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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

Toronto, Saturday, Mar. 23, 1889.

No. 6

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Notes.

The leader of the Government has now consented that Col. O'Brien shall be given an opportunity of bringing up his resolution against the Jesuits' Estates Act, in the House on Tuesday next. At the present writing, however, there does not seem to be any probability that the discussion will come to a division.

We fancy that it will be found that the *Globe*, in performing its recent "slop," on the question of the Jesuits' Estates Act, has been concerned rather more about compassing the overthrow of its political opponents, than of promoting Protestantism, or repudiating the recognition, which it professes to see, of the authority of the Pope in the settlement of a civil question. No other conclusion can, we think, be found possible. For either its inconsistent and erratic course throughout the discussion points to that, or it argues very painful incapacity in its conductors to form, on a serious subject, an intelligent, or intelligible, opinion.

Our readers hardly need to be reminded that when the agitation against the Jesuits broke out in this Province, the *Globe* took, and maintained until Saturday last, a position on the question the very reverse of its present one. It argued, in its issue of the 7th February, that "the Liberals if they were in power could not consistently disallow the Jesuits' Bill," because the Bill was within the competence of the Quebec Legislature, and to interfere with provincial legislation was to run counter to every principle in the Liberal programme. Again it said on the 12th February: "If Ontarians wish to perpetuate the Confederation they will quietly accept Sir John's allowance of the Jesuits' Bill. If they can't stomach that allowance they may as well face the truth like honest men and acknowledge that they really do not think the Confederation worth preserving. The end can be nothing else than the destruction of the Confederation."

It claimed that no man who was not prepared to go that far could consistently call for Federal opposition to Quebec's will in the matter. It went so far even as to say that the man who would do so, "was foolish, if honest, and a dangerous

knave if insincere." It kept to this line up to its issue of the 13th.

It was therefore with some disgust that the public read in its issue of the 16th, that, on the strength of an article which had appeared in a law journal, it had suddenly become convinced of the unconstitutionality of the Act, and that it now urged "with the utmost emphasis," that the Jesuits Estates Act should be disallowed. "It must be," it said, "the duty of the Governor-General-in-Council to nullify the Jesuits Estates Act and it must equally be the duty of representatives of the people to make a straight demand upon the Governor-General-in-Council for the performance of that duty." It is, therefore, not strange that the *Globe* has earned for itself public contempt by its conduct; nor that a very pretty quarrel is in progress between that paper and the leaders of the party which it has purported to serve.

The *Globe's* present position, so far as one may hope to understand it, appears to be that the Jesuits Estates Act is at once *ultra vires* and *intra vires*; *intra vires*, in that the subject of the Act is one of Provincial competence; *ultra vires* in that it recognizes the right of the Pope to determine the disposition of the money granted by the Act in compensation for the confiscated estates. This attitude, to say the least, is a very peculiar one, and Catholics can afford to watch the upshot with interest. The politician, or party, that follows its lead in this instance, we venture to think will not stand to win in the issue. The right of the Quebec Legislature to disburse this money to the Jesuits for the purpose of education cannot be disputed, nor does the *Globe* attempt to dispute it. For it is certain that if the legislative acts of one province can, under our constitution, be assailed by the people of another province, the consequence must be the disruption of Confederation. And this is admitted. "It would be intolerable," says the *Montreal Gazette*, "under our system of Government, that the majority in one or more provinces should be allowed to impose its will in religious matters, and matters of purely provincial concern, upon the majority in another Province. The wisdom of the legislation in respect of the Jesuits' Estates, must be determined and pronounced upon by the people of Quebec and not by those of Ontario. Such a crusade as has been organized against that legislation can have but one inevitable consequence, namely, that of arraying in solid phalanx the entire Roman Catholic body of Canada in support of the Jesuit body, and in firm opposition to the attempt to subject the legislation of Quebec to the will of the Protestant provinces of the Dominion."

That, to all serious men, must be the pith and the principle of the question. In the meantime we venture to think that the anticipated discussion in Parliament, from which the *Globe* and *Maie* hope so much, will prove an inglorious frizzle, and that the discussion, as we have before said, will not reach a division.

THE CATHOLIC CHURCH IN SCOTLAND.

HISTORY OF ST. MARGARET'S CONVENT, EDINBURGH.*

We have had much pleasure in welcoming this handsome volume from across the Atlantic, from that land which has always been looked upon as the stronghold of the Presbyterian heresy and the dire enemy of everything Catholic. Scotland was indeed long alienated from her true mother the Church, but ever amidst her trials and faithlessness she retained some few faithful children in her bosom, and the prayers of these good souls has at length borne fruit in the shape of a most wonderful revival of Catholicism and the re-establishment of a Catholic Hierarchy in her midst.

The volume before us is extremely well written and is got up in a superior style. Much contained in it is of purely local interest, but even though this be the case the narrative does not flag nor become tiresome. Every Scotch heart must warm to the recital of how this first religious house since the so-called Reformation took root so firmly that within the succeeding fifty years eighteen other houses of religious men and women were to be found within the bounds of that Scotland which had given birth to John Knox and had also been the scene of so much bitter persecution.

To the general Catholic there is much of deepest import contained in these pages, and, we may say, there is much of encouragement to the Canadian Catholics of the present day. In many parts of Canada our religion and institutions are being villified and misrepresented most unsparingly but we have not yet suffered anything to be compared with what the small faithful remnant in Scotland had to undergo for nearly 300 years. Patience, virtuous endurance, judicious action, and most of all, prayer, have done their work and a change has come over the land of the Bruce and the Stuart. The blood of martyrs has cried to Heaven and has fertilized the soil it sprinkled. The Catholic Church has lifted her graceful head anew; she has laid aside the veil wherewith she had been covered, and which had hidden her tears, and now she smiles encouragingly on her beloved Scotmen. She is now again a reigning power; she is once more recognized as the Bride of Christ by many thousands of loving children, whilst earth and Heaven may rejoice together, for she that was nearly lost has been found, and Scotland is now once more a land where the Catholic ritual is becoming wider and wider known, where the consolations of religion are no longer inaccessible to the humblest child of the Church, and where a Hierarchy is watching over the dearest interests of souls. All Catholic minorities may take fresh comfort by studying the account given in this work of the utter destruction which the Reformation worked to everything Catholic in Scotland, a destruction which can scarcely ever arrive to our Canadian institutions, since times have altered and the capabilities of evil among our enemies are kept in check by public opinion and other causes which we will not here discuss. How the faithful few kept alive their faith amid the general ruin is a marvel, almost a miracle, and we favoured children of the Church can only realize how faithful those few were by consulting the history and chronicles of those times, specially the private chronicles of certain families. If ever the history of the "faithful few" should be written we shall peruse a record of heroic deeds done for souls' sakes which will put to shame all half-hearted Catholicity and teach us the true and inestimable value of our own privileges, and our own "freedom to worship God."

The late saintly Bishop Gillis, Vicar Apostolic of the Eastern District of Scotland, was so impressed with the powers for good of religious orders that he left nothing undone to carry out his designs of establishing them in his diocese as soon as ever circumstances permitted. We will here note that the Bishop was a native of Montreal and an old pupil of the Sulpicians in that city and that many of his fellow-students bore names familiar to us in Canada because well known in their after life. For a detailed account of the edifying life of Bishop Gillis we refer our readers to the book itself as we must hasten on.

We are told by our author that "the founding of St. Margaret's Convent meant something more than is implied in the founding of a convent at the present day," and also that the founder had "to face obstacles laid in his way by Catholics as well as Protestants; the timidity of the former being at times as great a hindrance as the bigotry of the latter; but feeling that his inspiration to undertake the great work came from God Himself, he trusted in God's power to provide all that was necessary to its fulfillment." During a retreat which the young priest, as he then was, made in the Monastery of La Trappe in France he became acquainted with Monsigneur Soyer, Bishop of Lucon, who in turn presented him to the Rev. Louis Marie Baudouin (now declared Venerable by the Church), a holy priest who had done much to repair the evil wrought by the storm of infidel fury in France. Among other institutions Abbe Baudouin had founded a congregation of religious women, called Ursulines of Jesus, devoted chiefly to the instruction of youth. The name of Ursulines of Jesus was given to this Congregation on account of the French government of those days (after the Revolution) not sanctioning any religious Order but that of the Ursulines. This Congregation, therefore, applied for official approbation under the name of "Ursulines of Jesus."

On Father Gillis becoming acquainted with the rules, &c., of this order, he was so impressed in its favour that he "determined to solicit the consent of his own ecclesiastical superior to establish one of its houses in Edinburgh." He obtained the desired permission but the difficulties to be overcome before he could expect to behold the fruition of his hopes would have impeded a less zealous and devoted priest from pursuing his design. The law of the land forbade the existence of religious houses in Scotland.

"He was himself but a young priest without influence, experience or worldly means. He knew the timidity of Catholics and how even they would oppose the introduction of monks and nuns as being unpracticable. But he felt that when the time came for the work to be done, God would Himself prepare the way and send the means."

To provide the funds for the undertaking he started on a collecting tour through France, Spain and Italy and returned home with a considerable sum wherewith to begin his work.

Money was not, however, the only thing necessary for founding the contemplated convent. A suitable building had to be obtained and most of all he had to find religious ladies with special and appropriate vocations, who could speak the language of the country. It is a very different thing to enter the novitiate of a well-ordered convent and to found a new order in a country so thoroughly Protestant as Scotland. However, that God who had inspired Father Gillis with the idea of founding a convent, now raised up efficient spiritual helpmeets in his work. From the very first, material and pecuniary help had been bestowed by benefactors of the work, and now Father Gillis found two admirable ladies whose heart's desire was to give their lives to working for God in this convent about to be founded in their own land. Both of these ladies were eminently adapted for the task they were undertaking, and the history of the conversion of Miss Trail (Sister Agnes Xavier) from Presbyterianism to Catholicity is one of the most interesting parts of this interesting book.

