

The Catholic Record.

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

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Catholic Record

London, Sat., Oct. 25th, 1890.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

MANY noble figures were to be seen in the sanctuary of our grand St. Peter's Cathedral on last Sunday. Archbishops, Bishops and priests came from far and near to aid in imparting to the ceremonies that solemnity and grandeur most becoming in such an important event. It was a memorable day for London. It was a day when contending emotions took possession of the people. The old had gone out. The new had come to abide with us. The old was about to instill him who was to take his place. The old familiar face and form still retains a corner in the hearts of those who loved him of old and will love him as long as the beautiful attribute of gratitude ennobles human nature. But while all have placed a crown of love on the venerable head of the one who is no longer ours, they have likewise spontaneously given their hearts' affections to the noble and admirable Bishop whom God has placed above them to show the way. Yes, truly, it is a happy thought, that not a shadow crossed the Cathedral on last Sunday as the change took place. All was love, unity, charity and Christ-like emotion. The obligations and friendships and attachments of by-gone days did not die. They were full of life and sincerity, while at the same time holy resolutions filled every soul as each and all pledged their friendship, their attachment, their obedience to him who is not a stranger; far from it. He now holds in the hearts of the people of London as warm a place as he held in the hearts of those with whom he labored for a quarter of a century, and who came in their thousands to testify the love they bore him. Long may he live to rule a united and happy Catholic fold in the diocese of London, and long may his predecessor live to reflect honor on the Church in the archdiocese of Toronto!

THERE was another remarkable figure in the sanctuary on Sunday. What loving memories of the old days were called up as we saw that distinguished priest of God from whose hands the writer had received his first Communion. The winter of life is upon him. He has fought and is still fighting the good fight. When many grey-headed men now living were in childhood he was the hero of the fold—the brave defender of the old faith which he had brought with him in all its native beauty and freshness and simplicity from old Ireland. Not only this. He was the trusted friend as well as the saintly priest, and who can tell, who can ever write down for history the great deeds of the long age performed by this brave soul when his countrymen were in sore need of counsel, of succor, of defence. He has borne his cross. His life and his labors have been freely given in the service of the Master. We may truly say that tens of thousands of Catholic hearts have woven a crown of love and gratitude, gowned with affection's rarest brilliants, for the venerable, the saintly, the noble priest of God—Father Dowling—a type of that crown which will be placed on his head by our loving Redeemer when his work on earth is finished.

Grip, Toronto's so-called comic paper, has of late years fallen from the position it had formerly attained when it was recognized as a very bright, all-round free lance. Wit and fun made its pages sparkle, and everyone enjoyed a hearty laugh as its columns were read over. Dullness, stupidity, vulgarity and bigotry now hold the fort, and the Grip of the present day is a fit companion for those only who enjoy that sort of literature. There are in Toronto, we regret to say, legions of men of diseased minds who glory in vulgarisms and revel in bigotry.

In a late issue reference was made to the re-consecration of St. Paul's Cathedral, London, England, by the authorities of the Anglican Church, and the transaction was pronounced "Popish bosh." The writer did not attempt to prove that such an act were unbecoming or unnecessary. Enough was it for him to know that a like custom prevails in the Catholic Church. Grip, like the Mail, has made the discovery that an outspoken hatred of Pope and Popery is a trump card, hence its desire to play it in season and out of season with a vigor worthy a better cause.

A PECULIAR feature of Toronto bigotry is the fact that the most energetic specimens are those who scarcely ever enter a church of any sort. It may be said that their whole system of theology is hatred of the faith of their Catholic

neighbors. They shout from the housetops that they are the Simon-pure champions of civil and religious liberty, yet, were it in their power so to do, they would close up every place of Catholic worship in Toronto.

Grip plays a fine second violin to the Mail in the unlovely work of creating commotion in the minds of the ignorant and unthinking, and we fear it will pursue this course so long as it is found to be remunerative. The people of Toronto may not, however, fully realize what an amount of mischief is thus engendered—they may not stop to think that their fair city has verily become a bye word in the mouths of thousands at a distance because of the preposterous outpourings of its insane bigots in press and pulpit; but some day, perhaps not far in the distance, they will discover to their cost that it were a most unwise course to encourage and applaud the writings and the sayings of scheming adventurers who turn a dishonest penny by breeding discord, and who, as a rule, never engage in Christian work of any description, their spare hours being spent in the lodge room of an oath-bound secret society, or some place still more objectionable.

MISS MARY F. EASTMAN was one of the ladies from Buxton who lately assembled in Toronto to have a general conversation in regard to the affairs of the world, with a view to bring about radical changes in its management to meet the views of the "Association for the Advancement of Women." We append a morsel from Miss Eastman's address:

"When the town meeting day came and a vote had to be taken on the question of whether a certain dog tax should go to the library or the Public School Board, the woman who had been strong enough to do the work (that is, look after the affairs of the library), were either too weak or too stupid to perform the easy task of dropping a ballot-paper into a box. (Laughter.) She saw a drunken Irish laborer assisted into the polling booth on that occasion, and she was afraid he voted against the library (laughter). We may say to Miss Eastman that the reference to the Irishman was as unalloyed like as it was uncharacteristic and uncalled for. That a small proportion of Irishmen drink strong liquor and that some of them become interested in it does not deny. We are sorry it is the case. But is the Irishman alone in this regard? Does the native Yankee of Boston ever lose his balance? Are the people of all other countries strictly sober in their habits? Why point out the Irishman? In this instance Miss Eastman displays the narrowness and bigotry of the witch burners, from whom she has probably sprung. We may also add that Irishmen are not opposed to libraries and the spread of education, and that, when they apply for a book in an institution of that sort, it is usually the case they procure a most useful and instructive volume. Irish men and Irish women are not to be found in that army of gigglers and babblers and stammering bodes who revel in Ouldalism and illances and who are feverishly anxious to force themselves into positions for which God and nature never intended them.

WE much regret to learn that the Very Rev. Father Vincent, Vicar-General of Toronto, and Provincial of the Basilians, in a very precarious state. St. Michael's College, of Toronto, owes to him a very great part of its success. He came from France in 1852, since which time he has been professor, treasurer and superior of the college, and finally Provincial of the order. All hope of his recovery has been given up. He is sixty-five years of age.

