apply not less closely, in the opinion of the *Catholic Standard* of Philadelphia, to the question of the religious future of America. In the United States, as in England, from the beginning of the century, the growth of the Church, it is undeniable, has been most rapid and marked, a growth in point not alone of numerical membership, but in all that constitutes a pre-eminently active and potential force, exercising a great and continuous action on the mind and morals of the people, and making for righteousness. Comparing the position of the Church in America to-day, her immense numerical strength, her

churches, colleges, seminaries, charitable and religious institutions—the evidences of her influence and life—with the condition of things fifty years back, and there are not wanting those who see the America of the future a great Catholic nation. The expansion of the Church on this Continent has, indeed, been remarkable. To realize so in every way happy a result, like continuous growth in the future is an essential condition, but in the way of such hopes are one or two facts of an unfavourable nature. First among these considerations must be placed the loss which the Church suffers from the falling away from the faith and the practice of their religion of large numbers of the laity. "Mixed marriages," says the *Standard*, "the public schools, intemperance, evil associations, too close intimacies with Protestants, indifferentists, and sceptics," these and other influences "which the world and the devil know only too well how to employ, constantly draw many heads of families away from the practice of their religion, and this results in countless instances in loss of faith on the part of their children."

Added to this it is to be borne in mind that immigration, which contributed so much to the numerical proportions of the Church, no longer furnishes as it did in other years a vast annual accession to her membership. Of more importance, however, than either or both of these considerations is the fact that the *Standard* fails to see "any indications of a really favourable change in the position of the non-Catholic public as respects the Catholic religion," a statement, the correctness of which it amidst many people, will be disposed to dispute. The actual facts as it observes them, are that, externally, there is a vast change for the better from the situation of a few years ago, that howling mobs no longer burn down churches and convents, and that to be known as a Catholic no longer carries with it social ostracism and exclusion from public station and office. An occasional extreme journal may declare the growth in the Republic of a Church "subject to a foreign potentate," and "Italian Bourbons," to imperil the existence of free institutions, but such journals are not seriously regarded, and the right of the Church to existence and free action is acknowledged. But this change in the *status* of the Church in England and in America only proves that certain external obstacles to the free action of the Church and the practice of their religion by its members, have been removed in whole or in part. In the way of the Church's fulfilment of her mission are obstacles more serious than those which open opposition could perhaps erect, namely, those to be found in the moral and intellectual disposition of the people. It is in the professed liberality, in the expression of the notion that one religion is as good as another, and that it is a matter of no importance whether a person believes in any religion or not, that the greatest obstacles lie in the way of conversions to the true faith. The conversion of men adhering to such opinions is more difficult by far than the conversion of a heathen or an out-and-out Protestant. Between them and the Catholic there will be found at least some ground in common, if only in that they acknowledge religion to be a matter of some importance; but modern rationalists and sceptics make no such admission. With them religion is hardly worthy of serious consideration; reason they believe to be superior to revelation; nature to God. Whether there be a God or not they do not know; at least they will not accept what does not come within the reach of ordi-

nary reason, nor assent to anything not verifiable by the ordinary experience of the senses. Exhortation and argument with such men fall as good seed upon a rock. In the opinion of Father Morris the nations will lose their Protestantism; they will not, as a whole, become Catholic. "Protestantism," says the *Standard*, "is rapidly dissolving, partly by force of its own internal divisions and self-contradictions, and partly because of the rapid development within itself of its inherent principle of rationalism. Did the losses which the Protestant sects are suffering result in corresponding gain to the Catholic Church this would be reason for congratulation. But this is not the case. The tendency is not from Protestantism to Catholicity, but from Protestantism to skepticism, indifferentism, and positive infidelity."

FINE PASSAGES IN PROSE AND VERSE.

