A CONVERSION RESULTING FROM ITS

6

The Jesuit, Father John Ogilvie, wa tortured and put to death for the fatth at Glasgow, Scotland, on March 10th, 1615. He was executed because he had dared to say that the spiritual power belonged to the Pope and not to the King of England, James I., and in these days of persecu-tion this was considered an uppardonable

On the way to the scriffold, Father Ogilvie met a Protestant minister, who

accosted him saying:

"My dear Ogilvie, how I pity your obetinacy in thus exposing yourself to an infamous death!"

The good Father, divining the real object of his apparent sympathy, answered as if he were somewhat afraid of death,

saying:
"As if it depended on me to die or not to die! I can't help it; I have been declared guilty of high treason, and it is for that crime that I am sentenced to

"Treason?" replied the minister, "it is not for that. Believe me, if you abjure Popish doctrines and the Pope, everything will be forgiven, and you will be loaded

"You are joking," replied the father. "No," snewered the minister, "I am specking seriously, and I have authority for so doing, for the Archbishop (the Protestant one) has commissioned me to offer you his daughter in marriage, with one of the richest parishes as her dowry, if you

will join us."

While this dialogue was taking place, they had reached the foot of the scell'd.
The minister was trying to persuade the priest to save his life. The father said he was willing to live, provided he could do

"But," replied the minister, "I have assured you that you will be loaded with

"Well, then," said Father Oglivie, "do me the favor to repeat aloud, and before all these people, what you have proposed

to me."
"I ask nothing better," he replied.
"Now, all listen attentively," said the
Father, "to what the minister wants to
say;" and the latter repeated aloud:
"I promise to Mr. Ogilvie his life, the daughter of the Archbishop in marriage and a rich parish if he agrees to unite with

"You all hear," said the priest, "and are you ready to testify to this, if required to

do so?"
"Yes, we have heard, and will testify," answered the crowd. "Come down from the scaffold, Mr. Ogilvie; come down." The Catholics, who were hidden among the people, were praying; their hearts were wrung with anxiety for a few moments; their enemies were counting on

a triumph. "Then," said Father Ogilvie, "I need not fear to be tried again for treason.

"No, no," responded on all sides.
"Therefore if I am here," continued the priest, "it is solely on account of my

Yes, solely for your religion." "Very well," exclaimed Father Oglivie,
"that is all I wanted to prove. It is on
account of my religion that I am condemned to die. For my fath I would
gladly sacrifice two lives if I had them—I have but one, then make haste and take

it, for I will never give up my religion.
At these words the hearts of the Catho lica were filled with consolation ; their enemies hung their heads with shame at having been caught in their own snare. The minister was beside bimself with apper; he would not allow Father Oglivie to say another word, and ordered the executloner to make him go up the ladder. Before proceeding with his task the executioner excused blusself to the Father,

who immediately embraced him.

It was probably at the time when his vere being tied that Father Oglivle cast his beads in the midst of the assembled crowd. A touching episcde is connected with this incident. The rosary, in falling, struck on the breast a stranger who happened to be there. He was the Baron John of Eckersdorff, a young Calvinist nobleman, a native of Hungary who was travelling in Scotland. Later on he occupied several honorable positions he became the Governor of Treves and as intimate friend of Archduke Leopold, brother of Ferdinand III. In his old age he related to Father Boleslas Balbinus, of the Society of Jesus, the following

secount of his conversion was travelling through England and Scotland, according to the usual custom of Hurgarian nobles. I was very young and I was not a Catholic. I happened to be in Glasgow the day that Father Oglivie was led to the scaffold, and I cannot describe to you the noble courage with which he met his death. As a last token of love to the Catholics he threw them hi beeds from the scaffold just as he was mounting the ladder. That rosary appar ently thrown by chance, struck me on the breest, so that I would only have had to my hand to take and keep it Catholics were so anxiou to secure it that they pressed around me with such force that I would have been crushed if I had not let it go. At that time nothing was farther from my thoughts than the subject of religion; nevertheless, from that moment I did not have an instant's rest. That rosary had wounded my heart. I visited rosary had wounded my heart. I visited one place after another, but I could not enjoy any peace. My conscience was troubled, and this thought presented itself constantly to my mind: 'Why did Ogilvie's rosary fall on my rather than on some one else?' This thought pursued me incessantly during several years, and at last I hearkened to the voice of conscience, urging me to seek instruction and then abjure Calvinism. I attribute my then abjure Calvinism. I attribute my conversion to the touch of that resary which I would not give for anything in the world if I owned it, and which I would purchance at any price if I knew where I could find it."—Translated for the Cath-

olic Review from Le Manitoba.

