

movement was organized, and money was partly subscribed to arm 300,000 men, and Col. Sanderson boasted that he would respond to a call to a revolt. As shrewd an observer as Lord Randolph Churchill still professes to believe that Ulster will in the slightest degree alter the Liberal policy. In the meantime the Ulsterites' plan of campaign will be a vigorous agitation in Ireland and Great Britain, working up the constituencies to believe in their menaces. An abundance of money enables the chief committee, composed of Colonel Sanderson, Sir H. S. Harland and T. W. Russell, to organize provincial committees, the first development of whose action will be disclosed at a convention in Belfast about Whit-sun-tide. Although the Nationalist Irish members consider the matter only subject for derision, Mr. Sexton to-night called Mr. Balfour's attention to the fact that a Crown Minister, the Comptroller of the Queen's Household, proposed a resolution inciting a section of the Irish to disorder. Mr. Balfour declining to commit himself by any statement in reply, Mr. Sexton intimated that he would recur to the subject.

CATHOLIC PRESS.

Church News.

It is time that some steps should be taken to stop the practice of distributing immoral pictures with packages of tobacco. Public opinion is so decidedly against displaying immoral theatre posters that the evil has to a certain extent been suppressed. So determined are the disseminators of obscene pictures to accomplish their infamous purpose that their attention has been turned to the tobacco trade, and by its means they are again at work demoralizing our young men. Immoral pictures cannot be sent through the mails, nor should tobacco dealers be permitted to circulate them. The penalty should be in every case a forfeiture of license. Then the evil would be suppressed.

X. Y. Catholic Review.

If the Bible Society will print the Donay version of the New Testament—without addition, omission or change—we shall be glad to see twelve million copies distributed among the Catholics of the United States. We, who have preserved the Scriptures from Apostolic times have no such fear of Holy Writ as the fables of Sabbath school fiction pretend. Our publishers have produced dozens of editions of the Bible and one firm has printed the New Testament at the retail price of a quarter of a dollar, with a discount for large orders. But if the Bible Society will sell the same most precious book for ten cents or give copies of it away for nothing, why, they will be putting their funds to the best use that they are at all apt to use them for, and we shall freely advertise their purpose and assist them to carry it out—always on condition that they produce an edition that is true to the original, neither garbled nor mutilated nor padded. Catholics are urged by the Church to read the Word of God; we shall not demur if Protestants help them to do so.

London Universe.

It is quite enough to make one shudder to read that during the past twelve months the sum spent upon intoxicating drinks in the United Kingdom reached the alarming figure of one hundred and forty-one millions and a quarter sterling. The amount of beer consumed in England during the last twelve months was no less than 27,500,000 barrels, which are valued at £78,557,673, and the cost for each family of five averaged £20 7s. 6d. In Scotland the beer bill amounted to £16 5s., and in Ireland to £10 11s. 8d. per family. If this state of things is to continue, where, we ask, are our people going to stop? How are we to put an end to this terrible evil? You cannot make a nation sober by Act of Parliament, although Parliament could doubtless put an effective check upon the sale of intoxicants. It was Cardinal Manning, whose name will ever be associated with the temperance movement in England, who wrote the following words: "Bid them enrol their children, even the youngest. If they never know the taste they will never know the temptation. As the twig is bent, the tree's inclined." Habit is a second nature, and as a rule the habits we acquire early in life are never easily shaken from us.

Ave Maria.

The far-reaching influence of the Roman Pontiff has of late been brought home to the American commercial mind in a novel way. Fish dealers in our large cities instance a notable depression in their usual Lenten trade, owing to the dispensation from fasting and abstinence granted by the Holy See. This is rather gratifying intelligence; any man who can influence the market to an appreciable extent is pretty sure of commanding the respect of the average American.