It was Dec. 26, 1834, that the little community took possession of its long desired home, and on St. Margaret's Day, June 16th, 1835, the chapel was opened and the religious habit given to the numerous postulants who had anxiously looked forward to their admission to the religious state. St. Margaret's Convent was now an established fact, and of its career from 1835 up to its Golden Jubilee in 1886, we have a most interesting account in the pages before us. Royalty and nobility visited its walls, valuable presents were made, &c., &c., and amid all this the religious ladies of the "Ursulines of Jesus" continued to "do good unto all," and to multiply their endeavours to meet the wants of the growing Catholic community. Conversions from Protestantism and vocations to the religious state were frequent and a wonderful amount of good was worked in every direction, but we must refer our readers to the book itself to learn about all this. We can assure them they will read interesting, well-written pages and that whilst there is much that concerns all Catholics there is also much that more closely concerns Scotch Catholics, to whom many of the names to be met with in this book

*The Revival of Conventual Life in Scotland. History of St. Margaret's Convent, Edinburgh, with a preface by the Most Rev. William Smith, D.D., Archbishop of St. Andrew's and Edinburgh. Published by John Chisholm, Edinburgh and London.

will probably be familiar as household words. Speaking of the Golden Jubilee the author says:

"It was not in any selfish spirit that this festival was kept. It was looked upon as a thank offering to Almighty God for the numberless graces of the last fifty years—graces bestowed not only on the Religious of St. Margaret's Convent, but on the whole country, by the progress of religion, the foundation of the numerous monastic and conventual establishments now existing and the incalculable good done by Religious of both sexes according to their holy institutes. Who can tell what advantage souls have received by the ministry of the Fathers of the Society of Jesus, the Oblates of Mary, the Redemptorists, and others devoted to missionary labours? while the sons and daughters of St. Benedict, in the retirement of their cloisters, implore the blessing of God on the labours of those who toil in the vineyard of the Lord. Since the foundation of St. Margaret's, how many convents have arisen where children are rescued from ignorance and vicious surroundings; where the sick are lovingly tended, where the erring are reclaimed, and where innocence is guarded from even a breath of evil! Surely in all these there is much cause for deep gratitude, and the Sisters of St. Margaret's desired, while celebrating their Jubilee to give expression to the joy which is naturally excited by such retrospect of the past half century."

We heartily wish this book "God speed."

G. M. WARD.

FATHER DRUMMOND IN MONTREAL.

During the past week, the English speaking ladies of Montreal have had an exceptional treat in the Exercises of the Retreat, conducted by the Rev. Lewis Drummond, S.J., of St. Beniface College, Winnipeg. Father Drummond is no stranger in Montreal. He belongs to a family among the best known and most highly connected in the city. His father, the late Judge Drummond, was not only a distinguished member of the Bar, but eminent as an orator. Father Drummond has inherited to the full these oratorical powers. So finished and so intellectual are his discourses, full of quiet power, and of a rare charm, which belong to language, voice, and manner, that one listens with the keenest delight. The Retreat was in all respects a success, and its influence for good will be long felt amongst those whom it reached.

On the Friday evening following the retreat, Father Drummond addressed the men's branch of the League of the Sacred Heart. The lecture, which took place in the Academic Hall of St. Mary's Jesuit College, was largely attended by those outside the Association. The subject was the "Unreasonableness of Unbelief." It was treated in so masterly a manner, that even those most indifferent to the question at stake expressed themselves as delighted. As it is probable that Father Drummond will visit Toronto, all should be informed beforehand of the pleasure in store for them.

A. T. S.

ST. PATRICK'S DAY IN THE CHURCHES.

In all the Catholic churches of the city on Sunday, special services were held in honour of the feast of St. Patrick, the apostle of Ireland. At St. Michael's Cathedral at 9 o'clock Mass the members of the city branches of the Irish Catholic Benevolent Union, the Emerald Beneficial Association, the Knights of St. John, with the Sodalities of St. Michael's and Notre Dame attended to the number of over one thousand. Rev. Father Hand was the celebrant. The sermon was preached by Rev. Father Laurent, who spoke eloquently of St. Patrick's life and works. Nearly 500 members of these societies received Holy Communion. At half past ten o'clock Mass a full choir sang Mercadante's Mass. In the evening, at Vespers, there was a very large attendance. Extra seats were placed along the aisles, and yet many were compelled to stand. During the service the altar was brilliantly illuminated, coloured lights gleaming from a hundred points, while high over all shone a cross, and on each side three large shamrocks, all traced with gas jets. The sermon was preached by Rev. Father Moyna, of Stayner, who delivered a panegyric on St. Patrick. Rev. Father Moyna took for his text 2 Cor., 12: 12: "Yet the signs of my Apostleship have been wrought on you in all patience, in signs and wonders and mighty deeds." The rev. gentleman sketched the life of the Apostle. Every spot, nook, and corner of the sacred Isle of Erin bore testimony to the signs of St. Patrick's Apostleship. That day every son of Erin felt a pardonable pride in being numbered amongst the spiritual children of St. Patrick. He rejoiced in the diffusion of his race, he looked back with mingled feelings

of joy, sadness, and hope upon that little island beyond the sea. St. Patrick was selected by God for the performance of an extraordinary work, and received from God those extraordinary graces and aids that fitted him for its accomplishment.

AT ST. BASIL'S.

Rev. Father Teefy preached on Ireland's Patron Saint, in the morning, in the pulpit of St. Basil's. His text was, "I have chosen you and appointed you that you should go and should bring forth fruit and your fruit should remain." (St. John 15: 16). "To the Irish the world over," said the speaker, "the 17th March is the great central event in the history of the nation. The centuries of our people circle round it. Hundreds of noble figures crowd upon our gaze as the story of Ireland unfolds itself before us—nobler far than the grandest is the great and glorious St. Patrick—whose life has been a model, whose name has been a household word, whose festival fills in every land his children's souls with fondest memories and swells their hearts with brightest hopes. He it is whose goodly deeds have not failed, whose good things continue with his seed, whose posterity are a holy inheritance, whose seed hath stood in the covenants!

"He it was who was sent by God to be the apostle of a nation—he it was who produced the most wonderful fruit in all its vineyard—he it is whose fruit remains to this day the glory and the consolation of the Irish race in whatever land they have established a home. Therefore let the people show forth his wisdom and the church declare his praise."

The reverend father in eloquent language then scanned the history of the great saint, showing how he turned the people from the false worship to the true. "A time came," he continued, "when the brightest jewel in the crown of Erin was the ruby red of her suffering. It is a sad, sad story, and better it is for us to-day, when new hope fills our bosoms and a brighter light breaks across Ireland—better for us in this western land when we wish to harbour no bitter memories, when we wish to live in charity with all mankind, when we wish to render to every man the duties we owe him, and respect every man's rights; and when with dignity and unflinching firmness we claim the same for ourselves and all our co-religionists through the length and breadth of this Dominion—better for us, I say, not to dwell on Erin's sorrow, but to pray and pray unceasingly that she may be as faithful to the teaching of her apostle in the days of her prosperity which now are dawning, as she has been in the days of her adversity."

AT OUR LADY OF LOURDES.

At Our Lady of Lourdes, Sherbourne street, Rev. Father Lawlor sang High Mass and delivered a stirring panegyric on St. Patrick, which was listened to with close attention. Father Lawlor had just returned on Saturday from a three months' trip south, taken for the benefit of his health.

IN MONTREAL.

The religious services on Sunday in St. Patrick's Church, Montreal, were conducted with more than usual pomp and magnificence. The altars were tastefully decorated with lights and flowers, the interior of the church was festooned with drapery of various colours, and the whole presented to the eye an imposing and beautiful spectacle. Under the choir was the scroll "Daniel O'Connell, the liberator of Ireland." The attendance was so large that the officers of St. Patrick's T. A. and B. Society, who acted as ushers, had their hands full in securing seats for those present. The Mass chosen for the occasion was Mercadante's, in three parts, which with orchestral accompaniment, was rendered in true artistic style. Nothing approaching it in effect was ever heard in St. Patrick's. The choruses were forcible and evenly balanced, and were sung throughout with taste and precision. The sermon was preached by Rev. Dr. Kilroy of Stratford, Ont., who took for his text, "God hath chosen the foolish things of the world to confound the wise; and God hath chosen the weak things of the world to confound the things that are mighty; and base things of the world, and things which are despised hath God chosen. Yea, and things which are not to bring to nought things that are." Words, the reverend doctor said, that

applied very specially and strikingly to the work of the saint whose life and labours they were celebrating that day.

After the services in the church, the officers of the St. Patrick's Total Abstinence and Benevolent Society and a large number of its members, met in the large parlour of the presbytery where the Rev. James McCallen, the president of the Society, was presented with an address and a handsome gold-mounted cane. Short addresses were made by Mr. Edward Murphy, and Mr. J. J. Curran, M.P., and Father McCallen acknowledged the presentation in an appropriate reply.

The procession which took place on Monday in honour of St. Patrick was a very large one. From an early hour the shamrock was abroad in the street. The rich and the poor, the priest and the peasant, vied with each other in the honour which one and all hastened to pay to Ireland's beloved Saint. The demonstration was much ahead of those of 1887 and 1888. The crowd gathered on McGill and Craig streets, and swarmed over Victoria Square. Amongst the leading Irishmen who took part in the proceedings of the day were Rev. Father Dowd, Rev. Dr. Kilroy, Mr. Edward Murphy, Ald. Kennedy, Mr. M. J. Quinn, C. J. Doherty, Q.C., and many others.

His Grace Archbishop Fabre was present at the celebration of High Mass at St. Patrick's. After the Mass was over an address was presented to Mgr. Fabre, to which His Grace made a suitable reply.

IN OTTAWA.

In Ottawa on Sunday shamrocks were to be seen everywhere and the national colours were by no means confined to the sterner sex. Young ladies and old ladies alike wore the immortal green. The chief feature of the day's celebration was the service in St. Patrick's Church, where the Rev. Father Maguire, of Quebec, preached. St. Patrick's was jammed to the doors. Everybody wore a sprig of shamrock; and every seat was occupied. The services were of an unusually impressive character. The church was handsomely decorated for the occasion. The Celtic Benefit Association and the Catholic Mutual Benefit Association turned out in a body, the former organization being over two hundred strong.

The service commenced with the blessing of a new statue of St. Patrick, presented to the church by the C. M. B. A. Rev. Vicar-General Routhier officiated.

Father Maguire took for the text of his sermon the words: "I will deliver thee, because thou hast put thy trust in me." He commenced by sketching the life of St. Patrick, pointing out the great labours accomplished by the patron saint in converting the Irish to Christianity. St. Patrick, in his first letter to the Pope, wrote: "They are all Christians, all Catholics, and well nigh all saints." The preacher went on to illustrate the fidelity of Irishmen to their creed since the days of St. Patrick. All attempts, he said, to make them abjure their faith proved futile.

PETERBORO'.

