

The Catholic Record.

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

VOLUME XXIII.

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The Catholic Record.

London, Saturday, March 23, 1901.

A GOOD SUGGESTION.

The New York Evening Post quotes President Stanley Hall as saying that almost all current school geographies ought to be burned by the common hang man. They contain material wholly unfit to a child's mind—the chief products of Madagascar, for example, a part of the technical education of an importer, crammed down the throats of babes and sucklings. Mr. Bernard Shaw declares that a teacher who insists upon loading up a young girl with leading exports of Cayton ought to be drowned.

OUR EDUCATIONAL SYSTEM.

A United States contemporary predicts that the cooking school will be no unimportant factor in the twentieth century civilization. Whilst not agreeing with his statement that a constant iteration of bad dinners is apt to imbue one with anarchistic ideas, we hope that we shall ere long see an army of white aproned cooks doing posies in steak—charming pastels, mayhap, in mutton-broth, and metamorphosing that unromantic edible called "mush" into a symphony of light and color.

It is a very pleasing prospect, and one to be desired, if not for our own sakes, for the benefit at least of those who are wrestling with the elaborate programmes of studies enjoined by the Public school authorities in some sections of the country. They need, indeed, all the strength that can be given by carefully prepared nourishment. The young lad who dips into all the "ologies," and is, according to school requirements, obliged to cram them into his much abused cranium, needs all the resources of scientific cooking.

We wish we knew of some cure for the mental diseases engendered by the programme that would stagger a post graduate. Without wishing to be captious, we often wonder why the educational pundits do not consider the effect it must inevitably have upon the young. The great trouble, however, is that the gentlemen who compile the elaborate lists of studies devote their thinking to hobbies, and not to the best means of enabling the mind to grow to develop, and to be something more than a receptacle for scientific and literary junk. But we suppose that, so long as the tax payer does not object, the authorities will continue to turn out their much-bemoaned systems of education.

In this matter we could learn some, much needed lessons from educators of bygone days. In the Middle Ages, for example, the student was not confronted with the bewildering variety of subjects of our schools, but we have yet to learn that they were incapable of imparting education in the true sense of the word. In those days educators knew their business, and did not believe that education meant a multiplicity of textbooks and a multiplicity of subjects.

OUR RELIGIOUS ORDERS.

We do not wonder that non-Catholics are unable to understand the men and women who compose the rank and file of the religious congregations and orders throughout Christendom. That anyone should bind himself to serve God and should choose of his own volition to heed not the voices that call him to fame, to pleasure, to the witchery of life, is a mystery to worldlings. Yet we have often observed that they who are prone to condemn the religious for his entire consecration to God, hesitate not a moment to place their resources and energies at the service of some man-made theory, and to the meanest cause that can be galvanized into vitally yielding unwavering fidelity and obedience. And this is dubbed loyalty and courage.

They also who deem every conquest in the material domain as lessening the distance to the *ultima thule* of culture, and believe to a practical intent that the devising of pleasure and the accumulation of gold exhaust the possibilities of life, cannot understand those to whom that matter is not the highest and the best. They have simply lost all sense of the supernatural, and the God whom they worship as

a shadowy Being, living indeed in the region of immensities and eternities, but to be loved and served in the manner that is pleasing to human nature. Reading some of the comments ament the attitude of the French Government towards the religious orders, we were struck by their faint hearted tone of opposition. True, they could not withhold a certain amount of indignation, but the shadow of the Reformation fell athwart them in their writing and made them nearly colorless. Somehow or another they will not admit that men who choose the cloister instead of the world can be beyond censure. They take it for granted that a religious is one opposed to the progress of the race, a sluggard or mayhap a melancholy votary bemoaning the results of a passing mood of enthusiasm. But how may we with any show of reason condemn anyone for the exercise of his undoubted right to choose the best. If he receives his marching orders, "If thou wilt be perfect, go sell what thou hast, and give to the poor," what right have we to reproach him for following the Captain. We hear much talk about the abdication of liberty. But liberty is a word which has lost for many its true significance. A man who binds himself by vow does not surrender his free will when he, as Balzac says, forces himself, as far as he can, to do well. When he thus fetters his will, he ennobles it, he renders himself more like to God, he assimilates himself to the state of the blessed, who have no longer the melancholy liberty of doing evil, and who are under the happy necessity of loving God.

