

**PAGES  
MISSING**

# The Catholic Record

VOL 8.

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NO. 371

## In Memory

OF SISTER M. F. BORGIA, WHO DIED AT SUNNYSIDE, TORONTO, AUG. 23RD, 1885.

"We have come for thee dear sister,  
Thy pure soul to bear away  
To the bleeding Heart of Jesus,  
To the spotless Queen of May,  
Who labored in this convent,  
Labor'd till our journey's end  
Hasten then, O Sister Borgia,  
Thy sweet voice with ours to blend.

Angels voices that echoed sweetly  
Through the chapel bright and fair,  
Virgin hands that worked so nobly,  
Headless of all earthly care,  
Yes, she's gone, the seraph singer,  
Angels lulled her soul to rest,  
Slumber only to be broken  
At the call of visions blest.

Oh! how often in that convent  
Will there fall a silent tear,  
For the fair young blossom faded  
When the harvest time was near,  
Soythe in hand the cruel reaper,  
Slede him softly to her bed,  
But beneath his scythe destroying  
Lay the grace seeds sweetly spread.

All for Thee, O gentle Jesus,  
She had borne her cross of pain,  
All her life for Thee she labored,  
Seeking but Thy grace to gain,  
Now Thy sacred hand hath beckon'd  
This spouse so faithful to her home,  
Where she'll dwell 'mid silvery pinions  
Free from this bleak world so lone.

Mourner, chase the tear that lingers,  
Do not weep thy sister dead,  
Bring to mind the golden hour,  
When the earth so cold and dreary  
Pleasures now her sleeping head,  
Far above in Heaven's mansion  
She now reigns 'mid light divine,  
Mingling with the angels singing,  
"Thou art mine and I am Thine."

Let the past unveil its shadow,  
Bring to mind the golden hour,  
When no thought of sunny memory  
Had she of this earthly bower,  
When the incense slowly rising  
Filled her heart with rapture blest,  
As she heard the sacred message,  
"Sister, here, thou'rt bid thy rest."

Farewell, Sister! now thou'rt lowly  
In thy tomb so cold and deep,  
Never more shall pain or sorrow  
Wake thee from thy peaceful sleep,  
Farewell, Sister! now thy praises  
Mingle with the angels' swell,  
To thy sweet rest, bid thy rest,  
We shall say "a last farewell."

M. A. RIGNEY.

## IN MEMORIAM.

The Month's Mind of the late Father Maguire, of Galt, will take place in the church of that town on Tuesday, Nov. 24th, at 11 a. m. The anniversary service for the late Dean O'Reilly, of Dundas, was held in St. Augustine's church there on the 17th inst., at 10.30 a. m. Clergy and laity testified by their presence and by their prayers their regard and affection for the deceased.

## THE NON-CATHOLIC PRESS ON CHURCH TROUBLES.

It is well worthy of remark and of closest attention on the part of Catholics that when a spirit of disaffection and disobedience seizes upon any portion of their brethren in Christ, these latter are apt to go to most deplorable extremes in the gratification of their stubborn pride. For from pride springs every rebellion within the fold of Christ, be that rebellion lay or clerical. When a spirit of disaffection disturbs any of the sects, we hear little or nothing of it, for the non-Catholic press takes very special care not to expose to their full extent the divisions and dissensions of Protestants. But let a Catholic, or a few Catholics, rise in revolt against their bishop, and the news is cast forth upon the four winds of heaven, to be carried to the very ends of earth, that there has been an uprising against episcopal tyranny. The authors, abettors and promoters of the disturbance are egged on by non-Catholic advice and encouragement from one bad step to some other still worse, until at last they find themselves groping in the darkness of schism or heresy. A case in point—though we trust that the final results of the trouble will not be so deplorable—is that of the recent difficulty at St. Joachim's church, Detroit. It is not our custom to notice such matters, knowing as we do that the legislative and executive powers of the Church always deal promptly, finally, and successfully with them. As there have, however, been very untruthful reports published of the action of the Bishop of Detroit in this case, and as not a few in Canada may have been misled by the statements, not alone of the non-Catholic press, but of interested private individuals, we deem it a duty to lay the facts of the case clearly before the Canadian public. St. Joachim's, a French Canadian parish consisting of about 800 families, was for many years attended by a priest who was never affiliated to the diocese of Detroit, but simply permitted to give his services to that diocese for a certain number of years. When that time expired, the Bishop of Detroit, anxious that the 4,000 souls in the parish should be attended to in a manner satisfactory to his pastoral zeal and devotedness, invited the Fathers of the Congregation of the Holy Ghost and the Immaculate Heart of Mary to take charge of the parish. At once a cry was raised against the good Fathers that they differed in nationality from their new congregation, and were therefore unfit to do duty amongst the people of

St. Joachim's. Meetings were called and addressed by a few of the leaders in this unhappy movement, and by one or two madcaps and disturbers—from, we are sorry to avow it—the Canadian side of the river. The disaffection did not, however, spread to any alarming extent. Not one man in ten out of the entire congregation is really dissatisfied with the change. How little ground there is for complaint may be seen at a glance from the uncontradicted and undeniable public statements of M. Theophile Francois, the Belgian Consul in Detroit, in his letter to the Michigan Catholic of Oct 31:

"Until the 18th of this month I was in total ignorance as to the location of St. Joachim church. On that day, after some trouble, I found the church and attended High Mass. At the conclusion of the service I called on the Fathers in charge of the parish and had the pleasure of meeting two of the gentlemen, both French and one enjoying the distinction of being a knight of the Order of the Legion of Honor.

"According to the newspaper reports the trouble in the parish was caused by the action of the Bishop, first, in selecting as successors to the former pastor, priests not familiar with the French language, and secondly, in ignoring the nationality of the congregation in making said selections.

"Inasmuch as the priests now in charge of this church are Frenchmen, born, raised and educated in France, we may reasonably suppose that they are somewhat familiar with the language of that country and this disposes of charge number one.

"Now, as to the nationality! Looking around us, what do we see? Belgians and Hollanders—two distinct nationalities—worshipping under the same roof and the pastor from head to foot a Hollander. Here is another church—the largest congregation of the city and composed of Irishmen—but a few weeks ago these good people were following to the grave one who for many years had the charge of the parish. He was a native of Holland. His predecessor, whose memory is kept green in the hearts of these faithful children of Erin, was a Belgian—in a parish essentially Irish—although that nationality furnished a liberal quota to the priesthood, for pastors a Belgian, then a Hollander! Still, no trouble in the congregation, no scandal, no controversy, no indignation meetings and no trip to Rome!

It is true if these worthy pastors, beloved by their people, ever took a vacation and visited the old countries they did so at their own expense, although it is more than likely that on such occasions the parishioners may have testified of their regard for these good priests by presenting them with some substantial testimonial. In this same church, quite recently the assistant pastor was a young French priest but little familiar with the English language.

"Have we not in Detroit another congregation composed of the same element as St. Joachim's with a Frenchman for pastor?"

"Since when, pray, has Catholicity anything to do with nationalities. Does not the very name contradict such an absurdity? Where would the universal Church be now, were such narrow-minded prejudices allowed to interfere with its progress? Of what use the noble army of missionaries whose blood so profusely shed contains the seed of regeneration?"

"Can the parting of our Saviour to His disciples be misinterpreted? 'Go ye, teach all nations—' Does not that imply a command to the nations to welcome the envoy and listen to his words? And if nationality is to be taken in consideration in the appointment of a pastor, why stop there? Following the same line of reasoning why not exact like qualifications all through the hierarchy, not excluding the Pope himself?"

"But notwithstanding the demonstrations which took place in St. Joachim's parish, we all know to be a fact that the French Canadians entertain the kindest of feelings and highest regard for their brethren of the mother country. This being the case, why this opposition to the French priests recently placed in charge of their parish. The course pursued by the former pastor explains the whole matter, but how dearly did he purchase the privilege of his contemplated trip to Europe!"

"Time works wonders, and not many months will elapse before the whole congregation of St. Joachim's church will acknowledge the wisdom that guided our Bishop in this matter. They will then realize what a debt of gratitude they owe him, not only for what he did but also for his using clemency when he would have been justified in asserting his authority by inflicting a severe punishment."

"These manly and Catholic utterances dispose of the whole case. The cry of nationality in Church matters is a very weak one at the very best; in this as in other cases it is nothing short of criminal. And what is specially noticeable is that the men who are ever first to raise this cry are themselves most intolerant towards all nationalities but their own. The priest especially who resorts to this cry is in nine hundred and ninety-nine cases out of one thousand hard pressed for a covering of some kind for neglect if not delinquency. This much said, we have done with this painful subject.

## OUR NATIONAL HIGHWAY.

Our American neighbors are more or less disturbed over the successful completion of the Canadian Pacific Railway. The Canadian North-West was for so long a time looked upon by our republican neighbors as a barren, frozen waste, that the purpose to build a railway linking Ontario and the older Provinces of Canada to the Pacific coast was at first received by them with derision. And not by them alone, but by many Englishmen and even Canadians. Derision, however, under the light of information based on unquestionable authority, soon gave way to enquiry, and enquiry has resulted in the conviction of to-day that the Canadian Pacific Railway is destined to be the great trans-continental highway of America. We can ourselves well remember meeting five years ago, a leading American capitalist, who then denounced, in most vigorous terms, the whole scheme of a Canadian railway to the Pacific as the mad purpose of trading politicians. This same gentleman is to-day, after a careful study of our North-West and its resources, of British Columbia with its climatic advantages and untold national wealth, an ardent admirer of the Canadian Pacific Railway—not an admirer in theory but in practice to the extent of many thousands of capital invested in Canada because of the construction of this road.

We regret to perceive that the Century voices the feeling of jealous disappointment felt in certain American circles because of the completion of our national highway.

