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artner who will send us his name number of lot, concession, Town- Post Office, will receive cost a copy of a magnificent on Diseases of the Horse. Address RECORD OFFICE, London.

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THOMAS D. EGAN,

ORK CATHOLIC AGENCY. arelay St. and 38 Park Place. NEW YORK.

The Catholic Record

CHRISTIANUS MIHI NOMEN EST, CATHOLICUS VERO COGNOMEN.—CHRISTIAN IS MY NAME, BUT CATHOLIC MY SURNAME.—St. Pacian, 4th Century.

VOL. 4.

LONDON, ONT., FRIDAY, APRIL 28, 1882.

NO. 185

CLERICAL. WE have received a large stock of goods suitable for clerical garments. We give in our tailoring department special attention to this branch of the trade. N. WILSON & CO.

The Dead. H. P. D. Lowly on pillow dust they sleep; And the night winds o'er them sweep; Sighing as if they, too, should weep, And the roses their tinsely keep. O'er the graves where the loved ones calmly sleep.

CATHOLIC PRESS. Catholic Columbian. THE reason that so many of our non-Catholic friends misjudge Catholics is that unlike Protestantism, our faith requires a constant watchfulness in every day life, and the forgetfulness of some Catholics, as well as their downright denial of practical Catholicity is not much, after all.

Parents, make your homes as pleasant and as attractive as your means will permit you. Do not stop even at a little sacrifice, for a little extra ordinary expense in the beginning will prove true economy in the end.

Disagreeing among themselves, it is astonishing what harmony the sect display when the Catholic Church is to be attacked. Let the veriest vagabond and most irresponsible individual appear as one who proposes to lead the hosts on against "Romanism," and immediately there are multitudes ready to place themselves under his leadership.

Freeman's Journal. THAT there is an increasing interest in the Society of the Holy Name is a hopeful sign. Every Catholic in the country owes it to the Faith which he professes, to assist, so far as possible, an association which has for its object to increase reverence for the Holy Name.

Baltimore Mirror. IN his pithy way Cardinal Manning once said that "it is a poor will that has not God Almighty among the heirs." Unfortunately, there are too many such poor wills, and many by Catholics, too, who wish to know better than to forget their position as stewards of the means that Providence has entrusted to them.

Wentworth Bell Foundry. Favorably known to the public since 1826, Church, Chapel, School, Fire Alarm and other bells, also Chimes and Pals.

Don Courcier, Abbot of the Benedictine Monastery of Solemes, facing the persecutors of the Church with apostolic dignity, meek yet firm, his cheeks beaming with all solemnity—his monks chanting, until the last monk was dragged out, the Miserere, the Magnificat, and the Te Deum—was a sight that must have brought tears and blushes to the cheeks of every Frenchman who witnessed it.

The crows are still carrying on their merciless work in many parts of Ireland. There has been quite a campaign lately, conducted by soldiers and police-men, among the wilds of Donegal, during which large numbers of cabins were levelled to the ground, and many poor, aged, helpless creatures turned adrift on the world.

There is nothing more easy in England than to successfully blacken the character of Irishmen. It unfortunately happens that a greater portion of the people of England readily believe everything they hear to the disparagement of Ireland, and to remove those natural prejudices is well-nigh impossible.

Catholic Review. We read the other day with great interest, a summary of the testament of a Catholic lawyer of Maryland. "It is a bad will in which there is no recollection of God and his poor."

Rev. Father Knox, an early companion of Father Fabre, and one of the few surviving members of the original Oratory in London, died lately at the Oratory in Brompton.

Statistics of suicides in Rome, before and since the Italian occupation of the city, show that during the latter period the natural horror of self-destruction has been on the increase.

The following passage occurs in an eloquent lecture on the confessional secret, delivered at Wheelock, Va. by the Rev. Father Cull, of Bolinas, Ohio.

The alleged harsh treatment of Galileo by the authorities of the Catholic Church at Rome, for teaching the Copernican system, has often been cited as an evidence of the unreasonable and arbitrary opposition of the Church to learning and scientific discovery.