The fine passages in verse and prose, chosen by living Men of Letters, continued to appear last month in the *Fortnightly*. Mr. F. D. Burnand, wishing to add to his previous selection, writes:

"Convalescent and at leisure, I have just seen 'Fine Passages in Prose and Verse.' Most interesting! I had taken for granted that the Bible, Prayer Book, and Shakespeare were excluded, as well as Latin and Greek authors, and Latin and Greek liturgies. The translation in the Prayer Book, selected by Lord Granville, is a comparatively feeble rendering of its grand original in the Missal. Certainly I should have named first and foremost from the Old Testament the Book of Job, the song of the Three Children, the Psalms, the Canticle of Canticles, Ecclesiasticus, and Isaiah. The glorious *Te Deum* of the Breviary and its grand translation in the English Prayer Book. Then Shakespeare, *Macbeth*, *Hamlet*, passages in *Measure for Measure*, the *Tempest*, the *Merchant of Venice*, *Romeo and Juliet*, *King Lear*, and *Henry VIII*. But where can one stop with Shakespeare? Are not all the historical plays full of memorable passages, especially the second part of *Henry IV*. and *Henry V*? Cicero's *De Senectute*, Virgil's fourth *Georgic*. I should claim a first place for Cardinal Newman's magnificent chapter on Conscience in his *Letter to the Duke of Norfolk*, then passage after passage in his other works."

The Dean of St. Paul's, Dr. O'Hurch, one of Cardinal Newman's oldest friends, gives the following passage from his *Eminence's University Sermons*, XIV.:

"I mean musical sounds, as they are exhibited most perfectly in instrumental harmony. There are seven notes in the scale, make them fourteen, yet what a slender outfit for so vast an enterprise! What science brings so much out of so little? Out of what poor elements does some great master in it create his new world! Shall we say that all this exuberant inventiveness is a mere ingenuity or trick of art like some game or fashion of the day, without reality, without meaning? We may do so; and then perhaps, we shall also account the science of theology to be a matter of words; yet, as there is a divinity in the theology of the Church, which those who feel cannot communicate, so is there also in the wonderful creation of sublimity and beauty of which I am speaking. To many men the very name which the science employs are utterly incomprehensible. To speak of an idea or a subject seems to be fanciful or trifling, and of the views which it opens upon to us to be childish extravagance; yet is it possible that that inexhaustible evolution and disposition of notes, so rich yet so simple, so intricate yet so regulated, so various yet so majestic, should be a mere sound which is gone and perishes? Can it be that those mysterious stirrings of heart, and keen emotions, and strange yearnings after we know not what, and awful impressions from we know not whence, should be wrought in us by what is unsubstantial, and comes and goes and begins and ends in itself? It is not so; it cannot be. No; they have escaped from some higher sphere; they are the outpourings of eternal harmony in the medium of creative sound, they are echoes from our home; they are the voice of Angels or the Magnificent

Saints, or the living laws of Divine Governance, or the Divine Attributes; something are they besides themselves, which we cannot compass, which we cannot utter, though mortal man and he, perhaps, not otherwise distinguished above his fellows, has the gift of eliciting them."

The Dean of Wells, Dr. Plumptre, selects ten passages, which he says, "seem to me to be in the first class above the line—noble, spirit-stirring, searching," and amongst these he places "Lead, kindly light."

Another tribute, probably an unexpected one, paid to Cardinal Newman this week, may be said, for several reasons, to cap those paid by Anglican Deans—with their local and temporary interests. The following is from a record of the first days spent in prison by Mr. Wm. O'Brien, M.P.:

"Mr. O'Brien, M.P., rose early on All Saints' morning, though not so early as six o'clock, as the prison rules prescribe, and he attended Mass with Mr. Mandeville at eight o'clock. Mr. O'Brien was examined by Dr. Moriarty, the medical attendant of the prison, who reported that Mr. O'Brien was suffering from weak action of the heart, and that it was absolutely essential that he should have warm clothing. A suggestion was made that a couple of books would do a great deal to while away the tedious hours of prison life. 'Well,' said Mr. O'Brien, 'if I had a Bible and a couple of volumes of Newman I would be quite content.'"—*Weekly Register*.

Current Catholic Thought.

PILLARS IN CHURCHES.

