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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. III

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No. 11

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Notes.

It is a curious, and a conspicuous, fact, and one which the speakers at Monday night's meeting, who boasted so unalterable attachment to the principles of "civil and religious liberty," "one law for all," "religious equality" and so on, from Mr. D'Alton McCarthy down, might not unprofitably have remembered, that in the days when the predecessors of these gentlemen—the former professors of the principles became powerful enough to give practical and beneficent effect to these, in themselves, somewhat estimable ideas, the result was that Catholics were speedily legislated and under the British Constitution—first out of any legal, and, as soon as possible, thereafter, out of any mortal existence. Those were the days of "civil and religious liberty," *par excellence*, as interpreted by the Orange Order.

It is clear from reading the wild dithyrambs addressed by these gentlemen to religious equality, that had they their way of it, they would make very short work of religious equality. We greatly fear that the Orange idea of equality spoke by the voice of that Irishman who, in answer to the stump orator's appeal, "Is not one man as good as another?" called out "Yes, and much better too." Like Mr. Thwackum, when they say religion, they mean the Christian religion, and not only the Christian religion but the Protestant religion, and perhaps not only the Protestant religion, but the Presbyterian religion. And in the same way as to equality. It is tolerably certain that, to such intelligences as were addressed at the (so called) Citizens Meeting on Monday night, equality is a synonym for Orange ascendancy.

We learn from the *Weekly Register*, of London, that His Eminence, Cardinal Manning, has sufficiently regained his strength to leave at last the shelter of his residence, and to break the monotony of a long confinement within four walls. Favoured by the finer weather he has taken several drives; and has visited the Athenæum Club—"perhaps the only institution of the kind," observes the *Register*, "which a Cardinal Archbishop would care to frequent." The late Henry Kingsley said, long ago, that the Athenæum was the one club to which wives ought to allow their husbands to belong.

"We are far," it says, "from holding the opinion of the novelist, nor, before the sensible wives of our generation, do clubs stand in any need of vindication. But there are clubs and clubs; and at the head of all clubs stands the Athenæum, where congregate the representatives of all that is most learned in science, most admired in art, and most enlightened in literature. There the head of the Catholic Church in England may forget for an hour in the afternoon the cares of his great office, taking up the new books and periodicals of the day, or talking with experts on the great social and educational problems of the hour."

Something has been done to solve one such social problem during the last few weeks, and more inspiring to His Eminence, says the *Register*, than the softest April breeze must be the news that tangible good is at last resulting from his long agitation on behalf of the most helpless members of the community—the children. Those who at all know the untiring activity of the Cardinal in behalf of every charitable movement, and in every direction of doing good, will not need to be reminded how he has pleaded in sermons, in speeches, and in eloquent pages in the magazines, for the protection of the London children. No one who read it will be ever likely to forget the portrayal of the sufferings, or the power of the plea made in behalf of the little ones contained in the article which His Eminence, in conjunction with a Dissenting minister, the Rev. Mr. Waugh, contributed to the *Contemporary Review*. It was entitled, if we remember rightly, "The Children of the London Savage." And the conditions of life which it revealed were a painful reminder of how much stranger, and sadder, after all, truth indeed is than fiction. The League founded by Mr. Waugh for the protection of young children from injury of all kinds, witnessed last week its first great success. The Commissioner of Police has directed that his men shall report any case of ill-usage at the office of the League so that steps may be taken to prosecute the offender. As was pointed out, however, in the article in the *Contemporary*, the great difficulty experienced by the promoters of the League in the past has been the difficulty of obtaining legislation extending and defining the nature of such offences. But before the national conscience can acquit itself, not merely the committer of outrages and violences on children must be subject to punishment, but the law, which has protected children from factory labour, must further interfere with the traffic in children, and with the exposure of them in the streets for the purpose of begging. But in the meanwhile such law as already exists for the protection of the young is likely to be put effectively into force. That this result is due in great part to the efforts of the Cardinal Archbishop of Westminster is well known; and "not all the greetings," says the *Register*, "of distinguished members of the Athenæum Club can welcome his reappearance out of doors in a way so pleasing to him as the absence from the London streets of some of the London sights which in the past pained his paternal heart."

THE ROMANCE OF A JESUIT.

From the French of De Beugny d'Hagerne.

CHAPTER III.

From its very first commencement "The Society of Jesus" has been subject to many vicissitudes. Princes and nations would, by turns, demand its establishment in their midst and then heap insults on it and drive it from the country, only to re-demand its establishment later on; and whilst welcomed in one kingdom, it would be driven out from another. Towards the end of the eighteenth century it was suppressed in France by a parliamentary decree, and shortly afterwards it was driven out of Spain, Portugal and the kingdom of Naples. At length it fell beneath the blows of its adversaries and on July 21st, 1773, Pope Clement XIV., yielding to the demands of ambassadors from various Catholic powers, signed the Bull, *Dominus ac Redemptor*, suppressing altogether the existence of the Society.

The members of the Order which had been founded by St. Ignatius of Loyola, yielded due submission, and without offering any resistance they quickly dispersed.

There were, however, two non-Catholic sovereigns, Frederick II., King of Prussia, and Catherine, Empress of Russia, who had some years previously invited the Jesuits to take up their abode in their respective kingdoms; and both of these monarchs, on hearing of the decree of suppression which had been pronounced against the Order, requested the Fathers of the Society to continue their work, since both sovereigns refused to recognize that the Pope had any right to interfere in the affairs of the countries over which they alone ruled with sovereign authority. The Fathers of the Company received this request joyfully, for it favoured their own desire of continuing to live under the rule which they had voluntarily embraced. They hesitated to comply with it, however, on account of their rule, specially imposing on them an absolute submission to the decisions of the Sovereign Pontiff.

The Provincial of the Order in Russia wrote to Catherine Sep. 29th, 1773, and informed her of the scruples felt by himself and his brethren. Although the Empress was but little accustomed to allowing any of her decisions to be discussed, yet, appreciating the noble motives which impelled the Jesuits to oppose her wishes, she undertook to apply to the Pope, and to ask that an exception be made in her favour.

A few months before the death of Pope Clement XIV., on June 7th, 1771, that Prelate addressed a rescript to the Prince Bishop of Warmia, authorizing the Jesuits in Russia and Prussia to remain *in statu quo* until a further decision.

Pius VI., who succeeded Clement XIV., and ruled over the Church during a period of exceptional difficulty, did not think it well to re-establish what his predecessor had put down, but he gave tacit consent to the efforts made by some former members of the Society, together with some younger men, to re-establish St. Ignatius' Order in France and Italy under the name of *Puccinarists*, (otherwise *Baccanarists*) and afterwards *Fathers of the Faith*.

It would seem as if Providence had specially allowed the preservation of the Order in Prussia and Russia in order that its traditions might be kept intact, for no sooner was religious peace restored to Germany and the Latin countries, than the Emperor of Russia expelled from his kingdom these very religious whom Catherine had welcomed there and to whom she had extended her all-powerful protection.

Immediately the "Fathers of the Faith" and a number of Jesuits who had been secularized (or performing the functions of secular priests), joined themselves with those of the Russian province; and very soon afterwards, Pius VII., by the Bull *Sollicitudo omnium*, dated April 7th 1814, solemnly decreed the restoration of the Company.

Under the name of "Fathers of the Faith," the new Jesuits were tolerated by Napoleon and also by the Government of the Restoration. However, they were not to remain long without being attacked.

Being called on by the bishops to preach missions in the principal French towns, the Fathers met with such success as to arouse the fury of the enemies of the Church. In Brest and elsewhere there were serious disturbances got up against

them. For a time the extreme prudence of the bishops and the Jesuits themselves appeased the tempest, which, however, soon broke out again on another pretext. Father Delpius had founded an association called the *Congregation of the Blessed Virgin*, in order to foster and increase the piety of such among the men as already professed obedience to the laws of the Catholic Church. This *Congregation* soon attained large proportions, and men of every rank and class formed part of it, bishops, magistrates, officers of every grade, artists, learned and literary men, being found in its ranks, besides the simple workman and the poorest of the lower class people. The spirit of evil beheld its own danger and profited by the opportunity to stir up public opinion against the Jesuits who were the originators and directors of the *Congregation*. The liberal oppositionists and the anti-Christian press made so much noise and worked so hard that they obtained from the weak-minded king, Charles X., an order for closing eight houses of education directed by the Jesuits.

Two years later, when the king was obliged to flee before his revolted subjects, he learned by his own sad experience that no throne is ever rendered safer through concessions being made to anti-religious ideas and demands.

The enemies of the Jesuits profited also by the Revolution of 1830, to pillage the novitiates of Montrouge and St. Acheul.

However, in spite of these petty persecutions, the Jesuits had not left France. By degrees they got back to their former houses, and, for a few years, enjoyed a relative peace, which was, however, but of short duration.

At the commencement of the year 1843 there appeared a book entitled: "The University Monopoly destructive of Religion and the Laws," (*Le Monopole Universitaire destructeur de la religion et des lois.*)

The name appended as author was that of "l'Abbe des Garets," a Canon of Lyons. This book was an indictment and contained accusations which were supported by all the necessary proofs.

The University looked on this attack as a death-blow, and in order to turn it aside denounced Canon des Garets as a slanderer in the pay of the Jesuits.

Michelet, Quinte, Libri and many of the professors at the French College and the Sorbonne, both from their tribunes and in their journals opened a noisy volley of invectives, sarcasms and lies directed against religion, the Church and the Jesuits.

The bishops, the clergy, Christian families, all loudly demanded various concessions that had long been promised them and were still withheld, but, above all, they demanded the liberty of teaching; the Revolution and the University replied to them by abuse and by threats. It was at this critical moment, and in order to defend his Order that was being daily reviled, that Father Xavier de Ravignan came forward and published his book: "The Existence and the Institution of the Jesuits," (*De l'Existence et de l'Institut des Jesuites*) a luminous and eloquent epitome of their doctrines, their resources, and their aims.

