

The Catholic Record.

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

VOLUME 9.

LONDON, ONTARIO, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 29, 1888.

NO. 519

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PASTORAL LETTER

His Lordship the Bishop of London TO THE CLERGY AND LAITY OF THE DIOCESE, Relative to the annual diocesan contribution towards the Ecclesiastical Education Fund.

John, by the Grace of God and the appointment of the Holy See, Bishop of London, to the Clergy and Laity of the Diocese:

DEARLY BELOVED BRETHREN: The time is come for taking up, in the various parishes of the diocese, the annual collection for the purpose of ecclesiastical education. I need hardly urge the rev. clergy to impress upon their people the duty of contributing generously towards this praiseworthy and holy object. The faithful cannot contribute their means towards a more necessary, and at the same time a more meritorious work.

Without a sufficient number of priests religion would decay and perish, and immortal souls would starve for want of the bread of life. Now, we cannot have a sufficient number of priests in this country without the means of educating them, and these means must come from the generous offerings of our ever faithful people. It takes from eight to ten years to educate a young man in college and seminary, before he is qualified by sciences and ecclesiastical training, for the efficient discharge of the high and holy duties of the Sacred Ministry. This fact serves to show that a very large expenditure of money must necessarily be incurred in the education of young men for the holy ministry in this diocese.

All who have at heart the good of our holy religion; all who desire the solid establishment of the Holy Church of God in this free and happy country; all who value the salvation of immortal souls purchased by the precious blood of our Redeemer, will not hesitate to give largely of their worldly means to enable the Bishop to educate a holy and efficient priesthood for this large and growing diocese.

Local improvements, such as the building of churches, presbyteries, etc., are no reasons why the priest and people of each mission should not do their utmost to promote this sacred cause, and to do their duty by the Bishop and the diocesan institutions. Our Fathers in the faith in Europe felt the pressure on their consciences of the great duty of helping to educate the priesthood; and hence they founded and endowed great and renowned seminaries, in which young aspirants to the holy ministry have been trained in learning and piety. Our Irish forefathers, even in the midst of the persecutions of the penal times, out of the scanty means spared them by wholesale confiscations, founded and endowed on the continent of Europe renowned seminaries, which are still flourishing, and which for several centuries failed not to send forth holy missionaries to preach the Gospel of Christ to their persecuted countrymen at home, to administer to them the consolations of our holy religion, and to keep the sacred fire of Catholic faith burning through long ages of darkness and storm, until the advent of these better and more peaceful times, when the light of our holy faith has expanded into the calm splendors of a perfect day.

Now, what is the secret of this strong innate desire of a Catholic people to help in the creation of a Catholic priesthood? This desire springs from a principle of Catholic faith. The priest is a representative of Jesus Christ on earth. "He that heareth you heareth me," Luke, x. c. 16. v. He is the official public teacher of Christ's saving truth. "Go teach all nations, teaching them to observe all things whatsoever I have commanded you," Matthew, xxiii. c. 10. He is the ambassador of Christ and the dispenser of His mysteries; he is the guardian of the body and blood of Christ in the Eucharist. In his consecrated hands, as he stands at the altar and repeats the words of consecration, the Son of God becomes, as it were, incarnate, and offers Himself as a victim of propitiation to His eternal Father for the sins of men, and applies to immortal souls the saving merits of the bloody sacrifice of Calvary. The ministry of the Catholic priest is linked with the dearest associations of Catholic life. The priest baptizes the new born infant, and thus makes it a child of God, and an heir of the Kingdom of Heaven; he unfolds to the young mind the mysteries of the Kingdom of Heaven, and teaches it those great truths that flame out like beacons of salvation on the darkness of a journey of life; he causes the child to be enrolled, through confirmation, amongst the soldiers of Jesus Christ, and thus equips him for warfare against the enemies of salvation. When the sinner comes heavy-laden with the burden of guilt and of sorrow, which is ever its companion, the priest of God receives him like the Father of the Prodigal, forgives him his sins through the Sacrament of Penance, and through this wondrous mystery of reconciliation restores him to the friendship of his heavenly Father and to the peace and protection and privileges of