Commenting on the marked change in public sentiment regarding the observance of St. Patrick's Day, the *Ypsilanti Sentinel* remarks: "Time was when a green ribbon displayed on that day was the object of derision if not violence, while a public demonstration was almost sure to bring about a riot. On the last recurrence of the day, however, it was publicly honored by processions, speeches by leading men, and flattering reports in the papers, as never before; while the green ribbon might be seen on the breasts of all nationalities. It is even said that it was very generally displayed by the students of Hillsdale College, a Protestant denominational institution. Perhaps this was intended as a loud assertion that the saint was

a good Presbyterian; though if he were, why the Pope canonized him, we cannot tell."

London Catholic News.

The *Belfast Standard* prints a remarkable paper read at the meeting of the Bedford branch of the English Church Union a few days ago. The subject was "Prayer for the Dead," and the writer, a Mr. Blades, set himself to prove that this doctrine of prayers for the faithful departed was Scriptural, that it had been and still was a recognized practice of Catholic Christendom, that in their branch of the Church the custom of prayer for the departed might be traced in her service books from the earliest times on record up to and subsequent to the Reformation, that in a modified way the practice still survives, and that their Prayer Book yet continued to bear witness to the primitive practice, though the doctrine had become much obscured by the almost entire cessation of its use brought about by the Puritanical reaction that followed upon the Reformation. The paper is a distinct evidence of the natural revulsion which exists in the human mind against the anti-Purgatory theories usually advanced by Protestants.

Boston Republic.

A South Dakota minister named Help has been lecturing on "Talmage and His Tricks." According to the testimony of his brother divine the acrobat of the Brooklyn Tabernacle is troubled with what Dorrimer claimed was his disease—"unconscious mental cerebration." That is, he has an irresistible impulse to pilfer the thoughts of others. "On March 10, 1878," remarks Mr. Help, "he produced a sermon on 'Shall We Know Each Other There?' in which, at the lowest count, are thirteen different thoughts from Harbong's Heavenly Recognition, a book published in 1854. He forgot to give credit. I feel sure that in ten years Talmage has not produced a single new sermon." Further on Mr. Help said: "Permit me to reveal one of his tricks. In 1878 he preached on 'The Midnight Horseman.' In 1880 he preached the same sermon headed 'The Moonlight Ride.' In 1886 he preached on 'Christ and Song.' In 1888 he called the same sermon 'Songs in the Night.' In 1888 he gave the 'Upper and Nether Springs.' In 1889 the same under 'New Springs of Joy.'" These are serious charges, but they will not affect Talmage, who thrives on advertising, even though it be of doubtful quality.

When a priest goes over to the ranks of Protestantism look for an impelling motive apart from conviction. Usually the convert has been severely disciplined for violation of the canons of the church, or there is a woman in the case. Much publicity has been given lately to the story of a conversion which was said to have taken place at Renegade O'Connor's "mission" in New York. The name of the convert was Redding. Arrangements were making to have him join the motley menagerie of anti-Catholic declaimers, when his old weakness overtook him. He was picked up in a doorway the other night and was given lodging at the station house. He was in a state of helplessness which was pitiable. We have sympathy for all victims of the drink habit, but we object to their being foisted upon the community as religious crusaders. Poor Redding was forced out of the Catholic ministry, and, if he does not fall a victim to drunkenness, he will pose as a great reformer and as a retailer of slander against the Church of Christ.

Catholic Columbian.

A Catholic never opposes Protestants in politics because they are Protestants. If he goes against any of them it must be for some other reason than their religion. He doesn't inquire into that or make it a test for office. He respects their right to have whatever religion they think best. Catholic children are made acquainted with the Bible by means of the Bible history, which is studied in all Catholic schools, and by means of the living voice of the Church, which every Sunday explains the Gospel of the day and sets forth the truths of salvation. If they cannot all quote Scripture verses verbatim, they are trained to have its essential facts by heart, and to live in accordance with its divine precepts.

