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The Catholic Weekly Review.

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

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

Vol. I.

Toronto, Saturday, July 30, 1887.

No. 24.

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EVENTS OF THE WEEK.

The debate in the English House of Commons is being continued on the Land Bill, the provisions for the eviction of tenants being fought clause by clause.

Mgr. Persico, the special representative of the Vatican in Ireland, has sent to the Pope a report of his investigations in that country. He will return to Rome at the beginning of August.

On Monday the Marquis of Londonderry, Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, proclaimed under the Crimes Act all counties except Antrim. Prior to this a meeting of the Privy Council and a conference of resident magistrates were held, at which it was decided to enforce the new law with firmness.

Mgr. Lorrain, Vicar Apostolic of Pontiac, has returned to Montreal after a remarkable voyage to the Indian missions on the Upper Ottawa, Rupert's Land and Upper St. Maurice. His voyage involved a trip of seventeen hundred miles, made mostly by water in bark canoes, and occupied over two months. During his journey the bishop performed thirty-five infant baptisms, five adult baptisms, sixteen marriages, 572 communions and 458 confirmations. The missions covered by Mgr. Lorrain were established in the seventeenth century by Jesuit missionaries, and have for many years been under the charge of the Oblat fathers. Mgr. Lorrain is the first bishop who has visited them.

It is announced that the Pope proposes to divide the old ecclesiastical Province of Quebec, and to erect three provinces instead, with the metropolitan seats at Quebec, Montreal and Ottawa. The suffragan sees to be attached to the new Province of Quebec will be the bishoprics of Three Rivers, Rimouski, Chicoutini and Nicolet. The Apostolic Vicariate of the Gulf of St. Lawrence will also be attached

to Quebec. The archbishopric of Montreal will have as suffragans the Bishops of St. Hyacinthe and Sherbrooke. For the present the new Metropolitan of Ottawa will have only the Apostolic Vicar of Pontiac as a suffragan; but it is intended to create new sees both there and in the archdiocese of Montreal.

Under the advice of Mr. Gladstone the Parnellites have abandoned their intention to move an adjournment for the purpose of challenging the Government with reference to the Irish proclamations. The Opposition does not want to interfere with the progress of the Land bill if the Government continue to shape the clauses in consonance with Home Rule aims. The action of the Irish Executive will be made the subject of a motion of censure by Mr. Morley after the Land bill has been settled, and the debate on this censure motion will be the concluding excitement of the session. The Government propose to abandon the bill providing for the trial of grave offences by a commission of judges. The session will thus be somewhat shortened, and it is now expected to close on August 20.

The *Moniteur* publishes the text of a letter addressed by the Pope to Cardinal Rampolla on June 15, when the latter assumed the functions of Pontifical Secretary of State. In this letter the Pope explains fully the principle which he has followed in the government of the Church. He declares that he took upon himself the mission to reconcile the peoples and the Governments of civilized States. Referring first to Italy, the Pope develops the ideas expounded in the consistory allocution of May 23rd, when he laid down, as a basis of pacification, Italy's acknowledgement of the independence of the Holy See. He reiterates his claims to territorial sovereignty as an indispensable condition of settlement. All other schemes, he says, are unworthy of consideration. Italy herself says the Pope would reap most splendid benefits at home and abroad from a settlement recognizing the Pope's temporal power. Adverting next to Austria, the Pope says that the piety of the Emperor and the devotion of the Imperial family to the Holy See have rendered their mutual relations the best possible, and the wise statesmen enjoying the confidence of the Emperor have promoted religion in Austria and Hungary and establishment of perfect concord. France, the elder daughter of the Church, was menaced by serious evils. The Pope trusted these evils would be dispelled through the observance of the letter and the spirit of the acts solemnly concluded with the Church. Turning to Spain, the Pope says the first need is a union of Catholics in defence of their religion, in devotion to the Holy See, and in reciprocal charity, so that Spain may not be misguided by personal aims. Regarding Prussia, the Pontiff says it is necessary to continue the work of religious peace-making to its full achievement. Great things have been done. The well-disposed mind of the Emperor and the good intentions of his Ministers permit his Holiness to cherish the hope that his effort to ameliorate the condition of the Church will not prove barren. The solicitude felt by the Vatican for Prussia extends equally to the other States of Germany, and these States are now happily seeking the friendliest relations with the Vatican. The Pope concludes with reference to the fostering missions leading back to the Church her separated people.

The Church in Canada.

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

PROTESTANT HISTORIANS ON THE EARLY JESUIT MISSIONS IN CANADA.

THE world has heard a great deal about the Jesuits. Since that eventful night in the year 1534, when Ignatius Loyola gathered around him in the cemetery of Mont-matre those six chosen souls who were to co-operate with him in stemming that fierce tide of heresy and infidelity called "the Reformation," no body of men has occupied so great a share of the world's attention or has been the object of such constant and unrelenting persecution as the religious order known to history as the Society of Jesus. And this is not a subject for wonder or surprise. It bears the name of the Redeemer of mankind; its sole aim and purpose is to preach that Name and to make it known to the uttermost parts of the earth; its highest glory is to share with its great Master, Jesus Christ, the hatred and enmity of the forces of sin and hell and death. What wonder is it, then, that the prayer of its founder has been heard or his prediction fulfilled? "You shall be hated by all men for my name's sake," are the words of Our Lord. "Hypocrite! hypocrite! May I live loaded with this insult; may I die absorbed in this cry, my Saviour and my God, and may my shame be your glory!" was the prayer of St. Ignatius. And how clearly he foresaw the future answer to his prayer, scarcely a page of the world's history from that day to this but proclaims in letters of blood.

But while the Society of Jesus had to bear so great a share of suffering and persecution, it has not lacked the appreciation and admiration of all the best elements in the world. Even those who hate the name of Jesuit most and are most zealous in devising schemes of destruction against the Society, have paused in the midst of their labours to praise the zeal of its members and to admire their courage and fortitude. The Jesuit missions have elicited but one verdict from mankind—"glorious, heroic!" And not least glorious of these were the intrepid missionaries who watered the soil of Canada with their blood. The story is not unknown to the majority of Canadians. It has been often told by skilful hands, and Protestant writers have vied with Catholic in paying the tribute of respect to their self-denying labours. But true as this is, in the heat aroused by the supposed encroachments of the Society in our own day, it is too often forgotten that the Jesuits are the pioneers of this country, and what manner of men they were in the old days, seems to carry no weight in estimating the character of those now living. It seems well, therefore, to bring together in these columns the testimony of a few well-known Protestant historians, to the character and career of those members of the Order who spent themselves for the establishment of a true Christian civilization on this Continent.

Gregg, in his "History of the United States," thus writes of them:

"The creation, the development, and the colonization of New France, its trade, its industry, its exploring expeditions carried further into the interior than either Spaniard or Englishman dreamed of venturing for another century, were the work and the glory of the Jesuits. The Spaniards appeared in the New World as unscrupulous conquerors, merciless extortioners, tyrants, and persecutors; the Dutch chiefly as traders; the English first as pirates and later as settlers, eating the natives out of their hunting-grounds; the French primarily as missionaries and benefactors. The disciples of Loyola devoted themselves, with no after-thought of greed or gain, to Christianize and civilize the Aborigines. They ventured further than the most daring pioneers, enduring hardships from which colonists and conquerors alike recoiled, abode for years in the squalid hovels of the natives, lived and died with and for their converts, and were martyred one after another, not through fanaticism or wanton provocations, but because they would baptize dying infants, in the knowledge that superstition would

hold them guilty of death. All that is bright and pure and glorious in the annals of the infant province, all the noblest chapters in the early history of American colonization, belong to the Order of Jesus; its failures and disasters were brought about by the greed or passion, the ambition or the folly, of the lay associates who controlled the military and civil government."

