

Technical and Bibliographic Notes / Notes techniques et bibliographiques

The Institute has attempted to obtain the best original copy available for filming. Features of this copy which may be bibliographically unique, which may alter any of the images in the reproduction, or which may significantly change the usual method of filming, are checked below.

L'Institut a microfilmé le meilleur exemplaire qu'il lui a été possible de se procurer. Les détails de cet exemplaire qui sont peut-être uniques du point de vue bibliographique, qui peuvent modifier une image reproduite, ou qui peuvent exiger une modification dans la méthode normale de filmage sont indiqués ci-dessous.

Coloured covers/
Couverture de couleur

Coloured pages/
Pages de couleur

Covers damaged/
Couverture endommagée

Pages damaged/
Pages endommagées

Covers restored and/or laminated/
Couverture restaurée et/ou pelliculée

Pages restored and/or laminated/
Pages restaurées et/ou pelliculées

Cover title missing/
Le titre de couverture manqué

Pages discoloured, stained or foxed/
Pages décolorées, tachetées ou piquées

Coloured maps/
Cartes géographiques en couleur

Pages detached/
Pages détachées

Coloured ink (i.e. other than blue or black)/
Encre de couleur (i.e. autre que bleue ou noire)

Showthrough/
Transparence

Coloured plates and/or illustrations/
Planches et/ou illustrations en couleur

Quality of print varies/
Qualité inégale de l'impression

Bound with other material/
Relié avec d'autres documents

Continuous pagination/
Pagination continue

Tight binding may cause shadows or distortion along interior margin/
La reliure serrée peut causer de l'ombre ou de la distorsion le long de la marge intérieure

Includes index(es)/
Comprend un (des) index

Title on header taken from:/
Le titre de l'en-tête provient:

Blank leaves added during restoration may appear within the text. Whenever possible, these have been omitted from filming/
Il se peut que certaines pages blanches ajoutées lors d'une restauration apparaissent dans le texte, mais, lorsque cela était possible, ces pages n'ont pas été filmées.

Title page of issue/
Page de titre de la livraison

Caption of issue/
Titre de départ de la livraison

Masthead/
Générique (périodiques) de la livraison

Additional comments:/
Commentaires supplémentaires:

This item is filmed at the reduction ratio checked below/
Ce document est filmé au taux de réduction indiqué ci-dessous.

10X	12X	14X	16X	18X	20X	22X	24X	26X	28X	30X	32X
<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input checked="" type="checkbox"/>

The Catholic Weekly Review.

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

Reddite que sunt Cesaris, Cesari; et que sunt Dei, Deo.—Matt. 22: 21.

Vol. II.

Toronto, Saturday, April 14, 1888

No. 9.

CONTENTS.

NOTES	101
CONTINUED	
English Letter; Cornwall	J. R. T. 104
Father Louis Della Vigna	H. F. McIntosh 102
Montreal Gossip	Old Mortality 103
Grecian Fiction	M. W. Casey 103
SELECTED ARTICLE—	
The Catholic Press and the Liquor Traffic	Father Foley 108
Mgr. Sculo	Lorraine 97
EDITORIAL—	
Vocations	100
An Estor Contrast	106
Politics in France	107
The Aggressive Attitude in Belgium	107
Some Specimen Accusers	108
The Escaped Nuns	108

NOTES.

"Who can wonder at O'Brien's popularity in England and Ireland?" writes Mr. Labouchere, M. P., in the *N. Y. World*.—"Weak in health and only just out of prison, where cruelly severe regulations almost killed him, he is again in the breach, ready to dare all and suffer all rather than allow men of the Ponsonby stamp to ruin their tenants without a protest. There is no man living for whom I have more sincere admiration."

"If all that Wilfrid Blunt says of Mr. Balfour is true—and certainly the charges are made in plain enough English," says the *Chicago Times*,—"then Mr. Balfour as Secretary for Ireland is the right man in the wrong place. He would seem to be better equipped and qualified for a managerial position in the infernal regions."

Mr. Blunt has written a second letter to the *Times* respecting the evasiveness of Mr. Balfour's references to his statements, and respecting also the contemptuous letter of Mr. Brett, which lately appeared on the subject. As pedants of society, writes Mr. Blunt, Mr. Balfour, and his apologist, Mr. Brett, doubtless share the common drawing-room view of the Irish leaders, that they are not gentlemen, or persons to be treated as equals, or, indeed, for that matter, quite as human beings. "But to me," says Mr. Blunt, "they are equals and friends. We live in an age when the sham battles of Tory and Whig gentlemen are giving way to the realities of a fight for something more than office, and which will be fought without gloves." Mr. Balfour will, when that time comes, take his stand with the Loudon drawing-rooms, as against, Mr. Blunt says, the unpolished democracy, but the mass of the English voters will pay little heed to his social pleadings. "At the worst," concludes Mr. Blunt, "I shall be quiteready, if the present London world condemns me for my action in Ireland, to make a bundle of my social sins, and setting it, like Chris-

tian, on my back, fly from its drawing-rooms as from a city of destruction."

The project for the erection in Mount Royal Park, Montreal, of a colossal statue of the Blessed Virgin is well under way, and a petition on the subject has been presented to the Montreal City Council. The petition bears the signatures of Archbishop Fabre, J. J. Curran, Q. C., M. P., Judges Gill, Globensky, Jette, Matthieu and Lorenger, of the Supreme Court; Recorder de Montigny, Sheriff Chauveau, Messrs. A. A. Thibaudeau, J. B. Rolland, Owen McGarvey, J. H. Wilson, Louis Perrault, Alfred Masson, Edward Murphy, J. B. Durocher, D. and J. Sadlier, and about six hundred names of other leading French Canadian citizens. The grand monument, which will be of bronze of about 200 feet high, and which will cost, it is estimated, between \$75,000 and \$100,000, will become not only one of the most remarkable sights of the city, but a most precious historical souvenir, serving to recall to future generations the first name given to Montreal, Ville Marie, in honour of the first patroness of the city.

The Orange press of this province needless to say are opposed to the project, but its Orange following have nothing to do with the matter. Their veneration, of course, is confined to King William.

The death of the Rev. Father Drumgoole, of New York, the founder of the immense Missions for homeless children, in New York, who died from pneumonia, in that city, on Wednesday of Holy week, is deplored as a national loss. He was the Don Bosco of America. Statistics compiled up to March, 1885, showed that 15,730 children had been cared for by the Mission, 6,264 poor persons had received clothing, and over 7,680 pairs of shoes had been distributed. The Mission in Lafayette St. is a great ten-story building. An army of clerks are employed in the counting room and more than 1300 children are sheltered there and at Mt. Loretto. The work of the charity has grown to such proportions that Father Drumgoole's last scheme was to provide for a labour exchange to enable him to get places for the boys from the Mission.

"Credulous, yet shrewd," says a New York paper, "easily imposed upon, but prudent; strong, yet gentle; homely in manners, yet the truest gentleman at heart, Father Drumgoole was a living evidence of that Omnipotence which uses the pure in heart to accomplish his best designs.

"Father Drumgoole's name is famous. His death will be felt as a loss to the whole country. He was a benefactor to all the land. For through this great heart of the country—the city of New York—flows blood which tinges the national life. Father Drumgoole purified this blood. He changed the vicious child of the street into the self-respecting and neighbour-respecting Christian. He was a national benefactor."

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

FATHER LOUIS DELLA VAGNA, CAPUCHIN.

PASTOR OF ST. MARY'S CHURCH, TORONTO, 1856-1857.
(Condensed from a paper read before the American Catholic Historical Society of Philadelphia, February, 1888.)

III.

Conclusion.

The Stations of the Cross used in the church for many years after Father Louis' death were made by him, so that it is evident he must have possessed some skill as a handicraftsman. From his vow of holy poverty nothing could induce him to swerve. So firmly did he adhere to it that he would only receive contributions in money from his people when commanded to do so, and when speaking to the congregation concerning the customary dues, he would point to the unadorned walls of the church, and, telling them that his vow of poverty prevented him from possessing more than was sufficient for the necessaries of life, would add, "But all that you can spare is required for beautifying the House of the Lord." "The virtue of humility," it is recorded, "he practised in the highest degree of perfection." We have already seen how, when, years before, Bishop de Charbonnel first urged upon him to come to Canada, he disclaimed the possession of any talents likely to be of great service to this country. His whole career was, in fact, one of continuous self-denial. In conversation he never presumed to press his opinions upon others, and he always preferred to defer to the will of another rather than have his own way. "His garments, his plain and simple demeanour, the subdued tone of his actions, the love which he entertained for the company of the poor and simple, were all so many evidences of a humility which was deeply seated within his breast." Nor was the virtue of obedience less firmly engrafted in his soul. In all his actions he bowed to the slightest will of his superiors. I have been informed by a worthy priest who had many opportunities of observing him, that to such an extent did he carry this virtue, that the winter was far advanced before he permitted himself the comfort of a fire in his house, simply because he had not asked or received permission to do so. It was the month of February before he went to Father Soulerin, C.S.B., superior of St. Michael's College and, in the absence of the Bishop, administrator of the diocese, to ask if he might have a fire in his house. Father Soulerin, of course, at once commanded him, under obedience, to do so. But this was not all. All the winter through he went about the streets clothed in his coarse habit, and with nothing on his feet but sandals. It does not require a very protracted experience of a Canadian winter to appreciate the heroic self-abnegation of the man who could submit himself to an ordeal of so trying a nature.

As a preacher, though not what might be called eloquent, he was wonderfully persuasive, and his words went to the hearts of his hearers. The wonderful saintliness of the man became evident as the words flowed from his lips. When speaking of our Lord, or of the Blessed Virgin, or of heaven, the angels, or the saints, he would seem to be consumed with the fire of divine love; his whole body would become animated, and his face become as if in an ecstasy. He was gifted also with a spirit of deep contemplation, and at all times and in all places he wore an abstracted countenance, as if continually wrapt in meditation. He cherished a particular devotion to St. Francis, and, on the occasion of his Feast, which falls in October, he had a grand celebration. He had also a great love for St. Anthony of Padua. But his special characteristic, and that which he possessed in common with the greatest of saints, was love for the Holy Mother of God. In her he had the greatest confidence, and he was accustomed to say that he had never asked anything of her in vain.