The *Constitutionnel* replied by publishing Eugene Sue's "Wandering Jew," a ten-volume calumny. The dispute grew more virulent and the liberals clamoured for the expulsion of all the Jesuits from French territory. The ministry commenced to be alarmed. On the one hand it had no wish to persecute, but, on the other hand, it feared public opinion, or rather, what is frequently called by that name, *fr. c.*, the opinions of the opposition journals, of those who call out the loudest. After much tergiversation, it decided on sending a Minister Plenipotentiary to Pope Gregory XVI., and it also decided to send a man who would pride himself on obtaining from that Prelate a condemnation of the Jesuits. This man was an Italian named Rossi, who, after having been a Commissary of the Revolution in Bologna, in 1815, had taken refuge in Geneva, where he had professed anti-Catholic doctrines. Later on, a happy chance having led him to France, this Italian and naturalized Swiss had become a favourite with the party in power, and had had the doors of the Faculty of Law, of the University and the Chamber of Peers thrown open to him. Such was the man whom the French Government had chosen to treat of the Jesuit question with the Holy See. The choice was a most singular one, and we shall

see later on what success attended this strange negotiation. We will here mention that this same Rossi, having remained in Rome, became the friend and Prime Minister of Pius IX., and fell beneath the revolutionists dagger on the steps of the Vatican stair-case.

Such was the state of the Jesuit question, when, on a morning in the month of September, 1844, Mons. Meynaudier was shewn into the private office of the Minister, from whom he wished to obtain an appointment for a very distant cousin.

For the moment the Minister was unable to grant the required favour, but he promised that in the course of a very few weeks some situation should be given to Mons. Meynaudier's relative.

The two friends engaged in conversation, and the existing situation of political parties was freely discussed between them. On the Minister exposing the weakness and hesitation of many of the supporters of the ministry, and lamenting the consequent necessity of making concessions to the opposition, Mons. Meynaudier remonstrated, and pointed out that by acting thus the Government was weakening itself and strengthening its adversaries.

"What would you have us do?" said Mons. —

"I would have you silence your enemies by taking some important step which would meet with public approval; only expel the Jesuits from France and you will see that the Left will unite again with the Centre and thus give your Government a larger majority than it has ever had."

"I am aware that such is your opinion, and that of many others, but we, in the Cabinet, hesitate to rouse the indignation of the Royalist, the Right, the bishops and clergy, and the greater number of the Catholics."

"Do not trouble yourself about those people; if they resist, overcome them; if they accuse you of being persecutors, you must let them talk!"

"Do you then hate these poor Jesuits so very much?"

"Oh! as for me, I never want to hear them spoken of again. They have been accused of every crime; a hundred times have they fallen into the hands of the law: they have been hunted, expelled, destroyed, and yet again and again they have reappeared! An end must be put to this."

"Personally, have you any complaint to make against them?"

"I have never seen one, and I must confess that were it not for the noise that is always being made about them, I should not know of their existence. Personally, I care as little about them as I care for Chinese bonzes or Hindoo brahmins; but I contend that a Government should make use of every means available in order to remain in power. Now, since the Left are at this present moment desirous of feasting on Jesuits, why not serve them up some so as to content and silence them."

(To be continued.)

FROM THE HOUSE OF COMMONS.

HOUSE OF COMMONS.

Ottawa, Easter Monday, 1889.

Despite the fact that the House sat on Holy Saturday and is again at work to-day there is very little likelihood that prorogation can take place before next week. Apart from the Supplementary Estimates, which will occupy about three days, at least, there are several government measures which must engender a considerable amount of debate. There is the New Brunswick Railway Act, which will stir up the numerous orators from that land by the sea; and they are fond of debate. Then we have the question of the judges' salaries; the Banking Bill; and a few other measures that necessarily must occupy considerable time. Now that Easter is over the rush will not be so great. But, like all things earthly, sooner or later the end will come and the corridors of the House will be again silent.

There is an idea abroad that the Government intends to enlarge the chamber; not a bad idea! What with bad ventilation, want of light, and constant air-currents, the whole establishment is unhealthy. No wonder that such a great many members are ill. In the hotels, boarding-houses, and even to the hospital they are to be found, suffering from prostration, dipsomania, and other ailments. In fact it is a

wonder that more are not laid up—long hours, gas light, hot air, and poor ventilation must be anything but healthy. The proposed change would be received with general approbation. It is to be hoped that the execution of this work may not be postponed to "the Greek callands."

Would it interest your readers were I to speak of the weather? Perhaps not; so I will merely say that after three weeks of warm sunshine, soft southern breezes and almost August heat, we have a cold snap. The north wind, wandering down from those distant lakes where the ice is firm until May and the snow-flake rests on the pine branch even in late April, has chilled the atmosphere and changed a premature summer into a prolonged winter. But it is the last dying effort of the Boreal giant; his streamers illumined the sky the other night and in the ever shifting beauties, the inconstant variations and kaleidoscopic splendours of the Polar Aurora, we read his fate and witnessed his expiring glories, his ending reign.

There is nothing in the political world of great moment,—there is less in the social world. In the religious sphere, now that Easter is past, a calm has fallen. To-night a grand reception will be given to Archbishop Duhamel, at the College of Ottawa. The celebration has the two-fold object of welcoming back His Grace from Rome, and of giving the students an Easter holiday entertainment. A success is predicted, and surely with reason, for all the entertainments given at the College are so many triumphs in that line.

At the Rideau street Convent an Alumnae Association has been formed, and for the last year or so, during the winter season, weekly meetings were held, at which essays from former pupils were read, musical entertainments given, criticisms expressed, and, in a word, old associations renewed, former attachments cemented and fresh impulses towards self-education imparted. Under the keen and able guidance of Rev. Sister Mary Comper, the literary spirit of the institution, these reunions have become beneficial to the present students, pleasant and instructive to the former pupils and tend to preserve unbroken the chain of connection that binds the present with the past. On next Thursday evening the last meeting for this year will be held in the Convent hall. I refer to this Alumnae Association because I think it would be well had all our Catholic institutions similar organizations. The pupil comes young to the school, like the rough rock that contains the delicate marble, the teacher has to shape it into elegance and chisel it into perfection. The time spent in elementary education is not sufficient to enable the sculptor to complete the work; but the polish of worldly contact, added to these frequent retouchings, even when convent days are past, contribute greatly in perfecting the model. The institution, therefore, follows its pupils into the world, teaches them even in the midst of life's battle, and guides them through the many windings of their existence. It is a self-imposed task, but one which bears the most precious of fruit—at once a blessing to the establishment and a boon to the associates.

There is a certain brightness of thought, loftiness of soul, gentleness of sentiment, and polish of intellect that spring from the contact, more or less frequent, with kindred spirits. And when the communion held is one of an elevating nature, there is a fund of enjoyment and an abundance of good to be derived from it. In these reunions the torch of knowledge is lit up and the dull, dark, and dreary cavern of earthliness is illumined. Before the minds of those young ladies virtue, in all its admirable attractions, is paraded, and nature itself is adorned with rays celestial. For them, "the seasons change, the atmosphere breathes, earth unfolds its fruits, the ocean rolls in its magnificence, the heavens display their constellated canopy, and the grand animated spectacle of nature arises before them, with its mysteries resolved and its secrets revealed." To such associations one can say, from the fullness of the heart, *esto perpetua*, may no literary Marius ever weep amongst your ruins.

J. K. F.

"We live in thoughts, not breaths,
In feelings, not in figures on a dial;
He longest lives who loves the most,
Who thinks the noblest, acts the best."

THE WORST ENEMIES OF THE IRISH RACE.

Now that the bright sun of freedom seems at last about to break through the dark clouds that have so long hung over unhappy Ireland, 'tis little wonder that the hearts of Irishmen and their children should beat faster with new born hope, and glow with unwonted joy. This hope and joy found voice on last St. Patrick's Day; and in many lands pulpit, and platform, and press told of Erin's ancient glory as a presage of greater yet to come; and from social gathering, from mine and workshop, from cities' streets and from fresh green fields, there came the happy refrain.

"Ireland's long, sad night is ending,
Light with darkness now is blending
Sons of Erin, long in sadness,
Sing, O sing, at last in gladness!"

While the echoes of this chorus of jubilation are yet resounding, it may seem an ungracious deed to strike a chord not in perfect harmony with these joyous strains. Yet, from doing this, one need not shrink who acts only from a true love for the land of his fathers, from sincere affection for his race, and from a heartfelt longing for the highest good of Ireland and the Irish.

Catholics! may well be spoken by the thoughtful man of much that was said and done on last St. Patrick's Day—to say nothing of its predecessor. The orator was abroad and eloquence abounded. In glowing imagery, in studied phrase and in rounded period, the glories, the trials and the hopes of Erin were descanted upon; her saints and sages and soldiers were again brought before the minds of those who love and revere their memory. And this is well; for, as a well-known writer truly says, "great remembrances found the existence of nations as well as of families and are the most noble sources of patriotism." Since Wisdom, too, tells us that "the glory of children are their fathers." Degenerate indeed an I without a future, is the people that has forgotten a splendid past.

But it should not be forgotten that men in the living present live not by the dead past, however glorious, nor by the unborn future, however hopeful. While looking back to the past and looking forward to the future, they must look first of all to the present, must look to the use they are making of the helps of nature and of grace that God is giving them, must know the duties and responsibilities of the hour, be fitted for them and be faithful to them. "You shall know the truth and the truth shall make you free," says the Divine Teacher of men and nations. But, too many, alas! "detain the truth of God in injustice," or give it to men by halves. Generous and trustful as are men of Irish blood, too often and too easily are they satisfied when for nourishing food they are given husks, too often are they well content to get a few grains of truth in bushels of chaff. Truth harms not a good cause. Why then conceal it from the children of Ireland, or give it to them but fragments?

Yet, in speaking to men of the Irish race, many, either because they do not know the whole truth, or are afraid to tell it, thrust forward as the only grave causes of Ireland's present sufferings, England and landlordism. God forbid, that I should plead the cause of the heartless enemy of my people, or seem to lessen one iota England's awful accountability to Him who shall judge the nations in his wrath. God forbid, too, that I should in the least palliate the bitter, burning wrongs done an oppressed class by those who see in the tillers of the soil only soulless serfs made to minister to idleness and extravagance. But justice and truth cry out that there are other and powerful causes of Ireland's woes besides England and landlordism.

