

The Catholic Record.

"Christianus mihi nomen est, Catholicus vero Cognomen."—(Christian is my Name, but Catholic my Surname.)—St. Paclan, 4th Century.

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LONDON, ONTARIO, SATURDAY, JANUARY 12, 1895.

NO. 847.

SIR JOHN THOMPSON.

The Funeral Obituary - Sermon by the Most Rev. Archbishop of Halifax.

The remains of the late Premier of the Dominion arrived in Halifax on board the *Blenheim* on the first day of the new year. From all parts of the Dominion distinguished persons gathered to do honor to all that was mortal of him who had been Canada's greatest son. The preparations made for the funeral and the floral offerings and other tokens of love for the deceased statesman surpassed in a marked degree anything of a similar nature which had ever taken place in Canada. The great dailies of the country contained in each issue for some days past lengthy accounts of the ceremonies attending the preparations for the funeral, as well as minute descriptions of St. Mary's Cathedral and its elaborate mourning preparations for the Mass of Requiem.

Many of the public buildings were draped in mourning. The Legislative Council Chamber, where the body was placed previous to its removal to the Cathedral, was very handsomely and appropriately decorated. Black cashmere draped the walls; purple and silver ornamented the windows. The effect of the black and purple was very striking.

The Post Office and Custom House, the Intercolonial Railway Station, St. Mary's Globe House, St. Mathews Church, the Academy of Music and various other buildings were draped in black. No pains were spared to render every mark of respect to the deceased.

ST. MARY'S CATHEDRAL.

For some days a great number of workmen and designers were busily employed in making the cathedral a worthy expression of national sorrow. And we must say that success full and complete has rewarded their painstaking efforts. The decorations were on an elaborate scale. Many of the correspondents of the various newspapers declared that they had never seen so much artistic beauty and taste displayed in the ornamentation of a building.

Everything was in perfect harmony, and what is especially commendable, the architecture of the church was no way marred by the decorations.

The exterior was draped and the beautiful granite facade presented a most striking contrast to the sombre hangings of black. The interior was a picture. Covered with black cashmere, fluted in some parts of the church and hanging in others in graceful festoons, it presented a spectacle that charmed the eye and satisfied the views of the most fastidious. The organ gallery came from the hands of the designers a very model of funeral draping. The front of the rails was covered with black cashmere and across it rose in silver lettering the device, "Requiescat in Pace." Purple trimming adorned the framework of the organ. The effect as we stood at the main entrance of the church was touching in its suggestiveness of sorrow. It seemed indeed as if grief in all its dreary habiliments had taken up its abode within the precincts of the cathedral. But far away in the dim distance we could see the words on the archway over the main altar: "I am the Resurrection and the Life," and we knew that beyond the spheres we should see the man who was ever buoyed up by the hope of immortality and for whom we mourned.

We could see the pulpit, with its black draping and rail of gold, the Archbishop's throne, with its covering of purple and black and gold. Incandescent lamps flashed on pillar and wall, on cross and emblem, bathing all in waves of light.

The funeral took place on the 3rd of January. The remains of Sir John were removed from the Legislative Council chamber at 6 o'clock by Undertaker Snow, Son & Co., and taken in a covered coffin sleigh to St. Mary's Cathedral, where it was met by Rev. Dr. Murphy and Father Moriarty. Rev. Dr. Murphy superintended the placing of the casket on the catafalque, which is placed just at the foot of the grand altar of the cathedral. Lady Thompson's family and the chief mourners arrived at the cathedral at 9:30 and were admitted through the side chancel. The party included Lady Thompson, her two sons and two daughters; Mr. John Pugh, Lady Thompson's uncle, and his daughter; Mr. and Mrs. Jos. Chisholm, sister of Lady Thompson; Sister Lena of the Sisters of Charity, also sister of Lady Thompson; D. Pottinger, Superintendent of the Intercolonial, cousin of deceased, Sir John's mother being a sister to D. Pottinger's father; Fred. Carter and wife, relatives of Lady Thompson. The mourners occupied the first pews in the centre aisles to the left of the altar. In the head pews on the right were Lord and Lady Aberdeen, Governor and Lady Daly, Governor and Lady Downey, Governor Kirkpatrick from Ontario, and their staffs; Sir Frank Smith, Sir C. H. Tupper and Hon. Ministers of the Cabinet, Messrs. Foster, Daly, Ives, Curran, Costigan, Outmet, Dickey and Ferguson and Controllers Wood and