Protestantism to learning and scientific discovery; yet it is a notorious fact, that, for teaching the same system that Galileo did, the Lutheran professor in the University of Altdingen, raised such a storm against Kepler, that, in order to save himself from ruin, he had to escape to the Catholic University of Graz.

HERE is a story. We do not say that it is true, but it is very amusing. We found it under the sub-head "Heavenly Refreshing" in the "Times of Refreshing" column of the Western Christian Advocate, a gratuitous advertisement of the new acrobatic star, known as the "Boy Preacher."

Buffalo Union. THE banquet is always spread. The guests are always bidden. The heralds are always out on highway and by-way, missioned alike to palace and hovel.

He gave several facts of proposed changes of line on the Eastern Section of the Erie Railroad, which the Erie Railroad Company would not under the influence of the Syndicate, being greeted by the cheers of his supporters over resolutions adopted.

ORDINATIONS at the Gesu, Montreal. Not since the day of the consecration of His Lordship Mgr. Gore in the beautiful Church of the Gesu, has there been so early contained such a large number of people of every denomination present to witness the solemnities of a Catholic ordination.

Father Allan's Bazaar. A bazaar under the direction of Rev. Father Allan, of Uxbridge, opened on the 18th, for the purpose of liquidating the debt on the Roman Catholic Church of that town.

Emerald Beneficial Association. The seventh annual convention of the Ontario branch of the Emerald Beneficial Association was convened in the St. Vincent de Paul Society Hall, Toronto, on the 18th.

attorney is to keep the secrets of his client. The law, then, shows its veneration for just and sacred confidence. The professions, too, vaunt this privilege and this honor.

THE banquet is always spread. The guests are always bidden. The heralds are always out on highway and by-way, missioned alike to palace and hovel; for the noble, the strong and the comely are not more welcome to the table of the King than are the poor, the blind, the halt and the maimed.

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band was in attendance during the evening, and furnished several musical selections in excellent style.

PARLIAMENTARY SUMMARY. In the House of Commons, April 17th, all the time with the exception of a few minutes was occupied in discussing the Bill to consolidate the Acts relating to the Montreal Telegraph Company, and to make an amendment which gives them definite power to amalgamate with other companies.

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WHAT IS SAID OF THE RECORD. Mr. Thos Coffey, Dear Sir,—Enclosed you will please find the amount of your subscription, your name and editing rights in the Catholic Record.

Mr. Thos Coffey, Dear Sir,—Enclosed you will please find the amount of your subscription, your name and editing rights in the Catholic Record. Indeed, every family not only in Ontario, but throughout the entire length and breadth of our vast Dominion, should become subscribers of this paper, which contains such great information on matters of education and religion.

To My Father.

BY J. T. GALLAGHER.

Oh, my father, dearest father! dearer far than life to me... More beloved than life is ever, dearer far than life could be...

And bright hopes were mine in boyhood nurtured by a fancy bright... As the crystal drops that hang in the flower-crests after night...

Then I care not when I perish, for I long to be at rest... See my long-lost, darling mother in the kingdom of the blest...

A WOMAN OF CULTURE.

CHAPTER XVIII.

A close watch had been set upon McDonnell from the evening on which he had declared his intention of sending for Father Leonard...

"Very sorry, sir, but he is that bad as how the doctors say no one can go near him..." "Ah! Is it true what I have heard, that he is becoming more confirmed in his weakness of mind?"

"Not at all," said the gentleman scornfully. "I regret having disturbed you exceedingly, and I—"

"Ah! you believe as the rest," cried the merchant half in scorn and half in agony. "Then do not go until you have convinced yourself of my sanity, I am not mad."

"Who you are I know not," said McDonnell, impressed by Quip's words, "but you speak wisely. I shall follow your advice. And my visitor is gone; that shows me how I have blundered, for he surely think I am mad."