Corn Nowing tight boots all the year round. Corn reaping is best conducted through the agency of Putnam's Painless Corn Extractor, the only safe and sure pop corn cure. Put-nam's Extractor is now widely imitated. Beware of all poisonous and sore producing OUR PET VICE.

BY MAURICE FRANCIS EGAN.

The author of a celebrated pamphlet, The author of a celebrated pampblet,
"We Catholics," and the author of a less
celebrated but equally clever work,
"Mostly Fools," have lamented the lack
of fellow-feeling and the apathy on
matters of national importance of the
Catholics of England. It is attacked the Catholics of England. It is strange that in our country similar complaints may apply. Mr. Randolph, in "Mostly Fools," thrusts carcastically at the exclusiveness of the Catholic aristocracy and gentry Great Britain—an exclusiveness and Lady-Vere de Vere ishness which has left them open to the reproach that the only clever Catholics in England are converts. Certainly the names we most often hear con-nected with public movements in England are those of converts, such as Cardinal Manning, Cardinal Newman, and Lord

In England one might find excuse for the torpor of Car holies in the fact that for centuries they were forcibly excluded from public life, and that the old habits of seclusion still clieg to them. A, ain, there is no more firm believer in caste than the Catholic aristo east in Eachard, and was reasonable to the control of the control of the caste in the Catholic aristo. crat in Eagland; no man more jealous of of his privileges, or more anxious to draw around him the sacred circles of rank. He may bend, but he never for a moment places himself on a level with those fellow Jatholics without "blood" whom he occadonally meets at reunions where religion

is the only bond.

But in the United States we have no aristocrats—except those few haughty peo-ple whose pedigrees, like Becky Sharpe's, improve with age; and we have had no penal laws. There has been nothing to repress us, because we have been irrepres-sible. And yet the cloud of apathy, of exclusiveness, of sneering criticism, dark

ens our horizon.

If Catholics have a pet vice, it is that of inconsiderateness in speech. We are constantly saying to ourselves and to others how superior we are to the pagans around us. We do not marry several times under cover of a divorce; our Sunday school superintendents do not embezzle money ed go to Canada (we have no Sunday school superintendents, but that doesn matter); and we are too ready to pick out any example of ministerial bad con-duct and throw it into the Protestant

duct and throw it into the Protestant face. We assert—and everybody admits—that we possess certain virtues on which the perpetuity of the family and of the State depends. We possess these in proportion to the practical heed we give to the teachings of the Church. But, as if by way of indemnifying ourselves for avoiding the flesh-pots of the Egyptians, and the state of the state o we wallow in unkindness of thought and word, particularly as regards the affairs of those brethren in the sweet yoke of our salvation.

The Protestant who imagines that Catholics admire one another—that they are a solid phalanx banded together for the conquest of America, headed by the Jesuits—ought to attend some informal reunion of Catholics, when conversation and cigar smoke are unrestricted. He would hear nothing against the Pope, and he would discover that there was no discussion of deep religious problems which Protestants are in the habit of approaching with an interrogation point; for in natters of faith Catholics are a unit. Except the Pope, he would fied no man mentioned without a "but." He would ome away with the opinion that n matters not considered essential, Datholics are the most go-as-you-please olk on the face of the earth ; and, more over, that to be a Catholic was at onee to become a target for innumerable criti-cisres; and, morever, that no Catholic her father. As was her life, holy, innocan amount to anything until he has received the imprimatur of non Catholic

