

The Catholic Record.

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

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ST. PATRICK'S DAY

IN GODERICH.

One of the best programmes that has been prepared for a Godesrich audience for some time was rendered on Monday evening at the Opera House. The several parts were not only executed in an excellent manner, but interesting and amusing. Mr. R. S. Chilton, American Consul, occupied the chair, and opened the entertainment by introducing the first piece, which was an instrumental trio, piano, concertina, violin, by Messrs. Belcher, Porter and Cameron. Mr. W. Shance sang three character songs and won the same number of encores, to which he responded. Miss Hearn, soprano, rendered "La Gingara" and "Marguerite." She has a splendid voice and showed it to advantage in "The selections; for an encore she sang "The Silo," "Two Colours," "Spot in Ireland" and "Last Row of Summer," by Mrs. Brayley, were loudly applauded.—Star.

SPECIAL TO THE CATHOLIC RECORD.

Was delivered by D. McGillicuddy, Esq., editor of the Signal, and the subject was "Ireland—the Hour before Dawn."

In reference to a remark made by the chairman in introducing the speaker, the lecturer said he was Irish from the soles of his feet to the crown of his head, and had not a strain of other blood in his composition; he would not change that fact even if he could, for he was proud of the land of his fathers. Continuing he said to-night the globe is girdled with gatherings such as this to do honor to Ireland and Ireland's patron saint, in every land where Irishmen congregate—and they congregate on nearly every land on God's foot stool—there will be kindly remembrance of the Old Land to night, and St. Patrick will be honored because his anniversary makes the manifestation so general. The day we celebrate differs from the anniversary of any personage that history makes us familiar with in the fact that not the birth but the death of St. Patrick is held in remembrance. And this being the anniversary of a death, it may be out of place to allude on this occasion to another death which cast a gloom over Ireland—a gloom that has existed for nearly one hundred years—the death of the last Irish Parliament. (Applause.) But, said the speaker, although I allude to the death of the Irish Parliament, I speak as one without hope, for as in the natural life death comes that a brighter hereafter may obtain, so although responsible government passed from Ireland at the death of the Irish Parliament, and although from that day to this no responsible government has been granted, yet I believe that a glorious resurrection awaits her, when she shall again rise

"Great, glorious and free,
The first flower of the earth,
The first gem of the sea."

(Applause.) The history of our country is not as well known to people generally as it should be. In none of the national schools of Ireland has the history of Ireland been a text book, and the same fact pertains to our Canadian institutes of learning. But time would not allow to go into the causes in detail which brought about the so-called Union between England and Ireland. It was admitted by even adverse historians that the dissolution of the Irish Parliament was brought about by the most shameful corruption of its members on the part of the English Government, and the greatest of English statesmen had stated that it was secured "by force and by fraud." (Loud applause.) It was claimed at the time of the signature for Union that such an engagement between the two countries would result in cementing the friendship of the two nations. Had the prophecy been fulfilled? (Cries of "No") No, it had not. On the contrary, the reverse had been the result, and until of late years when the agitation of the English people, the Irish were despised as an inferior nation by the English, and the English were hated with a ferocious hate by the Irish. Thank God that feeling between the people of the two countries is fast dying away, and with the spread of light upon the subject it will not be long before it is totally obliterated. (Applause.)

Home Rule is permitted not only the Irish people but the nations of the earth, and where in 1834, when O'Connell (cheers) divided the House of Parliament, at the instance of Fergus O'Connor, on the question of repeal of the union, and only one English member cast in his lot with the scheme, to-day we have over two hundred, English, Scotch and Welsh members led by the greatest historical figure of the nineteenth century—William Ewart Gladstone (loud cheers) and behind them, where in the seventies we had a mere handful of Irish Home Rule members, we have now a solid phalanx of eighty-six—a majority for every Province—led by the unworldly king of Ireland, whose name will never die while history lives.—Charles Stewart Parnell (cheers and prolonged applause.) It has been said, and the speaker, that the Irish are naturally discontented and turbulent, and that they have no grievances and are subjected only to the same laws that prevail in England. Such was not the case. The Irish were well known throughout the world for gentleness and neighborly feeling; the fact that concession after concession had been wrung from the British Government, such as Catholic emancipation, the disestablishment of the Irish Church, and certain improvements in the land laws (which, however, did not yet go far enough) showed conclusively that grievances had existed and still exist; and the further fact that during the past ninety years there were eighty-seven Coercion Acts for the special "benefit" of Ireland, and which did not apply to England, Scotland and Wales, proved beyond a