Not less generous or less eloquent is the testimony of a Canadian writer, Rev. Dr. Withrow. In his "History of Canada" occurs the following passage:

"Nowhere did the Jesuit missionaries exhibit grander moral heroism, or sublimer self-sacrifice; nowhere did they encounter greater sufferings, with more pious fortitude, or meet with a more tragical fate than in the wilderness-missions of New France. They were the pioneers of civilization, the path-finders of empire on this continent. With breviary and crucifix, at the command of the Superior of the Order at Quebec, they wandered all over the vast country stretching from the rocky shores of Nova Scotia to the distant Far West, from the regions around Hudson's Bay to the mouth of the Mississippi River. Paddling all day in their bark canoes; sleeping at night on the naked rock; toiling over rugged portages, or through pathless forests; pinched by hunger, gnawed to the bone by cold, often dependent for subsistence on acorns, the bark of trees, or the bitter moss to which they had given their name*; lodging in Indian wigwams, whose acrid smoke blinded their eyes, and whose obscene riot was unutterably loathsome to every sense; braving peril and persecution, and even death itself, they persevered in their path of self-sacrifice for the glory of God, [*Ad majorem Dei gloriam*, the motto of the Order] the salvation of souls, the advancement of their Order, and the extension of New France. 'Not a cape was turned, not a river was entered,' writes Bancroft, 'but a Jesuit led the way.' . . . The missionaries walked in the shadow of a perpetual peril. Often the tomahawk gleamed above their head, or a deadly ambush lurked for their lives. But beneath the protection of St. Mary and St. Joseph, as they devoutly believed, they walked unhurt. The murderous hand was restrained, the death-winged arrow was turned aside; undismayed by their danger, undeterred by lowering looks and muttered curses, they calmly went on their way of mercy. . . . They shared the privations and discomforts of savages. They endured the torments of filth and vermin, of stifling, acrid smoke, parching the throat and inflaming the eyes till the letters of the breviary seemed written in blood. . . . Yet the hearts of the missionaries quailed not; they were sustained by a lofty enthusiasm that courted danger as a condition of success. The gentle Lalemant prayed that if the blood of the martyrs were the necessary seed of the Church, its effusion should not be wanting. Nor did the mission lack in time that dread baptism."

And Parkman, his "Jesuits in North America," is one long tribute to the members of the Order, the very reading of which brings tears to the eyes. He cannot understand the supernatural character of their ecstasies and visions, and he is unable to appreciate their serene confidence in the protection of the Blessed Virgin and the Saints, whom they constantly invoked, but none the less he recognizes "the earnestness of their faith and the intensity of their zeal." "One great aim," he says, "engrossed their lives. They aimed at the conversion of a continent. From their hovel on the St. Charles they surveyed a field of labour whose vastness might tire the wings of thought itself; a scene repellent and appalling, darkened with omens of peril and woe. 'For the greater glory of God' they would act or wait, dare, suffer or die, yet all in unquestioning subjection to the authority of the Superiors, in whom they recognized the agents of Divine authority itself." And again:

"When we see them toiling on foot from one infected town to another, wading through the sodden snow, under the bare and dripping forests, drenched with incessant rains, till they desried at length through the storm the clustered dwellings of some barbarous hamlet—when we see them entering, one after another, these wretched abodes of misery and darkness, and all for one sole end—the baptism of the sick and dying—we may smile at the futility of the object, but we must needs admire the self-sacrificing zeal with which it was pursued."

Extracts of this kind might be multiplied innumerable, but our space forbids extensive quotation. The interested reader we refer to Parkman's valuable work, a monument of learning and research despite at times its narrow vision. One more extract must here suffice:

"The Jesuits had borne all that the human frame seems capable of bearing. They had escaped as by miracle from torture and

* "Jesuits' Moss"—*tripe de roche*—a coarse, edible lichen which abounds in the northern wastes.

death. Did their zeal flag or their courage fail? A fervour intense and unquenchable urged them on to more distant and more deadly ventures. . . . They burned to do, to suffer, and to die, and now, from out a living martyrdom, they turned their heroic gaze towards an horizon dark with perils yet more appalling, and saw in hope the day when they should bear the cross into the blood-stained dens of the Iroquois."

And Bancroft, whom no one can suspect of partiality towards Catholics, is constrained to admit that "the Jesuits never receded; but as, in a brave army, new troops press forward to fill the places of the fallen, there were never wanting heroism and enterprise in behalf of the cross and French dominion." Their progress over the rivers and through the forest is thus described:

"Swimming, wading, paddling, or bearing the canoe across the portages, with garments torn, with feet mangled, yet with the breviary safely hung round the neck, and vows, as they advanced, to meet death twenty times over, if it were possible, for the honour of St. Joseph—the consecrated envoys made their way from Quebec to the heart of the Canadian wilderness."

H. F. M.

BITS OF TRAVEL.

AN ENGLISH CATHEDRAL.

EXCEPT for its Cathedrals, there is not much to remind a traveller in England that that country was ever Catholic. These Churches are, however, great monuments of that fact. The Churches and people remain, but the priesthood is gone, the altars are disused—deserted. What was built for one purpose and faith is now used for another, and the present occupants are apparently unconscious that what was robbery and spoliation for Henry VIII. and his daughter is not the less robbery and spoliation in their own day. A Bishop with his Canons and Chapters is supported in little places in England by reason of the fact that long ago the Catholics built an edifice there that is still worth raving to see. There is a certain refinement in not only robbing one of his property, but afterwards charging him a fee to see the enjoyment there is in using it. If English Catholics had any indignation for the English people on any question, they might let it escape in this direction. But having been allowed once in three centuries into their forefather's Westminster Abbey without being mobbed, they are not without recognition and consolation. When they all turn back again to the Church these Cathedrals will come in handy. The English people, though slow in some things, can turn their religion faster than most people—faster even than their lively neighbours. They used to go with the Crown: Henry VIII., Catholic, Protestant; Mary, Catholic; Elizabeth, Protestant. They ought to be a religious people, for they take to the religious professions on both sides as a pancake takes the heat. The same Cathedrals answer for the both sides—at least they serve the present occupants very well.

No one would realize this unless he visited some of the English Cathedrals. Go into York and you will find there the main altar in which mass has so often been said, and which is now ready for the Holy Sacrifice—the sanctuary door thrown open—an ominous sign as it seemed to me. Go into Chester, and when you turn aside to dip your finger in the font you will find, not indeed the blessed water, but a cover of triple oak, with massive nails through it, to prevent any water being put in it. Elsewhere you will see the stone cases for the holy vestments, the side altars, and everywhere you will know that things were not always what they are now. Even in the Westminster Abbey you can discern the Church from the curiosity shop modern England has turned it into. They all look like Churches, not like theatres or a gloomy enclosure of sky, like St. Paul's. They can be vivified, resurrected into a Christian temple; a modern Protestant Church is a building that is used for prayers, and can be used for almost anything else. There is nothing but Man in it.