approval. A Catholic paper!" he would hear who reads a Catholic paper!" He would be justified in thinking that to be a Cath olic writer is to be sillicted with an intel-lectual leprosy which causes horror and pity. A few minutes ago—we presume that the Protestant enjoys this symposium engagement—for bishops in this country have plenty of work. Now, to his horror, he sees every stitch in the mitre torn out the Bishop's sermon is analized—its doc-trine unimpeached, of course, but its manner much condemned. It is old; the Bishop has a brogue, offensive to pious ears accus tome i to hear the voice projected through the nose; or his mannerism would be condemned by a master of elocation; or,

again, he appropriated several passages from Bourdaloue or Faber, and so on. In the meantime the prelate is giving Confirmation to a large crowd in a sultry church, glad that his cormon is over his head; and glad, too, that Bourdaloue or Faber said some things better than he could say them. But the little coterie, in its criticisms, does not mention the diffi culties that stand in the way of polished literary work when the preacher is obliged to labor like a bank clerk every day of his life. Why, it asks, have we not better preachers? It forgets that our priests have something more to do than to preach.

And it also forgets that, compared with preachers of other "denominations," our priests have the advantage; for they speak "as having authority." It is easy speak "as having authority." It is easy to show this—but a fatal defect in the eyes of the Catholic critics is that our "pulpit orators" have not the Protestant imprimatur. In dwelling on the defects of the pulpit, we lose sight bettines of the

A DRUNKARD'S CONVERSION.

nestimable benefits of the altar .- Ave

Some years ago, in the city of Dublin, was a tradeeman, who, from being sober, honest, industrious and well-to do, unforhonest, industrious and well-to do, unfortunately became a drunkard. His home, whilst he was sober was a very happy one. His wife was an excellent woman. He began to tipple, and by degrees fell into the vice of intemperance. This led him away from home and work, and so in a she rose to his feet I saw that he short time he was mostly to be found in the public house. His poor wife did all she could to keep up the little home, but soon all the property they had was either sold or pawned. The wife, after a hard struggle for existence, took fever and died.

House the home, whils home, who was to respond.

"My first surprise was in the man er of the speaker. I knew him to be one of the coolest and most unexcitable of men, but as he rose to his feet I saw that he short time he was mostly to be found in the public house. His poor wife did all stood for a minute looking down the line at the table, as if studying the thoughts of the opera of a quiet tone saying that when this toast was assigned to him he was puzzled to show why he should be selected above all

Whilst able she did all she could to reclaim

Whilst able she did all she could to reclaim her husband, but to no purpose. He was as bad as bad could be. His home was now completely desolate. His little infant daughter, a few months old, had no one to look after it but its father. The proselytizers were on his track. They called and asked him to give them the child. He promised to do so. The time place and and asked him to give hem the child. He promised to do so. The time, place and sum of money were sgreed on. He went to the place appointed on the following morning to give up his child, body and soul, to these agents of hell. Bud as he was, his heart was heavy when he thought of the four parts of the dayd he was about of the foulness of the deed he was about to commit. Still the demon urged him on. He came to the place, knocked at the door, and was admitted. While waiting his heart beat loud and fast. He was afraid to look in the child's face. At last he removed the few rags that covered the child's face, to take one last look at it Its little eyes met his, and, with a smile of unearthly sweetness, it looked him in the face. This looked pierced his very soul. His heart became filled with a strange mixture of love and fear. Without more ado, he rushed from the house into the street, and faced home. He seemed not to know what he was doing. Now and then he would look into the child's face and there was still the same ravishing smile He often declared that it must have been the child's guardian angel that looked at him, it was so heav enly looking. He returned home and placed the little one on some straw in a conner of the room and went to the church near at band, and there, before an altar dedicated to the Blessed Virgio, he made a solemn promise never to take a drop of intoxicating drink for the future. A priest was sitting in the chapel saying his Office. He went over to where he was and took the total abstinence pledge and told what had occurred. The priest gave him a little money to relieve his present wants and sent him away, telling him to return in a day or two. He bought food for the child, and for a week lived himself on bread and water, in punishment for his crimes. He got a little work, for he was very skiiful tradesman, and after a time got his room furnished again. But asleep or awake the sweet smile never left the countenance of the child. When it was old enough he had it sent to school. He brought it himself every morning and went in the evening to bring it home. His life was now most regular. He attended to biself and the school of the sent to school of the school of the sent to school of the sent to school of the to his religious duties with great exactness. His child grew up full of beauty,
innocence and goodness. It was the
delight of its father and all who knew it. Years rolled on, and the father had not only a happy and comfortable home, but had laid by a little money for himself and his child. He often bethought of his good wife, of her last sickness and death, and grieved over the part he had in it; but her good life and happy death con-

