

IRISH BENEVOLENT PICNIC.

THE FOURTH ANNUAL GATHERING OF A FLOURISHING SOCIETY.

From the Advertiser, July 23. The fourth annual picnic of the Irish Benevolent Society was held at Port Stanley yesterday. Probably it would be sufficient to say that the affair was equal to former years, but this would not do full justice to the occasion. As a matter of fact, about one thousand more participated in the picnic than ever before. The first train from London left at the music of the 7th Band at 10 o'clock, while a second detachment started an hour afterwards. In the afternoon, a large number of persons—who could not get away during the business portion of the day—took advantage of the opportunity to visit the lakeside and get the refreshing breeze. Among those who were present we noticed Mr. D. Regan, President of the Irish Benevolent Society; B. Cronin and John Keary, Vice-Presidents; John O'Meara, Financial Secretary; Chris Hevey, Recording Secretary; John Smith, Chairman of the Executive; ex-President, H. D. Long; Ald. Sharman, Wyatt, Boyd, Taylor, Thompson and Jones; Chas. Scuff, Superintendent G. W. R., John Pritchard, President of St. George's Society; J. B. Cox, Secretary of St. George's Society; Ex-Alderman Williams, Squire Phipps, Fathers O'Mahony, Tiernan, Flannery and O'Keefe; Maxwell Fraser, J. H. Fraser, Wm. Duffield, G. Dawson, George McBeth, T. H. Smallman, Thomas Winnett, "Northern Sparks," John Robinson, J. Thompson, and others. On the arrival of the first train at the Port a move was made for the Fraser House and the general "Martin" had both his hands and his "bus" full. The want of an elevator to the grounds was here demonstrated, and it is to be hoped that before another season the G. W. R. will decide upon some measure which will alleviate the fatigue consequent upon a walk up the terrible hill. However, once up on the grounds, all seemed to be at home. The cool spots were at once secured, and after a short time hampers were unpacked and "business" began. Many, however, preferred to take advantage of the splendid dinner provided at the Fraser House, and the large and capacious dining-rooms were taxed to its utmost. The arrangements were perfect, as is always the case at the "Fraser," but this year they seemed to be even more complete than ever, the result being that everybody was highly satisfied. At a meeting held at the Fraser House the following officials were appointed:— Dancing—J. W. Kern, manager of the shed. Judges for prizes, John Smith, Ald. Sharman. Races—Mr. W. R. Meredith, Q. C., who with his family is stopping at the "Fraser," and J. Mulken. Quizzes—Patrick Boyle and others. Comic singing—James Egan and H. Beaton. Jumping—J. M. O'Meara, Chris. Hevey; the latter to act as starter in the races. After the wants of the inner man had been supplied, the people set about enjoying themselves in real earnest. To some bathing in the surf was the acme of pleasure, while again many thought themselves sufficiently happy to lounge under the shady trees and listen to the warbling of the swallows on the shore. Quite a number, however, took advantage of the opportunity to breast the foam, as it were, on the steamer "Stanley." The band accompanied the second load of excursionists, and added variety to the occasion. About 2.30 o'clock the President, Mr. D. Regan, ascended the platform erected in front of the dancing shed, and made a few remarks. He expressed his pleasure at seeing such a large and influential gathering present on the occasion of the fourth anniversary picnic. He felt sure that all the members of the Irish Benevolent Society present would do all in their power to elevate the standard of their countrymen, and give them that position which by their talents they were entitled to enjoy. H. D. Long, the first President of the Society, was called upon to make a few remarks. He said he had no intimation of being called upon, but still he could not help saying a word in favor of the Irish Benevolent Society. Their endeavor was to bind all the discordant feelings among the Irishmen into one harmonious note—that of a love for the country which gave them birth, Ireland. Father O'Mahony was the next speaker called upon. He gave one of the most eloquent speeches ever heard upon the grounds. He spoke as follows: The fact of so many of every different shade of politics being associated here, working with a harmonious will, has characterized the society, is gratifying. At the inception of your Association wisemen were predicting the speedy downfall of your Society. Everything good meets with opposition, as everything bad will be sure to find supporters. These men came of that class who are ever slow to recognize any good in human nature, and in thus judging your efforts to unite in one common bond our countrymen of every class, they did not understand, and consequently could not appreciate the good and sterling patriotism of the Irishmen of London. The unity of your thought and action, built on the solid foundation of your love for Ireland, has shown how vain were their predictions, and bids you hope for the accomplishment of great good in the future. And why should we not be united? Does not the sad lesson of the past point with unerring finger to the necessity of union among the sons of Inisfail? Never was Ireland's cause dimmed by the cloud of defeat when her children stood together. Divided, our strength is weakened; but united, the talent and genius for which our race is remarkable are utilized for the elevation of our country's character, and not only for our own honor, but also for that of our native land. Our country's cause is too weakened to admit of division in our ranks, and hence it is that from an occasion like the present the greatest augury for good may be drawn. In re-unions such as this is kept alive that love for the land which bore us, which, next to love for God, should hold first place in the heart of every honest man, a love that prompts to noble conduct and becomes the strongest guarantee of an honorable career. Our showing here to-day in such numbers proves that the spirit of Irish patri-