Every citizen ought to take an interest in public affairs. It is his right and his duty to do so. That obligation should not be shirked. He should make himself acquainted with what is going on in politics, bear his share of the burden of government and vote at every election. The reason that politics is despised is that good men have, in too many places, let the management of local party affairs fall into the hands of loafers and thieves. They stay away from the polls and then complain that the city, or the town, or the village in which they live, is misruled. They are primarily to blame for the disorders in the body politic—those self-same respectable, high-toned, intelligent but not thoroughly patriotic citizens.

Pittsburg Catholic.

The great churchmen who have died since the beginning of this year have left us the legacy of saintly lives. Sanctity is a mark of the true Church. Contrast the noble edifying lives of these men, the dear and venerated Bishop Loughlin of Brooklyn, of Cardinal Manning, of England, and the illustrious Simeoni, with the rich and pampered worldling. Just now our exchanges are filled with recollections of Cardinal Merriloid, lately called to his rest. In his life-time he was the recipient of many valuable donations, he handled large sums of money, yet he died poor, so poor, indeed, he did not leave the necessary expenses

of a burial. "I pray the hospitality of a grave," he asked. It was his expressed wish that neither flowers, nor crowns, nor bouquets should be placed upon his coffin. To the Pope he bequeathed his household furniture to be given some poor prelate. He wished to leave a souvenir to his priests, but was unable from lack of means. It was his desire to be buried in the cemetery where his parents repose, with a plain stone above him marked with the inscription "He loved the Church" and the prayer "Give him eternal rest O Lord." Irish Catholics should echo this prayer for him. He was a great friend of the Irish people, an earnest advocate of their cause, and his eloquent voice was heard in their behalf.

WILLIAM O'BRIEN.

At a concert held in Sheffield on the eve of St. Patrick's day, Mr. William O'Brien, M. P., who received a most enthusiastic greeting, in an eloquent opening alluded to the occasion of their meeting, and said, poorest of the nations as Ireland might be and was, not the proudest of the empires of the world had ever been so rich as Ireland in the love and devotion of her children (applause). On the morrow, in every land on which God's sun would shine, millions and millions of her sons would wear the little green shamrock, and millions of hearts would turn to that small green island across the sea with an allegiance as true as though she had fleets and armies at her command, and with a devotion slightly more passionate than that which had stars and garters wherewith to reward patriots. Never had a Patrick's day dawned fuller, and surer of brilliant promises than the Patrick's day which would light up the hills and dales of Ireland on the morrow. In a few months—possibly in a very few weeks—they would have a general election. They were going to win it. Ridiculing the opposition to Home Rule, the speaker went on to say that the English workman saw that Mr. Gladstone had done more by six years of conciliation to reach the hearts of the Irish people than Mr. Balfour could do by six centuries of coercion (applause). The English workman saw that, notwithstanding Tory promises, it was in the end of this Parliament as it was in the beginning—Ireland blocking the way.

IRISH QUESTIONS CLOGGING THE WHEELS OF PARLIAMENT, and it was Ireland that haunted the pillow of this dying Ministry, which they saw every night writhing on the Treasury bench in the agonies of dissolution (laughter and applause). Scouting the old cries which opposed Home Rule, he said the English people would remember Lord Salisbury's Home Rule speech at Newport, Lord Carnarvon's interview with his late chief, Mr. Parnell, Howard Vincent's visit to himself in the offices of the *United Ireland*, and Mr. Howard Vincent's visit to the National League to discuss the details of Grattan's Parliament for Ireland. The question was now whether they would have Mr. Balfour's Home Rule, which would satisfy everybody (applause). The Irish Local Government Bill would be a standing insult to the Irish people if it were not a standing joke to them (laughter). Assuring his auditors of victory, HE TOUCHED ON THE IRISH PARTY DIFFERENCES,

and said there was no truth in the rumor as to Mr. Dillon and himself negotiating for a reunion. He believed there was a time when that reunion was possible. Now it is altogether impossible. The cleavage was too deep a sore, and he believed they should only be wasting their breath. They must fight it out in a manly and reasonable way at the general election. He, however, held it possible, and even essential to the Nationalist cause, that they should have more tolerance for one another, and should learn, as Englishmen had learned, to deal with those differences of opinion as they should have to deal with them in an Irish parliament, with patience, with courtesy, with frank recognition of the fact that men might be opposed to them and yet be thoroughly good Irishmen, and inspired with as honest motives as themselves and that they would have to trust their cause to time and to argument (applause).