The servants stood at a distance, whispering and wondering, their fears quickened by their curiosity. Mr. Quip winked at them and smiled, and they answered with a nodding of heads and a noiseless clapping of hands to indicate their approbation of his coolness and dexterity.

overcome by their curiosity. Mr. Quip winked at them and smiled, and they answered with a nodding of heads and a noiseless clapping of hands to indicate their approbation of his coolness and dexterity.

"You are not mad," said I. "I know it, villain!" says he. "But you are acting mad," says I again, "and that is just as foolish. Now, if you will go to your room sensible, and even gay, I will let you go."

"You have better grounds to call me that, sir, than I to call you father. Why do you ask?" "Father, father!" he repeated with a broader sneer. "That comes trippingly from your tongue, does it not? And yet you have lost all right to that honored title. You have made me a madman—me, your father, who schemed and stoned to make you what you are, who in his misery and repentance made you his first regard, preferring to desert his God and his salvation, almost, for your sake. You have repaid me for my old indifference. You have made me a madman. I am, if you can make good this vile calumny, as good as dead and buried. And yet, before God, my sin is not so great as yours. I gave up a father's love and care, and you never looked with love on me. You now add crime to indifference. Tell me, is it your intention to put me in the asylum?"

"I tell me, tell me," he repeated fiercely, bringing his wild eyes close to her face and seeing her violently by the arms, "do you mean that sir?" "Am I safe," she answered boldly, "with one who, sane or not, chooses to act the madman? Am I to be blamed for confining one who treats his own not even as the dogs of the street would treat them?"

"I am always forgetting," he said mournfully, releasing his hold, "and there is the apology of my enemies." He stood for a moment with his hands clasped to his forehead, the picture of woe and helplessness; then he went over to the mantel and took down a crucifix which hung there veiled. Pressing it to his bosom, he said: "I submit, and I acknowledge, my justice of my punishment. I submit, I submit. Only remember, my God, that I am deserted by the one whom I most loved. You had mother and friend in your affliction. I have none. Be my support, and be merciful to my pitiless persecutors."

"You, unfortunate woman, since you are determined to go on in your sinful path, bear in mind only this thing, your sin will recoil on you, as mine has recoiled on me. Perhaps you are already judged and condemned. See what my punishment is! You have added to my pride and my injustice the ingratitude of hell, and your punishment will be in proportion. Go now and think upon my words." He turned from her and continued to walk the length of the room with the crucifix in his hands, entirely oblivious of her presence. She bore herself with wonderful self-command. During his denunciation she stood calm as a marble statue, with her eyes fixed on him, and seemed to derive comfort and strength from the looking. She was moved and frightened by his appeal. She thought he was becoming what she had desired him to be—a madman. His whole appearance, lean, shriveled, pallid, his hair discolored and his eyes burning, was that of one insane; and insane he was, poor old man! with grief and disappointment.

"Go to the office in the morning, and inform Dr. Killany of what you have seen and heard to-night. He will know what to do afterwards."

"Your servant, ma'am," replied the gentleman, and agreeably to instructions received from Killany, went immediately upon his errand.

"What a genius! One would think he had this particular case in his eye when he wrote this work."

"You seem interested, Quip," said the doctor. "What's the object?" "I am," answered Mr. Quip, with a knowing wink. "It was delirium tremens before, spontaneous combustion next, and now it is lunacy, which throws every other in the shade. I never paid much attention to it up to this, but our respected superior has a case on hand which has given me a great insight into the business. Some rich old nabob on Wilton Avenue, with an only daughter, has sent his brains to parts unknown. What's left of him is not even animal."

"I was not aware of that. Who is the gentleman?"

"He whom they call McDonnell. He had a spasm of pain for an instant contracted his face and a shiver crept through his half-dressed limbs. He turned his head towards the doctor with a dilating horror in his eyes. A glance at his examiner did not seem to re-assure him. He put out his hands feebly, as if to wave him from his sight."

"Away, away!" he cried hoarsely. "It is enough to disturb my sleeping hours with your dread presence; do not make the day hideous. I will do justice to your children, if they live. Have I not been trying hard—hard—hard? But the devil, who sends you to torment me, is plotting against me. Why do you come? There are many who will make me mad without your assistance. Away, away!"