York Minster is the largest cathedral in England, though it hasn't the length of Winchester or the breadth of St.

Paul's or of Lincoln. The Lincoln towers are higher, and, of course, any of the great spires of Salisbury, St. Paul's or Norwich are half as high again as the highest part of the lantern tower of York. But the Minster covers about an acre and a-half of the ground. It has a bell weighing twelve and a-half tons, the second largest in the kingdom, and it has a famous east window which would make half a roof for a moderately large church.

The front of the cathedral is very like the front of the Notre Dame in Montreal. The towers rise in the same way to a height of 196 feet. As you enter here, though it is not the usual entrance, the nave stretches before you for 264 feet to the choir. There is nothing in England like it—nothing in the world except the Grand Dom at Cologne. It is 100 feet high, and nearly double the width of an ordinary street. Then comes what is called the choir in English Cathedrals, a further length of 157 feet. All this is not nearly one-half the church, because there are two aisles fifty feet wide on each side of the nave, two transepts and a great space beyond the choir called the reredos, until you have a width of 221 feet, and a length of 524.

It is difficult to understand these parts of a Gothic church unless one has seen them, but they are simple enough then. Yorkminster, as most Gothic churches, is built in the form of a cross. Where the two lines cross each other in English churches they erect a tower on four or more columns, and this is called the lantern tower, because in former times there was a beacon erected on its summit for the purpose of alarming the surrounding country in time of danger. The short arms of the cross are the transepts; the long arm the nave and its attendant aisles. Standing under the lantern with your back to the nave, you have immediately before you the screen of the choir, and then the choir itself; the reredos, etc., occupying the remaining short arm of the cross. When there is service in York in the morning the beadle or whoever it is, opens the doors of the screen to admit the people, and when they are seated he closes them, and runs a rope around the columns supporting the lantern tower, and no one is admitted in that direction. But if you are late you can get in by one of the transepts, and gain a seat on the other side of the choir. The choir is not a choir at all, as we are accustomed to use the word. In some way a person thinks when you say choir if you don't mean the singers you mean the organ loft. It is not like this, and is not like a sanctuary. It is that part of the church adjoining the lantern, and opposite the nave. The space between several of the pillars or what would be the nave if it were continued, is filled in with the most beautiful and elaborate workmanship up to, perhaps, half the height of the ceiling. On either side, or on two sides as in Ely, the organ is built in; the side towards the reredos is more open. There are stalls facing each other, cushioned seats, and benches for the choristers. There is a large lectern an eagle holding the Bible, and here the officiating clergyman in the dress of an Oxford or Cambridge doctor, came in and performed the service.

It would be impossible to give the reader any idea of the size, the beauty or the marvellous workmanship of this wonderful church. The chapter house, the Lady chapel, the crypt, the vestries and the towers could be written about, but the effect not transferred by mere description. The windows are marvels of art—the statuary, such of it as has been allowed to remain, is only such as a Puritan or Cromwellian would stand. Every niche where a statue of Our Lady stood is now vacant. But there are Bishops and their wives among the monumental rubbish. The traveller who thinks highly of these vanities can wait till he reaches Westminster Abbey.

Before breakfasting at the hotel I went out to see the Minster—crossing under the gates of the walled town founded by Agricola and fortified by Severus, where Constantine is said to have been born and where the first English Parliament was held, now more than 700 years ago. I saw the barbican and the gates where mayhap some traitor's head had been affixed. I—but I pass on and pay a penny to cross the Ouse river by means of an ancient bridge. The three great towers loom up in the

sky, but as one prefers to reach their base by way of the street you pass many turns and suddenly find yourself dumb in the presence of the great church—splendid in its ruins, shabby in its repairs and desecration. The singing, which impresses so many travellers, was the best I heard in England; harmony is at home in a Gothic church, but the simple anthem, the superb organ, the well trained voices did their part; the arches, the columns, the nave and aisles did the remainder. There need be no inferior singing with these accessories. A respectable inhabitant beckoned me into a stall, which I declined in the best pantomime I could. He and half a dozen others with the choristers had the choir to themselves, we thirty-five others and myself, as I learned subsequently, were the morning's quota of visitors. The elect were few, but we were worth three dozen sixpences and not an unwelcome lot of Gentiles from a mere worldly point of view.

When the service was ended and the last sound of the 'Amen' had died out in the farthest arch, the beadle—I must call him that—assumed an air of bustle and business; he shut the screen doors when the elect retired and untied the rope to allow them out. He was attired in a plentitude of gown and had massive keys in his hand. He was a smart old man, used to his work and cared for no man unless a visitor, and treated all these courteously, but quite in the same way. There were two clergymen of the Church of England in the party—one tall, dignified and important—at least an Archdeacon or a Dean, the other a little man in a hurry to catch the 12.15 train to Doncaster. The rest of us were the motley crew of sight-seers—spectacled antiquarians, artists, architects and a lady from Boston with eye-glasses. The beadle—or whoever he was—was not to the iron gates as soon as the man bound for Doncaster, who, we all soon learned, was in a great hurry; while the Dean, on the other hand, was not a man to be hurried—the others, so far as I could see, were in no hurry. The Minster was not to be done as Americans do Westminster Abbey—plenty of time with five minutes. So after gathering his flock around him and being admonished about the 12.15 train once more, the old man with the velvet gown and skull cap unlocked the gates leading to the interesting part of the Church, and stood in the way to collect the fee. There appeared to be thirty-six of us, but in order to have no mistake the fares, or sixpences, were compared with the noses, adding to the delay very materially. In the meantime we were locked in—the Dean and the man for Doncaster, the Athlieman and the Philistines, and one Romanist. Then the beadle, or whoever he was, opened a ponderous book to enter the names, but the little man with the train in view couldn't stand that, so he complained and protested, but the man with the book didn't care a rush for him. In view of the number and the delay, he compromised, however.

"I think," he says, "I won't ask all of you to enter your names. I will take the name of some one for himself and the other thirty-five."

"Yes, yes," says the little clergyman, "we will be late if you don't hurry with it, even in that way."

"I will take your name," said the man in black, without heeding the interruption, and he pointed over to me.

I went over to the book and entered my name "and thirty-five others," giving address, and did it in such a short time that the man for the races (perhaps) at Doncaster could have no cause of complaint.

"Now, ladies and gentlemen," said I, "we are ready. You belong to my party. I hope you will behave yourselves and that we will get through in time to catch the train."

"Sir," said the Dean to the Beadle or whoever he was, and without noticing my speech, "Sir, is it not permitted to a member of the Established Church to enter his name on that book?"

"O no," says the old man, "we haven't time, this gentlemen's name will do, and some of us are in a hurry."

The man who was in a hurry didn't hear this because he was at the far gate trying to unlock that, so we moved on without any trouble in the church.

I took a fancy to the old man and he seemed to be exhibiting the church largely for my benefit. He talked

to me rather than to the others, and it was certain he enjoyed the moments, as if he were deeper in the crypts and nearer to fifteen minutes after twelve. The Dean was at the rear of the party, last to come through gates and doorways—the little man was as far in advance. When we were going towards the cloisters and the Lady Chapel the latter made a vigorous assault on a gate-way to get out, but his attempts were futile, and he was scorned by the old man. We sauntered in the delightful old places and rested for some time in the chapel itself. There is a remarkable echo in it, and without any warning, except to me, which I hadn't time to communicate to the lady from Boston, the old chap gave a terrific yell. I was too much engaged restoring her to notice the Dean, but we retired, the thirty-six of us, at about fourteen minutes after twelve.