NOTWITHSTANDING that the General Assembly of the American Presbyterians instructed the Revision Committee to preserve intact the Calvinistic character of the Confession of Faith, it is announced that they have decided to make radical changes in the doctrine of foreordination. They will not at present subject them to public inspection, however. They have under consideration also the chapter on the final disposition of idiots and infants. It was generally expected that great changes would be made on these subjects; but there will be a terrific debate in the next assembly before the changes will be adopted. There is a strong party opposed to radical change though willing to accept merely verbal alterations; while there is also a stronger party which desires important modifications to be made; and, undoubtedly, the Confession needs to be changed. It remains to be seen what will be finally done in the matter. Whether the absurdity of calling the Pope anti-Christ will be retained, notwithstanding the discovery that the doctrine is founded on a wrong exegesis, remains all to be seen in future sessions.

DIOCESE OF HAMILTON.

BISHOP DOWLING PAYS HIS FIRST OFFICIAL VISIT TO BRANTFORD.

Brantford Courier.
Sunday, October 12, 1890, will long be remembered by Brantford Catholics. It proved the occasion of the first official visit of Bishop Dowling to the parish, and, the interest aroused in the event was of a marked and memorable description. High Mass was celebrated at 10:30, and, despite the heavy rain, the church was crowded. Rev. Father McEray, of Hamilton, accompanied His Lordship, and the other priests present included Rev. Father Keough, V. G. of Paris, Rev. Father Lennon and Father Peeney. The great interest of the morning centered in the administration of the sacrament of confirmation, some one hundred and fifty boys and girls receiving the sacred rite. They proceeded up the aisle two by two and were each addressed by name by His Lordship, who uttered the words as they were appointed with oil:

"I sign thee with the sign of the Cross, and I confirm thee with the oil of gladness, in the name of the Father, Son and Holy Ghost." The Bishop then administered a slight stroke on the cheek of each candidate with the words, "Peace be with you."

The administration proved exceedingly impressive, and was watched with deep interest by all present.

THE BISHOP'S ADDRESS.
The Bishop, at the close of the ceremony, spoke to the following effect: "I want to earnestly impress it upon parents and sponsors that it is their duty to watch over and teach these children their Christian duty, so that they may learn how to avoid evil and do good. It is with great pleasure that I come to Brantford as Bishop to impose hands upon these little ones. The call drawn are the future hope of the Catholic Church, and I want to particularly impress it upon those responsible for their bringing up that it is exceedingly important for them to be well instructed in the Christian doctrine. The enemies of the Catholics claim that the Church is an enemy to education. Nothing could be further from the truth. There would, as a matter of fact, have been no education in the country at all had it not been for the Catholics. It was they who civilized Europe and America, and they had for thousands of years done the work of God and of education prior to the formation of doctrines of human device, even as they would continue to do the work for thousands of years after these doctrines had been dead and forgotten. It is false to say that we are enemies of education. When St. Patrick landed in Ireland he placed a school in the shadow of every church and the Professor's chair near the altar. Until the time of the so-called Reformation, when human authority was substituted for that of the Vicar of Christ, the Catholics provided the recognized educators of the world. At that time the schoolmaster was abolished, but the faithful people taught their children in their own homes, and in this way the cause of true education was enabled to triumph. Such, in fact, was the attempt of the enemies of the Catholics themselves to stifle education that until a few years ago a Catholic could not take a degree in any University of England, Ireland or Scotland. The Church believes that there is a will and a heart to be taught in addition to the intellect, and if the restraining influence of religion is not present, all the increased knowledge will simply become a power for evil. Look at the miserable criminal waiting to expiate his crime on the gallows. He is a graduate of Oxford University—a man who has possessed every educational advantage—and yet he is a man of murder and without remorse. Without religion to guide him an educated man becomes an educated scoundrel. The will of man must be taught to cooperate with that of God. We hold that above all the benefit to be derived from secular knowledge there is the solemn duty to be taught of the origin, duty and destiny of mankind. Christ told His disciples to nurture little children to come unto Him, and so I urge you, not as a man, but as a representative of the Lord, to realize and follow out the practice of bringing your little children to Christ during their earliest years. I exhort you all to reverence your priest. He is the only man in the parish authorized as your teacher and dispenser of the sacraments of the Church, and he is simply the children of Adam, until in the name of God the priest prepares your child for that child's destiny. Some people were apt to say, 'Oh, the priests have too much authority.' Not a bit more than Christ gave them when He told them to go and teach all nations, and He would be with them to the end of the world. As the ministers of Christ and dispensers of the mysteries of God you must all reverence and reverence your priests. And you, little children, must feel delighted to give your hearts to God. Next to God you must love your parents, the priests, and the Sisters who have labored so lovingly for your welfare. The priests are your best friends. It is they who give you the sacraments, and who are alone able to bring you from the cradle to the grave. Receive the priest as the representative of Christ. Remember and cherish your parents. They have given you a priceless inheritance, and above all, exercise faith in God, that true faith without which it is impossible to be saved. Be true soldiers. Look every one squarely in the face and be proud of the fact that you are Catholics and not members of a creed made by men. Be good neighbors. Love those who differ from you, and there are many. Show them by life and example that the Catholic religion is the one true faith. Keep

the commandments and be regular attendants at confession. It is only the poor Catholics we are ashamed of, and those who do not go to confession are a disgrace to the Church. Attend faithfully to all your religious duties and seek to edify and instruct others by your good example.

Now, little boys and girls, I am going to ask a favor from you. But first let me warn parents of the awful condemnation falling upon them if by any chance they set their children a bad example. Christ has said that it would be better for a man to have a mill stone placed about his neck, and be cast into the sea, than to scandalize one of His little ones, and your parents must beware of saying or doing anything except in good example. Now then I want you children to offer your little hearts to the Sacred Heart of Jesus, and to promise me that until after you are twenty-one years of age you will not touch a drop of intoxicating liquor. Of course I cannot promise you all that you will live to be twenty-one. Some of you, doubtless, will die before then, and blessed are boys and girls who die young and are taken spotless to heaven, but to those of you who do live I want you to promise that you will not touch strong drink until after you are of age, unless given to you as a medicine by the doctor or your parents.