peradventure that Ireland was not governed by the same laws as the sister countries. (Applause.) Why, said the speaker, I will give you another illustration of this fact. If I was in Ireland to-night, and speaking as I am now speaking, I would not board at home next week (loud laughter) for I would be planked for delivering what is called in Ireland a scolding speech, although I am speaking no scolding speech. I will go further. An Irish Home Rule member can make a speech on the floor of Parliament, or an Irish Home Rule missionary can speak in any part of England, Scotland or Wales, without impunity, and if he crosses the channel and delivers the self-same speech on Irish soil, he is arrested and treated worse than the vilest criminal. Doesn't that prove that one law does not prevail for all classes of British subjects? (Applause.)

During the past four years four thousand Irishmen, women and children had been arrested for no other crime than that they loved their native land; three-fourths of the Irish representatives in Parliament had been arrested and given the luxury of the plank, because they had dared to raise their voice against the tyranny of the present government and the selfish oppression of Arthur Balfour, the Irish Secretary of the seven members for Cork county alone, all except Mr. Parnell had undergone this brutal treatment; men, women and children had been battered and shot down by the police at Mitchelstown and other places for daring to encourage their clamorous cheering heroes like William O'Brien, thousands upon thousands had been rendered homeless by the curse of eviction; and tens of thousands had died the death by privation and hardship. And yet we were to believe that Ireland had no grievances to be redressed. The latest case of eviction would be fresh in the minds of many—the eviction of Oionogory. The speaker went fully into this case, and showed that not only the evicted tenants driven from their homes and their dwellings destroyed, but their neighbors were prohibited by law from giving the homeless ones shelter, and kind-hearted artisans who came forward to erect temporary abiding places on neighboring farms for them, had been arrested, handcuffed and taken to jail as common criminals. Amongst those arrested was the parish priest, Father Kinnella, who was caught red-handed sawing a plank for one of the erections. He was tried under a statute of King Edward III, and asked to give bonds that he would not again be guilty of so criminal an act, and because he refused to give bonds, and by the act of law breaking, he was committed for two months to jail with hard labor. Was it any wonder that the Irish were attached to their priests when such self-abnegation on the part of the *soi garth aroon* was of daily occurrence? (Loud applause.) Irish nationality had been kept intact by trial and persecution, and by the saying was true that "the blood of martyrs is the seed of the Church," the application could certainly be made to Ireland. On the grave of her patriot sons her nationality had arisen never to go down. (Applause.)

Like the coral islands in the Southern seas, which are built by insect after insect laying its body down, Ireland's nationality has been unflinchingly sustained by the graves of heroes who had died in her cause, and who had not died in vain. Although slow, the day of rejoicing was not the less sure in coming.

"The weary watching wave on wave
And yet the tide moves onward,
We cannot see the coral, grave on grave,
Yet point a path that's sunward,
We're beaten back in many a fray,
But never straighten we'll bow,
And when the vanguard camps to-day
The rear shall rest to-morrow."

(Applause.) God reigns and Ireland will yet obtain her rights. (Renewed applause.) The darkest hour for Ireland was three years ago, when what was looked upon as the most influential newspaper in the world, backed by the most important Government on earth, entered upon a gigantic conspiracy against Ireland and Ireland's cause. On the eve of a momentous vote on an additional coercion bill, more atrocious and uncalculated for than any of its predecessors, the first of a series of articles on "Parnellism and Crime" was sprung upon the British nation with the design of influencing the vote. The crimes charged against Mr. Parnell and his colleagues were of a most atrocious character. The gauge of battle was accepted by the Irish leader, who unqualifiedly denied the foul imputation, by Special Commission the details were examined into, and in a 900 page volume the result of the investigation is given to the public. Mr. Parnell has been exonerated on every personal point charged, and the only important facts disclosed were that Michael Davitt had been a Fenian convict and that William O'Brien, John Dillon and five others had joined the National League with the object of total separation from England. So far as Davitt being a Fenian convict was concerned it needed no Commission to prove that, and no one could blame O'Brien and his fellows for advocating total separation in 1879. Why, remarked the lecturer, I favored total separation myself in 1879 and I don't care who knows it, and if the conditions were the same in Ireland now that they were in 1879 I would be a total separatist still. (Loud applause.) In 1879 there was a famine all along the west coast of Ireland, and great distress prevailed in other parts through rack-renting. On the coast the people were forced to exist on seaweed and public charity, and they got more seaweed and charity. The country was in a poor state, "without resource and without remedy," and the Irish party had not begun to make its presence felt. Was it any wonder that total separation had from a country whose legislation had brought about such a woeful state of