his Father's house. But the priest not only takes up this poor wounded traveler of life, whom he finds robbed and wounded by the wayside of sin and error; he cares tenderly for him; he pours the oil and wine of Christ's healing merits into his wounded soul; he feeds him with the bread of life—the body and blood of Christ—and thus enables him to reach the land of promise—the Kingdom of God's eternal happiness. The priest comforts and relieves the poor; he consoles the afflicted and sorrow-stricken; he brings the peace of Christ into families torn by dissensions; he reconciles neighbors who had become estranged; he admonishes and reproves the erring; he encourages the wavering; and by word and example he points out to all his flock the road that leads to Heaven and to happiness. And when sickness enters the homestead, and when medical aid is impotent to stay the ravages of disease, and to assuage the pains of illness, the priest, the physician of the soul, comes and ministers to the mind diseased, heals the infirmities of the heart, consoles and fortifies the dying Christian with the Sacraments of Christ, reconciles him to death as coming from the will of God, and thus by his Christian ministrations makes death a sacred and holy thing, and the gate that opens into a happy eternity. When the poor body, cold and lifeless, is borne to the Church, amid the tears of friends and the sympathetic regrets of neighbors, the priest is there to offer up the holy sacrifice for the soul that is gone, to beseech for it eternal rest and light perpetual, and with holy prayers and solemn benedictions to commit the mortal remains to the guardianship of the consecrated grave. Thus, from the cradle to the grave, in our joys and sorrows, in the epochs that mark the pathway of our existence, the ministry of the Catholic priest is most intimately connected and intertwined with the dearest associations and the deepest interests of our lives. O, what an unspeakable treasure then is the good and holy priest! What a happiness to the Church! What a priceless blessing to the parish or remote mission in which he ministers! Such a priest is one of the greatest gifts that God can bestow on a Christian people. During life his ministry is fruitful in untold blessings, and even after death, his memory, his words, his example, his works remain to console, to bless, to fortify and to sanctify innumerable souls.

O, Supreme Pastor, the Author and Finisher of our faith, have pity on Thy people and send forth priests according to Thy Divine heart into Thy vineyard. This country is already white with an abundant harvest of precious souls; design in Thy infinite mercy to send forth worthy and numerous workers to gather up this rich harvest; inspire Catholic mothers with the holy resolution of rearing sons for the service of Thy holy altar and the ministry of salvation; speak to the hearts of generous youths, and call them to the ranks of Thy Priesthood, and finally put it into the hearts of our faithful people to be noble and generous in their contributions, so as to help in the holy work of educating the Priesthood. St. Dionysius justly remarks, that it is the most divine of all Divine works to cooperate with God in the salvation of souls; and our people thus cooperate when they dedicate their sons to God, in the holy office of the Priesthood; or when, by their generous offerings, they contribute to the advancement of ecclesiastical education.

There are some parents in this country who will make any sacrifice to enable their sons to study law or medicine, or to enter into commercial business; but who will do little or nothing for the sons who will be willing to study for the holy Priesthood. The faith and charity of such parents must be very weak and cold. In the ages of faith, and still in many European countries, Catholic mothers would prefer seeing their sons ministering at God's altar in the office of the Priesthood than placed in the highest positions of worldly honor. Can it be said that it is the dearest wish of the mother's heart, in this country, to see her son a priest? It is a very bad sign of the spiritual life of a people when they do not supply a Priesthood drawn from their own sons. The best and most fruitful seed must decay and die if it gets little or no nourishment from the soil into which it is cast.

It can truly be affirmed that the Church will never be firmly established in this country until it possesses a native Priesthood—until it is interlaced with the feelings, affections, and national habits and traditions of the people—until, in fine, it is made "flesh of the flesh," like some giant oak that has grown gradually from the forest, spreading its roots abroad, and driving them deep into the soil and deriving therefrom its sap and nourishment, until it has acquired the sturdy strength and magnificent proportions that bid defiance to the fiercest storms.

We, therefore, most earnestly entreat Christian parents to encourage in their holy purpose those of their children whom God may call to the high and holy life of the Priesthood and to help them according to their means, to reach that cherished object of their hearts. We exhort the pastors of souls to have special care of the young boys who, in their opinion, give signs of a divine vocation to the Holy Ministry; to encourage and befriended them, and lead them on to piety and the love of God.

