

The Catholic Record.

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

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A Legend of the Blessed Virgin.

The day of Joseph's marriage unto Mary, in thought he said unto his wife, "Behold I go into a far-off country To labor for thee, and to make thy life And home all sweet and peaceful. And the Virgin Unquestioning beheld her spouse depart: Then living she many days of musing gladness, Not knowing that God's hand was round her heart.

And dreaming thus one day within her chamber, She wept with speechless bliss, when lo! the face Of white-winged Angel Gabriel rose before her.

And bowing spoke, "Hail! Mary, full of grace, The Lord is with thee, and among the nations Forever blessed is thy chosen name. The angel vanished, and the Lord's high presence With unadorned glory to the Virgin came.

A season passed of joy unknown to mortals, When Joseph came with what his lot had won, And broke the brooding ecstasy of Mary, Whose soul was ever with her promised Son. But nature's jealous fears quickened Joseph's mind, And round his heart in darkening shadows held.

He looked upon his spouse cold-eyed, and pondered How he could put her from his sight away.

And once, when moodily thus within his garden, The gentle girl besought for some ripe fruit, That hung beyond her reach, the old man answered, "I will not serve thee, woman! Thou hast wronged me. I heed no more thy words and actions mild; If true! thou wast, thou canst henceforth seek it From him, the father of thy unborn child!"

But ere the words had roared within her hearing, The Virgin's face was glorified anew; And Joseph, turning, sank within her presence, And knew indeed his wondrous dreams were true.

For there before the scaffolded feet of Mary, The kindly tree had bowed its top, and she Had pulled and eaten from its prostrate branches. As if unconscious of the mystery. —JOHN BOYLE O'REILLY.

THE CATHOLIC CHURCH IN THE UNITED STATES.

Charles J. Bonaparte Before the Catholic Club of Harvard

Boston Pilot.

The lecture course of the Catholic Club of Harvard University closed magnificently on the evening of Wednesday, April 11, with Charles J. Bonaparte, Esq., of Baltimore, Md., on "The Catholic Church in the United States." Seaver Hall, Harvard University, was crowded. President Eliot was prominent in the audience.

Professor Thomas Mullen, president of the club, presided.

This event at Harvard was most suggestive in the personality of the lecturer and attendant circumstances.

Charles J. Bonaparte is a grand-nephew of the great Napoleon, and bears a marked likeness to his world-famous relative. He is a Democrat in the best and broadest sense of the word; an earnest Catholic, receiving his classical training from the Jesuits at Georgetown. He is an alumnus of Harvard and now a member of the Board of Overseers of that University. But a little way on in his forties, he ranks high in the legal profession, and is a leader in the best social life of Baltimore.

A prominent figure at the various historic events which have occurred in the life of the Church in this country, since his own maturity, it surely gave good for thought to hear his uncompromising Catholic utterances in that seat of learning which represents so much in the life of the older New England element; and which is taking in some sort new color and development in these days from an element of which its founders dreamed not.

We subjoin copious extracts from the superb address of Charles J. Bonaparte.

A well-known work of fiction is entitled "What Will He Do With It?" and an equally well, if perhaps less favorably, known statesman of the last generation once inquired, "Well, what are you going to do about it?" I propose to ask, although I can hardly pretend to answer this evening, the some two questions as to my subject. The Catholic Church has entered into our American polity; what will she do with it? The American people see her in their midst; some are surprised, a few angry, many uneasy and openly or secretly frightened to find her there. What do these dissatisfied or anxious citizens advise the American people to do about it?

We must first realize that the Catholic Church in the United States becomes every day more thoroughly acclimated and at home. She is no carpet-bagger; her cross is planted to stand. Surely I need not pause to prove this; it is proved by this meeting.

A Catholic Church at Harvard University, assembled to hear a Catholic overseer of Harvard College, constitutes a phenomenon which no one can overlook or misread; whoever looks at it hears the Church say, as she tightens her grasp on American life: "J'y suis, j'y reste," and feels in his heart that she says this truly.