ism—that spirit which rendered Clontarf a name to be cherished by every Irishman—that spirit that filled the breast of the grandest and noblest martyr to the Irish cause, the never-to-be-forgotten Emmet, whose name is enshrined in the heart of every Irishman shows, I say, that that spirit is not dead, but is living, and real in the hearts of you gentlemen, who claim him as your fellow-countryman. No doubt there are some who are not particularly desirous of linking themselves with the name of Ireland. There are men who, when that unfortunate but heroic lad is groaning under the weight of oppression and misery, would gladly disassociate themselves from her, but, thank God, they are few, indeed, and for them we have pity rather than contempt. How blind, how forgetful of the past must such men be! In our history there is nothing to be ashamed of, whilst there is much to make the Irish heart swell with joy and pride. No country under the sun has gone through such an ordeal as her struggle to preserve her nationality, and she is to-day as distinctively Irish as when her monarchs swayed her sceptre, or when her warriors struck the chords that fired Irish warriors to deeds of unequalled bravery. With a vitality peculiar to her children they have gone into every clime, and not content with mere machinery, they have inscribed their names on their honorable roll that perpetuates the memory of the heroes of every land. No land you go to that does not present some sign of Irish virtue or Irish enterprise and valor. If you cross to the sister kingdom and visit the world-renowned Westminster Abbey, you will see the tomb of the faithful Grattan, sheltered by a roof of Irish oak. If you visit the grand parliamentary buildings that have seen assembled within their walls the genius, the learning and the virtue of England, you will be told they are the offspring of an Irish brain. If you visit the land of the Fleur de Lis, you will find many a mark of Irish talent and valor, for France has not forgotten the thousands of brave Irish hearts that fought and bled in defense of her flag. If you enter the neighboring Republic, you will find monuments to Irish worth. And here, too, in our own fair Dominion, has the Irish character stamped its mark on the history of our day. In every walk of literature have our countrymen entered and won for themselves honored places. In the land of song they are prominent. Who can listen to the songs of Moore and deny that the country and the cause which inspired such strains must be grand, indeed? Falling on the ear with sweet and plaintive echo, they win even from our enemies the encomiums that so richly deserve. Every note goes direct to the heart. At one moment speaking of the by-gone glory of our land, it exults within us a holy desire to see her once more "great, glorious and free, first flower of the earth, and first gem of the sea;" at another it bears the sad burden of the captive's lament, and awakens sentiments of pity in the heart of the stranger.

"The stranger shall hear thy lament on his plains. The sigh of thy harp shall be sent o'er the deep. Till thy masters themselves, as they rivet thy chains, Shall pause at the song of the captive and weep." On the battle-field, too, has the standard of Ireland been carried by her exiled children, and in every land has it floated spotless and unstained as the hearts of Erin's daughters. Every battle-field of Europe has witnessed the bravery, the heroism of the Irish race. On many a hard-fought field has that race won its character for courage. That man whose career had won for him the character of invincible in the eyes of the French nation, stood before Europe unconquered, an essentially unconquerable man, who was it that first set the seal of defeat on his standard? An Irishman, the Duke of Wellington. He let loose his Irish Fough a Ballaghs, and the tricolor trailed in the dust. And more recently, in the Crimean war, who more than the Irish soldier contributed to the glory of England's arms? That country has gained a proud pre-eminence on land and sea. Her flag has floated over many a field of blood; but the surest rampart around her throne has been, and still is, the fidelity of her Irish soldiers and sailors. For in the Senate though they call us hot-headed Irishmen, we are behind our neighbors. In the English House of Commons many an Irish legislator has commanded not only the attention, but the respect and admiration of his English hearers. The names of Burke, Grattan, O'Connell, and honest John Martin are not yet forgotten, and to-day a Sullivan, a Power, and a McCarthy plead the cause of Ireland with an eloquence indigenous to their country. But, gentlemen, it is not without a reason that I have thus referred to the ability of Irishmen. It was not for the purpose of vainly parading what they have done, but it was to point to the past as a guide and encouragement for the future. The cause supported by such powers as those of which Irishmen have proved themselves the possessors, can never be a lost one. We have seen many a struggle for "Erin of the streams;" we have seen the efforts that have been made to win back her past greatness; but to me, gentlemen, it seems that the real battle field has not yet been reached. We have heard, and no doubt will hear again, men call upon Irishmen to arm themselves in the cause of Ireland. No, gentlemen, this is not the kind of struggle that we have to enter. It is not by force of arms that Ireland's cause is to be won; a far different warfare is ours. That cause is not lost; it has been transferred to us, and the weapon by which we are to win it, I venture to predict, the hold on society and public opinion which we can win by the respectability of our lives. Let us strive to raise our Irish character still higher. Let us endeavor to bring to the light of day the latent virtues of our countrymen. By sobriety, industry and fidelity to our adopted country, can we do more for Ireland than by any other means. Power of arms may force submission, but moral worth will win obedience and respect, and by an honorable path which we will attain will be measured our ability to help the cause of Ireland. Union amongst Irishmen of every class and creed is absolutely necessary. Oh, how often has Ireland had to weep over the disquisitions of her children!