"But what," says that periodical, "will a railway get to do in this great sea of mountains? For along in those 500 miles of road on the mainland, constructed at so enormous a cost, the population, not counting Indians and Chinamen, is less than 10,000. The British Columbians claim that a portion of the Asiatic trade will come their way, especially as the company that is building the road has announced its intention of putting on steamers to connect the Pacific terminus with the ports of Japan and China; and they also point to their fish, their mines of silver and gold, and their forests as the complement of the prairies of the Northwest. All their hopes and dreams cluster around the railway, and those whom it does not enrich will feel that they have a right to be disappointed. They ignore the fact that the people of the Northwest or any other country can afford to pay only a certain price for fish or flesh, silver, gold or anything else, and that if it cannot be supplied at said price it must be for them all the same as if it were non-existent."

The Canadian people are by no means ignorant of any of these things. The population of British Columbia is indeed small, but by means of railway connection with the east that population will rapidly increase. We may further inform the Century that the railway will certainly very materially cheapen for the people of Eastern and North-Western Canada those commodities that the Pacific coast can supply.

The Canadian *Gazette* in a notable article on the new Canadian route to the far East, says that the action of the Post-Master-General in inviting tenders for a fortnightly mail service between Coal Harbor, the Pacific terminus of the Canadian Pacific Railway, and Hong Kong, calling both ways at Yokohama in Japan, is eminently satisfactory, offering as it does, official recognition of the practical completion of that line and also of the usefulness of the new route to China and Japan. The *Gazette* points out that to Yokohama from Britain the present mail route by Brindisi takes 41 to 43 days, by Gibraltar 50 to 52 days. To Hong Kong the Brindisi route takes 35 to 37 days, that by Gibraltar 43 to 46 days.

"In estimating the time by the Canadian route, we leave out of our calculation the proposed extension of Canadian railways to the extreme easternmost port of Nova Scotia, which, when consummated, will most materially shorten the Atlantic passage. The latter we estimate at nine days. The 'Pacific Express' will run from Montreal to Vancouver in 90 hours—a feat which, considering the easy grades and good character of the road-bed, and the fact that the whole line is under one management, is a case of accomplishment. But to make every possible allowance for transhipment at each end, etc., we will call the land journey five days, or, in other words, from London to the Pacific coast in 14 days. From Vancouver to Yokohama is 280 miles less than from San Francisco to Yokohama, between which points the present steamers, that are not at all remarkable for speed, have made a passage in less than 14 days. As it is well known that the Canadian Pacific Railway Company intend to be served on the Pacific by steamers of the very first class, we are safe in saying that the voyage from their terminus to Yokohama will be made in 14 days, and allowing half a day there for detention in port, in 30 days to Hong Kong. By the Canadian route, then, Hong Kong will be

reached in from one to three days less than by Brindisi, and nine to 12 days less than via Gibraltar, while Yokohama will be reached in 11 to 13 days less than via Brindisi, and 21 to 23 days less than via Gibraltar."

It is therefore apparent, as the *Gazette* says, that from a commercial as well as an imperial standpoint, the opening of a new Canadian line of communication is of no little importance. But it is principally from the standpoint of Canadian nationality that the new line is specially important. So long as Canada forms a part of the British Empire, which she no doubt will until her interests demand a change in her political condition, so long will we be all pleased to see the Mother Country profit by the advantages, political and commercial, offered by our trans-continental highway. We must confess, however, that our great satisfaction in the completion of the road is derived from the proud consciousness that Canada is to-day united in fact as in name. No longer are we fellow-citizens of the far off Western prairies cut off from us by distance, nor those of British Columbia divided from us by that far-famed 'Sea of Mountains.' We heartily join the *Manitoba Free Press* in congratulating the Pacific Railway company on the completion of its contract, and its officials on the manner in which they have done their work. We likewise congratulate the Dominion on the actual binding together and consolidation of the Provinces brought about by the completion of the railway. British Columbia, with its wealth of gold, coal, timber, fish and furs, is now within easy and ready access, and the entire Dominion, bound and welded together, may at last be said to have fully entered on the path of progress, expansion and prosperity.

## GROSS MISSTATEMENT.

Our attention has been called by readers in all portions of the Province to a letter bearing date Nov. 10th, which appeared in a late issue of the Toronto *Mail*. We give the letter just as it appeared in the *Mail*:

ARCHBISHOP RYAN.

To the Editor of the *Mail*.  
SIR,—The following paragraph appeared in your Saturday's issue under the heading of 'Church News,' but as it very likely escaped the attention of the majority of your readers perhaps you would not mind repeating it here. This is the paragraph:

"The *Shepherd of the Valley*, the organ of Archbishop Ryan, of Philadelphia, says:—'We maintain that the Church of Rome is intolerant, that is, that she uses every means in her power to root out heresy; but her intolerance is the result of her infallibility. She alone has the right to be intolerant, because she alone has the truth. The Church tolerates heretics where she is obliged to do so, but she hates them with a deadly hatred, and uses all her power to annihilate them. If ever the Roman Catholics in this land should become a considerable majority—which in time will surely be the case—then will religious freedom in the Republic of the United States come to an end. Our enemies know how the Roman Church treated heretics in the Middle Ages, and how she treats them to-day wherever she has the power. We no more think of denying these historical facts than we do of blaming the Holy God and the princes of the Church for what they have thought it good to do.'"

It is often boasted that in this nineteenth century things have so much improved, both in principle and practice, that it would be impossible to have repeated the barbarities of former times. However, from the above it will be seen that in the Roman Church no change has taken place, and that the reason why she does not persecute now as in former times, is the fact that she has not got the power. It is refreshing to meet one prelate in that Church who plainly declares the principles of his Holy Mother. In Toronto we are accustomed to such oily statements from His Grace Archbishop Lynch that it requires the plain, unvarnished truth from His Grace (1) Archbishop Ryan to undecieve us. It is well known that every institution, whether charitable, educational or otherwise, of the Roman Church is used as an agency for furthering the interests of that body; and, seeing that most of these institutions are largely sustained by so-called Protestants, it is well that when they are appealed to they should plainly understand what they are fostering in our midst. By helping such institutions it will be seen they are doing all they can to enable the Roman Catholics in this land to become 'a considerable majority' which will rejoice to stamp out religious freedom. Yours, etc.,

AN OLD-FASHIONED PROTESTANT,  
Toronto, Nov. 10.

Now for the enlightenment of 'old-fashioned Protestants,' and of those who think with him, we desire to state: (1) that Archbishop Ryan has no such organ as the *Shepherd of the Valley*; (2) that there is no such Catholic paper or periodical published in Philadelphia or in any portion of the United States of America; (3) that the *Catholic Standard*

is the only Catholic paper published in that city; (4) that while the writer of the paragraph cited by the *Mail*'s 'old-fashioned Protestant' is correct in stating that the Catholic Church hates heresy and uses every just means to root it out, she does not hate heretics with a deadly hatred, but on the contrary is animated with the kindest sentiments towards them, as evidenced by the efforts she makes for their conversion; (5) that while the Church is intolerant of erroneous systems—for truth must of necessity be intolerant of error—she is no persecutrix of persons, but in all patience and charity seeks their enlightenment and salvation; (6) that if Catholics were in a majority in the United States religious freedom would not only not come to an end, but would be all the more certainly ensured and perpetuated; (7) that no charge of the Church's having treated heretics with cruelty in the middle ages or at any other time can be historically verified. The old-fashioned man and the writer in the *Shepherd of the Valley* are in our estimation very well met. If the latter be intolerant, the former is not less so. His letter is bristling with charges and innuendoes that bespeak the very narrowness, intolerance and spirit of persecution he would fain have fastened on the Church of Rome.

## CATHOLIC PRESS.

Indo-European Correspondence.  
He was a man of the old stamp, that Mynheer Modderman was, who died a fortnight ago at the Hague. Though a very earnest Calvinist, he had a great idea of our Catholic religion, and looked down in contempt on those half-hearted Catholics that blush at their own faith. Whilst Minister of State in Holland, he once received a young applicant in quest of Government employ and asked him what Church he belonged to. 'I am a Catholic by birth,' was the recent reply, 'but I don't set any store by it.' Then Modderman, with magisterial gravity, administered him this solemn rebuke: 'I can find no appointment for you. You were born and reared up in the Catholic Church, the grandest institution in the world, and you don't know how to appreciate that! I feel sure that a man who sets no store by his faith is not fit to serve his King, seeing that he does not know how to serve his God.' If Catholics knew how low they sink in Protestant eyes, when they are ashamed of their faith, the thought would cure them forever of the slavish fear of human respect.

Church Progress.  
The New York Presbyterian Synod deplores the publication of Sunday newspapers. It is our humble opinion that some Sunday newspapers are doing more to advance the cause of God and humanity on general principles, than the Presbyterian synod and the ministers composing it. There is a class of newspapers that keeps aloof from contracted views of Presbyterian narrow-mindedness, and give their readers sound, solid Christian information, useful for all, injurious to none, while Presbyterian ministers who stand forth on their Sunday pulpits, have so disgusted their hearers with the doctrine of predestination and their own exclusive right to heaven, that men turn for consolation to the newspapers for the few brethren whose charity commences and ends at home.

London Universe.  
We should be glad to be able to believe that the suggestion made by Michael Davitt was practical. The suggestion is that all publichouses should be boycotted, and that the five and a half millions of taxes on drink now sent to the English Exchequer could be kept in Ireland and turned into some more useful industry that will not degrade and demoralize its supporters. Is such a suggestion practical? Boycotting could not be turned into better account than to assist in the repression of our drinking habits. All praise, then, to Mr. Davitt for his suggestion. A good day for all if it were generally acted upon. The workmen of Dublin have set an admirable example. The members of the workmen's club in York Street, Dublin, have passed a resolution unanimously calling upon all true patriotic Irishmen to boycott publichouses. Well would it be if every workmen's club in the United Kingdom would do likewise, and not alone pass a resolution, but promptly and determinedly act up to it.

Ave Maria.  
It is not often that one comes across such candid words as the following in the Protestant religious papers. The time is coming when our veteran opponents of the public school system may rest from their labors and let volunteer Protestants finish the fight. Our excerpt is from the *Christian Advocate*, of San Francisco: 'The course which the Roman Catholic Church in this country is taking in regard to the education of their children is, from their standpoint, worthy of praise. They see that in order to keep their children under the rule of the Church, they must keep them from the public schools, where they think Protestant influences predominate. Therefore they are providing for them in their parochial schools and academies at an extra expense that does credit to their zeal and devotion. They are wise in their generation. Their plans are broad, deep and far-reaching, and they are a unit in the prosecution of them. They are loyal to their convictions, making everything subservient to the interests of their re-

ligion. Understanding as they do the importance of moulding character in the formative period, they look diligently after the religious culture of their children. In all this they are deserving of commendation, and Protestants may receive valuable hints from them of tenacity of grip and self-denying devotion to their faith.'

