

IRISH NEWS.

FROM OUR IRISH EXCHANGES.

THE PROSPERITY OF IRELAND.

Those halcyon days of Irish prosperity, when the dear Western Isle was to become "the teeming mother of flocks and herds," the prophecy of which made the staple of the post-prandial oratory of the late Lord Carlisle, seem to be as distant as ever. To be sure Ireland has got the oxen and the sheep, the pigs and the horses; but that is, at the best, an equivocal advance on the road to well-being. Where cattle multiply man must necessarily decrease; and even still in the order of political economy it is considered better for a country to produce men and women intelligent, honest, and industrious, made to God's image, and endowed with immortal souls than the fattest of four-footed beasts in the greatest of numbers. The soil that is permitted to lapse into pasture might be rendered far more fruitful by tillage. Then, again, the supply of cattle, if too large for home consumption, is only profitable when market can be found for them at remunerative prices.

The retrospect of Irish exports during the past twelve months casts a gloomy shadow on Lord Carlisle's glowing anticipations. The fact is that that mill-eyed and silver-tongued viceroy talked too often for talk's sake, and was too apt to regard the horizon of the future through spectacles of a rosent tint.

Taking up the dry but valuable, "because measurable, disclosures of statistical tables—where everything is set down in plain black and white—not in the golden hues of Cork Hill rhetoric—what do we find? The exports of cattle from Ireland in 1878, as compared with the previous year, have dwindled by 3,000 head, of sheep and lambs by 25,000, of calves by 294, of pigs by 23,000, and of horses by 400. In other words, the graziers have lost a vast deal of money, the rates received for cattle having been reduced over 12 per cent, as well as the demand for cattle having fallen away. One great cause of this notable deterioration in the Irish cattle trade is the increased importation of live stock and dead meat in Liverpool and Glasgow from Canada and the United States.

Nor is the picture consoling if we look at it in other phases. "No briskness in business" is the general cry. Money is scarce, the strictest economy has become the order of the day. In products inanimate the same story is told, with a few exceptions, as in living products. There is no longer the old demand for the fresh laid eggs from the poultry yard, of the pure and sweet butter from the Wicklow dairies; railway traffic is on the wane; the reports from the fisheries are discouraging; hay and straw are 22 a ton lower, and the army of pauperism is steadily and remorselessly increasing. Ireland assuredly saw worse days at the awful epoch of the Black Famine, but it would be a false and fraudulent pretence to say that, therefore, she is prosperous. The only tokens of prosperity are in the increase of the exports of bacon and porter. This is due, unquestionably, to the juicy and most palatable flavor of the well-cured Limerick hams and the nutritious and exhilarating quality of Dublin stout, the most innocuous of malt liquors. The export of whiskey has also increased, and we are rejoiced at it for two reasons—firstly, because everything grown or manufactured in Ireland by Irishmen and sold abroad means distribution of capital there and a lucrative return from the stranger, which is a double benefit—benefit both to capitalists and employees; secondly, because the less whiskey consumed in Ireland the better for the community—the fewer the angry tongues, broken heads, and disordered stomachs.

Saddening though this review of "Irish progress" be, it would be wrong and foolish to despair of the island. Without making the mistake of raming into Lord Carlisle's extreme, and wrapping the future in a thick coat of gloom, we may indulge the hope that better days are coming. Perhaps 1878 was an exceptional year. Truly, as the venerable Canon Oakley remarked in a sermon on Tuesday night, it was "a year of sorrow and affliction." The year on which we have now entered may be brighter, gladder, and more prosperous. God send it so anyhow!

MR. A. M. SULLIVAN, M. P., ON THE LAND QUESTION.

In a letter addressed to Mr. O. J. Carahan, P. L. C., Carlistown, County Louth, last week, Mr. Sullivan, the senior member for Louth County, wrote as follows:

"What are the chances or prospect of justice for the Irish tenantry in this present Legislature? Dark and dismal indeed. There are, I verily believe, scores of men voting against us on this question from sheer inability to realize its force and meaning as we see it in Ireland. England is so thoroughly a commercial nation that the commercial spirit permeates and dominates everything. You might as well argue with a blind man as to the difference between red and blue, or with a deaf one about the merits of a national melody, as try to get these men to understand why and should not be a mere matter of contract or hire, like a cab or a threshing machine. The peculiar circumstances of England have kept them till now from feeling the pinch of a tenure question here. Their gigantic commercial and manufacturing development drew the people from the land, and allowed the landlord to establish his right on the soil by themselves. So, when we come to talk to this House of Commons of the occupancy right of the Irish tenant, the members all around us stare in amazement or indignation.

