

# The Catholic Record.

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

VOLUME 11.

LONDON, ONTARIO, SATURDAY DECEMBER 8, 1888.

No. 529

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## Catholic Record.

London, Saturday, Dec. 8, 1888.

### EDITORIAL NOTES.

His Lordship the Bishop of London intends giving Confirmation in the following places on the dates named: On Saturday, 8th, feast of the Immaculate Conception, at Mitchell; on Sunday, 9th, Inishtown; on Tuesday, 11th, at Seaford; and on Wednesday, 12th, at Goderich.

The death of Sister Marie T. Guyon, of the Gray nuns, Montreal, is announced. At the time of her death she was seventy-nine years of age. She was one of the founders of the Hotel Dieu of St. Hyacinth.

The following clerical changes have been made in the diocese of Kingston: Father Brennan goes from Picton to Brewer's Mills, Father Desaulniers from Brewer's Mills to Cornwall, Father Kelly from Cornwall to Kingston.

SWINTON'S Outlines of History have been rejected from the schools of Troy, N. Y., the School Board declaring that it is not fit to be put into the hands of children, and the Rev. Dr. Doryea states that enlightened public opinion in Boston sustains the Boston School Board in its rejection from the schools of Boston.

It is stated that Henry Arthur Blake, whose appointment as Governor of Queensland excited so much opposition, resulting in the cancelling of that appointment, will be appointed Governor of Mauritius. It is considered certain that the chief cause of the opposition to him in Queensland has been that he was on principle a Concorionist and in fact a rank rejected Irish landlord. The Government disregard Irish opinion in Ireland, but they cannot afford to do so in the United States or Queensland.

The London Standard, while regretting that Lord Churchill differs from it in regard to the Sackville West incident, still thinks that England should not submit to the snubbing which she has received from President Cleveland. It says: "A knuckling down policy is not the best nor the wisest policy in the face of such notorious and repeated acts of unfriendly lines as we have recently experienced at the hands of the United States Government." To all of which Brother Jonathan will probably reply: "Well cousin, what are you going to do about it?"

The Denver (Col.) Catholic says: "Anarchy is a pestiferous fungus; stamped under foot it is resolved into dust. But upon occasion it shows a feverish vitality which stimulates life. Thus we learn that Chicago has 'Anarchy Sunday Schools,' in which the Anarchist would teach his offspring his nefarious doctrines. What a patient government it must be that suffers the serpent's egg to be hatched!" Would it not be a good plan were the American government to bundle these fellows off, bag and baggage, on board ship, and dump them down in the monarchical-ridden countries that gave them birth.

At the recent Conference of the Catholic Truth Society in London, England, the chairman said that the Catholic press was the most powerful ally of Catholic truth. He was proud, he said, of the Catholic journals of England and America. It was a just and appreciative opinion. But it may be said that the speaker would have greater reason to be proud of the Catholic press if it received anything like proper support from the people. It takes money to make newspapers; this, in practice, seems to be forgotten by many.

The greatest hardship, however, results from the action of subscribers who keep on postponing from year to year the settlement of their indebtedness to the publishers of Catholic papers. We hope those who are indebted for the CATHOLIC RECORD will kindly remember their obligations in this regard before the new year dawns upon them. A clean record with the printer is one of the ways of commencing a new year well.

LORD SALISBURY, in a speech at Edinburgh on the 29th ult., returned thanks for a resolution of confidence in the Government, and said that "he believed Scotland was beginning to realize the dangers of Gladstonism, and was becoming 'Unionist.'" He also declared himself in favor of woman suffrage, and said "he hoped the day was not far distant when women would be allowed to vote." Referring to the arrears of rent question, Lord Salisbury contended that there could not be a greater mistake than to compare the position of the Scotch crofters with that of the Irish tenants. The latter, he said, "obtained assistance and privileges which were unknown in any other country." In the face of the evictions to which whole townlands are subjected in Ireland, any one can see that His Lordship is guilty of baseless misrepresentation. The cruelty which resulted in the death of James Dunne, and which is only one of innumerable instances which are constantly occurring in Ireland, would meet with judgment condemnation from the voice of public opinion if it occurred in Scotland.

## ST. JOSEPH'S ORPHAN ASYLUM.

We would once more draw the attention of our numerous readers to the very great need which exists for extending a helping hand to the noble institution of charity carried on by the Sisters of St. Joseph in this city. Over a hundred little orphans in many aged people are now provided for within its walls. Pressing, indeed, are the needs of the good Sisters, and we know of no more meritorious work to which the charitably-disposed might contribute their means. Those who have received books of tickets for the bazaar to be held next month in this city, in aid of the work alluded to, will please make returns as soon as possible.

The Bazaar will commence in the City Hall, London, on 12th and end on 22nd December. The Prize Drawing will take place on the date mentioned on the tickets.

## EDITORIAL CORRESPONDENCE OF THE CATHOLIC RECORD.

### ANOTHER OVATION TO DETROIT'S NEW BISHOP.

We gave last week a full account of the grand reception which the people of Detroit, Catholic and Protestant, accorded to the Right Rev. John Foley, D. D., the new Bishop of that important diocese, on Friday, the 23rd ult. On Tuesday evening, the 27th, another brilliant ovation was held in his honor under the auspices of the Catholic Club. The light infantry army was beautifully decorated for the occasion. A large oil painting in mosaic covered the earth, and a railing encircled the reception room of the armory in order to form a passage-way along which the assembly walked to be introduced to the bishop, after which they made their exit by passing down on the other side of the room. The parlors were handsomely decorated with hothouse plants and flowers, and a large oil portrait of Pope Leo XIII., and a portrait of the new bishop, were in prominent positions. Governor Luce and Senator T. W. Palmer were introduced to the bishop and occupied places on the platform beside him.

On the entry of the bishop and the other distinguished guests an excellent orchestra, under direction of Professor Rudolf Spill, started an inspiring overture, which was followed during the evening by other selections charmingly rendered. After the overture Mr. Joseph P. Moore, President of the Catholic Club, read an address of welcome on behalf of the club. The address gave a short historical sketch of the diocese of Detroit, and concluded as follows: "Our people differ in some respects from your late parishioners, but as a rule the Catholic community in its respective spheres and classes are unsurpassed, probably, for their intelligent and practical observance of religious life."

That close pastoral intimacy to which you have been accustomed, by which, especially at St. Martin's in Baltimore, between pastor and flock, is sustained by your elevation to the hierarchy and many affecting scenes, will of necessity be changed to a more formal relationship. Nevertheless, in your more responsible episcopal functions, as you gradually come to know your spiritual children, you will find them loving, respectful and obedient. Such has ever been the characteristics of the Catholic people of this city, as well as of this diocese, toward their spiritual head.

And now, Right Reverend our Bishop, it remains for me to express, on behalf of those I have the honor to represent this evening, our profound gratitude to the holy Father for the choice he has made in our behalf.

Nor should I omit to say here, that the magnificent surroundings, the religious splendor, together with the presence of so many distinguished members of the hierarchy, and of the clergy of this country, on the occasion of your consecration in the cathedral of Baltimore, is gratefully appreciated here. It might be claimed that the great ceremony had a dual significance; that while the archbishop presided, it manifested his high esteem for his student, bishop and diocese shared the honors.

We appreciate this double honor from the cardinal and venture to say we may yet prove our gratitude. Governor Cyrus G. Luce was then introduced by Mr. Moore, and spoke substantially as follows: After referring to the death of the late Bishop Harris of the Protestant Episcopal Church, which he said was regretted by all denominations, he cordially welcomed the Right Rev. Bishop Foley to Detroit and continued, addressing him thus: "I assure you this people extends a warm welcome and cordial greeting to you, believing you will not only endeavor yourself to your own people but those of every other church." (Applause.) Protestant and Catholic alike will reach out their hands to sustain and support you in every Christian work. Your fame has preceded you here, as your merit commended you to your superior across the sea, and on behalf of the people of this city and state I bid you a hearty, fervent, sincere and honest welcome." (Continued applause.)