We may know the fact and not necessarily or immediately appreciate its consequences; this is no less true of Catholics than of other Americans. The notion that the Church is a stranger and a sojourner in our land has not been outgrown by all her children. Some, even many Catholics, have but half learnt, although they are every day learning more thoroughly and more and more rapidly, that they are Americans, not Irishmen or Germans, or Frenchmen, Italians or Poles; not, understand me well, Americans first and some sort of foreigners after-

wards, but Americans first, last and all the time, and nothing else at all; at least, in a sense which would make them any the less Americans. No man can really have two countries, any more than he can faithfully serve two masters; no one is or can be an American citizen, in the full and true sense of the word, who feels himself an Irishman or a German or anything else, except as George Washington or John Adams might have felt himself an Englishman, or to compare a very small person to great ones, I may feel myself a Corsican.

I say this, of course, subject to all reasonable qualifications. No civilized man, certainly no Christian, can be indifferent to the good or ill fortune of any branch of the human family, and the land where one's kindred dwell, one's parents are buried, one's childhood was spent, must be to a man of ordinary sentiments, something more than a red or blue patch on the map. I have no quarrel with those who on the shores of New England, in the shadow of the Alleghenies, in the Mississippi or the Great Lakes or the Pacific, remember to honor St. Patrick, or St. George, or St. Andrew, or St. Boniface, or St. Wenceslaus, if the last is the saint I mean, and if I have his name aright; I would put no prohibitory tariff on foreign sanctity; the production of the domestic article will not be checked by its importation, nor will the supply exceed the demand.

As our country makes her own band of immigrants after another, she takes with them their traditions and their ideals, their memories and their hopes, to blend these in the moral and intellectual heritage of all her children. Neither do I stand aghast at green flags or black, white and red flags flying one year beside the stars and stripes, or laws made public here and there in the tongue of many thousands among those called to obey them; the really sad and shameful feature of such incidents is the paltry demagoguism which too often inspires or magnifies them. But, whilst I think only the better of a fellow citizen because his birthplace or that of his fathers yet claims his sympathies and shares his affections, I hold him alike unworthy and dangerous if he has still to learn that here and here only are all his interests and all his duties.

I say this especially to and of Catholics, because American Catholics have only gradually recognized their truth, and other Americans have only recently and imperfectly come to see that they recognized and acted on it. That the United States was and would remain a Protestant country seemed to those within no less than to those without the Church, almost a matter of course fifty years ago; it was assumed complacently or regretfully as the case might be, but practically assumed by all. To the very estimable gentleman who founded the third Daudleian lecture, this club would have seemed as incongruous as one founded here by Mohammed.

Webb might appear to us *Nous avons change tout cela*, or rather, all has been changed, not by us or, consciously or of set purpose, by any one, but through the silent workings of time and human experience. The mustard seed planted when Archbishop Carroll received his episcopal consecration fell on no ungrateful, no alien soil; men have slowly, often reluctantly, learnt this as they saw a stately tree with deep roots and spreading branches grow from that seed and overshadow them. As to this we have no right to complain of public opinion; our fellow-citizens of other faiths have thought of us much as we thought of ourselves. No Protestant communion native to the United States has had to transform from aliens into citizens so vast a number of its members, and I doubt if any, even the humblest among these communions, undertook the task so weak and so poor and so widely dispersed.

The foundation, laid fourteen years after the Pilgrim Fathers landed at Plymouth, when a handful of exiles raised the cross at St. Mary's, has had to bear a gigantic superstructure beneath whose weight it might well have crumbled had it been built by hands.

I have as yet only asserted and illustrated the, to my mind, indisputable fact that the Catholic Church has entered well into American life, and some little anxious speculation may be pardoned to your courtesy as to how much time I shall need to answer my question, "What will she do with it?" but I venture to remind you that I do not propose to answer this question. I do not know what she will make of American institutions, and I do not think any one else knows; this ignorance does not indeed disable one to talk on the subject; but it limits his ability to talk fruitfully. Nevertheless, there is no room for doubt that her presence and her influence will be, nay, are, factors and factors of daily gathering weight, in the development of American society and a forecast, however tentative and sketchy, of even one among their possible fruits may justify by its interest a few moments' delay.