The Bishop then told the children to repeat the pledge after him, word by word, and also to say the Creed, the Lord's Prayer and the Ave Maria. When this had been done His Lordship impressed upon the children the necessity for devotion to the Virgin Mary, and then, turning to Father Lennon, he asked that the youngsters should have a holiday one day during this week. In accordance with this the Bishop again expressed the hope that none of them would ever prove a disgrace to their Church or their parents.

AN ADDRESS.
Mr. J. Sloan at this juncture stepped forward and read an address to His Lordship from the congregation, other members of the committee, forming a semicircle, consisting of A. Savage, R. McGregor, J. Ryan, P. Ryan, J. Powers, J. T. Doyle and W. Comerford. The address was as follows:

MAY I PLEASE YOUR LORDSHIP—It was with a sincere and universal feeling of regret that we witnessed the announcement of Your Lordship's first official visit to our parish was received by the congregation of St. Basil's with the warmest of hearts. Your Lordship's elevation to the episcopate is a great honor and a high one, and we congratulate you on the high position you have been called upon to fill. We recognize that your office is one which is of the highest importance, and that it requires of its possessor a high degree of wisdom, courage and devotion. We are proud to have you in our midst, and we trust that you will find in our parish a warm and hearty welcome. We are happy to convey to Your Lordship the assurance that the parish of St. Basil's is in a highly flourishing condition in every respect, and we are confident that we may be pardoned if we are justly proud of it. Our schools, both day and night, are prospering, and while our spiritual wants are carefully attended to, in this connection we cannot but express our appreciation of the services of our pastor, Father Lennon, who, with his assistants from time to time, has always been indefatigable in promoting our spiritual welfare, and we trust that he may long remain with us.

In conclusion we bespeak for St. Basil's a warm place in the affections of Your Lordship, and we trust that you will find in our parish a warm and hearty welcome. We are happy to convey to Your Lordship the assurance that the parish of St. Basil's is in a highly flourishing condition in every respect, and we are confident that we may be pardoned if we are justly proud of it. Our schools, both day and night, are prospering, and while our spiritual wants are carefully attended to, in this connection we cannot but express our appreciation of the services of our pastor, Father Lennon, who, with his assistants from time to time, has always been indefatigable in promoting our spiritual welfare, and we trust that he may long remain with us.

It is in reply to the Bishop said in substance: "I assure you that I cannot find words to express my thanks for the kind expressions contained in the address. I thank you for recognizing in me an appointment made by the Holy Father. I had no thought of receiving the high honor placed upon me, and I accepted it in obedience to the call of the Vicar of Jesus Christ, notwithstanding a deep sense of my own unworthiness and of the responsibility of the office. I put my trust in God and in the good will of the clergy, and I wish you all to pray for me so that I shall be given wisdom, light and strength to do my duty faithfully and fearlessly. I have many happy reminiscences in connection with Brantford. I celebrated my first High Mass in the old Brantford church a few weeks after I had been ordained. Father Carrigan was an old friend of mine. I have been honored and preached here, and often requested to do so. And here let me say that you must remember all the priests who have worked for you. Fathers Carrigan, Bardou and Lennon, have all done their share, and it is only proper that the people should hold them in fond remembrance and sincere regard."

It will perhaps be news to you, but it was long the wish of Bishop Connon that I should be pastor of the Brantford church. I loved my first love, Paris, too much though, and as you all know love is blind. I asked as a favor to be allowed to remain in my little parish, and I suggested that Father Peter Lennon be appointed in its stead. Why not I nominate him? Because I recognized that there was special work to be done here requiring special energy. I knew that he had the energy and the zeal to grapple with financial difficulties, and I so presented matters to Bishop Connon. My first act as Administrator when elected was to call on you to realize that all I was appointed bishop I wrote to the Pope and told him that it would be easy for me to control strange priests but not former conferees; but he wrote back and told me to accept the position in the name of God. I have entered upon my work at the command of the Vicar of Jesus Christ. I will uphold all those who work in co-operation with me, but if any priest of my diocese opposes me this right hand will oppose him. If any one refuses to obey me, I shall assert my authority, and see that he submits. I intend to rule by love, but if love does not avail I know my duty. I ask you all in the name of God as good Catholics to remain true to yourselves and to your Church, and to realize that all I say is spoken through zeal and love for the Church. A vast portion of your revenue goes into the pockets of the mortgagees, and this is not right. Leave harmony at all times and work unitedly together to remove this reproach. I recommend myself to you in prayer, and I now invoke the blessing of God on yourselves and families.

Rev. Father Lennon then read the announcements of the day, and then said he was glad to see so many children and parents present. The words uttered by the Bishop were the first words of encouragement he had received during his nine years' residence in Brantford. God sparing them, they would be able to carry out the wishes of His Lordship, and to wipe off their debt, and he would remind them that it was because of the debt that he had been sent there. He was determined to work steadily with this end in view when the church could be consecrated to the service of Almighty God, as it should be. After the reading of the gospel the Bishop addressed the congregation. He stated that he was sorry if he had said anything to offend in his former remarks, but they must remember that Christ was never angry but once, and that was in connection with the dishonoring of the Temple. He must congratulate Father Lennon upon the good feeling existing in the congregation, and here he wished to say that if any member had a grievance it was his duty to come forward and tell his Bishop. They should not write anonymous letters, but declare themselves openly to him. He must congratulate them upon the possession of their beautiful altar, which has been given by an old Paris parishioner, the late M. J. H. They might rest assured that all such acts would receive their due reward. The debt on their church had been reduced since 1887 from \$12,000 to \$11,500, at 6 per cent, including that on the convent, and this should be reduced at least \$1,000 more by the beginning of the year. His Lordship then read a number of provisions, which he had drawn up, to be put into effect:

That all church revenue, exclusive of the salary to be fixed for the priest by the bishop and council, shall be applied to the debt.

That all monies be deposited by the priest in trust for the diocese.