HOME RULE WAS WITHIN THEIR GRASP, the reinstatement of gallant evicted tenants was within their grasp, and they were all agreed that the first step towards all those things was the Home Rule majority of a Home Rule Liberal Ministry. They could have before another harvest sun had set if they could only keep their heads cool, if they would only treat one another with a little forbearance, and deal with such differences as they had to fight in the spirit in which they were dealt with in every commonwealth—by decent, rational and civilized methods (applause).

Marriage is never a failure in a home where consideration fills the minds and lives of husband and wife. It is a golden band between them which brightens with increasing years, and binds them together when they "are absent, one from the other." On a lichen-covered stone in a village burying ground I once read this epitaph: "He was always considerate," and I wondered whether there was in the English language a sentence from which there could be derived more meaning. On that stone there had indeed been chiseled a sermon!—*Ruth Ashmore.*

A VOICE FROM THE PACIFIC.

Father Desmarais says Mass in the old Cottage by the Sea.

FOR THE CATHOLIC RECORD.

When the lonely traveler trods along the solitary paths of a new country it becomes a great boon indeed for him to be able to recall and picture to his mind those fond associations of his past and those delightful spots of his native country where the golden days of his childhood glided on like the peaceful waters that went their way through a valley of fruits and flowers. We should, I think, be thankful to God for having given to the mind that wonderful power of storing up its past observations, and to the eye the no less mysterious agency of taking such instantaneous pictures of anything and of everything within its present reach and of conveying them by means of the optic nerve to the great art gallery of the mind. It is not my intention to write a treatise upon this grand subject, but it is nevertheless my intention by the way to draw our reasoning faculty to the due consideration of God's wonders that lay so thick, and well nigh infinitely so, around our daily walks of work and observation. It seems to me that everything we see or do can be made glorious and pleasing in the sight of that Majesty who deigns, for man's sake, to flood the world with so much light and surround it with the almost infinite beauty of forms and colors which serve as a pale reflection of God's infinite goodness, power and wisdom. When I think of my country I also think of dear friends and wonder if a few words from a distant missionary friends would not interest them. Affection says it will, for there is something almost mysterious in the very heart of man which makes him say at times: I can not forget even though I would! And it probably was put there for a wonderful end, for I really believe that there is no heart so hardened and so deeply sunk into obscurity but remembrance from time to time a loving look, a sweet word, a cherished embrace, a kind and charitable deed brought to fall across its lonely path like a fiery beam from the heavens that darts athwart the iron bars of the prisoner's cell and makes his gloomy countenance to change and become all aglow with the ardor of hope and love. It is not therefore through personal interest that I pen these words to your distant readers, but only through a motive of friendship for those with whom I loved to associate in by gone days and many of whom I know to be constant readers of your esteemed journal; and moreover I may state that it becomes a real pleasure for me to send you items of news which may tend to interest your readers, for I have long since realized and still observe with renewed pleasure that your paper holds one of the most prominent places in the journalistic circles of America. I consider it, therefore, as a loving task to contribute any article which my poor limited pen can write amidst the obstacles or ups and downs of missionary life, for the priest of the West has many things to attend to outside of his office. To quote the words of an Anglican minister whom I chanced to meet one day and who said to me: "In this country we ministers have to *batch* it. We live the year round in two small apartments; we cook our victuals, make up our beds, sweep the floor, and after trying to make things look tidy in our grand *salon*, we see that our *traveller* gets his portion—so he calls his black pony, for such an animal is very necessary in these extensive missions and should be well taken care of. All is put in order, then we breakfast, and after a short recreation we return to study." I asked him if life was not sometimes tedious, all alone. He assured me it was, and at times a hard think to manage on account of those gloomy clouds that roll up and bar the light of the sun. However, he allowed that the pipe of peace gave him great comfort when he found no other companion but the pussy by the fire-side that purged away the time. He told me that his Bishop gave him \$500 a year salary, and that he was quite content to batch it all alone, but oh the thoughts of home sweet home in that dear old England harassed his mind day and night! Just as he finished this sentence the train pulled into a small town where he held an occasional mission, and we parted with a hearty shake hands. I must add that he was in all appearance a learned gentleman and, no doubt, a jolly good fellow of Oxford.