"You are right," says he. "I'll do it." "And so he did quite reasonably. It was a slight to see the servants, who had been looking on, skurry through the door when he shook his finger at them, and the valet's knees tremble when he looked at his. His daughter came in then, and he called her into the library. She was rigged out—oh! but I remember you were her escort and don't stand in need of a description. At any rate she didn't look so sweet coming out as when she went in, and the upshot of it is that there is to be an examination to-day by the doctors, and you are one of the gang. Then, I suppose, comes a writ de lunation, and our old gentleman is whisked off to the asylum. Fine thing, this insanity!"

Mr. Quip returned to his book and the doctor withdrew to the inner office, unaccountably troubled and disturbed. He had no idea of the extremity to which Nano's father had been reduced, and it smote on him awkwardly that she should have accompanied them to the carnival while he was in such a sad condition at home. He had not known from Olivia the exact relations which these two held to each other, or he might not have allowed the fact to make such an impression on him; but having some rigid notions on the Fourth Commandment, even the admiration he felt for her could not lessen the imprudence of her conduct in his eyes. A note came from Killany after office-hours, requesting him to come to McDonnell House without delay. It was noon, and he hastened away directly. He knew that the examination was to take place, and he felt some anxiety and considerable curiosity as to the result. In the drawing-room of McDonnell House he met two medical gentlemen, experts in detecting the presence of insanity, and of some kind in the mind, and he was introduced to the upper rooms with Nano, and Olivia too, for he heard her voice on the stairs. Presently Killany entered, bland, smooth, and dignified as usual.

"A rather sad case, gentlemen," he said in tones of studied professional grief; "violent at times even to his daughter, but for the most part melancholy." The experts looked at each other significantly. "He could not be in a worse condition," said Doctor B. "Melancholy madness is the rock of our profession," echoed Doctor C.

"I have thought it best," continued Killany, as if in explanation to Fullerton, "that but one of us should visit him at a time. We can compare notes afterwards. Will you be so kind, Doctor B., as to take precedence?" "If you wish it," replied the doctor, and under the guidance of a servant he proceeded to the library.

McDonnell showed no surprise, or interest, or alarm at the appearance of a visitor. He was not aware of the object of the visit, and was not prepared to give the matter the attention it deserved. It so happened that the moment chosen for the examination was most fortunate for Killany and most disastrous to McDonnell. A combination of circumstances had arisen to aid the devil in the crime to be committed that day. The appearance of the invalid, worn and exhausted as he had been by disease, was not favorable. His pallid face and trembling, unsettled manner, his frequent sighs and moody expression, his inattention and discourtesy, his rapid, shifting, sidelong glances, his neglected toilet, were circumstances not calculated to remove preconceived notions of insanity. The sorrows and dangers pressing around him, surging at his feet like the waves of an angry ocean, had driven him into a state of mind for the time akin to madness. He was cunning enough to have detected the malice of his enemies in this examination, had he suspected its ultimate object. He paid no attention to his visitor, and to his cautious questions gave brief, incoherent, and inapposite answers, staring at him sometimes insolently, burying himself in the papers for a moment, wringing his hands convulsively as if in strong mental agony, and altogether behaving as much like a mad man as a sane man could. Doctor B. left him with a decided conviction of his insanity, but he classed it as a mild though obstinate species. The second expert returned with a similar opinion, as he met with a similar reception.

Since Dr. Fullerton's opinion went for little or nothing against the testimony already given by the experts, Killany cared not what he thought or said; but for the sake of appearances he followed the example of the others and proceeded to interview the patient. It was a surprise to him that he had been appointed an examiner, and he felt that it was less out of good-will to himself than to give an air of strict legality and impartiality to all the proceedings. However, he determined to do in all honesty and earnestness his share of the work. McDonnell paid no attention to him until it occurred to his sensitive but dazed mind that the number of his medical visitors was strangely increasing, when he said, without looking up: "Are there any more of you?" "I am the last," answered the doctor in tones of the gravest, most respectful pity.