At the very instructive "Conference for Good City Government," which I attended last January in Philadelphia, I listened to an unusually thoughtful and outspoken paper by Dr. Ecob, the pastor of a Protestant congregation in Albany, on "The Relation of the

Church to Municipal Reform." The reverend writer spoke with an indignation, unfortunately but too well founded, of the inertness and seeming indifference of Organized Christianity in all forms when face to face with the scandals and abuses of our politics, and more especially of our municipal politics. "In every city in our land to-day," he said, "the bulk of the property is in Christian hands. The weight of social and civic influences is with the Church. In most cases the majority of votes, and in all cases the balance of power are with us, the children of the kingdom. Therefore, the multiplied abominations of municipal life crouch at our door. The possibilities of righteous administration beckon in God's name to you and to me. Brethren, somehow we must bring our conscience to stand in awe of that dark responsibility, and to be kind to and for our purpose before that glorious possibility. It is all narrowed down to a simple question of using Christian powers in behalf of the kingdom. What right have you to tamely hand over, year after year, your Christian taxes for foul hands to seize and put to destructive uses before your eyes? What right have you to march to the polls under the whip of some political knave and meekly lay down your Christian ballot in behalf of some remote factitious issue, while civic waste and corruption and misrule are running riot up to the very doors of your churches and schools and homes? What right have you to compel your neighbors' children and your own children to walk streets so thick with death-traps for both soul and body? What right have you and I, Christian men, to rest under even a shadow of responsibility for slums and tenement horrors, and gambling halls, and dives? What right have you and I to suffer a generation of citizens to grow up under the powerful object lessons of filthy, ill-kept streets, slippish, knavish public work, official corruption and malfeasance flaunted in every paper; saloons outnumbering Christian institutions twenty to one; civic office fallen so low that it is spurned by self-respecting men? I tell you, the young man who runs that gauntlet and retains his integrity has saved his citizenship, 'as by fire,' and, with shame I add, no thanks to the Church."

THE CHURCH AND CIVIC REFORM.

I am not here to either deprecate or justify this severe censure it is more to my purpose to note why, in the writer's judgment, "the Church," as he uses the term, has incurred it. "The Church," he says again, "like Keat's Saturn, has sat 'quiet as a stone' under the influence of certain traditions. One of these most sedative and relaxing traditions is, that the Church is the Kingdom of God on earth. Another is, that everything outside of the Church is 'secular.' These two are but the obverse and the reverse of the same coin.

We have narrowed the life and work of the Church down to a sort of wreckage system. The world is a great, noisy, heedless, senseless, vulgar pleasure excursion. The huge boat has struck and wrecked on the rock of sin. Hundreds of wretched victims are struggling in the water, clinging to the rigging, hugging the rocks, starving, freezing, perishing. The world is shipwrecked. The Church is safe and sound on the everlasting shore. When it is not too busy with its psalmody and Greek sermons and theological debates, it does a little business in the line of getting a few of the wrecked worldlings ashore. But it is so particular as to its life-saving methods, so fastidious as to the kind of people it deigns to save, so tired of the time with the whole wreckage business, that the percentage of salvation is lamentably small."

That Catholics and the clergy, no less than the laity, have their full share of responsibility for misgovernment of every kind in the United States, and particularly for the misgovernment of our great cities, I would be the last to deny. If any one, whether in the Church or out of it, chooses to add that they have something more than their fair share, that among those who, to quote Dr. Ecob once more, "tamely hand over to the agents of the devil certain sections of territory which are forthwith transformed into a Sodom for the damnation of both soul and body," even among those whom he terms elsewhere "the sons of Belial, political brigands," and all round vilipendings, are not only more of my own faith than there ought to be of one of either class would fulfill that condition; but more, sadly and shamefully more, than is explained by the proportion of Catholics to the whole population, I have no quarrel with this critic; but, whatever may be the shortcomings of individual Catholics of any class or rank, ecclesiastical or civil, these shortcomings are not excused for them by the false and mischievous theory which Dr. Ecob condemns; they sin against the light. And yet I have heard something very like that theory, with variations, advanced by Catholics. I have heard something which might possibly be mistaken for it from Catholic pulpits. Those heretics whom we call Abbigenese, called themselves Catherists because among them the pure, that is to say, in modern phraseology, "Church

