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At the Pincian Hill the mob closed the gates to prevent the Catholic party from entering, but as the latter were stronger in numbers, and contended bravely for their right to assist in a demonstration in honor of the great Catholic navigator and discoverer, their banners were uninjured, except one with the inscription we have mentioned above, which was badly torn. The mob were beaten back, however, and the Catholics entered the grounds of the Pincio. The baffled mob then threw the bust of Columbus from its base and left it in the dust. One of the most notorious disturbers of the city, Cappellini, made an attempt to make an inflammatory speech, but here the police inspector interfered lest there might be a serious row, and Cappellini was obliged to keep silence.

The day was now far advanced, and the statue of Columbus could not be restored to its position on its pedestal until next morning, when the authorities of the city replaced it. The object of the mob was, however, so far successful that the wreath in honor of Columbus, being so badly injured during the melee, could not be put into the position it was intended to occupy.

The rabble, not satisfied with the evil they had succeeded in perpetrating during the day, at night made demonstrations through the city, and attempted among other acts of violence, to burn down the church of St. Andrew of the Valley, one of the finest and best known churches of the Eternal City. They were driven off by the people, who rushed to the spot to save the beautiful structure, and though the building itself was saved, the door was considerably injured and disfigured.

The intention of the Catholics to pay due honor to Columbus is not to be frustrated by these acts of vandalism, and the committee which had charge of the procession has made an appeal to all Catholics and Italians to co-operate with them for two bronze wreaths to be erected in October, on the centenary day of the discovery of America. These will be placed respectively in the church of St. Laurence, in Genoa, and on Tasso's tomb in Rome, the former being in the name of "Catholic Italy," and the latter in that of Catholic Rome. The committee give as their reason for placing one of these wreaths on the tomb of Tasso, that "Tasso was an admirer of Columbus and wrote poems on him." The Government will not protect Catholics in the placing of a wreath on the bust of Columbus in a public position; it has therefore been resolved to place one on the tomb of his great admirer, where it will be under protection of the Church, and will thus be allowed to go down to posterity. It is surely time that the Italian Government should become conscious of the injury they are doing to civilization by their persistence in attempting to rear an anti-Christian generation; but sooner or later the day will arrive when they shall be compelled to change their present policy, and to restore religious teaching in the schools of their sadly misgoverned country. This will effectively remedy the worst evils under which Italy is now laboring.

THE PREMIERSHIP.

The Toronto Mail is at its usual work of endeavoring to create discord on the ground of the religious belief of members of the Dominion Cabinet. We are not surprised at this conduct, either from the Mail's business or editorial managers. That journal has been for years managed simply with the purpose in view of the razorman who sold his stock to Hodge at the rate of six razors for a penny. The razors were made to sell; so is the Mail, and it must be sold whether the war be advertised by prizes to popular clergy-men at a cent a vote, or by retailing and magnifying the slanders and vituperation of Drs. Wilde and Douglas against eminent politicians on religious grounds. The theme is now the religious belief of Sir John Thompson, and the obstacle it is supposed to create to his elevation to the Premiership of the Dominion. As Sir John Abbott has not resigned his office, it is premature to speculate upon the possibilities which might ensue if such resignation should take place. We would greatly regret should the state of his health necessitate the Premier's resignation; but should this occur,

there is a general consent of public opinion that Sir John Thompson is the one man most eminently qualified to be his successor. We have not the least doubt that in the event we have indicated Sir John will be chosen. He would be both popular and efficient as Premier of the Dominion.

LONDON EQUAL RIGHTERS.

So far, at least, as the London, Ont., Public School Board is concerned, we may take it for granted that a person professing the Catholic faith thereby becomes disqualified to teach in the Public schools. The finance committee of the Board met on Friday last, and Miss Kate Brown applied for the position of substitute teacher. "She is a clever girl," said Principal Merchant, of the High School. "My first recommendation is that she is a Roman Catholic," said Inspector Carson; upon which Mr. Brady, trustee, declared, "Then we won't entertain the application," adding, "If we were to hang a Protestant girl all over with jewels, we could not get her into the Separate schools." The other committeemen, the report goes on to state, were also averse to entertaining the application, and it was filed. Consequently, Miss Kate Brown—although possessing every requisite required by law—although declared to be a clever girl by the Principal of the High School, and recommended by the Inspector—becomes ostracised in this land of civil and religious liberty, because she is a Catholic.