"I hope you do not consider my presence an intrusion." The merchant did not at once reply. A spasm of pain for an instant contracted his face and a shiver crept through his half-dressed limbs. He turned his head towards the doctor with a dilating horror in his eyes. A glance at his examiner did not seem to re-assure him. He put out his hands feebly, as if to wave him from his sight.

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Since Dr. Fullerton's opinion went for little or nothing against the testimony already given by the experts, Killany cared not what he thought or said; but for the sake of appearances he followed the example of the others and proceeded to interview the patient. It was a surprise to him that he had been appointed an examiner, and he felt that it was less out of good-will to himself than to give an air of strict legality and impartiality to all the proceedings. However, he determined to do in all honesty and earnestness his share of the work. McDonnell paid no attention to him until it occurred to his sensitive but dazed mind that the number of his medical visitors was strangely increasing, when he said, without looking up: "Are there any more of you?" "I am the last," answered the doctor in tones of the gravest, most respectful pity.

on either side; the crowd expanded itself, closed in, and swayed hither and thither in wild confusion; the Sicilians, with sticks, stones, and knives, rushed with desperate ferocity upon their fully armed opponents, they sought for them and hunted them down; fearful tragedies were enacted amid the preparations for festivity, and the overturned tables were drenched in blood. The people displayed their strength, and conquered. The struggle was brief, and great the slaughter of the Sicilians; but of the French there were two hundred—and two hundred fell.

"Breathless, covered with blood, brandishing the plundered weapons, and proclaiming the insult and its vengeance, the insurgents rushed towards the tranquil city. 'Death to the French!' they shouted, and as many as were found were put to the sword. The example, the words, the contagion of passion, in an instant aroused the whole people. The multitude continued to increase, dividing into troops, they searched the streets, burst open doors, secured every nook, every hiding-place, and shouting 'Death to the French!' smote them and slew them; while those too distant to strike added to the tumult by their applause. The darkness of the night failed to arrest the laughter, and it was resumed on the morrow more furiously than ever, nor did it cease at length because the thirst of vengeance was slaked, but because victims were wanting to appease it. Two thousand and French perished in this first outbreak. Tradition relates that the sound of a word like the shibboleth of the Hebrews, was the cruel test by which the French were distinguished in the massacre; and that if there were found a suspicious or unknown person, he was compelled, with a sword at his throat, to pronounce the word 'Cicero,' and the slightest foreign accent was the signal of his death. 'Forgotten of their own country, and as if stricken by fate, the gallant warriors of France neither fled, nor united, nor defended themselves; they unsheathed their swords, and presented them to their assailants, imploring, as if in emulation of each other, to be the first to die. Even the altars afforded no protection; tears and prayers were alike unheeded; neither old men, women, nor infants were spared; the ruthless savages of the ruthless warriors of Agosta (where, in 1268, the ferocious William I'Estouart, a French baron under Charles d'Anjou, sacked the town and mercilessly butchered the inhabitants, so that not a living soul was left, and which was desolate for many years afterwards) swore to root out the seed of the French oppressors throughout the whole of Sicily, and this vow they cruelly fulfilled. The French were hunted down in the mountains and forests, assaulted and vanquished in the castles, and pursued with such fury that to those who had escaped from the hands of the Sicilians, life became a burden, and from the most inaccessible fastnesses, from the most remote hiding-places, they gave themselves up into the hands of the people, who summoned them to die. A very few, aided either by fortune or by their own valor, escaped with their lives, and sought refuge in Messina. But the fate of William Porcellet merits eternal remembrance. He was lord or governor of Calatani, and amid the unbridled integrity of his countrymen, was distinguished for justice and humanity. On the day of vengeance, in the full flush of his triumphant fury, the Palermitan host appeared at Calatani, and not only spared the lives of William and his family, but treated them with the greatest honor, and sent him back to Provence; a fact which goes far to prove that for the excesses committed by the people ample provocation had not been wanting."