There was no race at Doncaster that day equal to the way the little man dashed down Stonegate Street for Lendal Bridge and the railway station. The Dean may be there yet for all I know, but if he knew that my name was taken in place of his he would probably write to the *Times* about it.

D. A. O'S.

IS THERE A PROTESTANT INDEX?

WHAT a tyrannical, stultifying institution is this *Index Expurgatorius*!

Such is the opinion held by many among those classes not recognizing the authority which sanctions it. To them it is a clever device on the part of the Church, which, wanting confidence in the soundness of her tenets, endeavours to suppress every contrary statement. Instead of the watchful mother, kindly warning her children of dangers they are unable to perceive, she becomes the barbarous guardian, who ruins the children's fortunes for her own selfish gratification.

Is it tyranny to prohibit the reading of works which common sense assures us to be most injurious to morals, and the slightest regard for decency causes us to abhor? If the reader, through youth or ignorance, has never heard the contrary of truth, is it tyranny to preserve him from falsehood? Those liberal-minded people who maintain that the young, undisciplined reader should have access to all views and beliefs and doctrines, adopting what he selects from each as most worthy of approval, we should like to ask, "Why do you not turn your children into the slums, or into the bar-rooms, as well as among your chosen associates, that, having become acquainted with the many varieties of character, they may cultivate that one which appears most suitable?" But what we wish to ask is, "Is there a non-Catholic Index?" Not in form, but they manage most effectually that their students shall not read Catholic treatises, likely to engender a scepticism regarding the validity of heretical doctrines. Not having heard of a certain book, one will not likely be possessed of any intense eagerness to read it. Now, we are all aware how familiar a Protestant society is with Catholic literature, and, consequently, how anxious will any member thereof be to study such writings. Even in secular schools and colleges there are many believing themselves masters of certain branches, who have never heard the names of Catholic writers on the subject. What professor of theology in these institutions recommends the works of St. Thomas, although the few who opened the *Summa* have never dared ignore his greatness?

It is probably owing to this state of things that so many Catholic works of high standard are not found in the catalogue of our Public Library; that the library of the Provincial University, containing some twenty-seven thousand volumes, includes only twenty or thirty Catholic works.

It is easily conceivable how, by such passive supervision, an actual prohibition is placed, by Protestants, on the reading of Catholic treatises.

A. H.

The priests of the Congregation of the Most Holy Redeemer, popularly known as the Redemptorist Fathers, have thirty establishments in the United States. They were introduced into the country in 1832 by Archbishop Eccleston, of Baltimore.

“UNE RONDE D'AUTREFOIS.”

Down the street, in days mediæval,
Rode the Knight of dauntless heart,
Full of valour, full of glory,
Clad in deeds of noble part ;
Maidens felt secure in danger,
Children smiled at warlike fate,—
Cot and castle, full of welcome,
Threw wide ope each friendly gate.

By the sword and nightly vigil
He will shield the weak and young ;
Down the aisles replete with story
Let his deeds of fame be sung,—
Not for gold, nor proud promotion
Did each Knight guard love and land,
But thro' honour's bright devotion,
Smote with strong heroic hand.

—THOMAS O'HAGAN.

A CEMETERY.

Far in the sunny south of once Catholic France, there rests a monument of the power of Christianity over strife and bloodshed—a cemetery.

Whilom numbered among the possessions of the famous Grimaldi, Prince of Monaco, the old town of Mentone, with its ancient Saracen fort, had ever been a point through which armies marched when passing along the coast between Italy and France. Even over Turbia, the mountain behind Monaco, there passes the Corniche Road, made by Napoleon on the remains of one dating back to the days of the Romans, extending from Nice to Genoa : it passes through the Mentone below the old fort. Many and many a stormy skirmish must those old foundations have seen ; besides the invasions of pirates on the neighboring orange and olive groves which its proud walls protected.

Mentone was a fishing town, and still, a few of the inhabitants support themselves by the product of the sardine and grey mullet fisheries ; but in those days they had not an inconsiderable business for such a small town.

The pirates of the Mediterranean have always been famous, and the Saracen invasions on the coasts of Europe constituted a constant source of terror to the inhabitants of the northern coasts of the Mediterranean.

Imagine, on a warm, hot day, the sea sparkling in a mirror-like plane of brightest blue and shades of peacock-green ; the sky like azure, and the air hot, yet clear, and scented with the sweetness of the violet, the orange and the almond. Suddenly the town is in commotion, some strange vessels are seen approaching ; those of the peasants who can, withdraw to the castle above or fly into the country ; the pirates force a landing, and while the sun is yet burning high, force their way up to the fort, outside of which a fierce conflict commences : perhaps they make an entrance, sieze the old fort, and massacring all who oppose them, carry off the women, with all the plunder they can lay hold on, and depart in their ships as the sun is nearly ready to dip behind the Tête de Chien, that fine dark rock above the peninsula of Monaco. And here above Mentone there was a fortress, an old, very old fortress built probably near a thousand years ago, and possibly on the foundations of others hundreds of years older ; but now, where once this old tower of war stood, rests a cemetery ; graves of peace lying on the graves of war and bloodshed ; and where once the highest tower overlooked the sea, now Catholic graves and private chapels tell of a death more peaceful and a hope perhaps more secure. It is a lovely resting-place, there are few like it ; four or five terraces, one above the other, covered with graves and cypress, ferns and moss, sheltered corners and high spots from which the view is perfect ; the Mediterranean sparkling blue beneath, and Italy stretching away to the left, while behind us, and on our right rise two hills covered with oranges and lemons, olives and figs, the grape and the pine tree ; and above these the high mountains rising three or four thousand feet above the sea, purple and blue. And then, when we again de-

scend the hill, outside the town, midst terraces, as the sun is setting, from under the grove of knarled olive trees, near us a breath of air comes laden with the scents of sweetest violets, hiding their modest heads away beneath the peaceful olive tree, “ whose strange, fantastic tortured trunks seem forever doing penance for that woeful sight once seen by them in Gethsemane, which turned them grey with horror.”

Perhaps it is somewhat of their beautiful surroundings which prevents the peasants and people of Provence and the South from being lukewarm in the Faith of their fathers, while in other parts of the country the dreaded curse of atheism is doing its work in the busy, toiling and pleasure-seeking towns of France. H. F. G. M.

CATHOLIC FIRST PRINCIPLES.

