

APRIL 9, 1904.

it oppresses me"; then, with a lingering embrace, they parted.

Pietro had only left the palace a few moments when he was seized by the hands of the law, and carried off to prison. His arrest was due to an anonymous letter which one of the council of ten had received an hour previously, and which ran thus:

"Early this morning Messer Luigi Guoro was murdered by a man of the people. In his breast was left the dagger, and as he had not been robbed of a pin it seems as though the hand of the assassin was driven by vengeance. The strongest suspicion rests upon Pietro Tascas, surnamed the Fornaretto."

To describe the horror and despair of all concerned is beyond words.

"Pietro Tascas! Impossible! He would not hurt a fly," was the verdict of his friends; but alas! evidence was strongly against him also several nobles and patricians had recently been murdered by plebeians in Venice, in consequence of which the council of ten were even less inclined than usual to award leniency in cases where all appearances were against the prisoner. In vain did all who knew him testify to the rectitude of the Fornaretto, to his blameless life, his spotless past; facts remained, he had often incautiously and openly expressed his jealousy of the murdered man, the heart of the poignancy in Messer Luigi's speech had been his friend, Monsignos de Maupas, Bishop of Le Puy, in France; their works were "the education of children, the instruction of deaf mutes, solace of the poor, care of incurables and sick of all kinds, attendance in the prison."

Perhaps we shall be surprised to learn that they date back to the time of St. Francis de Sales. Their founder was his friend, Monsignos de Maupas, Bishop of Le Puy, in France; their works were "the education of children, the instruction of deaf mutes, solace of the poor, care of incurables and sick of all kinds, attendance in the prison." In the awful days of the French Revolution, they were dispersed, as to-day so many religious communities are being dispersed in France; but among them was a young nun, born in 1759, who was barely to escape the guillotine, and who was to be the second founder of St. Joseph's order, and to end her life in peace at the advanced age of eighty-four. This was Rev. Mother St. John Fontbonne. To the little band of Sisters who, under her care, and with the advice of Cardinal Fesch, famous uncle of Napoleon I, became the first community of St. Joseph after the wild storm of the Revolution was spent, these prophetic words were spoken by a certain Pere Piron, who had boldly maintained the faith in those awful days: "You are, indeed, but few; yet, like a swarm of bees, you shall spread yourselves everywhere. Your But, while you thus increase, preserve always that humility and simplicity which should characterize the Daughters of St. Joseph." This was one hundred years ago, lacking but four. How has this prediction been fulfilled?

The Daughters of Joseph are in Europe, Asia, Africa, North and South America. In the communities dependent on the mother-house at Lyons are three thousand members; in the Bourg communities, 1,625; in the Department of Ardeche, 1,445. We say, "there are," for we take from the table of statistics compiled previous to the evil work of M. Combes in France. One woman alone, Mother M. Felicie, of the Congregation of Chambery, who had borne the name of Josephine at Baptism, and seems to have had "a supernatural attraction to devotion to St. Joseph,"—this one woman, who became a Sister of St. Joseph at fifteen, and Superior at twenty-nine, and then was chosen at successive elections for forty-two years,—made the following foundations:

In 1834, she founded the Province of Montlins; in 1856, that of Denmark; in 1858, that of Brazil, South America; in 1862, that comprising the houses in Norway, Sweden and Russia, and in 1876, by annexation, that of Rome. These, with the Province of Chambery, comprising in all ninety-two houses and over 800 religious, she organized into the Provincial Congregation, under the leadership of the mother-house of Chambery, for which she obtained the final approval of the Holy See, in a Brief of Pius IX., dated July 30, 1875.

In 1849, four Sisters began the work in India, and in that difficult mission there are now seventy-eight Sisters and ten convents; and because of the work done by them there, and by the missionary Fathers, under Mother M. Sales, a certain English army officer was brought into the Catholic Church, and was the means of the establishment of St. Joseph's Order in England. There was about two hundred of these Sisters in Corsica. In 1836 the first motherhouse in our country was founded; and in 1886, fifty years later, the number of Sisters in Canada and the United States was 2,543. From statistics before us, the Sisters elsewhere throughout the world numbered 11,576, at a date not given; a total of 14,119, with a few communities not given. Has not Pere Piron's prediction been, even now, in large measure fulfilled for St. Joseph's Daughters in less than one hundred years?

the saying: 'Recordes del pover Fornaretto'.