From Father Louis' conversation, I am informed by a well-known religious who knew him intimately, it was easy to gather that he had been in close fellowship with very holy persons. There was that about him which betokened a deep insight to the spiritual life; and to his profound human learning he added

that which is of a far higher order, a mind well disciplined in the "Science of the Saints."

In this manner was spent the short year of Father Louis' pastorate of St. Mary's Church. His life was a continual round of labours, often of the most exacting character, and of severe acts of self-mortification. He was never idle, and he was heard once to remark that if he lost a moment of time he would consider himself a thief. His time, he said, was God's, and as such he had no right to squander it. Thoroughly and well did he carry out this, the guiding rule of his life, and when death came to him it found him literally in harness.

On Friday, March 13th, 1857, he celebrated the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass, but, feeling unwell from the effects of the dampness of a newly plastered wall in the room in which he rested, he was forced to retire for the day. On the day following (Saturday) he grew worse and towards evening it became evident that his condition was critical. The physician who was called in pronounced his illness to be a severe attack of inflammation of the lungs, brought on, no doubt, by exposure to the severe weather of a Canadian winter. He was immediately removed to St. Michael's Palace, where every possible care and attention was bestowed upon him by the good Sisters of St. Joseph. Notwithstanding their exertions, however, he gradually sank, and on the evening of the 17th of March, the Feast of St. Patrick, the glorious Apostle of Ireland, he calmly resigned his soul into the hands of his Creator. The last rites of the Church had been administered to him by Rev. Father Mulligan, who was the only person present when he expired. He seems to have had a presentiment of his death, and was heard several times to predict it. Shortly before this, a well known physician, a Catholic, had died, and at the requiem mass said for the repose of his soul, a sermon was preached by Rev. Father Lawrence. When Father Lawrence was about to go into the pulpit for this purpose he was accosted by Father Louis, who had been assisting at the service, with these words: "You are going to preach this man's panegyric now. You will preach my funeral sermon shortly, and it will be the next one that you will preach."

On Wednesday his body was laid out and exposed in the cathedral, where his parishioners, and the people at large, were permitted to cast a last look upon him, and to pay that tribute of respect which Catholics never fail to render to the remains of their clergy. St. Michael's Cathedral has been the scene of many remarkable events, but it is quite safe to say the spectacle presented during the two days the body of Father Louis remained within its walls was quite unique in its history. Throughout the whole of Wednesday and Thursday the church was crowded by persons of both sexes and of all ages, who pressed forward with the greatest eagerness that they might touch if only the hem of the holy friar's garment or the bier on which he lay. And so great was the desire of the people to have some memento of one whom they so dearly loved, that, as I am assured by eye-witnesses, the coarse, rough garment in which he was clothed was literally torn from him. Many had the pieces of his habit thus secured made into scapulars with which they were afterward invested, and, it seems natural to infer, which they cherished for many years.

Though Father Louis, when not engaged in the active duties of his pastoral office, lived like a recluse, yet his people had seen enough of him to know that he was an unusually holy man. Notwithstanding all his efforts to conceal from them the rigid austerities which he practiced, they had more than a suspicion of them. But it was not until after his death that they came fully to know and to realize the extent of his mortifications. When preparing his body for burial it was found that he had worn a hair shirt, and in addition to this, there was found about his waist, next to the skin, a girdle made of twisted wire, the wire, every here and there, being bent inwards and cut off as if with a pair of plyers, and the barbs thus formed protruded into his flesh. Of these barbs there were thirty-seven in all, and this instrument of torture must have been his constant and loving companion for many years, as the skin about the holes thus formed had grown quite hard. A lady, to whom I am indebted for many interesting details concerning Father Louis, had this wire girdle in her possession for many years, and prized it highly as a relic, but it was unfortunately lost on occasion of her house being burned down.

After the body had been exposed to the veneration of the people for two days it was temporarily placed in one of the

crypts of the Cathedral. Here it remained for only a month, when on Thursday, the 23rd of April, it was transferred to St. Mary's Church and placed in the spot where it was found thirty years afterwards. The funeral cortege left the Cathedral at half-past nine o'clock, and passing at slow and solemn pace through Church and Queen Sts., arrived at St. Mary's at eleven o'clock. The Rev. J. M. Bruyère (afterwards Monsignore, and who at upwards of 80 years age died only a short time ago, in the city of London, of which diocese he was Vicar-General) celebrated solemn Mass for the Dead, Rev. Father Lee, of Brock, being deacon and Rev. Father Mulligan of the Cathedral, sub-deacon. The sermon was preached by Rev. Father Walsh (now Bishop of London), and his concluding words are worthy of reproduction here. "You have this day," he said, "given splendid proof of the chain of affections and sympathies that links the priest and people in the Catholic Church. You have demonstrated that the genius of Christianity reigns amongst you and guides your actions, for Christianity has torn down the wall of separation which formerly divided nations and peoples, making of them but one nation and one people. Your late pastor was a Genoese, he was reared beneath the bright skies of Italy; but he was a Christian priest, and as such you have honoured him, thus showing that in our Church there is neither Jew nor Gentile, Greek nor Barbarian, thus proving that we are all brothers, as being the children of the holy Church whose spouse is Christ. We may conclude in the words of the prayer recited in the mass of this day: 'O God, who hast united various nations in the confession of Thy name, grant that they who are born again by the waters of baptism may have the same faith in their hearts and the same piety in their actions.'"

I might fittingly conclude with these beautiful and appropriate words of the Bishop of London, but it still remains for me to add a few words about Father Louis' personal appearance. He is described as being rather below the medium height, and of slight, almost attenuated frame. He was never of robust build, but his constant mortifications doubtless made great inroads upon his constitution and hastened his death. But though small of body, he had a clear eye, and a quick penetrating glance which, it is said, seemed almost to read one's thoughts. His complexion was dark, and he wore his beard long, after the manner of the Capuchin. He was always conspicuously neat and tidy. I have said nothing about the miracles which he is said to have wrought, and which can, I believe, be well authenticated, as it is not my province to deal with such matters. Further it would not be proper to anticipate the judgment of the ecclesiastical authorities, who will, no doubt, take such steps as are necessary to preserve what evidence exists on this point.

Thus lived Father Louis Della Vigna, and thus he died, literally "a stranger in a strange land." Yet not a stranger, because, bearing in mind the words quoted above, as a member of the great Catholic family he was at home amongst his spiritual children of St. Mary's Parish. If he was taken away at the very time when the people of St. Mary's were becoming alive to the possession of the jewel, "set in its rich casing of ascetic brilliants," which Providence had placed in their midst, yet, to quote once more the words of the Bishop of London, "His memory has remained amongst them like a sweet fragrance, 'like the good odour of Christ unto God.'"

H. F. McINTOSH.

Toronto, Feby. 16th, 1888.

MONTREAL GOSSIP.

Even Easter Sunday can have its trials. Imagine kneeling during a solemn Benediction Service, just behind a small boy, who would sit well back in his pew and whose hair was shining and odorous from a generous application of Castor oil. Such was the fate of your correspondent. And the pretty girl in the pew to my right, with all the bravery of a new spring costume, the draperies of which were adjusted with such care and skill, surely her joy was not unmixed, when at the *Laudate* the fat old woman kneeling beside her took a firm grip of those said draperies, and leaning her whole weight upon them, slowly and painfully raised herself to the perpendicular! That was a wonderful old woman. It was well for her that she was not near any musicians of the *inferno* order. After Mr. Jehu-Prume had been playing for some twenty minutes, with all the fervour of his artist's

soul, and all the skill of his artist's touch, she gently raised her time-worn visage, and whispered to the young lady, whom a cruel fate had placed beside her, "I think that's the fiddle?" And she, beside her, with all the irony of a student of Chopin, softly replied, "I think it is."

The afternoon tea, given by the ladies of the congregation of the Gesu, was a perfect success. The weather was fine, the attendance large, the music exquisite and the tea and coffee, and home-made candies appreciated according to their excellence. This is a new feature in entertainments for raising money for charitable purposes, and it is a most happy departure from the wearisome routine of bazaars and amateur concerts. "From four o'clock until seven," said the cards of admission, and as the hour of four approached flocks of handsomely dressed people might be observed wending their way to Hall and Scott's rooms. Almost every one of the leading Catholic families of the city were represented, with a goodly sprinkling of non-Catholics as well. Charming bevy of little belles revelled in the society of their youthful beaux, who were the generous patrons of the floral bargains, so temptingly offered in the shape of *boutonnieres*, while the elder sisters of these incipient coquettes managed their more serious man-slaughter with consummated skill. Here and there might be seen the sprinkling of youthful scions of French nobility, so common now in the Catholic society of Montreal and Quebec, with their patent leather shoes, and bows expressive of "distinguished consideration." I must confess, however, that there were among the select gathering those whose manners

—"Had not that repose,
Which stamps the case of Vere de Vere."

and those latter were very much disappointed at the style of tea of which they were invited to partake. A tiny cup of Pekoe and a morsel of "Angels' Food," or a mouthful of fragrant coffee beneath a cloud of whipped cream did not satisfy one old dame, who evidently had counted on nothing less than roast goose. However, such as she were few, and nearly everybody looked pleased and was pleased. The "home-made candies" sold as if by magic, and no wonder, for they were most dainty specimens of fancy confectionery, while as to the "home-made cake," it was so light that I think the ladies of the congregation of the Gesu must all use that particular baking powder, lately recommended in the Review. The music furnished by Miss Sym, Mr. Jehu-Prume and Mr. Wiillard, was simply enchanting, and was listened to with rapt attention. In fact, nice as everything else was, it is probably owing to the high class music generously provided by our leading artists, that the afternoon tea was so complete a success.