THIS is what we call an enlightened age ; we are to have large views of things ; everything is to be put on a philosophical basis ; reason is to rule ; the world is to begin again ; a new and transporting set of views is about to be exhibited to the great human family. Well and good ; have them, preach them, enjoy them, but deign to recollect the while, that there have been views in the world before you ; that the world has not been going on up to this day without any principles whatever ; that the Old Religion was based on principles, and that it is not enough to flourish about your “ new lamps,” if you would make us give up our old ones. Catholicism, I say, had its First Principles before you were born ; you say they are false ; very well, prove them to be so ; they are false indeed, if yours are true ; but not false merely because yours are yours. While yours are yours it is self-evident, indeed, to you, that ours are false ; but it is not the common way of carrying business on in the world, to value English goods by French measures, or to pay a debt in paper which was contracted in gold. Catholicism has its First Principles. Overthrow them if you can ; endure them if you cannot. It is not enough to call them effete, because they are old, or antiquated, because they are ancient. It is not enough to look into our churches and cry, “ It is all a form, *because* divine favour cannot depend on external observances ;” or “ It is all a bondage, *because* there is no such thing as sin ;” or “ a blasphemy, *because* the Supreme Being cannot be present in ceremonies ;” or “ a mummerly, *because* prayer cannot move Him ;” or “ a tyranny, *because* vows are unnatural ;” or “ hypocrisy, *because* no rational man can credit it at all.” I say here is endless assumption, unmitigated hypothesis, reckless assertion. Prove your “ because,” “ because,” “ because ;” prove your First Principles, and if you cannot, learn philosophic moderation. Why may not my First Principles contest the prize with yours ?—they have been longer in the world, they have lasted longer, they have done harder work, they have seen rougher service. You sit in your easy chairs, you dogmatize in your lecture-rooms, you wield your pens ; it all looks well on paper ; you write exceedingly well ; there never was an age in which there was better writing, logical, nervous, eloquent and pure—go and carry it all out in the world. Take your First Principles, of which you are so proud, into the crowded streets of our cities, into the formidable classes which make up the bulk of our population ; try to work society by them. You think you can ; I say you cannot—at least you have not as yet ; it is to be seen if you can. “ Let not him that putteth on his armour boast as he who taketh it off.” Do not take it for granted that that is certain which is waiting the test of reason and experiment. Be modest until you are victorious. My principles, which I believe to be eternal, have at least lasted eighteen hundred years ; let yours last as many months. That man can sin, that he has duties, that the Divine Being hears prayers, that He gives His favours through visible ordinances, that He is really present in the midst of them, these principles have been the life of nations ; they have shown they could be carried out ; let any single nation carry out yours, and you will have better claim to speak contemptuously of Catholic rites, of Catholic devotions, of Catholic belief.—*Cardinal Newman.*

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THE CATHOLIC WEEKLY REVIEW will be conducted with the aid of the most competent writers obtainable. In addition to those already mentioned, it gives us great satisfaction to announce that contributions may be looked for from the following:—His Lordship Rt. Rev. Dr. O'MAHONEY, Bishop of Eudocia; W. J. MACDONELL, Knight of the Order of the Most Holy Sepulchre; D. A. O'SULLIVAN, M.A., D.C.L., (Laval); JOHN A. MACCABE, M.A., Principal Normal School, Ottawa; T. J. RICHARDSON, ESQ., Ottawa; Rev. P. J. HAROLD, Niagara; T. O'HAGAN, M.A., late Modern Language Master, Pembroke High School; Rev. Dr. ENEAS McDONELL DAWSON, LL.D., F.R.S.C., Ottawa.

LETTER FROM HIS GRACE THE ARCHBISHOP OF TORONTO.

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

GENTLEMEN,—

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

I am, faithfully yours,

JOHN JOSEPH LYNCH,
Archbishop of Toronto.

TORONTO, SATURDAY, JULY 30, 1887.

Under the guidance of the Archbishop of Dublin, Mgrs. Persico and Gualdi, the eminent ecclesiastics sent from Rome to note the general situation in Ireland, have been enabled to gather abundant evidence of the piety of the people and their munificent liberality in all religious movements. A few Sundays ago Mgr. Persico stood with Archbishop Walsh on the balcony of the Archiepiscopal residence in Rutland Square, past which some temperance societies were being marched. The two prelates imparted their blessing to the crowd, Mgr. Persico, moved apparently by the earnestness of the scene, crying out fervently in English, "God Save Ireland." His words somewhat perturbed Tory circles in Dublin, to whose ears "God Save Ireland" has the sound of sedition.

United Ireland says of its friends, the Orangemen, that their anniversary in this year of grace passed off quietly enough, all things being considered. In Belfast the loyal gentry turned out in imposing force, and appear to have done everything in their power to provoke a big riot. A gang of them set upon a policeman, nearly killing him, for interfering with some of the flower of Orange chivalry who, stimulated by fusel-oil whiskey, were engaged in the pastime of beating a Catholic girl. This was the only serious casualty of the day, unless the case be included of a Mr. Wright, who impersonated King William at Derry. Mr. Wright was about to adorn the ear of his charger with an Orange lily which had been handed him by a sym-

pathizing brother, but in the act of doing so he tumbled ingloriously off his steed, and had to be prosecuted for drunkenness.

The REVIEW has received a mild protest on the subject of the literature, let us call it, with which we were made so familiar during the period devoted to the celebration of the Queen's jubilee. The writer claims truly that the manifestations of divine *afflatus*, as seen through the jubilee poetry, were, "to say the least, very uneven," and that some of the odes, in point of literary merit, rank "little above one of Guitteau's rhapsodies, or the incongruous incantation of a Blackfeet medicine man." Even Lord Tennyson he holds responsible for verse "of grave and doubtful metre," the lines beginning

"Fifty times the rose has flowered and faded,"

being secure from criticism only in the strict botanical point of view. Indeed, the rumour that the laureate is suffering from a severe attack of the gout derives, the correspondent thinks, some added credency from the fact that his muse, at all events, is unmistakably most crippled.

While on the subject of the jubilee, the correspondent combats the claim that the place of the Queen in the economy of English legislation is that of a mere figure-head, although disposed to admit that her present Majesty has ruled as a constitutional sovereign. He quotes Justin McCarthy as saying: "We have got into the habit of thinking, or at least of saying, that the sovereign of a constitutional country only rules through the Ministers. But it would be a great mistake to suppose that the sovereign has no constitutional functions whatever provided by our system of government and that the whole duty of a monarch is to make a figure in certain state pageantry. . . . But the position of the sovereign is not one of meaningless activity. The sovereign has a very distinct and practical office to fulfil in a constitutional country." To be sure, the sovereign has certain constitutional offices, but she rules through her Parliament solely, in which she has no voice and no vote, and over which she possesses no manner of ascendancy. The country, as has already been said in these columns, is ruled wisely or badly as if there were no sovereign.

The *Mail* has given some little prominence in its columns to the difficulty existing between the Indians at Oka and the Seminary of St. Sulpice. It has sought to make out that the Indians are being persecuted, and driven from their settlement most unfairly, as a result partly of the spirit of avarice by which the Seminary, if the *Mail* may be believed, is animated in all its actions; and partly of resentment towards the Indians, some of whom have fallen in with the Protestant proselytizers with which the lower Province is infested. Pending a precise statement of the position of the Seminary in respect to the question, which we hope, before long, to be able to present to our readers, there is yet enough proof at hand that the *Mail*, characteristically, is misrepresenting the issue. A Methodist clergyman of Ottawa, the Rev. Wm. Scott, who took a prominent part in the controversy some four or five years ago, and is somewhat familiar with the matter, has given a statement to the public stoutly supporting the contention of the Seminary. It is his opinion that there can be no final and satisfactory statement of the existing troubles and disputes, except by the removal of the Indians to the reserve provided for them in Muskoka, as between the