We do not look askance at vows that are made in the interests of the world. When Stanley, for example, resolved to seek Livingston in the wilds of Africa, the world took off its hat to his courage. "Brave man," it cried, and lauded him, the gallant adventurer, as one of the most striking figures of the times. There was nothing said against his resolve, though it entailed the renunciation of the peace and security of civilized life for the hardships and dangers of unknown regions. He could stay in Europe and do well: he could go to Africa and do better. We venture to say that had anyone taunted him with immolating his liberty on the altar of foolhardy fanaticism he would have been regarded as devoid of right sentiment.

As to the accusation that the religious are useless members of society we can offer in refutation the facts of history that are known to our readers. Without showing what influence those bound to noble thinking and living must inevitably have upon the world, it is very easy to point out that religious have been from the beginning devoted to the welfare of the human race, followers near at hand of the Master, but, like Him, having compassion on the multitude—shielding it from hunger and ministering to its ills—teaching it by word and example the dignity of labor and encouraging it always to profit by the learning which they guarded through the turbulences of the ages.

"LITERATURE IN THE CENTURY."

The February number of the Review, published by the students of Ottawa University, contains some very readable articles on the different aspects of the life of Cardinal Newman. What we admire in this college publication is its avoidance of triviality and a manifest desire to inspire the student with a love for all that is truly great in literature. In the editorial columns we notice a very timely reference to the second volume of the "Nineteenth Century Series," published by the Linscott Publishing Co., of London, Toronto, and Philadelphia. This particular volume, entitled "Literature in the Century," is from the pen of A. B. de Mills, M. A., Professor in King's College, Windsor, N. S. Unfortunately for himself and the publishers the writer follows the time-honored method of either ignoring Catholic authors or of giving scant notice to those of the faith who have added much to the beauty and wealth of nineteenth century literature.

All that may be acceptable to the denizens of Windsor, N. S.; but does the professor imagine that a work pur-

porting to deal with the literary celebrities of the century is, without a just not to say scholarly tribute to the genius of Cardinal Newman, complete or creditable to King's College? True, as the Review points out, he does say that Newman "was master of an admirable style and a most logical gift of reasoning," but, without a reference to any of the productions of the master stylist and one of the leading thinkers of his generation, passes on to devote pages to medicities and non-entities. That fact alone gives the volume the privilege to be shunned not only by Catholics but by all who have a due regard for impartial and judicial writing, and who had a right to demand that a work on literature should be a fair presentation of the case and not a compilation marred by unlovely bigotry. The professor may have been hurried in his work, or perchance his academic functions prevented him from giving the necessary attention to his subject. Possibly some reasons might be advanced to account for his unpardonable oversight, and we, averse to dubbing any gentleman of culture a bigot, should not fail to hold them in due regard. Meanwhile our readers will do well to leave Literature in the Century by A. B. de Mills, M. A., severely alone.

WORDS OF COMFORT AND HOPE.

The following admirable exhortations to undiminished trust in the mercy of our Heavenly Father are taken from an old number of The Nineteenth Century Magazine (Aug. 1885).

Our readers will, we feel confident, thank us for presenting them Father Spee's most consoling lessons in unflinching hope and trust in the mercy of God, so admirably adapted to this season of penance and reconciliation: Q. 1.—Till me honestly and from the bottom of thy heart, my child, if thou hast all thy sins which thou hast committed from thy childhood's days even unto this hour upon thy conscience, and now presently before thou leavest this room must needs die and appear before the strict tribunal of God, and there receive the incontestable sentence under which thou must abide for all eternity, how would it be with thee for courage? Wouldst thou despair of God's mercy, or whither wouldst thou betake thee? Behink awhile, and then answer me what thou wouldst do.

Ans.—Oh no, I would not despair. I would still hope God would be merciful to me. I would hope that the dear Blood of Jesus Christ would not allow me to perish everlastingly. I would hope that if I died right out of my deep misery to God, and right inwardly from the love of God, he would have compassion upon all my sins and would bestow mercy upon me.

On God, as much and a great deal more I hope from thy tender mercy, and this hope shall not be borne from my heart forever. For I know Thee already much too well, O Jesus, Thou meekest of all, and I know that thy love for Thy poor children is much too great. Thou hast let Thyself go in the way of expenditure on our behalf too far, and now Thou canst not with all Thy Almightyness even once come to this, that Thou shouldst thrust out one single right penitent sinner from before Thy mercy seat of Thine everlasting goodness, and why then should I despair? Ah me! Ah me! If all the sinners of the whole world did but know Thee aright, how would they grieve them that they had ever angered a Master so unspcakably gentle! Am my Jesus?