Senator Palmer was then requested by the president of the Club to speak, which he did as follows: "BRETHREN (Laughter and applause.)—Whether we belong to the same religion or not, we who have a common hope may fitly call one another brethren. To call upon me to speak on an occasion like this, with only about two minutes' notice is rather a delicate position in which to place one of my tender years. (Laughter and applause.) It is a very pleasant thing to me, and must be so to all right minded citizens, that in these busy, money making times men are so ready to leave their secular affairs and welcome a spiritual

The Bazaar to be held on 12th December, in aid of Mount Hope Orphan Asylum, is a great object of charity, and all who have received tickets will please make returns early.

leader. I am not much of an authority on church matters, but I know something of the sacrifices of the early pioneers of the Catholic Church in the wilderness of the Northwest. Forty years ago in an assembly of this kind, I should have known, personally nine out of every ten of the audience. My playmates were largely Catholic boys. I well remember old St. Anne's, but it never impressed me as did the Church of Father Richard, whose ashes repose near the very spot. That excellent man was an intimate friend of my grandfather."

Senator Palmer, in an eloquent manner, alluded to the past history of the great Church whose able representative they had met to welcome, and finished with the quotation from Macaulay: "The Catholic Church will survive long after a New Zealand shall sit on London bridge and sketch the ruins of St. Paul's." The Senator was greeted with prolonged applause.

Letters of regret were read from the following who were unable to attend: Cardinal Gibbons, President Angell, Rev. D. M. Cooper, ex-Gov. Alger, Bishop McNelroy, of Albany; Mayor L. A. Trobe, Baltimore; Justice Campbell, Bishop Joseph Rademacher, of Nashville; Bishop Longhlin, of Brooklyn; Congressman Windsor; Police Magistrate Bartlett, of Windsor; Rev. Jos. N. Blanchard, Rabbi Louis Grossmann and Rev. C. R. Henderson.

The Bishop was greeted with great applause on rising to speak. On the conclusion of the applause he spoke as follows: "From the remotest recesses of my heart," he said, "I thank you for this reception, to take the helm of this diocese. Obeying the will of those above me I left, not without regret, my home in the South to come among you. I come not as a conqueror. I come from one portion of our glorious Union to another, to cherish here the love of country which I did in my Maryland. I come not to make laws for my fellow citizens, but to obey the laws made by those above me. Perhaps I have a deeper affection for this country than I would have had if born in any other state than Maryland, because when the Declaration of Independence was issued there was one in that state who sacrificed his life. That man was Charles Carroll. (Applause.)

"I have come among you with a mission given me by the highest authority of the Church. My highest aim here is to fulfill that mission, not for any earthly reward, but for the reward that awaits the faithful above. Though a Bishop of the Church, I come as one of yourselves, and I cherish the confidence and affection of every citizen of Michigan. "I thank your honored governor for coming here to light to welcome the stranger. I thank Senator Palmer, whose name is a household word in my old state, for his kindly words to night in his speech, and the broad hearts of its people. Once I thought there was no place like Michigan, but I have not got beyond the friends of Maryland hospitality. My mission with me until now, said to me to night: 'Father John, its all right; we go away satisfied that we are leaving you in good hands.'"

The Catholic club is to be earnestly congratulated on the great success of their demonstration. The club was established in December, 1877, to afford the Catholics of Detroit facilities for amusement and exercise. For this purpose there is a complete gymnasium, a reading room, billiard and smoking rooms, and rooms for other interesting games. It numbers a large membership, and has done much good during the short time of its existence.

## BITS FROM UNITED IRELAND.

Yesterday America kicked out the ambassador of a Concorion Government, Lord Sackville, to day Queensland sternly and contemptuously rejected Sir H. A. Blake, otherwise Terrence McGraw, the promoted Concorion official, whom the Concorion Government attempts to foist on it as Governor. The recall of Concorion is felt in two continents; neither space nor time can conquer it. The wild sea sows in Ireland, England reaps in whitebread the wide world over. Every man that suffers in justice here means a hundred enemies to be reaped in America for the sake of the Queensland commodity, as Mr. Chamberlain explains in the Birmingham Post, a very ugly aspect. His organ rightly urges on the Government the prudence of prompt capitulation. The Concorion Government cannot deal with Ireland under the same circumstances. They are not sent Sir H. A. Blake into the Capital with an army of Pacha Plunkett to Limerick with an army of policemen and Renovables with limitless powers to quarter police huts and levy rates on the inhabitants and send any man to jail without trial who is guilty of a disrespectful sneeze.

These privileges reserved for Ireland as an integral portion of the empire. But the fire of hatred and discontent, which is crushed down with all Ireland, breaks out with all the fiercer flame in the Continent and America where it has free scope. Five years more Concorion might well out England Canada and her Australian colonies. Let us leave sentiment out of the question for the present. England is essentially a commercial country. Let us put the question on a commercial basis. Does she get value for her money? Are the Clergymen of the west of Ireland or the Dunlops, Ors, and Cheenute Smyths of the intolerant ascendancy faction in the North, such rare and precious products that it is worth England's while to lavish her money like water, to oppress the resources of the Empire, and strain the whole people for their sweat and tears, to earn for herself hatred and revolt? We

could understand interest overbearing conscience, but the mere interest and covetousness in the same camp, England's fair name is more deeply involved than her material prosperity at home and abroad in a speedy concession of justice to Ireland.

The men on the ditch can best appreciate the game and the players. It is always well to know what the outside world thinks of the mad game which the Concorionists are playing in Ireland. Outside eyes are not blinded by the mist of falsehoods which exhales from every Concorion platform in England. They can see the struggle as a whole, and recognize the familiar features of the old conflict between Freedom and Oppression. When they find the Press attacked, free speech proclaimed, trial by jury abolished, police espionage reduced to a system, members of Parliament, mayors, justices, and peasants imprisoned wholesale, it is quite like to tell them that all these things are done solely in the interests of freedom. There was never a tyrant yet that did not do the same things and make the same excuses for doing them. Father M'Fadden is one of the very worst of the Concorion criminal. The heaviest sentence the Concorion Act allows has been inflicted on him and rigidly enforced. The promoted pastor, Castle Cob-Webb denounced him in terms of virulent personal abuse. Further from far-off Melbourne comes a testimonial of £147 to Father M'Fadden, with a mixture of respectful and affectionate admiration that enhance a thousandfold the value of the gift. The interest and importance of the incident is still further enormously increased by the significant fact that the fund and address were mainly promoted by Mr. Marshall Moore, a distinguished Protestant from Donegal, and the Rev. R. C. Eillon, a Presbyterian minister, also from the North of Ireland.

Father M'Fadden himself, after an enthusiastic reception in Dublin, starts on a lecturing tour in England. Surely, no man in the Three Kingdoms is better qualified to enlighten English public opinion on the misery to which Irish tenants are subjected, and the relentless vengeance visited by the Concorion Government on all that attempt to encourage or protect before devoted himself to charitable collection. No longer, he says, will he, as heretofore, be squandered in the payment of rack rents which the lands utterly fail to produce. Having imprisoned Father M'Fadden in the rack-renters' interest, the government has now thrown upon it impending famine in Gweedore. All the tenants of one of the parishes, amongst the poverty-stricken tenants of the district.