For Mr. Brady's benefit we may say that the Separate schools are Catholic schools, but the Public schools are not Protestant schools, and that the majority of the Catholic children of Ontario are attending these same Public schools. The Catholic faith is taught in the Catholic schools. A Protestant could not teach this belief to the children. A Catholic is competent for Public school work, because no religious tenets are taught therein; and here we have a case where a Catholic teacher is rejected because, and only because, she is a Catholic.

We would also ask Mr. Brady if it is fair to tax the Catholic people for the support of High Schools when the doors of the Public schools are shut against their children when they apply for the positions of teachers?

EDITORIAL NOTES.

ON the 10th of November next His Grace Archbishop Walsh will celebrate the twenty-fifth anniversary of his episcopal consecration. The occasion will be a notable one. A quarter of a century of noble endeavor in the cause of religion will be passed in review, and priests and people will vie one with the other to do honor to a churchman under whose supervision, guidance and encouragement our holy faith has been made to march onward with giant strides. One and all will pray that the Archbishop of Toronto may long be spared to continue the great work in which he is engaged, and into which he has thrown his whole heart.

REV. JAMES COBURN, of Belfast, has come across the ocean to tell the people of this country that Home Rule is all wrong and that the people of Ulster are a very saintly and liberty-loving community. He lectured recently in Toronto and was patted on the back by the Orange daily. It would be waste of space to enter at length into an argument with Rev. James Coburn. Readers of current history will laugh at him—laugh at his arguments and his mission. We may say to the rev. gentleman that the people of Canada are not all children; and those who have taken the trouble to read a synopsis of his lecture in the Queen City will wonder that any sane man could have the hardihood to deal out such a mass of nonsense to a presumably intelligent audience. His reference to Catholic persecution of Protestants is the work of a firebrand who has scant regard for the truth. The world over Catholics take a pride in dealing out even-handed justice, wherever they constitute the majority, to their Protestant neighbors. Rev. Mr. Coburn might explain to us how it happens that in Belfast, where his people are in the majority, but where there is a Catholic population of seventy thousand, not one of them is permitted to hold an office under the civic government.

DANIEL DOUGHERTY, the great Irish American orator, died in Philadelphia on the 5th. He was born in that city on October 15, 1826, and after a course of study entered upon the profession of law. He became noted as an orator and humorist, and had several

lectures that were greatly in demand. Among his noteworthy addresses was one delivered before the literary societies of Lafayette College, which was quoted and commented on by Lord Lytton in the House of Commons in 1859. He made the speech of welcome to President Lincoln at the Philadelphia Union League in January, 1864, and the speech nominating Gen. Hancock for the presidency in the Democratic Convention of 1880.

On August 23rd last our Holy Father Pope Leo XIII. was pleased to bestow a special Apostolic blessing on all those who in any way assist the Carmelite Fathers in the erection of the Hospice of Mount Carmel at Niagara Falls. This should be a new incentive for our readers to help along the good work.

TORONTO has lost a noble Bishop in the death of Right Rev. Dr. O'Mahoney, particulars of which will be found in another portion of this week's issue of the RECORD. Hard and persevering work in the cause of Holy Church was the guiding motive of the saintly prelate's life, and the people of Toronto, particularly the faithful of St. Paul's parish, will sadly miss the cheerful, kindly words and the holy admonitions of the good Bishop who is now no more. His works will live after him and his memory will be cherished in the hearts of those amongst whom he labored so incessantly, and to whom he had ever been the faithful and watchful shepherd.

"There was a time when Mr. Blake was a representative Canadian, but at present he represents nobody but himself. He has no recognized standing in either of the parties in this country, and is not in a position to speak for either the one or the other of them; and for him to attempt to do so would be resented as an impertinence. These remarks, of course, refer to Mr. Blake in his quality as a public man and a politician, not as a private citizen."—Toronto Mail.

This is a very strange statement indeed when we consider that the members of the House of Commons of Canada, with the exception of a mere moiety, hold precisely the same views as Mr. Blake on the Home Rule question; and were a vote of the people of the Dominion taken as to the question of a separate Parliament for Ireland, we doubt not nineteen out of every twenty would favor that departure. Furthermore, the people of the United Kingdom, by a majority of a quarter of a million, have decided in favor of adopting the scheme which Mr. Edward Blake advocates. Why, then, say he represents nobody but himself? Toronto Orangemen, by their spokesman the Mail, have a habit of representing Ontario as the whole of Canada, and Toronto as the whole of Ontario.