Why will so many, who claim to be the friends of Ireland, keep so studiously out of sight the truth that drunkenness and the drink traffic have much to do with the present misery of Ireland? Let us listen to the Irish bishops. Assembled in National Synod, these prelates have said. "To drunkenness we may refer, as to their baneful cause, almost all the crimes by which the country is disgraced, and much of the poverty from which it suffers. Drunkenness has wrecked more homes, once happy, than ever fell beneath the crowbar brigade in the worst days of eviction; it has filled more graves and made more widows and orphans than did the

famine; it has broken more hearts, blighted more hopes, and rent asunder family ties more recklessly than the enforced exile to which their misery has condemned emigrants." Strong words are these, and clear. Does anyone think that Ireland at home and in England was absent from Cardinal Manning's mind, when he wrote of the drink traffic: "This is a permanent and ubiquitous agency of degradation to the people of these realms. . . . The whole land is suffering from the direct or indirect power of the drink trade. In times of depression one only interest still prospers—its profits may be slightly lessened but its gains are always large and safe—that is, the great trade in drink which enriches half a million of brewers, distillers and publicans, with the trades depending on them, and wrecks millions of men, women and children. Thus our traffic, more than any other, destroys the domestic life of the people?" Do not the bishops of Ireland and Cardinal Manning know whereof they speak? Does not your own experience, friends of Ireland, what your eyes have seen and your ears heard, confirm the truth of these grave words? Why then, intelligent, thinking men, do you so often forget intemperance and the drink traffic when you name Ireland's enemies? Archbishop Walsh of Dublin is quoted to have said in a recent letter that in Ireland "there are few cruel landlords." Can any one assert in truth that among men of Irish blood there are few cruel rum-sellers? A reliable and unbiassed authority comparing Ireland's drink bill with her rent bill, gives figures so startling that I forbear quoting them, lest I should seem to exaggerate. It is hard to contrast landlords and whiskey-lords without thinking of the words of Him who spake the word of God in truth: "Fear ye not them who kill the body and are not able to kill the soul; but rather fear him who can destroy both body and soul in hell." "Ireland sober, is Ireland free," says the Archbishop of St. Paul. "Delivered from intemperance," says the same prelate, "Ireland at home and abroad, is delivered from all stain and from all reproach, from all obstacles to prosperity and social happiness."

He takes but a very imperfect view, who on St. Patrick's day sees only the Ireland beyond the seas, and sees not the Ireland at his door. And he who looks at Ireland in America tells but a part of the truth when he speaks only of the glorious record which so many Irishmen and their children have made for themselves in this country, and is silent concerning the disgrace which has come upon many once great names through drink and drink-selling. This is touching upon a theme whence the average St. Patrick's day orator, the politician and the place-hunter keep a respectful distance. Yet the stern fact remains that too many of the drunkards and drunkard-makers of the land are of our race; too many of the names that on history's pages tell of Ireland's glory, now upon saloons and liquor stores proclaim her shame. Here, Irishmen and their sons need fear no English injustice, no landlord's tyranny. If they would be great among the greatest, let them turn a deaf ear to those whose stock in trade is "blarney," and who try to arouse race pride and to tickle personal vanity for selfish ends; let them also beware of drink and drink-sellers of high and low degree, and of those especially who prostitute great names and a noble heritage to ensnare unsuspecting, confiding brethren, and to fatten upon their ruin.

It is sometimes said in extenuation of the guilt of Irishmen who indulge to excess in drink: "That is their only fault. Look at some of the men and women who inveigh so bitterly against drunkenness! See how they wallow in the mire of worse vices!" True. But the fact that one is given to a vice or vices does not justify another in sinning. And the fact that the Irish are by nature and grace so noble a people should make those who have power and influence over them look themselves to see, if in their own manner of acting may not be found some of the causes that have made so many of this people fall from their high estate, or that prevents them from being all that makes a people great. Strong in faith, constant in hope, and abiding in charity consecrated by sorrow, the Irish are a "chosen people." Let their leaders but lead them on, and before them as a cloud by day and a pillar of fire by night, shall go the Cross, guiding them in the way of self denial to great deeds and glorious triumphs. Leaders of the Irish race awake, and stand with your faces toward the morning!

M. F. EOLEY.

AT THE GESU, MONTREAL.

One had only to be present at the English service of the Jesuit Church on Easter Sunday evening to see how thoroughly the Protestant lay population of Montreal is imbued with the lofty sentiments given utterance to by representative Colby in his speech of the famous debate of March 28th. The south transept, usually occupied by Protestants, was thronged, as well as the aisle, chapels and vestibule on the way to it. Their attendance was marked with decorum and respect, the great majority being men of the educated classes. The Montreal Presbytery has been busy ever since the debate trying to organize an anti Jesuit meeting. It is announced for Thursday next in Queen's Hall. Why, two Queen's Halls would not hold the multitude that streamed down and out the south aisle of the Gesu on Sunday evening last. To one looking down from the gallery it outnumbered largely the rest of the congregation, full as it seemed. It is not true, at least of the great majority of Protestants, that they go merely for the music service. "They go," said a prominent representative the other day, "to hear the Catholic system of doctrine and morality set forth with eloquence. On a certain occasion I counted as many as fifty who left the church before the musical service began at all, a positive proof they had gone solely for the sermon." It is the contrast between the full and harmonious accord of Catholic teaching and the vague, inconsistent theories and personal tirades of the sectarian ministers that conciliates into the dogmas of the church, even when not adopted, the esteem and admiration of all. It is much to be regretted that the Jesuit Fathers cannot supplement their Sunday evening sermons by a retreat or mission accessible to men of all denominations. Not a few of the most edifying members of the English Catholic body of Montreal date their conversion back to Father Linarius' mission held twenty years ago. Since then there has not been a mission open to men, the Lenten retreat being exclusively for ladies.

The latest papers announce that the anti Jesuit meeting having been started by the ministers has been handed over to a managing committee of lay citizens. Yet, on a speaking committee of seven, six are clergymen. I suppose only one lay citizen could be found to accept the post of honour. Evidently the rev. ministers having set the ball in motion will have the credit, too, of keeping it a rolling.

J. J.

CARDINAL TASCHEREAU AND L'ELECTEUR.

The following letter appeared in *L'Electeur* of the 16th:—

To the Editor of *L'Electeur*: Sir,—For some time back, since the Jesuits' Estates has been up, several Catholic journals of this arch-diocese have published articles that are much to be regretted.

Under pretext that this question concerned neither faith nor morals one journal has been grievously wanting in the respect that every Catholic owes to the Chief of the Church. Obedience supposes respect.

Another journal has seized the occasion of this question being up to attempt to raise a prejudice, and I daresay hate, against a certain part of the clergy who are of French-Canadian origin. The dead have not been spared any more than the living.

These deplorable articles could not have been published under circumstances more ill-chosen. No one can ignore these furious attacks of certain journals against the Church and its head, against the clergy and the religious communities.

While even Protestant journals and preachers were showing their good-will towards us at that very moment, Catholic writers seek to sow discord and to minimize, if not to destroy, the respect and, consequent thereon, the obedience due to the head of the Church, and the esteem the Canadian people have for their clergy.

I have delayed directing attention to these articles because I hoped that their authors would see their error and seek to repair it. But since that hope has not been realized, it is now my duty to say what I think of them.

E. A. CARD. TASCHEREAU.

THE CLAIMS OF THE CATHOLIC CHURCH.

WHAT ARE THE CLAIMS OF THE CATHOLIC CHURCH?

It is most necessary that all good Catholics should be able to answer this question, as so often their opponents attack and triumphantly demolish as Catholic doctrines those which the Catholic Church has never really taught. These claims I have reduced to twelve. And it is interesting to note that these again are a striking example of explication: they follow naturally the one from the other, and the last is actually contained implicitly in the first. They are as follows:

1. Our Divine Lord founded on earth a Kingdom or Society, which was to remain as He founded it until the end of the world. (Note that here we are referring distinctly to the Church on earth, not to the whole blessed company of the Faithful, including the Saints in Heaven.)

2. This Society is visible, and so visible that it can be discerned by all, from marks given by our Lord for this very purpose, that it may be perceived by learned and unlearned alike.

3. The principle mark of this Society is its visible unity as set forth by Our Lord in His last prayer before the Passion. "That they may be all one, even as Thou, Father, art in Me, and I in Thee, that they also may be one in Us" and why?

"that the world may know that Thou hast sent Me, and hast loved them, as Thou hast loved Me." By her unity, then, she is to be recognized.

4. The prayer of Our Lord was immediately granted, as soon as uttered, for in the course of it He said, "The glory which Thou hast given Me have I given them." The unity was not only intended by the Founder of the Society, but was actually and at once realized in the constitution of the Society itself.

5. This unity is not only real, but in the literal sense it is visible. There are invisible unities, as that of the plant whose roots are hidden below the surface of the soil. But the unity of the Church cannot be hidden: else, how could the world recognize it?

6. This unity must be a social unity. There are many different kinds of unities: the unity of the stone is different from the unity of the work of art, which again is different from the unity of the kingdom or the family, and so on. The unity of the Church must be essentially that of a Society or Kingdom, and must imply mutual communion and mutual recognition among its members.

7. As it is a Society, the members of which are human, it is essential for its unity that it should have a Head, a President, a Chief. On this point many are agreed who would otherwise disagree on the further question as to how or by whom this Head should be appointed or chosen. Some would say he should be elected by the people, the members of the Society; but the Catholic Church says, No: for—

8. Though human in its members the Society is Divine in its institution, Divine also in the objects it has in view. Therefore its Head must be Divinely named, he must hold his authority directly from a Divine mandate, that the Society, human in its parts may be Divine in its constitution.

9. Further, the Catholic Church teaches that St. Peter was such a Divinely-appointed Chief in the Apostolic band. Though all were equally chosen to the Apostleship, and equally charged with a Divine mission to all the world, even among that small band of twelve, it was imperatively necessary that one should be chief, to prevent the possibility of schism. Though gifted like him, they had to use their gifts in communion with him.

10. Therefore, the Church concludes that all her Bishops must exercise their authority in communion with and in subordination to the Chief Pontiff, who, though he is in one sense merely a Bishop among Bishops, she has regarded as St. Peter's successor since his death, and in whom as such she recognizes her Divinely-constituted Head.

11. This unity which the Fathers recognized, and pointed out as a distinguishing mark of the Church among so many disunited sects, is an abiding mark: true, not as some say, at the Church's first founding only, but to-day and forever. It was to be the mark of Christ's Church to the very end of time.

12. Lastly, this social, this world-wide unity exists in the Catholic Church, and is not even claimed by any other.

RUSSELL'S GREAT SPEECH.

THE MOST ELOQUENT HEARD BY THIS GENERATION.

London, April 15.

Sir Charles Russell resumed his great speech for the Nationalist members before the *Times* Forgeries Commission, last Wednesday, and continued on Thursday and Friday, achieving such a triumph as is seldom granted to a modern orator. He showed conclusively that the National League had checked, instead of fostering, crime, and tore to pieces the flimsy web of sophistry and deceit woven by the counsel for the *Times*. Then, from a defender he became an accuser, and with all the pent-up force of indignant honesty he arraigned the forgers and conspirators before the very tribunal of their own choice. He showed that although Attorney-General Webster promised to substantiate the serious charges against the sixty-five members of Parliament and five other persons, absolutely nothing had been shown against twenty-one of them, and that no real attempt had been made to connect three fourths of the whole number with any crime. He traced the history of the National League in America, and declared that it proved conclusively that the organization was in no way implicated in crime.