Finally, we call on pastors and people to cooperate in making the annual collection for ecclesiastical education a generous one. Each family in the Diocese ought to contribute, at least, one dollar annually for this purpose. This sum is, in itself, insignificant, and would not be oppressive to the poorest families, but yet, in the aggregate, it would create a fund which would enable the Bishop, not only to educate theological students, but also to encourage and help deserving students who are not so far advanced; and who have little or no means of prosecuting their studies; and there are several such in the Diocese.

We confidently count upon priests and people to cooperate loyally and heartily with us in this important matter, and thus enable us to discharge efficiently our duties of the weightiest and most essential duties of our episcopal office.

To show how generously and nobly Catholics in other places do their duty in this respect, it will suffice to state that in the diocese of Rochester, N. Y., according to the printed report just come to hand, the sum of nine thousand four hundred and thirty seven dollars was raised last year—that is for 1887—for the purpose of ecclesiastical education.

We trust, therefore, that in a matter of such extreme importance our Catholic people will henceforth do their duty, and thus bring upon themselves and families the abundant blessings of God. We desire the Rev. Clergy to take up this collection each year on the first and succeeding Sundays of October and to send the proceeds to the chancellor of the diocese.

The Pastoral shall be read in all our churches the first Sunday after its reception, or as soon afterwards as possible.

We wish the clergy to preserve this Pastoral, with the view of reading it each year on the occasion of the collection for Ecclesiastical Education.

May the peace of God, which surpasseth all understanding, keep your hearts and minds in Christ Jesus.

Given under our Hand and Seal, at St. Peter's Palace, London.

+ JOHN WALSH, Bishop of London.

Written for the CATHOLIC RECORD. A MORNING AT ST. ANGELE.

Only a few pale drooping ferns and a spray of wood anemone! Not much, you will say, to show for a morning's ramble, but then, you see, the leafy beauty of Saint Angele is all its own—she could not bring it away with her, even if I would. It is a pretty, pleasant place, the river side hemlet of Saint Angele—but I do not know that I should ever have visited it if it had not been for Lady Jane.

St. Angele is known on railway maps as Douce's Landing, and on a pier running out into the shallow water is the terminus of a branch of the Grand Trunk Railway of Canada. Lady Jane had come on the train from St. George's, and in descending must have dropped her purse, for when she arrived at the Rue du Platou she had it not. She turned out her pockets, and shook its contents well; there was her crocheted for five days, her knitting for wet days, some plaited of sweet hay, a charm for the toothache, a silver thimble with her name on it, a toy house and a type measure, but no purse. She then proceeded to investigate her pocket. In addition to the handkerchief and rosary which always repose in the pocket of every well brought up daughter of Eve, she found her keys, a copy of *La Presse*, and her husband's cigar holder, which she had taken home to mend, and broken in two with her name on it, a toy house and a type measure, but no purse. Thereupon, she decided to retrace her steps to St. Angele and begged of me to accompany her.

On board the little ferry boat *Glaciale*, Lady Jane, in the sweet language of *la belle France*, made known her loss to every swarthy tar, and when, after a whistle, a scurvy and a concussion, we were safely deposited on the southern shore of the St. Lawrence, she began operations with the train. Wearily we toiled up the long wharf in the broiling sun, sweetly and inauspiciously we questioned each other as to what an unfeeling man *Madame* was the sole response that we succeeded in eliciting.

At last, in desperation, Lady Jane promised a Mass to St. Anthony should she find her missing treasure, and turned quick and tender grass and ferns, unthinkingly crushing under foot the molting anemones and the trailing blue violet, one can walk to the head of the railway wharf, and thence in a few moments gain the *Glaciale*.

"Madame found her purse!" were the words which greeted me when I stepped on the deck of that small craft. Whereat I was not surprised, for it was a Tuesday, the day of the week specially consecrated to St. Anthony, and besides Lady Jane had promised a mass to the ever-obliging Saint.

On reaching home I found Lady Jane's husband highly amused at the whole proceeding, "for," said he, "my wife paid her trip on the ferry boat, promised a mass to Saint Anne and one to Saint Anthony, rewarded the finder with twenty-five cents, and then discovered that her purse had contained just half a dollar!" But Lady Jane maintains that she values the purse for its associations and is happy.

are are carefully tended and have neat white head stones.