affairs should arise in the hearts of men who loved their suffering country? (Applause.) But because a man at one time was no reason that he should not be of a different opinion at another; if it were not so, and a change of heart did not often take place, there would be few converts to Christianity and no repentance amongst many who need it badly. (Applause and laughter.) And so it was that separation was now out of the question, and we all believe that England and Ireland should go hand in hand in a federal union similar to what Canada has at Ottawa, and that Ireland's local affairs should be attended by an Irish parliament on College Green similar to that which governs Ontario at Toronto (Cheers.) And such a scheme is bound to succeed. Already the signs of decay have struck Balfour's reign, and the Times Commission, which was to have stricken Ireland to the death, has worked a blessing instead.

After dealing with the Times apology to Mr. Parnell and paying a tribute to the Irish people in America, Australia and other parts of the world who had cut the throat of Distence Paud, the Tenants' League Fund and kindred schemes in aid of the Land League campaign, the speaker closed with T. D. Sullivan's stirring lines:

"Deep in Canadian woods we're met
From one bright island's shore,
Great is the land we tread but yet
Our hearts are with our own
And ere we leave this Home Rule hall
While glows the parting day;
We'll least of all
Dear old Ireland!
Ireland boys! Hurrah!"

Loud and prolonged applause greeted the speaker from every part of the hall as he took his seat. When the applause had subsided Judge Doyle, in a neat speech, moved a vote of thanks to the speaker for his able, earnest and patriotic address, which was seconded in a most suitable manner by Mr. Joseph Williams, and carried unanimously.

IN BRANTFORD.

SPECIAL TO THE CATHOLIC RECORD.
The 17th of March, the feast of Ireland's patron saint, was celebrated in Brantford with great gusto. Almost every man in the city, no matter what his nationality happened to be, appeared anxious to honor the day. Englishmen, Scotchmen, and even Germans, wore pieces of green ribbon, and good-naturedly claimed to be Irishmen. The admirers of the "grand old man" carried in the three-cornered emblem in their buttonholes, to show the world that they were in sympathy with "Home Rule" for the Emerald Isle. The crowning feature of the anniversary, however, was the concert and lecture in the Opera House under the auspices of St. Basil's Literary and Beneficial Society. The Opera House was literally jammed from floor to ceiling, not a seat being vacant. The Mayor presided at the lecture, and on the platform were ex-mayors, ex members of Parliament and clergymen of different denominations. Prominent citizens and aldermen occupied front seats in dress circle. The occasion was a grand one. Hon. T. W. Angus chose for his subject, "The progress of Irish Home Rule," and treated it in a masterly and eloquent manner. The effort was worthy of the cultured and scholarly intellect of the ex-speaker of the House of Commons. Mr. Angus prefaced his remarks by stating that Catholics just now were heaped upon them by a so-called Equal Rights Party, but they (the Catholics) could afford to treat all this with calm contempt, as they had confidence in the British North America Act, they had confidence in the liberality of the Protestant people, and they had confidence in themselves. The hon. gentleman then took up the subject of Home Rule and traced its progress with great skill. He referred to the cry that Home Rule was Rome Rule, by which Salisbury had gone into power at the last elections, and showed that the sternly religious Scot had not looked at it in that light, and had sent a majority from his country to support Gladstone in his great crusade. Irishmen should always feel grateful to their kith and kin in Scotland, and Irishmen never forget a debt of gratitude. (Applause.) The speaker then went back to the year 1782 and touched upon the first Parliament Ireland had, and showed that it was by wholesale bribery and corruption on the part of the English Government that that Parliament had voted itself out of existence. The rebellion of 1796 and the emancipation of 1829 were touched upon, and the great agitation for repeal in 1841 and subsequent years. The peace warfare of O'Connell was referred to at length, and the strategy of that great Irish leader in first storming the outposts and being thankful for every small concession, was commented on. "Agitate," "agitate," "agitate," was his watchword. Then came the great famine of 1867, to be followed by the Home Rule movement, which was started in Dublin, and the effective obstruction policy inaugurated by the late J. Biggar, M. P., some-what later. The great Imperial House one day awoke to the fact that a little band of Irish members could boss them all.