After taking some rest at headquarters I packed my saddle bags with all the necessities for saying Mass at distant missionary posts, and I started for Netarts, where the thundering billows of the sea rush in upon as beautiful a beach as can be found on the Pacific slope. The old cottage roof under which I said Mass gives the story of long years of duration, and the architecture itself is a proof to the traveller that in those days of yore the pioneer knew full well how to overlook the beauty of things with reference to their utility. The kind old lady who inhabits this comfortable abode loves to call it the old cottage by the sea. It has a large fire-place near which is seated in an old arm chair a good-hearted peasant woman who enjoys life with a whiff from the pipe of peace when the shades of evening have fallen and the bright fire-side is shooting forth its beams of light and filling the whole camp with family cheer and gladness. Every one around tells his story or tale and as the evening hours soon glide away in such happiness the clock strikes the hour of prayer and at once the head of the family gives the

signal and all the members with bowed head and knee answer the saintly call with an invocation to the Star of the Sea. Thus at the close of the day by the sad sea shore human voices mingle with the surges of the deep in rendering to the Lord of creation that act of homage which is due His infinite majesty. The roar of the mighty waves, that rise like huge mountains and are seen to clasp each other in wild embrace with their white-capped heads glistening in the rays of a setting sun, is wont to produce such an impression upon the mind and heart that one can not refrain from a wistful glance toward the heavens where dwelleth in everlasting glory that infinite power that gave to the sea its due boundary.

Before leaving this happy spot I must not forget to mention the *clam dinner*, for it is quite a treat for one to go out digging at low tide or rather when the tide is gone out to rest, and then the fun comes in preparing them for the table. For my part, I never wanted to be an eye witness lest I should get my fill before they were cooked and dished out for table. Certainly clams are a luxury and they are plentiful on the bay. But I should never venture to down another raw clam after my experience with the first. The sensation is on a par with that which the smoker says he felt after indulging for the first time in a thorough good smoke from a cigar of *French-Canadian tobacco*. Let us return from our duty dish lest we should be accused of epicurean style that loves to live in order to eat, and sings out to the passer-by, let us live and be merry to-day, for to-morrow we die. Unfortunately, there are already too many minds so disposed in our coast towns, and some indeed fear not to proclaim it and put it into every day practice.

On my way back to our interior town I must not omit to say that as I sped along the road my eye caught a glance of a house yet surrounded to a certain extent with trees and brush. It is a neat little frame house of fifty yards from the roadside. Having shouted to a hardy old pioneer amid the felled timber to enquire if Mr. T. lived there, I got the welcome answer: "Certainly he does; is that your reverence? Come right along." And wasn't I glad to find out that he and his family were staunch Catholics. They were from the old sod where grows the shamrock so dear, and how happy these dear people were to see a priest, and with what respect and love the children assembled to greet their spiritual father. The evening hours soon sped away amid the yarns and tales the pioneer was pleased to relate, for Mr. T. is one of those jolly good souls who loves to picture to the hearer his lively experience on the green meadows and hillsides of dear old Ireland and his landing without a penny on the frosty shores of Canada. When asked if he were happy in this land of the West, he answered cheerfully, "Why should I be, your reverence? I get enough to eat for myself and family, pure unadulterated drinks from nature's springs at my very door, and sleep invites me gently at any hour of the day or night and I am master in my own house, as happy as Vanderbilt in his stately palace." Such is the happiness of those good people who trust in God, and when adversity comes say with a loving heart "Thy will be done." These people did have hard work, but now they are beginning to reap the fruits of their labor.