"But unless I fail to read the signs of the times, the day is coming when there will be a land question here in England that will shake the feudal system into the dust. If the check of the manufacturing development of this country ceases, a great and immutable law of nature will be asserting itself. The population will turn around from the huge towns and seek the land. Then, perhaps, the masses of the English people will see how they have sold their birthright in this matter, and allowed themselves to be cut off from the soil; and happy will England be if in that hour the land question be settled here as peacefully, as calmly, and as equitably towards all parties and all interests as we in Ireland are now striving to attain.

"We, however, never allowed such a fatal system to constitute itself unquestioned in our midst. We have made protest and war against its wrong, and that war and protest I am for maintaining resolutely still. And why? Shall I decieve my constituents and fellow-countrymen by holding out the idea that this Legislature is likely to pass, not merely Mr. Butt's Land Bill, but any land bill that will give fifty tenants at valued rates? No, I cannot lend myself to such a cruel delusion. But I can say that I honestly believe that these few advantages flow from a persistent effort on our part.

"Firstly, I believe in the inevitable triumph of our principles, not merely in Ireland, but here in England; and we are, as it were, holding a citadel meanwhile.

"Secondly, I say that sad as are the evils the Irish

tenantry suffer from, as it is things would be a thousand fold worse if it were not for the activity of public opinion which we thus maintain on the question."

PINKING FLUNKYISM.

The Irish people entertain no hatred to the royal family of Britain, but neither do they feel they have got any reason to exalt their souls in protestations of devoted, invincible, immoveable, unalterable, and loyal affection. There are, however, a number of persons who go about on platforms, a species of "gentlemen organ-grinders," who, ever and anon, set to work to grind out those antiquated notes until the people grow quite sick of their peculiar music and declare the tune tiresome. They profess themselves shocked and scandalized, and retire in melancholy moodiness, until they get another pretext—not another opportunity, but a pretext of one. For if some are urgent in season and out of season, perambulating performers are always both out of season and out of tune. Would it not be infinitely better for the royal family if a kindly fate struck these creatures dumb, or a friendly artifice muzzled them. The British royal family and the people of Ireland may safely be alone, to make better acquaintance with each other, if Providence should direct it so, at all events, to be on no disagreeable terms. There is no quarrel between them. Prince Albert, indeed, spoke in an improper manner concerning the Irish and the Poles and was duly rebuked by Humboldt. He has gone to another world, and our people respect the silence of his tomb when others do not violate it by invoking his name for political purposes.

It is quite true that the queen prefers Scotland to Ireland, that her only visits to this country were arranged by the ministry to carry out some purpose of state. That might wound or offend the feelings of some countries; but, on the other hand, the Irish people have never been extraordinarily anxious that she should come to Ireland, and here they bear her no enmity because she has not come in a frequent and voluntary manner. She is quite welcome to say where she best pleases her.

Again, the divinity which has always been the attribute of the Irish people would prevent them from any demonstration against a lady, even had they a motive of hostility against the head of the state which cannot well occur where the ministers are allowed to do everything they like, and are consequently properly responsible. And Queen Victoria is something more than a lady now, for she is a sorely afflicted mother. The days of widowhood have been sad enough to her, but the sudden and strange manner in which she has lost a fair young daughter, the devoted mother of sick and dying children, would suffice to surround her with tender sympathy if she went the way of the four provinces of Ireland. That respectful compassion which would go from the Irish heart to any woman so circumstanced would not be refused to her because she was born to wear a crown.

With none of her sons and daughters, or grandsons and granddaughters, the Irish people any cause of bitterness or quarrel. They were born into a high estate, and whatever they have done—for the baby at the breast to the prince in his palace—they have given no offence to this country. There has been no cause of coolness between them and it, nor any of warmth, and the army of pauperism, the facts and figures remain on that simple and wise unpleasant footing.

But it is impossible to teach monkeys manners or flunkies common sense. It cannot, one would say, have altogether escaped the notice of these deities that they were making a stir about the wedding of the Duke of Connaught that they set about it awkwardly and at an inopportune season. The Irish people have not the least objection that the young prince should get married if he so inclined; and they would be glad to hear that things went "merry as a wedding bell," both at the marriage and after it. Indeed, they would be glad to hear the same concerning all marriages, not even excluding those which take place between Irish men and maids.

We suppose this sentiment would be quite enough for the Duke of Connaught, but it does not satisfy a little swarm of persons who want to make themselves prominent on this occasion, and prominent too, at the expense of the country. The Irish people allowed them to proceed when it seemed that they merely intended to form a subscription and bestow a wedding-present in a quiet way. But this was not enough for them, they should be notorious, and insist on forcing a "national testimonial" on the country.

Did ever men witness such sapience as this? Why not let America be? Apparently these wise-heads cared less for the success of their projects than to magnify their own office. It seemed little to them to prejudice the whole affair, if they could by that achieve a marked position; really, one would almost fancy they thought it better to prove that the people were indifferent, about it, in order that they might pose as the proper and peculiar possessors of royalty. Royalty has little to thank them for!