At noon of Friday the orator commenced a superb peroration, which closed half an hour later in a scene of emotional enthusiasm unparalleled in a British court of justice within the memory of man.

Commencing with these singularly apposite lines:—

Call him the blackest names, spread calumnies
All art can think and pregnant spite devise;
Strike home, gash deep, no lies nor slanders spare,
A wound, though cured, yet leaves behind a scar.

Sir Charles reminded the court that they were trying the history of ten years of revolution in Ireland, partly social, partly political, but while they were sitting in judgment there the tenants of Ireland were reaping by legal process in courts, legally established, the fruits of that revolution. The Government of Ireland was carried on by representatives of a small minority, who held all the positions of executive power and authority, a state of things unknown in any other country of the world supposed to possess constitutional privileges.

If there is a gleam of returning health across the face of Ireland, God be thanked, but could that country be healthy which had twenty five of its Parliamentary representatives in prison, not for offences regarded as crimes by men of moral sense, but for deeds which caused them to be regarded with sympathy by a large section of the English, and as heroes and martyrs by the whole Irish race. It was because Parnell and his colleagues had planted in the Irish breast the hope that the anomalous and diseased state of things must come to an end that those men stood at the judge's bar.

"In the dark days," he said, "before Ireland began to speak in the voice of a united people secret organization burrowed beneath the surface of society and constituted a great social and political factor in the land. To-day, thank God for it, the great mass of the people have been won to bending their energies to placing their hopes upon constitutional means of redress. Then the great mass of the people were possessed with a feeling of despair for past efforts made, and unrequited sacrifices, to day hope is strong, is buoyant in their breasts. Then they looked upon their countrymen in this island with distrust if not with hate, to day they are willing to hold out the hand of brotherly friendship, to let bygones be bygones, and to let forever be buried the memories of persecution and bygone misery. Then, my lords, perhaps the most hopeful change of all, the people of this country, busied in their own concerns, knew little of Ireland, now they have taken this question to heart, and recognizing the truth that misrule in Ireland means weakness to the empire, they have taken an interest in the solution of this question in recent years which was formerly unknown.

"My lords, I have come to an end. I have spoken not merely as an advocate. I have spoken of the land of my birth, but I feel, profoundly feel, that I have been speaking in the best interests of England, of the country where my years of laborious life have been passed, and where I have received kindness and consideration and regard which I shall

be glad to make an attempt to repay. My lords, my colleagues and myself have had a responsible duty. We have had to defend not merely the leaders of a nation, but a nation itself to defend the leaders of a nation whom it sought to crush, to defend a nation whose hopes it sought to dash to the ground. This inquiry, intended as a curse, has proved a blessing. Designed, prominently designed, to ruin one man, it has been his vindication. In opening this case I said we represented the accused. I now claim leave to say the positions are reversed. We are the accusers. The accused are there (pointing scornfully at Mr. Walter and Mr. MacDonald of the *Times*). But I hope this inquiry, in its present stage and future developments, will serve even more than the vindication of individuals; that it will remove painful misconception as to the character, actions, motives and aims of the Irish people and of the leaders of the Irish people; that it will set earnest minds and, thank God, there are many earnest and honest minds in this country thinking for themselves upon this question; that it will remove grievous misconceptions and hasten the day of true union and of real reconciliation between the people of Ireland and the people of Great Britain; and that with the advent of true union and reconciliation there will be dispelled, and dispelled forever, the cloud, the weighty cloud, that has rested on the history of a noble man and dimmed the glory of a mighty empire."

Towards the close Russell's voice began to falter. More than once he had to brush tears from his eyes, and when at length he sank into his seat the nervous strain of six days of almost continuous speaking, and the pent up excitement and emotion of months found vent, and the strong man sobbed like a child. There were many others, men as well as women, who shed tears, and were not ashamed of it. Even President Hannen lost his judicial balance, and being too much moved to speak, tremblingly wrote on a slip of paper a warm expression of congratulation and admiration, and passed it down to Russell. Then the whole court crowded round the orator, who, half ashamed of the emotion he had shown, hurried away with his wife and daughter, who had had the felicity of witnessing his triumph.

There was a sensation in the court room when Sir Charles concluded his speech. It is the opinion of his hearers that he never spoke better. The note which President Judge Hannen passed to Sir Charles when he had finished read: "I congratulate you. Your speech was a great one, and worthy of a great occasion." Mrs. Gladstone and other friends warmly congratulated Sir Charles Russell and Mr. Parnell and Mr. Davitt. Upon the conclusion of the proceedings the court adjourned until April 30.

The Archbishops of Dublin and Cashel will be among the witnesses who will testify for the defence. Sir Charles Russell's speech will be reprinted in pamphlet form for circulation in Great Britain, America and the colonies.

Harold Frederic, the London correspondent of the *New York Times*, thus cables under date of April 13: "Sir Charles Russell is already accorded a rank, even by his Tory critics, with Edmund Burke and Lord Brougham in that proud, but limited, list of pleaders whose great efforts belong to English literature. To day's *Standard*, bitterly as it is opposed to the Parnellite movement, classes his oration with Burke's attack upon Warren Hastings and Lord Brougham's appeal in the trial of Queen Caroline, and says that, if no great actress broke into sobs yesterday, as Mrs. Siddons did in Westminster Hall, and if no emotional lady fainted and had to be carried out, as did Mrs. Sheridan under the strain of Burke's eloquence, it is because we of the nineteenth century are a cold and critical generation, and not because Sir Charles Russell fell below in moving force and pathos the standard set by his illustrious predecessors.

Truly it was a wonderful scene yesterday noon as Sir Charles Russell entered upon his peroration. Mrs. Gladstone, with a bevy of wives and daughters of leading Liberals, occupied the jury box, and among the great throng of hushed auditors was David Dudley Field, who had just returned from a winter's sojourn in Italy, and who said as he left the court that he had listened to the greatest forensic effort in the whole experience of his long life. Sir Charles Russell himself is not a specially impressive personage outside of the court

room, where he seems nothing more than a tall, quiet, serious, elderly gentleman; but once he is attired in his wig and gown he becomes a veritable eighteenth century type of vigour, breadth and power. Americans can picture him almost perfectly to their mind's eye by imagining George Washington, with rather a sallow face and deep-set, dark brown eyes, and wearing a black silk gown. The contour of Russell's face, with his strong chiselled features, in its gray wig of horsehair, is exactly like that of the Father of his Country, and the habitual gravity of his countenance in repose has a marvellous likeness of one to Gilbert Stuart's portraits.

Russell has a most flexible and melodious voice, which, without a trace of Irish accent, still makes the listener feel that it is not an English organ, but is instead a kind of cosmopolitan voice which, alike in London, Melbourne and New York, would set a model of classic English pronunciation. His oratory, too, is Irish only in the sense that it is not English. He affects others by making himself weep, and the auditor is moved as much by sight of the speaker's emotion as by the splendid eloquence of his diction and the pathos of his broken words. Yesterday, when, with faltering voice, he forced himself through his concluding words one by one, and listeners felt that every pause reflected the speaker's struggle to keep the sobs down, there was an almost painful tension of breathless silence, and as he sank to his seat at the finish, with a bowed head and trembling frame, there rose throughout the high vaulted chamber a strange, inarticulate tumult of long-suppressed feelings finding relief, which was not in any sense applause, and which, in truth, was like no other sound I ever heard. Above it rose cries of "Silence" from the ushers, and it was not till the meaning of these had become evident to the excited assemblage that the real applause began. Justice Hannen, who had been visibly much affected by the speech, hastily wrote on a piece of paper the words, "A great speech, worthy of a great occasion," and had it handed down to Sir Charles before he rose, and with his two associate justices disappeared behind the red curtains at the back of the bench. It is a curious corollary to this great forensic performance that upon its conclusion Russell took the train for Birmingham, over a hundred miles away, and there last night delivered a big political speech to a wildly cheering audience.

Naturally the immense prominence into which Russell has lifted himself all at once raises the question what will be done with him when Mr. Gladstone again comes into power. He was Attorney-General in the last Liberal Cabinet. It is felt that the place is not now big enough for him, and to make him Lord Chancellor would be to prematurely bury him, even if he did not feel that he lacked the necessary wealth for a position in the peerage. Really the best way out of the thing would be found by making him a peer when Home Rule is passed, and sending him to Ireland as the first viceroy under the new and beneficent dispensation.

EASTER.

Beneath the prisoning bark below
The cruel chains of ice and snow,
A stirring, striving, restless thing,
It wakes the Spirit of the Spring.

Held down by forces of the air,
Opposed and hindered everywhere,
A throbbing, longing, eager thing,
It wakes the Spirit of the Spring.

Resistless are its energies;
Through cold and storm it shall arise,
To pulse new life along the limbs,
To sing its resurrection hymns—
The struggling, climbing, soaring thing,
Unconquered Spirit of the Spring.

Ah, Life, thou fetter on the soul!
Ah, Death, thou winter full of dole!
Ye cannot bind or hinder me,
These cravings, hopes, activities,
Set free at last, I shall arise!

Alice Ward Bailey, in Catholic World.

THE LATE Dr. Dio Lewis, over his own signature, in speaking of Warner's Safe Cure, said: "I am satisfied the medicine is not injurious, and will frankly add that if I found myself the victim of serious kidney trouble, I would use the preparation."

CATHOLIC AND LITERARY NOTES.

Archbishop Corrigan has been invited to pronounce the benediction at the close of the celebration of the centennial of Washington's inauguration as president. The ceremonies will be held on Monday and Tuesday, April 29 and 30, the latter day at the subtreasury, Wall and Nassau streets, New York, where stood the Federal hall, the scene of the inauguration ceremonies.

The impostor, George Powell, who, in the character of "Father Foley," was captured lately in Toronto, and is now in durance vile, succeeded in swindling a bank in Liverpool. He has been committing robbery in England, the United States, and Canada as Father McDonald, *alias* Father Foley, *alias* Father Haney, *alias* Father Hamby, *alias* Father Clark.

Bishop Keane is at present in Germany, selecting occupants for the Professorial Chairs at Washington University. He has already secured the services of two eminent theologians of the University of Munster in Westphalia—Dr. Sdralek and Dr. Rappenhoener, and of Dr. Pohl, of the Diocesan Seminary at Fulda.

Bishop Keane will be soon in England. While there he will visit Oxford and Cambridge in order to study on the spot the English University system.

OVER THE CATARACT.