used to call his daughter, was ever at his bedside. Night and day she watched over him and prayed for him. She procured for him all the consolation of religion. His death was beautiful and happy. His last look was at a crucifix; his last words were those of Jesus, Mary and Joseph His loving and saintly daughter laid him in his grave with a heart almost broken, but resigned to the will of God; for she loved him with a true, genuine and fillal affection. He was buried with all the affection. He was buried with all the rites of his holy religion. His daughter placed on his grave beautiful and costly flowers, which she renewed every Sunday s long as she lived. God was pleased to her father. As was her life, holy, innocent, angelical—so was her death, full of fatth, hope and charity. She died embrscheg her cruc-fix, and kissing a little picture of her dear Immaculate Mother Mary. Her last wish was to be buried

soled him. Being now advanced in years, he was beyond labor. He fell into a state of ill-health and died. His angel, as he

wide her father.

What would have become of father and child had she fallen into the hands of the soupers? God only knows. It is likely dignity, on the steps of the altar; he has haps she would have gone on the streets, hastly driven away because he has mother an outcast and a pest to society 2s so an outcast and a pest to society 2s somany others have done who were brought up, body and soul, by these soul destroy ing agents of hell—the soupers. [We are in a position to vouch for the

accuracy of this touching story, which we have received from a distinguished and venerated priest.—Eiter Irish Catholic.]

"BE GORRA, I SAVED THE

STARS."

HOW PAT MeBRIDE LOST HIS EYES AND SAVED HIS CAPTAIN'S LIFE "I was present not long ago," said the Colonel, "at a banquet where an old army officer of English antecedents was on the programme to speak to the sentiment, 'The Itish in the Union Army-courageous and loyal Americans, they were as true as the truest, as brave as the bravest.' This puzzled me greatly. Why should an American of E. glish descent be called upon to compliment the Irish Americans I did not understand the situation until my friend, one of the hard fighters of the war, arose to speak. His speech was simply a little story, and yet it stirred me

as few speeches ever did.
"My friend of English antecedents sat near the center of a long table. Almost opposite him sat a stoutly-built man who would have been handsome but for the fact that his eyes were sightless. This blind man received little attention except from the men who sat on either side of him, both of whom were Irishmen and strangers to the majority of the guests When the toast was read, speaking in such enthusiastic terms of the Irish soldiers of when the toast was read, speaking in such one hundred and fifty thousand Sisters of the war, their faces flushed, and they sat erect, looking straight across at the man who was to respond.

great profession— reades there are thousand sisters whose lives are devoted to "the service of God's poor"—has been practically transferred from women of good life to women who regard purity

othere to speak of Irish courage in the ing as hospital nurse that she should "meet

Union Army.
"He had said as much to his wife, but "He had said as much to his wife, but as he said it, there came to his mind an incident of his army life that made the whole matter clear to him. Then he proceeded to relate the story of his expertence at the turning point of one the fiercest battles of the war. In the midst of a hand-to hand contest, where every thing depended on every man doing his married or religieuse, is practically assumed to be that of the courtesan, is indeed to besiding to the ground. When he re-gained consciousness he realized that a terrific struggle was being fought to the The natural results have followed.

death above him.
"The first objects to catch the eye were two stordy legs in blue—the legs of some one standing astride of him. The owner of the legs seemed to be bending this way and that to shield the prostrate officer from blows that were falling on his own devoted head. The fight was over the flag, which was torn into fragmen's as the men struck and cut each other in the fury of their wild excitement, but, happen what might, the one man standing astride the captain never moved his feet. The captain did not know who this stou o surrender there came in Irish brogue,

"To h-ll wid you!"