While in Ireland tenants are being cast on the roadside to die for the non-payment of impossible arrears, and are being mocked at in the Land Courts by the fixing of impossible "fair" rents, see what is going on in Scotland at the same time. The Crofters' Commissioners are not only reducing rents with a sweeping hand, but are wiping out arrears by wholesale. In the Scotsman of the 11th ult. we find the decisions of the Commissioners in regard to a certain estate in the Island of Westray, Orkney. The old rent of the sixty holdings on this estate amounted to \$610, and the fair rent fixed by the Commissioners is £391 14s. The arrears amounted to £280 7s, and of that sum the Commission in December, 1877, to afford the Catholics of Detroit facilities for amusement and exercise. For this purpose there is a complete gymnasium, a reading room, billiard and smoking rooms, and rooms for other interesting games. It numbers a large membership, and has done much good during the short time of its existence.

The rumour is abroad, and finds general credence, that the Government is pledged to provide an indemnity for the "Forger" whatever be the upshot of the trial. With their mechanical majority in the House of Commons, they can have no difficulty in accomplishing this, even though the letters proved home to the bill to be forgotten. This rumour abundantly accounts for the policy of prevarication which, at enormous cost to itself as well as its opponents, the "Forger" is pursuing before the Commission in the double hope of shirking the real issue and overwhelming the Irish Party with the expense of an interminable trial.

James Dunne, a man of eighty years, who for sixty years had been paying rack-rent to the Singletons, as his family for three centuries before him had been doing, who for the past two years had been a invalid sitting by the fire side unable to leave the house except to bask for a few minutes now and then in the summer sun, finds himself suddenly invaded one chill October day. The dreaded sheriff and his crew are at the door, with the still more dreaded agents and their minions. The police with their rifles and bayonets surround the house. A priest enters who has the last Sacraments with him. Outside the hollow square of armed men are the neighbors crowding. It is like an execution. The scene, with all its elements of terror and excitement, overwhelms the old man. James Dunne's hour has come. He must leave the home of his childhood, his manhood, his old age. He cannot rise from the stool on which he sits trembling before the fire. Three emergency-men—"grippers" these poor tenants call them—grasp him and lift him, stool and all, out into the air, and amidst the wails of his wife and daughters, the protests of his sons and the cries of his neighbors, they lay him down on the roadside. He sees them go in with water to quench his hearth. They chain up every door. By and by they march away to carry out another "sentence of death," and leave James Dunne moaning and shivering on his stool by the roadside, a blanket wrapped around him. Beside him stand his wife and daughters, weeping, and his son, a tall man, with bushy beard and hollow, hunger-pinched cheeks. What a group!

Don't forget the Orphan's Bazaar in City Hall, London, on Dec. 12th.

As the holidays are near at hand, D. H. Cunningham, the leading Toronto jeweler, has special inducements to offer readers of the Record in purchasing the best value in and presentation goods. By writing us any of the following names, and enclosing a postal note to all parts of Ontario. Correspondence solicited. Manufacturers in the branches. Remember the address—77 Yonge street, Toronto, Ontario.

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## THEY DO NOT DARE TO RE-ENTER THE DISMANTLED HOMESTEAD.

It is a crime especially scheduled in Mr. Balfour's Concorion Act. They are in terror of "the law." Their fellow tenants, too, do not dare to be too active in their sympathy with the victim of eviction. D zones of people in other parts of Ireland have been sent to jail for this crime also; and this is not a Plan of Campaign estate where the tenants have learned to look up and be men. It is an estate of the old style, and the iron of slavery is still in the souls of the people. Nevertheless, one tenant offers Dunne a shelter, but it is too far to move the old man. Night begins to fall. They take courage and enter, not the evicted house—that would be too heavy an offence—but the evicted stable. They make a bed for the old man on a wad of hay. There, during the night—in a shelter for beasts like that in which the Brother of the poor and the Father of the fatherless was born—he gave up the ghost. No coroner's inquest was necessary to discover what caused his death.

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## LATEST PHASES OF THE IRISH QUESTION.

While Mr. David Sheehy, M. P. for South Galway, was leaving the House of Commons a constable from Ireland served him with a summons under the Concorion Act. He brought the matter up before Parliament and Mr. Balfour stated that it was done without authority from him, and that the like would not occur again. On motion of Mr. Morley a committee was appointed to inquire into the circumstances. The committee includes Sir William Harcourt, Mr. Morley, Sir Charles Russell, Mr. Parnell, Mr. Timothy Healy, Home Secretary Matthews, Mr. Madden, Sir Edward Clark, and Sir Matthew Ridley.

A warrant has been issued for the arrest of Mr. Edward Harrington, M. P., on a charge of inciting tenants to adopt the Plan of Campaign through his paper, the Kerry Sentinel. His counsel applied to the court for a postponement of the case in order that Mr. Harrington could attend the sitting of the Parnell Commission in London. The magistrate refused to grant the application because the inciting count had been proved.

Six summonses were served upon Mr. Finucane, M. P., on the 26th inst., as he was entering the House of Commons. Detectives were waiting to serve summonses on other Irish members, who are to be prosecuted for intimidating farmers who have taken holdings from which tenants have been evicted.

The Land Commission has reduced the Kenmare estate rents in the neighborhood of Kenmare to 50 per cent. This is one of the numerous evidences of the enormous exorbitancy of the rents which are exacted from the Irish tenantry. Here the tenants have been paying double the value of their land in order to keep tyrannical landlords rolling in wealth while the tenantry are applying their backs to the wall in order to do one of the necessities of life.

In consequence of the summons served upon Mr. Sheehy, M. P., at the door of the Parliament house, the London Telegraph has a strong editorial in favor of fair dealing with members of Parliament, and advises Mr. Balfour to change his treatment of Irish Members. The Telegraph expresses its belief that it would be eminently wise for the authorities to direct policemen and gaolers to respect the precincts of Parliament as well as the persons of members in pursuit of their delegated duties, but there is in its article an undercurrent of sentiment inducing the conviction that the general policy hitherto pursued by the Government towards its political opponents has not redounded to its credit or advantage.

Mr. Sexton has been re-elected Lord Mayor of Dublin.

Mr. Condon, M. P., Mylor of Clonmel, and Messrs. Wm. O'Brien and John Dillon have been nominated high sheriffs of Limerick. Mr. Dillon has also been nominated for Drogheda.

The Land Commission has made large reductions on rents in the neighborhood of Thurles, the reductions being in some cases as much as forty-nine per cent. Seven evicted tenants on Col. Vandaleur's estate are instituting proceedings for the purpose of being restored and of recovering damages, as it is believed that their eviction was illegal.

The Parnell indemnity fund now exceeds £17,000.

The Coroner's Inquest in the case of James Dunne, who died on the 11th of October from the effects of his eviction, resulted in a verdict of manslaughter against Messrs. Dudgeon and Emerson who represented the landlord. The Coroner stated that he would issue warrants for their arrests.

The Freeman's Journal states that it has reliable information that witnesses summoned to give evidence for the Times are loathe to attend at the office of Mr. Soames, the Times solicitor, so that their evidence may be sifted, and only such parts as Mr. Soames considers it advisable to bring out may be given in evidence.

A monster meeting of all sections of the people of Tyroneville in Queensland, Australia, was held on the 10th ult., at which resolutions were adopted expressing sympathy with the cause of Home Rule in Ireland and with Mr. Parnell. Liberal donations were given to support the cause.

THE AUSTRALIAN DUKE; OR, THE NEW UTOPIA.

CHAPTER VI. (Continued.) FRESH SURPRISES.

My own interests, of course, were not forgotten; the duke's terms were more than liberal; and when the whole estate had been fully disposed of, I was able to return to England a wealthy man.

Yet I own there were some things in my home correspondence which gave me a secret anxiety. Much was said in praise of the new duke, of his generosity, his manly principles, his care for his property and his tenants; but expressions were now and then dropped which showed me he had the character of being eccentric.