The result of their action in forcing the question of a simple wedding present upon the attention of the country as a "national testimonial" is visible not merely in the failure of their scheme, but in the antagonism they have provoked. The country is full of suffering at the present time, and recognizes the urgency for a "national testimonial" here, in so pitting the matter it is to be feared that flunkiness has already marred the music of the wedding-bell. The royal family has right good reason to pray to be delivered from such silly "friends."—*Dublin Freeman.*

MR. BUTT AND THE LIMERICK CORPORATION.

The following letters have been published: TOWN CLERK'S OFFICE, TOWN HALL, LIMERICK, Dec. 16, 1878.

DEAR SIR: I have the honor to intimate to you that, in pursuance of the enclosed requisition to me, I conveyed a special meeting of the Town Council of this city for to-day, to consider the subject of the requisition. The meeting was held notwithstanding the great inclemency of the weather, and I have great pleasure in transmitting to you a copy of the resolutions unanimously adopted by the Town Council expressive of the feelings of its members and the citizens of Limerick towards you and your noble and ungrateful assailants. I cannot discharge this official duty without, in the same time, conveying to you the very strong feeling of affection, regard, and respect which is entertained for you by your fellow citizens here, who are proud to be represented by your genius and judgment and fully appreciate the great sacrifices you make in the service of the Irish people. I trust it is unnecessary for me to add how fully I concur in the resolutions of the Town Council, which on these resolutions being passed, adjourned its meeting as a mark of respect to her majesty the queen, in addition to having passed a resolution expressing deep regret at the death of her Royal Highness Princess Alice and sympathizing with the queen and her family in her trying affliction. With great respect I have the honor to remain, dear sir, yours faithfully,

STEPHEN HASTINGS, Mayor of Limerick.

TO ISAAC BUTT, Esq., M. P. Dublin.

DUBLIN, Dec. 18, 1878.

DEAR MR. MAYOR: I scarcely know how to express my gratitude to the Corporation of Limerick for the resolution which they have passed and which you have so kindly conveyed to me. Such an expression of esteem and regard, coming unanimously from a body representing all classes of our ancient and historic city, I shall ever treasure among the

and most cherished memories of my life. I value more than words can tell the assurance you convey to me that, however many may dissent from my political opinions, my countrymen generally give me credit for a sincere and disinterested desire to serve the interests of our native land.

Accept, my dear Mr. Mayor, my best and warmest thanks yourself for the kind and far too flattering manner in which you have written. I remain my dear Mr. Mayor, yours very faithfully,

ISAAC BUTT
The Worshipful the Mayor of Limerick.

LETTER FROM ARCHBISHOP MACHALE.

The following letter from the illustrious Archbishop of Tuam, on the political situation of Ireland, appears in the Dublin Freeman's Journal, of Jan. 6:—

ST. JULIANS, TUAM, Jan. 4th.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE FREEMAN.

DEAR SIR:—It is high time that a term be put to the disheartening divisions that prevail in the ranks of the Irish popular representatives in the British House of Parliament. The evils of discord, existing for some time past, have been aggravated by recent manifestations as senseless as the worst enemies of Ireland could desire. The nation heartily laments the existence of such dissensions, and will suffer no longer the continuance of a disaster that banishes the best energies of all for the common benefit of their native land.

Without attempting to offer an opinion as to the correctness of the views of the contending parties, it may be affirmed that the moment has arrived for united and energetic action on the part of all. Let the errors of the past be generously forgiven and forgotten, and let the opening year usher in the dawn of a brighter era, dispelling for ever the present dark and dreary prospects of our down-trodden people.

It is to be hoped and expected that this first month of the new year shall witness in the capital of our country an assembly of the faithful, devoted, and experienced sons of Ireland, judiciously framing wise and efficient rules for the future direction of our members of Parliament, regardless of the interests of the contending parties of the Irish nation. Let the existence of Home Rule be vigorously insisted upon. Let the deliberations of the consulting assembly in London be duly submitted from time to time, by means of the Press, to the discriminating appreciation of the Irish people, who are never wanting in distinguishing between their real and fictitious friends, and who will not fail to consign to suitable retirement those members who prove themselves more interested for the well-being of Great Britain, or their own, than for the freedom and social amelioration of the people whom they faithfully represent.

Above all, even with the sacrifice of what may be deemed by some public duty, let the views of the able and learned chief of the party receive from all the considerations to which they are justly entitled. Great measures are needed for Ireland, which must be wrung from a powerful, united, and hostile assembly. For this end union and combination, of which the English and Scotch members in the hour of their most furious striking illustrations, are absolutely needed on the part of the Irish representatives. By thus pursuing a steady, united, and, when prudent, an aggressive Parliamentary form of action, Ireland will soon be raised up by her faithful representatives from the abject and humiliating state in which she still lies, owing to the inhuman legislation of centuries, to an equal participation with England in the vaunted benefits of the Constitution and ultimately to the glorious condition of having the best of her land and her interests secured by the joint action of the Queen, Lords, and Commons of Ireland.