St. Patrick's day in Peterboro' was celebrated by three grand services held in the cathedral, which was beautifully decorated. At 8 o'clock mass a choir of 500 children sang hymns appropriate to the feast. At 10.30 His Lordship Bishop Dowling officiated at Pontifical Mass, assisted by Fathers Dube and Cote as deacon and sub-deacon, Father Rudkins acting as assistant priest. In the evening at Vespers the bishop lectured in behalf of the Ladies' Aid Society to procure clothing for the poor. His subject was "Bright Epochs in Irish History." On Monday night Mr. J. J. Curran, M.P., of Montreal, delivered a lecture.

THE DISEASE proceeds silently amid apparent health." That is what Wm. Roberts, M. D., Physician to the Manchester Infirmary and Lunatic Hospital, Professor of Medicine in Owen's College, says in regard to Bright's Disease. Is it necessary to give any further warning? If not, use Warner's Safe Cure before your kidney malady becomes too far advanced.

Correspondence.

To the Editor of the CATHOLIC WEEKLY REVIEW.

SIR,—Will you kindly assist me through your valuable Review to find out the author of the poem "In Memoriam," written after the death of the young Irish poet and patriot, Richard Danton Williams, who died in the Southern States in the year 1862. Was it the poet priest of the South, or was it John Boyle O'Reilly? I read them shortly after the death of Dr. Williams, but mislaid them, and cannot now recall the name of the writer. Also you can inform me where I can obtain the volume of Williams' scattered poems, which lately, I believe, have been collected and published. By so doing you will greatly oblige one who reveres the memory of Williams and the men of '48. Yours etc.,

A SUBSCRIBER.

NOTE.—We hope to be able to answer our correspondent shortly.—Ed. C.W.R.

To the Editor of the CATHOLIC WEEKLY REVIEW.

SIR,—On page 71 in the Review of last week is a very eloquent tribute to the great Order, headed "The Jesuits." After reading it I recollected that many years ago I had read similar language, and on further reflection found it was taken verbatim from the writings of that gifted Irishman who wrote "Reliques of Father Prout." You credit it to the Rev. Dr. Burder, who he was I have no idea. But if you have made no mistake the Rev. Dr. stole a portion of one of the most eloquent of the many tributes to the devoted Order now undergoing such undeserved persecution.

Yours etc.,

Kingston, March 18th, 1889.

M. SULLIVAN.

Senator Sullivan is correct. The extract was handed us for publication, and was printed as we received it. Dr. Burder's book is, we take it, a compilation of other people's writings.—Ed. C.W.R.

IT COST TOO MUCH.

THE SAD EXPERIENCE WHICH BEFELL ONE OF THE ASTORS.

In the early days of the direct tea trade with China, importers were anxious to secure the earliest cargoes of a new crop.

The first cargoe brought the best price and large profits. The successful Captain was always rewarded, so every known aid to navigation was adopted.

The young captain of one of Mr. Astor's clippers bought, on one of his trips, a new chronometer, and with its aid made a quick passage, and arrived first. He put the price of it into the expense account of the trip, but Mr. Astor threw it out, insisting that such an item of expense for new fangled notions could not be allowed.

The Captain thereupon resigned and took service with a rival line.

The next year he reached port long in advance of any competitor, to the great delight and profit of his employers, and the chagrin of Mr. Astor.

Not long after they chanced to meet, and Mr. Astor, inquired: "By the way, Captain, how much did that chronometer cost you?"

"Six hundred dollars," then, with a quizzical glance, he asked:

"And how much has it cost you, Mr. Astor?"

"Sixty thousand dollars."

Men are often unfortunate in the rejection of what they call new fangled notions.

There are sick men who refuse, even when their physicians tell them they cannot help them, to take Warner's Safe Cure, because it is a "new fangled" proprietary medicine. The result is they lose—life and health.

Thousands of other men have been restored to health by it, as the testimonials furnished to the public show. The proprietors have a standing offer of \$5,000 to any one who will show that any testimonial published by them is not, so far as they know, entirely true.

Dr. Andrew Wilson, Fellow of the Royal Society, of Edinburgh, the editor of "Health," London, Eng, says, in his magazine, in answer to an inquiry, "Warner's Safe Cure is of a perfectly safe character, and perfectly reliable."

New fangled notions are sometimes very valuable, and it costs too much to foolishly reject them.

ARCHBISHOP IRELAND ON THE MODERN DRAM-SHOP.

THE SALOON IN POLITICS.

It is unnecessary, I assume, to say that I do not consider as wrong in itself the use of alcoholic drinks. It is evident for the Christian moralist that there are limits within which such use does not conflict with the moral law. Physicians, too, no doubt, will assign limits, however restricted, within which alcoholic drinks do no harm worthy of notice to man's physical frame. The abuse, not the use, is wrong and forbidden. Upon those points there is no room for dispute.

But while I make this statement in favour of alcohol, I am compelled to add that in the whole domain of truth there are few principles demanding from us, in their safe application to practical morals, more cautious attention than the one which allows within due limits of moderation the use of alcoholic liquor.

The line separating in practice the use of alcohol from the abuse is shadowy; the many are unable to perceive it. The territory, too, within the limits of licit use of moderation is narrow. Experience proves that but little drink has been taken, when physical injury begins for the body, and the workings of the mind become confused. With these results the brood of alcoholic evils at once obtain life, acquiring strength as the abuse increases, until the climax is reached, at first in acute, then in chronic drunkenness. It is a perilous error to fancy that the alcoholic plague does not rage throughout all intermediate stages from the first act of immoderation to the moment of absolute drunkenness, though, of course, only in corresponding degrees of virulence. Millions have been murdered soul and body by alcohol, who were never drunk, as the word is commonly understood.

THE INMORATE USE.

Taken beyond the strict limits of moderation alcohol is a poison. The epithet usually applied to beverages which contain it is "intoxicant," that is, poisonous. It poisons body and soul, mind and heart. The poison of poisons is alcohol.

It wrecks the body. The tottering step, the palsied hand, the bleared eye, the hectic flush, or the death-like pallor on the cheek, indicate its secret workings. Nerve and muscle shorn of their power, the blood clogged with impurities, the tippler's body becomes an inviting field for all diseases, and if, as time went by, some one fell disease or another has not overtaken him, alcoholism ends his life, exacting from him, as if to punish his long resistance, the most unnatural torments. The delirium tremens is the final development of the terrible poison which cancer-like has been all the while consuming the habitual drinker of alcohol.

Into man's mind the God-like faculty which raises him so far skyward that no measurement is possible between him and mere animal or material creation, alcohol injects its venom, disturbing and suspending its power of action. It rushes the blood to the brain, the material seat of the mind. There is first a whirl of rapid thought. The drinker mistakes the effect for mental vigour. Fatal delusion! He quaffs another glass; the wheel of thought now spins too rapidly; there is confusion, and soon complete suspension of reason. The image of God is for the time being effaced from the soul; dooms-day's darkening of the sun is as noontide to the heavy shades of night that settle upon it. The drunkard is no longer a rational being.

The mind is the power in man to control his lower appetites. Man in his higher being is made to God's image and likeness; in his animal nature he owns the vilest and most untamed passions, which are ever seeking to break loose and satiate themselves in sin. Reason aided by God's grace can alone repress them. Suspend reason—the barriers are broken down, the pent-up torrent of iniquity is free. Worse yet—and this is the special demoniac feature of alcohol—it pours copious oil upon the burning fires of passions, and turns man into the furious beast. The good within him is silenced, the evil intensified and emboldened. Alcohol is that demon of the Gospel, who, having taken possession of man's heart, sends message to hell for seven other demons, that they, too, may abide with him, and render his conquest the more secure

and the more lasting. Pure lips will, amid the fumes of alcohol, pour forth blasphemy and obscenity; loving hearts put on tiger-like ferocity; mildness lifts the hand in murderous assault; innocence, reverence, honesty, gives place to vice, to fraud, to lawlessness. The demon is the spirit of evil, and the demon is never so fully humanized as when he enters with alcohol into the body of man.

EXTENT OF THE LIQUOR TRAFFIC.

This alcoholic poison floods the land. Distilleries and breweries to produce it, saloons to distribute it for immediate use, surpass in numbers the centres of any other branch of traffic. The whiskey and beer business is the coveted investment for capital and labour. Laws are controlled in the interest of the production and the supply. Alcohol is king. The report of the Commissioner of Internal Revenue for 1881 shows as distilled in the United States during one year, over two and one-third gallons of brandy, gin or whiskey for every man, woman and child, infants included, in the country. The twenty-first annual session of the United States Beer Brewers' Congress held in Chicago in 1882, reported thirteen and one half million barrels of beer manufactured the previous fiscal year, or over eight gallons of beer to every person in the population. In addition to the home supply of distilled and fermented liquors, large quantities of spirits and wines were imported from foreign countries. The custom duties upon imported spirits and wines for the year ending June 30, 1881, amounted to over six million dollars. Nor are we at the end of our count. We have yet the native wines produced in the country, and especially the unlimited quantities of whiskey and beer upon which the government does not collect revenue. The whiskey frauds, we know, are extensive. The Commissioner of Internal Revenue, in his report for 1880, tells us that during the previous period of four years and four months, 4,061 illicit distilleries had been seized, 7,399 persons had been arrested for illicit distilling, and that in suppressing demonstrations of violence against the government officers on the part of illegal distilleries, twenty-six officers had been killed and fifty-seven wounded.

SALOONS AND SALOON-KEEPERS.

Saloon-keepers, the professional distributors of the alcoholic fluid, are posted at all street-corners of cities and villages, hard by all places of public gathering, with glass in hand and honeyed words on lips, coaxing men to buy and drink. I need not describe a saloon. Do not, however, picture to yourselves, in the high regions of the abstract, an ideal saloon. The ideal saloon-keeper, an upright, honourable, conscientious man, will never sell liquor to an habitual drunkard, or to a person who has already been drinking and whom another draught will intoxicate, he will never permit minors, boys or girls, to cross his threshold; he will not suffer around his counter indecent or profane language; he will not violate law and the precious traditions of the country by selling on Sunday; he will never drug his liquor, and will never take from his patrons more than the legitimate market value of the fluid. Upon these conditions being observed, I will not say that liquor-selling is a moral wrong. The ideal saloon-keeper is possible; perhaps, you have met him during your life-time; may be Diogenes, lamp in hand, searching through our American cities would discover him, before wearying marches should have compelled him to abandon the search. I have at present, before my mind, the saloon as it usually now-a-days exhibits itself, away from the light of the sun, or, if it does open its doors to the sidewalk, seeking with painted windows and rows of lattice-work to hide its traffic from public gaze, as if ashamed itself of the nefariousness of its practices. The keeper has one set purpose—to roll in dimes and dollars, heedless whether lives are wrecked and souls damned. The hopeless inebriate and the yet innocent boy receive the glass from his hand. He resorts to tricks and devices to draw customers, to stimulate their appetite for drink. Sunday as on Monday, during night as during day, he is at work to fill his victims with alcohol, and his till with silver and gold. This is his ambition; and I am willing to pay him the compliment that he executes well his double task.