There was another thing that struck me as odd. A year or two after I came to Glenleven I became a Catholic. I had never thought much of these subjects in early youth; but many things which Grant had said had gone home; and the impressions first received from him were deepened in Australia.

I returned, then, to England, spending a week or two in London before going down to Oakham, where my parents still lived; for though my father's age had obliged him to give up his post as steward to younger hands, the duke would not hear of his leaving the Grange.

Sir Clinton Edwards, the brother of our Oakham vicar, was now a judge, and at his table I met a group of men more or less distinguished in the world of politics and of letters. The world has many phases, some more, and some less pleasant to come in contact with. A London dinner-room, filled with refined and intelligent people, who know everything and everybody worth knowing, is, no doubt, a very agreeable sample of polite society; but mark well this truth, dear reader, it is still the world, and anything higher and better than what savors of the world, you must not look to extract from his conversation.

The conversation in such a circle was as graceful and varied as the forms in a kaleidoscope. Home politics, the state of the colonies, Haprock's last pamphlet on the control of Episcopacy, the vicar of Oakham's long promised, and recently published, work on Roman Antiquities, the last cartoon in Punch, and the University boat race, all passed in review, till for my sins I fell into the hands of the philosophic editor, who was, of course, profoundly ignorant of the creed of his next door neighbor.

"I tell you what, Ford," he said, when he could get in a word, "you needn't go to Australia to look for intellectual inferiority; no, nor for savages either, nor for that matter for heathens; you'll find the whole stock-in-trade ready for inspection in a good many of our manufacturing towns, only nobody comes to inspect them."

"Very true," said Sir Clinton; "when I am Lord Chancellor, I shall introduce a bill for obliging all members of Parliament to spend one calendar month in a colliery district, say Bradford, for instance."

"You are speaking, I presume, of the Duke of Leven?" I inquired.

"He is really an excellent fellow," said Sir Clinton, "but not long for this world; I fear; I never saw a man so altered."

"Well, he is a very good fellow, of course," said the county member; "but he carries things too far, to my mind."

"How so?" I ventured to ask.

"Oh, I don't know exactly; lives the life of a hermit, which, in his position, is a miracle, and does mischief; and then he's always sporting some social view or other; setting himself a little against the current. One thing you know, he's a Catholic."

"And may I ask what he has done?" said the editor, with the slightest possible tone of sarcasm.

"Changed the whole system of wages, shut up about twenty public-houses, and, really, I don't know how he has managed it, but they're not so brutalized by half since he's had the manor."

"And if I am rightly informed (you'll correct me, of course, if I am in error), but I understood he had brought over a lot of Germans monks and built them a monastery."

"Ah, yes," said Sir Clinton, "that's at Glenleven, on the moors, you know." Well, its one of his crochets, and, perhaps, not the most sensible.

The secretary shook his head, and looked disgusted. "I know this, we shall have to put a stop to all that sort of thing some day," he said, "and the sooner the better, in my opinion."

Then the conversation, by an easy change, flowed into foreign politics, and I was obliged to digest all I had heard, and form my own conclusions. Was Leven really a little touched? Was he unpopular? Or was he dying? Had his ten years of boundless means produced as their whole result an improved system of wages and mine ventilation, and the building of a monastery? And did he fritter away his genius and his undoubted powers in a quick succession of profitable hobbies?

I should go down next day to Oakham and judge for myself.

CHAPTER VII. RETURNING HOME.

My first week at Oakham was given to my family. I had to be introduced to my late brother-in-law, Oswald, who had brought Mary over from Exdale manor, that we might all be once more together.

The duke had been called away to Scotland, and to tell the truth, I was not sorry to have time and opportunity for rectifying my ideas on the new order of things before meeting him. My father praised him highly, for he was not a Leven? That simple fact sufficed for him; no wonder I have disturbed the simplicity of his loyalty to the representative of the old family by so much as a question. My mother had a special kindness for him, only regretting that he had never married.

responsive, for just now they seem greatly disposed to stone him by way of expressing their gratitude."

"How so? Is he not popular?"

"Not with all. You see, he attempts to limit their means of making beasts of themselves, and many resent it like true-born Britons. They've got a fellow named Degg to lead them now, who possesses a tongue, and a quite remarkable gift of slander, of which he gives the duke a weekly benefit in a rascally penny paper, which he edits, and which he sells by thousands. It's a grand thing in our education movement; it enables each man now-a-days to read his Degg."

"Would you like to see the chapel, sir?" said Verney.

"Immensely," I replied. And leaving his flowers in charge of one of the men in attendance, he led the way towards the building. It had an approach through the shrubberies as well as from the house, for the convenience of the congregation; and Verney, having found means of informing the chaplain of my presence, left me in the hands of that gentleman, and returned to his green-houses.

The Oakham chapel was small in size, and my first impression of it was rather devotional than magnificent. Except in the east window there was no painted glass; but through the open casements came the sound of waving branches, and the green and pleasant light which falls through summer foliage.

After a few minutes, I began to take in some of the details. Though the chapel was Gothic in style, the architect had contrived to find places for several pictures, some of which struck my eyes as familiar. I remarked it to the chaplain. "Probably," he replied, "you may remember them formerly in the Bradford collection; the Crucifixion which you see there used to hang in the great dining-room. It had been a Spanish altar-piece, I think, and the duke said it was a sacrifice to put such a painting over a gentleman's sideboard."

"And at the same time that he removed it," whispered Oswald, "he buried half a dozen Venuses and Adonises, which had been the glory of Bradford's gallery; a fact, I assure you; and at Christie's they would have brought their thousands."

The paintings had, in fact, been taken from various parts of the dual mansions; all, with one exception, a singular picture, painted, as the chaplain told me, by a young German artist, under the duke's personal direction. It was a single figure, representing a young man in poor and shabby attire, lying on a bed of straw, and clasping a crucifix. The background was dark, and there were few or no pictorial adjuncts: only in one corner of the picture appeared something like a ladder or flight of steps above the head of the principal figure. The beauty of the painting was in that head; wasted, sweet, superhuman in its expression, carrying me back to the description which Grant had once given of old Father Henry Young's countenance, in which the pride of flesh and blood had all been destroyed and obliterated.

"What a singular picture," said Oswald. "Who is it? a saint?"

"It is St. Alexis," replied the chaplain, and Oswald evidently was not greatly the wiser. But I looked, and thought, and looked again, and I fancied I had understood its meaning. The noble youth who fled the world, who despised pleasure, and held riches as a curse, the prince who chose in his own father's house, to live unknown, and to die as a beggar, was, doubtless, one whose story might have a deep attraction for a man made rich against his will, and ever fighting with wealth and its temptations.

We approached the altar, and I perceived what had not struck me at first, the exceeding richness of all its fittings.

"That tabernacle," said the chaplain, "is solid gold; it was made out of the first gold discovered at Glenleven, in Australia, 'the great nugget,' as it was called; the duke had it sent to England untouched, and resolved that the first fruits of his gold-fields should furnish the tabernacle of his chapel. The lamps and candlesticks are likewise Australian gold, and so are the sacred vessels."

I knelt before the tabernacle, and the last fragment of my doubts and misgivings vanished into thin air. "Oh, Grant, Grant!" I murmured, "what injustice I have done you! The world talks and judges, and comprehends nothing; you are not of its form and fashion!" And as we turned to leave the chapel, I seemed still to see before me the dying face of St. Alexis, and the golden tabernacle.

bright pattern of the new Brussels carpet. Jennie and Carrie had left their school books scattered around on the chair, and Jack's muddy boots stood in the middle of the floor.

Mrs. Jewett burst into a tirade of displeasure, and the children were out playing, so instead of judiciously and patiently calling them in and obliging them to put things in their places, she began putting to rights herself, allowing Mr. Jewett, as frequently happened, to bear the brunt of her displeasure, and for once his good nature gave way, and he said pettily:

"I declare, wife, it is a thousand pities there are any children here to bother you so."