One of these struck me forcibly on account of the epitaph thereon engraved. It was in marble. The inscription was in French and ran thus:

To the memory of S. MOISE CORMIER, who died the 27 February, 1874, aged 65 years.

His zeal for God, for His Temple, for his own family and for the poor consumed his life. R. I. P.

That is surely a beautiful eulogy on dear reader, one that makes us think that perhaps it might be more profitable for us to pray to than for the late *Sieur Moise Cormier*.

Close to the gate of the little graveyard smiled the garden of the presbytery, the door whereof was temptingly ajar as the housekeeper ran out to chase away a flock of too intrusive hens.

Upon her hospitable invitation, I entered the neat brick cottage, to rest awhile, and to enjoy a delicious glass of milk. The Cure was absent, but his worthy servant insisted on conducting me through the neat and well-furnished apartments, in which she takes a very excusable pride. Apart from the usual treasures of well-bound books, and the excellent photographs, most of them emanating from the studio of Mr. Charles Prince, of Three Rivers, is a very odd curiosity which for the last fifteen years has been shown to visitors to the Presbytery of St. Angele. It is a large grey stone, some twenty inches square, and which is a perfect representation of a human face traced in a darker colouring of the stone.

This had been already placed in the wall of the church before its peculiarity was noticed; once the face was described, the block of stone was taken from its position and carried to the Presbytery, where it still remains, an example of a strange freak of nature.

After bidding adieu to *madame la Manager*, I further investigated the village highway. At the door of one neat white cottage a dear old *bonne mere* sat spinning; behind her glittered the varied paraphernalia of a country refreshment store.

Here, thought I, is a chance to buy some home-made bread, and admiring the steps I asked for that dainty in my French. Alas! they had it not! They brought their bread from the bakery; every one in the village did; it was more common; they were very sorry; was there anything else?

Purchasing a few biscuits I found my way down to the river side to enjoy them, and the last number of the *Record* conjointly, and then, not till then, did I discover the loveliness of St. Angele.

From the highway down to the very brink of the limpid water slopes a verdant green carpet all starred with wild flowers of different hues, and shaded with hard-wood trees—birch, beech and maple—ferns, too, and trailing vines grow richly in this fairy park, and here and there are moss-grown logs, on which to sit and rest. Along the shore in one or two little coves were moored the boats of the fishery folk of St. Angele, who came every Friday with their finny treasures to sell them at the wharf of the Three Rivers quay.

Were it not for the boats one would not dream of St. Angele as being a fishing station. There is no disorder or *debris* such as is connected with fishing in the minds of those who have dwelt in the land of the cod and the herring. All is neat and fair and lovely.

In one leafy grove a low, bright fire was blazing, and over it hung a gigantic cauldron, while beside it sat knitting the thrifty housewife who, when the water should boil, would commence her week's washing. Along under the beautiful green trees, over quick sand and tender grass and ferns, unthinkingly crushing under foot the molting anemones and the trailing blue violet, one can walk to the head of the railway wharf, and thence in a few moments gain the *Glaciale*.

SPECIAL TO THE CATHOLIC RECORD. DIOCESE OF PETERBORO.

LAYING THE FOUNDATION STONE.

Contracts for the excavation and the furnishing of stone for the basement of the new St. Joseph's Hospital were let some few weeks ago. Most of the stone is now on the premises, and the work of excavation almost complete. The coping and stones from the wall fronting the old parochial residence are also being removed to Ashburnham, to be utilized for the new building. Yesterday afternoon about 4:30 His Lordship the Bishop of Peterboro, with his own hands, was pleased to lay the first foundation stone of St. Joseph's Hospital in the name of the Holy Trinity. The Bishop declares that the new hospital shall be open to all without distinction of creed or nationality. It is expected that the imposing ceremony of laying the corner stone will take place early in November.

DEVOTIONS FOR THE LAST SUNDAY OF SEPTEMBER. On Sunday last a circular from His Lordship the Bishop of Peterboro was read, directing the diocesan clergy to celebrate Requiem Masses on Sunday next with the greatest solemnity possible, and exhorting the faithful to approach the sacraments on that day, for the purpose of gaining the plenary indulgence applicable to the souls of the faithful departed. It was announced that Pontifical Mass would be celebrated by the Bishop next Sunday at the cathedral, besides two large masses for the convenience of the clergy members that are expected to approach Holy Communion.