Before I close this article I must remark that our winter has been exceedingly mild, more like June than February. This is truly the most delightful climate I ever yet experienced. The warbling of the bird and the croaking of the frog could be heard here during every month of winter and the cattle could be seen grazing in the green meadows, though grass has not then all its strength and beauty. But now every shrub has vested itself with its mantle of spring and the wild ducks and geese on their way north have long since passed, and little robin red-breast came to greet our ears with its musical notes in the middle part of February.

Thanking you, Mr. Editor, for the kind insertion of this article, and with greeting to my friends who may peruse your journal, I am yours very respectfully in Jesus Christ.

L. P. DESMARAIS, Priest.

Tillamook, Oregon, March 10, 1892.

The Drunkard's Bargain.

"There's my money, give me a drink! There's the clothing and food and fire of my wife and children—give me a drink! There's the education of the family and the peace of the house—give me a drink! There's the rent I have robbed of my schoolmaster, and innumerable articles I have robbed from my shop-keeper—give me a drink! Pour me out a drink, and yet more, I will pay for it! There's my health of body and peace of mind: there's my character as a man and my character as a Christian: I give up all—give me a drink! More yet I have to give! There's my heavenly inheritance, and the eternal friendship of the redeemed: there, there is all hope of salvation! I give up my God! I give all that is great and good and glorious in the universe! I resign all forever that I may be drunk."—*From the Southern Star.*

At times, when human prudence ends and sees nothing clearly, then the light of Divine Wisdom begins to dawn.—*St. Vincent de Paul.*

Every man has something to do with making public sentiment, and public sentiment is the power that gives to the government its life.

A Springtide Idyl.

The bluebirds they are calling
The robin plums his wing.
The snow-born streams are falling
Upon the feet of spring.
Sing sweet, oh Southland,
Sing soft, oh Southland,
O'er hamlet, farm and town;
Invade the Northland,
Surround the Northland,
And pull that snowbank down.

The woe frogs wake from sleeping,
They're getting out of bed;
And thro' the cold turf peeping
The crocus shows her head,
Arise, oh Southland,
Blow soft, oh Southland,
O'er dingle, dell and down;
Go flood the Northland,
Dissolve the Northland,
And pull that snowbank down.

Go sound the cow bell loudly;
Wake feather, foot and fin;
My brothers, see how proudly
The splendid spring comes in,
All hail, oh Southland,
Come soon, oh Southland,
And green the hills of brown,
Invade the Northland,
Go snite the Northland,
And pull that snowbank down.
—*The Khan, in the Dundas Banner.*

Puns on names are generally tabooed, but here is one worth repeating. A noted wag and bean of thirty years ago signed his name "A. More." A lady had invited him to a formal dinner party. The company all arrived except A. More, but knowing his queer ways, the hostess did not wait for him. After she was seated some time, a huge envelope was handed her in which she found an enormous leaf of a sycamore tree. The interpretation was: "Sick.—A. More."

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Thick and Strong. It has apparently come to stay. The Vigor is evidently a great aid to nature."—J. B. Williams, Floresville, Texas.

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"I have been using Ayer's Hair Vigor for several years, and believe that it has caused my hair to retain its natural color."—Mrs. H. J. King, Dealer in Dry Goods, &c., Bishopville, Md.

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