North-Western Chronicle.  
The death of Cardinal Meunier has seemed to make more prominent the fact that as time passes, prejudice and bigotry against the Church is weakening and Catholic unity is viewed more of a justly and fairly. A significant evidence of this occurs in an editorial on the Cardinal which appeared in 'Harpers Weekly.' 'His career also,' writes George William Curtis, the editor, 'was contemporaneous with the growth, and we are disposed to think, with the decline, of apprehension arising from the increase of his Church,' and as if to emphasize this, the weekly which has always been the bitter opponent of Catholicism, allots its front page with a sketch of the Cardinal's funeral, and gives also for a second time in its history, a portrait of a Catholic bishop, this time the likeness being that of Archbishop Corrigan. Of course all this is very little to the attention that Catholic subjects should receive from the secular press when we consider the size and importance of the Catholic body in this country; but it is an evidence at least of progress, and when the outrageous caricatures of Nas, which appeared in 'Harpers' a few years ago, are remembered, the extent of progress made is more apparent. It is a notable connection that the most bitter anti-Catholic newspapers in this country to-day are edited by Englishmen, like the 'New York Post' and its weekly edition the 'Nation,' 'Puck,' which may appear to be an exception, represents the worst type of European atheism and is as un-American as it is irreligious. We are glad to see the beauty of the Catholic ritual and the appropriateness of the Church's ceremonies on all occasions brought by means of the secular press, to the attention of non-Catholic readers. She has only to be known, to be loved and admired, and with the spread of knowledge of what she really is, will come to many hearts an earnest desire to seek salvation within her fold.

Boston Pilot.  
The word 'Romanism,' although frequently met with in Protestant writings and addresses, is never made use of by Catholic authors or speakers. It is an offensive epithet. Sometimes it is knowingly used as such, sometimes it is unwittingly. It is a bad form of Catholic writers in their newspapers and magazines and priests in their pulpits should speak of 'Yankees' in the East, 'Hoosiers' in the West, and 'Crackers' in the South. The word had its origin in a hatred of the Catholic Church, and is of a kind with Papist, Romish, etc. It is wise with a good grace from men who pretend to be well-educated, and who, consequently, should know better.

## RIEL'S DEATH.

Louis Riel was hanged at 8.23 a. m., at Regina, on the 16th inst. He met death bravely. When the Sheriff, just twenty hours before his death, came to announce that the end was at hand, the prisoner said:

"Well, you have come with the great announcement. I am glad."  
He spoke slowly, but very distinctly, looking at the Sheriff with resolute eye and without a tinge of bravado. He rallied the Sheriff when the latter suggested that he should not speak too long. 'You think I will speak too long; that I will be unwarmed. Oh, no; at the last moment I will be firm.'

There was a trace of French accent in his language which did not lessen its charm. His beard was dark brown, neatly trimmed, and his hair was brushed back from his high forehead, with a tendency to curl. His nose was slightly Roman and his skin dark, but not swarthy. His address was that of a skilled craftsman, and his college training and new, deserted him in perfection and grace of speech, all remarkable in contrast to that of his followers. While it is as a man charged that he showed lack of spirit on the battlefield or in the presence of danger, no one would urge it against him in witnessing the nonchalantness of his bearing and his suavity of speech in acknowledging the fiat of his doom.

No one was permitted to enter the guardroom of the barracks until 8:12 o'clock. Riel was then on the scaffold. Fathers Andre and McWilliams were with him reading appropriate prayers. He received the notice to proceed to the scaffold in the same composed manner shown the preceding night on receiving warning of his fate. His face was full of color, and he appeared to have complete self-possession, responding to the service in a clear tone.

The prisoner decided only a moment before starting for the scaffold not to make a speech, and he arose and walked toward the executioner repeating his prayers to the last moment, the first words escaping being: 'Merci Dieu!' He died without a struggle. About twenty persons were permitted within the confines of the barracks to witness the execution, which was performed with decorum and dispatch. The body was taken in charge by the coroner, and the verdict, usual to all State executions, rendered.

Father McWilliams, of Kingston Diocese, present at the latter's execution, who was an old school-fellow of Riel, who is said to have written Sir John Macdonald and Lord Lansdowne on Sunday last, that Riel was certainly insane and that his execution would be nothing short of a political murder.

The inauguration of the new hall of St. Ann's Young Men's Society yesterday made the occasion of a joyous celebration for the Roman Catholic men of St. Ann's parish. The handsome building with library, room, reading room, smoking room, gymnasium, altogether eminently adapted to the needs of the men, is the ideal of the motto *mens corpore sano*. The hall is a credit to the parishioners, to the young men themselves and especially so to the Messrs. Curran, who were the guiding spirit in leading the project through manly courage to the successful issue. The following details concerning the building will give a more correct idea of its extent and its adaptability to the needs for which it is intended. The estimated cost was placed at \$50,000 owing to the purchase of an adjacent piece of ground, and the enlarging of the building by one-third more than the original intention, the actual cost being \$10,000. It was proposed to build on the joint stock plan, which was fixed at \$50 each and interest at the ordinary bank rate. The shares were made up to the repayment of the first estimate of \$20 per cent. and it was believed that the whole capital would be returned to the shareholders in a few years. The structure is a handsome brick building 35x60 feet, three stories high, with a sand roof. On the ground floor the space has been allotted for a gymnasium, which, it is intended, shall be well equipped and made first class in respect. The reading room and 15x27 feet, is on the first floor, which is a fine, airy and well-ventilated room, 31x36 feet, in the members will spend their leisure hours.

Messrs. P. McDermott & Sons, contractors, carried out the work with satisfaction of all. The ceremony was accompanied by all the members of the Roman Catholic men's societies and their wives. The Rev. Mr. Curran officiating, assisted by Rev. Mr. Strubbe, deacon, and Rev. Mr. Catulle, sub-deacon. The sermon on the occasion was preached by Rev. Mr. Curran on St. Patrick's Church, Quebec, taking his text from the words of the prophet, "Ask and ye shall receive, knock and it shall be opened unto you, and the door of mercy shall be opened unto you." The Rev. Mr. Curran officiating, assisted by Rev. Mr. Strubbe, deacon, and Rev. Mr. Catulle, sub-deacon. The sermon on the occasion was preached by Rev. Mr. Curran on St. Patrick's Church, Quebec, taking his text from the words of the prophet, "Ask and ye shall receive, knock and it shall be opened unto you, and the door of mercy shall be opened unto you." The Rev. Mr. Curran officiating, assisted by Rev. Mr. Strubbe, deacon, and Rev. Mr. Catulle, sub-deacon.

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THE DEATH RECORD.

THE SUD AND UTMERIE DEATH OF TOM COCHRANE ON THE STEAMER ATHABASKA—VERY LARGE FUNERAL ON SUNDAY LAST.

Kingsford Freeman, Nov. 11.

The startling announcement of the sudden death of Mr. Thomas Cochrane, son of the late G. Cochrane, and brother-in-law of Messrs. Martin O'Brien, late of the Windsor Hotel, Ald. W. Wilson and Mr. Barnes, will be heard with more than the ordinary emotions of sadness by all whose pleasure it was to enjoy his acquaintance in his lifetime. The sad and sorrowful event occurred on last Friday evening, about 6:30, at Owen Sound, where he was employed as head waiter on the C. P. R. steamer Athabaska. From information we have just received, it seems that he was attending to the duties of one of the men, who was away at the time. He was hanging some lamps outside the cabin door. The hatch for letting down the baggage into the baggage room was open. He stepped backwards one or two steps, to see if they were right, and fell into the hatch, breaking his neck and died instantly. His body arrived in this city on Sunday morning at 5 o'clock by the K. & P. R. R. and was met by a large number of deceased's friends and borne to his mother's residence, where it was viewed by hundreds during the day. The deceased was thirty years of age, a native of this city, having been born and brought up here. He received his education at the "Christie Brothers' School," after which he worked for some time in the Piano Factory, which was then under the management of the late F. Hooper. He then procured a better situation in Heintzman's Piano Factory, in Toronto, he went there and worked for about two years, making numerous friends in that city by his pleasant and agreeable ways and manner, all of whom will be deeply grieved to hear of his sad death. He then returned to this city and secured employment in the Windsor Hotel, where he remained until the fire which destroyed the building, deprived him of his situation. He then proceeded to Stratford, where he entered the service of Mr. Martin O'Brien, proprietor of the leading hotel at that place. From there he went to Owen Sound, where he met his untimely end. He was a most persistent Roman Catholic and a whole-souled Irishman. He was one of the founders of the I. C. B. U. in this city, and the first that ever collected a dollar in this city towards that object. He was always first and foremost in any scheme for the advancement of Irish Catholics in this city, and was esteemed and respected accordingly.

The number of persons on the streets in the vicinity of his late home on Sunday afternoon, testified to the fact that something unusual was about to take place, and that the people's hearts had been deeply touched as they all wore sad faces. The mournful procession that had called forth such a general expression of sympathy and sorrow was the funeral, the hour of which had been fixed for 2:30. Long before the hour had arrived people from all parts of the city began to gather, and from the youngest to the eldest, evidencing the pain and the sincere grief of one so well and favorably known. Nature appeared to share in the general grief, and mingled her tears with those of the mourners. Long before the hour for interment a continuous stream of persons made their way into where the body lay to take a last look at his familiar face as he lay in the casket in an apparently peaceful slumber, and with but little evidence of the cause of his death perceptible. Some idea of the esteem in which he was held could be formed by noticing the crowd retiring from the presence of the dead, each looking as though conscious of the loss of a personal friend, many making no secret of their tears. We were particularly struck with the genuine sorrow evinced by the children, of whom he was a great favorite. The casket, which was a rich one, bore several floral tributes. Shortly before three o'clock the funeral cortege, which was the lengthiest and most respectable seen in Kingston for a great number of years, formed and proceeded along King to Johnson street and thence to St. Mary's Cathedral, where the funeral service was read by Rev. Father McGrath. The remains were then borne to the cemetery, and the vast crowd left there fully convinced that many others could have been better spared. The flight of time will reveal more and more to our old companions and friends how much he is missed and wanted. The pall-bearers, who were all old companions of his were Messrs. B. J. Hanlon, James Loughran, James Hogan, John Ennis, James Linegar and Keran Daley.