The weather has been, and is, so desperately cold that the Easter festivities appear to have been chilled in a measure, yet the picture gallery is open, the Academy advertises a most tempting play. Mr. Prume's concert is to come off at the Windsor, the boys of the Jesuit's College are rehearsing a spirited drama, and a fashionable marriage is announced for the near future, of all of which, more anon.

OLD MORTALITY.

GRECIAN FICTION.

V.

The inhabitants of Asia Minor, and especially the sea-faring Phœnicians, or Milesians, had a considerable commercial intercourse with the peninsula of Greece. In another paper, an effort was made to show how those mutual dealings influenced the manners and culture of different nations. Individuals are amenable to almost the same influences as nations. Man is not only social in his natural tendencies, but also directly and peculiarly distinguished from every other created being in the world, by the possession of a mind susceptible of improvement. But Providence has so moulded him that he cannot stand alone. Men join together in societies from a sense of their own individual incompleteness and insufficiency; for one man is the direct complement of another, and all are units, or elements, of the civil body.

Knowledge is progressive and not conservative. We must constantly forget; we must emancipate ourselves from know-

ledge acquired; we must cast out old notions, and embrace fresh ones. Like the sandbar washed by a flowing tide, there is a perpetual increase and diminution taking place in the memory and in the mind. There is action and reaction, a sort of polarity, or compensation, in this as in other matters; and facts, to be renewed, must be forgotten. Then, in our search for knowledge, we take whatever suits our purpose wherever we can find it, and we stamp it with our own individuality. It is individuality and not originality, in the more elevated meaning of the word, that lends a charm to modern literature. As we prey, so we are preyed upon, if we can boast a single toothsome morsel. All considerations of kindred, friends, and countrymen drop from the mind in the struggle it makes to grasp the collective knowledge of the species. This intellectual reciprocity is the essence of civilization—the golden band that binds the whole human family together. "Knowledge is power," said Lord Bacon, echoing the Bible. For every fact acquired and duly digested, no matter how minute or unimportant it may seem, the individual is lord and master of the human race, to the value of that fact.

But if ever there were an exception to the principle of the dependence of man upon man, and of nation upon nation, it was made by the independent national spirit of Greece. Says Frederick Schlegel, speaking of the Greeks, "I may notice that they are the only people who can be said to have, in almost every respect, created their own literature; and the excellence of whose attainments stand almost entirely unconnected with the previous cultivation of any other nation." Furthermore, whatever was borrowed by the Greeks was improved by their skill; so that, however heterogeneous, or base, the component materials might be, they were smelted in the fire of their genius and came forth as pure as bell-metal. Beauty was the idol of the Grecian mind—beauty, that undefined relation between the eye and the object—but this bias made itself most perceptible in the national art only after the State had passed through its period of maturity and was already on the decline.

When we turn from the general civilization of the Greeks to that special division of their literature which we are endeavouring to discuss, we find they cannot claim the amazing originality which must be granted to them in other branches of this, and in almost all the other arts. There is undoubted evidence that they received their first vague hints of story-telling, if not of story-writing, from their Milesian visitors. The Greeks were delighted with the Eastern tales; they listened to them with avidity; they praised the recounter in unmeasured terms. Withal, the independent characteristics of that democratic nation cropped out in this as in all other matters in connection with the fine arts, albeit at an unusually late stage. Instead of adopting the ingenious stories to which they listened with such delight, or changing them to suit their purposes, they forthwith proceeded to compose free imitations for themselves.

Two of the very earliest Greek stories of which we have any record are "The Hunt of the Calydonian Boar" and "The War of the Seven Chieftains against Thebes." These pioneers must have been followed by many others "of various degrees of excellence," to borrow a phrase of the reviewers. The clash of thought must have educated new thought, while emulation must have been followed by brisk competition, until the Hellenic soil became fruitful of national fiction. At length it came to pass that the blind Homer lived and sang, from which fateful moment the fictitious literature of Greece dates its immortality. The "Iliad" and the "Odyssey" are the two greatest stories that ever fell from the hands of man; the one drawn from the depths of ancient Indian mythology, and coloured but enriched by the artistic addition of human circumstances; the other calm and peaceful, welling from the fancies and traditions of Phœnician and Greek sea-love.

Whether considered as a spumous ocean of pure poetry, or as a metrical history, and it is both, the "Iliad" marks an important epoch in the annals of Western story-telling. Its magnificent allegories also remind us of a bent of the Grecian mind which manifested itself in the production of those delicate inventions. They deserve more attention than can be lent them here; in fact, they merit and would require an entire treatise to themselves. Let us take a single example, from which we must, perforce, form an opinion of the class. When Achilles pursues Hector around the walls of Troy, while the gods above and the great Father of gods and men are looking anxiously on, the prize for which the race is run is the life of the great

Hector, and with his death is linked the ruin of a mighty empire, the death of many valiant men, and the slavery of innumerable mothers, maidens, and little children. The Father holds the balance in an imperial hand, with the fate of either hero in a separate scale, and, beneath the pressure of inexorable destiny, the fate of Hector sinks down, to the sorrow of the common Father.

There is a breadth of charity in this splendid allegory which cannot fail to exert a beneficial influence on the heart and mind. Almost all the allegories in Homer are both delightful and instructive; the fable is perfect, the incidents are raised above commonplace, and a useful moral couches under many of them. Success in this species of composition is, perhaps, one of the severest tests to which genius can be subjected, and it was in this department that Homer displayed some of his most dazzling qualities. Well might the laws of Athens prescribe that every fifth year, at the Panathenic festival, the poems of Homer, and of none but Homer, should be publicly recited. For two thousand years Homer was sole emperor of Storyland, his tributary princes being Æschylus, Euripides, and the Roman, Virgil.

M. W. CASEY.

ENGLISH LETTER.

NOTES ON CORNWALL.

A strange old country is Cornwall, with its moors and mines, and hedgy hills that overlook the sea; pretty and picturesque, with wooded vales twisting away to the shore, which here and there is castle-crowned. Strange too were its ancient people, for they were a different race from the rest of England; they were Celts of the same stock as the Irish and the Welsh; and the reader will find it marked in maps of Saxon times as West Wales. The tin mines of Cornwall were celebrated amongst the Phœnicians. But it is not with its subterranean treasures, nor with its scenery, nor yet with the legends of its castles that these notes are concerned, but rather with the remains of our holy religion which are found in the names of places, in church architecture and the memory of the people.

Looking at a map of Cornwall one cannot but be struck with the large number of places called after saints. We have St. German's, St. Austell, St. Ives, St. Blazey, St. Columb and many others, nearly thirty being marked upon some maps.

In the earliest ages there was considerable intercourse between the faithful of Ireland and those of Cornwall, and St. Patrick himself is said to have visited its shores. Some of those to whom churches were dedicated, although having the title of Cornish saints, were Irish. St. Breaca, who came over with St. Sennon, an Irish Bishop or, according to others, an abbot who was with St. Patrick in Rome. St. Ives or Hia was an Irish virgin of the 6th century. The full list of such Cornish saints, of whom no life is published, amounts to over one hundred. Then we have St. Piran or Kieran, "a member of one of the princely houses of Ireland who quitted his country to spend his days in solitude in a strange land." He came to Cornwall and established himself as a hermit. He is the patron of those who work in mines and several churches are dedicated to his honour. St. Neot, a monk of Glastonbury Abbey, is another Cornish saint. Aspiring for complete solitude, he left the abbey and withdrew to a hermitage in Cornwall, which had long before been sanctified as the abode of St. Guier, an ancient British saint. Neot was closely related to the royal house of Wesser, and is said by some to have been a brother of Alfred the Great. This is not exact, but he was frequently consulted by the king, whom he urged to establish public schools, "which had earned for him the title of founder of the Universities." St. German, the great French bishop, has given his name to a village of Cornwall.

Launceston, a town in the north of this county, derives its name from *Lann* or *Llann*, a church, and means the church of St. Stephen. It is an historic spot. Here was one of the "Castle Terribles" of the father of King Arthur, the brave Gothlois. It was afterwards the residence of the Earl of Morton, the Norman conqueror's half-brother, and "became one of the chief centres of religion and learning in those Catholic days." It was not an episcopal see, but there was a large priory church dedicated to St. Stephen, which, after flourishing for some hundreds of years, was seized and broken up by Henry VIII., in 1575. Queen Elizabeth speculated in

his and the neighbouring priory, selling them to Sir Gawin Carew for 60 years and before the lease expired selling the reversion. Several remains of the old priory were unearthed when the North Cornwall railway was built, human bones and, strange enough, leaden pipes for conveying water. Here, in the reign of Elizabeth, was executed the Blessed Cuthbert Mayne, Nov. 29th, 1574, for having said Mass and affirming that the Pope, and not the Queen, was the head of the Church. He was hanged, drawn, and quartered in the market-place. The blessed martyr was a convert and graduate of Oxford. And, strange coincidence, the Rev. Father Langdon, a graduate of Oxford, and convert, opened last Nov. 29th a chapel which was dedicated to the Blessed Cuthbert Mayne.

But let us take leave of Launceston and visit Bodwin, now the county town. That which is now the English parish church was once of course Catholic, and was in the charge of the Canons Regular of Lateran. In making some changes there lately, they came upon the body of the last prior before the so-called reformation. This was given over to the present prior, for the same order has a house there, established some six years ago. Thus, after three hundred years, the prior had the happiness of restoring the sacred remains of his predecessor to consecrated ground.