THE Hon. E. Blake will be given a warm welcome by the Home Rulers and young Liberals of Toronto on his return to that city. Arrangements have been made to welcome him with a banquet, and we are pleased to learn that Conservative and Reform Home Rulers will unite to pay honor to the distinguished Canadian statesman who has devoted himself to the work of aiding to secure Home Rule for Ireland.

THE Anglican Bishop of Liverpool has expressed the opinion that owing to a great measure to the decision of the Privy Council sustaining the Ritualism of the Bishop of Lincoln, there will be a schism in the Church should disestablishment take place. He says there is no doubt that the Church will split into two distinct bodies. The Bishop is probably in a position to know of the hatred which exists between the High and Low Church parties, and it must be intense if the facts warrant such a declaration of opinion.

A RECENT decision by a French Court is evidence that religious animosity may prevail with French judges, just as it seems to have done with the judicial committee of the Privy Council of England, in dealing with the Manitoba school case. At all events, the decision in France is equally based upon the principle that one law is to be applied to Catholics, and another of opposite import where the enemies of the Catholic religion are concerned. The Vicar Apostolic of Madagascar, Mgr. Cazet, has been condemned by the Court of Aix because of his having published a pamphlet in which the dangers of Freemasonry are explained, and the penalties under which the Church forbids Catholics to become members of the association or to encourage it in any way. Yet all over France Freemasons are freely permitted to denounce the Church and

calumniate it in speeches, books and journals. Mgr. Cazet is a Jesuit, and there are none more frequently calumniated by the Freemasons than the members of this illustrious religious order, yet the latter are not allowed to return blow for blow, while their enemies are allowed freedom to act as they see fit in the matter. It is, per contra, a sign that France is gradually returning to a policy of reconciling the Government with the Church when we find that the Minister of the Interior has interdicted recently a pamphlet grossly insulting to religion, and that some immoral and irreligious pictures have also been seized by the Paris police, and their continued publication prohibited.

LETTER FROM REV. DR. FLANNERY.

CONTINUED.

ENAGH, August 27, 1892.

Arrived at the gap itself we are directed by our guide, this time the bugler who made all arrangements for boat, ponies and lunch; we turn round to view the road upon which we have been ascending, and contemplate its borders of rocky hills and far-reaching valleys which present in their rugged vastness and changing beauty a striking and magnificent coup d'oeil. We soon are on the upper lake, with four brawny men at the oar, who seem in the very best of humor, for they laugh and sing in chorus as they bend to their work. Out in mid lake we turn on our benches to take a last look at the purple mountain whose heathery brow is lost in the clouds.

The next object of admiration is the Eagle's Nest, a rocky cliff that stands up several hundred feet above the water, and which repeats, note for note and bar for bar, every tune blown from the trumpet of our guide. To steady the arm of the latter he was obliged to land. He then concealed himself behind some clumps of trees, and immediately the rocks and crevices of the hill opposite became loud and resonant with the sweetest sounds. We were not aware of the near presence of our hidden guide, we could have sworn that the Eagle's Nest had more than one brass band performing along its dizzy boulders. It was here that one of our boatmen stood up and shouted "Are you there Paddy Blake," when the same question came back in its entirety—"Paddy"—(echo)—"Paddy." "Do you speak French?" Echo—"Speak French"—"Parlez vous Français." Echo—"Parlez vous Français," etc. The conversation was thus carried on very amusingly for some time between our boatman and Paddy Blake, until echo seemed a reality.

The island we had touched is called "Arbutus Island," from the marvelous growth of this plant, called by the Latins *argentea*, or strawberry tree. The arbutus grows only in Killarney, and in some few places in southern France. Its fruit ripens towards the middle of October, and very much resembles the strawberry in color and formation, but is not used in general for food on account of its acrid taste.

Some of the most artistic and beautiful designs in carved wood and inlaid mahogany work are made from the arbutus, which on this island attains to a great size, and becomes no longer a shrub, but a tree of respectable dimensions.

The lake here narrows, but only to expand again as you turn suddenly to the left out of it and enter the wide, river-like expansion known as the Long Range.