His cheery, hearty voice, pleasant face and genial ways will be heard and seen no more. Firm and quick in his manner, he was as gentle as a dove and as brave as a lion. He was a young man who had lived in the city of Kingston, and was a model of probity and the very soul of honor. Too much credit cannot be given to Mr. D. O'Sullivan, of Owen Sound, for his kindness in looking after the remains of the deceased, also his brothers and sisters and all his relatives in their sore bereavement, and assure them of our high regard for their late relative, and pray that God may comfort them in this their hour of sorrow. Requiescat in pace.

Calve on the bosom of thy God, Young spirit, and quick in thy tread, Ever while with us thy footsteps tread, His soul was on thy brow.

Dust, to its narrow home beneath! Soul to its place on high— They that have seen thy look in death, No more may fear to die.

Lonely are the paths, and sad the bowers, Whence thy meek smile is gone— But oh!—how much more than ours, In heaven is thine own.

There is nothing equal to Mother Graves' Worm Extirminator for destroying worms. No article of its kind has given such satisfaction.

Dropsy, gravel, Bright's Disease. These common and dangerous complaints are due to a bad condition of the fluids, unhealthiness of the blood and secretions—the Liver being equally at fault with the Kidneys. Regulate these conditions with Burdock Blood Bitters, one of the best system renovators known to medical science.

Horsford's Acid Phosphate MAKES A COOLING DRINK. Into half a tumbler of ice water put a teaspoonful of Acid Phosphate; add sugar to the taste.

DIRECT RELIEF follows the use of Hagar's Yellow Oil, in case of Pain, Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Lumbago, Sciatica, Sore Throat, Asthma, Croup, and all soreness of the flesh. Yellow Oil is an internal and external remedy that should be kept in every household.

the days of such open warfare are happily at an end. We fought the good fight, and are victorious. Peace is proclaimed. For years past we have been at liberty to worship God as we please. Our limbs are free, or nearly so, our disabilities are few, and shall soon, please God, have disappeared. To be a Catholic is no longer to be contemptible. In rank and station, in intelligence no less than in integrity, in commercial enterprise and professional skill, in all the virtues that create social respectability or tend to ennoble it—I had almost said in wealth—we are equal to, and in numbers we immeasurably surpass, any other denomination of Christians in our country. At present therefore a man may be faithful, in a certain sense, to his Church and to its teachings, to its professions as well as to its practices, without incurring the stigma of infidelity. I had almost said in numbers we immeasurably surpass, any other denomination of Christians in our country. At present therefore a man may be faithful, in a certain sense, to his Church and to its teachings, to its professions as well as to its practices, without incurring the stigma of infidelity.

But, speaking generally, the spirit that inspired courage into our ancestors of old and made them ready to die for the faith when it was in peril and under persecution, is still, thank God, at full work within us, and now prompts us to revive the ancient glories of our Church, and to rival in its outward grandeur and development the brightest epochs in its history. Look around you everywhere, and what do you behold? Alas! you see our Irish missionaries laboring for God's Church in every land that the sun shines upon, and carrying the glad tidings of redemption often at the peril of their own lives to the people of every clime and colour; and, without counting the apostles of the faith, who have done these good things, the van of Christian civilization, and sustaining the great cause of Christian progress and enlightenment in this island. See what has just been done here. To say nothing of your beautiful convent and schools, your commodious and comfortable presbytery, and the fine new church of the Carmelite Fathers, just completed these three splendid altars that have recently, and at considerable cost, been erected, and I may say paid for, by the zealous Catholics that live, and I hope, thrive, beside Kildare's holy shrine. All praise, then, to the priests and people of this parish, who have done these good things. May grace, and peace and plenty, health and strength of days, and every good gift from on high, come down in copious showers upon each and every one of you who by kind word has encouraged or by helping hand assisted these good works onward in their way. You are none the worse for what you have already given.

THE SUN LOSES NOTHING OF ITS LIGHT BY BEING BOUNTIFUL; what the ocean gives to-day returns to it in another shape to-morrow. It is not on record that a blight ever fell upon a family because of its charitable deeds, or that the wealth of the ungenerous descended to remote posterity. What after all is gold worth beyond the happiness that it may purchase for its possessor? We have no lasting dwelling here; we are all journeying towards a home elsewhere. Some of us will be knocking at its gates much sooner, perhaps, than we expect; others later on, some will reach it by day, and some by night; some rejoicing, others in sorrow. May God in His mercy grant, anyhow, that when we do reach it we may be prepared to enter, and abide there for ever. With this view, brethren, avoid evil and do good. Fly sin as from the face of a serpent. Remember, as I have preached to you, that it entails a double punishment on the hearts of the ungenerous and His everlasting vengeance hereafter. Hold fast to the faith, prize it as you do the apple of your eye. Glory in it, profess it fearlessly, practise it, pray for its triumph and diffusion; pray that those who have wandered away from and lost it may return once more to the true fold; and

WHEN ON SABBATH AND FESTIVE DAY YOU ENTER HERE, and kneel before this altar, of which the ancient tabernacle was but an emblem, ask God's special aid and favor for His Church in every land in which she is afflicted. Forget not the illustrious Pontiff who preaches with equal grace and dignity over all the Churches, and root and branch, the faith, and the unity, and the stability; and even the Church of Jerusalem itself, governed for a number of years by St. James the apostle, formed no exception to the decline of other Apostolic Churches. What has become of the illustrious Churches of Asia and of Northern Africa—of the Churches wherein Chrysostom preached, for which Cyprus suffered, and Augustus wrote!

THEY ARE NO MORE; AND YET THE LAMP OF FAITH LIGHTED HERE BY PATRICK BURNS to-day as bright as ever, and has never suffered even the dimness of an hour. Here, brethren, is the sum and substance of what I wish to convey to you to-day. Sin maketh nations miserable; and therefore, as we have said, so have we been, in the things of earth, sorely tried and afflicted. But "justice exalteth as a shadow, over their fiery souls, and rejoices at the frequent victims. When a hero falls, his soul goes forth to his fathers in their stormy life, where they hunt the cloth in battle along the skirts of winds. Women, white-boned and beautiful, move like the music of song through the antique halls, loving and beloved by heroes and kings of heroes. The Fenl stand in the same relation to Finn, the son of Ouil, that the twelve peers do to Charlemagne, or the Knights of the Round Table to Arthur. Distin, the sweet singer; Oes, his glorious son; the Roland of the Fenl; Dermot, of whom it might be said, as of Malory's Lancelot, that he was 'the truest lover of a sinful man that ever loved woman'; Dering, the beloved of Finn; and Kyita, the leader of the Clan Ronan; Conan, the comic glutton, ofraven noisr and bitter tongue, a more grotesque than the distance from the room I had slept into the cellar. My brain was still somewhat clouded by the blow my head had received, and which I thought had been struck just before my fall, or rather, before my being violently thrown downwards.

Fortunately my pistol was still in my hand and the box of cartridges in my pocket. I felt carefully for the want, placed my back against it, and determined to sell my life dearly if attacked, waited a moment in silence. All was still. Taking the box as noiselessly as possible from the pocket of my nightshirt, I reloaded the pistol. Still nothing. But I was freezing. The slimy stones beneath my bare feet were rapidly chilling my blood. If I fire my pistol, I thought I may see where I am. I fired twice.

It was the cellar which I had already visited! I had only then, fallen some ten or twelve feet. I at once remembered that to this cellar there was a door leading, by an external flight of stone steps, to the ground in front of the room in which I had slept. Another shot showed me the door, on which, however, there was a heavy, old-fashioned lock without a key. Half a dozen shots from my revolver broke the rusty iron—and I was free!

'Covered with blood and slime, I stood at length beneath the stairs; my head ached violently, my teeth chattered with cold, but I was free! Oh, the delight of that moment! Free!

'My first feeling was that it was my duty to call some of the men and search the house; but that I could not bring myself to do. No. I must not be seen by them in such a plight, nor must they come till I had solved my mystery. My outer door was too securely bolted to force open; but making my way through another entrance, I early blew the lock off an inner door of communication. Grasping my pistol tightly I cautiously entered. There, directly across the room, was the figure!

'Bang! bang! and I sent two more bullets crashing it. Whatever it was it certainly was no living thing. If not, what then! What or who had struck me the blow! What had opened the solid floor and cast me into the pit beneath! With eye and ear upon the alert, ready for foe or man or other, I reached the table where the lamp stood, and felt for the which, beset the chimney, and turned again to that white mystery. There it stood; but what it was I could not even guess at. One thing was certain, it had not been there when I went to bed. In the light it looked like a great white box some ten feet high, open on the sides, and standing against the wall opposite the foot of the bed. Taking up the lamp I walked towards it. What is that on the top? By heavens, it is my trunk!

'What do you think my ghost was? It was an old white painted dumb trunk, leading to the former kitchen! My trunk had chanced to be placed directly on its top, which was level with and formed part of the floor. The lamp I walked and had loosened its old weight. I had taken the tray of clothes from the trunk, and the dumb waiter gradually loosened, had shot up—as such things will at times do—a couple of hours later. It had long been disused and the shelving removed. When, therefore, I rushed at it, I had myself, in the floor between the elevator's side; had struck the bottom board, the machine had gone down with me, and my weight removed, had again risen. I had knocked my head against some corner as I fell, had come down very hard on the stones paving the former kitchen, and cut myself on some projecting edge, for there were two little pieces from which the blood still dripped—and that was my ghost; that the mysterious agency which had 'hurled' me into that 'awful' pit.

'Did you ever hear of a ghost doing more? I never heard of one who could do half as much.