Mrs. Jewett made no reply, but going to her room she sat down for a moment to consider whether or not her husband meant what he had just said.

But by degrees the room faded from her vision, the house became quiet—terribly quiet the sunlight died out, and shades and quietness reigned supreme. There were footsteps heard, but hushed, creeping, awed.

All of active life had ceased; even the kitty had taken herself off, and was nowhere to be seen.

Mrs. Jewett roused herself, and went from kitchen to dining room, from dining room to parlor. The luxurious order was oppressive.

The curtains were rolled with exact evenness; not the faintest crease of sunshine could pierce through crack or crevice of any nicely adjusted shutters.

Every book was in its place; the chairs as guiltless of dust as if just cleaned, and the unlacquered polish of the piano reflected each undisturbed ornament and object in its vicinity.

But the children! Oh, the children! A great appalling throb of apprehension and withering pain shot unexpressed through the mother's heart at the mention of their names.

Where was winsome—no longer mischievous, but winsome—Willie.

Where, pray, were sportive Carrie and lively Jenny? Where, too, bounding, loving little Jack? "Yes," she said, vaguely peering about in the sunless gloom, "where are all my precious children?"

She left the dining room and parlor and went from one child's chamber to another—everything in that same oppressive, even their little beds were untroubled, each smooth pillow looked as if unpressed by a sunny head—for oh, so long.

And, ah, misery! What was that in Willie's room in the porcelain vase? Some white flowers tied with white satin ribbon; and this heart breaking emblem in Jennie's room? Her picture, sweet child! with a crown of fading flowers encircling it—and here in Carrie's room her picture, the darling, also crowned with immortelles.

"Come back then, for ten lines, and half a sheet of paper, one will never be much poorer."

Jean obeyed, old Bouin arranged his paper, dipped his pen in the ink and traced in his best handwriting:

"Paris, 17th January, 1867."

Then below that the words: "A Monsieur —"

"What is his name, youngster?"

"Whose?" asked Jean.

"By the gentleman's, of course."

"What gentleman?"

"Why, the man who is to give the soup."

"It is not a gentleman."

"Ah! ha! a lady then?"

"Yes—No—that is to say—"

"It is strange," exclaimed the old man, "that you do not know to whom you are going to write."

"Oh! yes, I do," said the child.

"Tell me then and be quick."

Little Jean had become very red. Truly it is not always convenient to address yourself to a public letter-writer, in the matter of a correspondence of this sort. Finally he summoned all his courage and said:—

"It is to the Blessed Virgin that I wish to send a letter."

Old Father Bouin did not laugh. He put down his pen, and removed his pipe from his mouth.

"Youngster," said he severely, "I take for granted, that you do not intend to make fun of your elders. You are too little for me to slap you. Be off now, to the right about, clear out, or I'll be after you."

Little Jean obeyed, and showed his heels, literally, for his shoes had none. Seeing him so tractable, old Bouin changed his mind a second time, called him back, and took a good look at him.

"By my faith," murmured he, "what misery there is in Paris!"

"What is your name, baby?"

"Jean."

"Jean what?"

"Nothing but Jean."

Good old Bouin was conscious of a suspicious feeling about the eyes, but he shrugged his shoulders.

"And what do you want to say to the Blessed Virgin?"

"I want to say that mamma has been asleep since four o'clock yesterday afternoon, and to ask her if she will be good enough to awaken her, for I cannot."

"The old soldier's heart swelled, for he feared that he understood. However, he asked again: "What did you say about soup just now?"

"Well," replied the child, "this is how it is. Before she went to sleep mamma gave me the last scrap of bread."

"And she, what did she eat?"

"Two days before, she said: 'I am not hungry.'"

"How did you try to awaken her?"

"Why, as usual, I kissed her."

"Did she breathe?"

Jean smiled, and the smile made him look beautiful.

"I do not know," he answered. "Does not one always breathe?"

"Good Father Bouin turned his head aside, because two big tears were running down his cheeks. Without answering the child's question, he said in a voice that trembled: "When you embraced her did you not remark anything?"

"Why yes—she was cold. It is so cold in our room!"

"And she shivered, did she not?"

"Oh! no—she was beautiful! beautiful! her two hands did not move, they were crossed upon her breast, and so white! Her head is lying back, almost behind the bolster, so that she seems to be looking at heaven through her half-closed eyes."

Father Bouin thought to himself: I have wished to be rich, I, who eat and drink well, and look! here is one who has died of hunger!

He called the child to him, and took him upon his knee, saying softly: "Little one, your letter is written, sent and received. Take me to your mother."

"Gladly, but why are you crying?" said Jean, astonished.

"I am not crying," replied the old man, hugging him to suffocation, and drowning him in tears. "Do men cry? It is you who are going to cry, little Jean, poor little dear! . . . you know that I love you like my own son! . . . what folly! . . . scarcely. . . See! I had a mother also, a long time ago, to be sure, but now, through you, I see her again, lying on her death-bed, where she said to me: "Bouin, be a virtuous man, and a good Christian."

"Behind the bed hung a picture of the Blessed Virgin. It was only a two cent picture, but it smiled on me, and I loved it. It has now touched my heart. I have been a virtuous man, it is true; but so to a good Christian. . . "

He rose, still holding the child in his arms, and pressed him to his breast saying, as though speaking to an invisible auditor: "There, dear old mother, there, be satisfied. My friends may laugh at me, as much as they choose. Where you are, there too, would I go; and I will take this poor little angel along with me; he shall never leave me, and all because of his queer little letter, which, though never written, has brought about a double result, has given him a father and me a heart."

That is all. The poor woman, dead from want, was not resuscitated. Who was she? I do not know. What had been the grief of her life? I do not know.

But there is now in Paris a man, still young, who is "redacteur," but not of a little stall, like that of Father Bouin. He edits eloquent things, and you all know his name. We shall call him simple Jean, as of old.

Father Bouin is now a happy old man, always a virtuous man, and moreover, a good Christian. He is proud of the success of the "little one," as he sometimes calls his illustrious adopted son, and he says—for it is he who told me this story, which has neither beginning nor end: "I do not know who is the postmaster, who carries such letters as these, but they always arrive safely at their address in heaven." A. M. P.

A LETTER TO THE BLESSED VIRGIN.

Translated for the CATHOLIC RECORD from the French of Paul Faval.

Jean was six years old, his trousers were frayed at the knees, his curly hair was thick enough to cover the heads of two ladies of fashion, and his eyes were large and blue, eyes that still sometimes tried to smile, although they had already wept many tears. He wore a small waist coat, elegantly cut, a girl's boot upon his right foot, and a collegian's shoe upon his left—both alas! much too long and too large. They were also well turned up in the front and quite devoid of heels. He was cold and hungry, for it was a winter evening, and he had fasted since the middle of the preceding day, when the thought struck him to write a letter to the Blessed Virgin.

This is how little Jean, who knew not how to read or write, wrote his letter.

Down in the quarter of the Gros-Caillois, at the corner of an avenue, and not far from the Esplanade, was the stall of a public letter-writer. The letter-writer was an old soldier, a good man, no hypocrite, but very quick tempered, and oh! alas, not rich, who had the misfortune of not being sufficiently crippled to warrant his admission into the Hotel des Invalides.

Jean saw him through the window of his little shop. He was smoking his pipe and awaiting customers. So Jean entered saying:— "Good-day, sir. I come to get you to write a letter."

"It will cost ten sous," answered old Bouin.

"For this worthy, not being very pretentious, answered to the name of Bouin."

Jean, not having a cap, could not doff it, but he said politely:— "Then, sir, excuse me."