Then came Mr. Gladstone to the rescue. He had read Mr. McGuire's wonderful book and realized that there was a greater England with a deadly hatred. He saw at once that to conciliate the United States, to have the friendship of that great people, the Irish must be reconciled, and the result was the great land measure and the pledging of the Liberal following to the solution of the Irish question. The scheme was not a perfect one, but Mr. Parnell and his friends gladly accepted it. Home Rule

was now the question of the day, and the more it was discussed in England the more it gained ground. The coercion act, the mistaken action of the London Times, the finding of the Parnell commission, were all dwelt upon in a scholarly manner, whilst Mr. Parnell's character and statesmanship were painted in glowing colors amidst tremendous applause. Home Rule was bound to come; it would be a final measure, one with which the Irish people would be satisfied. They would receive it gladly and would become a portion of the great empire in heart and spirit.

Mr. Anglin concluded a polished address by impressing on his hearers the fact that they had a duty to perform in the future by their sympathy and material help. Mr. Robert Henry, ex-Mayor, moved a vote of thanks to the lecturer, in which he stated that he believed the people of Ireland should have the same government as the people of Canada. Mr. J. J. Hawley, M. P., seconded the motion, which was heartily carried.

Rev. Father Lennon, and Rev. Wm. Cochran, D. D., also spoke. After the lecture Hon. Mr. Anglin was entertained by the Mayor and the managing committee of St. Basil's Literary and Beneficial Society.

IN W. COMBERFORD.

SPECIAL TO THE CATHOLIC RECORD.
Father Kelly, our own beloved *seaghra*, whose patriotism is proverbial, and his zeal for souls, did not allow St. Patrick's Day to pass without special recognition. Sunday evening, the vigil of our great apostle's feast, will be long remembered by us. Our modest frame church, which shall soon be replaced by a stone edifice of noble architecture and beautiful design, was filled to overflowing when the learned and eloquent Father Galan, of St. Michael's College, ascended the altar steps and delivered a delightful and patriotic sermon, which stirred up the hearts of all who listened with memories of Ireland the loved Isle of Saints. Tears glistened in the eyes of old men as they thought of the days of their youth spent in the dear old land, which they still never more see, and young hearts throbbed with glowing hope of a near and bright future, when they shall see the Ireland of their pride a nation with a parliament of her own on College Green.

IN DOURO.

SPECIAL TO THE CATHOLIC RECORD.
Father Kelly, our own beloved *seaghra*, whose patriotism is proverbial, and his zeal for souls, did not allow St. Patrick's Day to pass without special recognition. Sunday evening, the vigil of our great apostle's feast, will be long remembered by us. Our modest frame church, which shall soon be replaced by a stone edifice of noble architecture and beautiful design, was filled to overflowing when the learned and eloquent Father Galan, of St. Michael's College, ascended the altar steps and delivered a delightful and patriotic sermon, which stirred up the hearts of all who listened with memories of Ireland the loved Isle of Saints. Tears glistened in the eyes of old men as they thought of the days of their youth spent in the dear old land, which they still never more see, and young hearts throbbed with glowing hope of a near and bright future, when they shall see the Ireland of their pride a nation with a parliament of her own on College Green.

IN CAMPBELLFORD.

SPECIAL TO THE CATHOLIC RECORD.
St. Patrick's day was religiously celebrated by the Catholics of Campbellford. At Mass the congregation was large and a great number received Holy Communion. In the evening the tasteful little church was for the first time lighted by electricity from numerous incandescent lamps. The altar was resplendent with various colored lights. The pews were well filled with a mixed audience of Catholics and Protestants. The orator of the occasion was the Rev. Professor, Father Galan, of St. Michael's College, Toronto. To attempt to give a synopsis of the sermon, beautiful in language and full of thought, would detract from its excellence. It is sufficient to say, that with rich imagination and varied learning he developed the true idea of what St. Patrick's day means for us in Canada. We are Irish and we are Catholic. It is both a national and a religious festival. We have reason to rejoice that we are children of so glorious a country and so holy a faith.

IN ALMONT.

SPECIAL TO THE CATHOLIC RECORD.
St. Patrick's Day has again come and gone, and the Father Mathew Temperance Association, of this town, have added another triumph to their long list of successful celebrations. The celebration took the usual form of a grand entertainment in the Town Hall, in the evening, and the vast audience which assembled on the occasion left the hall fully satisfied that they had assisted at the literary and musical event of the season. The stage presented a picturesque appearance, and the surroundings looked bright and cheerful. We deeply regret that the Very Rev. Canon Foley, who was to have acted as chairman, was confined to the house by an attack of neuralgia, and, in consequence, unable to attend. In the absence of the pastor, the chair was filled by Mr. Thos. W. McGarry, President of the society, who made his initial bow to the public, and won popular favor with his hearers. Indeed, the clever young chairman spoke of the past history of Ireland in a manner which would have reflected credit on a much older head. The musical programme was prepared with a great deal of care, and presented