He realized then that Pat McBride was fighting against odds for the flag and his captain. He realized, too, as blood came dropping down in his face, that Pat was sorely wounded. He knew this when in a few minutes he was dragged out from the heap of wounded and saw Pat fall down from loss of blood. They found wadded into Pat's blouse that pert of the flag containing the stars, and Pat's only remark, as they strove to revive, him was, 'Be gorra, I saved the stars,' alas, that he

could never see again.
"This was in brief the story, but it was told by a man who felt every word, was told so dramatically that at its close nearly every man at the table was stand ing on his feet. As the speaker went on to pay his respects to the man who had saved his life, and pictured him as the ideal of soldierly courage and loyalty, the blind man opposite stood like one en tranced, and as the speaker closed, he plunged across the table, and reckless of glass and china, and with a howl of exhultation threw his arms about his old

captain. The scene that followed was simply indescritable. The story called out all the noisy demonstrativeness of the Irish nature. The speaker was over with congratulations and thanks. The speaker was overwhelmed ing to what was said, to other stories that this one called out, I understood why an officer of English antecedents had been selected to speak of the courage and spirit of the men of Irlsh descent in the Union Army."-Chicago Inter Ocean.

THE SISTERS OF MERCY AND THE HOSPITALS. We take the following from the current number of the Contemporary Review : Without attempting even to touch upon the great dispute which rages between the Republic and the Church, attention should be drawn to one phase of that controversy which has had a direct influence upon the success of Boulangism. The expulsion of the Sisters of Mercy from the service of the hospitals, which was one of the crowning strokes of anti Clerical fanaticism, is said to have given General Boulanger the eighty thousand votes by which he defeated M. Jacques in the Paris election. Not even in the midst of the revolutionary frenzy of a century ago was it believed to be possible to dispense with the Sisters. Only in this latter day, the Republic, having no more important enemies to deal with, bantshed them, for the avowed reason that religiouses, to whom time was but the ante-chamber of eter-nity, could not be entrusted with the care of the dying without abusing their position for purposes of proselytism. Those who regard the patient as a being whose existence terminated at death could not tolerate the presence in the hospital he would have died the drunkard's death. of those who regarded the deathbed as the that the Protestant enjoys this symposium after some great sacedotal function—a dashe would have deed the drunkard's death, of those who regarded the deathed as the and she would have been brought up in threshold of another world. Therefore hatred of the Catholic Chauch, and every the decree went forth that the nursing of good and holy doctrine it teaches, and would have died a miserable death. Per nurses. The nurs were driven out, and Sairey Gamp was installed in their place. The result has been unfortunate, to say the least. To begin with, the lay nurses cost eighty per cent. more than the Sisters whom they superseded. That is univer sally admitted even by the fiercest anti-Clericais. But this is by no mears the least evil connected with the change. Tae Sisters, before being entrusted with responsible hospital duties, passed through a novitiate of several years training. The change practically substituted untrained for skilled labor; and paid for the untrained service nearly double the price. At the same time the contributions of the charitable to the cost of the hospital lwindled by nearly 50 per cent. In 1870 they stood in Paris at 1589,000 france In 1885 they had fallen to 800,000 france In 1885 they had fallen to 800 000 francs. The professional staff of the hospitals took alarm. Ninety-five dectors, including Jews, Protestants, and Free Thinkers, protested against the change, in the interest of the poor. Only eight remained silent. They looked at the matter solely from the point of view of their profession. But their protest were unheeded, and the cruel change was accomplished. Ten years' experience enables Frenchmen now to seet he justice of these protests. There is, in place of efficiency, extravegance; in place of efficient ency, incapacity; in place of the devoted service of those to whom nursing is at once a passion and a duty, there is, in

too many instances, the mere perfunctory discharge of irksome responsibilities.