It is every way desirable that architects should give their attention to combining lightness with strength and grace in the matter of pillars in churches. Pillars are, no doubt, very excellent and necessary things in their way, but they are sometimes dreadfully in the way of that portion of the congregation who happen to be placed behind them. These unfortunates, of whom in some churches there are many, can neither see the altar, the priest, nor the Sacrifice. They literally have to take the Mass, or whatever service is conducted, on blind faith. It takes a great deal of faith to see through a massive pillar. Catholics should be enabled to assist at the sacred ceremonies by sight as well as by their mere bodily presence.—*Catholic Review N. Y.*

RELIGION AND EDUCATION.

The tendency at present is to develop the intellectual nature of man at the expense of his moral nature, or in other words, to have education without religion. Our public schools banish God and religion from their precincts. And already we are reaping the result of such a system in the crime which has inundated our country. We see these results especially in the lack of honesty; as, religion aside, money is the great thing to be desired as it is the key to pleasure's every door. Materialism has set in—and that the grossest form. From across the Atlantic are borne to our shores the offspring of the godless education inaugurated by liberal governments, blindly warming into life the serpent now about to feed on their vitals. The anarchists are really the product of the public schools of Germany—godless as our own. And this product differs only in form and not in principal from the result in our own country.

The history of the past and the experience of the present warn us that our real danger—danger to society and danger to the land we love—lies in the banishment of religion from education—the godless school. This education question does not belong solely to the Catholic Church. It is a question in which all society is vitally interested. And the sooner our Protestant brethren wake up to the truth, the better it will be for themselves as well as for us. The Catholic Church is not opposed to public schools. But she is opposed and must be to *godless* public schools. Every conscientious and Christian thinker must be with

her in the opposition she thus assumes. We commend to our separated brethren the following extracts from Protestant authors on the subject. Says Guizot: "Popular education, to be truly good and socially useful, must be fundamentally religious." Says Lord Derby: "Religion is not a thing apart from education, but is interwoven with its whole system; it is a principal which controls and regulates the whole mind and happiness of the people."
—*N. J. Catholic Journal.*

CATHOLIC AND LITERARY NOTES.

The Rose Publishing Company are about to publish a new work to be called, "Representative Canadians."

The latest church statistics say there are 1,000,000 Catholics in New England, 700 priests and 600 churches.

Archbishop Williams dedicated the Church of St. John the Baptist for the French Catholics of Lynn, Mass., on Sunday.

Mr. J. J. Curran, M.P., of Montreal, is announced to lecture shortly before one of the Catholic societies of Hamilton.

A municipal commission has been appointed by the Ontario Government, consisting of Hon. T. W. Anglin, chairman; Mr. E. F. B. Johnson, Deputy Attorney-General, and Mr. Houston, Librarian of Parliament.

The Catholic Publication Society Co. announce for early publication a new edition of Waterworth's "Canons and Decrees of the Council of Trent." It will be issued in a cheap and handy volume. This useful book has long been out of print.

The official returns show that during the past ten months 74,898 persons emigrated from Ireland, as against 57,270 for the corresponding period last year; 66,319 of these 74,898 emigrants went to the United States, 3,683 to Canada and 3,401 to Australia.

The Academia of the Catholic Religion met at the Archbishop's house, London, recently, when the Cardinal-Archbishop addressed those assembled on the origin and history of the institution, laying special emphasis on the decrease in the number of members since its foundation twelve years ago.

Messrs. Benziger Brothers announce as in active preparation a seventh revised edition of Koning's "Theologia Moralis," edited by the Rev. Father Kuper, C. S. S. R. They will publish early next year Vols. III. and IV. of Hunolt's Sermons, and "Ecclesiastical Punishments," the third volume of the Rev. Dr. Smith's "Elements of Ecclesiastical Law."