in a manner which left little room for adverse criticism. The instrumental numbers by the Hadyu Quintette Club, of Brockville, were suitably selected and admirably rendered. The first selection, "Medley Irish Airs," at once established the ex-courants in high favor with an evidently critical audience. The other instrumental numbers by members of the Club were received with loud applause. Fancott's "Mediation" being the gem of the quintette part of the programme. Mr. P. F. McGarry sang Louis Diehl's "Gay Hussar" with power and possession, fully sustaining his reputation as a popular bass soloist, and Miss Regina Reilly, who followed, received an ovation in her selections on the violin. For a little girl but yet in her tenth year, Miss Regina played "The Harp Toot Once Through Tara's Hall," and "St. Patrick's Day" in a highly creditable way and touched a tender chord in the hearts of hundreds of her listeners. In response to an irresistible encore she played the "Mocking Bird Gallop," the number being materially enhanced by Master Willie Reilly's piano accompaniment. A lovely duet, "Amore," by Giro Pinatti, was artistically rendered by Mr. F. H. Fulford and Miss Carrie Braniff, and Miss J. Nagle's solo, "The Fairies," was sung with much sweetness and harmony. Miss O'Keefe's rendering of "Ever Back to Erin" showed a marked improvement in tone and finish, and won the favor of the audience. Possessing as she does an exceptionally sweet and pure soprano voice, she promises to rack well up in musical circles and it is safe to say that her appearance in public will always be hailed with pleasure. The quartette from "The Yeoman of the Guard" by Messrs. Carrie Braniff and Carrie Fulford and Messrs. F. H. and Cosas E. Fulford made an immediate impression on the audience, and elicited loud applause. "Kathleen Mavourneen" gave Miss Carrie Braniff an opportunity to display her full and sympathetic voice, which she took every advantage of. The recitation, "Fionne" by Miss Teresa Nagle, a clever little girl of tender years, was a pleasant feature of the entertainment. Her enunciation is clear and pleasing, and she gives promise of a rich, emotional voice. The number was warmly applauded. Mr. R. J. Cloutier's character sketch, the dialogue, "New Brooms Sweep Clean," by members of the society, the xylophone and bamboo band performances furnished a pleasant variation to the programme, and were well received.

Mr. R. J. Dowdall made a short but interesting address, expressing the pleasure he felt at the success of the concert, and noting briefly the progress and prosperity of the society under whose auspices the celebration was being held; and made way for the Rev. Father Poulin, the popular and highly esteemed curate of St. Mary's, who delivered the panegyric of St. Patrick.

In the course of an interesting figurative discourse, rich with the influence of ideas and aglow with the fervor of speech, Father Poulin recounted many interesting particulars incident to the outset of St. Patrick's mission on the memorable Easter Sunday morning when he ascended the Hill of Tara, and to the king and his assembled court, spoke of the glories of Christianity. All were astonished with the speech of one who addressed them with ease in their own beautiful mother-tongue. The conversion of the whole nation followed, one remarkable fact in connection with it being so different from the first reception of the gospel in other lands that it did not require a single martyr's life. Father Poulin dwelt with special emphasis on the moral grandeur of the Irish nation, and pointed out that although her people had been despoiled of their rights by foreigners and in too many cases reduced to poverty, her achievements were equal to, if not greater than those of any other nation. Our poets, politicians, painters, artists, and the Church herself were all deeply indebted to the little Isle in the western ocean for men who were gifted with talents and abilities which made them famous in their time—men who contributed largely to the brightest pages of the world's history. The reverend speaker drew a touching picture of the devotion of the Irish people to the faith of St. Patrick. Seven centuries of cruel persecution failed to crush out of the sons and daughters of Erin that love of faith and country which St. Patrick had taught them from the Hill of Tara upwards of fourteen hundred years ago; they triumphed over tyranny, and to day were as strong in their devotion to the faith as in the days when St. Patrick first taught them the truths of Catholicity. The rev. gentleman said that Irishmen were now scattered throughout the world, but wherever they were or in whatever condition they might be, their thoughts, on each recurring anniversary of St. Patrick, wandered back to their native Erin, and the shamrock, that dear little emblem of the Blessed Trinity, which they loved and guarded at home, bloomed again in their hearts. The subject had often been dwelt upon, the speaker said, by able and eloquent men, but enough never had been and never could be said in praise of a people who remained steadfast to the principles inculcated in their hearts by St. Patrick through all the centuries of bitter persecution which Ireland was called upon to suffer.