That no new debt be contracted or repairs be inaugurated to a greater amount than \$100, unless by consent of the Bishop.

That the principal be reduced by at least \$1,000 a year and as much more as the priest can manage.

That special collections, lectures, concerts, etc., be inaugurated to raise funds to this end.

That on and after January 1st Brantford form a portion of the parish of Brantford and that Mass be celebrated in the hall in the village at least once every six weeks.

That Catholics refusing to support the Separate schools be deprived of the sacraments and religious privileges. ("I hope that there is not one," said the Bishop, turning to Father Lennon, "One, Your Lordship," replied the Father. The Bishop—"Turn God help him.")

That all members of the congregation pay their dues at Christmas and Easter.

That all marriages and funerals be held in the forenoon, so that Mass could be properly celebrated, and that, unless absolutely necessary, no funerals take place on Sunday. Sunday funerals interrupted the activities of the priest. He interrupted that unnecessary display would be abolished; that there would be no such nonsense as livery carriages.

That all men and women holding property make their wills. First, let them look after the interests of their children, and then donate something for Canada work, either to the orphanage, for the education of a boy to the priest-hood, or in some other way pointed out by the pastor.

That all parents make it a rule to hold family prayer. That they should be home rulers by thus ruling their homes, and that the children be taught to sanctify their souls.

That a financial statement be read each year of the condition of the church. Brantford requires a new church, a new

school, and a new house for the pastor, and they must push forward to attain these things.

At 3 o'clock in the afternoon Bishop Dowling attended in St. Basil's church to receive addresses from the ladies of the sodality, the St. Vincent de Paul Society, the C. M. B. A. and the Literary Society—all expressive of the warmest attachment to their distinguished prelate. We regret very much that the crowded state of our columns this week prevents our inserting the addresses in full.

His Lordship said he felt highly honored by the number of flattering addresses which had just been presented to him. Though many virtues had been ascribed to him he felt that he possessed many of them in a most imperfect degree. He exhorted the members of the sodality to cultivate the higher manhood, to join themselves wholly to God, thus getting into the highest society possible, and to then seek to live happily and pleasantly in the Church and with one another. These Catholic societies were ennobling, and few members of any of them would be found in want or unsuccessful. He said the Catholic Church was the reformer of the world; and such societies as these were a power for good, at the same time filling the places of oath-bound secret societies, and preventing young Catholics from even thinking of uniting with any of those degrading institutions. "Maintain your principles," said he; "study to do good, encourage one another, increase your membership and edify your neighbors." He then invoked a bishop's blessing upon them and the meeting closed.

THAT MAGNIFICENT ART GALLERY IN WINDSOR, ONT.

The following is the unbiased judgment passed on the Windsor Art Gallery by the art critic of the *Detroit Free Press* in its issue of last Sunday. It speaks for itself, and shows what a treat those who are loosing who will not avail themselves, before the end of this month, of the opportunity of seeing the best exhibition of works of art ever presented to the public in this country.

"Those art students and connoisseurs who are so deeply interested in art matters in general and in 'old masters' in particular, will do well to come to a realization some time this month that there is a chance of enlarging their art education now offered at Windsor, and that the opportunity will not exist next month, as the exhibition closes the last of November. Dean Wagner, assisted by the ladies of his parish and encouraged and aided by the business men of Windsor, Walkerville and Sandwich, has arranged an interesting, and by no means small, industrial and art exposition. All moneys received will be applied to the fund in aid of the hospital to be erected in Windsor. The art exhibition in question consists of about one hundred and fifty paintings, one hundred of the number being examples of Italian and Dutch schools of painting from the fifteenth to the eighteenth centuries. Good drawing in the modern sense is not claimed for the works of a majority of the old masters, the religious sentiment and the color values constituting the chief merits outside of whatever chronological value they may have. Looked at from this point of view, the collection which has been made and is now on exhibition by Dean Wagner, is really fine. The question of authenticity it is useless to discuss because it is an absolute impossibility (except on a basis of catalogue genealogies and commercial values susceptible to the influences of human weaknesses) to announce and prove that the attributions claimed are not true. It is enough to know, that by comparisons with many 'old masters' exhibited in Detroit, they are good enough both in topic and technique, to be all that is claimed. Of the one hundred ancient pictures half of them are copies, and as a rule they are excellent. The other half are by Hans Memling, Albert Durer, Vanloo, Van Rye, Peter Bammel, John Van Kessel, John Van Achen, Thos. Baskett, Fra. Bartolomeo, Pietro Bassano, Nicholas Poussin and others of equal fame. The title 'Adoration of the Wise Men' by Van Achen, two marble pieces by Vertuca Achilla, a Greek landscape by Poussin, a sketch of 'Venus and the Cyclops' by Palma, Jr., are such admirable examples well worth study."

THE RECTOR HOMO.
All persons who have received tickets on this magnificent oil painting are kindly requested to make their return before the end of the month to Rev. Dean Wagner, Windsor, Ont.

There will probably be cheap excursions from London and St. Thomas before the end of the month, in which case it would be well worth while to pay Windsor a visit for the purpose of seeing this unique exhibition.

A very successful mission was conducted in St. Peter's Cathedral of Peterborough during the week ending 5th inst., under the direction of the Rector, Mr. Father. On Sunday night, at the close of the mission, every space in the Cathedral was filled, many seats being placed in the aisles. Father Wisel delivered an excellent instruction on the necessity of observing our baptismal vows. He thanked the people of St. Peter's for their regular attendance. He thanked the Protestants who had attended the services and hoped they had been benefitted, and expressed his joy at the good results which followed the week's labor.

That all parents make it a rule to hold family prayer. That they should be home rulers by thus ruling their homes, and that the children be taught to sanctify their souls.

That a financial statement be read each year of the condition of the church. Brantford requires a new church, a new

The average cost of Catholic Indian pupils in the contract school is \$17.00. The average cost of pupils in the government schools is \$30.15.

Twilight.

When I was young the twilight seemed too long. How of old on the western window seat I leaned my head against the misty pane...

KNOCKNAGOW

OR THE HOMES OF TIPPERARY. BY CHARLES J. KICKHAM.

CHAPTER LXIII.