Q. 2.—But how would it be, my child, if thy whole life long thou hadst done no good thing, but on the other hand hadst upon thy conscience all the sins that had been committed from the beginning of the world by evil spirits and men, wouldst thou not then despair? Behink thee and give me an answer.

Ans.—I would not despair. Q. 3.—But if, being in such a state of sin, thou of a sudden camest into an assured danger of death: for instance, if midst a most fierce sea thou wert suffering shipwreck, what thinkst thou, how wouldst thou abide it? Set it before thine eyes in a right lively manner, and tell me what thou thinkest. The ship is sinking, the storm hath the upper hand; there is no help for thee, there is no creature that can deliver thee; down thou must go! There is no priest far or near; the abyss awaits thee and hell, and now, even now, thou art to be lost for all eternity: art thou not yet of a mind that thou wouldst despair?

Ans.—No, no, I would not despair, I would from the bottom of my heart cry

unto God. I would prefer before him the precious Blood of Jesus Christ! I would wholly hope and trust that He would nevertheless help me, and would in a moment have compassion upon my miserable sins, if only I would love him above all things. He could not refuse to pardon me again. He would give way in my regard to His unspcakable tender mercy; and in such a hope I would fearlessly let myself slip into that sea, as though I were sinking into His arms. For "He is everywhere, and nowhere can one escape Him." (Ps. cxxxviii); and where He is, there is His tender mercy, and this too is infinitely great. Ah, my God, I must die; and thereupon a vast number of evil spirits gather round thee, shrieking out in monstrous fashion that thou must come forth and be delivered over to them for all eternity,—wouldst thou not then despair?

I would certainly even then not despair? God could in a moment still deliver me.

Q. 4.—If when in these straits, thou shouldst cry to all the blessed in Heaven, and if they should all answer thee with one voice: "that they could not help thee, that it was too late, and that God had already cast thee off forever"—wouldst thou not then despair?

Ans.—No, I would not yet despair, Oh, God! Oh, God!

Q. 5.—But if the Mother of God herself should give thee a like answer, wouldst thou not all thy courage fail?

Ans.—No, not at all so long as I had breath I would evermore hope.

Q. 6.—But if Christ appeared to thee and declared that His precious Blood would no more avail for thee with His Heavenly Father, and thou must therefore be damned, wouldst thou have any power then of hoping?

Ans.—As long as I lived I would hope, for so long I should always be able to recognize myself with God (Job. xxxi.) His Heavenly and Motherly heart is so endlessly tender that it would, as it were, break and fly asunder whenever a sinner, with a really true and pure contrition and sorrow, should come in contact with it, wherefore I would never give myself up for lost; I would hope; yea I would hope!

Q. 7.—But how, would you not believe Christ? Could He by any possibility tell you a lie? You must now infallibly despair.

Ans.—No, no, of a surety no, so long as I should have breath I would not despair of mercy. For even if God himself should say that He would damn me—that I should never be admitted to pardon—that would all be on the understanding that as long as I lived I did not convert myself to Him (Job. xxxi.) Therefore, I will never give myself up for lost, but bow my sins and creep back with the Prodigal Son (Luke xv.) Out of the abyss of His mercy would He then receive me back as He did the Ninety-Nines and others upon whom He had already spoken the sentence of death, and yet admitted them again to pardon. O God, my God, kinder than all others, Thou art a God so full of compassion that even when Thou settest Thyself against me, and wouldst pour out all thy Almightyness with infinite wrath upon me, I would never despair of Thy mercy. I know Thee much too well, for all Thy ways are truth and mercy. Thy Father's heart is much too soft. Thy compassion is much too great; Thou canst not contradict Thyself; Thou hast long ago declared that Thou wouldst show mercy to all who should be converted to Thee. Now it is impossible that Thou shouldst gainsay Thyself, and so I cannot despair. Accused be the man who hopeth not in Thee. In Thee, O Lord, have I hoped, let me not be confounded for ever (Ps. xlv.)

"ROSARIES"

"We are glad to see that he denounces 'some misguided Catholics who at the present time are distributing in England, Ireland and America leaflets and booklets about other so-called Rosaries,' and points out clearly enough that 'there is but one Rosary in the Catholic Church.' [The February "Catholic Book Notes," of the Catholic Truth Society, reviewing the Dominican Father Procter's "Rosary Guide for Priests and People." London: Kegan Paul and Co., 36 p.]