Wallace. All the Judges of the Supreme Court of Nova Scotia and visiting Justices occupied pews on the right, and the representatives of the Provincial Governments were seated behind the mourners. The spacious cathedral, so sombre in its death drapings and crape, and the magnificent white marble grand altar with cross of burnished gold festooned with incandescent lights, the gorgeous catafalque with the Countess of Aberdeen's white and gold pall over the coffin, the two pyramids of floral offerings from all over the world, made a picture that will be remembered for ever by the thousand ticketholders who were admitted to the cathedral. Exactly at 10:05 the priest of the Mass came upon the altar. This was a beautiful procession. Six small acolytes in purple and black soutanes came first, then followed two altar boys in red soutanes, twelve in black, fifty priests of the diocese, Bishop McDonald of Alexandria, Bishop McDonald of Prince Edward Island, Bishop Sweeney of Charlottetown, Bishop Howley of Newfoundland, Bishop Blois and Vicar-General Langois of Rimouski, Bishop Cameron of Antigonish, Archbishop Duhamel of Ottawa, Archbishop O'Brien of Halifax, all in their gorgeous purple vestments. The train of Archbishop O'Brien's handsome purple silk robe was held by four pages in white and red soutanes. The service was the impressive High Requiem Mass of the Catholic Church and was celebrated by Bishop Cameron of Antigonish, a life-long friend of the Premier, assisted by the Bishops above named. Archbishop O'Brien preached the sermon. The music, supplied by a picked choir of one hundred voices, was excellent.

ARCHBISHOP O'BRIEN.

Archbishop O'Brien preached eloquently an impressive sermon. "And I have walked before you from my youth unto this day. Here I am. Witness against me before the Lord and before His appointed whose ox have I taken? Or whose ass have I taken? Or whom have I defrauded? Whom have I oppressed? Or of whose hand have I taken a ransom to blind mine eyes therewith? And I will restore it you. And they said, Thou hast not defrauded us nor oppressed us; neither hast Thou taken aught of any man's hand." (1 Samuel, xii, 3 and 4).

Before the remains of the honored dead are borne home to their last resting place, it is meet some words should be spoken in this sacred edifice to tell of life and hope amidst the sadness and gloom that encompass around about. It is no exaggeration to say that the great heart of Canada has been strangely moved during the past three weeks, its sympathies aroused as never before, and a sorrow in its sense of loss pathetic for reasons of the noble qualities of its object awakened. Nor has the mourning and regret been confined to our Dominion. From across the ocean an echo of the empire's wail has reached our shores. From far and near have come unmistakable evidences of regret. No outward mark of respect to the memory of the departed has been omitted, from our gracious Sovereign down to the lowliest citizen; from personal friends and political opponents an abundance of love and respect has been given. The representatives of our Queen and the civil power of our country are here to give all pomp and circumstance to his funeral. But man dies not with death, and in the midst of our mourning the solemn rites of religion, tinged through they be with a human sadness, yet have an undertone of consolation, of hope, eye, of triumph. The pleading tones of the *Dies Irae* are not the wailings of despair; they are rather the expressions of confidence in an infinite mercy; and, finally, before the remains are carried forth, the exultant words, which contain a promise and an assurance of victory over the grave, are intoned.

"I am the resurrection, and the life. He that believeth in me although he be dead, shall live, and every one that liveth and believeth in me shall not die for ever." (John, xi, 25, 27).

Our sorrow, then, is not as that of those who mourn without hope. For we know that our friends, though dead to the world, live before God and, although their bodies may be left to moulder in the tomb, we ever hear the consoling words of our Saviour, spoken near the little town of Bethany: "Thy brother shall rise again."