'But just think if I had gone, bareheaded and bedecked, called up my men, and led them on to combat with—an old, white dumb waiter.—E. J. Biddle.

SOME BEAUTIFUL IRISH LEGENDS.

BY JUSTIN HUNTER M'GARTHY.

To my mind there are no more fascinating legends in any literature that I know of—and I have studied the literature of many countries—than the legends which deal with Finn, the son of Ouil, and the Fenl, his companions. The Fenl, as I have written elsewhere, are strange and shadowy figures. Osiatic ghosts moving in dusky veils, or along hidden fire-burns. There is a land of mist and rain, through which the figures of the heroes loom gigantic. They are the kings of shaggy boars—the dwellers on battle's wing. They joy in the chase with their grey, rough-eared dogs about them. They rush against each other in war, like the murmur of many waters, clashing their iron shields, and shouting their urly songs; they remember the deeds of the days of old, and their dead wanderers, like a shadow, over their fiery souls, and rejoice at the frequent victims. When a hero falls, his soul goes forth to his fathers in their stormy life, where they hunt the cloth in battle along the skirts of winds. Women, white-boned and beautiful, move like the music of song through the antique halls, loving and beloved by heroes and kings of heroes. The Fenl stand in the same relation to Finn, the son of Ouil, that the twelve peers do to Charlemagne, or the Knights of the Round Table to Arthur. Distin, the sweet singer; Oes, his glorious son; the Roland of the Fenl; Dermot, of whom it might be said, as of Malory's Lancelot, that he was 'the truest lover of a sinful man that ever loved woman'; Dering, the beloved of Finn; and Kyita, the leader of the Clan Ronan; Conan, the comic glutton, ofraven noisr and bitter tongue, a more grotesque than the distance from the room I had slept into the cellar. My brain was still somewhat clouded by the blow my head had received, and which I thought had been struck just before my fall, or rather, before my being violently thrown downwards.

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'But just think if I had gone, bareheaded and bedecked, called up my men, and led them on to combat with—an old, white dumb waiter.—E. J. Biddle.

THEY ARE NO MORE; AND YET THE LAMP OF FAITH LIGHTED HERE BY PATRICK BURNS to-day as bright as ever, and has never suffered even the dimness of an hour. Here, brethren, is the sum and substance of what I wish to convey to you to-day. Sin maketh nations miserable; and therefore, as we have said, so have we been, in the things of earth, sorely tried and afflicted. But "justice exalteth as a shadow, over their fiery souls, and rejoices at the frequent victims. When a hero falls, his soul goes forth to his fathers in their stormy life, where they hunt the cloth in battle along the skirts of winds. Women, white-boned and beautiful, move like the music of song through the antique halls, loving and beloved by heroes and kings of heroes. The Fenl stand in the same relation to Finn, the son of Ouil, that the twelve peers do to Charlemagne, or the Knights of the Round Table to Arthur. Distin, the sweet singer; Oes, his glorious son; the Roland of the Fenl; Dermot, of whom it might be said, as of Malory's Lancelot, that he was 'the truest lover of a sinful man that ever loved woman'; Dering, the beloved of Finn; and Kyita, the leader of the Clan Ronan; Conan, the comic glutton, ofraven noisr and bitter tongue, a more grotesque than the distance from the room I had slept into the cellar. My brain was still somewhat clouded by the blow my head had received, and which I thought had been struck just before my fall, or rather, before my being violently thrown downwards.

Fortunately my pistol was still in my hand and the box of cartridges in my pocket. I felt carefully for the want, placed my back against it, and determined to sell my life dearly if attacked, waited a moment in silence. All was still. Taking the box as noiselessly as possible from the pocket of my nightshirt, I reloaded the pistol. Still nothing. But I was freezing. The slimy stones beneath my bare feet were rapidly chilling my blood. If I fire my pistol, I thought I may see where I am. I fired twice.

It was the cellar which I had already visited! I had only then, fallen some ten or twelve feet. I at once remembered that to this cellar there was a door leading, by an external flight of stone steps, to the ground in front of the room in which I had slept. Another shot showed me the door, on which, however, there was a heavy, old-fashioned lock without a key. Half a dozen shots from my revolver broke the rusty iron—and I was free!

'Covered with blood and slime, I stood at length beneath the stairs; my head ached violently, my teeth chattered with cold, but I was free! Oh, the delight of that moment! Free!

'My first feeling was that it was my duty to call some of the men and search the house; but that I could not bring myself to do. No. I must not be seen by them in such a plight, nor must they come till I had solved my mystery. My outer door was too securely bolted to force open; but making my way through another entrance, I early blew the lock off an inner door of communication. Grasping my pistol tightly I cautiously entered. There, directly across the room, was the figure!

dreamless sleep. How long I slept I have no idea; perhaps for one hour, perhaps for two. Then, from within my very room, of which I had seen every window barred, every door bolted and locked, there came a low, low moaning cry, ending in a shriek so horrible, so ghastly, that I rose in a bed, my heart seemed to stop for a moment, and my hair to rise, stiffened on my head.

'It was but for a moment. A faint light from the waning moon came in through one of the shutters, and a rose, there also rose across the room a long, white figure! I saw it start from the floor and grow to man's size, or more, and, as I gazed, I heard that dreadful shriek. No matter what it was; it was something, and with its presence returned all my combative and anger; hot, fiery wrath was my only feeling.

'Some scoundrel,' said I to myself, 'is playing me a trick. Some of those pirate smugglers have arranged a ghost for me, have they? Well, we'll see who can play at ghost best!'

'As I rose I took my six-shooter from under my pillow, and now I called out: "Who are you? What are you doing there, you scoundrel?"

'There was no reply. "Who are you? Answer, or I'll shoot!"

'Still there was silence. My pistol was pointed a little above the centre of the figure, and again I cried: "Answer, or I'll shoot!"

'No answer came and I pulled the trigger. I was sure of my aim, but yet the bullet seemed to bury itself harmlessly in the wall beyond. Lowering my aim I sent another ball somewhat lower, and then a third almost to the ground. Still the figure neither moved nor spoke. There I stood, white, ghastly, and seemingly unajured. As the third shot left my pistol, I leaped from the bed, and rushed upon the shadowy form. A box of cartridges lay upon the table, and these I thrust into the breast pocket of my night dress. Cocking my revolver as I ran, I tried to seize the intruder with my left hand, flinging myself with all my force upon him.

'"Horror!" an instant later I was thrown down, I knew not how far or where. The floor seemed to have opened and swallowed me up. With a crash I came to the bottom of the pit, bruised, bleeding, and in utter darkness.

'Confused, half unconscious, I struggled to my feet, and once more there came first that moaning cry, and then the dreadful scream which had roused me from my sleep.

'You know how little superstition there is in my nature—some say, indeed, too little, for it is difficult for me to believe in anything not patent to the senses, but at that moment there crept into my soul a grisly

ST. ANN'S PARISH.

OPENING OF THE NEW HALL OF THE YOUNG MEN'S SOCIETY—PROBING RELIGIOUS CEREMONY AND AN ENJOYABLE DINNER.

The inauguration of the new hall of the St. Ann's Young Men's Society was yesterday made the occasion of a joyous celebration by the Roman Catholic population of St. Ann's parish. The hall is a spacious building with library, lecture room, reading room, smoking room, and gymnasium, altogether eminently suited to enable the young men of the society to attain the ideal of the motto mens sana in corpore sano.

The hall is a credit to the parishioners, to the young men themselves, and especially so to the Redemptorist fathers, who were the guiding spirits in leading the project through many difficulties to the successful issue, of which yesterday's celebration was the climax. The following details concerning the building will give a more correct idea of its extent and its adaptability to the purposes for which it is intended.

The estimated cost was placed at \$5,000, but owing to the purchase of an adjoining piece of ground, and the enlarging of the building by one-third more than the original intention, the actual cost will be about \$10,000. It was proposed to erect the building on the joint stock plan, shares which were fixed at \$50 each and bearing interest at the ordinary bank rate.

Calculations were made as to the repayment of the shares, and it was believed that about 30 per cent. of the first instalment could be paid every year, at which rate the whole capital would be returned to the shareholders in a few years. The structure is a handsome brick building, 35x66 feet, three stories high, with mansard roof. On the ground floor the whole space has been allotted for a gymnasium, which, it is intended, shall be fully equipped and made first class in every respect.

The dinner was held in the gymnasium of the hall. The menu was excellent and reflected credit on the caterer. Mr. M. Loughman presided, and at the head of the table were seated: Rev. J. Cattelle, Rev. Mr. Burke, Rev. E. Strubbe, Rev. Mr. Melanger, Rev. Brother Arnold, Messrs. J. J. Curran, Q. G. M.P., C. J. Doherty, J. A. O'Rourke, P. McDermott, P. McCaffrey, Denis Tansey, and H. J. Cloran. Amongst the representatives of Irish societies were: Mr. P. McCaffrey, St. Patrick's Y.M.S.; Mr. J. Nicholson, C. M. B. A.; Mr. J. Arthur Jones, I. C. B. A.; Mr. J. J. Costigan, St. Patrick's T. A. and B.; Mr. J. O'Rourke, St. Gabriel's T. A. and B.; Mr. J. Heilbrunn, St. Bridget's T. A. and B.; Mr. John Gallery, Young Irishman's L. and B. A.; Mr. P. J. Gordon, St. Anthony's A.

The Chairman announced that they had intended to have a list of toasts after dinner, and they were printed on the menu card, but His Lordship Bishop Fabre disapproved of toasts at a dinner on Sunday, and, consequently, like good Catholics, they omitted them, but he had pleasure in calling on Mr. Curran to thank those assembled.

that they had witnessed the rise and fall of dynasties and thrones through a long succession of ages and that with all, and despite all, the spirit of the nation was still alive and giving evidence of glorious days to come.

He might have spoken to them of the three great exodus movements from Ireland. The first during the time when schools and scholars flourished there, and when the Irish graduates of those institutions made their way to the continent of Europe carrying with them the light of the gospel and the fruitful seeds of Christian civilization. The second, when the military exodus took place when Ireland's bravest chieftains had with sad hearts left the land for which they had struggled and would rather have died, to do battle in the armies of Europe and whose descendants had held marshal's batons beneath the flags of Austria, France or Spain, maintaining the glory and prestige of the people who were languishing at home.