When the brave Stanley and his tireless followers were pushing their way into Central Africa, they came one day, to the bank of a mighty river. Footsore and weary they quickly launch their boats, and find rest and change in floating upon the smooth surface of the stream.

Soon, however, the watchful eye of the great explorer sees unmistakable signs of the near presence of a cataract. The current grows swift, tiny bubbles float by. The signal is given to land, and the party seeks safety on the low, shelving bank.

One daring spirit, however, pushes his little canoe into the middle of the stream and goes resolutely forward, with the seeming intention of finding whether the river is navigable.

In vain his comrades shout and gesticulate, rushing wildly along the river bank in pursuit. Not until the loud thunder of falling water breaks upon his ear does he attempt to turn.

Alas, it is too late.

The oars are wrenched from his hands, the boat is tossed wildly about, a mere atom in the seething waters and in a brief moment, which seems an age to the lookers on, it is dashed to pieces against a huge boulder on the very brink of a frightful precipice.

In vain our comrades are kindly warning us of our danger. Our columns have often portrayed the fearful scourge that surrounds us. Often we hear the expression "Is this fearful scourge more prevalent than in olden times?"

We say "No."

The recent discoveries of the microscope has developed the real cause of so many terrible fatalities and brought out the fact that many of the symptoms which are called diseases are but symptoms of kidney disorder.

People do not die because of the kidneys ulcerating and destroying their spinal column, but because the poisonous waste matter is not extracted from the blood as it passes through the kidneys, the only blood purifying organs, but remains, forcing its way through the system, attacking the weakest organ.

The doctors call this a disease, when in reality it is but a symptom.

Understanding this, the reason why Warner's Safe Cure cures so many common diseases is plain. It removes the causes of disease by putting the kidneys in a healthy condition; enables them to perform their functions and remove the poisonous acids from the blood; purifies the blood and prevents the poisonous matter coursing through the system and attacking the weaker organs and producing a malady which the unsuspecting victim fears is, and the heartless practitioner pronounces, a disease, because of his inability to remove the cause.

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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 Business Manager.

LETTER FROM HIS GRACE THE LATE ARCHBISHOP OF TORONTO.

ST. MICHAEL'S PALACE, TORONTO, 29th Dec., 1888.

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, holds with peculiar pleasure the assistance of her lay children in dispelling ignorance and prejudice. They can do this nobly by public journalism, and as the press now appears to be an universal instructor for either evil or good, and since it is frequently used for evil in disseminating false doctrines and attributing them to the Catholic Church your journal will do a very great service to Truth and Religion by its publication. Wishing you all success and many blessings on your enterprise.

I am, faithfully yours.

JOHN JOSEPH LYNCH,
Archbishop of Toronto.

FROM THE ARCHBISHOP OF HALIFAX.

HALIFAX, July 11, 1888.

DEAR MR. FITZGERALD,—

I have been very much pleased with the matter and form of THE CATHOLIC WEEKLY REVIEW. The high moral Catholic tone, the fine literary taste displayed make your paper a model of Catholic journalism. May it prosper much so long as it keeps to its present line.

Yours very truly,

J. O'BRIEN,
Archbishop of Halifax.

FROM THE LATE BISHOP OF HAMILTON.

HAMILTON, March 17, 1887.

MY DEAR MR. FITZGERALD,—

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

Believe me, yours faithfully,

JAMES J. CARRICKY,
Bishop of Hamilton.

TORONTO, SATURDAY, APRIL 27 1889.

In point of literary style it cannot be said that Professor Goldwin Smith is improving. The double leaded editorial in last Wednesday's *Mail*, compared with those of a month ago, was weak and emasculate, without the usual dash and devil.

Father Coffey's greeting in his able paper was worthy his warm heart and brilliant pen. *Father Cronin in Buffalo Union and Times, April 15th.*

We know of no gentleman so renowned for devotedness to the old land, so illustrious for varied and splendid talents, so distinguished for his literary gifts as the Rev. Father Cronin, of the *Buffalo Union and Times*. *Father Coffey in United Canada, April 20th.*

Under this admirable arrangement we think the Rev. Father Cronin is bound to again go up next week the editorial greasy pole.

The *Mail* objects that the Church should claim to be supreme within, and to have the right to define, the domain of faith and morals. Will the *Mail* tell us what happened in, say France, in the days of "enlightened despotism," when the State usurped the offices of the Church in religion? Religion became an empty name, and what before was holy, a reproach and a scandal. The abbey and bishoprics of the Church were filled chiefly with courtiers, often of scandalous lives, who had succeeded in winning the good graces of a minister, or a mistress, and who were as eager to shirk the duties as to obtain the temporalities of their preferments. The story is well known of the great noble who, when appointing a chaplain observed "By the way it may be as well to mention that I never hear Mass." To which the Divine replied, "That is fortunate, for I never say it."

A WORD TO THE "IRISH CANADIAN."

One would almost infer from the censure visited upon this journal by the *Irish Canadian* for having dared, as, following the teaching of Archbishop Ireland and of the Bishops of the last Baltimore Council, has been our consistent policy, to depreciate the disgraceful connection of our Irish Catholic people in such large numbers with the degrading traffic in whiskey, that to strike at the whiskey interest were to strike at the most vital point of Irish feeling. At all events the *Irish Canadian*, which on several occasions of late, has been at some pains, for reasons best known to itself, to bear false witness against us, its neighbour, by representing this Review as a journal opposed to Home Rule, and its conductors as cold-blooded, calculating villains with a great contempt for the Irish, has again invoked, for the third time within as many months, the application of a stern and unbending boycott against us for having quoted approvingly, in a late issue, an article holding up a type, to the life, of the Irish American who passes by the saloon process, into the ward politician and boodler. The article, which admitted of no misunderstanding, was directed, not against a people, but against a great source and system of evil. That the evils it alleged do exist, is attested not only by the existence of the colonies of these American exiles in our cities, but by the passage in the House of Commons of a special act of legislation designed to render this Dominion a dumping ground no longer for American criminals.

Our answer to the *Irish Canadian* will be brief and explicit. No reader of the Review will need to be told how steadfastly, from its first issue, it has supported the cause of the Irish people, not only as a great natural, a great national, right, but as a cause instinct with a religious interest. The conductors of this Review are content to compare their conduct either in respect to the Irish question, or in respect to a question of perhaps even more immediate importance to us in Canada—the question of Catholic Education—with that of the *Irish Canadian* either in days past or at present. We have before us as we write a circular of the late Archbishop of Toronto, dated the 1st of March, 1888, one of the very last that he addressed to his people, on the subject of the Separate School difficulties. In this circular there appears the following paragraph:

A few years ago we were wrongfully and wickedly accused in the columns of the *Irish Canadian* of having applied the school monies to the building of churches. This odious lie still lives, and some of these articles (which we still preserve) were read in a Legislature in Australia when the bishops and priests were endeavouring to get a Separate School Law passed such as we have in Canada; and I have been informed by one of the bishops that the reading of those lying articles prevented the Separate School Law passing. See what terrible mischief can be done the Catholic Church by false brethren. The Australian calamity may cause the loss of many souls who will hereafter curse the men who wrought their ruin by depriving them of a Catholic education.

If an Archbishop was not safe from the *Irish Canadian's* slanders, it would be strange if a Catholic journal should prove to be. We have only to add that the article to be found elsewhere in this number, "The Worst Enemies of the Irish," written for, and forwarded to this Review from Florida by one of the foremost apostles in America of the Catholic Temperance Movement—the Rev. Father Foley, brother of the Archbishop of Detroit—embodies the policy and the views of this journal. If for advocating these principles, the *Irish Canadian* or any number of Irish Catholic saloon-keepers in this city see fit to work the boycott against us, in God's name we say let them do so. The Review neither derives, nor does it desire to derive, any support from such sources.

THE SUPPRESSION OF THE SOCIETY OF JESUS.

The *Toronto Mail* continues from day to day, by that most odious and unworthy of methods, the suppression of what is true, and the suggestion of what is false, to inflame the public mind of Ontario concerning the Jesuits. It dwells especially upon the fact of the suppression of the Society, an event the true significance of which is not generally understood, and certainly cannot rightly be understood by those who are unfamiliar as it is tolerably safe to say the great mass of newspaper readers are unfamiliar --with the events, and the forces that worked below the surface of events, of the eighteenth century, perhaps the most difficult period in European history to estimate rightly. In this suppression of the Society it affects to see only the merited overthrow of an organization which, it states, was in its spirit and structure, a vast conspiracy against governments and against free institutions. As a matter of fact the fall of the Society of Jesus, the work of the infidel *philosophes*, whose principles the *Mail* openly propagates, was the culminating triumph of Renaissance Caesarism, by which is understood the very converse of freedom -- "the sweeping away," as Mr. W. S. Lilly has termed it, "of the last vestiges of liberty in Europe."

The first step towards a proper understanding of the true significance of the downfall of the Society, is the recognition of the fact that it was the result of a European movement. On the 2nd of July, 1773, yielding to overwhelming pressure brought to bear upon him by the Ambassadors of France, Spain, Portugal and Naples, and seeing no other way of preventing a widespread schism, Clement XIV. issued the Brief *Dominus et Redemptor Noster*, and the Society of Jesus, after a career of two hundred and thirty-three years, ceased to exist. In other words, after their ferocious persecution of the members of the Order, besides which, in the case of Spain and Portugal at least, the worst horrors of the French Revolution do not compare, their persecutors, to use the figure of Paul Feval, pointed their knife at the breast of the Pope. The puerile charges invented by its enemies against the Society have been put aside, by even historians most strongly prejudiced against it, as manifest fables. It is probable that no sober man believed them even when they were first invented. The real cause, on the contrary, of the abolition of the Jesuits must be sought, as Mr. Lilly tells us, (Chapters in European History, Vol. II.) in the spirit of their institution.