After another mile of widening river you see ahead the old Weir Bridge; and there it is that the chief part of the drop of four feet between the upper and lower lake occurs. The boatmen shorten their oars and tell you to sit still as the boat shoots the rapids; the water boils up on both sides, but there is little or no danger. The nerves are tried, however, and as our boat went too close to a rock and was suddenly jerked out again, well high swamping us, the ladies screamed a scream; but all danger passed away instantly, and the screaming was succeeded by good-humored banter.

The middle lake, which is now entered, is noted for its tiny islands, covered with the wildest and most luxuriant growth of flowering shrubs, whose fragrance fills the air; and the "Meeting of the Waters," a name given to the sweet spot below the rapids, because there the channels around Dinis meet, until you enter a *cul de sac* of water, from which it seems impossible to emerge. We now reach Lower lake, into which we debouch by rounding an arm never suspected by the shrewdest of guessers, and, gliding under Bricken's Bridge, we enter Glenna Bay, which opens out gradually until we find ourselves well launched upon the Lower lake. Here we pause to first look back and view the receding hills just left behind, and which, though well distinct in height and color, yet nestle so close to each other, they are styled "the happy family."

To the right we soon perceive towering above us Torc mountain, with its wooded sides running down to the water's edge. To the right, further on, is seen the hill of Mangerton, with its cascades, or rather cataracts, that flow out from the lake above, called the Devil's Punch Bowl, and rushes down madly over the impending rocks.

But it would be impossible for me, as it would be tedious to your readers, to describe Killarney's surroundings in all their details of rugged sublimity and placid grandeur of hill and lake.

Leaving the wooded Isle of Innisfallen on our left, we rowed directly to Ross Castle, where we left our jolly oarsmen and found a wagonette in waiting to convey us to our hotel, just in time for dinner, for which the day's wanderings had given us a keen relish and wholesome appetite.

It was now 6:30 p. m., and the many visitors and tourists who had just returned from their various rambles, most heartily joined us in doing justice to the substantial Irish dinner provided by mine host of the Victoria hotel.

A pleasant after-dinner promenade through the town that evening introduced us to the cathedral, a very substantial and capacious structure, capable of accommodating one thousand five hundred worshippers.

The Bishop, Right Rev. Dr. Coffey, to whom I was introduced, preaches at 8 o'clock Mass, when at home; while a sermon is preached at the last Mass by the parish priest, or one of the curates. As usual in most of the churches in Ireland, High Mass is sung only on the solemn feast days; but the Rosary, with Benediction, and in some of the churches, Vespers, are largely attended every Sunday evening at 7 p. m.

We spent Sunday afternoon in driving around the beautiful *demesne* that skirts the lower lake, the most interesting feature of which was a visit to Mackross Abbey, one of the best preserved of the old churches and monasteries that were built in medieval times.

This abbey was founded in 1340 by Donald McCarthy, as a friary for conventual Franciscans. Its walls and gables still exist—all covered with the ubiquitous ivy, that is so typical of Ireland's Faith; ever fresh and green, through sunshine and storm, clinging to and upholding a down-trodden but ever hopeful race of people. All the arches and traceries of the transept windows are still preserved, and being composed of chiseled stone, each solid piece laid upon another of the same shape and kind, without any cement visible, it is astonishing, if not miraculous, how all the parts have held together so firmly, braving defiantly the gusts and rains and all devouring maw of centuries. In the centre of the old ruins is found the garth or open space, that gave light to the interior, and afforded a breathing spot for the monks. All around this square courtyard are the cloisters, arched on two sides and pointed on the other two, but all beautifully carved in stone. In the midst of the garth stands a gigantic yew tree, probably the largest, if not the oldest, in existence. It is said to have been planted by the Franciscans when they entered into possession of their secluded home five hundred years ago. Its trunk is about six feet in circumference and its branches grow up and out over the abbey walls, overshadowing the whole courtyard below.

From the abbey we drove by the Herbert *demesne* through the Mackross Peninsula, all dark with arbutus, holly and old oak trees, interlacing their branches in each other, leaving free encumbrance nothing but the smooth roadway, that is bordered with laurel trees, holly rhododendrons and other flowering shrubs in endless profusion.