BY THEIR FRUITS YOU SHALL KNOW THEM.

By calculation based on the report of the Commissioner of

Internal Revenue for July 1881 there were at that date in the United States one whiskey saloon to two hundred and ninety-three persons. In the First Revenue District of Illinois, which embraces Cook (including Chicago), Du Page and Lake counties, there was a saloon for every one hundred and thirty of the population.

Dr. William Hargreaves has published a book, "Our Wasted Resources," in which very carefully weighed figures are given in connection with intemperance. He estimates to each retail liquor dealer through the country "four customers who are drunkards," i. e., helpless habitual inebriates. This rate, taking as the basis of our calculation only the retail whiskey saloons, gives us in the United States 722,560 drunkards. Every year, it is computed, 100,000 of these unfortunates roll into dishonoured graves, and from other ranks of the intemperate 100,000 come up to take their places. In Chicago and her suburban territory we would have 19,960 of those drunkards.

We have in the country, as we have seen, one whiskey saloon to 293 persons; in this First District of Illinois, one to 180. Taking from these figures of the population the children who cannot drink, the large number of minors and women who do not drink, the adult males who are abstainers or who patronize only home saloons, we find remaining to each saloon an average of about twenty-five customers. Saloons will subsist only on large sales,—the business would not pay. We must, consequently, calculate that the twenty-five customers of each saloon drink beyond all moderation, and, if they are not "drunkards," we have to rank them as advanced alcoholics. Men who belong to this last class are often those who do the most harm in society, sufficient alcohol being consumed to stir up their savage passions, while reason has not so far departed as to render them incapable of further wrong doing, as they would be if they were more fully overpowered by drink. If to the hopeless drunkards we add advanced alcoholics, our figures should be for the country at large over 4,000,000, and for your own city and suburban territory over 124,000.

REPORTS OF POLICE COURTS.

The reports of police courts help to form an estimate as to the extent of the plague in America. Much drunkenness, we must allow, never becomes public among us, and is never dealt with by the authorities, which, however, is probably even a more fertile source of misery, poverty and degradation than that which comes before the courts. Drunkards, too, in many cities, even when the offence is public, are not arrested by the police, if they are not boisterous in their conduct, or if they are socially respectable. Some cities are particularly lenient in this regard. Still, the arrests reported for drunkenness are alarmingly large. How far more numerous must be the actual cases of drunkenness? A few instances will suffice. In San Francisco in one year the total arrests were 25,669, of which 19,500 were for drunkenness, or for disorderly conduct in connection with drunkenness. In Suffolk County, Massachusetts, which includes the city of Boston, the total number of sentences passed by the courts from September, 1879, to September, 1880, were 16,897; of these 12,221 were for various grades of drunkenness. The arrests in New York for a year were 71,699, of which 48,191 were for intoxication and disorderly conduct. In Philadelphia for 1881, 41,097 arrests were made—for drunkenness 23,094, for drunkenness and disorderly conduct 4,205—altogether for drunkenness, 27,299. In Brooklyn the arrests for 1881 were 28,882, of which 12,971 were for drunkenness, and 1,118 for drunkenness and disorderly conduct. Chicago had in 1881, 31,743 arrests. Of this number only 2,014 are scored as "drunk," and 1,424 as "drunk and disorderly." The number is small apparently. But I am told by one of your officials, the more polite term "disorderly," has in Chicago the meaning elsewhere given to "drunk," and, as a consequence, your arrests, classed as "disorderly," rate sufficiently high—12,533.

FACTS FROM THE DAILY NEWSPAPER.

The newspaper, "the abstract and brief chronicle of the times," by its daily report, now from one point of the country, now from another, reveals also, in a way, the extent and the virulence of this malady of the age. It re-echoes but the

more startling eruptions of the evil—enough to tell how deep it lies and how fatally it works. I read your city papers for the first ten days in January in search of reports of drunkenness. I noticed for Chicago two suicides: one purchases a bottle of whiskey in a State street saloon, goes out and shoots himself; another leaves behind him a paper upon which is written "Whiskey, whiskey." One man, aged sixty, dies under a stairway from cold and whiskey; the corpse of a poor fellow is discovered in the basement of a saloon, death coming, the coroner said, from alcoholism. One drunkard falls and breaks his leg; another is pitched down a stairway and receives serious injury; yet another is precipitated into a basement. Some ten were arrested for drunkenness, or for assaults while drunk; of these, two were man and wife, whose home whiskey had changed into a bedlam; one was a gentlemanly, well dressed man who had arrived in the city from Europe a few days previously; and another was an unfortunate soldier from the plains returning to his home in the East. There were four cases of stabbing in saloons. A miserable fellow goes home drunk, quarrels with his wife, and stabs the kind hearted neighbour who sought to protect the poor woman from the brutal husband. Three cases were of the most aggravated nature: men fired with alcohol sought the lives of your police officers—one received a pistol shot, one was stabbed, and saloon thugs cruelly beat another with bottles and beer glasses.

PERSONAL RIGHTS! CIVIL LIBERTY!

And while all these horrors are taking place we stand by with silent tongues and idle arms; whiskey men hang over their rum-holes the flags of "personal rights" and "civil liberty," and the country rushes in a wild race toward a hopeless abyss of lawlessness and crime! Your papers, for the same period of ten days, re-echoed the doings of alcohol in other parts of the country. At Streator, Illinois, an officer of the law is killed and the murderer blames whiskey. At St. Louis a policeman is stabbed in a saloon; a wife sues for a divorce because the husband is a drunkard. The nephew of a millionaire, the proprietor of the Inman steamships, was found dead in a cell of the police station of Toronto, where he was confined on a charge of habitual drunkenness. In Philadelphia a famed navigator who had escaped from the icebergs of the Arctic, returns home to find, he says, his wife an inebriate. At Louisville a man commits suicide from drink. In a village of Canada a drunken spree occurs in the presence of death; whiskey bottles are flourished around the corpse, whose "wako" the brutes are keeping; the house takes fire and two women are burnt to death. In Milwaukee a drunken policeman must be discharged for the force; in a frontier village of Minnesota there is a whiskey brawl, and murder is committed. At Baltimore a drunkard is found dead in his prison cell. And thus, from East to West, from North to South, the demon alcohol riots over the land, all the other demons of hell forming his retinue, defying law, order, religion; polluting, destroying whatever he touches; reaching out his accursed hand to desecrate all that we hold dear and sacred for this life, or the life to come.

(To be Continued.)

FREDERICK T. ROBERTS, M. D., Physician to the Royal College of Surgeons, University of London, Eng., says: "Loss of appetite, loss of eyesight, dyspeptic symptoms, irregularities of the bowels, are some of the symptoms of advanced kidney disease. Warner's Safe Cure cures these troubles, because it removes the cause, and putting the kidneys in a healthy condition, enables them to expel the poisonous or waste matter from the system. This is why Warner's Safe Cure cures so many symptoms that are called diseases."

Rev. Father Drummond, S.J., an account of whose labours in Montreal will be found elsewhere in this number, left that city on Saturday for Ottawa, where he will conduct a week's mission services at the cathedral of the capital, and another week's work at St. Patrick's church of that city. The rev. father, who is the son of the late and much respected talented Judge Dymunne, of Montreal, had a busy time the *Gazette*, states, on Friday evening after his lecture at the Gesu greeting and being greeted by his friends,

THE ABBE'S FORGIVENESS.

At the door of one of the churches of Paris an old beggar, known by the name of Jacques, came every day to sit on one of the steps and ask for alms.

He seemed a miserable old man and scarcely ever spoke, only bending his head when anything was given him. A gold cross might be seen on his breast partly hidden by his tattered garments.

A young clergyman, Abbe Paulin de—, celebrated Mass regularly at this church, and never omitted, as he entered, to give some small offering to Jacques.

Belonging to a rich and noble family, Monsieur Paulin had consecrated himself to God and spent all his wealth among the poor. Without knowing him Jacques grew to love the young priest.

One day Abbe Paulin missed the old beggar from his accustomed place and as he saw that his absence continued from day to day, he grew uneasy about him, and made inquiries as to where the old man lived; and having learned his address, one morning after Mass, he turned his steps toward the dwelling of old Jacques. He knocked at the door of an attic on the sixth floor. A feeble voice answered within, and he entered.

Jacques was lying stretched upon a miserable bed; his face was as pale as death and his eyes were dull and heavy.

"Ah! it is you, Monsieur l'Abbe," he said to the priest when he saw him. "It is very good of you to come and see a miserable man like me; I do not deserve it."

"What are you talking about my good Jacques?" said the priest. "Do you not know that the priest is the friend of the unfortunate? Besides," he added, smiling, "we are old acquaintances."

"Oh, monsieur, if you know, you would not speak to me like that. No, no; do not speak so kindly; I am a miserable sinner."

"Ah, my poor Jacques, if you have done wrong, repent, confess; God is infinite goodness; He pardons everything to him who repents."

"Oh, He will never pardon me!"

"And why not? Do you not repent?"

"Repent, do I not repent?" cried out Jacques, raising himself from his bed and gazing wildly at the priest. "For thirty years I have been repenting. And yet I am cursed—cursed!"

The good priest tried to comfort and encourage him, but in vain. A terrible mystery was hidden in his heart, and despair prevented the guilty man from confessing his crime. At last conquered by the gentleness and goodness of the abbe, the miserable Jacques decided to confess, and in a broken voice he told the following story:

"I was a steward in a rich and noble family when the revolution of the last century broke out. My master and mistress were goodness itself to me. The count, the countess, their two daughters and their son, I owed everything to them—my position, my education, all the comforts I enjoyed. When the revolution came I betrayed them. They were hidden; I knew where. I denounced them so that I might get their possessions which were promised to me. They were condemned to death—all except the little boy Paulin, who was too young."