IN PARIS.

SPECIAL TO THE CATHOLIC RECORD.
St. Patrick's day has come and gone. This year the members of the Irish Catholic Benevolent Union held a grand concert and lecture. Mr. C. M. Foley acted

as chairman. All who took part in the programme acquitted themselves in the most admirable manner. The lecture was delivered by Rev. Albert McKean, the talented parish priest of Strathroy. His references to the Irish Home Rule cause must have touched the hearts of nearly all present, judging by the applause given. It was that his eloquence seemed at its best and in the opinion of the writer he is a finished scholar and a polished orator. May we soon again have the pleasure of hearing him. The Town Hall was filled by a most appreciative audience.

IN ST. JEROME'S COLLEGE, BERLIN.
SPECIAL TO THE CATHOLIC RECORD.
The feast of St. Patrick was celebrated with great pomp and solemnity at St. Jerome's College to-day. All the students wearing rosettes, the color of the day, assisted at the High Mass celebrated by Very Rev. Dr. Speiz C. R., President of the College. After Mass the students spent the time in diverse ways; the gymnasium and foot-ball campus were crowded until noon, when the large hall announced that a sumptuous repast had been prepared, and it is but right to say that the students did justice to it. In the afternoon there was a procession of the students through the town. The principal feature of the day was the grand entertainment in the evening, given by St. Jerome's Literary and Dramatic Society. The spacious hall of the Catholic St. Patrick school was unable to contain the large and enthusiastic audience, every available space being occupied. At least five hundred people must have been unable to gain admittance. So great was the rush that many of the most prominent citizens were compelled to return home again, to use a proverbial expression. The students have taken the town by storm, so much so that they have been requested, by many of the prominent town people, to repeat the entertainment at the town hall. The following is the programme, which was very varied and lengthy:

Opening Selection.....	By College Band.
Introductory Remarks.....	W. A. Shannon.
COURT SCENE FROM THE MERCHANT OF VENICE.....	J. Flynn.
Duke.....	J. Flynn.
Bassanio.....	M. Galan.
Gratiano.....	J. Mahoney.
Shylock.....	J. Ferguson.
Portia.....	J. Malone.
Vocal Solo—"The Watermill,".....	J. Gagnier.
Selection.....	College Orchestra.
INCIDENTS, A GERMAN DRAMA IN THREE ACTS.....	J. Ehnert.
Prince Henry.....	W. Meyerhofer.
Mr. Seller.....	R. Lehmann.
Bergmeister.....	P. Houch.
Mr. Durbin.....	N. Lehmann.
Fan keeper.....	J. Ferguson.
Servants.....	J. Ehnert and J. Gagnier.
Callisthenic exhibition, under the direction of F. Lutkenier.....	
Operetta—"Two Blinds,".....	R. Lehmann and J. Flynn.
Selection.....	College Orchestra.
Oration—"The Day We Celebrate,".....	J. Malone, President I. D. S.
Farce—"Gentleman of Jury,".....	Members of Society.
Grand chorus of seventy voices—"God Save Ireland,".....	Students.
National Anthem.....	College Band.

The programme was received with the greatest applause. The introductory remarks by Mr. W. A. Shannon were brief and to the point. He spoke feelingly of the death of the late Dr. Funcken and how fortunate the students were in having such a worthy successor as Very Rev. Dr. Speiz. The court scene from the Merchant of Venice was well produced; the costumes were gorgeous. The whole of the trial scene before and after the entrance of Portia was a beautiful piece of acting. Mr. J. Flynn, as the duke, dressed, acted and spoke the noble lord of Venice; it was a splendid piece of stage work. We present to this young gentleman a bright future in amateur theatricals. Mr. J. Durkin, as Antonio, had a good conception of the part, the deep pathos of his farewell to his affectionate Bassanio being very impressive. Mr. M. Galan, as Bassanio made his debut in Shakespearean character; his well-studied gestures and the silver tones of his voice bespeaking his great hope of success. Mr. J. Mahoney, as Gratiano, rendered his lines in an excellent manner; his graceful bearing and the good nature of his taunts at Shylock, were well received. Mr. J. Ferguson, as Shylock, certainly deserves credit for his excellent performance of the crafty and cruel Jew; this gentleman is an amateur amateur theatricalist. Mr. J. Malone, as Portia, showed great dramatic skill; the passionate declamations interspersed with wit and irony were well rendered and received with loud applause. The vocal solo by Mr. J. Gagnier was well sung. The German drama was presented in an excellent manner, all the parts being well sustained, especially by Messrs. Ehnert, Meyerhofer, R. and N. Lehmann and P. Houch, who was the very personification of a Bergmeister. A novel feature was the club-swinging exercise by the following members from the class in gymnasium: Mr. F. Lutkenier; Messrs. Durkin, Jaglowitz, Bobichow, Fisher, N. Lehmann, Gagnier. The Fathers of the college have determined to establish this class, that the physical education of the students shall not be neglected. The operetta of the Two Blinds was well sung by Messrs. R. Lehmann and J. Flynn; each duet and solo was received with repeated encores; the operetta was the success of the evening. The oration on the masterpiece of oratory, J. Malone, was a past, present and future of that down-trodden country, Ireland, in glowing language. Space will not permit to give a full report of this great speech. The