Passing Dhu Lough we crossed a narrow neck leading over Bricken Bridge over the channel connecting the middle lake with Glenna Bay, until we reached the refreshment cottage, and found other gay parties, who made their way in boats to the spot we reached by car, and a pleasant though unexpected reunion of American friends occurred, when lunch was served and toasts proposed to Killarney, Home Rule and the star-spangled banner.

The fellow-passengers who cross the Atlantic become fast friends and enjoy nothing so much as an unexpected meeting; and certainly on this occasion, with the magnificent surroundings and the lovely weather with which we were blessed, no scene of festivity could be more child-like or more charming.

Next day we started north, and began to survey the details of agriculture and home life in Ireland, as seen from American spectacles.

We found the people all engaged in hay-making. Oats and barley looked well and promising, but were still green—it was the 23rd July. Potatoes were very healthy in appearance, and occasionally in blossom. No wheat fields could be discovered. We found, on enquiry, that American flour has closed up all the old flour mills in Ireland, and that it does not pay to grow wheat any more in a country that is the grandest in the world for raising herds of sheep and unrivalled flocks of the fattest cattle.

THE PILGRIMAGE TO STE. ANNE DE BEAUPE.

Arrangements have, we understand, been completed for a pilgrimage to Ste. Anne de Beauport from Smith's Falls, including points on the C. P. R. as far west as Tweed; north as far as Almonte and east as far as Green Valley. The pilgrimage will start on Monday, 26th September, in-tant. The rates are remarkably low; \$4.25 from Smith's Falls, with a sliding scale from the other points based upon their respective distances from Ste. Anne's, \$4.70 being the figure from Tweed. The tickets will be good for five days, thus giving an opportunity to visit Quebec and Montreal on the return trip. The pilgrimage, which is under the auspices of the church of St. Francis de Sales, Smith's Falls, has the approval of His Grace Archbishop Cleary, and will be attended by several priests of the Archdiocese. As this will, no doubt, be the last of the season, and as the rates are, all things considered, most favorable, the number taking advantage of it is sure to be large. The last week of September and first week of October have been regarded by those who know Quebec to be the most pleasant part of the whole year. The growing autumn weather has not yet departed, and the glory of its tint is seen on leaf and water. Apart from the main object of such a journey—the veneration of the "good Ste. Anne"—of one

her most famous shrines, and the manifold blessings which so often flow therefrom—a visit to that little village, nestled against the hills on the banks of the noble St. Lawrence, and to the ancient Capital itself—the cradle of Catholicity in our hand—will well repay the pilgrim.

DIOCESE OF LONDON.

Another grand edifice for the worship of Almighty God is about to be erected in this diocese. The parish of St. Mary's does not contain as large a Catholic population as many of the other parishes in this western part of Ontario, but what is wanting in numbers is fully made up in fervor and attachment towards the Church of God and in obedience to its teachings. Father Brennan, the parish priest, is to be congratulated on this happy condition of affairs; and to his incessant labors for many years may be attributed in large measure the keen interest taken by his good people in all undertakings having in view the glory of God. For some time it has been considered that the present church had become inadequate to the wants of the parish, and steps have therefore been taken to erect a much larger and grander edifice.

Sunday last was a day of joy to His Lordship the Bishop of London and to the parish priest and people of St. Mary's, for on that day was solemnly laid, with all the impressive ritual of the Church, the cornerstone of the beautiful temple which will soon be the pride and joy of the Catholics, but of the entire population of the town. His Lordship was assisted on the occasion by Rev. Father McBrady, of St. Michael's College, Toronto; Rev. Mr. Kilroy, of Stratford; Rev. John Connolly, P. P., Biddulph; and the pastor, Rev. F. Brennan. The sermon of the day was preached by Rev. Father McBrady. It was an eloquent and powerful discourse, and created a very profound impression on the large congregation, many of whom were our separated brethren.

His Lordship also delivered an address appropriate to the occasion. His words were listened to with the closest attention, and his timely admonitions, in eloquent and choice language, will long be remembered with profit by the immense concourse of people present. A very liberal collection was taken up.

ARCHDIOCESE OF TORONTO.

RECEPTION AND PROFESSION OF NUNS AT THE MONASTERY OF THE PRECIOUS BLOOD.