A sharp cry came from the lips of the priest, and a cold sweat stood upon his forehead.

"Monsieur l'Abbe," continued the old beggar who did not notice the emotion caused by his words, "Monsieur, it was horrible! I heard them condemned to death. I saw them all placed in a military cart, and I saw their four heads fall beneath the knife. Monster, monster that I am! From that time I have never known peace or rest. I weep. I pray for them. I see them always there before me. See, they are beneath the curtain!"

And speaking thus; Jacques pointed with his trembling hand to the curtain which covered part of the wall.

"And this crucifix which you see over my bed belongs to the count, and this little cross which you see around my neck was the one which the countess always wore. Oh! what crime! what agony! what repentance. Oh Monsieur l'Abbe, have pity on me! Do not repulse me! Pray for the most miserable and most criminal of men!"

The priest was kneeling by the bedside pale as death. For many minutes he remained motionless. Then rising perfectly calm, he made the sign of the cross, and then drawing aside the curtain he saw two pictures.

Old Jacques uttered a cry when he saw them, and threw himself back upon his bed. The priest was weeping.

"Jacques," he said in a trembling voice, "I am come to bring you pardon from God. I will hear your confession," and sitting by the bedside he received old Jacques' confession.

When the dying man had ended, the Abbe Paulin said: "God has just forgiven you, but there is more yet. I, too—I forgive you for the love of Him, for you have killed my father, mother, and my own sister."

An expression of horror passed swiftly over the face of the dying man. He opened his lips, murmured some indistinct words, then fell backward on his bed. The priest approached. The beggar was dead.

B. A. GUNN, M. D., Dean and Professor of Surgery, of the United States Medical College, editor of Medical Tribune, author of "Gunn's New and Improved Hand-book of Hygiene and Domestic Medicine," speaking with reference to Warner's Safe Cure, said over his own signature: "I prescribed it in full doses in both acute and chronic Bright's disease, with the most satisfactory results. . . . I am willing to acknowledge and commend thus frankly the value of Warner's Safe Cure." If you are gradually losing your strength, have extreme pallor of face, puffiness under the eyes, persistent swelling of the joints abdomen and legs, unaccountable sharp pain in the heart, shortness of breath, begin taking Warner's Safe Cure without delay.

CATHOLIC AND LITERARY NOTES.

The Catholics of New York are going to erect a bronze statue in honour of Archbishop Hughes. No man of the past or of the present is more justly entitled to such a memorial than he whose great services to religion and the country are to be thus commemorated.

The American pilgrims to Rome visited on Sunday last, the anniversary of St. Patrick, several churches and shrines in the Eternal City. On Monday they had a special audience with the Holy Father. The following is the address delivered to Pope Leo on behalf of the pilgrims:—

"Most Holy Father, ever since your Holiness, inspired by a happy thought, issued a brief *salvatoris* directing the attention of the faithful to these places that were crimsoned with the precious blood of our Saviour, it has taken deep root in the heart of the American Catholics. Their generosity towards the good work of preserving the holy shrines increased, and an earnest desire has been awakened to worship amidst those hallowed scenes. To satisfy that proud desire we have organized this first pilgrimage, which we hope will be the precursor of many others. The love that fills our hearts towards the Divine Saviour has impelled us to take this long journey, that we may be privileged to visit and venerate the tomb which received the remains of His sacred humanity. Since we profess to be devoted children of Christ's Vicar on earth, we deem it our duty to come to the See of St. Peter, of whom you are the lawful successor, to kneel at your feet and pay our homage, prompted by our love and devotion. At the same time we express our joy for the honour of this reception, but we cannot conceal the sorrow of our hearts at the condition of the times which keeps the common father of the faithful in a state of imprisonment. We shall not cease to raise our fervent prayers that, as an angel sent from heaven freed St. Peter from prison, so God may decree that the Vicar of Christ, St. Peter's successor, shall recover that liberty and those rights which are so necessary for the exercise of the spiritual government of the Papacy, to the glory of our Holy Mother Church, and the welfare of souls entrusted to your care. In the meantime we supplicate your Holiness to comfort us with your apostolic blessing for the success of our pilgrimage."

All the pilgrims are well and Bishop Wigger is improving.

A hole with a self-operating pulling-in attachment would be found serviceable in the office of the London *Times* just at present.—*N.Y. Tribune*.

The Catholic Weekly Review.

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IN CANADA.

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

I am, faithfully yours,

JOHN JOSEPH LYNCH,
Archbishop of Toronto.

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. C. 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. CARBERY, •
Bishop of Hamilton.

TORONTO, SATURDAY, MAR. 23, 1889.

Now fuller and truer the shrou line shows—

Was ever a scene more splendid?

I feel the breath of the Munster breeze,

Thank God that my exile's ended!

Old scenes, old songs, old friends again,

The vale and cot I was born in!

Oh! Ireland, up from heart of hearts

I bid you the top o' the mornin'.

The dinner of the Irish journalists at the Rossin House on Saturday last, the eve of the anniversary of the feast of St. Patrick, was one of the most notable, as it was one of the most pleasurable, incidents in connection with the observance in this city of the national holiday. It drew together a cheerful, and bright, and brilliant company, men perhaps of opposite beliefs, and of opposite politics, but having, all of them, the warm common glow in their hearts, of patriotism, and of pride, and a kindly intention. After the health of the Queen had been honoured, the toast list was taken up, the replies to the principal toasts having been arranged for in the following order: the toast of "Canada Mavourneen," by His Worship Mayor Clarke; "Erin Dheelish," by Mr. Patrick Boyle; "The Irish Everywhere," by Mr. Nicholas Flood Davin, M.P., and the "Irish Press," by Mr. Gerald Fitzgerald. The speeches—that of Mr. Davin especially—were bright, epigrammatic, and spirited. Running through them all was to be detected the spirit of Davis, the conviction that their country was no sand-bank thrown up by some recent caprice of earth, but "an ancient land, honoured in the archives of civilization, traceable into antiquity by its piety, its valour, and its sufferings."

THE GOSPEL IN NEW YORK.

"We haven't any room in our church for people who haven't paid for their seats. Our trouble is not to find places for strangers, but to keep them out. We don't ask them to come, and we don't want them. If they come, they are in the way, and we have hard work to get them out of the way; but we manage to do it nevertheless. We have to watch them, but sometimes they elude us and contrive to find seats somewhere. Then we have to tell them very plainly to get up and go out. And we make them do it."

Such is the candid statement, as published by the New York Sun, of the manner in which the Protestant Episcopal Church of St. Thomas, in New York, is managed, as told by Mr. Benjamin W. Williams to a representative of that journal. Mr. Williams is the "lay manager" of St. Thomas' church,—a more euphemistic term than sexton. The congregation of this church is composed of wealthy persons, and their place of worship, it appears, is run on strictly business principles. In St. Thomas, according to Mr. Williams, there is no antiquated nonsense about preaching the gospel to all men. It is preached only to those who have paid for their ticket—the principle that obtains being the same as is in vogue at the theatres. The management do not include in their arrangements the free admission of strangers; a church, in their judgment, is not a place of hospitality. At any rate St. Thomas is not such a place. It is a close corporation, run on club principles, and in which only the stockholders or members have privileges. We read that, in Mr. Williams' church, outsiders are regarded simply as trespassers, and are summarily ejected as trespassers. The "lay manager," in the conversation he had with the New York Sun's reporter, acknowledged it to be his custom to order unaccredited devotees out of the temple even when they were engaged in prayer to their Maker—for the church was run on business principles.

All this and much more appears in the published conversation. The reporter prodded the lay manager somewhat, but that gentleman did not seem to be concerned, nor indeed to be conscious of any inconsistency in his conduct. "It is a corporation for worshipping," he says, "if you want to look at it that way, and when these people want to come to church they ought to have the place they pay for, no matter what other people think. These rich families don't come more than twenty-seven or twenty-eight Sundays in the year, for they are generally out of town in the country or in Europe half the year, and then there are wet Sundays, and it isn't comfortable to come to church. *But when they do we must have their places reserved.*" "Then the plan of free salvation is not favoured," quietly suggested the reporter. No, sir, not at all. That's all sentiment. It won't work in this age, and it won't do in such a congregation as that of St. Thomas. We don't ask people to come, for we don't want them." Again the reporter queried: "But do you consider that consistent with the idea of Christianity?" "I don't consider the question of Christianity. It's none of my business whether the people that have seats are Christians or pagans. As for the theology of the question, I don't have time to think of that. The minister is hired to look after such matters."

A very admirable division of labour, surely. It is only fair to Mr. Williams, however, to add that he mentioned that there is one corner in the church where strangers may conceal themselves. According to the manager, there is a section in the north wing where the view is cut off, "We let them go in there," he says, "and I suppose if they are devout and sincere it is just as good for them as a better place would be. They can sit there without being too much in sight, and can hear all they want to."

"Where they will not be seen!" It is an admirable arrangement certainly. "It appears to lack," observes the Rochester Democrat, "some of the essentials of that gospel of good will and charity which the Master preached when he trod the soil of Palestine; but then, He didn't know much about running a church on business principles."

How different from all this is the attitude of the Catholic Church to the poor. Her doors are always open to them, her ministers devote themselves to the service of them, it is one of the marks of her Divine character that she keeps watch and ward over them. "The poor," it was the promise of Christ to His Church, "ye shall always have with you." And it is well that it is so; for if these St. Thomas' church practices were to become at all common the masses would speedily be lost to religion.

THE JESUITS.

The Jesuit controversy grows apace. The *Mail*, which for two years past has been painting up the Pope and all Papists in a certain style, is now at work on the Jesuits. The *Mail* has a school of painting all its own. The Papist, or, if the *Mail* demand the distinction, the Papalist, is portrayed in only strong and highly suggestive colours; he must be always red-handed and black visaged, the creature of an ecclesiastical system, malicious, effete, and tyrannical, which makes war a outrage on "modern civilization." It is a fine instance of the Man painting the Lion, instead of the Lion painting the Man.

When Cardinal Newman began, many years ago, his celebrated series of lectures on the position of Catholics, he started out to illustrate the way in which Protestants commonly viewed what was Catholic, why they believed any story, however extravagant, that might be told to the disadvantage of Catholics, and why the latter were so despised and so hated by their own countrymen, by reminding them of the old fable of the Man and the Lion. The Man once invited the Lion to be his guest, and received him with princely hospitality. The Lion had the run of a magnificent palace in which there were a great many things to admire—large saloons, and long corridors, richly furnished and decorated, with a profusion of fine specimens of sculpture and painting, the works of the first masters. The subjects represented were various, but the most prominent of them had an especial interest for the noble animal who stalked by them. It was that of the Lion himself; and as the owner of the mansion led him from one apartment to another he did not fail to direct his attention to these various groups and tableaux, as an indirect homage to the lion tribe.