THE GREAT SUBJECTIVE DIFFERENCE IN CREEDS.

Why the Members of the Catholic Church Keep Their Faith Intact While Protestants Keep on Floundering Hopelessly.

From the New York Sun.

To the Editor of the Sun: Sir: You said last Sunday: "In the last quarter of the last century the very foundations of religious faith were destroyed in the great mass of the thoughtful minds of the Protestant world, and, as the case of the late Professor Mivart indicated, were shattered in those of many intelligent Catholics, though the Pope makes their preservation essential to salvation."

MIVART HAD NO FOLLOWING. Many, to be sure, is a relative term, and not easy to criticize; but you might rather have cited Mivart's case as an isolated one, standing apart from any class. He was mourned by the Church, but simply as one of her children falling away; for in guiding souls to heaven she does not weigh but number, or, rather, all of equal weight, being cast at the same mill. What made Dr. Mivart's defection notable to her was the chance that it might be manifold in others. It happened, however, that he led no following, not even a corporal's guard. He had no school.

PROTESTANT MINISTERS ATTACK RELIGION AND ESCAPE CENSURE.

It might be noticed, too, that it was Cardinal Vaughan who quietly insisted that Dr. Mivart should not fight religion and wear its uniform. If you bring up this case you might contrast it with examples of Protestant bodies permitting attacks on religion even from their clergymen. It is a matter of open, unadvised report that the rector of a prominent institutional church in this city has spoken sneeringly of the Holy Apostles, scoffed at the doctrine of hell and taught his hearers to desanctify their Bibles to a level of profane writers, such as Kipling. Yet he holds his pulpit undisturbed.

THE CATHOLIC CHURCH EXERCISES AUTHORITY.

Let a priest preach thus, and he would end with empty pews, as when the congregation of Aulus rushed away in horror. It would be his last sermon in the parish, and eventually we would look for him doing penance in a monastery, unless, indeed, setting up a church of his own, an *ipso facto* Protestant. No centennial has found the Church more jealous for the truth and the faith more widespread and solid. Whatever the attitude of others, we Catholics accept our creed unreservedly, unhesitatingly, gladly. We have no private judgment in the face of what we believe is Christ's living personal word.

THE DIFFERENCE BETWEEN CATHOLIC AND PROTESTANT RELIGIOUS IDEAS.

And just here, Mr. Editor, is the great (subjective) difference between the two religious ideas—a distinction that your audience does not seem to have touched. We believe (it is so patient) that Christ founded a society; that it was an organized, organic body, not a mere aggregation; that He made it the depository of His revelation and its infallible expounder; that He commissioned it to teach as His representative ("He that hears you, hears Me"); that its function, then, was to teach with authority; that its prerogative was to claim for its doctrines their acceptance; that this Church was designed, and consequently destined, to speak to the end of time in tones of pristine purity; that to think of it as having ever lapsed away into paganism would be blasphemy, for, being Christ's own institution, it is indefeasible.

LOSS OF FREEDOM AN EMPTY PHRASE.

This may be summed up by saying that our Lord established, for all time, one institution to teach religion, and requires obedience to its voice. Now the Catholic Church claims to be such an institution. On the other hand, the Protestant denominations do not make such claims; in fact, they put forth express disclaimers. It is, then, a simpler matter for us to keep our faith intact; we "hear the Church." Loss of freedom? We are not frightened by an empty phrase. When a man learns arithmetic he loses freedom of thought; he forever commits himself to say that nine times nine are eighty-one. We cannot conceive how we possibly suffer a disadvantage by submitting to that truth whose overlordship is our very aim and object. Not to accept it, not to be bound and compelled by it, would be self-destruction. And it may be added that here the unresisted bands of legs are not less welcome because they are entwined with strings that wrap the heart.

PROTESTANTISM UNABLE TO ENFORCE A SINGLE DOCTRINE.

For, a Protestant, the matter is different. He is his own teacher for each individual tenet; he does not have to hear his ministers; he hears them just to the extent that it pleases him; it is they and their ideas that are tried, doctrine by doctrine, in his private judgment.