And so it was, for from the time of his death till the fall of the republic in May, 1797, every prisoner condemned to death, turning to the president of the tribunal, recommended himself to mercy, with the words: 'Eccellenza, la si ricordi del povero Fornaretto (Excellency, remember the poor baker).'

The two lights put up to commemorate this incident still burn every night in their niches against the church of St. Mark, as every visitor to Venice may see for himself.—E. C. Vansittart in the Catholic World.

ST. JOSEPH'S DAUGHTERS.

Sacred Heart Review.

The religious orders of the Catholic Church form an endless source of interest for the student and the writer. Among these Orders is one, well-known by its good works in this country; and concerning its actual history and real statistics perhaps few of us have very accurate knowledge. The month of March being dedicated to St. Joseph's patron, to him who has been chosen as honor of the Universal Church. It is an appropriate time in which to relate some facts concerning the Sisters who bear the great saint's name.

Perhaps we shall be surprised to learn that they date back to the time of St. Francis de Sales. Their founder was his friend, Monsignos de Maupas, Bishop of Le Puy, in France; their works were "the education of children, the instruction of deaf mutes, solace of the poor, care of incurables and sick of all kinds, attendance in the prison." In the awful days of the French Revolution, they were dispersed, as to-day so many religious communities are being dispersed in France; but among them was a young nun, born in 1759, who was barely to escape the guillotine, and who was to be the second founder of St. Joseph's order, and to end her life in peace at the advanced age of eighty-four. This was Rev. Mother St. John Fontbonne. To the little band of Sisters who, under her care, and with the advice of Cardinal Fesch, famous uncle of Napoleon I, became the first community of St. Joseph after the wild storm of the Revolution was spent, these prophetic words were spoken by a certain Pere Piron, who had boldly maintained the faith in those awful days: "You are, indeed, but few; yet, like a swarm of bees, you shall spread yourselves everywhere. Your members shall be as the stars of heaven. But, while you thus increase, preserve always that humility and simplicity which should characterize the Daughters of St. Joseph." This was one hundred years ago, lacking but four. How has this prediction been fulfilled?

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GOD'S BEAUTY IN THE EARTH.

It is not often that we think of the beauty of the Lord when we are permitted to look upon some scene of surpassing beauty in nature. We do not in any way connect God with it, as though these varying forms of glory could take on their expressive beauty without the touch of His finger. Our minds have gone out in imagination in the beauty of the Lord in the city of the Lord, and with His servant have no desire to dwell in the house of the Lord all the days of our life, to behold the beauty of the Lord and to inquire in His temple. Wearing with the march of life and hearts burning with intense desire for the rest above, our spirits have revealed amid the glory of the "sweet fields beyond the quelling flood," and we have quailed our souls before the beauty of the God of God as by gazing upon the beauty of His face in the holy city with all its indescribable glory. O my soul why art thou cast down? Is the heaven above thee dark and gloomy, look up. There is the land which imagination has often pictured to you, but which eye has never seen. The land of perfect beauty—beauty such as we have never beheld

here. There you shall be satisfied, the imperfections which have so annoyed you shall not mar even the slightest serenity of that place. How appropriate the prayer then: "Let the beauty of the Lord our God be upon us"—the beauty of heaven, its perfection and bliss. A soul surrounded by this will need no greater glory to inspire it to doration and praise.