"St. Ignatius arose in an age of the world when the principle of the Renaissance was sapping the authority of the Catholic Church in her rule and in her doctrine, and attacking her in the very centre of her unity, when as Ranke observes, 'the Pope experienced opposition on every side,' when apparently 'he had nothing to expect, but a lingering and progressive decline.' It was then that the Society of Jesus was formed, 'a Society of volunteers full of zeal and enthusiasm, with the express purpose of devoting themselves exclusively to the service of the Sovereign Pontiff,' of retaining the Catholic world in his obedience, and of reducing to it the non-Catholic world. The Society was thus brought into immediate conflict not only with the development of the Renaissance principle in the spiritual sphere, but also with the Caesarism which it introduced into the public order; that pagan idea of absolute monarchy, striving, from the first, to assert its independence of the ancient public law of Christendom, of which in mediæval times, the Vicar of Christ had been the judge; to stifle the voice of that public conscience of which he had been the keeper and witness. Hence it was that to Jesuit theologians were due those great vindications of the

polity of Christendom against the novel theories which the advocates of the immediate divine right of kings, and an limited passive obedience, had devised to support the new monarchy. It was the especial glory of Suarez that he recalled to an age which was fast forgetting it, the true doctrine of Aquinas. . . . It is manifest that the Jesuit theologians insisting, on the one hand, upon the supreme authority, the prerogatives of the Pope, and the accountability to him of the princes; while on the other, they laid down the limited and fiduciary character of regal power, and its derivation through the people, must have been in the highest degree distasteful to absolute monarchs." And so in fact it was. Phillip II. of Spain regarded Suarez as a Republican; the Parliament of Paris burnt his writings; the hostility of the Society to kings was a favourite theme among Protestants, Jansenists and Gallicians. The business of the Jesuits, their sole object, was religion; their concern with secular politics was only accidental, by the way. But as time went on, and limitation after limitation disappeared from the royal prerogative, "it was natural," says the great authority we have above quoted, "that kings should at last attack the Society which was the standing witness of the claims of an allegiance higher than any due to the national ruler, and a perpetual testimony to the restricted character of his power." It is not one of the least of the claims of the Society upon the gratitude of mankind that in this Renaissance epoch, when Bourbon monarchs throughout Europe, were labouring, and with success, to assert unbridled power, it stood forth as an obstacle and a protest.

That this is the true reason which led the Bourbon Courts to resolve upon the destruction of the Society will be made clear to anyone who will study the movements of the time, and the historical evidence. What followed the suppression? The sixteen years that intervened between the promulgation of Pope Clement's Brief and the outbreak of the French Revolution, have been described as "the carnival of monarchial absolutism, and it is a simple fact that the men who supported this absolutism were the *philosophes* who in these days, by the strange irony of popular ignorance --are honoured as the apostles of freedom. Fine phrases about liberty, patriotism, justice, the rights of man we read, were ever upon their lips; "but there was no love of man or of country, no loyalty to virtue or to duty in their hearts. There was hardly one of their leaders who would not sell his pen for a chamberlain's key or a pension, to any tyrant, however steeped in vice, or stained by sanguinary ambition."

So much for the overthrow of the Jesuits, and the triumph of the *philosophic* principles. It is not capable of being traversed that the event signifies, in the last century, the extinction of civil freedom, and the destruction of its best guardian and guarantee, ecclesiastical liberty. And with civil freedom, suffered religion; under the monarchial absolutism which followed, only to be reversed by the Revolution, as under the latter, the Christian Church was reduced to a most abject position. The Deistic philosophy, which the *Mail* is sowing in Canada, when it took root in France brought forth for its fruit the French Revolution; and the lesson remains for all coming generations. "The philosophical idea of the Renaissance," says a great writer, "was tried by 'Time, the old Judge,' with inexorable justice, and reduced to its true resolution. And as the last century draws to its close in France we have its ultimate issue in a de-Christianized nation, making the experiment whether life is worth living upon the basis of Atheism."

THE LOYALTY OF CANADIAN CATHOLICS.

It was said during the course, if we mistake not, of one of the pre-Confederation debates, by the brave old Sir Etienne Pascal Tache, that the last gun to be fired on this continent in defence of Canadian or British interests would be fired by a French-Canadian. It was his answer to those who, ignorant of the fidelity of the French-Canadians to their country, and forgetful of the valour and the noble services which in the earlier colonial days had saved the country to the Crown, impugned the loyalty and the patriotism of the Lower Canadian people. The narrative of that loyalty forms a large part of our history. The early history of Canada is the record of the great deeds of a Catholic people.

The story of the loyalty of the Lower Canadians, is now pretty well known to the people. Not so well known now a days as it ought to be is the story of the conspicuous loyalty and of the devotion and bravery, during the same period, of the Upper Canadian Catholic people. And since the promoters of the no Popery propaganda which has its headquarters in this city, have taken it upon themselves to asperse somewhat liberally within the past few weeks, the loyalty of their Catholic fellow-citizens, their attachment to their country, and to the Crown, and to free institutions, it has been found necessary to remind these gentlemen to be plain, the Rev. D. J. Macdonnell, ex-Mayor Howland, the *Maul's* manager, Mr. O'Brien, and one Hughes of certain facts in regard to the part played by Catholics in this country of which they, it is quite possible, never were cognizant.

On this somewhat important, not to say interesting, subject, one of the conductors of this Review, Mr. A. C. Macdonell, has written to the *Empire* of Thursday as follows:

To the Editor of *The Empire*.

Sir—As some confusion appears to exist as to the proper mode of spelling a name which is not an uncommon one in Canada, I desire to state on behalf of those whose name is identical with my own, that the Scotch way of spelling it is as given hereunder, and as borne by many hundreds of the Highland clans of Glengarry and Keppoch now resident in Canada, principally in Ontario and Prince Edward Island.

These people, I may mention, are largely composed of the descendants of United Empire Loyalists who in 1773 settled in Tryon county, in the then Province of New York, and who at the time of the revolutionary war adhered to the cause of their Sovereign, joined the various Loyalist regiments then raised, principally Sir John Johnson's regiment, the Royal Regiment of New York, Butler's Rangers and the 84th, or Royal Highland Emigrant Regiment, and fighting through the war, settled, on its conclusion, in the eastern district, calling the settlement Glengarry, after their former home in Scotland. They were, I may mention, without exception Catholics, and owing to their stalwart loyalty to the British Crown were, as stated by the historian Stone, and other American authors, a "grave scandal" and the cause of daily trouble and terror to their Puritan and Republican neighbours, the Howlands, no doubt, and other Yankees. Fifteen gentlemen of the name held commissions in these regiments, and on the conclusion of the war settled in Upper Canada. One of these officers, John Macdonell formerly a captain in Butler's Rangers, the first member for Glengarry, and Speaker of the first House of Assembly for Upper Canada, raised the 2nd Battalion of the Royal Canadian Volunteer Regiment of Foot, which was placed on the permanent establishment and garrisoned this province from 1794 to 1802, when, with the provincial corps of New Brunswick, Newfoundland and Nova Scotia, it was disbanded. Its headquarters were at Fort George, and detachments were stationed at Fort Erie, Fort Chippewa, St. Joseph's Island, Amherstburg and Kingston. They were afterwards joined in Glengarry, in Canada, by the men of the Glengarry Fencibles or British Highland Regiment, an Imperial regiment raised by Alastair Macdonell, chief of Glengarry, in 1792 under letters of service from King George III as a Catholic corps, all the officers and men of that regiment being of that faith, no less than fourteen of the officers being Macdonells, and the chaplain being the Rev. Alexander Macdonell, afterwards the Hon. and Rt. Rev. Alexander Macdonell,

first Catholic Bishop of Upper Canada, who enjoyed a large pension from the British Government on account of his great services rendered to the Crown. In the war of 1812 they raised the Glengarry Fencible Regiment, and in 1813 the officers engaged to double the number of their establishment and did it. They were in almost every battle fought during the war. Two gentlemen of the name were awarded two out of the five gold medals given to Canadians for actions fought during the war. One of them negotiated the terms of the capitulation of Detroit and was killed with Sir Isaac Brock at Queenston Heights, and is buried with Brock under the monument there, while another with the Glengarry Fencibles and the Glengarry militia took Ogdensburg and made the famous journey from Kingston to Chateauguay, a distance of 190 miles, with 600 men in 60 hours of actual travel, where he joined De Salaberry and with him beat Mr. Howland's countrymen, the Americans, whose force was about five to one of the British. These are the Scotch Macdonells, all of them, as I have stated, Catholics. I mention these facts at length, as we who bear the name and are of this race and blood are not unnaturally proud of their record of services rendered to the British Crown in Canada. No less than eighty-six gentlemen of that name have held the Sovereign's commissions in the various battles fought in Canada from the taking of Quebec and the Plains of Abraham down to the rebellion of 1837-38.

With great respect to the Irish Macdonells, we do not wish to have our name confounded with theirs. We stand on our own merits and the record of our Catholic forefathers as loyal subjects of Great Britain, which we are prepared to maintain. Again I repeat that the Macdonells are Highland Catholics and the Macdonells Irish Presbyterians, to which latter the Rev. D. J. Macdonnell doubtless belongs, and it is the Scotch Catholic Macdonells who have the best fighting record for the Crown in Canada, and can prove it in a proportion of six to one against any other name whatever, with day and date. Would the Howlands, Buntings, Hughes or O'Briens, or any other of the "anti-Popery Loyalists" care to enter upon a comparison of services rendered to Britain in Canada?

The Howland family left the United States about 1830, I believe, not through attachments to British institutions as these Catholics did, but to make money out of the Canadian Loyalists, in which they have been tolerably fortunate, though Mr. W. H. Howland's latest venture in connection with the Central Bank was not so eminently successful as some of their previous operations. Perhaps he will furnish me with the name of one man of his family who has borne arms in support of monarchical institutions, since they first led their peddler's waggons across the border line.

Yours, etc.,

A. C. MACDONELL.

Toronto, April 24.

It is gentlemen with these antecedents, whose loyalty is now questioned by the somewhat undistinguished group who compose the Toronto "Citizens Committee."

* * We dislike to say it, but we think we ought to say it the editorial headed "That Scapular," in the *Catholic Review* (N. Y.) of April 14, is not the way in which the *Independent* should be replied to, nor the way in which the subject should be treated. The readers of the *Catholic Review* have regretted the death of P. V. Hickey, the Catholic founder of that journal. We hope they will not be forced to regret that the *Review* did not die with him. *Michigan Catholic*.

We are reluctantly constrained to concur in our Detroit contemporary's criticism. The article in question is one which, we are of opinion, would not have been passed by the *Review's* late editor, and is not an evidence, we should wish to think, of the tone and the manner of treatment to be expected under that journal's new management. The manner of the *Review's* reply to the *Independent* is not strikingly dignified. "This time," it says, "it is after the Scapular of the Blessed Virgin, the badge of devotion to Our Lady whose significance is as easy to comprehend as the blue, green, yellow, or white ribbons worn by thousands on the commencement days of colleges, at regattas (!) at base ball matches (!) at all times and places where special public devotion to an idea is to be expressed." The italics are ours. Further on we read that "the scapular has come to stay, along with infallibility, purgatory, and other annoying things. Why pull so much

hair over them." Of the editors of Protestant papers it says, "They do not know even a little bit" concerning Catholic customs, in consequence of which it thus concludes: "They offer us such puerile problems as 'That Scapular,' when we are sighing for a real tussle on real difficulties and looking for an editorial head hard enough to withstand the whack of a real shillelah. Respected *Independent* once you give us that opportunity, be sure you will carry the scar forever."