(Applause.) The third wave of emigration when hundreds of thousands of their people had fled from the land, driven by famine or a mistaken statesmanship to Australia and America, and where they had developed into a source of strength to the land of their fathers, where they had acquired power and prominence, and where the rights of fatherland were heard through the voices of archbishops and bishops and laymen of every degree giving aid and comfort to the struggling Irish in the old home. (Applause.) These and other things he might have tempted to speak to them of (laughter and applause.) Then there was the glorious struggle of O'Connell and the valiant band that stood around him, a struggle that had won for him the proud title of Liberator. There were the devoted sons of the land, without distinction of creed, the mention of whose names would have called forth their most enthusiastic cheers, but he could not even refer to Isaac Butt, nor would he mention the great patriot who was now leading the people out of the house of bondage, the man on whose shoulders had fallen the mantle of Daniel O'Connell, Charles Stuart Parnell, (Applause.) The St. Ann's young men had a duty to perform on their part in this land of home rule: their fathers had prospered here, and they were on the same highway with superior advantage of which they would no doubt fully avail themselves. (They must show what the Irish race can do under a benign government, and by doing their best and aiding in the development of our Canadian home they would be none the less good men and true if they even kept a fond remembrance of the past glories and trials and a firm and fond hope for the future greatness of Ireland, the land of their forefathers. (Applause.)

Mr. Doherty in an address congratulated the people of the parish and the clergymen on the completion of the hall. Such places as this, he said, were the best calculated to develop that love of country and that noble manhood which would yet enable the people of Canada to take a leading place amongst the nations of the earth. He trusted that Irish brains and Irish hands would take a prominent part in building up the great Canada of the future. (Applause.)

Rev. Brother Arnold referred with feelings of pleasure to the success which had accompanied the pupils of St. Ann's school, many of whom occupied high positions in the commerce of the city and of Canada. He specially expressed his thanks to Mr. Curran for the assistance which he had always given to the school. (Applause.)

Mr. H. J. Cloran, Mr. Denis Tansey, Mr. P. F. McCaffrey, Mr. Fostre, and Mr. J. Houlihan also addressed the company. Mr. Kennedy, in his address, trusted that most of the young men would see their way to join the temperance society, and to take that pledge which he had received in Ireland from Father Mathew forty years ago, and which he had faithfully adhered to since.

Rev. Mr. Cattelle pronounced the blessing, and the proceedings terminated. This evening a musical entertainment will be given in the hall.—Montreal Gazette, Nov. 9.

The Widow's Curse.

It must have been about the year 1844 that we heard from the lips of John B. Gough the following tale, which has since appeared in the story of his life.

In Norwich, Connecticut, I spoke to a large audience in a railway station. Mr. Buckingham, who was the mayor of the city—afterwards governor, and subsequently a senator of the United States—presided. I knew whom I had in my audience, and I said—"Ladies and gentlemen, Mrs. Falkner, who lives a little way out from here, gave me some interesting incidents with regard to her son."

"The boy," she said, "was a drunkard. He signed the pledge. He said, 'Mother, I will go away from home. I will not stay in the midst of temptation, but I will keep this pledge.'"

"He went away, but she continued to hear good news from him. By and by after he had gone a little over two years, a letter reached home to say, 'Mother, I am coming home to spend Thanksgiving with you.'"

"My boy is coming home to Thanksgiving! Well, his poor old mother will get a dinner for him worthy of New England; and if there be but one guest, it shall be a famous dinner."

"And he came into the town by stage, which stopped at the door of Solomon Parsons' tavern. The stage passed on. It was just after dark. Some young men were in the bar-room."

"Hello, Fred! and how are you! What will you have to drink?" "Nothing."

"Not on Thanksgiving! Come, take a little. No! I'd rather not. I've come home to see my mother. She hardly expects me to-night. I thought I'd wait till dark, and go in and surprise the old lady."

"By and by, Solomon Parsons, who was leaning his elbow on the counter, looked at him, and said: 'Fred Falkner, if I were six feet tall, and broad in proportion, as you are, and yet was afraid of a paltry glass of ale, by George! I'd go to the woods and hang myself.'"

"But I'm not afraid." "Oh, yes you are—ha, ha, ha! I say, boys, here's a great big fellow afraid of a glass of liquor. I suppose he's afraid of his mother."

"This young man with all his strength of mind to keep that pledge, was weak when they jeered and joked him. They handed him a glass, and asked him to drink it. 'Well,' he said, 'I'm going to mother, and I may as well show you that I'm not afraid to drink it.'"

"He drank it. Then came another glass; and they piled him with more. Twelve o'clock that night he went into a barn, and was found there in the morning—dead!"

"My boy is coming home to Thanksgiving!" They brought him to his mother, stretched on a plank, with a buffalo robe thrown over the body."

"She said to me: 'Parsons came, and I said to him, 'You tempted my boy.''" "Well, I didn't know it was your son."

"You did! you called him by name. You knew it was Frederick Falkner, the only son of his poor, crippled mother. You knew it was he who had killed his mother, and you have killed him!"

"Mrs. Falkner, I am not used to having such language applied to me." "God forgive me, if I have sinned," said the poor woman; but I put my hand on the face of my dead boy, and I lifted up with a face as white as chalk."

Then I said, 'Ladies and gentlemen. Solomon Parsons, the man who tempted Frederick Falkner to his ruin—Solomon Parsons, who staggers through life under the weight of that poor woman's curse—Solomon Parsons is in this hall, and he sits right there! and this same Solomon Parsons keeps a grog shop on the bridge of your city, licensed by the State of Connecticut. Round him out!' And before twenty-four hours had elapsed, bag and baggage, bottles and demijohns of liquor, furniture, licenses and all, were carted out of the city."

A Good Lesson.

A young man, a student in one of our universities, was one day taking a walk with a professor, who was commonly called the students' friend from his kindness to those who waited on his instructions. As they went along they saw lying in the path a pair of old shoes, which they supposed to belong to a poor man who was employed in a field close by, and who had nearly finished his day's work.

A student turned to the professor, saying, "Let us play the man a trick; we will hide his shoes, and conceal ourselves behind the bushes, and wait to see his perplexity when he cannot find them."

"My young friend," answered the professor, "we should never amuse ourselves at the expense of the poor. But you are rich, and may give yourself a much greater pleasure by means of this poor man. Put a crown into each shoe, and then we will hide ourselves and watch how the discovery affects him."

The student did so, and they both then placed themselves behind the bushes close by. The poor man soon finished his work, and came across the field to the path where he had left his coat and shoes. While putting on his coat he slipped his foot into one of his shoes; but, finding something hard, he stooped down to feel what it was, and found the crown. Astonishment and wonder were seen upon his countenance.

He gazed upon the coin, turned it round, and looked at it again and again. He then looked round on all sides, but no person was to be seen. He now put the money into his pocket and proceeded to put on the other shoe; but his surprise was doubled on finding the other crown. His feelings overcame him; he fell upon his knees, looked up to heaven, and uttered aloud a fervent thanksgiving, in which he spoke of his wife, sick and helpless, and his children without bread, whom this timely bounty, from some unknown hand, would save from perishing.

The student stood there deeply affected and his eyes filled with tears. "Now," said the Professor, "are you not much better pleased than if you had played your intended trick? The youth replied, 'You have taught me a lesson which I will never forget. I feel now the truth of these words, which I never understood before, 'It is more blessed to give than to receive.'"

The Sleep We Should Have. I do not think a person should be waked in the morning, said the doctor, and for this reason: when a man falls asleep he is in the shop for repairs, as the railroad men say. His frame and all its intricate machinery is being overhauled and made ready for the next day's work. The wear of the previous day is being repaired. Nature is doing that herself. She knows what the tired frame needs just as she knows how to make the heart throbb and the nerves coursing through the veins. Then she takes that tired frame, lays it down on a bed, surrounds it with the soft darkness, and lets the man rest. Tired nature's sweet restorer, balmy sleep," visits him, and as the hours wear by his energies are renewed, his strength comes back, and finally, when morning breaks and the sunlight breaks through the lattice, he opens his eyes and is himself again.

Or if he is early to bed he wakes with the cocks crowing. Now who shall go to his side an hour before he opens his eyes and say to nature, stand aside and let him up; he has had enough rest. Well, nature will say: "You can take him if you will, but I will charge him with an hour's loss of sleep and I'll collect it out of his bones and nerves and his hair and eyesight. You can't cheat me. I'll find property to levy on."

A man ought to sleep all he wants to, and so should a child. A baby should sleep with its mother; a child should be sent to bed early and be allowed to wake of its own accord in the morning. As for school girls, many a girl who has a dozen buttons or ten or twelve flowers or galloping a pony or dancing, I would prefer to have a daughter healthy, sweet-tempered, sensible and beautiful, without Latin, algebra and grammar than to have one ever so advanced in her humanities, with her health ruined, or perhaps lying under a marble urn in the cemetery; and as for man, I would rather be able to earn two dollars a day in the vigor and glory of perfect health than to draw rents from property for which I have exchanged the blessings of a sound constitution.

The "Myrtle Navy" tobacco is not burdened with the usual costs which swell the price of most tobaccos to the consumer; the firm employs no travellers whatever, their orders came to them instead of being sought by them. The merchant does not require to keep a large stock on hand and selling its price with interest, for the factory is an immediate source of supply and a postal card or a telegram, at most a telegram. He loses nothing, therefore, from being overstocked. The article is a staple one, for which there is as constant a demand as for wheat or flour, and the merchant can therefore, sell it at a minimum rate of profit.

If you have a cough or cold do not neglect it; many without a trace of that hereditary disease have drifted into a consumptive's grave by neglecting what was only a slight cold. Had they used Bickle's Anti-Consumptive Syrup before it was too late, their lives would have been spared. Mr. A. W. Levy, Mitchell, writes: "I think Bickle's Anti-Consumptive Syrup the best preparation on the market for coughs and severe colds. About six years ago I caught a severe cold which settled on my lungs, and for three months I had a cough. I had a physician attending me, but gradually grew worse until I was on the verge of Consumption, and had given up hopes of being cured, when I was induced to try Bickle's Syrup. Before I had taken one bottle I found myself greatly relieved, and by the time I had finished the second bottle I was completely cured. I always recommend it for severe colds and consumption."