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CONTINUED ON FIFTH PAGE.

KNOCKNAGOW OR THE HOMES OF TIPPERARY. BY CHARLES J. KIOCKHAM.

CHAPTER XXX. NED BROPHY'S WEDDING.

When Mr. Lowe found himself kneading fresh snow, after jumping from the glein Ned Brophy's yard, he looked about him with a slight sense of bewilderment. Their driver for the first two miles had been pleasant enough, but when they turned off the high road into a narrow "boreen," Mr. Lowe expected every moment to be flung over the fence, against which the wheel almost rubbed as they jilted along.

"Have we much farther to go?" he asked, clutching the side of the gig, as the wheel at Hugh's side sank into the deepest slough they had met yet.

"Only a couple of fields," Hugh replied. "We'll be in view of the house after passing the next turn."

The couple of fields seemed five miles long at a moderate calculation to Mr. Lowe, and it was not till he found himself on his legs in the straw he felt satisfied they had really arrived at their journey's end. As he gazed about him he had a confused consciousness of the twang of fiddles, mingled with the hum of many voices and the clatter of many feet, on the one hand, and a combination of odors, in which turf smoke and roast goose predominated, on the other.

The music came from the barn, and the odors from an out office at the opposite side of the yard, which was converted into a kitchen for the occasion—and there being no chimney, a plentiful supply of smoke was the natural consequence.

Hugh shouted for some one to come and take care of his horse; and a workman rushed from the barn, creating considerable confusion among a crowd of beggars at the door—for whom the fun at that side seemed to possess more attraction than the culinary preparations and savory odors at the other.

Mr. Hugh Kearney's arrival was soon made known to the people of the house; and Mr. Donovan, as "best man" and master of the ceremonies, was at the door to receive and welcome him.

"Is this the doctor you have wed you?" Mat asked. "Begor, I'm glad we have him, as I was afraid there'd be no wain to talk to the ladies."

"This is Mr. Lowe," replied Hugh. "Mat was evidently disappointed; for he had the highest opinion of the doctor's powers in the matter of 'discoerria' the ladies."

On entering the kitchen, where preparations for dinner were also proceeding on a large scale, Ned Brophy's mother welcomed them with a courtesy, and her daughter took their hats and overcoats to one of the two bed rooms off the kitchen. Mat Donovan opened the parlour door, and showed the gentlemen in with a bow and a wave of his hand that even the accomplished Richard, whose absence he so much regretted, might have envied.

Two ladies who sat by the fire—one in a blue ball dress and pearl necklace, the other in a plain black silk, with only a blue ribbon for ornament—stood up; and Mr. Lowe found himself shaking hands with the blue ball dress almost before he was aware of it.

"Don't you remember Miss Lloyd?" Hugh was obliged to say; for it was painfully evident he did not at once recognize her.

"I beg pardon," said he, "but really the likeness was so unexpected."

Miss Lloyd was in fits of ecstacy, and called to her sister to introduce her.

Mr. Lowe bowed again, and it was pretty clear from the expression of his eyes that he thought the plain black dress and the blue ribbon a pleasanter sight to look at than the blue gaud and pearl necklace.

"Sit down, sir," said Mat Donovan, placing a chair in front of the fire "Or, maybe," he said, turning to Hugh, "you'd like to have a bout before the tables are brought into the barn?"

"Oh, no, we'll wait till after dinner," said Hugh.

familiar and affectionate manner, took Hugh somewhat by surprise; for it happened that Mrs. Nugent was a perfect stranger to him.

"Foundher an' turf, Mrs. Nugent," exclaimed Mat Donovan, "everything is roasted an' biled—an' there's open war among the women. Wan says wan thing an' another says another thing; an' between 'em all everything is three-nay-byla."