Truro, the site of the only English Cathedral built since the reformation (?), is a city of three streets. There was, in the time of England's honour, a church and Dominican convent here. A portion of the church, which was dedicated to the Blessed Virgin, is embodied in the new English Cathedral, which is built upon the same plan and keeps up the name of St. Mary's. It is not yet complete, and though it does not compare with the cathedrals which were built in the days of faith and church art, still it is a very fine specimen of modern architecture. The walls and windows of the old building are still to be seen in the Lady's Chapel. Strange people—the English Church authorities. They open that chapel with a ceremony performed by the Prince of Wales, the head of the Freemasons, and after that they have what they call mass, and what would be mass if their orders were valid. They publish Lenten pastorals, urging the faithful to abstain at least on Wednesdays and Fridays, to be more regular in the extra church services, and more generous in alms-giving. These pastorals are not issued by bishops, but by the clergymen for their own flocks.

I am digressing. A run down to Falmouth, which is a few miles from Truro, and there a walk around the coast will repay any traveller who loves the beautiful. Here is now a very fine Catholic Church with school and presbytery—all wearing that neatness and taste of which the Catholic churches in England may well be proud. In the church are two paintings with a history—one a very good one of the Holy Family; the other, the Crucifixion. During the Peninsular war a ship brought the former to Falmouth. The crew being hard up sold this picture—it was again sold to a Protestant gentleman, who very kindly gave it to the Catholic Church, deeming that the fit and proper place for such a work of art. The other, not a good one, bears the marks of war, being riddled with bullets. It once belonged to a Spanish convent, which was plundered, and it still bears evidence of the fight that took place—or it might be the bigotry of some private soldier. Both, strange to say, have found their true resting place, a Catholic Chapel.

I must now stop. When at leisure we shall visit Cornwall again—for there are other spots that bear the footsteps of saints—and then there is Penzance, the home of the Pirates. Vale.

J. R. T.

England, March 1888. ———

PEN PICTURES OF TWO GREAT PREACHERS.

II.—MGR. SOULE AT NOTRE DAME, MONTREAL.

My meditations on the royal *largesse* of the old seigneurs of Montreal were broken in upon by the porter, who conducted me into another little glass apartment behind the one in which Mr. Gibaud was distributing alms, and with a beaming smile announced "*Monseigneur va venir.*" In a few moments the bishop of Isle Bourbon stood before me. Monseigneur Soule is a man of probably sixty years of age; he is of medium height and robust build, though by no means stout. His grave and gracious face is shaded by hair of iron grey. Though not precisely what would be termed a hand-

some man, he has, so it seems to me, a countenance of exceeding beauty of expression. His eyes are of that bewildering shade of hazel, not brown, nor blue, nor grey, yet partaking of each of those colours; eyes that invariably denote a sympathetic temperament and a kind heart; that can flash with mirth and glisten with tears, or grow shadowy with compassion when their owner is called upon to listen to a tale of sorrow. The face of this missionary bishop strikes one as that of a man formed by nature to soothe, direct and counsel his less gifted fellow mortals. His voice, which is low, and exceedingly rich, is tinged with the somewhat plaintive cadence peculiar to natives of the region of the Basses Pyrenees. I did not ask Monseigneur Soule his "impressions of Canada," having a suspicion, amounting to a certainty, that to be "interviewed" openly and unreservedly would not be in accordance with his Lordship's ideas of the respect due to his episcopal dignity, but he happily volunteered the remark that he was enchanted with all that he had seen of our country.

In speaking of the churches, I asked him if our Notre Dame, with its capacity for holding fourteen thousand persons, would not compare favourably in point of size with the churches of Paris. I was told that the great churches of Paris, Notre Dame, St. Denis and others, could contain as many and even more than our Notre Dame, and that without the aid of galleries, those blemishes in so many of our Canadian sanctuaries. The services of Monseigneur Soule in Notre Dame are attended by vast crowds. It is quite impossible for a stranger to obtain a seat; indeed, the cure of the church says that if they had twice as many pews they could rent them easily.

On the Friday afternoon on which I found myself ascending the steps leading to Notre Dame, I was lucky in meeting a friend, who gave me a seat in his pew. Such a crowd as was gathered together! Old men and old women, young men and maidens—and besides these a goodly number of comely matrons that would not come under either heading.

Do you know the church of Notre Dame with its rich carving, massive statuary and gay colouring, happily subdued by the

Storied windows richly dight
Casting a dim religious light?

It is very grand and solemn, and to a certain extent beautiful, especially when filled to overflowing with devout worshippers. On the occasion of the simple devotional exercises of a Lenten afternoon service, however, the usual pomp and panoply were wanting. As the clock struck three, the cure, Rev. Mr. Sentenne, came out of the sacristy, and walking down the church, ascended the winding staircase of the grand new pulpit, passing by the carved statues of prophets, apostles and angels, until he took his stand under the noble figure of Religion bearing Christianity to the world. It takes Mr. Sentenne some time to make this little journey, during which a young priest, supported by a youthful cross-bearer and acolytes, comes out from the sanctuary, and kneels before the first station of the cross. Then the cure reads the meditations in order, and the placid-faced young priest passes on from station to station until the last Ave is said, and the last Amen is sung, when the little procession returns as it came. Mr. Sentenne comes down from the pulpit, and every eye is strained to watch the strange bishop ascending the staircase. Up he goes, slowly and gracefully, in rochet and mantelet, the sheen of his purple silk adding to the already brilliant display of colour around him. He gains the pulpit and stands a moment in recollection. Then clear and sweet and soft fall on our ears the words of his [subject, "*La priere de Jesus a Getsemane.*" Such a voice has seldom been heard in Montreal, rich, low, penetrating, *trainants*. Every syllable penetrated to the farthest corners of the church; every word of his sermon was listened to with rapt attention by the vast audience. It was solitary, he said, that prayer of Jesus; it was pious, it was humble, it was discreet, and was, above all, persevering. And as the preacher pleaded for his Master, and portrayed His sufferings, the most heedless listener must have felt an impulse of piety awake in his heart in response to the touching words of the gifted orator. The hour passed as if by magic. The preacher descended and disappeared behind the bronzo St. Peter, another priest came out in a golden cape and opened the doors of the tabernacle, the choir began the *Salutaris Hostia* and we knelt for *salut* of the Blessed Sacrament.—"*Lorraine,*" in the *Empire*.

The Catholic Weekly Review.

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

Published Every Thursday.

Offices: Bon Accord Building, 324 Church-street, Toronto.

Gerald Fitzgerald, Editor.

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

J. C. Sullivan, Business Manager

Terms: \$2.00 per annum, payable strictly in advance. Advertisements, unexceptionable in character and limited in number, will be taken at the rate of \$2 per line per annum 10 cents per line for ordinary insertions. Color rates: 10 copies, \$15.

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

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

LETTER FROM HIS GRACE THE ARCHBISHOP OF TORONTO.

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

GENTLEMEN,—

I have singular pleasure indeed in saying God-speed to your intended journal, THE CATHOLIC WEEKLY REVIEW. The Church, contradicted on all sides as her Divine Founder was, holds with peculiar pleasure the assistance of her lay children in dispelling ignorance and prejudice. They can do this nobly by public journals, 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 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. CANNERY,
Bishop of Hamilton.

TORONTO, SATURDAY, APRIL 14, 1888.

This week we follow Brownson's advice and carry the war, in a mild way, into Africa.

Parents of late years, says the New York *Freeman's Journal*, are forgetting a grave duty, that is their duty to God and their children, when there is shown in those children a tendency towards a religious vocation. "God forbid that vocations should be forced, but the good of souls and the needs of the Church require that they should be encouraged."

Even at the holiest of the Christian seasons the professors of Protestantism seem unable to invest their system with anything of sweetness or winningness. The explanations of the great Christian festival of Easter, from the standpoints respectively of the Catholics, the Presbyterians, and the Anglicans, were a striking feature, says the *Pilot*, in the Boston *Globe* of Easter Sunday. The first article was contributed by Cardinal Gibbons. He dwelt on the joy with which the Christian commemorates the resurrection of our Divine Redeemer; and set forth the doctrine of the resurrection of the body.

"Almighty God," said the Cardinal, "has been mercifully pleased to lay before us this great truth for two reasons; to inspire the wicked with a salutary fear and recall them from their sins, and to console the good amid the afflictions of this life. . . . The great want of our generation is to take to heart the lessons which flow from this truth—the lesson of our immortality and of the passing nature of the things of this world."

In contrast with the Christian charity and tranquility of the Cardinal's article were the two which followed. A Dr.

John Hall, after telling why the Presbyterians have no special Easter observances, declared his conviction of the inutility of the Catholic observance, a conviction "gained by residence," says the *Pilot*, "in some unlocated region where there are 'Roman Catholic people with no Bibles.'" For the Anglican denomination, a Rev. Mr. Cox, whom that body designates as "Bishop of Western New York," devoted his article to a disproof of the primacy of the Bishop of Rome in the primitive church. He claimed that nowhere is Easter so fitly kept as among the Anglicans, and had a bitter fling at the manner of its celebration in those Catholic countries where there prevailed, what he charitably called, only "a nominal Christendom."

We have never been able to quite understand why one of our New York contemporaries, a very able Catholic paper, should devote so many and lengthy articles to the consideration of the situation in France. The politics of France are forever in ferment. What matter if to-morrow Bou-anger be on top? It was an English statesman, we think, who said of the first Napoleon: at the height of his success: "It is unjust: it cannot last." The actors in the first French Revolution massacred the priests, stamped out religion, scoffed at God. There never was so horrible a profanation of liberty. And in the history of nations, as of individuals, there is an eternal law of Retributive Justice. A national wrong will invoke a proportionate penalty. "The highest of all ideas," a great writer says "is the Divine," and that idea French statesmen have endeavoured to eliminate from the public life of the nation. All that was great in the middle ages sprang from their faith. Two centuries ago France was "the eldest daughter of the Church." How is it with her to-day? Let Mr. Lilly answer in a page from his "Chapter in European History." "Turn your eyes on France, which a century ago solemnly installed concupiscence—aptly typified by the Goddess of Reason—in the place of conscience, and elevated the dumb buzzard idol, Man in the abstract, and his fictitious rights, in the place of the living God, and the duties binding upon us because He is what He is; look at France, I say, if you would see an example of the hell which a people prepares for itself when it maketh and loveth a lie. I know the country well, and every time I visit it I discern terrible evidence of ever increasing degeneracy. The man seems to be disappearing. There is a return to the simious type. The eye speaks of nothing but dull esuriency. The whole face is prurient. The voice has lost the virile ring, and has become shrill, gibberish, and baboon-like. Go into the Chamber of Deputies, the chosen and too true representatives of the people. The looks, the gestures, the cries, remind you irresistibly of the monkey-house in Regent's Park. The nation—for it must be judged by its public acts—has for a hundred years been trying to rid itself of the perception which is the proper attribute of man; to cast out the idea of God, which Michelet has well called the *progressive and conservative principle of civilization*; to live on a philosophy of animalism; and it is rapidly losing all that is distinctly human, and is sinking below the level of the animals." A passage like that throws more light upon the situation in France, than any number of newspaper comments.