It is not so much the beauty of the Lord in His temple that we wish to speak of now as His beauty as in the earth, in this material house, and especially at this season of the year. How lavish God is with His beauty now! A short time ago His face shown out in the brightness of the summer making the soul glad, but now He has put a tinge of sunset sadness upon the land—and the heart yearns. What multitudinous forms of beauty we see in these autumnal days. The summer gave us more of a monotony in color, but now we cannot turn our eyes but what we see gray, green, purple, crimson, and gold all blended in most perfect harmony. This is the beauty of God in the earth. It is true, it is nothing like the beauty of God above, for that is perfect, but this is a revelation to imperfect creatures. They who have truly seen God in the variegated forests and have been moved thereby, as by the touch of a divine hand, will only long for the greater beauty of the country above. Who can move about the fields and forests to-day and not be impressed with the beauty of the Lord? These autumnal woods, these meadows green again after their summer mowing, these hillsides all on fire with the burning sun, these low hung clouds, all declare God to be a master artist, every touch of whose brush leaves a mark of beauty. That must be a dull soul indeed that can walk amid this glory and not see God in it. The devout mind will rise from the contemplation of these pictures to the hand of Him Who gave them form. God is love and He is beauty. His beauty is impressed upon every thing. It is impossible for us to look upon such scenes as this have been permitted to look upon this autumn and not say, the Being that made these must be a Being of wonderful beauty Himself. He must be perfection.—Edward Herbeck.

POWER OF ELOQUENCE

AS DISPLAYED IN THE ACHIEVEMENTS OF O'CONNELL.

Now that the season of St. Patrick is on it is gratifying to recall a noble tribute of praise given by a gifted American to one of the brightest and most patriotic sons of St. Patrick's Isle. It is the panegyric of an orator by an orator, of a lover of freedom by a lover of freedom—of Daniel O'Connell, the great Celt, by Wendell Phillips, the great American. Here is an extract from Phillips' glowing oration delivered at the O'Connell celebration in Boston nearly thirty-four years ago:

"Broadly considered, the eloquence of Daniel O'Connell has never been equaled in modern times. Do you think I am partial? I will vouch for it. Randolph, of Roanoke, the Virginia slaveholder, who hated an Irishman almost as much as he hated a Yankee—himself an orator of no mean level. Hearing O'Connell, he exclaimed: 'This is the man, these are the lips, the most eloquent that speaks English in my day.' And I think he was right. I remember the solemnity of Webster, the grace of Everett, the rhetoric of Choate. I know that the logic of Calhoun. I have melted beneath the magnetism of Sergeant S. Prentiss, of Mississippi, who wielded a power few men ever had. But I think of all them together never surpassed and no one of them ever equaled O'Connell.

"Webster could awe a Senate, Everett could charm a college and Choate cheat a jury; Clay could magnetize the millions, and Corwin could lead them captive. O'Connell was Clay Corwin, Choate, Everett and Webster in one. Before the courts, logic; at the bar of the Senate, unanswerable and dignified; on the platform, grace, wit and pathos; before the masses a whole man. Carlyle says: 'He is God's own appointed king whose single word melts worlds into his.' This describes O'Connell. Emerson says: 'There is no true eloquence unless there is a man behind the speech.' Daniel O'Connell was listened to because all England and all Ireland knew that there was a man behind the speech—one who could be neither bought, bullied or cheated. He held the masses free but willing subjects in his hand.

"When you think that he never took a leaf from our American gospel of compromise, that he never defiled his tongue to silence on one truth, fancying so to help another, that he never sacrificed any race to save even Ireland, let me compare him with Kossuth, whose only merits were his eloquence and his patriotism. When Kossuth was in Faneuil Hall he exclaimed: 'Here is a flag without a stain, a nation without a crime.' We abolitionists appealed to him: 'O eloquent son of the Magyar, come to break the chains! Have you no word, no pulse beat for four millions of negroes bending under the yoke ten times heavier than that of Hungary?' He answered: 'I would forget anybody, I would praise anything to help Hungary.' O'Connell never said anything like that.

"When we were in Naples I asked Sir Thomas Fowell Buxton, a Tory: 'Is O'Connell an honest man?' 'As honest a man as ever breathed,' said he, and then he told me this story: 'When, in 1830, O'Connell entered Parliament, the anti-slavery cause was so weak that it had only Lushington and myself to speak of it. And we agreed that when I spoke I should not mention him, and when he spoke I should cheer me; and these were the only cheers we ever got. O'Connell came, with one Irish member to support him. A large number of members, whom we called the West India interest, the slave party, went to him saying: 'O'Connell, at last you are in the House, with one helper. You will never get down to Freeman's Hall with Buxton and Broughton, here are twenty-seven votes for you on every Irish question. If you work with these

Abolitionists, count us always against you.'