SAD NEWS FROM BALLINACLAISH.

Another year has elapsed, and Grace has never once visited the old cottage. She shrinks from it now, as she shrinks from Nora Luby's pale face.

now heard her husband's name read from the altar, and with a wild shriek of agony fell down, and was borne senseless out of the chapel.

"Long, long be my heart with such memories filled. I take my walk nearly every evening. Great news of Tommy Luby! His uncle, who is very rich, has adopted him.

turned Dr. Kieley. "Will you have some refreshment?" "No, thank you. I had something at the hotel. And I have no time to lose," he added, looking at his watch.

"Well, I hope you will succeed in the object of your journey. If not, don't forget to let me know. Good night." As Hugh Kearney sat upon the top of the mail coach, regardless of the cold rain dashing into his face, he could wish that the night and his journey were a year long.

mamma heard the balliff shouting, and saw what had happened, she fell down in a fit, and we feared for some time she was dying. But, thank God, it is not so bad, and if I saw any hope of her being recovered I'd be happy."

"It was very good of you to come to us, Grace, said she. "No one can cheer my father." "Ah, I ought to have come long ago," Grace replied with a sigh.

CHAPTER LXIII.

EJECTED—THE BALIFFS IN THE OLD COTTAGE—BILLY HEFFERNAN PLAYS 'OULD LANG SYNE' AGAIN, AND THE OLD LINNET SINGS IN THE MOONLIGHT.

Hugh Kearney is in Australia, toiling to make money. He is resolved to pay the debt due to his uncle, and that for which his generous friend, Dr. Kieley, is responsible. He is determined, too, to have a home for his father and mother and sisters, if they should require it.

"Oh, very well," returned Mary, "I'll go for it." She walked quickly back to the house, in better spirits than she had known for a long time. She thanked God that her mother was so much stronger than ever she hoped to see her again.

"If she knew that we must go, and could be reconciled to it, I'd feel quite happy," she thought, as she pushed against the hall door, which had left unwatched when coming out. But the door was fastened, and she knocked loudly, as the old housekeeper's ears were not of the sharpest, and there was no one else in the house.

TO BE CONTINUED.

THE PURSUIT OF PLEASURE.

Most men waste their lives in the pursuit of a worldly pleasure—which, after all, is a mere will-o'-the-wisp, ending in disappointment. It is only the few that find pleasure where only it can be found—namely, in a good conscience, as the result of squaring our every action by what we have good reason to regard as the Divine will.

RELIGION NECESSARY.

Religion is a necessary and indispensable element in any great human character. There is no living without it. Religion is the tie that connects man with his Creator and him to his throne.

What is a Day's Labor?

One day's work for a healthy laborer is to secrete three and a half pounds of bile. If the bile secretion be deficient, constipation ensues; if profuse, biliousness and jaundice arise. Burdock Blood Bitters is the most perfect liver regulator known in medicine for preventing and curing all liver troubles.

Milnard's Liniment cures Diptemper.

Danger, perhaps Death, lurks in a neglected cold in the head. Why run any risk when Nasal Balm will instantly relieve and thoroughly cure you. NEVER ALLOW the bowels to remain constipated lest serious evil ensue. Nasal Balm is unsurpassed as a remedy for constipation.

Cont of Frieze.

In compliance with requests of persons anxious to memorize, or perhaps to see the water-frieze, a few lines of the "Cont of Frieze" will be given. It was written about thirty years ago in Toronto, where the author was then a student at the University of Toronto. It is a very interesting and valuable work, and is now being reprinted for the first time.

Air-Follow Me Down to Carlton.

WELCOME! Out welcome, my coat of arms, Long, long, I shall be with thee; More welcome by far than a golden prize Is my Frieze of Tipperary.

My Canadian friends, when the Autumn comes,

My Canadian friends, when the Autumn comes, My purchase fare from Hudson's Bay And Scotchman bold, in the strong coat, Draw close their plaids of Buck and Grey.

When my Frieze I don, oh what the sound

Of home and smiling faces rare, Of sweet men, over moor and glen, Or when the thousands met at Grand Junction, To see the Frieze of Tipperary.

McGee! won't part with what I love best

For all the money that I could get, But I far more prize my Frieze of Tipperary, Than the crown of King of the Britons, Or when the thousands met at Grand Junction, To see the Frieze of Tipperary.

THE LAST STRIKE AT OPI.

BY CHARLES HOWARD SHINN.

Opih is the most prosperous mining camp on the western slope of the Sierra Nevada. It is situated in a beautiful valley, and is surrounded by high mountains. The population is about 1000, and the mines are producing a large amount of gold.

What are you looking at, young fellow? said the captain of the company, "don't you stake out a claim?" "All taken," said Wash, slowly. "Go up on the top of the hill by the creek, and stake out a claim there. More there than here."

Wash borrowed a pick and went to place indicated, and in an hour developed the most famous mine in the district was a curious pocket-mine in a broken formation; and though ever rushed to the place and staked out the whole hillside, no other claim ever took ten times as much as the "Blue Jewel."

Wash was a tall, good humored, Missourian, lean, light-haired and much of a good fellow. He had no ambition, and the accident by which he came into his claim was the only one he had ever had. He was a case of "fool luck."

It happened this way: The camp was a placer camp, and all the "claim" along the stream or on the flat were in the name of Wash, a tall, good humored, Missourian, lean, light-haired and much of a good fellow.

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Coat of Frieze.

In compliance with requests of several anxious to memorize, and perhaps also to write the winter-frieze, a few Irish legends, we commence this week with the "Coat of Frieze." It was written about thirty years ago in Toronto, where the author was one day astonished as well as delighted by the presence of a man who had just arrived from the old land, bearing with him a present a brand new coat of frieze.

Air—Follow Me Down to Carton. Welcome, Oh! welcome, my coat of frieze, Long live I salute you, when I see you; More welcome by far than a golden prize In my frieze of Tipperary.

Over the hills, follow, where sea monsters roam, A loving friend hath borne thee. In Glencolumbrave mead and true From snow-white laurels have shorn thee; Ould Nansen's town hath napp'd thy down And kindred hands did weave thee; Now thro' my mantle up and down In pride I march beneath thee.