And opened the door to go out, when Father Bouin, pleased with his pretty manner, said: "Are you the son of a soldier, little one?"

"No," replied Jean. "I am mamma's son, and she is all alone."

"Good," said the redacteur, "and you have not ten sous?"

"Oh! no, I have not even one."

"Nor your mother either? Well, we will see. It is a letter to ask for something to make soup with, oh, little one?"

"Yes," replied Jean, "that is it."

Liberty has been restored to the Catholic faith in Madagascar. Hilberto it had been to a great extent proscribed, but now, with consent of the Queen, Baraco, a Royal Prince, has received Catholic baptism, and a solemn service was celebrated in the principal Catholic church on the occasion.

Mosses.

Children of lowly birth,
Pittifully weak,
Humblest creatures of the wood,

Written for CATHOLIC RECORD.
CATHOLICS OF SCOTLAND.

PART II.

GEORGE HAY, JOHN GEDDES, ALEXANDER
MACDONALD, AND THEIR TIME.
Notwithstanding all the pains that

Councillor Charles Butler, a distin-
guished Catholic of London, whose writ-
ing do honor to his memory, was person-
ally acquainted with Dr. Geddes, and thus

The death of this remarkable man
took place at his house in the new road,
London, on the 26th February, 1862, in the
65th year of his age.

It will naturally be asked, how in such
circumstances, the clergy could manage
the extent of this question is answered, so
far, by the following facts.

1st. There were certain foundations on
account of masses which yielded from
£3 to £4 a year. These the bishops dis-
tributed by rotation to such of the priests

2d. Propaganda often made a timely
grant of money for supplying the mis-
sions.

3d. In country places the priest almost
always rented a small field which was
large enough for a cow's grass and a

necessity, gave rise to evils which pre-
valled throughout the next quarter of a
century. Mismanagement, especially dur-
ing the latter part of this period, had
produced its disastrous fruits. The edu-
cation and training of the students

Another affair which engaged the
attention of the bishop at Rome was the
revision of the Statuta Missionis. These
important documents owed their origin
to Bishop Nicholson, who, in 1700, formed,

The Bishop, in visiting Rome, had in
view also the temporal wants of the
missionary clergy. Twenty years before

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by the Nuncio, who gave him the use of
rooms in his own house. He was also
present at a collation given in the public
hall, by Prince Henry of Prussia, to the
company assembled at the celebra-
ted watering place. At dinner at the

Soon after his arrival in Rome Bishop
Hay was favored with an audience of the
Sovereign Pontiff, Pius VI. He was
kindly received, and on the occasion

The Bishop was more fortunate in his
negotiations regarding the Statuta and
of assistance to the mission. The
Statuta were at first put into the hands

Copies of the Ritual printed by Pro-
paganda were voted for the use of the
Scottish mission. Bishop Hay, however,

A few days ago the last member of a
converted family was buried at St.
Nicholas Church, Sunman, Ind., and
the father of the family, Wm. Justice, was

When a young man, about fifty years
ago, he was working in Cincinnati, and
some of his comrades, thinking to play a
joke on him, told him that a golden calf

Being of rather a slow nature in every-
thing he took his own time to be con-
vinced. Later, he moved to Indiana,
and lived among Protestants and married

Mr. Justice received instructions and was
baptized.
An only daughter who was well educated
was next received into the Church. Her

Lady Herbert of Lea.
Lady Herbert, of England, who came
to this country about a fortnight ago,
and whose arrival in Baltimore has been

Lady Herbert is devoting her time and
her fortune to missionary work among
the colored race. In conversation with

The other object of her visit was to
secure an establishment for her second
son, who is to be married next month.

Lady Herbert, or as she is also called,
"the Lady Herbert of Lea," is the widow
of Lord Herbert, who was Secretary of

London house during the season to
wealthy Americans and devotes the
proceeds, amounting to about \$5,000 to

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PECTORAL
BALSAM
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TO THE CONVALESCENT PATIENT
AND THE EMACIATED INVALID

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LIVER, STOMACH, KIDNEYS AND BOWELS.

THE OINTMENT
It is an infallible remedy for Bad Legs, Bad Bronchitis, Old Wounds, Sores and Ulcers. It is
famous for Gout and Rheumatism. For Disorders of the Chest it has no equal.

THE CATHOLIC RECORD

Published Weekly at 484 and 486 Richmond street, London, Ontario.

REV. GEORGE R. NORTHGRAVES, Editor of "The Catholic Record."

Catholic Record.

London, Sat., Dec. 8th, 1888.

DIOCESES OF HAMILTON AND PETERBORO.

We copy the following from the Globe of Dec. 5th.

A Rome special announces that the Right Rev. Joseph Thomas Dowling, Bishop of Peterboro, has been translated to the see of Hamilton.

The despatch announcing these appointments is no doubt correct, as it agrees with the general expectation of the clergy here.

Bishop Dowling is a man in the prime of life. He was born in the County of Limerick, Ireland, on February 23, 1840.

Rev. Principal Austin, of Alma College, St. Thomas, delivered his popular lecture entitled "Only a Woman," in the Methodist church, last night.

Richard Alphonsus O'Connor was born in Limerick, Kerry, Ireland, on the 15th of April, 1838.

LIBERTY OF THE PRESS IN IRELAND.

In view of the oft-repeated statements of Chief Secretary Balfour and his supporters that the Irish press have all the liberty that is accorded to the press throughout the United Kingdom.

four has, over and over again, assured the public in his speeches that the statements of the Nationalists are foul falsehoods that freedom of the press is suppressed in Ireland.

MR. AUSTIN—HIS LECTURE AND HIS COLLEGE.

"Rev. Principal Austin, of Alma College, St. Thomas, delivered his popular lecture entitled 'Only a Woman,' in the Methodist church, last night.

THE GREEK CHURCH AND THE BOOK OF TOBIAS.

The London Tablet calls attention to a fact well worthy of notice, that the Archbishop Theodosius of Belgrade, and Greek Metropolitan of Serbia, while professing to quote King Milan from his wife, Queen Natalie, quotes as scripture the seventh verse of the twelfth chapter of the book of Tobias.

AGITATION IN PARIS.

On the second inst. the expected demonstration took place in Paris at the monument erected in Montmartre Cemetery to the Revolutionary Baudin.

It is true that some young ladies were received into the Church during that time; but they were daughters of parents who had no religious belief themselves.

Rev. Mr. Austin should understand, once for all, that the Ladies of the Sacred Heart never solicit Protestant pupils, but should they come and be well recommended by responsible parties.

FRANCOPHOBISM.

The Toronto Mall is still at its work of endeavoring to arouse in the people of Ontario a hostile feeling against those of Quebec.

ing them is committed, but kings are no more exempt from observing the laws of God than are the lowest subjects.

The plea upon which Protestants reject the Book of Tobias, and other Books which are received by Catholics as part of Sacred Scripture, is that these books did not form part of the Jewish canon of Scripture.

EARL KIMBERLY ON COERCION.

At a Liberal banquet in Bristol on Tuesday, the 13th November, in response to a toast in honor of the Liberal party, Lord Kimberly gave an able review of the political position in Ireland.

DEDICATION OF A BEAUTIFUL NEW CHURCH AT MOUNT CARMEL.

After long and patient waiting the zealous pastor and good people of Mount Carmel had the pleasure of seeing their beautiful new church dedicated on Sunday, November 25, in honor of Our Lady of Mount Carmel.

On the return of the procession some omnibuses containing Boulangists were attacked by students in the Quartre Latin and there was a serious scuffle which was suppressed by the police.

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you have it in a nutshell. The French language has no more rights in the Province of Quebec than the English; outside of that Province it has neither statutory nor treaty rights.

There is but little fear that the proposal to inflict a course of Balfourism upon the sister province will be successful.