members in good standing," those who have "experienced a change of heart," were expected to fulfill the law of righteousness, which for the impure existed only to be admired and broken. For Catholics this doctrine is no less false and pernicious because stated in other language or applied under other skies, but it is more false and pernicious because it recognizes an old friend when he greets you in a strange garb. It is then wholly superfluous to remind even ourselves that the Catholic Church does not mean the Catholic hierarchy? or the Catholic clergy, or devout Catholics, or "practical" Catholics, or professed Catholics? Every baptized man is a member of it; every unbaptized man is a candidate for membership. The former may be the bitterest enemy of Catholicism, of Christianity, of religion in any form, but this does not change the fact of his membership any more than the bullock's blood washed from Julian's head the waters of baptism; he can no more refuse to be a Christian and elect to be something else, than he can refuse to be a man and elect to be a gorilla or an elephant. The second may have never heard of the Church, or her faith, or her Founder, or he may know all these only to despise and revile them, yet he is none the less the Church's divinely appointed ward and pupil. And as no man, however perverse in doctrine, however degraded in nature, however odious in sentiment and conduct, can rightly escape her authority, or cease to awaken her interests, so nothing that he can do or say or think or feel is beyond or beneath or aside from her ken. For every idle word he shall answer, and in naught wherefore he shall answer is the Church without concern.

Apply then the fundamental Catholic doctrine to the duties and responsibilities of American citizenship; will I be told that the Church can stand mute and unmoved whilst her children actively or passively assist to make any spot of the nation's soil a Sodom, any exercise of the nation's power or neglect of the nation's office a source of damnation for soul and body? In our country do we render unto Caesar the things which are Caesar's if we raise no finger while our sovereign, the American people, is robbed, disgraced, misled and debauched? And if we render not to Caesar his due, if we are recreant to our trust as citizens will it avail us, think ye, to justify that we fast according to the law and give tithes of all we possess? Believe me, fellow-citizens and fellow Catholics, there is no room for you to so think or to so act with a clear conscience; a well-known English statesman was called a good Protestant, but a bad Christian. I leave others to criticise this description, but no one can be at once a good Catholic and a bad father or son, husband or citizen; if he fail in any one of the duties of life, he fails in his duty to the Church.

A few years ago a well-deserved monument, adorned with appropriate symbols of morality and law, was raised to the Pilgrim Fathers. I have recently seen certain seemingly incongruous episodes in the private life of the orator at its dedication (episodes now become public property, to the rather doubtful benefit of the public) explained on the "dual life" hypothesis; on such edifying occasions he was Jekyll; on others, perhaps less edifying, he became Hyde. Had this gentleman been a Catholic (I suppose that we ought to regret that he is not) he might have been reminded somewhat appropriately of the medieval prince-bishop who explained that he cursed and swore, not as Bishop, but as prince, and was asked by his confessor, when the prince was in purgatory or a place even less pleasant, where, he thought, would the Bishop be? When Hyde made a palm-leaf fan, I suspect that Jekyll will want his summer clothes.

When I commenced this paper I thought to give little time to the more or less gloomy vaticinations of those among our separated brethren who travail in spirit to see the Church so near them and so big, and growing daily the bigger and coming daily the nearer; I have the less reason to regret that I have already too long detained you to permit of this, since, with all possible respect for them, I find little to consider, with promise or profit, in their utterances. These are almost invariably either fair words, which butter no parsnips, or big words, which break no bones; either the expressions of an uneasy optimism, which would belittle a danger it secretly fears to face, or tongue lashings for that very improper character of Babylon who so strongly affects scarlet and differs so widely in some respects from St. Cecilia's cherubs. Time may be trusted to test the merit of the first; as to the second, their object has been little the worse for a very liberal and protracted application of this treatment, and I think she can stand it yet. There is, however, one argument, or outcry doing duty as such, which merits a passing, or closing, word, at least for its antiquity. Pilate was told that his Prisoner made Himself King of the Jews; we are told to-day that the Church aspires to temporal dominion. He asked for and heard the truth and declared the charge groundless, yet he feared the charge, groundless, yet he feared the charge; "If thou release this Man, thou

art no friend to Caesar"; there are some among us as consciously unjust when they cower now before the like clamor. Were the Jews who drove Pilate to shed innocent blood, friends to Caesar? Are those who in our day and country proscribe men for their faith and stir anew the dying embers of sectarian hatred, are they friends to American liberty?