It has been asked how it is that a Catholic convert is able to change his belief on so many various points. He adheres, first, to this, the identity of the Catholic Church with the Church of

Christ, and everything then follows as an easy corollary. He does not have to change his private judgment in detail; he merely drops it; it becomes utterly irrelevant. His first proposition accepted, he has only to let himself conform. Truly, if a man holds that the Church speaks with the authority of God, and therefore cannot teach wrongly, what is there for him to do by every consideration of reason and morality but to listen and believe? This is the cord that binds his facets of doctrine, and prevents their being snapped and splintered; this is the gravitation that brings a scattered mass into round coherence, not fluctuating, but fixed; not wavering, but steady; not loose, but organic; this what gives us Catholics an unmoved equilibrium in belief for which our neighbors, with their inconstant guide, may long, and their participation in which is the supreme wish of our friendship, the object of our prayers. KOSTKA.

New York, Jan. 15.

A PROTESTANT PAPER AND THE ANTI-CATHOLIC OATH.


One poor soul has been made take an oath which (where it does not merely tell lies) would have been held blasphemous by the overwhelming majority of those who have been called Christians; and which may be now thought impertinent by all other reasonable persons.

The Pilot (London Feb. 9), a leading Church of England weekly, protests as follows, in a manner gratifying to the Canadian protesting majority: "It is a gratifying evidence of the growth of religious courtesy that the declaration which the King of England has to make either at his coronation or when he first meets his Parliament—a declaration which Sovereign after Sovereign has made without the faintest dissent and amid almost universal approbation—should now evoke a strong sense of its incongruous incongruity. The King has Roman Catholic subjects in all his dominions, and in one of his three kingdoms the great majority of his subjects are Roman Catholics, but this was not formerly thought to be any reason why his first great public act should not be to offer them the worst insult that the perverted ingenuity of an age of controversy could suggest. We pick out the two doctrines that enter most intimately into the daily life of every devout Roman Catholic—the Sacrifice of the Mass and the Invocation of the Blessed Virgin—and call upon him to declare that they are 'superstitious and idolatrous.' And then we expect these very subjects, whose religion he has outraged, to be as loyal as though he had been paying them the highest compliment that a Sovereign can offer to his people. It would be an unfortunate time to choose for fomenting the beliefs even of his Mohammedan or Hindu subjects; but the Roman Catholics of Ireland and Canada and his own Earl Marshal in England are fair game. The framers of this marvellous document seem at this point to have been troubled with a suspicion of its possible futility. What if the King had already a dispensation from the Pope to make this declaration, or looked forward to being absolved of it by the same authority in the future? To bind a Sovereign already suspected of intending to evade his own words, on the plea that he had the Pope's leave to do so, might seem a pretty hopeless task. But they did what they could. Their fear was that the King might think himself justified in telling a lie at the Pope's bidding, and they sought to meet this by making him say that he was speaking the truth. That this last statement might equally be a lie, and be justified in the same way, apparently did not occur to them, or if it did they saw no way out of the difficulty. Yesterday Mr. Wickham Legge assured us in the Times that the Coronation Oath taken by the late Queen does not contain 'one word about the sacrifice of the Mass, transubstantiation, or the invocation of the saints.' But did Queen Victoria make a 'declaration' on these points, either then or at first meeting her Parliament? That is not a question we can answer offhand, and Dr. Wickham Legge's statement in no way helps us to do so. If the popular notion on the subject turns out to have no foundation, every Protestant with whom it is not a part of his religion to insult the beliefs of his fellow Christians will be unfeignedly glad. Otherwise, as nothing but an Act of Parliament can abolish this offensive farce, it must apparently be gone through once more. But it will be a relief to all reasonable Protestants, and most of all to the King himself, to have a ministerial assurance that the necessary steps will at once be taken to put an end to it.

A Call to the Ministry.

Booker T. Washington tells the following anecdote in his autobiography now appearing in the Outlook: "A colored man in Alabama, one hot day in July, while he was at work in a cottonfield, suddenly stopped, and looking toward the skies, said: 'O Lawd, de cotton am so grassy, de work am so hard and de sun am so hot, dat I b'lieve dis darky am called to preach!'"

MARCH 16, 1901.



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NEW YORK.

MIND FOR THE LATE
H. O'DONNELL.

ny was celebrated the month
of Mr. John O'Donnell, Sr., at St.
Michael's, Toronto, by Rev. Father
McCarthy, who read a eulogy
of his father-in-law and friend, and
prayed for one who was so well
known.

He was sixty-five years old and was
married to Mary Moran, of Albany,
N. Y., who had seven children and twenty grand-
children. He was of father re-
sponding nature, and will be re-
minded of his family. His soul rest in
peace.

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