Such is the graphic and deeply interesting narrative of Signor Michele Amari, as translated by George Dennis. And less than a century later, the great Italian poet, Dante, immortalized the memory of the massacre: "Evil lordship, that exasperates even the subject populations," which "moved Palermo to the shout of 'Death! death!'"

P. L. CONNELLAN.

Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy cures catarrh by its mild, soothing, cleansing, and healing properties. Each package prepares one pint of the Remedy ready for use, and costs only 50 cents. By drug-gists.

A clerk of a parish whose business it was to read the "first lesson," came across the chapter in Daniel in which the names Shadrach, Meshach and Abednego occur thirteen times, and finding it extremely difficult to pronounce these names, he went through the chapter referring to them as the "afore-said gentlemen."

Dr. Pierre's Compound Extract of Smart-weed cures rheumatism, breaks up colds and fevers, and is the best liniment for burns, sprains, and bruises. Of all druggists.

A Case of Twenty-five Years' Standing. From the Venerable ARCHDEACON SCOTT, D. D., of Dunham, P. Q.

"The man who has experienced in himself a great blessing, if he possess any generous sentiment, cannot but feel sincere gratitude to the agent through whom he has been benefited. I am an inveterate Dyspeptic of more than twenty-five years' standing. I have been wonderfully benefited in the three short weeks during which I have used the PERUVIAN SERRA, that I can scarcely persuade myself of the reality. People who have known me are astonished at the change. I am widely known, and can but recommend to others that which has done so much for me." Sold by all druggists.

Rheumatic Remedy. There is no better cure for Rheumatism than HAYGARD'S Yellow Oil used according to directions on the bottle. It also cures Burns, Scalds, Frost bites, Bruises, lameness, and all wounds of the flesh. All dealers sell it, price 25 cents.

Had Suffered many Physicians and grew no better but rather worse. Mr. D. H. Howard, of Geneva, N. Y., after consulting his physicians, tried nearly half a gross of the various blood and liver remedies advertised, with no benefit; when one bottle of Burdock Blood Bitters cured him of Paralysis and General Debility. At the advanced age of 69, he says he feels young again, and is overjoyed at his wonderful recovery.

In order to give a quietus to a hacking cough, take a dose of Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil three a day, or oftener if the cough spells render it necessary.

The Catholic Record
Published every Friday morning at 425 Richmond Street.

LETTER FROM HIS LORDSHIP BISHOP WALSH
London, Ont., May 23, 1879.

Mr. THOMAS COPPEY
Office of the "Catholic Record."

Catholic Record
LONDON, FRIDAY, APR. 28, 1882.

OUT IN THE COLD

There was formed in this city some time ago a ministerial association which has managed to attract some share of public attention.

the association," but evidently felt hurt at the action of his brethren in the ministry.

FRENCH CANADIANS AND THE NORTH WEST.

Our readers will remember that upon more than one occasion we have expressed ourselves in favor of French Canadian immigration to the North West.

TILDEN FOR THE PRESIDENCY.

The friends of Mr. Samuel J. Tilden are energetically paving the way for his nomination and election to the governorship of New York.

PUBLIC MORALS.

With certain of the statements contained in a late article in a city paper on "Public Morals" we can fully agree, but fear that our contemporary has very unjust notions on the subject of Sunday desecration.

AT ITS OLD WORK

The Christian Guardian is religiously faithful in adhering to its old work—vilification of Catholics, systematic distortion and misrepresentation of their belief.

THE RATE OF INTEREST

The action taken the other day by the House of Commons on the bill relating to the "Trust and Loan Company of Canada" has given us much genuine satisfaction.

CANADA AND HOME RULE.

The Parliament of Canada did itself honor by its hearty adoption of Mr. Costigan's resolution in favor of home government for Ireland and the release of the imprisoned suspects.

THE RATE OF INTEREST

The action taken the other day by the House of Commons on the bill relating to the "Trust and Loan Company of Canada" has given us much genuine satisfaction.

interest. The latter practice cannot, we hold, be justified on moral or equitable grounds. The present Parliament has, we are glad to notice, evinced a very determined purpose to protect the people from the rapacity of such companies and their agents.