THE OLDEST PRIEST IN CANADA.

The Patriarch of the Ontario Priesthood in a Historic Field.

Irish World.

It is now three hundred and sixty years since the famous discoverer of Canada first planted the Cross of Catholicity on the shore of the little Bay of Gaspe on the St. Lawrence. The first Winter of Catholicity in the now prosperous Dominion was a most tragic and discouraging one. The bitter cold, such as the daring explorers had never experienced in sunny France, was unusually severe, but the fearful plague of scurvy which befell them was appalling. One after another the little colony fell victims to the dread disease, and the frozen earth refused the privilege of burial. It was a truly pitiable sight to see the two devoted priests, Father William and Father Anthony, who accompanied the expedition, ministering to the heartbroken sufferers and performing the services for the dead in the biting cold. Over each succeeding victim ere his remains were buried in a snowdrift from his grave could be dug in the frozen and filthy clay. We admire the constancy of the Christians in the Catacombs, but where does the history of Christianity furnish a more touching illustration of abiding faith than that of these ill-fated sufferers forming in religious procession under the frowning promontory of Quebec, all who were able to drag their wasted, plague-smitten forms through the drifts, and kneeling before an improvised altar, offering up their piteous appeal for mercy to Him who died on Calvary for man's redemption, and repeating His solemn vows to His Blessed Mother to propitiate Her intercession in their behalf. A and they were brought a remedy when they were healed, and when spring came the three little ice-bound ships were released and the colonists were soon on their way home. It is not to be wondered at that nearly three generations passed before a prominent colony was established on Canadian soil.

A worthy successor of Cartier was found in the indomitable Champlain, who brought with him in 1615 the little band of explorers accompanied by the corps of Franciscan Fathers from the Monastery of Broutage to inspire with the holy purpose which impelled the glorious St. Patrick to revisit the shores of Ireland a dozen centuries before — to gather a new race and nation into the fold of Christ. This fearless soldier and explorer had already spent many years among the rude children of the Canadian forest, and was familiar with their language, and had shared with the Hurons and Algonquins many a fierce conflict with their implacable foes, the Iroquois, from the south side of the St. Lawrence and the great lakes. One of the priests, the saintly Father Dobeau, selected as his field of missionary labor the headquarters of the Hurons, which consisted of about a score of villages on Georgian Bay, on the east side of Lake Huron. The distance was near one thousand miles and the gentle priest had to paddle all the way in a frail bark canoe, guiding his delicate craft up the Ottawa River to Lake Nipissing, thence down the French River to Lake Huron and southward along the shore into Georgian Bay. His condition may be imagined as he finally reached his destination, but he was cordially welcomed by the Hurons, who built for him a hut of bark in which Champlain, who followed the good father on his journey, assisted at the first Mass offered up on the soil of Western Canada.

From this beginning grew one of the most remarkable missions ever established on the American continent. It was here that the saintly Father Le Caron and his companions labored so successfully among the Hurons that in less than fifteen years the towering cedar cross adorned every one of the twenty-five Huron villages, and the nation of 80,000 children of the forest gathered at Catholic altars and worshipped their little ones to be taught by the beloved "black robes."

A tragic fate was in store for them. Champlain was attacked by an English fleet at Quebec, overpowered and carried off to England. The Catholic missions were broken up and poor Father Le Caron forced to see the ruin of all his labors, and driven out from among the simple people whom he had grown to love as his children, sank broken-hearted to his grave in Montreal. And when Champlain was restored to authority a few years later, and Fathers Brebeuf and Lalemant and Jogues and others came to renew the missions, they found the most evil forces in the ascendant. The fierce Iroquois and the scarcely less deadly traffickers in firewater were at work. The Hurons were at last surprised and

almost annihilated in blood. Their villages were laid in ruins; their faithful "black robes" seized and tortured with fiendish cruelty, closing in martyrdom their careers of sublime heroism. Of that powerful Huron nation, there are now but a few hundred left. They are living a few miles from Quebec, where their fathers had sought shelter from their enemies, but they have retained the sacred inheritance so dearly bought and are still faithful Catholics.