Some young people think that the Rosary is intended for those who cannot read, or for aged people. This is quite a wrong impression. Edward III., King of England, Louis IX. of France, also Francis I. and Louis XVI. publicly professed their devotion to the Holy Rosary. Bossuet, one of the holiest and most learned men in France, St. Francis de Sales and St. Vincent de Paul said the Rosary daily. On one occasion a Jesuit Father found King Louis XVI., of France, saying his beads. The Father showing some surprise, the King remarked: "You appear surprised to see me saying the Rosary, I glory in saying it. It is a pious custom which the queen, my mother, taught me, and I should be very sorry to miss a single day without saying it."

Once in Paris, a nobleman invited St. Ignatius, in fun, to play a game with him. "I shall play with you," said Ignatius. "But what are your stakes," said the nobleman, "since you have no money?" "The stakes will be," answered Ignatius, "that if you win I shall serve you for a certain number of days in whatever way you choose; but if I win, you will serve me as I please." "Agreed," said the nobleman. They began the game. Ignatius knew nothing at all about it, still, with the help of God, he won at every turn. "I am duly punished for challenging you," said the nobleman: "God is against me."

When the game was over, Ignatius took him, gave him the spiritual exercises for a few days, and out of a man addicted to sloth and worldly pleasures he made a fervent and earnest Christian that feared God and prepared for eternity.

Archbishop O'Brien, of Halifax, who is a man of great energy and public spirit, has devised a scheme for the facilitation of the entrance of ocean vessels into Halifax Harbour during foggy weather, which, if carried out, he contends will remove the only real objection to Halifax as the winter port of Canada. His scheme is, that a line of buoys should be put down, marking the safe course for ocean steamers from the automatic buoy to George's Island, each buoy to be mounted with a strong electric light.

The Holy Father, on the recommendation of the Bishop of Brooklyn, has raised to the dignity of Roman Count, the eminent inventor, Mr. John Good, of Brooklyn. In Count Good, says the *Brooklyn Review*, "the Holy Father has added to his illustrious Court, the name of one who is not merely a man of wealth and genius, but who also is one of the noblest and best of Catholic Americans."

CANADIAN CHURCH NEWS.

Bishop Cleary, of Kingston, sailed from New York on Saturday for Europe.

The Very Rev. Dean Gauthier, of Brookville, accompanies the Rt. Rev. Dr. Cleary, Bishop of Kingston, to Rome.

The Rev. Father Holland, of Mount St. Patrick, succeeds the Rev. Father Dowdall at the Archbishop's Palace, Ottawa.

The Queen of Sweden professes her desire to become a Catholic and enter a convent.

Rev. Father Cruise has been appointed Chaplain to the House of Providence, this city.

The musical services at St. Michael's Cathedral on Christmas Day will be on a grand scale.

The Young Men's Sodality of the B. V. M. in St. Basil's Parish, have opened a reading room in the basement of the Church.

Twenty-five Oree Indians confined in the Stoney Mountain penitentiary, Manitoba, have become Catholics since their incarceration.

The Cercle Catholique of Quebec has sent \$200 and an address printed in gold and silver on white satin as a jubilee present to the Pope.

The Prior of the Irish Dominicans, of St. Clement in Rome, in a recent audience with the Holy Father, presented the Jubilee offering of Peter Pence, (\$8,000) from the diocese of Hamilton, Ontario.

Right Rev. Thomas Bonacum was consecrated as Bishop of the new See of Lincoln, Neb., in St. Louis, Tuesday, Nov. 30th.

A retreat for the young men of St. Basil's Parish began on Wednesday evening, and will continue until Sunday morning. It is being conducted by Rev. Father Brennan, C.S.B. The exercises are held at 5 a.m., and 7.30 p.m.

Rev. Father Laboureau, of Penetanguishene, who is at present in New York, writes that the people of that city he finds take an interest and are willing to assist in the work of erecting the memorial church in honour of the Jesuit Martyrs and missionaries.

The Abbé Charles Trudello, Chaplain of the Hospital of the Sacred Heart, Quebec, has presented to the public an interesting work under the title of *La paroisse de Charlesbourg*,

It is the history of a Canadian parish, and a valuable contribution to the documentary history of Canada. It is published by Cadieux & Derome, Montreal, at 50c.