HAMILTON LETTER.

Ecclesiastical Notes—Episcopal Anniversary—St. Vincent de Paul Society—"Ireland of To-day"—General Notes.

THE EPISCOPAL ANNIVERSARY.

The eighth anniversary of the consecration of the Right Rev. P. Crinon as Bishop of Hamilton, occurred on Wednesday, the 19th instant, and was fittingly commemorated.

ST. VINCENT DE PAUL SOCIETY.

A spectacular entertainment was recently given in the Academy of Music in aid of the funds of this Society.

"IRELAND OF TO-DAY."

An audience, rather above the average in number, greeted the Rev. Mr. Pepper in his lecture on the above subject in the Opera House on Friday evening.

GENERAL NOTES.

Father Bergmann's concert in aid of St. Joseph's Church took place on Tuesday evening. Particulars next week.

BRANTFORD LETTER.

The preparations for our concert, to take place in the Opera House on the 5th of May, are being pushed vigorously.

WINDSOR LETTER.

The pupils of the Calisthenic class of St. Mary's Academy, Windsor, entertained their many friends on last Thursday evening by an exhibition of their knowledge of this healthful exercise.

REQUIEM MASSES.

Requiem High Mass was sung at the Sacred Heart Academy, London, by Rev. Father Tierman, on Friday, 21st instant, for the repose of the soul of Archbishop Hannan.

OBITUARY.

We regret to be called upon to chronicle the death of Mrs. Kennedy (Kate McEntee), which occurred at Point St. Ignace, Mich., on the 8th instant.

Bishop Toebbe.

The Rome correspondent of the London Tablet supplies this gratifying item of news concerning two men, who, in their day, were notorious for their opposition to the temporal power of the Papacy.

There is Room and Work for All.

By R. A. BROWN. Somewhere, in some dusky corner of the post's busy brain...

AN ULSTERMAN GIVES HIS VIEWS ON THE IRISH QUESTION.

At the St. Patrick's celebration by the land league of Windsor, Ont., Mr. T. Buchanan of that town...

and cate. Is it any wonder that Irish members of parliament, with a clear knowledge of this state of things before their eyes...

The Cincinnati Troubles.

Bishop Elder sends to a Cincinnati paper the following explanation of erroneous reports that were circulated in reference to alleged treatment of certain creditors...

Other persons, too, are exerting themselves, to the best of their ability, to help some of them. I did not say that preparations were being made to buy the churches...

The Costigan Resolution Discussed by the House.

Blake's Eloquent Plea in Favor of Self-Government. OTTAWA, April 20.—The Speaker took the Chair at 3.25 p. m.

Blake's Eloquent Plea in Favor of Self-Government. OTTAWA, April 20.—The Speaker took the Chair at 3.25 p. m.

Golden Medical Discovery.

has been used with signal success in consumption of the lungs, consumptive night-sweats, splitting of blood, shortness of breath, weak lungs, coughs, bronchitis, and kindred affections of the throat and chest.

how much authority the Local Parliament should have. Mr. Gladstone had made an attempt to shift the responsibility from the shoulders of the majority...

Liver or Urinary Diseases.

Have no fear of any of these diseases if you use Hop Bitters, as they will prevent and cure the worst cases, even when you have been made worse by some great puffed up pretended cure.

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APRIL 28, 1922

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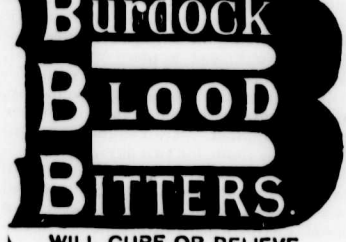
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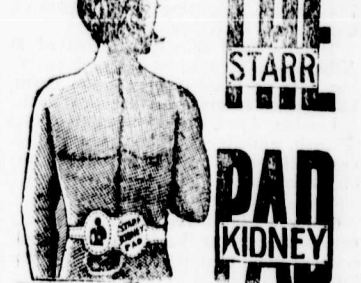


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