Cured of Deafness. Harry Ricardo, of Toronto, was deaf for eight years, and also suffered with Chronic Rheumatism. After all else failed, Hagyard's Yellow Oil cured both internal and external remedy for all painful and inflammatory complaints.

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FOR 1886.

THIS issue of this Almanac—now in its third year—both in the variety and interest of its articles, as well as in the artistic beauty of its illustrations, surpasses either of the previous numbers. THE CATHOLIC HOME ALMANAC is a success, and we believe its sale will be greater this year than ever before, for its good qualities have become known, and it is being extensively introduced into the home circle as

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The Bennett Furnishing Co., of London, Ont., make a specialty of manufacturing the latest styles in Church and School Furniture. The Catholic Clergy of Canada are respectfully invited to send for catalogue and prices before awarding contracts. We have lately put in a complete set of Pews in the Brantford Catholic Church, and for many years past have been favored with contracts from a number of the Clergy in this Province. In all cases the most entire satisfaction having been expressed in regard to quality of work, lowness of price, and quickness of execution. Such has been the increase of business in this special line that we find it necessary some times to establish a branch office in Glasgow, Scotland, and we are now engaged manufacturing a new set of Pews for that country and Ireland. Address: Bennett Furnishing Company, LONDON, ONT., CANADA.

References: Rev. Father Bayard, Sarnia; Lennon, Brantford; Murphy, Ingersoll; Corbett, Brantford; Tenny, Kingston; and Rev. Mr. Arnold, Montreal.

TENDERS FOR DEBENTURES.

Sealed Tenders will be received up to the 14th day of November next, by the undersigned for the purchase of Debentures of the TOWN OF COBURG.

88 Debentures of £100 sterling each, payable at the Bank of Scotland, London, England and maturing on the 1st August, 1887.

The Debentures bear interest at the rate of five per cent. from the 30th June, 1874, which interest will be paid with the Debentures.

These Debentures are issued under authority of Act 36 Vic., Cap. 47, respecting municipal loan funds, and by sections 8 and 17 of said Act, the said Debentures are made a valid debt, and are constituted a first charge upon all the funds of the municipality.

Tenders will be received for the whole or a part of the above amount.

Further particulars can be obtained upon application to the Department.

A. M. ROSS, Provincial Treasurer, Treasury Department, Ontario, 369-370, Toronto, 10th Oct., 1885.

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D. C. MACDONALD, MANAGER.

London, 27th June, 1885.

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NEWS FROM IRELAND.

Dublin. At a recent meeting of workmen, in Dublin, a proposition was made that they should boycott public-houses, and thus deprive the Government of the income it receives from the liquor duties.

Sir Richard Martin, Bart., who received his title for his services to the cause of Wales, in Dublin, during the late penance's recent visit to Ireland, is said to be the chosen "loyalist" candidate for the Stephen's green division of the city.

The Rev. Thomas McEroy, one of the curates of the Catholic Church of St. Catherine, Meath street, Dublin, died, on October 17, at the parochial presbytery.

The Earl of Meath summoned, by circular, the "loyalists" of the county Wicklow, to meet him in Leinster Hall, Dublin, on Oct. 23d, with a view to taking steps to support the Union with England as now existing.

At the Kilmacross Sessions, on Oct. 22, the police prosecuted three women, Mary Bibby, Anastasia Hyne, and Catherine McCarthy, for an assault on a process-server named Morrissey, who went to serve a summons on Mr. Bibby's husband.

On Oct. 18th, a meeting was held at Tuillyhall, for the purpose of establishing a branch of the National League. The police, who were present, demanded access to the names of the officers appointed and the delegates elected to the forthcoming Nationalist Convention.

Mr. John Trench, agent over the estates of the Meath, Trench at Carlanstown, near Kells, attended at Carlanstown, to collect the rents, and made an abatement of 15 percent in the rents, and suggested to the tenant the property of purchasing their holdings under the Irish Purchase Bill.

It is pretty well understood that Mr. Jas. Leahy will again offer himself for one of the divisions of Kildare, and will, of course, be recommended by the Irish Parliamentary Party.

Mr. John O'Connor, Lord Mayor of Dublin, has been spoken of as a candidate for North Kildare, and Mr. Gerald Aylmer will, it is probable, also be put forward.

Very many influential men in the county are anxious that Dr. P. L. O'Neill, of Athy, would permit himself to be nominated.

Speaking at a very large meeting, in Listowel, on October 18, Mr. Wm. O'Brien, M. P., referred at length to the great misery that had been wrought in Kerry by landlordism, and pointed out that while Irish judges and English landlords were foreclosing sales of land, the landlords of Ireland only desired to wring the last shilling of their rack-rents out of the people, even if it had to be coined out of the people's heart's-blood.

At the Kilrush Quarter Sessions, on Oct. 21, Mr. Kelly, Q. C., County Court Judge for Clare, was presented with a pair of white gloves, their being no criminal business to be transacted.

The O'Gorman Mahon and Mr. John McInerney, of Cratloe, will be the Nationalist candidate for county Clare.

A rumor afloat in Waterford states that Lord Charles Beresford, brother to the Marquis of Waterford, will oppose Mr. P. J. Power, M. P., for the Eastern division of that county, in the Tory interest.

A little squint-eyed Chicago boy pranced up to his mother and said: "Ma, hair's not real good since I've begun goin' to Sunday-school!"

"Yes, my lamb," answered the maternal fondly. "And you trust me now, don't you ma?" "Yes, darling."

Holloway's Corn Cure is the medicine to remove all kinds of corns and warts, and only costs the small sum of twenty-five cents.

Most great men are lovers of books. Little incident than this, told by a New Haven paper. A widow's child received a reward of merit in school, and ran eagerly home to her mother, saying, as she entered her humble dwelling: "I held it up to the sky all the way home, mamma, so that papa might see what a good girl I am."

The best Ankle Boot and Collar Pads are made of zinc and leather. Try them.

publicly expressed objection to persons who are compelled to dwell in "mud hovels" having votes. All such persons now living in the Southern Division of Down will know what to do with their votes, now that they have them, as far as Kibsey is concerned.

The remains of the late Rev. Father McKenna, P. P., were interred at Lurgan, on October 23rd. An immense funeral cortege testified to the respect and veneration in which the deceased was held.

On October 11, a splendid demonstration was held in the Market square, Ballinasloe. Before the meeting an address was presented to Mr. Sexton, M. P., in the Temperance Hall, Ballinasloe, in reply, said he believed that in the next Parliament the Irish people would achieve a very substantial measure of National independence.

On Oct. 17, the Most Rev. Dr. Duggan, Bishop of Clonfert, arrived in Ballinasloe, and was accorded a most enthusiastic welcome. He was accompanied by the Very Rev. Dean Dillon, Buenos Ayres, and was met at the station by a great concourse of people, headed by the Ballinasloe band.

A procession was formed, a large number of people carrying carriage lamps, and proceeded to Hayden's Hotel, where a number of the principal inhabitants of Ballinasloe had assembled for the purpose of presenting an address to their loved Bishop. Many of the houses in the town were illuminated. An enormous crowd, numbering fully two thousand, assembled outside the hotel and loudly cheered. The address was read by Father Costelloe.

Even in the most ancient times different foreign matters were mixed with bread. In Thracia, bread was mixed with powdered dried roots, in Syria with dried mulberries, in Egypt with whole grains.

In modern times, in Sweden they add to the bread powdered dried fish; in Ireland and in Iceland, moss, which besides being nutritious keeps, and bread from drying; in Prussia, white clay, which contains alkali salts and makes bread very light; in Russia, powdered bark or finely chopped straw.

On the western shore of England certain kind of sea weed (Porphyra laciniata) is gathered, washed, boiled, and then baked with oatmeal flour. In Africa, powdered dried locusts are mixed with bread, in India potatoes and pea flour, and during the famine even stones ground to fine powder were used in the latter country.

Mr. Peterby, of Dallas, is a woman with a head for business. "Just see here, I have bought a beautiful rocking chair at auction worth \$3, and I only paid \$2 for it; so you see I have \$1 clear profit. Don't tell me after this you have no business sense."

"Do you need the rocking chair?" asked Mr. Peterby. "No." "Then what did you buy it for?" "To save money, of course. How could I have saved that dollar if I hadn't bought it, stupid?"

The truth of an old adage, that "there is nothing new under the sun," is exemplified in the case of the parcels post. In the archives of the London (Eng.) General Post Office are preserved records of goods and parcels, and even human beings, being entrusted for transit to the post officials between 1692 and 1720.

A little Swedish girl, walking with her father on a starry night, was so attracted by the brilliancy of the sky, all lit up with twinkling stars from one end to the other, that she seemed to be quite lost in her thinking. Her father asked what she was thinking of so intently. Her answer was: "I was just thinking if the wrong side of heaven was so glorious, what must the right side be!"

Mr. W. Maguire, merchant at Franklin, writes: "I was afflicted with pain in my shoulder for eight years—almost helpless at times—have tried many remedies, but with no relief, until I used Dr. Thomas's Electric Oil. After a few applications the pain left me entirely, and I have had no pains since. Do not take Electric Oil or Electron Oils, but see that you get Dr. Thomas's Electric Oil."

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What is Catarrh? Catarrh is a dangerous disease which thousands are consciously or unconsciously suffering from. It is a mucopurulent discharge caused by the presence of a vegetable parasite in the lining membrane of the nose. The predisposing causes are a morbid state of the blood, the blighted corpse of tubercle, the germ poison of syphilis, mercury, toxæmia, from the retention of the effete matter of the skin, suppressed perspiration, badly ventilated sleeping apartments and the germination of other poisons in the blood.

Why does the government spend so much money and risk so many lives in trying to capture the counterfeit? "Suppose he does counterfeit government bonds and notes, surely the government is rich enough to stand any loss his act may confer!" But the individual citizen could ill afford to be put to continual financial loss if such desperadoes were let go unwhipped of justice.