My Canadian friends, when the Autumn ends, May purchase furs from Hudson's Bay, And Scotchmen bold, in the blizzards cold, Draw close their plaids of blue and grey; 'Mid the howling blast, when the snow falls fast, How chill their looks and dreary, While snug and warm in brave the storm In frieze of Tipperary.

When my frieze I don, oh what thoughts come on Of home and smiling faces rare, Of stalwart men, o'er moor and glen, To a path of crowding or to a fair, Or when the Irishman's mood is strange To avenge the wrongs of Erie; And millions cheer'd when Dan appeared In frieze of Tipperary.

McGeel won't part with what loves his heart For all the dimes of the season land; But far more prize my Irish frieze In this cold and dreary foreign land. Without storm or strife it cheers my life While whispering to me tales of old Erie; It may seem strange but I'll never change My frieze of Tipperary.

"Grange, famous for a monster meeting held by Daniel O'Connell in 1812, at which he boasted of wearing on his person no goods but those of Irish manufacture, and sported a huge frieze coat with a profusion of repeat buttons. "An allusion to T. Darcy McGeel's ballad, "Would Not Give My Irish Wife for all the Dimes of Season Land." W. F.

THE LAST STRIKE AT OPHIR.

BY CHARLES HOWARD SHINN.

Ophir was the most prosperous mining camp on the western slope of the Sierra, and Wash Bonner was the most prosperous miner it contained. His claim, the "Blue Junata," was paying enormously, and Wash had become very popular; for he gave away his money as fast as he made it. Wash was a tall good humoured Misourian, lean, light-haired and sleepy. No one gave him credit for much energy or ambition, and the accident by which he had stumbled upon his claim when the camp was first settled was told far and wide as a case of "fool luck."

It happened this way: The camp began as a placer camp, and all the "claims" along the stream or on the flat were taken up, when Wash, a tall green horn of a new-comer, drilled in without a dollar to his name, and stood watching the saloon company of runaways from ships in San Francisco Bay, as they took out their "ounce to the man" from the best washings in the camp.

"What are you lookin' at, young fellow, said the captain of the company, "Why don't you stake out a claim?" "All taken," said Wash, slowly.

"Go up on the top of the hill by them oaks," said the man thinking at his comrades. "More than that here?" Wash borrowed a pick and went to the place indicated, and in an hour developed the most famous mine in the district. It was a curious pocket-mine in a loose broken formation; and though every one rushed to the place and staked out the whole hillside, no other claim ever paid a tenth part as much as the "Blue Junata."

In the course of time, as the region became settled upon, men and families came in, Wash fell in love with the pretty daughter of a farmer in the Sacramento Valley. He reviewed the past, a hundred thousand dollars had come out of his mine, and he had nothing left to show for it. He resolved that if the girl would have him he would never waste another cent. He went to the claim, worked all day, struck a "pocket" and took out more than a thousand dollars, the largest yield of a single day in the history of the mine. Then he quit work and went to the town, "spiced himself up," drove down into the valley, called on the girl, proposed and was accepted.

"Jennie," said Wash, "you've got to take me, if you want me, just as if I hadn't any mine, and wasn't worth a playman." "I do," said Jennie; "it's you I care for, Wash."

A month later they were married, and began housekeeping in a little house of white pine, built near the mine. Then Wash began the regular development of his claim.

For six months he kept up course though not a dollar had come from it in all that time. "They lived on what was left of the thousand dollars after the wedding expenses were taken out. Then one day, Wash said: "Jennie, the boys think the old mine is played out; but I don't. I'll never give it up while I live, I'll find a bigger pocket in that mountain-side than any man ever struck in California."

He climbed the hill and began work on a tunnel which should strike the broken gold bearing ledges at a lower point than he had yet reached. Months more passed over the heads of the miner and his wife. One after another their friends deserted them; their credit gave out, and they lived on game, fish and berries, so that the little money they had could be spent for blasting powder. Every morning at day-break Wash, gaunt and silent, went to his work; every night at dark he stumbled home to his cabin.

"Jennie, I know there is gold there. We will find it soon. I never before worked a month in the old mine without taking out something. This dead-lock has lasted more than a year. It can't last always. I will find the lead again, and then we will let the rest go and buy a farm in the valley where we can forget about this fight."

She believed every word; for she was a loving, loyal woman, and she knew that this great, awkward Misourian was a man among thousands. The very boys in town hooted after him and called him

crazy; but she knew better. Her family had once urged her to leave him and come home, but they never ventured to suggest it again. Old miners passing by looked at the shabby man and there was no gold left. Men who had thousands of dollars from her husband, and owed their entire fortunes to him, at last refused to give him credit for a sack of flour or a side of bacon.

"You stick to the mine, Wash; I'll stick to you," was all that Jennie said. She never told her husband that she had gone to her brother, who was rich, and asked him for a little money to carry them through the winter. "Not for that spend-thrift Misourian to waste, was his answer." "He can clock in my store if he will give up this foolshness."

Somehow the camp was down on Wash. He had given away loads of money, but always after a fashion of his own. When old D. C. Selby was knocked out by the leading saloon-keeper, and nearly died in the snow, Wash took him up, learned his history, and sent enough of money to his family East to educate his children. That was well enough, but he told the saloon-keeper that he ought to be hung; and in the present crisis the old fellow was not idle in advising people to let that fool Misourian alone.

Wash's hair grew gray and thin, he stopped lower and lower. Deep lines were graven in his face, and his eyes became fierce and terrible. Men met him in the gulches trapping game, or down in the stream with his fish nets and passed him by without a word. Prospectors, climbing over the hills, heard the sound of his pick while he toiled in his tunnel, and laughed him to scorn. Because he found a few pockets, he is boasting right into the granite. Crazy as a loon, and his wife as bad. Her relations have done everything to help them—offered him a farm and the best kind of show down in the valley."

It was an afternoon of October. The saloon-keeper sat on the bench by his door reading a newspaper. He heard a noise at the head of the street; the village boys were shouting, "Here comes the crazy Misourian miner!" Wash, ragged and miserable, came into sight, and for a moment's hesitation, spoke to him: "Evening, Mr. Sloan."