There was, however, one feature about all of them to which the host, from politeness, was silent; that diverse as were these representations, in one point they all agreed: the man was always victorious and the lion was always overcome. The man had it all his own way. There were works in marble of Samson rending the lion, and young David taking the brute by the beard and choking him. There was the man who ran his arm down the lion's throat, and held him fast by the tongue; and that other who, when carried off in his teeth, contrived to pull a pen-knife from his pocket and lodge it in the monster's heart. Then there was the lion hunt, the brute rolling round in the agonies of death and the conqueror on his horse surveying these from a distance. There was a gladiator getting the best of the same foe in the Roman amphitheatre; there was a lion in a net; a lion in a trap; four lions yoked in harness were drawing the car of an emperor; and elsewhere stood Hercules clad in the

lions' skin and with the club which demolished him. Nor was this all; the lion was not only triumphed over; he was tortured into extravagant forms, as if he were not only the creature, but the creation of man. He became an artistic decoration, and an heraldic emblazonment. The feet of tables fell away into lions' paws, lions' faces grinned on each side of the mantelpiece; and lions' mouths held fast the handles of the doors. There were sphinxes, too, half lion half women; lions' rampant, lions couchant, lions passant, lions and unicorns; there were lions white, black, and red; in short there was no excess of indignity which was thought too great for the lord of the forest, and the king of brutes. After he had gone over the mansion his entertainer asked him what he thought of the splendours it contained; and he in reply did full justice to the riches of its owner and the skill of its decorators; but, he said, "Lions would have fared better, had lions been the artists."

Our readers will see the application. There are two sides to everything; there is a Catholic side to the argument and there is a Protestant. And so it is in the case of the *Mail's* arguments against Catholics. When that paper rails, with a show of pessimistic profundity, against Pope, Council, and Papist; when that journal holds up the Jesuit of fable and fiction to the frightened view of a fearful, but fanatical, public, one is forced to think laconically with the Lion, that Catholics, too, would have fared better had Catholics been the artists.

We venture to think that it is especially true of the Order of Jesuits. It is important that our readers should remember that the ammunition expended against them these days, in this Jesuit matter, is drawn in, for the most part, from Dr. Littledale's article in the *Encyclopædia Britannica*. Dr. Littledale has some little reputation as an anti-Catholic writer; he is the author of a book called "Plain Reasons against Popery," and a man, the unfairness of entrusting to whom the discussion of any grave Catholic subject, has already been referred to in these columns. It would not have suited the *Mail*, nor its correspondents nearly so well to have sought for weapons of attack from any less hostile a source. Let us then see what can be said for these Jesuits by Catholic writers. And since testimonies to the Order could be multiplied without number, we shall confine ourselves to two writers, but two whose names cannot be mentioned without respect, Cardinal Newman and Mr. W. S. Lilly. In one of the Cardinal's famous lectures ("Protestant Views of the Catholic Church") will be found the following passage:—

"If there be any set of men in the whole world who are railed against as the pattern of all that is evil, it is the Jesuit body. It is vain to ask their slanderers what they know of them; did they ever see a Jesuit? can they say whether there are many or few? what do they know of their teaching? 'Oh! it is quite notorious,' they reply; 'you might as well deny the sun in heaven; it is notorious that the Jesuits are a crafty, intriguing, unscrupulous, desperate, murderous, and exceedingly able body of men; a secret society, ever plotting against liberty, and government, and progress, and thought, and the prosperity of England. Nay, it is awful; they disguise themselves in a thousand shapes, as men of fashion, farmers, soldiers, labourers, butchers, and pedlars; they prowl about with handsome stocks, and stylish waistcoats, and gold chains about their persons, or in fustian jackets, as the case may be; and they do not hesitate to shed the blood of anyone whatever, prince or peasant, who stands in their way.' Who can fathom the inanity of such statements?—which are made, and therefore, I suppose, believed, not merely by

the ignorant, but by educated men, who ought to know better, and will have to answer for their false witness. But all this is persisted in; and it is affirmed that they were found to be too bad even for Catholic countries, the governments of which, it seems, in the course of the last century, forcibly obliged the Pope to put them down."

And so the Cardinal conceived that just one good witness, one person who had the means of knowing how things really stand, would be worth a tribe of these pamphleteers, preachers and orators. He therefore turned to a most impartial witness, and a very competent one; one who was born of Catholic parents, was educated a Catholic, lived in a Catholic country, was ordained a Catholic priest, and then, renouncing the Catholic religion, and proceeding to England became the friend and *protege* of the most distinguished Protestant prelates of that day, and the most bitter enemy of the faith which he had once professed—the late Rev. Joseph Blanco White. And this is what he had to say about the Jesuits in Spain, his native country, at the time of their suppression: "The Jesuits till the abolition of that Order, had an almost unrivalled influence over the better classes of Spaniards. They had nearly monopolized the instruction of the Spanish youth, at which they toiled without reward. Wherever, as in France and Italy, literature was in high estimation, the Jesuits spared no trouble to raise among themselves men of eminence in that department. In Spain their chief aim was to provide their houses with popular preachers, and zealous, yet prudent and gentle confessors. Pascal, and the Jansenist party, of which he was the organ, accused them of systematic laxity in their moral doctrines; but the charge, I believe, though plausible in theory, was perfectly groundless in practice. The influence of the Jesuits on Spanish morals, from everything I have learned, was undoubtedly favourable; their kindness attracted the youth from their schools to their Company, and they greatly contributed to the preservation of virtue in that slippery age; both by the ties of affection and the gentle check of example. Their churches were crowded every Sunday with regular attendants who came to confess and to receive the sacrament. Their conduct was correct and their manners refined. They kept up a dignified intercourse with the middling and higher classes, and were always ready to help and instruct the poor. Whatever we may think of the political delinquencies of their leaders, their bitterest enemies have never ventured to charge the Order with moral irregularities." Does this answer, asked His Eminence, to the popular notion of a Jesuit, this testimony of a man who spoke not from hereditary prejudice, but knowledge? Certainly not; and in consequence all statements of the kind are ignored, and the received slanders keep their place in the common stock of Protestant fables.

Mr. Lilly in his work "Chapters in European History," Vol. II., chap. 6, says "the eighteenth century was a period of the deepest servitude and ignominy to the Catholic Church. . . . Never had the influence of the Holy See fallen so low in the European system." France had set the example of assuming State control of the spiritual order, and the other Powers were ready to follow her example. So low had the Pontiff fallen in the world, that the most insignificant of the Italian States thought it a distinction to be embroiled with the Pontifical Government. Among the pottiest potentates "there was none so poor to do him reverence." This supplies the secret as to the suppression of the Society of Jesus. "The great monarchies," says Mr. Lilly, "were able by threats and entreaties to make him appear to the world as their accomplice in an act which gave a deadly wound to his

spiritual power, and which, in its utter lawlessness and wickedness, may be paralleled with the worst deeds of the worst of the pagan Cæsars." Then follows this glowing tribute to the Jesuit Order;—

"The Society of Jesus was the last remaining bulwark of the Holy See. No better illustration of the political condition of Europe, as the eighteenth century wore on, can be found than that which is supplied by the story of its suppression, often, therefore, as the tale has been told, it is worth while to pause here to recall it, and to regard it from this point of view.

More than two centuries had passed away since Ignatius Loyola had founded the institute which he named 'The Society of Jesus,' because, as he told his companions, it was designed 'to fight against heresies and vice under the standard of Christ.' In the impulse by which he was inspired devout Catholics recognize a divine prompting. The most sceptical Protestant will not, at all events, refer it to the stirrings of any low or selfish ambition. It is not possible, nor indeed necessary, for me to trace, even in outline, the career of the mighty Order which had its beginnings in the little church of Montmartre, to relate how the burning zeal and indomitable patience and winning sanctity of the Fathers brought whole nations to Christ in the dim, mysterious East and in the new found world in the West, while reviving the honour of His name among European populations who unworthily bore it. Nor need I inquire into the offences which came as time went on, and the fame of the new apostles spread abroad and they were compelled to dwell in kings' houses—lodging ever perilous to the prophets of God—the great ones of the earth turning to them, not only for spiritual counsels, but sometimes also for secular guidance. I am by no means concerned to reduce to true proportions the accusations made against the Society, far less to justify the policy, upon all occasions, of those who from time to time governed it, or to vindicate the teaching of every moral theologian who has worn its robe. It is enough to state what is indisputable, that the sons of St. Ignatius did a work for a parallel to which, in the history of the Church, we must go back to the earliest ages of Christianity. No obstacles wearied their gentle patience, no dangers shook their calm courage. Enduring, as seeing Him who is invisible, they seemed to account persecution the proper element of their lives, and to be in love with death. Their end, indeed, was wholly supernatural; but in pursuing it they were eminent benefactors to the world in the material order also. Devoting themselves to the training of youth in sound learning and religious education, they numbered in their community the most distinguished representatives not only of theological but of secular science. In their missionary labours they were the pioneers of geographical discovery and material civilization, while founding the only political communities the world has seen in these latter days in which the Gospel of Jesus Christ was simply adopted as the rule of life.

Even their bitterest enemies, the *philosophes* of the last century, praised their Paraguayan settlements as a model for the world, while a historian of our own age—hardly less hostile to them and the religion they diffused—confesses that life there was "like a calm and tranquil sea, which reflected the image of the Creator." Pouring their peaceful hosts from their centre at Rome throughout the whole world they subdued it more effectually than the ancient legions, for the weapons of their warfare were not carnal, but spiritual; their aim not to rule over the body, but to free the souls of

mén. "Quæ regio in terris nostri non plena laboris!" they might well have asked, had it not been incompatible with the spirit of humility which dominated them, that they should think anything of themselves as of themselves. And the verse would have borne a wider as well as a profounder sense upon their lips, than it bore upon the lips of Virgil. Their sound went out into all lands, the sound which had greeted the birth of Him by whose Name they were called, "Gloria in excelsis Deo et in terra Pax," and in every land they triumphed in the might of that name. Churches and shrines were the trophies of their bloodless victory; or if not bloodless, purchased by the blood of their own martyrs; not the din of battle but the music of holy bells, marked their progress; not broken hearts, but healed consciences; not cities plundered, and women ravished, and infants wantonly slain, but well ordered towns and virgins dedicated to God, and little children delivered from oblations to devils, and brought into the family of Jesus and Mary. Such were their labours, of which every region of the earth was full. When the eighteenth century had but half completed its course, we are told the Society numbered 22,787 men, divided into 39 provinces, occupying 24 professed houses, 669 colleges, 61 novitiates, 196 seminaries, 338 presidences, and 223 missions. Into such a mighty tree had the grain of mustard seed grown; a tree whose height reached into the heaven, and the sight thereof to all the earth; and its leaves were for the healing of the nations."