C. M. B. A. NOTES.

Allegany, N. Y., July 10th, 1880. TO ALL GRAND COUNCILS AND BRANCHES. Assessment No. 7 will be issued July 15th, for deaths 10 and 11, new series: Michael Ronan, Branch 30, Buffalo; Anthony Kellenger, Branch 15, Buffalo. We have had no death in June, or so far this month. Two more assessments, not including last No. 7, will pay for all deaths to date. Received since April 19th, the sum of \$23,655, disbursed as follows:

Table with 2 columns: Beneficiaries Paid, Amount. Includes names like Roger Harry, John J. Maher, John Mittle, etc.

The will of Edward Fitzpatrick is contested. The beneficiary will remain in the treasury until matters are so arranged that the Association can safely pay the same without having to defend a law suit. Records of Grand Councils and branches are the jurisdiction of the Supreme Council and are hereby requested to forward as soon as possible quarterly reports for the quarter ending June 30th.

Bradford, Pa., June 8, 1880.—Received from John B. Fox, Recording Secretary of Branch No. 13, C. M. B. A., Bradford, Pa., two thousand dollars (\$2,000), being full amount due by said association on the death of Michael Biggins, of Branch 13, Bradford Pa. Patrick McQuiggin, Administrator of the estate of Michael Biggins, deceased.

THE CIVIL SERVICE COMMISSION.

Dear Sir,—I observe in your issue of Friday last a paragraph in reference to the Civil Service Commission, in which you comment on the absence of all Irishmen in the Order of Council as published in the Gazette of the 19th ultimo. I think you must have overlooked the name of Mr. Martin J. Griffin, who is an Irish Catholic and a man of some mark in literary circles. True, he is not an actual commissioner, but it is pretty well understood that in matters of this kind the Secretary is a very important factor, and has considerable weight with the commissioners.

THE GLOBE FOUNDRY.

One of the most successful and enterprising manufacturers of agricultural implements in Canada, is the Globe Foundry, of London. We cannot look for any other result when we consider that the firm comprises men who have always been noted for business energy and straightforward dealing. Their manufactures are first-class and sold at the lowest possible remunerative prices. During the past season they were manufactured at this foundry 120 "Model" mowers, 36 "Imperial" harvesters, 450 "I. X. L." combined reaper and mowers, 200 hay rakes, 400 ploughs, 150 gang ploughs, 150 seed drills, 100 corn ploughs, 100 straw-cutters, and 20 horse-powered saws. These numbers are considerably in advance of last year. Forty men have been employed steadily on an average, and during the busy months from sixty to eighty. Total value of business for the year, \$100,000.

EMBALMING THE DEAD.

Sir,—Having recently lost by death a dear relative, we found the body fast discoloring—so much so that we were advised to bury at once. Afterwards, through the kindness of a friend, we were recommended to go for the new city undertakers, Messrs. Kilgour & Son, and have them embalm the body. We did so, and the result was to all who witnessed it something wonderful, and enabled us to keep the body for three days in a perfect state. The Messrs. Kilgour were more than attentive, and we were well pleased with them as undertakers, and think it our duty to inform the public that when they require an undertaker's services, they will find embalming something wonderful in its effects.

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ECCLIES.

Sunday, 1-8. Monday, 2-8. Tuesday, 3-8. Wednesday, 4-8. Thursday, 5-8. Friday, 6-8. Saturday, 7-8.

The Plain.

Where are the cries. Where are the tears. When the time has come. Have they no more. Shall none be left. Were not the nine.

Where are the cries.

Where are the cries. Where are the tears. When the time has come. Have they no more. Shall none be left. Were not the nine.

My son's My.

My son's My. Yet how, like. While, million. And we would. Piercing My. And bartering. Return't return. Come, taste the. Behold My. side. Within this. Mourning with. What seems. Yet singing. day.

Ocean of good.

Ocean of good. In praise of T. Sing without. To His own. days.

THE Sult.

THE Sult. ister to Co. "fifteen fir. provinces, man's sym. managing. problems. Have misse. delicate sus.

The im.

The im. mage's Tal. and the fas. the metrop. ciples of. novelties of. water-pro. not call the. mal suits. truth. V. Louis Wat.

THE Old.

THE Old. Switzerland. triumph of. ruy is only. dence of th. a meeting. glic Synod. that in the. twelve par. lost during. Catholics s. own priest. appropriation. allows. In the presen. Old Catho. Catholics i.