Government and the Seminary, and that there is no alternative, though the Indians fight against it as they will. "Their removal," he says, "is a reasonable proposition, is an honourable one, and there is no eviction about it." The proposition of the Seminary that the Indians take \$10 an acre as compensation for their improvements, to which they object that they ought to get \$30 or \$40, Mr. Scott believes to be eminently a fair one. "I should not," he says, "be surprised if they wanted \$100 an acre, but I think \$10 a fair price. The Oka Indians have quite exhausted the soil they have been cultivating, and have done nothing to replenish it, by manure or fertilizers." The Seminary, he holds, is the undoubted owner of the property, its history being interwoven with the whole history of Lower Canada, and the, at one time, and for many years, only settled portion of New France. In 1640 the Island of Montreal belonged to the Compagnie de la Nouvelle France, which company, on the 17th of December in the same year, ceded by deed the island of Montreal in full ownership to the Associes de Montreal (the Hundred Associates). The objects of the Associates were not lucrative, but religious. They contemplated colonization, but their great aim was the conversion of the Indians to the Christian faith. The Company of New France, however, reserving the western end of the island as a precaution against competition in the fur trade, gave to the Associates in compensation a tract of land on the north shore of the St. Lawrence, and forming the Seigniory of St. Sulpice to-day. In 1663 the Associates, having lost some of their chief members, conveyed by deed their title to the island of Montreal and the seigniory of St. Sulpice to the Seminary of St. Sulpice. Fourteen years later, in 1677, this donation of 1653 was confirmed by Louis XIV., who relieved the Seminary of St. Sulpice from the payment of crown dues, as was customary in the case of corporations devoted to charitable purposes, and as a reward for the many sacrifices the Sulpicians had made for the colony. When the period of the conquest came, and there were some doubts as to how the religious establishments of the country would be dealt with under the new *regime*, the Sulpicians of Montreal decided to remain in Canada. The Seminary of St. Sulpice in Paris assigned all its properties in Canada to the members of their society in Montreal, who took the oath of allegiance to the Crown of Great Britain, and became from thence a distinct corporation. The title of the Sulpicians to the property, once or twice questioned, was absolutely set at rest by the Act of 1840, which confirmed them in the possession of the property. That being so, the present controversy hinges only on the question whether the Seminary is bound to look after the temporal wants of the Indians. On this point the Rev. Mr. Scott states he has looked through all the documents having any bearing on the case, including the records of the Department of Indian Affairs, and nowhere could find that the Seminary must attend to the temporal wants of the Indians at Oka, a point situate on the Seigniory. In none of the deeds of ratification referred to was there anything that would at all bear out such a contention. The deed of 1718 authorized the transfer of the Indians of Sault au Recollet to the Lake of Two Mountains (Oka) on consideration that the Sulpicians "bear the whole expense necessary for removing the said mission, and also cause a church and a fort to be built there of stone at their own cost for the security of the Indians;" but here all reference in the deed to the Indians ceases.

In point of fact, as late as 1834 they were treated as wards of the Government, being supplied with provisions by the Crown, although constantly the recipients of aid from the Seminary. The Indians have no proprietary interest in the land at Oka, and are, in legal terms, merely tenants at will. It is sought to show that the Seminary assumed towards these Indians the functions of the Crown, and is under the serious duty of supporting them constantly, to say nothing of straightening them up after an occasional spree, but the question of their removal, we believe, will be found to be dictated by considerations of their own and the general interest; and to be without that religious colouring with which the *Mail* and its *vitriolous* are doing their best to invest it.

Our religion, the school of Materialists in this city are telling us, is the synonym of intolerance. The very word toleration means, properly speaking, the suffering a thing which we judge to be bad. Some kinds of scandals are tolerated, and certain abuses are tolerated, but the idea of toleration is always accompanied by the idea of evil, and supposes misunderstanding or error. One does not say that he tolerates truth. But if by tolerance be meant a disposition of mind, a habit of patience with, and respect for the opinions of others, their good faith and intentions, is it a quality to be found only in men who are not religious? There are men in our midst who not only have no religion, but hate it; they have recourse to raillery, insult and calumny; in that are they thoroughly tolerant? We are led to these remarks because the enmity entertained by such men towards the religious idea is believed to arise either from a bad heart or from their finding in religion a restraint or obstacle to their designs. Certainly they are not in a proper philosophic state of mind. Toleration is demanded quite as much from the irreligious as from the religious man. To the Catholic, toleration is born of the principles of charity and humility. If he point to St. Frances de Sales, will the unbeliever point to Voltaire? The tolerant man, though an unbeliever, will not complain of the comprehensiveness of the Christian idea of charity. But there are two classes of unbelievers, the noisy fellow whom all are familiar with, and the very different man, whom Cardinal Newman so aptly describes in the following passage, in whom we recognize that high ethical character which only a cultivated intellect is able to form apart from religious principles. "If he be an unbeliever, he will be too profound and large-minded to ridicule religion or to act against it. He is too wise to be a dogmatist or fanatic in his infidelity. He respects piety and devotion, he often supports institutions as venerable, beautiful or useful to which he does not assent. He honours the ministers of religion and it contents him to decline its mysteries without assailing or denouncing them. He is a friend of religious toleration, and that not only because his philosophy has taught him to look on all forms of faith with an impartial eye, but also because of the gentleness and effeminacy of feeling which is the attendant on civilization. Not that he may not hold a religion, too, in his own way, even when he is not a Christian. In that case his religion is imagination and sentiment, which is the embodiment of those ideas of the sublime, majestic and beautiful, without which there can be no large philosophy. Sometimes he acknowledges the being of God, sometimes he invests an unknown principle or quality with the attributes of perfection. And this de-

duction of his reason or creation of his fancy he makes the occasion of such excellent thoughts, and the starting point of so varied and systematic a teaching, that he often seems like a disciple of Christianity itself. From the very steadiness and accuracy of his logical powers he is able to see what sentiments are consistent in those who hold any religion at all, and he appears to others to feel and to hold a whole circle of theological truths which exist in his mind no otherwise than as a number of deductions."

CATHOLICS AND CANADIAN LITERATURE.

III.

CATHOLIC PRESSMEN

IN the unbounded latitude allowed their devotees by the various sects, non-Catholic authors and journalists find an elastic licence. When every man is free to judge for himself, according to his lights, formal logic may well be suppressed. There was never yet a theory that did not find a number of unquestioning believers. There was never yet an idiot whose insane mouthing was not accepted as celestial wisdom by the credulous and the gullable.

Under the convenient and comprehensive guise of private inspiration, a non-Catholic writer may perform with perfect security, if he can but write passingly correct English, a number of antics, which in another would meet with stern condemnation, if, indeed, they were not accepted as unerring premonitions of madness. Be their thesis never so absurd, and their conclusion never so illogical, they find in liberty of private judgment a ready excuse for all they can say or even think.

But a Catholic is obliged to express his thoughts in accordance with the inspired teaching of Holy Church. There can be no guerilla free-lancing for him; he must march in the ranks at the word of command, and under the eye of his officer. He has to confine his speculations within the decent bounds prescribed for them by Catholic dogma, more especially when they relate to vital questions of faith and morals.

He must also constantly employ great precaution in treating of so-called "modern science," which is too frequently a synonym for unutterable error concealed under a glossy veneer of verbiage. Those restrictions on the part of the Catholic Church are not only salutary, they are necessary as well. But they are, nevertheless, restrictions, the proper observance of which entails an enormous amount of unremitted attention, as any Catholic press-man can testify. Hence, while the Catholic writer has the same task to perform as the non-Catholic writer, he has few of his aids and none of his exemptions.