The Church in Canada has made remarkable progress, in spite of all the obstacles with which it has had to contend. It could not be otherwise, when such brave and heroic spirits were ever present, devoting their lives and splendid talents to its sacred mission. Instead of the few scattered settlements of the days of Champlain Joliet, under the direction of Bishop De Laval, the first Bishop of Canada, there are now eight Archbishops, twenty three Bishops, 2600 priests in the Dominion administering to the spiritual wants of nearly 2,500,000 Catholic people.

The original headquarters and hunting grounds of the Hurons, to which I have referred, are now comprised in the diocese of Peterborough, under the administration of Bishop O'Connor. It represents a section of Ontario reaching from Lake Nipissing and Georgian Bay southward to Lake Ontario. With the rapid development of the country progressing since the building of the Canadian Pacific Railway, the missionary work of the diocese has been pushed with vigor by about fifty priests, one-half of whom are regularly stationed, and the others attending to a hundred stations and missions scattered over the vast and historic territory.

One of the active workers for the past forty years in the development of the Church in Ontario is the Rev. Patrick Conway, at present stationed at Norwood in the Peterborough diocese. He was born at Drumod, Leitrim county, Ireland, and was educated in France. He comes of a family noted for the number of representatives given to the priesthood, and to the cause of Irish patriotism, and in his youth he was equally noted as an athlete and a brilliant scholar. He concluded his theological course at Baltimore, and was ordained in 1854. He was assigned as assistant to his uncle, Dean Gratton of St. Catharine's, Ontario, where his remarkable physical strength and endurance, no less than his brilliant attainments, especially fitted him for missionary and administrative work. He was a favorite with Bishop de Charbonnel, and his successor Archbishop Lynch, under whose administration he was Chancellor of the Archdiocese. When Bishop Jarnot in 1882 was assigned to the newly created diocese of Peterborough, Father Conway consented to accompany him as chancellor, in which capacity he served until a few years ago, when he came near losing his life by being thrown from his horse. The less onerous charge of the Norwood parish has since enabled him to recover his health, and, though he is fast approaching the allotted three score and ten, his active movement and erect figure are more suggestive of forty than of sixty-six. In the conferences of the priests, he is known as the "Patriarch." Last summer he attended the celebration of the silver jubilee of Father Sullivan of Thorold, Ont. At High Mass in honor of the event, which was celebrated by Father Sullivan, Father Conway had prepared him for his first Communion, was deacon, and the sub-deacon was a priest whom Father Sullivan had prepared for his first Communion in a church where Father Conway had been pastor thirty years before, so that priests representing three generations participated in the same Mass.

He is a strict total abstainer, a fact to which he attributes largely the health and vigor which are still his in spite of his advanced years, and his popularity amongst his people is not confined to his own congregation, but is shared by the whole community.

Example.

Example and family traditions are of immense reach in forming the character, and it is not a little to have constantly presented to the consideration of the child the distinguished ability, the eminent worth and noble deeds of a long line of illustrious ancestors, especially in an age and country where blood is highly esteemed and the honorable pride of family is cultivated. The honor and esteem in which a family has been held for its dignity and worth through several generations is a capital, an outfit for the son; secures him, in starting, the advantage of less well-born competitors, and all the aid in advance of a high position and the good-will of the community. More is expected of him than of them; he is early made to feel that nobility obliges, and that failure would in his case be dishonor. He is thereby stimulated to greater effort to succeed.—Orestes A. Brownson.

When St. Veronica was urged in sickness to accept some exemption from her labours, her one answer was, "I must work while I can, while I have time." Dare we, then, waste ours?

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for 1891	4,001,773.59
for 1890	689,750.92
Security of Policy	3,383,254.57
for 1892	514,944.29
for 1891	351,995.65
for 1890	28,300.60
for 1889	27,707,951.51
for previous year	2,888,765.87

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