A NATION'S SORROW.

Though there be hope in our sorrow, the sorrow itself is profound and universal. For an individual loss the regret is sincere, though it be confined within a narrow circle. When a nation mourns we may be sure that the loss is a national one. Few indeed will deny that by the death of the Right Hon. Sir John Thompson our great mother, Canada, has suffered an almost irremediable loss. The reason of this is because of the qualities that were based and rooted in the character of the man as he appeared to the eyes of his fellow-citizens in the discharge of the duties of his high public station. In him, as in Samuel of old, the people recognized integrity of life and the conscientious fulfillment of onerous

duties. In the words of my text he might say: "I have walked before you from my youth until this day. Behold here I am." He had held various trusts during his earthly career—in the City Council, in the Provincial Legislature, upon the bench and in the Department of Justice in the Dominion. It will not be saying too much to assert that he might make the challenge to public criticism contained in these words of my text: "Witness against me before the Lord and before His appointed; whose ox have I taken or whose ass have I taken; if I have wronged any man, if I have taken a ransom at any man's hands."

TRIALS OF PUBLIC LIFE.

Canadian public life has its bitterness. Party journals do not lack a keen vision for the delinquencies of their opponents. Even now, as in the days of our Saviour, men see the mote in their neighbors' eyes while perhaps blind to the beam in their own. Public men live more now, more than ever, in the full light that is cast around them from a hundred sources, which did not exist in past ages. They cannot hide themselves behind the throne of their Sovereign and screen their character beneath their cloak of office. Our age respects no curtains drawn before the sanctuary of the King. Hence the acts of a high public official are as open to the criticism of the people as those of the village officer. The more fierce the light which surrounds his actions the more unsparring the censure to which his conduct is subjected. What might have been hidden from the masses of the Jewish people in the days of Samuel is impossible of concealment from the public of this day. Yet were the people of this great Dominion to be called upon to answer to the challenge of the dead Premier to speak of him before the Lord and before His appointed they would be obliged to answer: "Thou hast not wronged us, nor oppressed us, nor taken aught at any man's hands." Official integrity can have no higher credentials than this, nor need it desire a more inflexible vindication. It is a matter for legitimate congratulation that in the public life of this Dominion we can point to a career which has summed up and embodied all the best attributes of official purity and unbending uprightness; that whilst vast interests were in his keeping and many subtle influences at work to render him untrue to the common weal, still no duty was neglected, no obligation to the public shirked, and the hands which had wielded almost unlimited power were found free from wrong doing, from oppression and from taking a bribe at the hands of any man.

A LIVING EXAMPLE.

A life such as that of the late Premier is not intended to be written merely in a family register to be perused only by intimate friends. It is to adorn the annals of a nation and to be an instruction to future generations. All through the history of the past we find that the Creator spoke to His creatures, not by Revelation only, but by the living example of men, who had been the recipients of many virtues which might be gathered from various sources had been harmoniously blended. The concrete action of their well-regulated lives was calculated to exercise a greater influence over the conduct of many than abstract principles, however explicitly inculcated. Many lessons may be learned from the life of Sir John Thompson, on which it is well to ponder on this day of our grief, so that we may derive therefrom the consolation of realizing that though dead he speaketh, and though removed from the scene of his earthly activity the magic of his influences survives, and is productive of good to his fellow-men. Considered in a worldly point of view, no one will deny that his career was an unbounded success. From the modest position of a humble citizen he rose rapidly from one height to another of public importance, until finally he reached the highest office in the gift of the nation. Again, none will deny that in each successive stage of his upward course he acquitted himself in a manner satisfactory to the public and gave a guarantee that to whatever further heights of national importance he might attain he could be found equal to their responsibilities. But mere outward success is no criterion, no measure of real greatness. This latter must be gauged rather by the manner of attainment than by the attainment itself.

HONORS WELL WON.