"I can't do anything for you." "Mr. Sloan, listen to me. I hadn't a cent in the world. We've sold all our goods and worked in the mine together this month. Jennie's held the drill while I drove it. I can't get a pound of powder, but the holes are all set in the face, ready. Something tells me that this time it will touch gold. I can feel it just ahead. I've felt it all along, but now it's right there with reach of one more blast. I tell you, Sloan, I know it's there."

"You're crazy, Wash." "Sloan, you've got money. Give me one keg of powder, and I'll make you a rich man. I'll give you half if we take out. You don't know how I've worked this year. I've hammered from daylight to dawn, gone hungry and slept cold, and fell down in a dead faint time and time over. Put your hand here!" He seized the saloon-keeper's hand and held it to his breast. The man felt Wash's heart away several inches, as if it had got loose from its place, and its wild loud throbbing was like the beating of a mighty engine. "That," said Wash, "you see I ain't for long. That mine's for my wife. She stayed with it and with me. I ought to have dropped it and put my pride down long ago, but it was too late. Sloan, will you let me have the powder?"

"No." Wash looked at his old enemy and turned away. He had already tried others, the store-keeper, the hotel owner and every miner he could find. They thought it was foolishness and worse. There had been many things said about that crazy Wash who married a young woman and made her work like a slave in his worthless claim, and some of them were flung out at him that afternoon.

"I tell you, Wash," said one, "the insane asylum's the place for you, and the boys will have to get you there and send your wife home." So far astray does the judgment of men and communities sometimes wander! No one in all the camp understood the proud unyielding soul that had settled itself to wrestle with Nature and her secret.

The afternoon wore on into night, and night into morning, and morning, noon and afternoon built up another day. Wash did not come back. Some boys climbed the hill and went into the tunnel. There lay Wash dead, at the further end of the drift, his pick in his hand. He had gone back to break his own way into the treasure house, but his heart had burst in the midst of a giant stroke, and he had fallen across his own weapon. There his wife had found him, and she too, weak and sick and heart-broken, lay in a faint over his body.

Ophir Camp woke with a start to some dim sense of its crime. Tender hands carried Wash and his wife out of the tunnel, and did all that could be done for the poor woman.

A dozen men went back into the tunnel from which they had taken the dead man, and looked at the place where his last faltering shock had glanced on the flinty rock.

"Boys," said one, "I'll never forget that I told Wash that he couldn't have any more powder, not if he did in his tunnel. We'll set off them blast holes just as he wanted, and then we'll bury him in here where he dropped."

There was plenty of blasting powder now to be had for the asking, and in a few minutes more the face of the drift was ready for the blast, the fires set and lighted, word had got around the camp, and every man was gathered at the mouth of the tunnel. A few women were in the old cabin caring for the dying wife. A long silence followed the lighting of the shock, and suddenly the dull noise of the shock and the heavier masses of rock than usual startled the miners outside.

They ran into the tunnel with their lights. The blast had opened a wide path into an irregular cavern gleaming with gold. Above, below and on all sides was the shining precious metal. That last blast, for which Wash had struggled so bravely, had revealed a fortune. The excited miners rushed out again with a wild shout. A woman met them with a flushed and frightened face.

"How can you make such a noise?" she said. "The poor thing's gone, crying like a baby for her dead man." The miners drew close together,

ashamed and profoundly affected. After a little a few of them went back to the tunnel, and secured Wash's sick axe, which had been leaning against the wall. "We can't bury him here, now," said one; "the mine will be worked again. They must lie on the hillside, where all his old friends of twenty years ago are laid."

Meanwhile they are talking in low tones, when suddenly a miner, who had been looking at Wash's carving pickaxe which hardly another man in camp could have handled, gave a cry of surprise. In a little flaw in the welding of steel to iron a few inches from the point, was a fluke of wire gold, broken off and caught there by the last stroke of the man with it, both slaking at the foot of the wall of rock.

"El only Wash could have seen that before he died, 'twould have made him happy," said one of the miners. "He knew pocket-mining better than any man in the mountains. That's pocket gold; he could have had a thousand dollars on that bit of yellow wire. Wash made his strike himself without anybody's powder; but he died before he knewed it."

"What makes you say so, Jim?" queried a second miner. "Because I helped to pick him up. He just had both hands gripping his pickaxe handle, and the point of it was wedged in the rock. He lay just as he fell, going down with the stroke, as if he felt his heart giving way, and then he snatched and pick into that last blow. 'Twas an awful stroke he made. I never saw rock so split by mortal man before."

Wash had no relatives. His wife's brother came up and took possession of the claim which the miners had protected against all intruders. In a few weeks it became generally understood in the region that the wealth of the "Blue Junata" and greatest pocket" was estimated by conservative miners at a quarter of a million. It was managed with consummate skill, and one of the finest blocks of buildings in San Francisco was erected by the shrewd, selfish man of affairs who had refused to help "that crazy Misourian brother-in-law" of his. The hidden gold of the "Blue Junata pocket" went abroad in the world, blessing or cursing, according to the nature of the men who held it; the miner and his wife lay in the red hillside soil, under the pines, with the sound of the river, their struggles past.

But from the day that Wash fell dead in his tunnel, a light seemed to fall on the hillside of Ophir. Mine after mine gave out; miners after miners moved away. A land side swept off the cabin, which Wash had lived, and though, as I have said, the "Blue Junata" yielded all that was expected, and even more, and founded one of the great Pacific Coast fortunes, none of its treasures brought happiness to those who worked it. To-day the camp is deserted, and its very name a memory.

The broken claims rest on the hillside, and the grizzly sleeps in the ancient tunnel where the Misourian sank dead in his last wrestle with fate. This is the true story of the last strike at Ophir.—The Independent.

A LEVEL HEAD.

THE ADVANTAGE OF PRESENCE OF MIND IN AN EMERGENCY. During the late strike on the New York Central Railroad, the militia were ordered to be in readiness in case of a riot, but they were not called out. In an interview, Gov. Hill said the troops were not to be called upon except in case of an emergency. The emergency had not arisen, therefore they would not be ordered out. He remarked that this was the first great strike with which he had experience, and he did not propose to lose his head; the only point at which there had been serious trouble was at Syracuse, and there a deputy-sheriff had lost his head and precipitated an encounter.