Swift somewhere says that mankind is just as fit for flying as for thinking. The doctrine is true in the main. Toil is repugnant to most men, and psychical work is more wearisome than physical. Only a section of mankind think, all the others talk. The thinkers must supply thoughts for the talkers, who expect it from them. The public revels in light literature, but it must have a condiment of thought. Demos likes to take his pill with sugar, a fact which should be more generally known. Catholic pressmen too often mis understand this trait, in consequence of which they lose the public attention. They make thought the viand instead of the flavouring, a method that would be highly relished in a better age. If you would send your thoughts home to the public mind, you must roll each one into a tiny, gilded pellet and drop it into the public ear, where it must be suffered to melt. This is what the brief editorial notes in the modern newspaper mean; they are highly coated pellets of thought.

Authors and editors as a rule, but by no means invariably, belong to the thinking class. People read to absorb their author, and if he does not admit of this, they cast him away like the rind of a squeezed orange. Catholic pressmen do not seem to realize this phase of the public taste. They have not learned the art of gilding truth,

or of so adorning it with the flowers of their fancy that the virtue itself is barely perceptible. Nor do they often indulge in the conventional artifice of making florescent rhetoric do duty for truth and manliness. In fact, they are honest men, with high principles, and, hence, very little understood. They are thus placed at a disadvantage, as their work is not appreciated by the frivolous, that is to say by the mass. All this is bad for their purses, but it is good for their souls.

One might be pardoned for supposing that this loyal fidelity to truth, virtue and religion would endear the Catholic pressman to his co-religionists. They, of all people, should be able to properly appreciate the courage of those writers, and to make due allowances for the disinterested heroism of their cause. But do they? Most certainly they do not. Let us hear less complaints of clever Catholics going over to the enemy, and surrendering to the non-Catholic press the rich talents that should be devoted to our own. The pressmen are not greatly to blame, as they must find means to live. It is the Catholic people who are culpable, for did they but do their duty their press would be wealthy. "If you wish for an honest press," says the great Archbishop M. Hale, "you must give it an honest support." This is a perfect epitome of the whole case.

The objections that Catholics sometimes offer to their newspapers have no foundation in common sense. They say the papers are no good—not worth reading. This would be conclusive were it true, but it is not true. Compare the Catholic newspapers, issue by issue, column for column, with any exterior division of the Canadian ephemeral press, and, we venture to assert, they will not lose in the comparison. A large number of the greatest journalists that Canada has ever produced were and are practical Catholics. The newspaper press of Quebec, intensely Catholic though it be, is a marvel of perfection. With such facts before us, we know what to think of the presumptuous individuals who assert that a Catholic newspaper is no good.

The Catholic papers always mix religion with politics, demurs one. There is too much religion and not enough politics in them, says another. The Catholic press is too Liberal, roars the rabid Conservative. The Catholic press is too Tory, screams the fanatical Liberal. Such criticisms are seldom correct and rarely sincere. One or two professedly Catholic papers there are, which blend politics and religion in such a manner as to render the whole positively repulsive to the average Catholic stomach. Now, our ideal Catholic paper would devote about equal spaces to religion and politics. A Catholic paper should concern itself about the morals of the community. Both religion and politics have a direct bearing on morals; for politics are the morals of the nation. But we would have the one clearly distinguished from the other, and this would be done in such a perfect manner that no stupidity could possibly confound them. An overwhelming majority of our newspapers make such distinctions, and if a couple of them err in this direction their fault after all is not grievous.

We have to seek beyond what has been said in order to account for the apathy with which Catholics treat their newspaper press. The unpardonable crime of the Catholic press, so far as we can judge, consists of the respect which it pays to virtue and modesty. Our papers refuse to degrade their columns by detailing sensation, or to pollute them with the sickening incidents of crime. In this they widely differ from the organs of the sects, or at least the greater number of them. Catholic newspapers and journals are pure, and besides they have exquisite moral sensibilities and lofty moral aspirations. They do not wallow in the mire of the Divorce Court, nor parade with diurnal shamelessness the general annals of prurient living.

Were it otherwise, had our journals been in the habit of making placid comment upon the crimes described in their columns—the chief feature of their editorials, and the excitement of their serial stories depend upon the attractiveness of sin without its shame and sorrow—had our editors shaded an innate licentiousness behind a delicate refinement of allusion, we should, very shortly, have

our press encumbered with support. Could our editors only catch the happy knack of hiding a corporeal brutality under sugary euphemisms of speech, and of describing monstrous doctrines in terms that ripple from the lips in liquid honey, they would, we venture to say, soon grow as rich as Cræsus. Disguise it how we will, the people like newspapers that are not over clean. Sensation, brilliant imagination, and enchanting diction, are what the populace desire, and if those are forthcoming, they blind themselves to the fact that the altar at which their favourite writer serves is that of Venus and pollution.

The poverty of the Catholic press is a source of great weakness. Non-Catholic magazines are gotten up in most elaborate style, and money is fairly lavished upon their production. The letter press is from the pens of the best writers, who are often paid fabulous sums for their contributions. The pictorial illustrations are from the pencils of leading artists, and are quite often master-pieces in their way. It is against first class papers and first class magazines that the struggling and poverty stricken Catholic press is obliged to make headway. It is a new rendering of the old story of the race between the Hare and the Tortoise, only there are no present indications that the Hare intends to sink into slumber before he has reached his goal.

The contest is by no means fair, but Catholics could make it so were their dispositions in unison. There is as much literary and artistic taste and talent among the Catholics as among the sects; indeed they probably excel in artistic taste. The difference in results is caused by the same old lag so often mentioned in this somewhat discursive series. We do not extend that support to our press which is invariably given to the opposing press, and which would enable our publishers to employ first class talents, and give something like adequate recompense to their pressmen for the onerous work they perform.

M. W. CASEY.

SOCIETY OF ST. VINCENT DE PAUL.

A GENERAL meeting of the Society of St. Vincent de Paul was held on Sunday afternoon in St. Vincent's Hall. Among those present were Very Rev. Fr. Laurent, V.G., who occupied the chair, Mr. W. J. Macdonell, President, Mr. J. J. Murphy, Vice-President, and Messrs. M. O'Donnell, W. Burns, Patrick Hynes, P. Curran, M. Burns and Alexander Macdonell, Secretary. The reports of the various conferences for the year ending 30th April were submitted to the meeting and unanimously adopted. During the past year upwards of \$4,000 have been expended in the relief of 1864 persons. It was announced that a conference had been formed in the new French parish of St. Jean Baptiste, Father Lamarche being Spiritual Director and Mr. Felix Jobin, President.

Current Catholic Thought.

CHURCH MUSIC.

THE Holy Sacrifice of the Mass—that aggregation of the poetry of all ages—that cluster of the jewels of worship of all time—ought not, in this age, to be deprived of one gleam of its rightful splendour. We speak in all reverence, but we speak the truth; the vanity of choir-masters and composers—autocrats who make God Himself wait until they have finished their *fiatursi*—have made the most worshipful ceremonies of the Mass a weariness to many.

Why is the attendance at High Mass so small? Because people are impious? Because they do not adore the Sacrament from which all the most august ceremonies of the Church radiate? No. Because they are expected to kneel or sit, while singers, intent only on their own performance, trill and roulade and go through vocal and complex contortions. This sort of thing keeps people away from High Mass on Sunday—or, if they go, they do it as a penance.