Among the guests at the wedding of Countess Anna Maria Pecci, niece of the Pope, to Count Michele Maroni, which took place at Rome, on Nov. 21st, was the erudite Abbè Tanguay, author of the *Genealogical Dictionary of the Canadian Families*. The Abbè Tanguay is in Rome, charged with a scientific mission by the Canadian Government, and is also the bearer of the Peter Pence offering and address of the archdiocese of Ottawa, to the Holy Father.

The Cercle St. Jean Baptiste, an association of young men in connection with the parish of the Nativity, Cornwall, recently gave a very successful concert and dramatic entertainment, the proceeds of which were devoted to a fund for the supply of vestments and ornaments for the parish church.

By the death of the Rev. Father Woods, a void is made in the Irish Canadian clergy of Montreal. Born about 55 years ago in the parish of Rawdon, and ordained priest by the late Archbishop Bourget in 1861, Father Felix Woods was well known and greatly loved as a pious and zealous priest. His funeral was attended by a vast array of the clergy and laity, and he was laid to rest amid the tears of his people. R. I. P.

Rev. Father Laboreau, of Penetanguishene, is in New York seeking subscriptions to the Memorial Church of the Martyrs, Fathers de Brebeuf and Lallemand and Companions, which he is labouring zealously to complete. He writes us that he is meeting with the most gratifying success.

Rev. E. F. Gallagher, who for eight years past has ministered to the spiritual wants of the Catholics of Oaledon and Albion, and who has just been removed to Flos, was the recipient of a farewell supper, a complimentary address, and a purse of \$800, at the hands of his parishioners before taking his departure. Among those present were, Rev. Father Jeffcott, Rev. Father Whitney, Mr. J. P. McMillan, County Attorney of Dufferin, D. J. Mungovan, of the *Dufferin Post*, and Dr. Bonnar. To the address, Father Gallagher returned a fitting reply.

A general meeting of the city conferences of the Society of St. Vincent de Paul, was held in St. Vincent's Hall on Sunday afternoon last. The venerable President, Mr. W. J. Macdonnell, K.H.S., occupied the chair. Among those present were Messrs. M. O'Donnell, P. Curran, J. J. Mallon, W. Burns, J. J. Murphy, E. F. Wheaton, M. Broms, P. Jobin, and Alex. MacDonell, Secretary. The reports of the various conferences for the past year were submitted. It was resolved to continue the night school at St. Nicholas Institute this winter.

The Abbè C. Laroque, of Montreal, who has undertaken a crusade against intemperance, has just published a pamphlet of 114 pages called "War on Intemperance—Read and Meditate." It has received the warm approbation of the Archbishop of Montreal as well as of Cardinal Taschereau and Bishops Lafleche, Lengevin, Moreau, D. Pacine, A. Pacine, and Lorrain. The shameful vice of intemperance, which has become a social plague, is combatted with great vigour and doctrinal authority. The pamphlet is for sale at Cadieux & Derome's, Montreal—10 cents, and \$1 per dozen.

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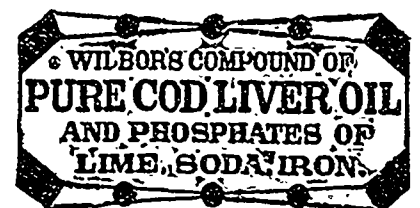
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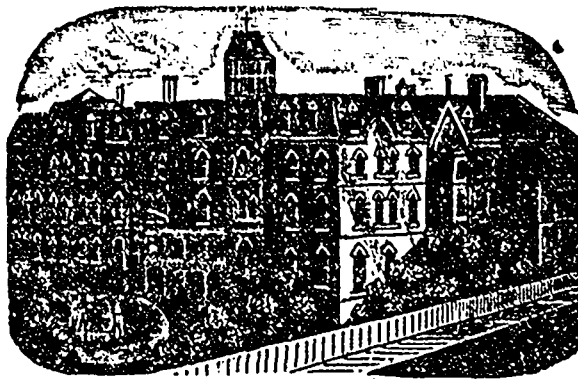
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