The strike continued several weeks and there was no reason to see a peaceful end along the road, but the civil authorities were able to cope with it without calling on the militia. The test of a man's real ability comes when an emergency arises which makes a hasty call on his good judgment and discretion. The man who retains his presence of mind, maintains his equanimity and exercises sound discretion at such critical junctures, is to be relied on and will be put to the front.

Men with level heads have the staying qualities which do not falter in the face of disaster. Ots A. Cole, of Kinsman, O., June 10, 1890, writes: "In the fall of 1888 I was feeling very ill. I consulted a doctor and he said I had Bright's disease of the kidneys and that he would not stand in my shoes for the State of Ohio. But he did not lose courage or give up; he says: 'I saw the testimonial of Mr. John Coleman, 100 Gregory St., New Haven, Conn., and I wrote to him. In due time I received an answer, stating that the testimonial that he gave was genuine and not overdrawn in any particular. I took a good many bottles of Warner's Safe Cure; have not taken any for one year.'"

Gov. Hill is accounted a very successful man; he is cool and calculating and belongs to the class that do not lose their heads when emergencies arise.

The People's Mistake. People make a sad mistake often with serious results when they neglect a constipated condition of the bowels. Knowing that Burdock Blood Bitters is an effective cure at any stage of constipation, does not warrant us in neglecting to use it at the right time. Use it now.

COLIC AND KIDNEY DIFFICULTY.—Mr. J. W. Wilder, J. P., Lafargeville, N. Y., writes: "I am subject to severe attacks of Colic and Kidney. Difficultly, and find Parmedick's Pills afford me great relief, while all other remedies have failed. They are the best medicine I have ever used." In fact so great is the power of this medicine to cleanse and purify, that diseases of almost every name and nature are driven from the body.

Imperial Federation Will present an opportunity to extend the frame of Dr. Fowler's Extract and Wild Strawberry, the unfailing remedy for cholera, cholera morbus, colic, cramps, diarrhoea, dysentery, and all summer complaints, to every part of the Empire. Wild Strawberry never fails.

Minard's Liniment is used by Physicians. People make a sad mistake often with serious results when they neglect a constipated condition of the bowels. Knowing that Burdock Blood Bitters is an effective cure at any stage of constipation, does not warrant us in neglecting to use it at the right time. Use it now.

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Furnished in the best style and at prices low enough to bring it within the reach of all.

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Dr. Morse's Indian Root Pills.

They are the Remedy that the bounteous hand of nature has provided for all diseases arising from Impure Blood.

MORSE'S PILLS are a sure cure for BILIOUSNESS, HEADACHE, INDIGESTION, NERVOUS COMPLAINT, DYSPEPSIA, ETC., ETC.

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For Public Purposes, such as Educational Establishment and Large Hall for St. John Baptist Society of Montreal.

MONTHLY DRAWINGS FOR THE YEAR 1890 (FROM THE MONTH OF JULY) July 9, August 13, September 10, October 8, November 12, December 10.

Table with columns: LIST OF PRIZES, WORTH, CAPITAL PRIZE, TICKET, II TICKETS FOR \$10.00, 333 Prizes worth \$52,740.00, S. E. LEFEBVRE MANAGER, 18 ST. JAMES ST., MONTREAL, CANADA.

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To save Doctors Bills use Dr. Morse's Indian Root Pills. The Best Family Pill in use. FOR SALE BY ALL DEALERS.

W. H. COMSTOCK, MORRISTOWN, N. Y. BROCKVILLE, ONT.

"Earth to Earth and Dust to Dust."

BY GEORGE CROLY.
"Earth to earth and dust to dust,"
From the earth and the dust,
Here the youthful and the old,

Age on age shall roll along
Over this pale and mighty throng;
Those that wept them, those that weep,

But a day is coming fast;
Earth, thy millions and thy last;
I shall come in fear and wonder,

Then shall come the judgment,
In the East the King shall shine,

Then shall, gorgeous as a gem,
Shine thy mount, Jerusalem;

Then shall, in the desert rise,
Fruit of more than Paradise,

Then shall, in the desert rise,
Fruit of more than Paradise,

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Then shall, in the desert rise,
Fruit of more than Paradise,

and die a good death. That eternal word
promise, as it faintly just as certainly,

Remember that we lose little by little
the graces of God by persevering in de-

He who is mortal sin should there-
fore rise from it immediately by using the

But a day is coming fast;
Earth, thy millions and thy last;

Then shall, in the desert rise,
Fruit of more than Paradise,

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Then shall, in the desert rise,
Fruit of more than Paradise,

liquor; brewers, distillers and publicans
should not be ruffled in their temper.

Besides, he who still will be called, even
by good and pious men, a fanatic and a

But a day is coming fast;
Earth, thy millions and thy last;

Then shall, in the desert rise,
Fruit of more than Paradise,

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Then shall, in the desert rise,
Fruit of more than Paradise,

Then shall, in the desert rise,
Fruit of more than Paradise,

all other difficulties we can easily cope,
and cope successfully. Intemperance,

But a day is coming fast;
Earth, thy millions and thy last;

Then shall, in the desert rise,
Fruit of more than Paradise,

Then shall, in the desert rise,
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walk before them in the practice of vir-
tue. Let pastors, therefore, do their best

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A name to conjure by! Be it in this
year of grace, 1890, that of Theobald
Matthew. The tenth day of the October

Theobald Matthew was born on the
10th day of October, 1790, near the
ancient capital of Tipperary, in sainted

Do we believe this? We do indeed
believe it, and without a single doubt.
We rejoice, exult and glory in this faith.

Now, what do we hope for? What do
we see? We hope for and we see in a
dark manner things that are eternal,

What constitutes the strength of our
faith? Its own virtue and the knowledge
we have that the God who gives it is so

But stop here a moment, dear brethren!
Call now to mind the certainty of God's
word. That word is not half understood

That Father Mathew was not mistaken
in his estimate of the efficiency of total
abstinence in the eradication of the

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