The *Church News* of Washington, commenting upon the REVIEW's recent article on the need of Catholics assuming a more aggressive attitude than they do towards Protestantism, adds approvingly:

"We have never had much sympathy with that disposition so often shown by Catholics to repeat with so much apparent gratification the patronizing words which some Protestant preachers condescend to utter regarding the Church or Catholics. The Church of God does not require patronage, nor does she need any apologists. Of course, charity for those in ignorance renders it our duty to correct false accusations, and sometimes we may be said to be on the defensive when we seek to neutralize the poison administered by some ministerial crank, who neither knows or cares to know what the Church teaches, so long as he can fill some meeting house by a crowd willing to remunerate him financially for his performances. But Protestantism, as the Review states, cannot withstand attack. There is no more strength in it than there is in any other rebellion founded upon error."

It is time that this idea took hold of us. Whatever historical Christianity be, let us recollect, it is not Protestantism. And Protestantism has ever felt it. It can make no appeal to the reason. As between it and Atheism, Atheism is logically a thousand times more consistent. It is a question if, as between the two, and granting to each the same measure of moral principle, Atheism, in the abstract, be not the more reverent and religious. To suppose that Protestantism comes from God were profane. It would be to deny Him the attribute of infinite wisdom. Could Protestantism be thought a Divine creation, the best excuse for such a creation would be that the Creator did not know what he was doing.

Who ever heard Protestantism's professors, its preachers—whom Brownson described as the "North American Indian of controversy"—announce the true doctrines of the Church, and then attempt to refute them by logical argument? That they well know would be an unprofitable method of warfare, and therefore they deal in false charges and calumnies, ignoring their refutation, being driven by the weakness of their position to screen themselves behind the prejudices of their own making. To keep their votaries in ignorance of the fundamental truths taught by Christ, maintained by the Church, and adhered to by Catholics, in proportion as they are kept in ignorance of which, as they rightly judge, depends their attachment to Protestantism, they bring the threadbare charges against Catholics of superstition and idolatry. When they hurl their charges of immorality against our religious they resort for proof to the testimony of some apostate-priest, or ex-criminal, all that is necessary being, of course, that they turn up with some outcast who has illustrated in his own life their wicked suggestions. That is the only side of Protestantism that we see in this city. And Protestantism professes to be of Christ, and assumes the name of religion! It is not even respectable.

It is a settled conviction with the apostate priests and reformed criminals who, by impugning the morality of Catholics, immediately establish themselves in the most perfect state of grace demanded by Protestantism, that monks may fall, and that nuns may break their vows. Their lives are the corroboration of their leading idea. A paragraph in the *Mail* of Wednesday, says that "the London (Eng.) papers of March 28, contain an account of the arrest of Rev. Francis George Widdows, described as an ex monk, now of the Martin Luther Church, Seldhurst Road," for an offence which cannot be intimated. This reverend ex-convict is well known in Ontario. He was an esteemed anti-Popery orator in his day, and served a term, we understand, in the Central Prison, Toronto.

They are an interesting gang, these "unmaskers of Romanism." With the career of Achilli, as it was traced up

by Cardinal Newman, the world is tolerably familiar: from some old English papers we have come across some information concerning another worthy, the notorious Edith or Bridget O'Gorman, whose lies are being quoted against Catholics by a "uffian now in this city. This woman, finding it inconvenient to play the part of a fabricator of moral horrors in her native country, America—her antecedents being too generally known, and the real facts too easily got at—went to England to open out against Romanism. The following extract from a letter received by the Rev. J. Foy, of St. Leonard's-on-Sea, from an American ecclesiastic, gives her earlier history:

"This poor woman, whose real name is Bridget O'Gorman, was originally a factory girl in Rhode Island. During a mission she was 'converted,' and after some entreaty was, unfortunately, received without letters into the community of the Sisters of Charity, established at Madison, N. J., where she was teaching in the parochial schools. She left the mission of her own accord, without the knowledge of her superior. Afterwards she begged piteously to be re-admitted into the community, as is proved by her letters, which I myself have seen at Madison, where they are still preserved."

These letters were published in full in the London *Universae*, and became public property. We make a short extract from each. In the first letter to the Lady Superior she says:—

"Oh, I hope and pray you will take me again into my only home, wherein I can be saved. Please write to me, dear mother, by Tuesday, and let me know my fate before my money is all gone. This I know you will do for Christ's sake, if not for mine."

In the second letter she writes:

"Now, dear mother, whilst I am writing this to you, I see you in the dear holy chapel (from which I am excluded for punishment of my sins) in your charity praying the holy Christ to direct you what to do with the unfortunate prodigal who, in a moment of madness and despair, abandoned your kind care, and the holy peaceful retreat of my Heavenly Father's House, out of which I have never had a happy, peaceful moment. Yet, 'He that willeth not the death of a sinner, but that he be converted and live' has, in His infinite mercy, inspired me to return again, and, like the prodigal, beg to be received as one of His hired servants, because I am no longer worthy to be called His child, much less His spouse. Yes, dear mother, I am ready to undergo any humiliation or mortification that it may please Almighty God to inflict upon me, and will deem them all too light to atone for my *terrible sins*."

In the third letter she writes:

"Dear Mother,—I left Philadelphia on Wednesday. I felt very uneasy and worried about my parents, so I thought I would see them and thus relieve their minds of any uneasiness they might have on my account. I am thankful I did, for their hearts were broken with doubt in regard to my fate. I told them I was not in my right mind. I told the lady with whom I boarded that if any letter should come there for me to burn it.

"Another reason why I could not remain there was, my money was nearly gone; I did not have enough to pay another week's board. Will you please write to me, dear mother, and let me know what conclusion you have come to in regard to taking me back? I assure you, dear mother, I can never be happy unless in religion. Try, dear mother, and do all you can for me, for my salvation depends upon it. You know I was not in my right mind when I left my happy home. I will devote my whole life to penance and humility. I cannot think of going to another community, because I feel I can only be unhappy there. If you receive me I will, dear mother, with God's holy grace, strive to atone by an humble life for the scandal I have given."

The woman who wrote these piteous appeals for re-admission disported herself before the public as an "escaped nun."

Now for some specimens of her truthfulness. Speaking at Derby, she was reported in the *Daily Telegraph* to have said that Archbishop McCloskey had offered her a large sum of money "to keep quiet," but she had refused it. The present Archbishop of New York (then Archbishop of Petra) wrote from New York to the editor of the *Universe* as follows:

"His Eminence, Cardinal McCloskey, requests me to say, in reply to your note, received this morning, that he never offered any money to Edith O'Gorman, never saw her, and never heard of her except through the great scandal which she caused. Her recent lecture at Derby, of which you send an account, is a tissue of falsehood."

At Paddington, on another occasion, she spoke as follows:—

"One of the most celebrated lawsuits of the time was Edith O'Gorman's great case in the courts of San Francisco, in June, 1872, when she brought suit against the Jesuits for libel. Judge Londebach was the judge of the court; her counsel, Judge Tyler; counsel for the Jesuits, Cols. Dudley and Barnes, well known lawyers throughout the United States. The Jesuits, knowing Edith O'Gorman to be 4,000 miles from New Jersey, where she lived a nun, bribed sixteen men to perjure themselves by swearing her to be a woman named Fanny Woodward, and not Edith O'Gorman at all. God raised up friends for her in a strange city, in the person of four ladies from Providence, R. I., who knew her and her family intimately. The testimony of these ladies brought confusion on the Jesuits, who were fined 7,000 dollars for libel and 15,000 dollars for perjury, &c."

The Rev. Lord Archibald Douglas, hearing the above, at once sent the following telegram:

"From Rev. Lord Archibald Douglas, Harrow Road, London,
To Chief Police, San Francisco,

"Did Edith O'Gorman, ten years since, bring and gain libel action against Jesuits?"

"From P. Crosby, Chief Police, San Francisco,
To Rev. Lord Douglas, Harrow Road, London.
"Neither action nor judgment against Jesuits."

The American press made it a little uncomfortable for her. Said the *Philadelphia Ledger*: "The assumed rôle of 'escaped nun' is manifestly a cheat. In this Democratic country of ours, where personal freedom and liberty of conscience are guaranteed to the humblest citizen, there is no necessity for a nun—who may desire to renounce her vows, voluntarily assumed, and re-enter the world—to resort to any method which can be properly nominated an 'escape.' All she has to do is to walk forth, close the portals of the convent behind her, and go her way unmolested. No one dare hinder or pursue her, even did the disposition to do so exist. We regard her simply as a business woman, *on the make*, who has prepared or procured a sensational lecture, designed to appeal to anti-Catholic prejudices, with the single purpose of making money."

Not long after this, the woman was announced to speak publicly in Toronto on "Life in the Convent," and a number of Protestant clergymen gave notice, in their zeal, of the fact from their pulpits. She appeared on the platform, on the authority of the *Globe* in this city, under shameful circumstances, and her lecture, very objectionable, it is

said, so far as it went, both in manner and matter, collapsed after twenty minutes' contest with what the reporter described as "superinduced mental asphyxia." This undoubtedly meant that she was drunk.