"I was a terrible temptation. How many a so-called statesman would have yielded? O'Connell said: 'Gentlemen, God knows I speak for the saddest people the sun sees; but may my right hand forget its cunning and my tongue cleave to the roof of my mouth if to save Ireland, even Ireland, I forget the negro one single hour!' From that day, said Buxton, Lushington and I never went into the lobby that O'Connell did not follow us."

"As an orator nature intended him for our Demosthenes. Never since the great Greek has she sent forth any one so lavishly gifted for his work as a tribune of the people. He had a magnificent presence, impressive in bearing, massive like that of Jupiter. A small O'Connell would hardly have been five feet tall. I remember Russell Lowell telling us that Mr. Webster came home from Washington at the time the Whig party thought of dissolution, and went down in Faneuil Hall to protest. Drawing himself to his loftiest proportions, his brow clothed with thunder, he said to the listening thousands: 'Gentlemen, I am a Whig, a Massachusetts Whig, a revolutionary Whig. If you break the Whig party, where am I to go? And saying Lowell: 'We held our breath, thinking where he could go. If he had been five feet three we should have said: 'Who cares where you go?' So it was with O'Connell. There was something majestic in his presence before he spoke, and he added to it what Webster had not, that Clay might have lent—that magnetism that melts all hearts into one.

"Then he had a voice that covered the granite. I heard him once say: 'I send my voice across the Atlantic, carrying like the thunder storm against the breeze, to tell the slaveholder of the Carolinas that God's thunderbolts are hot and to remind the bondsman that the dawn of his redemption is near.' And you seemed to hear his voice come echoing back from the snowy Mountains. Then, with the slightest possible Irish brogue, he would tell a story at which all Exeter Hall shook with laughter, and the next moment, as he spoke with the tears in his voice, five thousand men wept. And all the while no effort! He seemed only breathing.

As effortless as woodland nooks Send violets up, and paint them blue.

AN INFALLIBLE TEACHER.

Among the doctrines of the Catholic Church selected for frequent assault by our separated brethren that of Papal infallibility is always a favorite. Some regard it as a preposterous proposition; some a degrading submission of intelligence, and others less enlightened a crafty assumption of power to make more adhesive Catholic allegiance to Rome. Ignorance and malice are responsible for such conclusions.

Authority and absence of authority, final and supreme, in interpreting the written word of God is a great ecclesiastical distinction between Catholicity and Protestantism—the one harmonizing the other in discord with reason; one standing against caprice and ignorance, the other standing for them and the multiplication of sects, which they have produced—Catholicity, therefore, representing the unification and Protestantism the fragmentation of Christian effort.

As between infallible and individual interpretation, the Catholic and Protestant contention, cogent reasons founded upon common sense and custom substantiate the former claim. World action supplies the proof. Every human law supplies us with something more than the certainty of a law-giver. It likewise presupposes a teacher of the true context, a supreme interpreter. Without such implied authority disorder and anarchy must prevail. To avoid such consequences most disastrous to society, we have established a court whose decisions are beyond appeal, therefore a supreme interpreter of the law.

Now, if common sense and custom have dictated the establishing of such a tribunal in temporal affairs, in matters pertaining to man's eternal salvation? For this, after all, is man's chief and only business in the world. Yet, say our separated brethren, read your Bible and hold that to be God's word which your understanding of it dictates. What is this, however, but religious anarchy?

In this domain God should not be forgotten, that God is the Lawgiver, that the Bible is not a teacher. It is a book of Divine laws and presupposes an inspired, infallible interpreter. For if God has not somewhere reposed the power of infallible interpreter, He has left man without a certainty of attaining his last end, eternal salvation. What, therefore, is there more logical than the Catholic contention, supported by positive proofs, that this power He has confided to His representative on earth, the Pope of Rome, as against the Protestant claim of individual inspired interpreter? How in keeping, also, with reason the Catholic doctrine, and how at variance with it Protestant practice! The one leading to Christian unity, the other to Christian disintegration.—Church Progress.