Worse than all this, the whole morale of

the wishes" of a doctor or a patron, if she did not expect difficulties to be thrown in her way in her profession. To have ffected that change in any country is clime against civilization, compared with which even such apprenties as the Tankin war fade into insignificance. But to have done it in France, where the career of the woman without fortune, who is neither Frenchmen have not entirely lost the reverence for a womanhood which gave Joan of Arc to the Calendar, and has con tributed an imperishable ideal to the imagination of mankind. The substitution of the lay nurse for the Sister of Mercy, with the long train of disorder and license that has followed, has disgusted many and filled not a few with a readiness to vote for any and every opponent of the Republic which disgraces its escutcheon with such achievements as this.

Pope & Bitleau, druggists, Cedar Rapids, lowa, writes: We have never sold any nedicine that gives such satisfaction to the consumer and pleasure to the seller as Dr. Thomas' Eelectric Oil. We can refer you to numbers that have used it for dip theria with entire satisfaction and success.

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A PROTESTANT'S TRIBUTE.

REV. MYRON REED EULOGIZES THE LATE FATHER DAMIEN. The following is an extract from a ser

mon delivered by one of Denver's promin ent Profestant clergymen—Rav. Maron Raed—and well known to the people of Milwaukee: Father Damien in 1873 volunteered to

go and live all the days of his life among these (leper) people. He was thirty-one years old. There was no element of unertainty about this errand. He must go and stay and die. In this hideous valley Father Damien lived sixteen years. Upon his arrival he began to write letters to the his arrival he began to write government detailing the inhuman, un earthly state of things. He kept up an incessant pressure. He gained attention —year by year he saw preventable bad things disappear and possible good things come in. In 1884 the queen visited the island and was shown the work of this man—"white cottages, cultivated fields, barns filled, orderly streets, a community showing the hand of industry and religlon. She visited the school for the leper boys and gir's and Father Damien led the children in singing. There is the law of the cross, that seems universal. Some of Dr. Kane's men are alive, but he is deed. Dr. Name's men are alive, but he is deed. He that saves life must less life. In 1884 Father Damien felt peins in his left foot that was the beginning of the slow death. In the spring of 1886 Father Conrardy, an American, voluteered as Damien's assist ant. Seven months later seven Sisters of the Franciscan Order arrived to serve as nurses in the leper hospitals. are American women, born in Syracuse. Y. Father Conrardy writes to his shop thus: "It is true so far no cure for leprosy has been found, but after all we have to die, and to me it is a matter of small importance whether I die a leper or not. My only regret would be that I came here so late, but I may live some twenty years. My prayer has been heard, and have got what I prayed for."

Evidently the work in going on. The succession of saints and heroes has been kept. What is the motive of these men and these women? It is the old motive. It is the son of man feeling. "The Son of Man is come to minister and not to be ministered unto." And there is a delight in it. These men and Sisters are not They are doing something and it is an unquestioned something. No skeptic arises to doubt and no infidel to sueer. There is nothing legendary or mythical about this story Tale is the largest fragment of the true cross lately discovered.

There is nothing, my friends, like a simple, direct act of mercy. "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these, ye have done it unto Mo."

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Yours truly, Andrew Turner, Horse Doctor.

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"HOW A SCHOOLMASTER & copy, BECAME A CATHOLIC." Address-JAMES P. TAYLOR Lindsay, Ontario. 560-5-cow THE FATAL SHIP FEVER.

AN ADDRESS BY MARTIN BATTLE BEFORE THE CATHOLIC LITERARY SOUIETY, OFTAWA.

When requested to give a paper on "Grosse Isle," I feltenny inability to depict the horrid and frightful sufferings experienced by our fellow-countrymen and women in the dark, dismal days of '47 and '48, when they were driven by famine and cruel oppression from the "dear old land" to seek a home on the free soil of the West, however, I turn over the pages of my memory until I have gone forty-two years back, this brings to my recollection my visit to "Grosse Isle" my recollection my visit to "Grosse Isle" when I was an eye witness to the horrors which swept hundreds of the "hone and sinew" of the Irish race "unknown" into