Then there is the case of another unfortunate, Maria Monk. In a book called "Maria Monk's Daughters; an autobiography, by Mrs. St. John Eckel," (Burns & Oates, London, 1880), occur the following sad words to be written by a daughter. "Duty and religion alike compel me to expose the injustice and calumny that my mother heaped upon the Roman Catholic Church and her religious orders." "I know that the 'awful disclosures' are all lies; *she herself told me so*. She wrote in order to make money—some men put her up to it—but she never received one cent of the proceeds of the book, for these men kept all for themselves' (p. 138).

The writer adds that her mother died a raving maniac, having brought herself to an untimely end by her unfortunate habits.

Such have been our accusers.

"THE CATHOLIC PRESS AND THE LIQUOR TRAFFIC."

A SECOND LETTER FROM REV. FATHER FOLEY.

You deem it proper to comment adversely upon my article published in your issue of the 3rd inst., entitled "The Catholic Press and the Liquor Traffic." Be kind enough to let me reply to your strictures:

In the first place, you say that the conclusion that liquor advertisements "contribute directly or indirectly to increase the evils of drink is an utterly erroneous one." This is, I presume, by way of rejoinder to my assertion that "Catholic journalists who open their advertising columns to the sellers of intoxicants directly promote the liquor traffic, and, at least, indirectly encourage drunkenness." This statement I repeat and emphasize: Why does the dealer or any other trader advertise? To promote his trade. Now, liquor advertising in *The Mirror* either promotes the liquor trade or it does not. If you believe it does not, you have no right to take the advertiser's money without rendering an equivalent; if liquor advertising in *The Mirror* does promote the liquor trade, then you must plead guilty to the first count in the indictment.

Can you deny that the liquor traffic is a most potent fosterer of intemperance? Can you deny the truth of these words of the Bishop of St. Paul: "I do not say, principles of right reason and of revealed religion do not permit me to say, that liquor selling is in itself wrong."

What I do say is that the liquor traffic, in its present expansion, with the methods and devices which it to-day recognizes, with the power which it to-day yields for the defence of its interests, is a serious danger to the commonwealth, and a *systematic and fruitful producer of intemperance*." The Bishops of the Third Plenary Council call upon pastors "to induce all of their flocks that may be engaged in the sale of liquor to abandon as soon as they can the dangerous traffic, and to embrace a more becoming way of making a living."

Again the bishops say: "We warn Catholics engaged in the sale of intoxicating drinks to consider seriously by how many and how great dangers, by how many and how great occasions of sin their business, though in itself not unlawful, is surrounded. Let them, if they can, choose a more becoming way of making a living." The liquor traffic, in itself not unlawful, is yet stigmatized as "*dangerous, unbecoming, surrounded by many and great dangers, by many and great occasions of sin,*" and so branded by whom? Not by an enthusiastic episcopal, sacerdotal, or lay total abstinence advocate, but by the assembled wisdom and authority of the Catholic Church of the United States and with the approval of the Holy See. Allow me, therefore, to repeat one of my questions left unanswered by you:

Since, then, our bishops thus discountenance the liquor traffic, is he obeying the spirit of their instructions who encourages this "unbecoming and dangerous" traffic by advertising it? Our priests are commanded by the council "never to cease to cry out boldly against drunkenness and whatsoever leads to it." The liquor traffic encourages drunkenness; can you then be right in promoting that traffic? The Catholic newspaper is, in its own sphere, a teacher of the people; should not the spirit of its teachings conform to the spirit of the teachings of our bishops?

Again I quote your words: "The Catholic press is conducted with the view of aiding the progress and development of religion and the Church. . . . It is no mere money-making enterprise." Is it not fair to judge you by your own deliberate utterances? Please, then, answer these questions, before asked, but passed by unnoticed: "Are you, in aiding the liquor traffic, 'aiding the progress and development of religion and the Church?'" "Do you not know the harm done to the Church by this disgusting mingling of rum and religion—the scandal it gives, the contempt it brings upon us?" *Scandal!* Mark well the word! "From all appearance of evil refrain yourselves," says St. Paul; and again the same Apostle tells us: "Let every man please his neighbour for his good unto edification." Our bishops, following the teachings of the great Apostle, say: "A Christian should carefully avoid not only what is positively evil, but what has the appearance of evil." Have these injunctions no binding force for the Catholic editor? A clergyman, known and loved throughout the land, writing a few days since of your reply to my article, thus admirably summarizes your arguments. "I am not bound to edify. 'Is it so nominated in the bond?' But," continues this gentleman, "a religious journal is bound to edify. A Catholic journal is 'Cæsar's wife.'"

"The opinions of a journal are not to be found in its advertising columns." This assertion is very true indeed of *The Mirror*, whose editorial columns approve the action of our bishops in discountenancing the liquor traffic, but whose advertising columns promote that traffic. The deeds of the advertising columns, alas! speak far louder than the "opinions" of the editorial. The parties chiefly responsible to God and man for the conduct of a paper are its publishers, its owners. When the publishers of a Catholic journal put into their coffers the price of liquor advertisements and for the profit which it brings them thus do all they can to promote a traffic which our ecclesiastical superiors are striving to check and curb, the process of reasoning by which they wash their hands of all, or nearly all, the moral responsibility for the clearly foreseen consequences of their action seems to me too "occult" for the ordinary mind. Whiskey barrels in the advertising columns of a Catholic journal do not necessarily proclaim its editor personally a friend of the liquor traffic, but they do proclaim the publishers of that journal friends and promoters of the liquor traffic. The weight of influential Catholic public opinion is yet, I am sorry and ashamed to say, with those religious journals which publish liquor advertisements. As long as this is the case, so long will many Catholic newspapers continue such advertising. When the day comes, that is now hastening on, when public opinion and private interests warn the owners of Catholic journals that whiskey advertisements must go, go they surely will. A gentleman writing to me on this question says: "It can in no sense be wrong to advertise liquors, unless the purchase and use of them are wrong; but no one asserts, at least no Catholic, that there is sin in the purchase and use of liquor." Here is the old, old cry, "My God, I will do for Thee what I must do, only this and nothing more"—the cry of men who seek to learn the lowest price at which heaven can be bought, and grudge to pay even that. I speak not of strict obligation when I ask, Ought not those of your readers whose position causes them to be looked up to by others, to forget self and for their weaker brother's sake and for the common good choose "the better" part and use no liquors? Ought not then you, too, guide and teacher, choose the better part, and advertise no liquors?

You say: "If it was apparent that the cause of temperance would be subserved in the slightest measure by the

exclusion of the advertisements against which our correspondent protests from the columns of *The Mirror*, we would not hesitate a moment about the course to be pursued." If it was apparent! Why if? Has *The Mirror* no influence? Suppose the good news went forth that henceforward the editorial and advertising columns of *The Mirror* would alike in very deed discountenance the "dangerous and unbecoming" liquor traffic, and that *The Mirror*, in order to consistently urge those of its readers engaged in the liquor traffic to heed their bishops and leave it, had itself ceased to promote that business, would not the cause of temperance, of total abstinence, of morality, and of God be served, and well? If it was apparent! Why, sir, it ought to be as clear to you as the brightness of the sun's noonday shining. Some are blind because they will not see. Such I do not believe to be your case. Let your prayer be: Lord, that I may see. Thanking you for your expressions of personal regard, and assuring you of my esteem and regard, let me bring this already too long communication to a close by submitting for the earnest, prayerful consideration of yourself and your readers these strong and appropriate words of the Bishop of Richmond:

"When we look around and consider how widespread, how destructive, and how scandalous is the evil of intemperance, and when we call to mind our duty to God, to the Church, to ourselves and to our neighbour, then it becomes self-evident that it is every one's duty to do what God's providence makes it possible for him to do towards arresting such an evil, and removing such a scandal. How any Catholic could feel indifferent to this desolating and soul-destroying evil I cannot understand. How any Catholic could fail to use any opportunity that God gave him to check this flood of destruction, I can still less comprehend. And the greater the influence any one may possess towards hindering the evil, the more do I wonder by what logic he can possibly excuse himself from exerting it. But that any Catholic should, in any way, help on the evil; that he could be bribed at any price to harness himself to this demon-engine of desolation, and help it onward in its horrid course, is to me a mystery beyond all solution."—*Rev. M. F. Foley in Baltimore Mirror.*

Right Rev. Bishop Walsh, of London, Ont., who met with a severe accident in his room at the Astor House—having fallen from a chair while attempting to close a transom—speaks very gratefully of the care he received at St. Vincent's Hospital, New York. Bishop Walsh was taken to the hospital in coach-and-four through the snow of Blizzard Monday with the utmost difficulty.

WHAT ARE THESE IMPURITIES?

The report of the Ohio State Dairy and Food Commission on baking powders shows a large amount of residuum or impurity to exist in many of these articles. The figures given by the Commission are as follows:

NAME.	IMPURITIES OR RESIDUUM.
Cleveland's.....	10.18 pr. ct.
Zipp's Crystal	11.99 "
Sterling	12.63 "
Dr. Price's	12.66 "
Forest City	24.04 "
Silver Star	31.88 "
De Land's	32.51 "
Horsford's	36.49 "

The question naturally arises in the minds of thoughtful consumers, Of what does this impurity or residuum consist? In the case of the first named powder there has recently been given the result of an analysis made by Prof. C. F. Chandler, of Columbia College, N. Y., late member of the New York State Board of Health, which partially supplies the missing information, and as the manufacturers of this particular powder are continually calling for the publication of all the ingredients used in baking powders, there can be no objection to its statement here. Among the impurities Prof. Chandler found Cleveland's powder to contain a large amount of Rochelle Salts, 5.56 per cent. of lime, with alumina, starch and water, in quantities not

not stated. Alum is a substance declared by the highest authorities to be hurtful. If the balance of this residuum in all the powders made is made up largely of alum, as it is known to be in some, the public would like to know it. Another official test that shall go quite to the bottom of the matter seems to be demanded.]