I remain, dear sir, faithfully yours,
JOHN ARCHBISHOP OF TUAM.

MISCELLANEOUS.

WONDERFUL SPIDER'S WEB.—Across the "sunny paths" of Ceylon, where the forest meets the open country, and which constitute the bridge roads of the island, an enormous spider stretches his web at the height of from four to eight feet from the ground. The cordage of these webs is fastened on either side to projecting shoots of trees or shrubs, and is so strong as to hurt the traveller's face, and even lift off his hat, if he is so unlucky as not to see the line. For this end union and combination, of which the English and Scotch members in the hour of their most furious striking illustrations, are absolutely needed on the part of the Irish representatives. By thus pursuing a steady, united, and, when prudent, an aggressive Parliamentary form of action, Ireland will soon be raised up by her faithful representatives from the abject and humiliating state in which she still lies, owing to the inhuman legislation of centuries, to an equal participation with England in the vaunted benefits of the Constitution and ultimately to the glorious condition of having the best of her land and her interests secured by the joint action of the Queen, Lords, and Commons of Ireland.

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and cares nothing for his friends. All that he can do is to parade the fact of his present poverty as against his past prosperity, with such eternal and pathetic consciousness of his blighted existence as moves tender hearts to infinite compassion. But the heart is cold and unimaginative think—why not try to do that which shall repair this damage instead of merely regretting it in idleness? Why not work, and by work earn at least something? Something is at all times better than nothing, and if it is only a little—what are the nickles but a collection of little! The part of a blighted being without money in his purse is never a very lucrative one; and it would be really wise to batten some of the sympathy for which it craves for a little more of the fifty lures which it regrets. Ruined health, too, like lost property, can be mitigated, if not wholly restored, for cheerfulness and courage, patience and sweetness, do more in sickness than the blighted being who moans can be brought to believe. And even for the loss of the dearest—is not resignation to a higher will and patient recognition of the unalterable a nobler kind of thing than mule and tears?

The statistics which were lately published concerning Protestant church attendance in some of our Western cities, are more than matched by some which are furnished to the *Churchman* by his German correspondent. The official Protestant paper of the Grand Duchy of Baden is quoted by this writer as stating that only 19.7 of the population attend church at all, and that in the large towns the proportion is worse still. In Darmstadt the percentage of church attendance is only 6.3; in Offenbach, 1.6; in Giessen, 4.5; in Mainz, 6.4; and in historic Worms, only 7.4. It is not merely the church-going which is so bad, either; the "neglect of the ordinances," for instance, marriage and baptism, is "most deplorable." In Berlin "among the children born of Protestant parents, one-fourth of the legitimate and nearly two-thirds of the illegitimate were unbaptized, and only one-third of the marriages were solemnized by any religious service." This correspondent gives none but Protestant statistics.—*The Catholic Review.*

BOY WANTED.

A few mornings since a lady living on Clifton Street answered the bell to find a bulky boy with an innocent face and peach-colored ears standing on the steps. He explained that he wanted to see her mother but his mother had left for his office.

"I'm the boy who sweeps out all the offices where he is," said the boy, as he backed down the steps, "and this morning I found a letter in the big scrap-sack."

"Well, you can leave it," she replied. "I—I guess I hadn't better," he half-whispered, as he showed the small pink envelope.

"Boy—that is—boy, let me see that letter!" she said, as she advanced and extended her hand.

"Oh, 'twouldn't be 'actly right, ma'am, 'cause I know he'd gim me fifty cents, and he'd be taking the bill left her to buy coffee and tea, 'you take this, give me the letter and don't say a word to Mr. about finding it."

"I don't believe it's much of a letter," he remarked.

"Never mind—hand it over—here's your money!" "Maybe there isn't a word of writing in it, ma'am."

"Here—give me the letter—now go!" She took it and entered the house, and the boy with peach-colored ears flew down the street like a child going to dinner.

In about forty seconds the woman came out, looked up and down the street, and the expression around her mouth was not happy and peaceful. The boy had seemed to doubt that there was any prospect of tearing it open and finding a printed document concerning: "Whereas, default having been made in the conditions of a certain mortgage," etc. She wants to hold another interview with the lad.

If this meets his eye he will place call between the hours of eight and ten o'clock A. M., when she feels the strongest.—*Metrol Free Press.*

Never tell tales in the presence of a locomotive, because the engineer may be round. It isn't good etiquette to make believe you are going to swallow the spoon when eating soup.

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