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Over The River.

Over the river they beckon to me, / Loved ones who've crossed to the farther side, / Their voices are lost in the dashing tide, / Their voices are lost in the dashing tide...

NANCY A. W. PRIEST

INTERESTING MISCELLANY.

Queen Margaret has prevented the destruction of two beautiful little chapels of St. Stanislaus Kotaka, in Rome, belonging to ruined convents. In one of these chapels the present Pope, Leo XIII., said his first Mass.

Some faces catch the reflection of the moment so vividly that you never see them twice alike. Others, solidly and compositely handsome, scarcely vary at all, and I think it is of these last that we would soonest weary.

The Missions Catholiques officially announce the beatification of Fathers Canel and Peyboyre, Wisconsin. These were the first members of the Society for the Propagation of the Faith raised to the altar, and, as Mgr. Lamaze, Bishop of Olympe, in a letter to the Missions says, "There can be no doubt but that Leo XIII. wishes the glorification of the martyrs to be also the glorification of that Society, a recompense and encouragement to its associates, and especially to those generous Christians who form its counsils."

The next Cardinalatial Consistory will take place either at the end of December or in March. The reason why it is thought that it will take place in March, and not sooner, is that no one of those who will be created Cardinals have received intimation of the fact. Now, this information they must receive at least a month before the Consistory, in order to make the necessary arrangements. It is said that amongst the Cardinals will be the Archbishops of Paris, Lyons, and Malines, and an American Archbishop.

In a letter to a Scotch correspondent Sir William Harcourt has inflicted a merited castigation upon his Grace of Argyll. Referring to the recent land legislation, which is so bitterly condemned by the Duke because it has topped some thousands from his rents, Sir William admits that much may be said in theory against State adjustment of rents, "but the doctrines of the Duke of Argyll, illustrated by the practice of the Marquis of Clanricarde, have been too much for the freedom of contract."

Gratitude is so eloquent, so graceful, so persuasive a missioner. It is not only a virtue in ourselves, but it makes others good and virtuous also. It is a blessedly humbling thing to be loved, a veritable abasement to be affectionately remembered by those about us. And gratitude make our benefits look so little that we long to multiply and enlarge them, while it softens our hearts and unites from them all manner of little antipathies, mean jealousies, petty rivalries, and cold suspicions.

CREMATION. Public attention is anew called to the decisions of the Holy Office, issued under date May 19th, 1886, in reply to the dubio presented by several members of the episcopate relative to cremation and to Catholics. The Supreme Congregation in regard to the first dubium: Is it permissible to affiliate one's self to a society, the scope whereof is the propagation of the practice of the cremation of human bodies?

The mayor put himself at the head of his troops, in compliance with his orders, and marched towards the field where the Christians were assembled in great numbers. As they were passing with measured tread and clang of armor, by a low-roofed house, a poor woman issued hurriedly from it, leading a little boy by the hand.

PROTESTANT TESTIMONY TO CATHOLIC ZEAL. A Protestant missionary, Mr. R. J. Davidson, of Hangehung, has been giving, in a magazine called "The Friend of Missions," his candid opinion of Catholicism in China. It is an extraordinary contrast to the crude and bigoted notions about the Catholic Church which find circulation among so many Protestants at home.

"I was rather struck," Mr. Davidson says, "with a speech at the Richmond Conference about the activities of the Roman Catholics, and to find that away in the West of America they were said to be more numerous than all the other bodies of Christians combined; and here we find them just the same. How they do work!"

THE DOOR TO BE CLOSED. The Chevalier Gerald de Hample, was a very rich and proud man. Soon after the completion of his magnificent castle, he wished to have a house warming, and accordingly all his great neighbors were invited to a grand feast.

One man among the guests, however, said nothing for a time. When each man had made his speech, he uttered the following singular observation upon the happiness of the host:

"Sir Knight," he said, in order that your felicity should be complete, you require but one thing, but that is a very important item.

"And what thing is that?" demanded the Knight, opening wide his eyes.

"One of your doors must be nailed up," replied his guest.

THE TELEPHONE INVENTOR AND HIS RISE IN THE WORLD. The story of Alexander Graham Bell reads like a romance. Little more than a decade ago this man, who came originally from Canada, and is said to be now worth \$5,000,000 to \$10,000,000, was walking about the streets of Washington, peddling his telephone stock at 10 cents on the dollar and with no buyers.

As a rule those Catholics that never attend sermons are the very people that complain of the length or tenor of sermons. They that never enter a confessional are the people that blubber against the abuses of confession.

MOTHER AND CHILD. During the reign of the Roman Emperor, Valens, there were many Christians in the city of Edessa. The Emperor, who was a pagan, had issued an edict commanding all the churches to be closed.

CREMATION. Public attention is anew called to the decisions of the Holy Office, issued under date May 19th, 1886, in reply to the dubio presented by several members of the episcopate relative to cremation and to Catholics. The Supreme Congregation in regard to the first dubium: Is it permissible to affiliate one's self to a society, the scope whereof is the propagation of the practice of the cremation of human bodies?

HARMFUL LITERATURE. That great saint of the Catholic Church, St. Teresa, when about fourteen years old was a victim to the passion for reading romances. At that time, the beginning of the sixteenth century, there was, if we may so express it, a perfect epidemic of Spanish romances, and the desire for reading them was stimulated to an unnatural and hurtful degree.

THE FAILURE OF MARRIAGE DISCUSSION. Mrs. Mona Caird's article in the Westminster Review, with the title, "Is Marriage a Failure?" which question she answered in the affirmative, has been exciting a good deal of interest on both sides of the Atlantic.

SUNDAY ALL THE WEEK. In alluding to the universal Catholic practice of keeping the churches open during the week, in order to satisfy the devotion of the faithful, Fanny Fern wrote as follows:

OPPORTUNITY makes the thief, says the proverb; and "Idleness is the fountain-head of all vice," says our old pastor. Jan did not know what to do with himself the whole day long. He went to the inn, at first to amuse himself, then from habit; he drank first one dram, then two, then several.

JUST SO. As a rule those Catholics that never attend sermons are the very people that complain of the length or tenor of sermons. They that never enter a confessional are the people that blubber against the abuses of confession.

THE MIGHTY DOLLAR. In long distance by a 10 cent bottle of Polson's Nerviline, the newest and best pain remedy. It cures colds, cramps, colic, pain in the head, sciatica, pain in the chest; in fact it is equally efficacious as an external or internal remedy.

THE DIFFICULTY EXPERIENCED. In taking Cod Liver Oil is entirely overcome in Scott's Emulsion of Cod Liver Oil and Hypophosphites. It is as palatable as Milk, and the most valuable remedy that has ever been produced for the cure of Consumption, Scrophula, and Wasting Diseases. Do not fail to try it. Put up in 50c. and \$1 size.

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What a Time

People formerly had, trying to swallow the old-fashioned pill with its film of magnesia vainly disguising its bitterness; and what a contrast to Ayer's Pills, that have been well called "medicated sugar-plums" - the only few being that patients may be tempted into taking too many at a dose.

Ayer's Pills, expresses exactly what hundreds have written at greater length. He says: "Ayer's Cathartic Pills are highly appreciated. They are perfect in form and coating, and their effects are all that the most careful physician could desire. They have supplanted all the Pills formerly popular here, and I think it must be long before any other can be made that will all compare with them. Those who buy your pills get full value for their money."

Ayer's Pills, Sold by all Dealers in Medicine.

NATIONAL COLONIZATION LOTTERY

Under the Act of the 18th of Feb. 1888. Established in 1881, under the Act of Quebec, 27th of Oct. 1880, in pursuance of the Decree of the Province of Quebec.

ON WEDNESDAY, DEC. 19, '88. At 2 o'clock p.m.