SILK RIBBONS!

Those of our lady readers who would like to have an elegant, large package of extra fine, Assorted Ribbons (by mail), in different widths and all the latest fashionable shades; adapted

for Bonnet Strings, Neckwear, Scarfs, Trimming for Hats and Dresses, Bows, Fancy Work, &c., can get an astonishing big bargain, owing to the recent failure of a wholesale Ribbon Manufacturing Co., by sending only 25 cents (stamps), to the address we give below.

As a special offer, this house will give double the amount of any other firm in America if you will send the names and P. O. address of ten newly married ladies when ordering and mention the name of this paper. No pieces less than one yard in length. Satisfaction is guaranteed, or money cheerfully refunded. Three packages for 60 cents. Address, LONDON RIBBON AGENCY, JERSEY CITY, N. J.

ROYAL BAKING POWDER Absolutely Pure.



This powder never varies. A marvel of purity, strength and wholesomeness. More economical than the ordinary kinds, and cannot be sold in competition with the multitude of low test, short weight alum or phosphate powders. Sold only in cans. ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., 106 Wall Street, N.Y.



SIGNALS. DANGER AHEAD.

Pimples, Blotches, Soils,

Fathers, mothers, all these signals warn you that serious complications may follow if the cause, deadly secretions, blood poisons, etc. are not expelled.

ST. LEON WATER never failed.

No human preparation to equal it.

No say the wisest men.

James Good & Co.

Wholesale and Retail Grocers and Dealers in

ST. LEON WATER,

220 YONGE ST. and 101 1/2 KING ST. WEST,

30 CHURCH PEWS

With Iron Ends and Extension Seats, all in nice order.

For Sale at a Bargain.

For further particulars apply to

GEO. F. BOSTWICK

56 King Street West Toronto

Manufacturer of

CHURCH SEATING, PULPITS,

And other Church Furniture.

One of the greatest or historical works, in this large type, finely illustrated, the best edition ever issued in this country, now first offered at a phenomenal *Literary Revolution* price. The edition in two volumes, half Morocco, is particularly recommended; students and schools will find the separate volumes in cloth very convenient.

HALLAM'S HISTORY of the MIDDLE AGES. Complete, with all the Notes, in four small quarto, finely illustrated volumes, cloth, each 20c.; post., 10c.; per set, \$1.75; in two vols., half Morocco, marbled edges, per set, \$2.50; post., 40c. Now ready.



GEROME OF PRAGUE.

CONTENTS.—Vol. I. France and the Feudal System. II. Italy, Spain, Germany, and Greece. III. Constitutional History of England. IV. Society and the Ecclesiastical Power.

Macaulay's famous tribute to this work is ample testimony to its merits: "Mr. Hallam is, on the whole, far better qualified than any other writer of our time for the office which he has undertaken. He has great industry and great acuteness. His knowledge is extensive, various and profound. His mind is easily distinguished by the amplitude of its grasp, and by the delicacy of its tact. His speculations have none of that vagueness which is the common fault of political philosophy. On the contrary, they are strikingly practical, and teach us not only the general

rule, but the mode of applying it to solve particular cases. Mr. Hallam's Work is eminently judicial. Its whole spirit is that of the Bench, not that of the Bar. He sums up with a calm, steady impartiality, turning neither to the right nor to the left, glossing over nothing, exaggerating nothing, while the advocates on both sides are alternately biting their lips to hear their conflicting misstatements and sophism exposed."

The *Literary Revolution Catalogue* (81 pages) sent free on application. Author's publications are NOT sold by book-sellers—no discounts except to Stockholders. Books sent for examination before payment, satisfactory reference being given.

JOHN B. ALDEN, Publisher, NEW YORK:

333 Pearl St.: P. O. Box 1227. CHICAGO: Lakeside Building, Clark and Adams Sts.

DANCING.

Those wishing to be taught properly and quickly will register at

Prof. Thomas' Academy, 77 Peter St

Finest class-rooms and floor in Toronto. Reception, Ladies' and Gentlemen's dressing rooms in connection.

New classes are continually forming. For particulars apply to

PROF. THOMAS, Principal
Note—New and original dances will be introduced.

M'CABE & CO.,

UNDERTAKERS.

305 Queen Street West, Toronto.

Telephone 1466 Embalming a Specialty

JAMES BYRNE,

MERCHANT TAILOR.

Latest styles in

ENGLISH AND SCOTCH GOODS

always on hand.

288 1-2 YONGE STREET

Opposite Wilton Avenue, Toronto.

Special discount to the clergy.

Spring Importations, 1888.

P. F. CAREY,

Merchant Tailor

Has a well selected stock of Finest Suitings. The latest, noblest and choicest patterns in Trouserings to select from, which for price, style and quality can't be beat. Superior workmanship and a good fit guaranteed.

16 KING STREET EAST,

10 p. c. discount to the clergy and students.

BONNER'S

Gents' Furnishing Store

Dealer and Importer of

English, French & American Gents Furnishings

(Cor. Yonge & Richmond Sts., Toronto)



BUCKEYE BELL FOUNDRY.

Bells of Pure Copper and Tin for Churches, Schools, Fire Alarms, Farms, etc. FULLY WARRANTED. Catalogue sent Free.

WINDUZEN & TIT T, Cassel, N. O.



DOMINION
Stained Glass Co.,
 FACTORY:
 77 RICHMOND ST. WEST
 TORONTO.
MEMORIAL WINDOWS
 ART GLASS,
 and every description of
Church and
Domestic Glass.
 Designs and Estimates
 on application.
W. J. WAREFIELD & HARRISON
 Proprietors.



ST. JEROME'S COLLEGE,
 BERLIN, ONT.
 Thorough Classical, Philosophical and
 Commercial courses. Special facilities
 for learning German. Terms, \$141 per
 annum. For further particulars address,
 REV. L. FUNCKEN, C.R., D.D.,
 President.

STAUNTON & O'HEIR.
 BARRISTERS, SOLICITORS IN SUPREME
 COURT, NOTARIES PUBLIC,
 OFFICE—Spectator Building, 18 James St. south,
 HAMILTON, CAN.
 GEO. LYNCH-STAUNTON. ARTHUR O'HEIR.

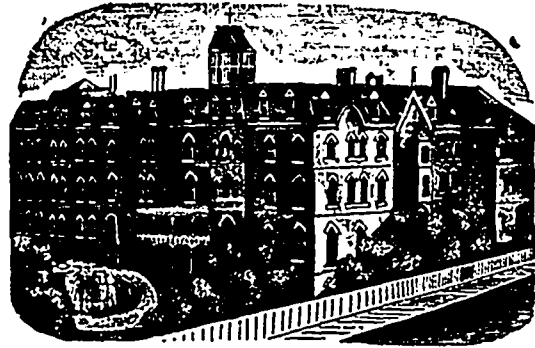
W. J. WARD,
 REAL ESTATE & COMMISSION BROKER
 4 KING ST. EAST, TORONTO.

FREDERICK C. LAW,
 ARCHITECT.
 Office and Residence—169 Sherbourne St.
 TORONTO.

D. A. O'SULLIVAN,
 BARRISTER, ATTORNEY, SOLICITOR & C.
 NOTARY PUBLIC.
 Offices—Nos. 18 and 20 Toronto Street,
 Toronto.

FOY & KELLY,
 BARRISTERS, SOLICITORS, & C.
 Offices—Home Savings and Loan Co's Building
 74 CHURCH STREET
 Toronto.
 J. J. FOY, Q.C. H. T. KELLY.

N. D. BECK,
 BARRISTER, ATTORNEY, & C.
 Solicitor for the Credit Foncier Franco-Canadien
 14 McDermott Street East
 WINNIPEG, CAN.



ST. JOSEPH'S ACADEMY, ST. ALBAN STREET, TORONTO.

This imposing Educational structure is quite in keeping with the noble work to which it is dedicated. It is pleasantly situated near the Queen's Park, in the neighbourhood of the University and St. Michael's College.
 For particulars call at the Academy or send for a prospectus.

Address, MOTHER SUPERIOR, St. Joseph's Convent, Toronto.

ST. MARY'S COLLEGE, MONTREAL, CANADA.
 Under the direction of the Jesuit Fathers. Best Classical and French education. Board, tuition, washing, per year, \$140. For full particulars address REV. A. D. TURGEON, S.J., President.

Grand Trunk Railway.

The Old and Popular Route
 TO
Montreal, Detroit, Chicago,
 And all the Principal Points in Canada and the United States. It is positively the

ONLY LINE From TORONTO
 Running the celebrated Pullman Palace Sleeping and Parlour Carr.

SPEED, SAFETY, CIVILITY.
 Toronto to Chicago in 14 Hours
 Best and Quickest Route to Manitoba, British Columbia and the Pacific Coast.

FOR FARES, Time Tables, Tickets and general information apply to the Union Depot, City Ticket Office, corner King and Yonge, and 20 York Street, or to any of the Company's agents.

JOSEPH HICKSON, General Manager.
WM. EDGAR, General Passenger Agent.

CHURCH PEWS.

SCHOOL FURNITURE.

The Bennett Furnishing Co., of London, Ont., make a specialty of manufacturing the latest designs in Church and School Furniture. The Catholic clergy of Canada are respectfully invited to send for catalogue and prices before awarding contracts. We have lately put in a complete set of pews in the Bradford Catholic Church, and for many years past have been favoured with contracts from a number of the clergy in other parts of Ontario, in all cases the most entire satisfaction having been expressed in regard to quality of work, lowness of price, and quickness of execution. Such has been the increase of business in this special line that we found it necessary some time since to establish a branch office in Glasgow, Scotland, and we are now engaged manufacturing pews for new churches in that country and Ireland. Address

BENNETT FURNISHING COMPANY,
 London, Ont., Canada
 References.—Rev. Father Bayard, Sarnia, Lennox, Bradford, & City, Ipperfold, Toronto, Parkhill; Twoby, Kingston and New York, Arnold, Montreal.