Defore entering into a fuller descrip-tion of "Grosse Isle" allow me to ask you to follow me while I call your attention to the cause of this unprecedented flood of emigration during the time of this frightful scourge. The older members whom I have the honor of addressing will remember, that the cause of the course of the cause of t remember that in 1847 the complete bilghs and failure of the potato crop in Ireland occurred—a year which left many a hearth desolate, and many a heart seared and crushed with sorrow. It is better to recall the events of '47 and '48 -dreadful years-of which no Irishman can think without tears, and the miseries of which it would be hard for any man born wheresoever to realize without pain and humiliation. The indictment to be drawn up against the Irish landlords is a frightful one. Instead of showing their sympathy with the poor, struggling tenants during this trying period when famine and dearth were staking through the land, they used their great power not to relieve distress—but in assisting to forge new fetters by which the poor tenant might be further crushed under the burden of his already great calamity, The British Government during these years voted large sums of money for im-provements, but not one-tenth of the sum o granted was ever applied to the pur poses intended. The Irish landlords, instead of spending the money on Irish soil, were to be found idly squandering it in the gambling balls of Baden-Baden or in the aristocratic quarters of Paris and London. In the meantime the two hundred and fourteen poor or union workhouses of Ireland were over crowded with a starving population until these buildings were finally found to be inade quate to supply the demand for admis-sion, and other large buildings had to be fitted up for the reception of a brokenhearted people. Daniel O'Connell estimated the pauper population of 1846-47 at four million souls. It has been alleged in defence of the Government of that day that it did not cause the blight of the potato crop. True. But the Government was responsible for its laws, which prevented the starving peasantry of Ireland touching any other of the product that their own hands had reared. Those laws permitted "immediate distraint" by a bailiff, on the production of a "Notice of Destraint" signed by the "Landlord" or "Agent" of all stock, crop and every species of produce.

It was a common practice when the crop

was ripe to put on the farm a keeper or bailiff, who was kept at the farmer's ex-pense (as the act reads) "till the crop was reaped, threshed, and converted into money," which money passed directly into the pocket of the landlord, who frequently gave only a receipt on account. Thus, the neople were starving, while there was threshed, and converted into plenty of food in the country. During this period of dreadful agony, while famine was filling the roadsides with the courge of "Evictions" and the bovels following on famine's heels, there was no break in the exportation to England of oats, flour, beef, pork and mutton. Some of my young friends here to night, who fully enjoy the "Songs of the holy bond of liberty" in this Canada of ours will naturally say, "Why did not the starving peasants selze on these things—the products of their own hands?" Because they were guarded in safety from the Irish shores by British troops. The chief duty of the troops in the towns was to guard the flour from the mills to the port. was against this monstrous state things that the men of '48, led by Smith wild, because despairing; and despairing, because the past allowed no ground for hope. But now, thank God, we may feel confident that the men of 89, led by Charles Stewart Parnell, will never allow the dark, dismal days of '47 and '48 to be repeated "in the dear old and beyond the

i will ask your kind indulgence while I bring to your notice the treatment of our plague-stricken countrymen, as the first errivals of them came from Cork he those heartless shylocks Irish landfords England's greatest statesmap, Mr. Glad stone, truly says, "An eviction amounts to a death sentence duly executed," and many a poor tenant was made to suffer by it, "The Egyptian bondege of cruel and oppressive landlordism.

Far away towards the South where the

undulating ridges of picturesque Galti-

more pierce the clouds, to the romantic es of Araglin so celebrated in poetry, stretches a vast monotonous plain, which for dreariness is scarce surpassed by any this plain He the far famed caves of Mitchell's town, and tourists, who have explored the depths of these wondrous caverns have been told with feelings of regret that the artless inhabitants of this neighborhood were doomed to a fate, the most dreadful that could be imaginedthe poor house, and a pauper's grave on a foreign shore. Though on the borders of Limerick and Cork, this region is a remote from the busy world as if situated at the foot of the Rocky Mountains. It is no exaggeration to say that the hardless the control of the Rocky Mountains. and most industrious race in Europe found a home in these glens on the moun-tain side. One townland inhabited by several handred people called "Cirigeen" or "Little Stones," the surface being in fact a mass of small stones, and situated two thousand feet above the sea. How the inhabitants obtained food here-much less pay rent-is a mystery to most people. The tenants never eat meat, they cannot afford such a luxury even a Christmas. Potatoes "dipped" in a little milk and selt formed the principal mea for them. With bared feet in many