How, then, did the late Premier rise to the lofty eminence in which he was stricken by the hand of death? It was not by the aid of the outward accidents of wealth or of birth. Much less was it by an unworthy pandering to the passions and prejudices of the people, or by the employment of cunning arts and devices by which a corrupt public man sometimes threads his way successfully to ambitious distinction. None of these lent him any aid in his upward course. A faithful observance of the law of labor imposed by the Creator of the human race, and from which no one without disturbance of nature's order can exempt himself, together with intellectual gifts of a high order strengthened and made perfect by a deep religious spirit, enabled him to hew a

pathway through the difficulties of life on an ever upward plane. It is only by a combination of such forces that great results can be achieved. Some will say he was lucky, but to a thoughtful man what is the meaning of this trite phrase? As we are not the creatures of blind chance, but, under God, the architects of our own destiny, the word can only mean that a man is always alive to and takes advantage of his opportunity; in other words, that he puts at good interest the talent committed to his keeping. We can, therefore, safely conclude that industry, sobriety and a conscientious attention to the details of each duty constitute the pinnacles which bore him onward in a career which can only be rightly characterized as phenomenal. The manner of his success, then, claims our admiration and affords a measure by which to gauge his character. It points out also to young men the one sure and honorable road to public distinction as well as the one way of combining a worldly success with personal integrity. Eulogies of the recent dead are liable to be tinged with exaggeration, and to express the loving admiration of a friend rather than the calm judgment of an historian. But in the desire to appear cool and impartial men are at times unwittingly unjust to the departed. In the wish to be thought severely judicial they deem it necessary to hedge their praises by restrictions and conditions which deprive them alike of logical sequence and judicial fairness. Whilst we should guard against exaggerated statements, we should not be afraid to draw the legitimate conclusion that flows from a consideration of the career of him whose life we may have under review. Can the word great be legitimately applied to Sir John Thompson in any or all of the various parts which he so honorably fulfilled? Undoubtedly some will answer no, either through a fear of being thought wanting in judicial acumen or perhaps from a misconception of the constituents of greatness. What elements go to compose that special manifestation of a faculty or faculties which we call greatness? Many seem to imagine that greatness cannot exist in every-day deeds. Unless it is presented to them booted and spurred they fail to recognize its face. As the vulgar confound greatness with greatness, so they make this latter synonymous with pomposity of manner and aggressive self assertion. The ability to meet emergencies and to attain legitimately the special end in view without any apparent effort prove the possession of resources which merit the designation of great. Now, it is admitted on all sides that as a lawyer Sir John was never found unable to meet the legal points which might unexpectedly arise in the conduct of a case. And we will say he had not a laid up store of legal knowledge. He merely solved the difficulties as they successively arose. Even if that be so it would simply prove that he lacked the time in a busy life to fill his mind with all manner of law questions, whilst it would serve to show the resourceful quality of his intellect. As a pleader his success was so marked that his services were eagerly sought in all cases of great moment. As a judge his summing up of cases was noted for its method and impartiality. His decisions were ever clear and satisfactory. As a speaker on the floor of the House of Commons he may not have had the tricks of voice and gesture which, in a ruler age, and even now among the less cultured, are supposed to constitute oratory. His speeches nevertheless were masterpieces of clear, logical reasoning, and attained the end, namely, the conviction of all fair-minded men. They have that quality of sincerity, of appeal to the higher nature of man, with a mastery grouping of arguments, which will insure their immortality in the literature of our country. As an envoy of Canada, whether at Washington or Paris or London, he impressed all with whom he came in contact as a man of superior abilities, and possessed of a miraculous grasp of the intricacies of every question discussed. In view of all this varied and continuous success, both at home and abroad, we are but expressing a legitimate conclusion and not the exaggeration of funeral eulogy by claiming for him in many things at least the appellation of great.

SPIRITUAL STRENGTH.