"Poor Mozart," writes Father Taunton, "has been badly treated by his friends, who have thus made themselves enemies. They have adapted sacred words to

many of his secular pieces, and have palmed them off as the genuine sacred compositions of the master." Thus "Don Giovanni" has been cut into scraps. And we find the duet which expresses a soubrette's doubts as to the matrimonial intentions of a tenor doing duty as a setting to an *O Salutaris*, and a bit of ballet music tacked to an *Ave Maria*. We do not go to Mass to analyze fugues, but to adore the wonders of God's goodness.—*N. Y. Freeman's Journal*.

THE SIN OF BLASPHEMY.

One of the most astonishing things in the world, when we come to think of it seriously, is that men, and even women, too, God save the mark! calling themselves Christians and Catholics, indulge freely in the frightful habit of cursing God, and oftentimes using the most awfully profane language—language which ought never to be heard outside the hell of the damned. Yet those unfortunate people who use this kind of language too, often delude themselves with the idea that it is an indication of smartness, or gentility, or courage, or independence. Courage? It is the courage of Satan, who knows that he is a lost spirit and therefore is not afraid to curse God to His face. Independence? It is the independence of a puny worm of the dust who dares to raise himself in rebellion against the God who made him. Gentlemanly? It is vulgar. It is utterly beneath the dignity, good sense and refinement of a gentleman. It is abhorrent to the instincts of a gentleman, for a true gentleman is considerate of the feelings of others; but a profane man seems to care neither for God, man or the devil, though certainly he is the devil's servant and is doing the devil's work to the great satisfaction of his Satanic majesty, and oftentimes with a spirit that assimilates him more to the fallen angels than to human beings, much less to Christians.—*Catholic Review, Brooklyn*.

CATHOLIC AND LITERARY NOTES.

Archbishop Ryan reached Halifax on the 25th inst., and will spend some time as the guest of Archbishop O'Brien.

A complete collection of allocutions, briefs, and encyclicals of Pope Leo XIII. will shortly be published, in two volumes.

A thousand new Catholic schools will dot the American landscape before the close of 1887, and 200,000 children will make their abode in them.

Lord Acton contributes two reviews of Canon Creighton's "History of the Papacy" to the forthcoming number of the *English Historical Review*.

Mr. Washburne will shortly publish a new edition of Mr. J. S. Fletcher's poem, "Anima Christi," which is dedicated, by permission, to Cardinal Newman.

Father Riordan, at Castle Garden, says he sometimes has to spend \$19 a day for bread alone for his *protéges*, and any donations for the work are very acceptable.

The Holy Father has desired that in the larger seminaries of America the study of Hebrew be made obligatory, as it was made last year for the Seminary of Maynooth, Ireland.

As the result of the investigation at the Colonial Office, Sir John Pope Hennessy has been reinstated as Governor of the Island of Mauritius, and will return to his duties without delay.

Mr. Thomas O'Hagan, M.A., is at Chautauqua, N.Y., attending lectures on elocution and Shakespeare given by two professors from Johns Hopkins University and the Northwestern University, Illinois.

The Lazarist Fathers are gathering testimony and examining witnesses on the life of Mademoiselle le Gras, with a view to her canonization. She was the foundress, with St. Vincent de Paul, of the Sisters of Charity.

At the General Convention of the Catholic Total Abstinence Union of the United States, to be held in the city of Philadelphia next month, the opening High Mass will be celebrated by Archbishop Ryan, and the sermon will be preached by Bishop Ireland, of St. Paul, "the Father Matthew of the North-West."

Wisconsin has chosen the statue of Father Marquette, S. J., to stand in her national capitol to represent her as her foremost and most representative man. This is the first instance on record of a Jesuit being made a national hero, although there are innumerable instances wherein Wisconsin might be worthily imitated.—*St. Louis Catholic World*.

The Very Rev. Canon Donlevy, preaching at the Cathedral, Edinburgh, recently, on the occasion of the Queen's Jubilee, and contrasting the Church in Scotland at the time of Queen Victoria's accession with the present day, said that in 1836 there were only 62 priests and 24 chapels, while in 1887 there were 228 priests and 330 chapels. There were also now 309 Catholic schools, 39 convents, 3 colleges, 2 Archbishops, and 4 Bishops.

Monday was the anniversary of the battle of Lundy's Lane, the bloodiest battle ever fought on Canadian soil. The *Toronto World* has called attention to the disgraceful condition of the cemetery there. What should be an object of pride to every patriotic Canadian has been suffered to lie in neglect and disorder for years, and unless something is done in the near future, every relic of a great victory of Canadian volunteers will disappear.

It is a wonderful fact, which remains as true in our days as in the early ages of the Church, that the blood of martyrs becomes the seed of new Christians. *Sanguis martyrum, semen Christianorum!* A French missionary, Monsignor Pineau, Vicar-Apostolic of South Tonquin, now writes that two large pagan

villages, Hwa-luat and Dong ai, who were foremost in the persecution last year, and ruthlessly beheaded more than 1,100 of his Christians, are now beseeching him for the grace of holy Baptism.

It is reported that Archbishop C. J. Seghers, of Portland, Ore., who has been travelling on the Yukon River, Alaska, since last September, was shot near Nulato on November 28th last, by an attendant. The statement is that Archbishop Seghers was asleep in a tent when Fuller kicked and awoke him, and told him that "one of us two has to die, you are best prepared," and shot him in the forehead with a rifle. Fuller was brought with the body to St. Michael's. The Most Rev. C. J. Seghers was born in Ghent, Belgium, Dec. 26, 1839. He was educated at the University of Louvain and ordained in June, 1863, at Mechlin. He was first stationed at Victoria, Vancouver's Island; was consecrated Bishop of Vancouver's Island June 20, 1873; was translated as coadjutor to the Archbishop of Oregon City by brief of Dec. 10, 1878, and succeeded on the retirement of Archbishop Blanchet, Dec. 12, 1880. He was transferred to Alaska at his own request in 1884. He left for Alaska last summer to perform missionary work among the Indians, but was allowed by the Papal See to retain his honorary title as Archbishop.

OBITUARY.

We regret to hear of the death of John A. Macdonell, Esq., of Charlottetown, P. E. I., which took place on the 7th inst. The deceased was the son of Alexander Macdonell, an officer in the "Glengarry Fencibles," who came to Canada from Scotland in 1821, and settled near Tracadie, P. E. I., where the subject of this notice was born on July 23rd, 1822. He was also a nephew of Right Rev. Alexander Macdonell, first Bishop of Kingston, Ontario. He was twice married, his second wife being a sister of the late Lieutenant Governor Macdonald of Ontario. Rev. Allan Macdonell, S. J., of New York, is a brother of the deceased. R. I. P.

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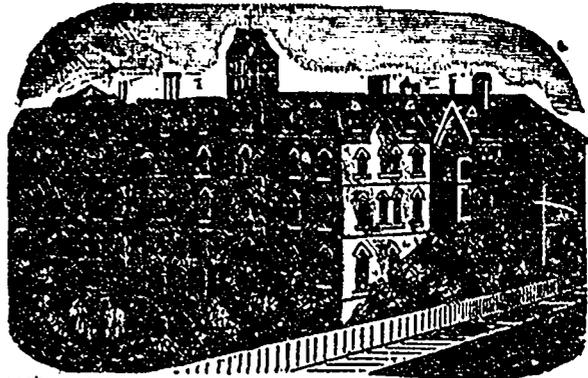
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