One of the most solemn and interesting ceremonies of the Catholic Church is the reception into the beautiful little chapel of the monastery of the Precious Blood, Toronto, on Thursday, 8th Sept. The day being the anniversary of the nativity of the Virgin, was selected as the most appropriate day for the reception of three young ladies becoming members of the community of the "Precious Blood." The ceremony of making their solemn vows, consecrating their lives to the worship of the most Precious Blood of Jesus and Mary Immaculate, was performed by His Grace Archbishop Walsh, assisted by Vicar-General Rowley, Rev. Fathers Marjolin (Provincial, St. Basils), Brennan, Walsh, Teefe, Christian, Cherner and J. Collins.

Miss Zoe Gilmore, of Montreal, and Miss Sarah Fullerton, of Toronto, received the habit, and will be known in religion, respectively, as Sister Mary of the Incarnation and Sister Mary Agnes.

Miss Gilmore is the third daughter of the family who are nuns. Miss Annetta Benoit, of St. Hyacinthe, made her final vows, her name in religion being Sister Mary Immaculate. This young lady is a niece of the Lady Princess, and the second of the family who joined the Sisterhood. She was dedicated to the Church from her infancy, having been placed in a convent at Quebec at the early age of three years, and came to Toronto when she was only seven years, she has been educated by the Sisters of the community, and is devotedly attached to the order. She is now in her eleventh year. Her delighted parents were present.

Rev. Father Teefe preached an appropriate sermon, taking as his text, "This is the day the Lord made, let us be glad and rejoice." He gave a beautiful picture of the life of the Blessed Virgin from her infancy to her death—her humility and purity, her devotion to and love of her Divine Son. He depicted her patience, humility, purity and chastity, holding her before them as a model for imitation.

His Grace the Archbishop of Toronto then proceeded with the usual form of reception, which was most intensely touching as well as inspiring.

The monastery of the Precious Blood is located on St. Joseph street, nearly opposite St. Michael's college, surrounded by beautiful grounds and a carefully cultivated garden. There has been an addition made to the building lately, and it is now one of the prettiest and most commodious religious institutions in the province. The interior is a model of neatness and cleanliness, every attention being paid to the heating and sanitary arrangements. The little cells occupied by the Sisters boast of no luxuries; they contain merely the barest of necessities, being as neat and tidy as possible. There is an infirmary, where every accommodation is provided for any who may be sick. There is also a reception room with dormitories attached for outside ladies who choose to go there to make a retreat. The convent has a store-room are laid out with every regard to economy and utility. The cleanliness and neatness of the halls, corridors and everything belonging to the institution cannot be overpraised. It would benefit young housekeepers to pay the institute a visit, where they could get a lesson on economy and regularity. They would see a place for everything and everything in its place.

How Manitoba Looks.

LONDON EAST, Sept. 10, 1892. DEAR CATHOLIC RECORD.—Having just returned from Manitoba, I thought that perhaps the observations of a former resident would be of interest to our people here.

I took passage from St. Thomas via C. P. R., and the trip as far as Winnipeg was one of the many Canadian trips never to be forgotten, as the scenery of rock and water is something of a wild and romantic nature.

Arriving at Winnipeg I took the Pembina branch of the C. P. R. for Pilot Mound, a distance of about one hundred miles. Arriving at Pilot Mound I betook myself and baggage to an old resident of London, Chas. Carrothers, who made himself wealthy and also respected by keeping a first-class hotel in the land of wheat and honey.

Next day my worthy host drove me out some miles in the country. The crops and farms had the appearance of wealth and prosperity, and there is no doubt that Manitoba will yield largely to the world's wheat crop this year, and gain for her Province a name that will increase her population many fold before the close of next harvest.

Southern Manitoba is fast becoming a thickly populated country, and the class of buildings and quality of stock is equal to any part of our Dominion.

As I passed through the different townships where the school sections were adorned with a nice, neat school house, I inquired from the residents their feeling as to the school question, and the great majority, both Protestant and Catholic, thought that the Separate school system was a good method, and one which is alike fair to all denominations. It was established by the Catholics and Protestants, and it is fair to all. Many Protestants ask: "Why should we be deprived of that right?" Under this system the Province has rapidly grown. The Catholics too, claim the right to have their religion taught in their schools, and the majority of Southern Manitoba people say: "Why should they be deprived of it?" or "Why should one of the most fertile Provinces in our happy Dominion be handicapped when it could be easy, as in times gone by, to go ahead?"

J. C. BUCKLEY, Veterinary Surgeon,
Six Adelaide street, London East.