But there is another and a higher aspect of the life of the late Premier which on this occasion is deserving of serious consideration. Splendid as were his intellectual gifts and endowments of mind, of themselves they would never have enabled him to win and to retain the esteem and admiration of so many. It was the spiritual element of his nature which developed and expanded his intellectual attainments, gave consistency to his actions, strength and vigor to his reasoning, and won the confidence of those with whom he had to deal. Material as is our age, and set though the hearts of the multitudes may be on the good things of life, still men can admire and appreciate a line of action which is moulded by a standard more noble than any to which they dream of aspiring. The words of a book of wisdom: "Love justice you that are judges of the earth, think of the Lord in god-

ness and seek Him in simplicity of heart," had sunk early and deeply into the heart of Sir John Thompson. To the justice of his dealings with all men, both as a private citizen and as a public official, we have already alluded, and the public voice fully endorses it. The way he sought the Lord in goodness and simplicity of heart is known to his friends. He recognized it to be the first duty of a Christian to follow the dictates of conscience, and to make his life an outward expression of his inward convictions. We shall not insult his memory nor seem to think so poorly of the enlightened citizens of this Dominion as to offer any excuse for or vindication of the change of his religious belief, made after due deliberation, and in the strength of his young manhood. He who follows conscience needs no vindication in the eyes of posterity, nor excuse before the bar of contemporary opinion. We shall merely say that his manner of life from the date of that change until the day of his death was that of a thoroughly practical, consistent Catholic. Both in public and in private, at all times and under all circumstances, he fulfilled with regularity and exactness not merely the essential duties of his religion, but likewise many of those which a busy man might well be excused for thinking supererogatory. This faithful discharge of his religious duties brought him into daily and close intercourse with his Creator, detaching his mind from the love of material things, causing him to see the emptiness of worldly honor and applause, and making him realize that a good name is better than riches and the fear of God preferable to the acquirement of unjust triumphs. How faithful he was to the practices of devotion which he deemed profitable to the soul can be gathered in an unmistakable manner from what was found on him after death. Amongst other things was a small picture of his Saviour, a crucifix and a set of rosary beads.

Be it borne in mind that he could not have foreseen his death at Windsor Castle, consequently even his most bitter adversary cannot accuse him of posing for the occasion. Such tokens of pious practices, of the utility of which we shall not here treat, but in which he fully believed, were ever on his person. He had gone to Windsor Castle at the command of his earthly sovereign. Whilst bending his knee to her and swearing fidelity to her throne, with a heart filled with the spirit of true loyalty, he wore pressed to that same heart the image of his heavenly King, both as a reminder of the homage which he owed Him and as a consecration of the service of his soul to the eternal King. He was to dine with his Queen and then remain for the night in her historic Windsor Castle. He would offer to her every sign of respectful allegiance and ready service; but when he should have retired from her presence he was prepared to salute the Queen of Heaven, and to commend himself to her care by devoutly reciting the beads in her honor. Have we not here a striking example of the fulfillment of the command, "Fear God and honor the King?" The thoughtless may smile at such trifles being found on a great public man. We maintain that without them he would have been short of half his greatness.

LIFE WORK.

This exceptionally brilliant and highly-honored career, measured by years, is a disappointment; judged by the work performed it may be said to embrace a lengthened span; for, according to the words of wisdom, "Venerable old age is not that of long time, nor counted by the number of years, but the understanding of a man is gray hairs, and a spotless life is old age." (Wisdom, iv, 94).

In this true sense, then, although taken away in his prime, Sir John Thompson filled up by his good deeds and a spotless life more than the allotted three score and ten. Some will say, as some have said, that had he not entered on the arena of Dominion politics he might have lived yet for many years. True, and the soldiers who lost their lives in defending their country might have lived to extreme old age had they remained in the quiet retirement of their homes, and buried their courage and their patriotism in some obscure potato patch. But we do not live for ourselves alone. Many have duties towards society, and those to whom the Creator has been lavish of His gifts have responsibilities for their right use corresponding to their measure. Sir John knew and recognized this, and, though personally averse to the turmoil of public life, he sacrificed his feelings at the call of duty. Who of his friends could wish it to have been otherwise?