Table with 2 columns: Prizes, and Amount. Includes categories like Real Estate, Furniture, Gold Watches, Silver Watches, and various other prizes with their respective values.

General Debility. All suffering from General Debility, or unable to take sufficient exercise to keep up the system, should take HARKNESS' Food, Iron and Wine. We are safe in saying there is no preparation in the market which will give better results.

HARKNESS & Co., Druggists, Cor. Dundas and Wellington Sts.

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NEW YORK CATHOLIC AGENCY. The object of this Agency is to supply at the regular trade prices, for the wholesale trade of the metropolis, and has completed such arrangements with the leading manufacturers and importers as enable it to purchase in any quantity, at the lowest wholesale rates, just getting its profits or commissions from the importers or manufacturers, and hence—

THOMAS D. EGAN, Catholic Agency, 43 Barclay St., New York.

PIANO TUNING. PARTIES WISHING THEIR PIANOS and properly attended to should leave orders at A. & S. Nordheimer's, 415 Richmond Street, A. S. Nordheimer, Tuner.

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The Voice of a Dream.

Over the sands—the drifting sands— That gather beside the sea, I hear in a dream the voice of a dream

FIVE-MINUTE'S SERMON.

"Every one that exalteth himself shall be humbled; and he that humbly himself shall be exalted."

And by the time he has got to man's estate he has a good deal of the same opinion of himself. He does not like to have it even hinted that he is at all below par in anything; or if it is plain, even to himself, that he is, then it is a thing of no consequence, for he could excel in it if he chose to.

Well, you know all this is what we call pride, Almighty God has mercifully arranged it so that it is generally knocked out of us to some extent as we travel on through the world; but still a good deal of it remains.

It is a thing that gives us a great deal of trouble of mind, and which generally keeps us back a great deal from really excelling in anything. It is a thing, therefore, which it is good to get rid of as soon as we can; and of course, therefore, you will all want to know how to do it.

And so he might have gone on to the end of the chapter. But he didn't. No; he just went off in a corner all by himself and said: "O God, be merciful to me a sinner!"

Humility, then, after all, is only common sense. And I think you ought to see pretty well one reason at least why, as our Lord says, he that exalteth himself shall be humbled, and he that humbly himself exalted.

There is no other medicine of such general usefulness in the household as Flag-Yellows Oil for the cure of rheumatism, neuralgia, sore throat and all internal and external pains and injuries.

CATHOLIC PRESS.

New York Catholic Review. Science has made big strides towards somewhere in the present century, but its failure to lead its agnostic devotees nowhere, that is, to settled convictions concerning annihilation in the future, makes them restive and occasionally mad.

Colorado Catholic. The Revista Catolica after its wont has something wise and reasonable to say of the evil of intemperance. Thus: Cases of madness and sudden deaths are of frequent occurrence, exclusively occasioned by the use of alcoholic drinks.

A sad and dangerous sign of the times is the neglect of many parents to make home as cheerful as it should be. How many a boy has been spoiled by finding only disagreeable surroundings for his young life!

A practical joker in Boston the other day, directed the captain of an English steamer looking for a pilot to the office of John Boyle O'Reilly, who edits the only genuine Pilot capable of directing the navy of that nation that piloted him to the serenade in Australia.

To eulogize Gladstone's oratory at Birmingham, where that claret of clay high, James Joe, has been most artistically parodied this week, would be to see to the gold refined gold. We prefer to direct attention to John Morley's slashing speech. He made some capital points, as for example when he said the attempt might as well be made to drain the Atlantic as to try to dry up the just sources of Irish despotism by draining three Irish rivers.

Liverpool Catholic Times. It is a favorite idea with some Anglicans that their communion is destined to become the rallying ground for all Christians, on the principle that as Catholics believe more than they do themselves, and dissenters less, they occupy the golden mean in religion.

SHALL HONOR BE RENDERED TO THE MOTHER OF GOD?

By Emma Howard Wright. Why is it that non-Catholics find it so hard to understand the honor paid to the Mother of God by the Catholic Church? Why persist in the ignorant idea that Catholics worship her? Surely the reverence and love Catholics have for Mary are reasonable enough and easy enough of comprehension.

Catholic Columbian. How comes it, that, in almost every instance, an apostate priest has an insatiable thirst for money? Father Chiquiquy, one of these, asks people out in Australia for money to build schools for the children of converted Catholics. The old humbug! He has no such converts; only a few Protestant dupes.

Western Watchman. The reported conversion of General Wheeler of Alabama, is confirmed. He was the ranking cavalry officer of the Confederate army operating in the West, and in that capacity made a name for himself, equaled only by that of General Sheridan, whom he resembled in many ways.

Imitation is the most sincere form of approval. Now, two of the Catholics' doctrines which have been most harshly, and, of course, unjustly denounced by the Protestant denominations, are the Sacrifice of Mass, involving a belief in the Real Presence, and prayers for the dead, involving a belief in purgatory.

For several years R. H. Brown, of Kincardine, suffered from dyspepsia. He says he tried several physicians and a host of remedies without relief. His doctor recommended B. B. B., which he decried as "grand results," for which he paid his highest recommendation.

Dr. J. D. Kellogg's Dysentery Cordial is prepared from drugs known to the profession as thoroughly reliable for the cure of cholera, dysentery, diarrhoea, griping pains and summer complaints. It has been used successfully by medical practitioners for a number of years with gratifying results.

It is Absurd

For people to expect a cure for Indigestion, unless they refrain from eating what is unwholesome; but if anything will sharpen the appetite and give tone to the digestive organs, it is Ayer's Sarsaparilla. Thousands all over the land testify to the merits of this medicine.

A Confirmed Dyspeptic.

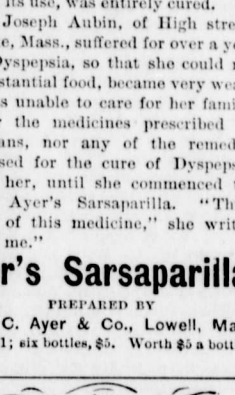
C. Canterbury, of 141 Franklin st., Boston, Mass., writes, that suffering for years from Indigestion, he was at last induced to try Ayer's Sarsaparilla and, by its use, was entirely cured.

Ayer's Sarsaparilla.

PREPARED BY Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass. Price \$1; six bottles, \$5. Worth \$3 a bottle.

Allen's Lung Balsam

Allen's Lung Balsam is a medicine which is so much needed in this country. It is a remedy for all the ailments of the lungs, such as Croup, Whooping Cough, Bronchitis, etc.



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Consumption, Coughs, Colds, Asthma, Croup.

ALL DISEASES OF THE THROAT, LUNGS AND PULMONARY ORGANS. BY ITS FAITHFUL USE CONSUMPTION HAS BEEN CURED.

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Campbell's Cathartic Compound is a medicine which is so much needed in this country. It is a remedy for all the ailments of the bowels, such as Constipation, Indigestion, etc.

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London Branch No. 4 of the Catholic Mutual Benefit Association, will be held on the first and third Thursdays of every month, at the hour of 8 o'clock, in our rooms, Castle Hill, Albion Block, Richmond St. Members are requested to attend punctually.

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Finest Grade of Bells. Chimes and Pails for Churches, Colleges, Taverns, Clocks, etc. Fully warranted; satisfaction guaranteed. Send for price and catalogue. McShane Bell Foundry, 1206 Church, Chapel, School, Fire Alarm and other bells; also, Chimes and Pails.

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Bells of Pure Copper and Tin for Churches, Colleges, Taverns, Clocks, etc. Fully warranted; satisfaction guaranteed. Send for price and catalogue. Buckey Bell Foundry, 1206 Church, Chapel, School, Fire Alarm and other bells; also, Chimes and Pails.