NEW ORGANIST. Miss Ealand, of Paris, an accomplished musician, and leader of the Lawder Ealand Club, has accepted the position of organist for the cathedral. Professor Donoest will continue to teach the Junior and lead the general choir. Mr. Charles Curry is taking lessons on the organ.

FINANCIAL STATEMENT. A very clear and satisfactory financial statement of receipts and expenditure for the past year was read for the information of the congregation on Sunday week at the several masses at the cathedral. The statement showed an expenditure of \$25,000 on purchases of houses and improvements on Cathedral and parochial property, which, together with a balance of \$6,000 old debt on cathedral, increased the liabilities to \$31,000. The receipts from various sources, viz., Parochial, clerical, and city subscriptions, personal donation of the Bishop, Sunday dinner collections, festivals, etc., amounted to about \$14,000. In order to meet this balance a subscription list was opened last Sunday, when \$1,000 more was subscribed. This subscription will be continued until the names of all the heads of families, young men and young women in receipt of wages have been entered, when the list of subscribers will be printed for distribution. The congregation were surprised to hear that the original cost of the Bishop's house would be defrayed by the outside parishes alone, supplemented by a donation of \$1,000 from the Bishop. The estimated outlay on hospital and grounds is at present \$22,000, viz., \$6,000 on site and caretaker's residence, and \$16,000 on building now in course of construction. The estimated receipts for same are \$16,000 net proceeds of sale of lots, and \$3,000 from two benefactors, \$1,000 of which has been already paid; leaving a balance against the hospital of \$8,000, exclusive of heating apparatus and furnishing.

The foregoing is a synopsis of the statement made after Mass, in presence of His Lordship, by Rev. Chancellor McEvay. The Bishop afterwards preached a short sermon on devotion to the souls in purgatory.

DIOCESAN NOTES. Very Rev. Dean Condon of the Society of the Holy Cross, Indiana, has been here on a visit to his parents, and preached at High Mass in the Cathedral last Sunday week.

On the 1st Sunday of October His Lordship the Bishop will visit Grafton, for the purpose of administering Confirmation, etc. On the following Wednesday the Bishop will officiate at solemn High Mass in Grafton on the occasion of the dedication of the Church of our Lady in that city.

Mrs. Genevieve Coleman has returned from Washington to the convent school. Very Rev. Chancellor McEvay has returned from his vacation and resumed duty at the Cathedral.

Successful missions were given last week by the Rev. Fathers Kelly and Dube to the French and English speaking people of Buckhorn, and by Father Lynch to the faithful of far off Chandlers, a wild region still alive with bears, about fifty miles from Peterboro. The venerable Father Lynch drove all the way with a spirited team, encountering many strange adventures.

Rev. Father Murray, during vacation has made several valuable additions and improvements to the convent and school of Cobourg under the charge of the Sisters of St. Joseph.

Rev. Father Conway moved last week into his new brick house at Norwood. Confirmation will be held in his parish the 2nd Sunday of October. It is understood that operations in the gold mine have been suspended for the present season. Congratulatory letters and telegrams from all parts are being daily forwarded to the fortunate priest. Successful picnics have been held by the Rev. Fathers Casey, O'Connell and Sweeney. The latter, weary of blushing unseen in Burnley and of wasting his sweetness in the desert air of Harwood, is in daily expectation of a large increase of territory to his already large parish. He will then have three churches for the exercise of his zeal and missionary ardour.

Rev. Father Sinnott has been placed in charge of Saint St. Marie, with Father Chabon as assistant. Rev. Father Nolan is expected to arrive

soon from Italy, and will go to Bronte-bridge as assistant to Rev. Father McGuire.

The Bishop, on his return from his pastoral visitations in the month of October, proposes to re-organize the literary and musical reunions for the winter season.

SPECIAL TO THE CATHOLIC RECORD. INTERESTING EVENT AT WINDSOR.

CANONICAL INSTITUTION OF THE HOSPITAL SISTERS OF ST. JOSEPH.