It is only the valuable thing that is counterfeited; it is only in the light of purity and virtue that impurity and vice can be known. No one in these days would counterfeit a Confederate bond or note. People who commit fraud always do it by stimulating the highest virtues; by preying on the clearest reputation; by employing the fair name of virtue with which to give respectability to vice.

Let us explain: Seven or eight years ago, so we have been informed many times in public prints, a New York state gentleman was pronounced, as many millions have pronounced him since, to be suffering from an extreme disorder. By suggestions which he believed were providential, he was led to the use of a preparation which had been for several years employed by a select few physicians in New York city and one or two other prominent places.

The disease commences with a slight derangement of the stomach, but if neglected, it in time involves the whole frame, embracing the kidneys, liver, pancreas, and, in fact, the entire glandular system, and the afflicted drops out a miserable existence until death gives relief from suffering. The disease is often mistaken for other complaints; but if the reader will ask himself the following questions, he will be able to determine whether he himself is one of the afflicted:

—Have I distress, pain, or difficulty in breathing after eating? Is there a dull, heavy feeling attended by drowsiness? Have the eyes a yellow tinge? Does a thick, sticky, mucous gather about the gums and teeth in the mornings, accompanied by a disagreeable taste? Is the tongue coated? Is there pain in the side and back? Is there a fulness about the right side as if the liver were enlarged? Is there vertigo or dizziness when rising suddenly from a horizontal position? Are the secretions from the kidneys scanty and highly colored, with a deposit after standing, accompanied by flatulence or a belching of gas from the stomach? Is there frequent palpitation of the heart? These various symptoms may not be present at one time, but they torment the sufferer in turn as the dreadful disease progresses.

If the case be one of long standing, there will be a dry, hacking cough, attended after a time by expectoration. In very advanced stages the skin assumes a dirty brownish appearance, and the hands and feet are covered by a cold, sticky perspiration. As the liver and kidneys become more and more diseased, rheumatic pains appear, and the usual treatment proves entirely unavailing against this latter agonizing disorder. The origin of this malady is indigestion or dyspepsia, and a small quantity of the proper remedy will remove the disease. If taken in its incipency, it is most important that the disease should be promptly and properly treated in its first stages, when a little medicine will effect a cure, and even when it has obtained a strong hold the correct remedy should be persevered in until every vestige of the disease is eradicated, until the appetite has returned, and the digestive organs restored to a healthy condition. The surest and most effectual remedy for this distressing complaint is "Seigel's Curative Syrup," a vegetable preparation sold by all Chemists and Medicine Vendors throughout the world, and by the Proprietors, Geo. F. Seigel & Co., 17, Farringdon Road, London, E. C. This Syrup strikes at the very foundation of the disease, and drives it, root and branch out of the system.

Market Place, Pocklington, York, October 2nd, 1882. Sir—Being a sufferer for years with dyspepsia in all its worst forms, and after spending pounds in medicine, I was at last persuaded to try Mother Seigel's Curative Syrup, and am thankful to say I have derived more benefit from it than any other medicine I ever took, and would advise any one suffering from the same complaint to give it a trial, the results they would soon find out for themselves. If you like to make use of this testimonial you are quite at liberty to do so.

Yours respectfully, (Signed) R. Turner. For sale by Wm. Saunders & Co., Drug-Wholesale and Retail, 17, Abchurch Lane, London, E. C. 4. Sole office, 67 St. James St., Montreal, P. Q.

Home Items and Topics. If you remain sick when you can get hop bitters that never fail on earth!!!

The weakest woman, smallest child, and sickest invalid can use hop bitters with safety and great good. —Old men tottering around from Rheumatism, kidney trouble or any weakness will be made almost new by using hop bitters.

My wife and daughter were made healthy by the use of hop bitters and I recommend them to my people.—Methodist Clergyman.

Ask any good doctor if he can get hop bitters that never fail on earth!!! Malarial fever, Ague and Biliousness, will leave every neighborhood as soon as hop bitters arrive. —"My mother drove the paralysis and neuralgia all out of her system with hop bitters."—Ed. Ontario Sun.

Keep the kidneys healthy with hop bitters and you need not fear sickness. —The vigor of youth for the aged and infirm in hop bitters!!!

Thousands die annually from some form of kidney disease that might have been prevented by timely use of hop bitters. —Indigestion, weak stomach, irregularities of the bowels, cannot exist when hop bitters are used. —Use of hop Bitters will keep a whole family in robust health a year at a little cost. —To produce real genuine sleep and

ness of the flesh. Yellow Oil is an internal and external remedy that should be kept in every household.

conditions with Burdock Blood Bitters, one of the best system renovators known to medical science.

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child-like repose all night, take a little hop bitters on retiring.

None genuine unless with a bunch of green hops on the wrapper. Beware of the cheap Hops on the wrapper. Beware of the cheap Hops on the wrapper. Beware of the cheap Hops on the wrapper.

London (Canada) Postal Guide. Mails as Under. G. W. E. Going West—Main Line. Railway P. O. Mails for all places West of London and Eastern States, close 5:00 am, 1:30 pm, 5:00 pm; due for delivery 12:00 pm, 7:00 pm, 11:00 pm; due for delivery 12:00 pm, 7:00 pm, 11:00 pm; due for delivery 12:00 pm, 7:00 pm, 11:00 pm.

An Alarming Disease Afflicting a Numerous Class. The disease commences with a slight derangement of the stomach, but if neglected, it in time involves the whole frame, embracing the kidneys, liver, pancreas, and, in fact, the entire glandular system, and the afflicted drops out a miserable existence until death gives relief from suffering.

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These various symptoms may not be present at one time, but they torment the sufferer in turn as the dreadful disease progresses. If the case be one of long standing, there will be a dry, hacking cough, attended after a time by expectoration. In very advanced stages the skin assumes a dirty brownish appearance, and the hands and feet are covered by a cold, sticky perspiration.

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Localities unrivalled for health, offering peculiar advantages to pupils even of delicate constitutions. All branches, water pure and food wholesome. Extensive grounds afford every facility for the enjoyment of invigorating exercises. System of education thorough and practical. Educational advantages unsurpassed.

French is taught, free of charge, not only in class, but practically by conversation. The Library contains choice and standard works. Literary reunions are held monthly. Vocal and instrumental music form a prominent feature of the course. Improvements weekly, elevating tastes, testing improvement and ensuring self-possession. Strict attention is paid to the physical and mental development, habits of neatness and economy, with refinement of manner.

For further particulars apply to the Superior, or any Priest of the Diocese. CONVENT OF OUR LADY OF LAKE HURON, Sarnia, Ont.—This institution offers every advantage to young ladies who wish to receive a solid, useful, and refined education. Particular attention is paid to the study of the French language, which will be resumed on Monday, Sept. 1st. Board and tuition per annum, \$100. For further particulars apply to MOTHER SUPERIOR, Box 83.

ST. MARY'S ACADEMY, WINDSOR, ONTARIO.—This institution is pleasantly located in the town of Windsor, opposite the Hotel. It combines in its system of education, great literary attainments with the French language, with thoroughness in the rudiments of all the sciences. The system of instruction is practical and thorough. Terms (payable per session in advance) in Canadian currency: Board and tuition in French and English, \$100; Music and Drawing, \$20; Drawing and painting, \$15; Bed and board, \$10. For further particulars apply to MOTHER SUPERIOR, Box 83.

URSULINE ACADEMY, CHATELAIN, ONT.—Under the care of the Ursuline Ladies, this institution is pleasantly situated on the Great Western Railway, 50 miles from London, Ontario. This spacious and commodious building has been supplied with all the modern improvements. The hot water system, heating apparatus, and electric bells, including the grounds are extensive, including groves, gardens, orchards, etc. The system of education embraces every branch of polite and useful information, including the French language. Plain sewing, fancy work, embroidery in gowns and chemises, wax-towers, etc., are taught free of charge. Board and tuition per annum, \$100. For further particulars apply to MOTHER SUPERIOR, Box 83.

ASSUMPTION COLLEGE, SANDWICH, ONT.—The Studies embrace the Classical and Commercial Courses. Terms (including all ordinary expenses) Canada money, \$100 per annum. For full particulars apply to Rev. DANA O'CONNOR, 26-1/2 St. George Street, London, Ont.

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DR. W. H. HANOVER, M. D., M. C. MCGILL, M. D., M. C. P. E. R., Ont. Office and residence, 388 Dundas St., London.

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ELECTROPATHIC INSTITUTE, 820 Dundas Street, London, Ontario, for the treatment of Nervous and Chronic Diseases. J. G. WILSON, Electropathic and Hygienic Physician.

CATHOLIC MUTUAL BENEFIT ASSOCIATION—the regular meetings of London Branch No. 4 of the Catholic Mutual Benefit Association, will be held on the first and third Thursday evening every month, at the hour of 8 o'clock, in our rooms, Casle Hall, 11th Floor, Richmond Street, London, Ont. Requested to attend punctually. M. HARTMAN, PRES.; JAS. CONROBERT, Sec.

IRISH BENEVOLENT SOCIETY—the regular monthly meeting of the Irish Benevolent Society will be held on Friday evening, 17th inst., at 7 o'clock, in St. James' Temple, at 730. All members are requested to be present. C. A. BIRP, President.

CONSUMPTION CURED. An old physician having placed in his simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of Consumption, Catarrh of the Throat, Asthma, and all the pulmonary affections, after having tested its wonderful powers in hundreds of cases, desires to know to such an extent that he has prepared a new, safe, and reliable remedy, which he has sent, with full directions for preparing it, to all the principal cities of the world. Send 25 cents for a copy of the book, and a free trial of the medicine. Address: Dr. J. C. BIRP, 730 St. James' Temple, at 730. All members are requested to be present. C. A. BIRP, President.

The obedient and virtuous child of his parents, and the staff of his life, but, ordinarily speaking, consolation is a reward earned by children a truly Christian education.

NATIONAL PILLS are unsurpassed safe, mild, yet thorough purgative, a top the biliary organs promptly effectually.

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