BOOK Canvassers, Catholic, for new book, endorsed by Archbishop Lynch, Bishop Walsh, Archbishop Duhamel, Father Dowd, of Montreal, and all the clergy. Large percentage of proceeds of sale donated to leading Catholic institution. A great bonanza. Sure sale to every member of the Catholic Church. State canvassing experience on applying for agency. **THE PEOPLE'S PUBLISHING CO., Toronto, Ont.**

CALDWELL & HODGINS

248 & 250 Queen St. West
Sacramental Wines.

T. MOCKRIDGE
 The Technical Tailor
 35 ADELAIDE ST. WEST, TORONTO
 Is determined not to be outdone, and is now offering a special line of
\$5.00 Trousers for \$3.50.
 A Perfect Fit Guaranteed.

GARSWELL & CO.
 BOOKBINDERS
 26 & 28 ADELAIDE ST. EAST,
TORONTO, Ont.

Telephone No. 451.
GEO. GUEST
 Practical Plumber
GAS, STEAM AND HOT WATER FITTER
 Dealer in Hot Water, Steam and Gas Fixtures and Hydraulic Machinery,
59 & 61 Queen Street East
 TORONTO (opposite Metropolitan Church).

Nervous Debility,
 Febrile, Neuralgia, Catarrh, Indigestion, Rheumatism, and all Nervous Diseases are immediately relieved and permanently cured by
NORMAN'S Electro-Curative BELTS,
 which are warranted to be the best in the world. Consultation and Catalogue free. Batteries, Suspension-series, Shoulder Braces, and Crutches kept in stock.
A. NORMAN, 4 Queen Street E., Toronto, Ont.

U. S. Address—P. O. Box 1
 Fort Covington, N.Y.
 Canada Address—
 40 Henry St., Montreal.

Castle & Son
 STAINED GLASS
 For CHURCHES.
 Sacred subjects and symbols a specialty. Designs free. Correspondence invited.

JOHN McMAHON
 MERCHANT TAILOR,
 39 King Street West, - Toronto

W. K. MURPHY

House : and : Sign : Painter

IMPORTER WALL PAPERS

353 Queen Street West - Toronto

The Father Mathew Remedy.



Radical and speedy cure for intemperance... S. L. CHANCE, 175 1/2 St. Catharine St., Montreal.

J. H. LEMA TRE & CO,

Artists and Photographers,

324 Yonge Street.

Largely patronized by the clergy and communities.

McKeown & Co.

182 YONGE ST.

Invite inspection of their new Spring Dress Goods

in all the New Combinations and Colorings

New Silks, Merveilleux Surahs, Etc.

Black Goods in Cashmeres, Parnattas, Henriettas, Fabrics, Jersey Cloths, etc.

Kid Glovee, Hosiery, Corsets,

Table Linens,

Sheetings, Quilts

Lace Curtains, &c.

McKEOWN & Co.

182 YONGE ST.

Fine Dress & Mantle Making

NEW BOOKS

Victoria of the Martyrs by St. Alphonsus Li- goun, translated by Rev. E. Grimm, C.S.B.R., nett \$1.25. The Church and the Age, an exposition of the Catholic Church, in view of the needs and aspirations of the present, by Very Rev. J. F. Hecker, \$1.50. Science and Religion, Lectures on the reasonableness of Christianity and the shallowness of Infidelity, by the Most Rev. B. Vaughan, \$1.00. A Treatise of Prayer and of the fruits and man- ner of Prayer, by the blessed John Fisher, 93 The Little Flowers of St. Francis of Assisi, \$1.00. Readings with the Saints, compiled from their writings for the use of priests; Religious and Christians in the world, \$1.00. Spiritual Retreats, notes of meditations and considerations by the Most Rev. G. Portet, \$1. net \$1.45. The Atlantic Heart of Jesus, by Father Joseph de Gallifot, 98c. The Incarnate Word and the Devotion to the Sacred Heart, by Rev. G. Tickell, S. J., 60c. Requiemant. A little book of Anniversaries, arranged for the daily use of those who love to remember the faithful departed, \$1.25. The Names of the Eucharist, by Luigi Lanzoni, 75c. The Blessed will know each other in Heaven, by L'Abbe El Merio, D.D., nett 90c. Christian Maxims of the Cure Wars, 30c. May O'Brien, a tale of Irish life, by E. J. Thomp- son, \$1.75. The Court of Rath Crogan, or Dead but not for- gotten, by M. L. O Byrne, \$1.75. Irish Poetic Gems, from Mangan, Moore, and Griffin, 60c. All the latest publications received as soon as issued.

D. & J. SADLIER & CO. Catholic Publishers, Booksellers and Sta- tioners, Church Ornaments and Religious Articles. 115 Church Street, TORONTO | 163 Notre Dame Street MONTREAL.

TEETH WITH OR WITHOUT A PLATE

Best Teeth on rubber, \$8.00, on celluloid, \$10.00. All work absolutely perfect. "Vitalized Air C. H. R. G. S. L. B. S. South west corner Kin and Yonge streets, Toronto Telephone 1476

M. FOLEY, UPHOLSTERER

558 1/2 Yonge Street, Toronto. The latest designs in Drawing-room Dining-room and Parlor Suites. Also in Lambrequins and Curtains. Carpets made and laid, and old suites renewed. The patronage of the clergy is respectfully solicited.



SEALED TENDERS marked for "Mounted Police Clothing Supplies," and addressed to the Honourable the President of the Privy Council Ottawa, will be received up to noon on Mon- day, 16th April, 1888. Printed form of tender, containing full in- struction as to the articles and quantities re- quired, may be had on application to the under- signed. No tender will be received unless made on such printed forms. Patterns of articles may be seen at the office of the undersigned. Each tender must be accompanied by an ac- cepted Canadian bank cheque for an amount equal to ten per cent of the total value of the articles tendered for, which will be forfeited if the party declines to enter into a contract when called upon to do so, or if he fails to complete the work contracted for, if the tender be not ac- cepted, the cheque will be returned. No payment will be made to newspapers in- serting this advertisement without authority having been first obtained.

FRFD. WHITE, Comptroller N. W. M. Police. Ottawa, March 22th, 1888.

LEPAGE'S THE ONLY GENUINE LIQUID GLOE. UNEQUALLED FOR CEMENTING wood, glass, china, paper, leather, &c. Always ready for use. (IS MADE BY THE) AWARDED TWO GOLD MEDALS. Russia Cement Co., Sample 20c stamps

\$9,999.00 IN GOLD TO BE GIVEN AWAY

In order to introduce my Nursery stock through- out the United States and Canada, I will give away \$9,900 in gold as follows, to the parties sending me 14 Three Cent Canadian, or 21 Two Cent American Postage Stamps for any one of the following collection of plants or bulbs, which will be sent by mail (postpaid), in April next, and guaranteed to arrive in good condition:

- No. 1.-2 Hardy Roses. 2.-2 Everblooming Roses. 3.-2 Hardy Climbing Roses. 4.-2 Dahlias. 5.-5 Gladiolus. 6.-3 Hardy Grape Vines. 7.-8 Raspberries, 4 each, black and red 8.-20 Strawberry Plants, 4 choice kinds.

All letters with stamps enclosed as requested above, for plants, will be numbered as they come to hand, and the senders of the first thirteen hundred letters will receive gifts as follows:

Table with 2 columns: Letter number and gift description. 1st. - \$250 The next 20, \$10 each. 2nd. - 100 The next 40, 5 each. 3rd. - 50 The next 415, 3 each. 4th. - 30 The next 820, 1 each. 5th. - 20

After 50 thousand letters have been received, the senders of the next eleven hundred letters will receive gifts as follows:

Table with 2 columns: Letter number and gift description. 1st. - \$225 The next 10, \$15 each. 2nd. - 125 The next 15, 10 each. 3rd. - 75 The next 40, 5 each. 4th. - 50 The next 470, 2 each. 5th. - 25 The next 560, 1 each.

After 100 thousand letters have been received, the senders of the next one thousand letters will receive gifts as follows:

Table with 2 columns: Letter number and gift description. 1 and 2. \$100 each The next 5, \$20 each 3 and 4. 75 each The next 15, 10 each 5 and 6. 50 each The next 35, 5 each 7, 10, 11 and 12. 25 each The next 140, 1 each

After 150 thousand letters have been received, the senders of the next eleven hundred and nine letters will receive gifts as follows:

Table with 2 columns: Letter number and gift description. 1 \$100 each The next 10 \$20 each 2 75 each The next 25 10 each 3 and 4 50 each The next 55 5 each The next 5 25 each The next 419 1 each

Any person may send any number of times for any of above collection. If three cents extra is sent, I will send in April a printed list of the names of all persons who are entitled to the gifts.

As a direct investment this will not pay, but my object is to introduce my stock, and build up a trade by mail. I employ no agents, but deal direct with customers, and can sell and deliver stock to any part of the United States or Canada, either by mail, express or freight, at about one-half the price charged by other Nurserymen through agents. Send me a list of wants and I will quote you prices. Mention this paper, and address all letters - J. LAHMER, NURSERYMAN, TORONTO, CANADA.

PLUMBING, STEAM AND HOT WATER HEATING W. J. BURROUGHS, 315 Queen St. West.

Alex. Campbell, John L. Blalock, Esq. President. Vice-Pres.

THE BOILER INSPECTION And Insurance Company of Canada. Consulting Engineers and Solicitors of Patents.

HEAD OFFICE: QUEBEC BANK CHAMBERS, TORONTO G. C. Hobbs, Chief Engineer. A. Trayer, Sec.-Treas.

SPILLING BROTHERS, Manufacturers of FINE CIGARS 115 Jarvis St., Toronto, Ont