Such is the view formed by a great scholar and a great writer, of the Society of Jesus at the time of its suppression. Of the significance of that suppression, and the means by which it was effected, we have not space this week to speak. At another time we may return, and take up the story so powerfully told by Mr. Lilly, of the true causes which led to this great catastrophe.

From the writings of H. M. the Queen's Physician in Scotland, T. Granger Stewart, M. D., F. R. S. E., on kidney disease, the following statement is taken: "Dropsy in the form of anasarca is almost constantly present in the early stage and during exacerbations of the inflammatory form." Consequently the attention should be turned to the restoration of the kidneys to a healthy condition on the first appearance of any puffiness or swelling about the eye-lids, ankles, or any part of the body. It is not difficult to make a selection of the remedy, for Warner's Safe Cure has long been before the public and given universal satisfaction.

THE HOLY FATHER'S REPLY TO THE QUEBEC BISHOPS.

Reference has already been made in the Review to the important communication relating to the question of the Pope's Temporal Power, forwarded by the Bishops of the ecclesiastical Province of Quebec to His Holiness Pope Leo XIII. The communication which was signed by Cardinal Taschereau, Very Rev. L. D. Marechal, V.G., administrator of the Archdiocese of Montreal; Very Rev. O. G. Routhier, administrator of the Archdiocese of Ottawa; Bishop Lafleche, of Three Rivers; Bishop Racine, of Sherbrooke; Bishop Morcau, of St. Hyacinthe; Bishop Loraine, of Pontiac; Bishop Gravel, of Nicolet, and Bishop Begin, of Chicoutimi, states that the faithful are powerfully affected by the criminal efforts of those who deny the right of the Holy See. The letter concluded:—

"In our name and the name of the clergy, and of the people confided to our care, we protest against the injustices committed by the enemies of the Sovereign Pontiff. They violate the laws of eternal justice, they would the rights of citizens, they repress the rights of the Church by the iniquitous of persecutions, while at the same time they glorify themselves with being the friends of liberty. They grant unrestrained liberty to all errors and to the worst societies, but they oppose

with great fury the Catholic Doctrine, Religious Bodies, and the Holy See. Anyone may say and publish with impunity all that he pleases against the rights of the Holy Roman Church and its beloved pastor, but very heavy penalties are imposed, not only on Catholic laymen and clergymen, but even on the successor of the Prince of Apostles, every time he undertakes to defend or to simply make known the undeniable and divine rights of the Church. We adhere with all our heart to the declarations and protests relative to the temporal domain of the Holy See, which you, our Holy Father, the Sacred College, and the faithful of the whole world have so often made."

THE POPE'S REPLY.

The following communication has been received by Cardinal Taschereau and the bishops, in this address for the restoration of the Pope's Temporal Power:—

"The Apostolic salutation and blessing be unto you. We have received a letter filled with affection and respect for us as well as with zeal and pastoral solicitude, which in concert with the other prelates of the Dioceses of Quebec, Montreal, and Ottawa, you have addressed to us. It is extremely proper, in virtue of the sanctity and the grandeur of your office, to vindicate the liberty and the rights of the Apostolic chair, and to demand an account for the malice of those men who only seek to lessen the dignity of the Sovereign Pontiff, to cover the Catholic religion with scorn, and to turn away its servants from their duty by the fear of penalties. Your letter has caused us the more pleasure because it displays an admirable unity of sentiment and evenness of language and expression with those which we have received on the same subject from the bishops of several other countries. This unanimous agreement affords us no light consolation. It shows us that Divine Power which involves into one body all the parts of the flesh of our Lord, nothing being more secure and more calculated to conquer the audacity and baffle the designs of the enemies of the Church, who desire above all things to create dissensions among the faithful. We hope also that this divine union displayed amongst so many men of great wisdom and great authority will be able to influence the minds of a good number of those who have fled to the camp of the enemy, or who adhere to it by carelessness or wilful ignorance. And let not men neglect to hear your advice and your demands to which we attach very great importance, and to the universal zeal, which is very pleasing to us, which causes us to pray, in unison with your brothers in the Episcopacy, that God the Sovereign Ruler of all things, might render powerless the thoughts of the unbelieving, that He might bring their prospects to naught, and that He might spread abroad among His people the fruits of peace, possessing our souls in patience and in the firm hope that Divine aid will never be wanting to the Church. We address to you our deepest thanks for the devotion that you bear, and we call down upon you the bountiful gifts of heaven, which will make you powerful in the accomplishment of all good. In token of this gratefulness, and as a proof of the value we place on your regard, we bestow upon you our dear son, in the name of the Lord, the Apostolic Benediction, upon the other archbishops and bishops who are joined with you in the letter which we have received, as well as upon the clergy and the faithful who are confided to your care.

"LEO XIII."

The Ottawa correspondent of the *Mail* telegraphed to that journal on Sunday last:—"As the Jesuit discussion draws near, the excitement with regard to it increases. To-day the Jesuit side was emphasized by the presence in the city of several of the Jesuit Fathers. In the evening Father Drummond, one of the leading men in the Order, preached at the Basilica in its defence. The reverend father, who is a son of Judge Drummond, is a man of fine presence and of marked eloquence. He denounced the attacks made upon the Society of Jesus as unwarranted, and pronounced the purpose of the Society as purely religious and educational. The Order, he says, has no such intentions and entertains no such doctrines as those attributed to it."

Cardinal Taschereau celebrated on Tuesday, the 19th inst., the eighteenth anniversary of his Episcopal Consecration.

Events in Ireland

Richard Pigott's death was so terrible that it almost turned the world from his crimes. Of all punishments that could be inflicted on him he measured out to himself the worst—death by his own hand. His self murder, alone among strangers in a foreign land, it is a fearful end to the career of a man that had once the opportunity of doing good to his fellows. He was a coward after all. It was not through compunction at his crimes, but through fear of the consequences that he turned his murderous hand against himself. But let his grave be closed, and let it be our prayer that Ireland may never produce another such as he.—*The Nation*

The Most Noble the Marquis of Clanricarde, is on the war-path once again. On this occasion his evicting lordship has served a notice on Father Coen, P. P., Woodford, ordering him to remove, or have removed, from his estate, all the houses, buildings, and huts recently provided for the dispossessed tenants by Mr. John Dillon and the Editor of the *London Star*. "Not content," says Father Coen, "with driving my poor people from their humble homes and levelling their houses to the ground, Clanricarde now seeks to deprive them of this temporary shelter." Clanricarde's right, however, to ride rough-shod in this manner may be, indeed legally questioned, for, as Father Coen remarks, the lands upon which threatened homesteads are built belong to the parochial church, which the parish priest holds under a lease renewable for ever. Surely Clanricarde's inhumanity is nearing dangerous extremes. The old ogre is not content with expelling his tenants from their homes; his vengeance has pursued them to the bitter end.—*The Nation*

A scandalous occurrence took place in the Catholic Church of SS. Peter and Paul at Clonmel, on Sunday the 3rd inst. The Catholic soldiers of the garrison attend Mass there every Sunday morning, and while the officiating priest, Father Byrne, was reading the Bishop's Lenten Pastoral, in which he strongly condemned the action of the Government towards Ireland, and adjured the people to pray for their country in this time of trouble, Lieutenant Geoghegan, who was in charge of the troops, rose in his seat and ordered his men to leave the building. As they did not immediately obey, he repeated the order twice. Father Byrne, addressing the men from the altar, commanded them to remain in their seats, and all the soldiers except two sergeants, who followed Lieutenant Geoghegan out of the church, obeyed the priest, and stayed where they were until Mass was over. Outside the chapel Lieutenant Geoghegan was grained and hooted by a crowd of people; and later, when the soldiers left and marched for their barracks, they were accompanied by a crowd, who cheered them heartily for the course they had adopted. Father Phelan, of Clonmel, on Monday telegraphed:—"I have just seen Colonel Parnell, the officer in command here. He will hold a court of inquiry into the unseemly conduct of his subaltern in the church yesterday. Much indignation prevails in the town."

The *New York Herald's* London correspondent, "A Member of Parliament," telegraphed on Sunday as follows about the great Liberal victory in Kennington:—

None of the Gladstonian leaders had taken the trouble to come down, but they of course got the news at home, and it must have helped to cheer Mr. Gladstone, who has looked rather low and unwell all the week. A fine tonic to him will this election be. Home Rulers have a perfect right to rejoice over their victory, for it is undoubtedly a severe blow to the Government. It will cause Conservative London members to shake in their shoes. Enormous exertions were made to secure the success of the Ministerial candidate. The whole art and science of electioneering were exhausted in his favour. Primrose dames knocked at every door. Their gorgeous equipages swept through the streets. From every platform electors were invited to vote for the Conservative candidate on the ground that he was related to Lord Salisbury, and Mr. Balfour, perhaps, was not quite wise to stake so much on the contest. A personal appeal of this kind was rather narrow. This strange battleground was, however, deliberately

chosen, and it is absurd for anyone to deny that the defeat of the Ministerial force is a political event of the very first magnitude. It will give to the Gladstonians a new energy in fighting for the third vacancy to which I referred last week, and it is likely they will succeed in filling that also. So I am assured by people on the spot.

What are we to conclude from this? That the tide is turning in favour of Mr. Gladstone's Home Rule scheme or that the ministry is losing popularity? It may be that there is a little leaven of both at work. People are getting to believe that Mr. Gladstone would, if he had another chance, bring in a different sort of bill, free from objections. It has made them at last think that something must be done for Ireland more than has been done. Conservatives have made up their minds not to do anything this session at any rate. On that account, to a great extent, those Liberals who abstained from voting at the last election are returning to their old allegiance. Prominent dissentient Liberals remain where they were, but the absentees are coming back and voting straight. That is the meaning of the Kennington election, and it is by far the most important political phenomenon of the hour.