This, we regret to have to say, is the language of the streets, and of the "sports," not language which should be employed by a Catholic paper.

We see it stated in the *Irish Canadian*, with some apparent satisfaction, that in Chicago Irish politicians secure "a share in the practicalities of public life." Practicalities, we presume, is an euphemism for pelf and place. The disinterested service of the public, we infer, is a mere mythological abstraction, which lives, like virtue, at the bottom of a well.

Men and Things.

Charles Read, who saw Wagner's "Lohengrin" at Dresden, says: "Two or three of us had taken a front seat in a proscenium box. Suddenly a stranger took a seat behind us, and expressed himself in such sentences as 'Ach, Himmel! Sehr gut! Ach, schlecht, sehr schlecht!' and many other gutturals of the same sort, clapping his hands meanwhile and stamping like a demented creature, until he became absolutely intolerable. As soon as the first act was over I sought the usher, requesting him to have the apparent lunatic removed. But I can never hope to give you the gestures or expression with which he replied: 'Ach! das ist Herr Wagner!'"

A despatch in the secular press says: "Mary Anderson is a devout Catholic, and she never lets anything interfere with what she considers her duties as such. Wherever she may be, it is her custom to attend early Mass regularly, in all kinds of weather and under all circumstances. She is modest and unostentatious in her devotions, always seeking to avoid observation, and on this account, instead of going to cathedrals or large churches, she seeks out the small and unassuming edifices, where she can attend her devotional exercises unobserved by the curious. Her maid is also a very devout Catholic, and the two are accustomed to go to Mass together.

In St. Louis one morning Miss Anderson and her maid took a cab and drove in the direction of a little Catholic Church with the intention of attending early Mass. The carriage was stopped before the church was reached and mistress and maid walked to the edifice. As they entered the actress and maid knelt together and worshipped humbly with the poor people around them. As they left the church Miss Anderson noticed a solitary man sitting in the back who watched her intently as she passed out. She was sure she had not passed him in entering, and something forced it on her mind that his presence there was in some way connected with her devotions. Before nightfall this impression was deepened to a certainty, for the streets of St. Louis were ringing with the cry, 'Mary Anderson at the Altar!' shrieked from the throats of a hundred newsboys.

The paper referred to was selling rapidly, and the cause of the demand was a long article telling how a reporter had dogged Miss Anderson to the church, and describing her every movement as she was engaged at her devotions. A number of pictures, including one showing her kneeling at the altar, illustrated the article, which was written in the typical Western style. When Miss Anderson saw it she burst into tears. The vulgar descriptions of her acting had not affected her, but this intrusion into the privacy of her most sacred moments wounded her as no other insult could have done. It was then that she declared that she would never again visit St. Louis."

CARDINAL NEWMAN AND ARCHBISHOP ULLATHORNE.

The Roman Catholic Hierarchy in England has lost its oldest member, and the one who did more than any other to effect its noisy "restoration" in 1850. William Bernard Ullathorne, before that date Vicar Apostolic of the Midland district, became thereupon Bishop of Birmingham, a post which he relinquished only after celebrating, in 1886, the fortieth anniversary of his episcopate. After his retirement he was raised by the Pope to the honorary rank of Archbishop of Cabasa, and he dwelt among old friends at Oscott College, near Birmingham, where he died a fortnight ago at the age of eighty-three. Of his career, which was eventful enough in its own orbit, a sketch has just been given by the most literary minded of the Roman Catholic Prelates, Bishop Hedley. One phase of that career has, however, been left unnoticed, and it is precisely that phase of it which is the most interesting to the outer public. Beyond all other provincial towns, Birmingham has been favoured by the men who have lived in it. If it has been the birthplace of noisy schools in politics and in education, it has held in religion at least one reactionary stronghold. *The Grammar of Assent* has come out of Birmingham as well as the programme of secularism in the elementary schools. Cardinal Newman was a voter in Birmingham before Mr. Bright was its member or Mr. Chamberlain its mayor. Pilgrims to Birmingham seem beings out of place as well as out of time; but there is hardly a better name to apply to the visitors arriving from all parts of the world at the Oratory at Edgbaston. To such as these Archbishop Ullathorne may have a chiefly relative interest—that of being the Bishop of Cardinal Newman, and his friend of nearly fifty years. When Father Ullathorne, after missionary labours in Australia, returned home, and was consecrated a Bishop at Coventry in June, 1846, Dr. Newman, then a neophyte, was present at the ceremony—the first of the kind he had ever seen. Again, in 1848, when Bishop Ullathorne removed to Birmingham, Dr. Newman, who had already settled in the neighbourhood, though not at Edgbaston, attended his installation in St. Chad's Cathedral. In 1850 the Cardinal dedicated to the Bishop his lectures on "Anglican Difficulties," describing them as "directed against a mere transitory phase in an accidental school of opinion;" but presenting them to the Bishop in recognition of "the well known interest which your Lordship has so long taken in the religious party to which I allude." A little latter, when Dr. Newman defended against Charles Kingsley the veracity of the Roman clergy, his Bishop was ready to hand. "When I first became a Catholic," he says in the "Apologia," "nothing struck me more at once than the English outspoken manner of the priests; and, did I wish to point out a straightforward Englishman, I should instance the Bishop who has, to our great benefit, for so many years presided over this diocese." The Bishop fully returned the cordial feeling entertained for him by the most illustrious member of his flock. It will not be forgotten, though now it seems like a dream, that among Roman Catholics themselves were some by whom Dr. Newman was regarded, for years after his adhesion to their Church, as a suspect. It may be presumed to have been in reply to some such cavillers that the Bishop, in 1866, wrote to Dr. Newman a public letter of encouragement and commendation, in which he recounted the various volumes published by Dr. Newman "enough for the life's labour for another"—and reminded the author that he had written them "in the midst of labour and cares of another kind, of which the world knows very little." These he proceeded to specify—the founding of the Oratory at Edgbaston, and of the Oratory School, "the toil of frequent preaching, of attendance in the confessional, and other parochial duties." When the cholera raged at Bilston, adds the Bishop, "I asked you to lend me two Fathers. But you and Father St. John preferred to take the place of danger, and remained at Bilston till the worst was over." In 1871, when the Bishop celebrated the Silver Jubilee of his Episcopate, the Address presented to him by his clergy came from Dr. Newman's pen; and again in 1886, when the Bishop completed the fortieth year of his episcopate, the aged

Cardinal, who says, "I am losing the use of my fingers, and, strange to say, this confuses and impedes my use of words," still insists on sending a few lines recalling "the affectionate and grateful recollection which so kind a superior could not fail to impress on me." That trembling hand again held the pen to send a few lines of congratulation to the aged Prelate, when the Pope delighted to honour him in his last days with a titular Archbishopric; and to Oscott College surprise visits have been paid from time to time by the Cardinal, whose unpremeditated goings-forth were perhaps the subject of as much solicitous concern at the Oratory as they were of delight to the recluse whom he went to see. For the fortnight during which the Archbishop's life wore itself calmly out, Cardinal Newman was the recipient of daily bulletins from the sick-room, and he now mourns the Father and friend who has preceded him on that journey which the author of "The Dream of Gerontius" has attempted in the trances of poetic imagination. — *Saturday Review*.

Fits, convulsions, dizziness and headache are prevented and cured by using Warner's Safe Cure. Why? Dr. Owen Rees says: "The tenuity (watery condition) of the blood in Bright's disease produces cerebral symptoms, the serous (watery portion) is filtered through the blood vessels of the brain, causing anæmia and subsequent head symptoms." That is why these symptoms yield to Warner's Safe Cure. It gets rid of the Bright Disease and prevents the blood from becoming watery.

CANADIAN CHURCH NEWS.

Bishop-elect O'Connor, of Barrie, will be installed into the Bishopric of Peterborough on Wednesday next, the first day of May. It is expected that ten bishops will assist at the ceremony.

Very Rev. Father Laurent, Administrator of the archdiocese, has received from Pope Leo XIII. an appreciative letter announcing that he has caused to be forwarded from Rome a handsome cape and stole for St. Michael's Cathedral. The gifts, it is stated, are a token of the Pope's affection for the clergy and people of Toronto and a memorial of the golden jubilee of His Holiness. The priests of the cathedral feel much pleased with the graceful recognition of the Holy Father.

The afternoon tea given by the ladies of the congregation of the Church of the Gesù in the Queen's Hall, Montreal, on Monday afternoon was a complete success, financially, socially, and musically. The choir from the Gesù contributed to the musical portion of the programme. During the afternoon His Grace, Archbishop Fabre, accompanied by his secretary, visited the hall and congratulated the ladies upon the success of their efforts. The ladies of the committee were: Mrs. McCarthy, Miss Sadler, Miss Drummond, Mrs. Barnard, Madame Mathieu, Mlle. de Rocheblave, Miss Doherty, Mrs. Forget, Madame Guy, Miss A. Macdonald, Miss V. Macdonald, Madame de B. Macdonald, Miss Guerin, the Misses Gethings, Miss Barclay, Miss Laframboise, the Misses Hubert, Miss Sicotte, Miss Casey, Miss Collins and Miss Sheridan.

According to *Le Canada Ecclesiastique* the Company of Jesus possesses in Canada fourteen establishments, containing 280 members. Of these all but sixteen are natives of Canada. The entire number of the religious belonging to the order is 12,070, distributed in twenty five provinces, all over the world. The superior general in Canada is the Rev. Father Hamel, S.J. The general of the order, who resides in the mother house at Rome, is the Very Rev. Antoine Marie Anderledy. The provincial house in Canada was founded in 1842 by the Rev. Father Martin, S.J., first rector of the institution. His five colleagues were Fathers Pierre Chazelle, Remi Tellier, Paul Lausset, Joseph Hanipaux and Dominique Duranquet. In the diocese of Montreal there are establishments in this city (St. Mary's College, residence of the Immaculate Conception) and at Sault-au-Recollet. In the

diocese of Quebec there is one establishment in the provincial capital. In Three Rivers there is one, and in the diocese of Ottawa there is one at St. Ignace de Nominingue. In the diocese of Hamilton there is one at Guelph. In the diocese of Peterboro' there are six—Wickwemikong (Manitoulin Island), Sault Ste. Marie, Garden River, Fort William, Sudbury and Port Arthur. In the diocese of St. Boniface there is a college, founded by Mgr. Tache, and served by 17 religious, with Father Hypolite Lory, S.J., at its head.