TO THE MAN WHO "FEELS LIKE" DRINKING.

"Not only do most of us eat too much," says the Leader, "many of us also drink too much. There is no question here of the drunkard. We are not speaking of a temperance sermon. We speak of the average man who takes his drink when he feels like it. He feels like it too often for his body's sake, if not for his soul's. Our bishops urge us to abstain from intoxicating liquors during Lent. Suppose we do during this Lent what our bishops recommend. The successors of the Apostles speak with the voice of the no-breakfast plan of the Church, but also the no drink plan, we shall certainly feel better at Easter."

CONVERTING HIS WIFE.

Not all mixed marriages result as did the one which the following story is related. The husband was a Catholic. At the time of his marriage he was somewhat lukewarm, but he had never forgotten his early religious training received from his good Irish father and mother. His wife was an English woman with more than average intelligence, but she had been reared in an atmosphere intensely Protestant and she clung to her inherited prejudices against all things Catholic. She loved her husband, but she made up her mind that none of her family should ever darken the door of a "Papist" church.

The slumbering conscience of the husband began to awaken when he realized what a future lay before his young children. He began to ponder and perhaps, to pray for light concerning the course he should take. In those days, nearly half a century ago, books were not so plentiful nor easy to obtain as our day. But Mr. B—began to keep an eye for good, instructive works on Catholic doctrine, and from time to time he brought home a Catholic book, which he made a pretence of hiding from his wife. He was something of a humorist, and he that if he could arouse the woman's curiosity without betraying his intention half of the battle would be won. His wife noticed her husband poring over these books, but whenever he finished his reading he would expensively restore them to their hiding place. After this had gone on for some time, Mrs. B—could stand it no longer. She rummaged about one day and found the books. If we remember rightly, one was Milner's "End of Controversy." She examined these Catholic books curiously, almost fearfully, at first, but soon became absorbed in their study. She gave her husband no hint of what she was doing, but whenever she could spare time from her household duties, in his absence, she returned to her reading. She was not at once converted, but the grace of God was slowly doing its work.

One day a Catholic neighbor mentioned that a mission was to be given in her parish church shortly. Mrs. B—proposed that her Catholic friend should allow her to accompany her on the opening night, but it was to be kept a strict secret from Mr. B—. Of course the Catholic friend joyfully acceded to the request. The night came and one of the most eager and attentive listeners to the eloquent missionary was our friend. The sermon was on the Real Presence, and so ably did the preacher explain and defend this belief that all doubt vanished at once from the soul of Mrs. B—. She said afterward that she went out of the church that night a Catholic.

She presented herself to the missionary Father who had preached the sermon and asked for instruction. He found her well informed, thanks to her reading, and as a faith had won the victory over doubt she was ready at the close of the mission to be received into the Church. Great was the joy of the erstwhile careless Catholic husband. He mended his ways, and he and his wife reared a fine family, one of whom became a priest, and he it was who closed the eyes of his mother in the service of God and His Church.—Catholic Columbian.

We may glean knowledge by reading, but the chaff must be separated from the wheat by thinking.

PLAYFUL CHILDREN.

What treasure on earth is more to be prized than a bright, active, healthy playful child? In homes where Baby's Own Tablets are used you never find the sickly, cross, sleepless children; if the little one is ill the Tablets will promptly make it well. Ask any mother who uses the Tablets and she will tell you that this is absolutely true—she will never do harm. You can give them to a child just born with perfect safety, and they are equally as good for well grown children. Mrs. Mary J. Moore, Hepworth, Que., says: "I began giving never been sick since I began giving her Baby's Own Tablets. They are a real blessing to both mother and child, and I would not be without them." Don't let your child suffer, and don't do it with strong drugs or medicine containing opiates. Give Baby's Own Tablets which you can get from any druggist or by mail at 25 cents a box by writing The Dr. Williams Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

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