Who of them would purchase for him a few uneventful years of life at the cost of his achievements during the past nine years? It is needless to say, I am speaking in no partisan sense when I ask who would wish to deprive Canadian public life of the noble and uplifting influence of his example? To have had him hide his light beneath a bushel, and thus to take away from the young men of the future an example and an inspiration of honesty and patriotism, even though he might have adorned for many years to come

the bench of his native Province; the man who could desire it is only half a Christian and nothing of a Canadian. I need not recount to you the tragic story of his ending. He was summoned from the presence of his earthly sovereign to that of his eternal Lord and Master. Well was it for him that, being made perfect in a short space, he fulfilled for a long time; for only his Christian life, and not worldly honors or successes, could then avail him. Men often wondered at the ways of God in taking away at an early age the just, whilst leaving the wicked. So they wondered in the days of Solomon, who explained the seeming mystery by saying: "For his soul pleased God, therefore he hastened him out of the midst of iniquities."

HIS LOVED ONES.

If England mourned and all Canada wept at the sudden falling of his might, there are those whose agony, not only then, but now, is too sacred to be unveiled. The faithful wife and loving children and sorrowing relatives must bear not only their full share of the public bereavement, but also a bitter personal sorrow, the extent of which cannot be known save by themselves alone. If words of sincerest sympathy and every mark of tender and delicate respect could obliterate such sorrow from the mind they would be even now fully comforted. From far and near such words and such tokens have come. Her gracious Majesty, with true womanly feeling and solicitude, for which all Canadians love and admire her the more, if that be possible, has testified in a most striking manner her sympathy, her admiration and her love. By her special command all the observances prescribed by his religion were carried out, and almost royal honors paid to his remains. Such marks of universal esteem, as well as words of friendly condolence, may help to assuage, if they cannot heal, the wounds of the heart. More than this, his grieving family will find consolation in reflecting on his well-spent life and simple Christian conversation. He has left to them an inheritance more precious than gold, a spotless reputation, an untarnished name and the memory of noble qualities nobly employed. Though soon to be borne from their sight, their hearts shall not be bereft of hope, for the God whom he loved and served will whisper in their souls:—"Thy husband, thy father, thy brother, shall arise." In this sure hope, we commit to the earth his mortal remains, and as we pray for the speedy entrance of his soul into the eternal joys of heaven, let us not forget to pray for his family, that they may be comforted and sustained, and for our country, that it may be the fruitful mother of many such sons as the late Right Hon. Sir John Thompson.

Bishop Langevin.

A despatch from Rome says the Pope has appointed the Rev. Father Langevin of the Congregation of St. Mary Immaculate, to the Bishopric of St. Boniface, Manitoba, in succession to the late Archbishop Tache, who died during the past summer. He is the son of Philippe Langevin, notary, and was born at St. Isidore, Laprairie county, nearly thirty-nine years ago. Father Langevin studied at the Montreal College, where he passed with high honors. He was a classmate of Father Therrien of Mount St. Louis, and a warm friendship sprung up between them in their student days, which has continued up to the present. After completing his studies he remained at the Montreal College for two years, afterwards studying theology at the Grand Seminary. He next entered the novitiate of the Oblate Fathers at Lachine, where he made his vows. After a trip to France he returned to Montreal, and performed the duties of the priesthood at St. Peter's church, Montreal, when he was transferred to Ottawa as Superior of the Seminary. He was then sent to Manitoba as Superior of the missions in the North-West, in which capacity he has visited all parts of the country, and made friends wherever he went, both among Catholics and Protestants. Father Langevin is a doctor of theology, is of a most charitable disposition, and a fine speaker.

The Poison of the Press.

The rage for sensations and suggestive illustrations in the daily press is bad for the newspapers and the public. There is an incredible amount of wickedness in certain newspapers and periodicals of the present day. Many of the journals which are scattered broadcast over the country seem to have for their sole object to pervert the minds and the hearts of men, and they are daily filled with misrepresentations, and calumnies and falsehoods against our holy religion, and with everything that is calculated to stir up the worst passions in the soul. Such a literature should not be tolerated for a moment in any Catholic household, but should be thrown into the fire. There is no dearth of good newspapers, and these alone should be allowed into the family.

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