THE LOST ATLANTIS.

For many centuries there has been a tradition of a long lost island called Atlantis.

The Greek geographers located it in the Atlantic Ocean, west of the northwest part of Africa and the Pillars of Hercules. The sea-kings of Atlantis are said to have invaded Europe and Africa, and to have been defeated by the Athenians.

All the legends agree that it was a vast island, of inexhaustible resources, and inhabited by a race of superior people. For ages this island has existed only in legendary lore. But now, when the light of modern research is turned full upon the investigation, behold the lost Atlantis at our very doors.

So the bigoted medical fraternity goes groping about in the dark. If they would investigate, they would behold the lost Atlantis at their very door. They experiment and dote with their injurious drugs, and with no person or laws to hold them accountable, they continue their bigoted, unjustified practice, staring into vacancy, imagining that they see in themselves an Esculapius.

Wrapped in ancient bigotry, they denounce any new idea advanced by a layman or an opposition school as a fraud.

Why?

Because humanity will not be benefited? Not at all, but because their specialism did not make the discovery.

Yet they concede that there is no remedy known to their materia medica that will cure an advanced kidney malady and the diseases arising therefrom—although many of them know from crowning proof that Warner's Safe Cure will—but unscrupulously treat symptoms and call them a disease, when in reality they know they are but symptoms.

A few of the more honest physicians admit that Warner's Safe Cure is a valuable remedy, and a great blessing to mankind, but say, in so many words, when asked why they do not prescribe it, that they cannot, according to their code.

The late eminent physician and writer, Dr. J. G. Holland, published in "*Scribner's Monthly*," and showed his opinion of such bigotry, and no doubt was satisfied that Atlantis might possibly be discovered in a proprietary medicine, when he wrote editorially, as follows:

"Nevertheless, it is a fact that many of the best proprietary medicines of the day were more successful than many of the physicians, and most of them, it should be remembered, were first discovered or used in actual medical practice. When, however, any shrewd person, knowing their virtue, and foreseeing their popularity, secures and advertises them, then, in opinion of the bigoted, all virtue went out of them."

Prof. SEMMOLA of the University of Paris, in an article published in the *Gazette Medicale de Paris*, says: "Dryness of the skin, imperfect digestion and transformation of albuminoid food are present at the beginning of chronic Bright's Disease." Warner's Safe Cure removes digestive disorders. Why? Because it enables the kidneys to perform their functions in healthy manner, when both cause and resulting symptoms disappear.

HEADACHE, sickle appetite, failure of eyesight, tube casts in urine, frequent desire to urinate, especially at night, cramps in calf of legs, gradual loss of flesh and dropsical swelling—any one or more of the above disorders are symptoms of advanced kidney disease or Bright's Disease, and Warner's Safe Cure should be freely used according to directions. Dr. Wm. H. Thompson, of the City of New York, says: "More adults are carried off in this country by chronic kidney disease than by any other one malady except consumption. The late Dr. Dio Lewis says, over his own signature, in speaking of Warner's Safe Cure: "If I found myself the victim of a serious kidney trouble, I should use your preparation."

THE JESUIT QUESTION IN OTTAWA.

We invite the attention of our readers to the following interesting letters addressed to the *Ottawa Journal* by Mr. W. L. Scott, Barrister-at-Law of that city, in answer to the statements of the Rev. Mr. Herridge, and of the *Journal* respecting the supposed Jesuit teachings:—

"THE END JUSTIFIES THE MEANS."

EDITOR JOURNAL.—Apropos of the statement by Rev. T. W. Herridge in a recent sermon as to certain supposed "leading tenets of the Jesuits," and of Rev. Father Whelan's offer, it may be of interest to your readers to know that the Jesuit faculty of Canisius College, Buffalo, N.Y., make a standing offer of one thousand dollars to be paid to Bishop Coxe, the Anglican bishop of Western New York, or to anyone else who can sustain the slanderous accusation that the Jesuits teach that "the end justifies the means" by a single reference to the page of even one of the thousands of Jesuit writers. Needless to state, the money remains unclaimed. In Frankfort in 1852 Father Rah widely published the following offer: If any witness could produce a Jesuit author who had uttered the maxim that "The end justifies the means," literally or in equivalent terms, he would pay him a thousand florins (Rheinisch currency). The decision was to rest with the Protestant faculty of the University of Heidelberg, or with the mixed faculty (Protestant and Catholic) of Bonn. This offer he repeated in the Protestant cities of Holle, in 1862, and Bremen in 1863. For more than ten years the challenge remained unaccepted. At last, however, it was taken up by a Protestant theological writer named Maurer, who published a pamphlet in which he claimed that he had proved his point and was entitled to the reward. The faculty of Heidelberg, however, on the case being submitted them, decided that the point was not proved, and refused to allow the claim.

Buchmann, a Protestant writer, calls the maxim in question, "a perversion or distortion of propositions found in Jesuit moralists (Gefingelte Worte, Berlin, 1882). Wauden, another Protestant, repeats the same thing in his "Lexicon of Proverbs (Leipzig, 1880). And a third, Herstlet (quoted by Buchmann), positively affirms that the Jesuits never held or taught such a maxim, and attributes the hold it has on the popular mind to knavish romancers like Eugene Sue.

For the benefit of your non-Catholic readers I might add that there are and can be no "Jesuit tenets," "leading" or otherwise, different or apart from the teachings of the Catholic Church, whose humble and devoted ministers the Jesuits are.

Ottawa, March 2, 1889.

Yours truly,

W. L. Scott.

EDITOR JOURNAL.—When writing to you on Saturday, I had not seen your editorial of Monday last on this subject of my letter. I might add to what I have already said that the text "*Cum finis est licitus, etiam media sunt licita*" which you cite from Busenbaum was the very one relied on by Maurer, and which the Protestant faculty of Heidelberg University decided was incapable of bearing the interpretation which you seek to place on it. The other text "*Cui licitus est finis, concessa etiam sunt media ad finem ordinata*" cannot be found in Busenbaum. The text "*Cui concessus est finis, concessa etiam sunt media ad finem ordinata*" from Layman is not correctly quoted. It should read "*Cui enim concessus est finis, hinc etiam media ad finem concessa est*" (Layman Theol. Mor. Lib. 1 Tract vi. Cap. xv. p. 64 of the Venice edition 1691). This proposition means precisely the same thing and is applied to

precisely the same circumstances as the one from Busenbaum already alluded to, which the Protestant faculty of Heidelberg decided did not mean that "the end justifies the means," or anything like it. The substitution of "*ordinata*" for "*necessaria*" was made, apparently dishonestly, by Doctor Littledale in his article in the *Encyclopedia Britannica*, which appears in the wording of your editorial to have been your source of information. The text as cited by Dr. Littledale is much more capable of bearing an immoral construction than in the form in which it appears in the original text. The text, "*Finis determinat probitatem actus*." The end determines the goodness of the action," supposed to be from Wagemann, is susceptible of a perfectly good and true meaning; but as neither page, chapter nor volume are given, it is impossible to say whether it is correctly quoted or even whether it occurs at all.

Moreover, every Jesuit and every Catholic Theologian who has written on the subject, has laid down, what is the clear and distinct teaching of the Catholic Church, that good ends will not sanctify bad means. To give one example, out of thousands, the very Layman whom you quote as teaching the opposite doctrine, says: "Sixthly, the adjunct of a good end does not help an action that is bad in itself, but lets it remain in its simple and thorough wickedness," "*reliquit simpliciter et undequaque malum*" (Layman Theol. Moral Lib. 1 Tract, 11 Cap. IX p. 29). This is the teaching and the only teaching of the Jesuits, for it is and always has been the teaching of the Catholic Church.

W. L. Scott.

Ottawa, March 4, 1889.

EDITOR JOURNAL.—In an anonymous letter which appeared in your Monday's issue I am challenged to explain certain doctrines said to be found in Busenbaum. A number of alleged quotations are produced, but, as usual, no references are given. The inference in such cases is either that the texts are not correctly quoted or that the writer feared to facilitate a reference to the context in which they occur. Under such circumstances the charges need no answer. Moreover, as I have the courage of my convictions and write over my own signature I do not feel called on to enter into Theological discussions with anonymous correspondents. In writing my other letter I was answering statements made by Rev. W. T. Herridge in the pulpit and by you editorially. Moreover, the true meaning of most of the texts cited by your correspondent is so evident as to make explanation or defence unnecessary. For instance, the "Three things required to constitute mortal sin," to which your correspondent takes exception, correctly set forth the doctrine of English law with regard to crime. The first and third are expressed by the familiar maxims, "*Actus non facit reus nisi mens sit rea*" and "*De minimis non curat lex*." (See Broom's Legal Maxims, 6th English Edition pp. 300 & 138), and the doctrine of the second may be found in any work on English criminal law; for example, in "Harris on Criminal Law," 3rd English Edition, page 12.

Yours truly,

W. L. Scott.

Ottawa, March 14, 1889.

THE "Reference Handbook of Medical Science," speaking of kidney disease, says: "Often symptoms on the part of other organs, palpitation, dyspepsia, difficult breathing, headaches, or weak vision first impel the patient to seek advice." The symptoms mislead both the physician and patient. The only safe method of treatment is a faithful use of Warner's Safe Cure. It not only secures healthy action of the kidneys, but cures the symptoms of disease.

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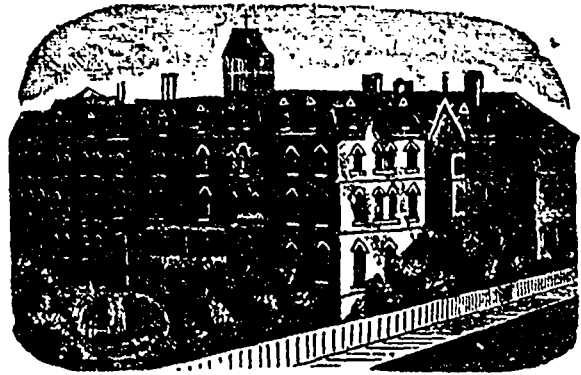
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Intending contractors are requested to bear in mind that tenders will not be considered unless made on the printed forms supplied, and accompanied by a letter stating that the person or persons tendering have carefully examined the locality, have satisfied themselves as to the nature of the materials to be excavated and the foundations for the cofferdam and its probable cost. Tenders must be signed with the actual signature of the tenderer.

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By order, A. GOBELL, Secretary.

Department of Public Works, }
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