On Wednesday morning a large number of the most prominent Catholic families in Windsor assembled in St. Alphonsus Church, to witness the ceremony of inducting the Hotel Dieu Nuns in their new field of labor. His Lordship Bishop Walsh entered the church precisely at eight a. m. He was accompanied by Very Rev. Dean Wagner and the Rev. Fathers Flannery, Scanlan and Lorton. The "Veni Creator" was intoned by Very Rev. Dean Wagner, and taken up by the choir, after which the Very Rev. Dean advanced to the communion table and read aloud first in French, and then in English, the decree of the canonical institution of the Sisters. While the Bishop undertakes to provide religious services, care, protection and paternal solicitude, for these self-sacrificing daughters of charity, the latter engage to nursing the sick and caring for the afflicted, whether rich or poor, without distinction of creed or nationality, in an hospital about to be erected in Windsor under the name and title of "The Hotel Dieu Hospital of St. Joseph of Windsor." The good Sisters also engage themselves to conduct a school and orphanage for colored children.

His Lordship then addressed the devoted Sisters, who had placed assigned to them outside the communion table, and welcomed them to his diocese. He spoke of the long-felt want in his diocese of a Catholic Hospital, and of the earnest prayers he often sent up to the Divine Mercy that so great a boon might be vouchsafed to his people. The great Consoler of the afflicted had responded to his frequent appeals, and through the untiring and energetic agency of their good pastor, Dean Wagner, had provided the means of erecting a considerable portion of the necessary building, which will be completed with as little delay as possible, on a most eligible site already secured and purchased. God in His mercy had also chosen, from among many, six ladies of experience and piety and self-immolation, to be the pioneers of the new establishment of charity, who are to be erected in their midst. As these good ladies had left their homes and associations, and all that was familiar and dear to them, to come and do the work of God among strangers in a strange land, His Lordship trusted that every encouragement and kindness and material help would be freely given them by the people whom they came to benefit. His Lordship again welcomed the Hotel Dieu Nuns to his diocese, and imparted his episcopal benediction.

Mass was then celebrated by Rev. Father Flannery, and Holy Communion administered, after which the *Te Deum* of thanksgiving was sung, the clergy and people all standing, when the final prayer and blessing was pronounced by His Lordship, and the interesting ceremony came to a close.

A MIRACLE IN BOSTON.

The *Freeman's Journal*, two weeks ago, announced that the facts of a wonderful instance of the intercession of Divine Providence in the physical affairs of man were in our possession; that the editor of the *Freeman* could bear personal testimony from close investigation and examination of living witnesses to the truth of the restoration to the use of her limbs and body, of Miss Hanley, the daughter of our old friend, Colonel Patrick T. Hanley, of Boston. We promised that the full story would be given in a future issue, and it is now being prepared for us by Major Daniel G. McNamara, of the Boston Custom House, who is the gentleman referred to in the following dispatch, which we find in the *New York Tribune* of Thursday last:

Special to the New York Tribune. Quebec, P. Q., Canada.—Miss Hanley, the girl so miraculously cured in Boston a few years ago, entered the Convent of Gesù and Mary here to-day. Among those in attendance at her profession were her father, Colonel P. T. Hanley, and Major J. J. McNamara. The above is the happy and appropriate sequel to one of the most perfectly proven cases of restoration to health through prayer and faith that has ever been known. When the full statement is made, either in the next *Freeman* or the one following, we are confident that our readers will be as completely impressed with the verification of this instance of a manifestation of God's goodness to those who lift up their souls to Him and a His assistance as we have been.—N. Y. *Freeman's Journal*.

The *Irish Catholic*, of Dublin, Ireland, states in reference to the reported conversion of Princess Christian, that her reception into the Church will not be attended by any elaborate ceremonial. The *Northwestern Chronicle*, of St. Paul, Minn., pertinently asks, "Why should it be?" Let us add that if the conversion of the English princess be real, she will doubtless say with a far more distinguished convert, the late Dr. Brown: "I brought nothing into the Church but my sins."—*Boston Pilot*.

The safe conservatism which never moves lest it fall, I believe, is the dry-rot in the Church, and may best go out to the man who never tolerated it in his calculations. Safe conservatism would have left the Apostles in Palestine—*Archbishop Ireland*.

1888.
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