GOOD-BYE, GOD BLESS YOU.

I like the Anglo-Saxon speech
With its direct revealings;
It takes a hold and seems to reach
Far down into your feelings;
That some folks deem it rude, I know,
And therefore they abuse it;
But I have never found it so,
Before all else I choose it.

I don't object that men should air
The Gallic they have paid for,
With "au revoir," "adeau, ma chere,"
For that's what French was made for.
But when a crouny takes your hand
At parting to address you,
He drops all foreign lingo and
He says, "Good-bye, God bless you."

This seems to be a sacred phrase
With reverence impassioned;
A thing come down from righteous days,
Quaintly, but nobly fashioned.
It well becomes an honest face,
A voice that's round and cheerful;
It stays the sturdy in his place
And soothes the weak and fearful.

Into the porches of the ears
It steals with subtle unction,
And in your heart of hearts appears
To work its gracious function;
And all day long with pleasing song
It lingers to caress you,
I'm shure no human heart goes wrong
That's told "Good bye, God bless you."

I love the words, perhaps because,
When I was leaving mother,
Standing at last in solemn pause
We looked at one another,
And I, I saw in mother's eyes
The love she could not tell me,
A love eternal as the skies,
Whatever fate befell me.

She put her arms about my neck
And soothed the pain of leaving,
And though her heart was like to brerk,
She spoke no word of grieving;
She let no tear bedim her eye,
For fear that might distress me,
But, kissing me, she said good-bye,
And asked our God to bless me.

Eugene Field.

T. GRANGER STEWART, M. D., F. R. S. E., Ordinary Physician to H. M., the Queen in Scotland, Professor of Practice of Physic in the University of Edinburgh, writes: "The arteries are sclerosed and atheromatous in the advanced stages of the inflammatory and in the cirrhotic but not so small in the waxy disease. In that affection the small vessels in other parts are frequently the seat of waxy degeneration." From this it will be seen that in the three forms of kidney disease classed as Bright's disease, the arteries suffer changes, and it matters not whether they undergo sclerotic, atheromatous or waxy change, they are so weakened as to endanger rupture under any increased pressure. This explains the frequency of apoplexy and paralysis, and as clearly demonstrates that the only preventive of these disastrous ruptures of the blood vessels is the timely use of Warner's Safe Cure to keep the kidneys in a healthy condition.

He prayeth best who loveth best,
All things both great and small;
For the dear God who loveth us,
He made and loveth all.

Correspondence.

THE JESUITS' ESTATES.

To the Editor of the CATHOLIC WEEKLY REVIEW.

Sir, — In your article of two weeks ago on the Holy Father's settlement of this question, you state that "Bishop Hubert, when the last Jesuit priest had expired, conferred Holy Orders on Brother Cazot, the sole remaining member of the Quebec Jesuit community." It was not "when the last Jesuit priest had expired" but as early as 1766 that Brother Cazot was ordained priest, by Bishop Briand, (not by Bishop Hubert as you state) and at that time there were no less than fourteen Jesuit priests in Canada. A second Brother was ordained in 1767, also by Bishop Briand.

With your opinion that the Holy Father's decision in this question is "eminently wise and just" no Catholic, certainly, will be disposed to quarrel. He had immense difficulties to contend with in arriving at a solution that would be satisfactory to all concerned, and he was bound to do that which was for the good of the Church. The dispute between the Canadian Jesuits and the authorities of Laval University is of long standing and so intricate in its details as to call for the greatest discernment and good judgment on the part of Leo XIII. in adjusting it, and taking all the facts and circumstances into consideration the wisdom of his decision cannot be questioned. It is safe to say that by none will it be so regarded more strongly than by the Jesuit Fathers whose guiding principle has ever been dutiful and loyal submission to the Holy See. The moral right of the Canadian Jesuits to remuneration for their confiscated estates is obvious to every unprejudiced person. Indeed, had the Quebec Government given to them, not \$400,000, but the full present value of their estates, no injustice would have been done the Canadian clergy or people, but, on the contrary, a great wrong would have been righted. In Rome and elsewhere, when the Society returned, they got back their former property, whenever it could be done, although there the Brief of suppression had been published, and consequently the Jesuits had lost all legal claim to their estates. This, however, is a question which in no way enters into the decision of the Holy Father regarding the Canadian estates. He dealt with the matter as he found it, the odium of retaining the Jesuits' property rests upon the civil power in Canada.

I must take exception to the statement quoted by you (though I do not understand you as endorsing it) that, had the right of conferring academical degrees been conferred upon St. Mary's College, it would have "rendered nugatory the privilege conferred upon Laval." I cannot see how this could be. Certainly, nothing that we know of the Jesuit Fathers warrants the assertion that they were actuated by any hostility towards the sister institution, but the privilege they sought at the hands of the Holy Father, was simply of absolute necessity to the efficiency and prosperity of their college. Hence it is likely, even now, that their petition has been granted *equivalently*, sustained, as it was, by the Archbishops of Montreal and Ottawa, both of whom are staunch friends of the Society of Jesus. When the Jesuits returned to Montreal in 1842 it was at the earnest and repeated solicitation of the late Archbishop Bourget, and also of his predecessor, Bishop Hartiguo. By the first named they were induced to undertake the establishment of a college, and to get the work well under weigh, Bishop Bourget called a meeting of the Catholic citizens of Montreal, who subscribed liberally for the purpose. This was the beginning of St. Mary's College, and it has, from that day to this, continued to do good work in the cause of Catholic education in Canada. That any dispute should have arisen between the Jesuits and Laval is unfortunate, but it can safely be left to the Holy Father to do justice to all with prejudice towards none. The interference of the secular press in Ontario's most aptly characterized by you as "officious and impertinent." It is so, but what else can be expected from an element whose sole aim is to stir up a religious war in the Dominion? It is unfortunate that a certain section of the French-Canadian press should seem to give countenance to the *Mail's* slanders. The articles of *Le Canadien* and *L'Union Libérale* you rightly

brand as "wicked and scandalous." Happily those journals represent but a small section of the people of Quebec.

Yours, etc.,

J. H.

Book Reviews.

Map of Manitoba J. H. Brownlee, D. L. S., Brandon, Man.

We have received from the publisher a copy of his new 25c. Indexed Map of Manitoba. The map tells its own tale of the progress of the young province. The fourteen pages of indexing make a complete guide to the map, which is folded into a neat cover for pocket or office reference.

Current Catholic Thought.

"THE MAIL" AND THE JESUITS.

The *Toronto Mail*, however, goes on endeavouring to bolster up a defense in the libel suit which the Jesuits have brought against it. The home supply of Orange nursery fables proving inadequate — strange circumstance in view of Mr. Goldwin Smith's "Jesuit Question in Canada," in a recent number of the *New York Independent* — the *Mail* has sent commissioners to France and Belgium for a new and varied collection. They will arrange with "prominent statesmen," it is said, to come over and give evidence against the Jesuits. Why not arrange with the *London Times* for the services of Mr. Le Caron? *Boston Pilot*.

THE ORANGEMEN AND THE CENTENNIAL.

Can we believe our eyes! A thousand Orangemen to march in the Centennial parade! Why, Orangemen have from the beginning been the deadliest enemies of every principle underlying our Constitution! They are sworn subjects of a foreign power, and those of them who have felt the benign influence of our civil and religious liberty have left the ranks of this society, a society more dangerous, if we happened to be involved in a foreign war, to our existence than even the anarchists. Why not get some Miss Dis Debar to resurrect the Hessians? Ten thousand gory shades from the fields of the Revolution would form a picturesque adjunct to the celebration. But, perhaps, we have been mistaken all along. Perhaps the Hessians were really misunderstood and calumniated American patriots. You see, Frederick the Great is said to have sent a sword to Washington. It was at a time when the necessity for using the weapon had ceased. But that does not count. We used to think that but for France the Continentals would have hardly emerged safely from the great struggle. We learned our mistake at the Yorktown celebration when quite as much importance was assigned to Germany as to France. A British general, in his evidence before the House of Commons, after the triumph of America, said that, at least, half of the Continental army was Irish. This story we must surrender as mythical, although preserved in the records of the British Legislature. In fact, when we note the presence of 1,000 Orangemen in the parade, as well as some other things, we think it would be as well at once to begin rewriting the history of the Revolution. — *N. Y. Freeman's Journal*.

THE late Dr. Austin Flint, professor in Bellevue Hospital Medical College, Fellow of the New York Academy of Medicine, member of the state medical societies of New York, Virginia, Rhode Island, Massachusetts, etc., says in speaking of advanced kidney disease (or Bright's). "Fatal termination is many times due to pericarditis (heart disease), apoplexy, difficult breathing, dropsy." The foregoing are but symptoms of diseases. That being the case there is nothing absurd in the claim made by the proprietors of Warner's Safe Cure that they prevent apoplexy and cure heart disease, etc., with Warner's Safe Cure. Why? Because it removes the cause of disease, and when the cause is removed the symptom called a disease is cured.

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There are tens of thousands of parents to-day in agony of mind through fear of death from kidney disease, who do not know they are doctoring only symptoms—such as wakefulness, nervousness, a splendid feeling one day and an all gone one another, dropsy, weak heart action, pneumonia, neuralgia, fickle appetite, etc., while the real trouble is poisoned blood caused by diseased kidneys. Unless purified by Warner's Safe Cure they will just as surely die, as though poisoned with arsenic.

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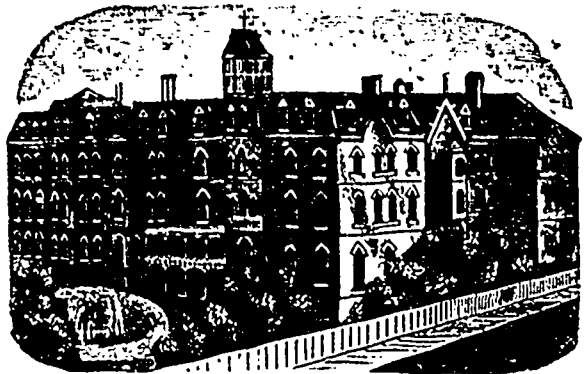
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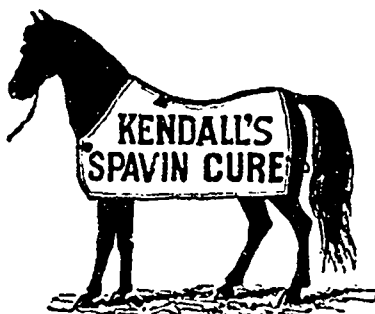
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