Mat put his arms round Mrs. Nugent and lifted her to her feet—a feat which no man in "the three parishes" but himself would have attempted.

Mrs. Nugent steadied herself for a moment, untying her apron and turning the other side out, with great deliberation.

"You know, Mr. Kearney," said she, "how a salt herring grates me."

"Well, if you don't, your mother does," said Mrs. Nugent, as she stuck a pin in her cap a little over her right ear—for what purpose it would be difficult to say.

"She knows what dressing a dinner is," continued Mrs. Nugent, looking round on the company, "for she was used to nothing else in her own father's house."

Hugh felt that this compliment to the O'Carroll would have greatly gratified his mother, and that she would have overlooked the assertion that she was "used to nothing else" but dressing dinners at Ballynamore.

"And how are you to-night, Miss Lloyd?" said Mrs. Nugent. "I hope your family are well."

"Quite well, thank you, Mrs. Nugent," replied the lady addressed, who was nervously feeling her pearls one by one, to know if any of them had come to grief in consequence of her tumble.

"Come, Mrs. Nugent," said Mat Donovan, "an' set 'em to rights at the dish, in the name of God!"

"Yes, Mat the Thrasher," replied Mrs. Nugent. "Let me alone for setting them to rights."

She moved with great dignity towards the door; but making a sudden and quite unexpected detour before she reached it, Mrs. Nugent came plump up against Mr. Henry Lowe, who mechanically caught her in his arms, as yielding to the momentum, he staggered backwards.

"Hands off, young man, till you're better acquainted," exclaimed the fat cook, in an offended tone. "I'm no sleight sort of individual," she added, as she shook the young gentleman from her, to his utter confusion and dismay.

But before he could collect his wits to protest he meant no harm whatever, Mat Donovan took the offended lady's arm, and conducted her to the kitchen, where her appearance, as she stood with arms akimbo in the middle of the floor, made Mrs. Brophy and her servant girls feel like delinquents, so awe-inspiring was the glance the mighty empress cast round her dominions.

"At the Thrasher," said Mrs. Nugent, "will you—"

"Begor, there's Father Hannigan; I must be off," exclaimed Mat, as he hurried away without waiting to know what Mrs. Nugent required.

"God save all here," said Father Hannigan, stamping his feet as he stepped over the threshold. "How are you Mrs. Brophy?"

"You're welcome, sir," was Mrs. Brophy's reply, as she opened the parlour door.

"He!" he replied, laughing; "I can hear the grass growing." He pulled out his watch, and after opening the glass and fumbling with it for a moment, he said: "Twenty minutes past nine."

Mr. Lowe, who looked at him in surprise as he smiled and chuckled while putting up his watch, caught a glimpse of the old man's eyeballs, and saw that he was blind.

"Sit down near me here," said Mr. Flaherty. "I know Sir Garrett and your mother well. I'll play one of poor Garrett's favourite tunes for you."

As he uncovered his pipes their splendor quite took Mr. Lowe by surprise. The keys were of silver, and the big covered with crimson velvet fringed with gold; while the little bellows was quite a work of art, so beautifully carved and ornamented with silver and ivory.

Having tied an oval-shaped piece of velvet with a ribbon attached to each end above his knee, he adjusted his instrument, and after moving his arm, to which the bellows was attached by a ribbon, till the crimson velvet bag was inflated, he touched the keys, and etching up the "chanter" quickly in both hands, began to play.

Mr. Lowe, who watched him narrowly, now saw the use of the piece of velvet tied round his leg, as the "chanter" was ever and anon pressed against it to assist in the production of certain notes by preventing the escape of the air through the end of the tube.

The musician soon seemed to forget all mere human concerns. He threw back his head, as if communing with invisible spirits in the air above him; or bent down over his instrument as if the spirits had suddenly flown into it, and he wanted to catch their whispering there, too.

The audience, to some extent shared in the musician's ecstasy; particularly Father Hannigan, from whose eyes tears were actually falling as the delicious melody ceased, and the old man raised his slight eyes, and listened, as it were, for an echo of his strains from the skies.

"Oh!" exclaimed Father Hannigan, turning away his head, and flourishing his hand in a grandiose manner, as if he were affected to swoon before taking the pinch of snuff he held between the fingers of the other hand—"oh, there's something wonderful in these old Irish airs! There was a ballad in last Saturday's Nation about that tune, that was nearly as moving as the tune itself. Did you read it?" he asked, turning to Hugh K.

"Yes," he replied. "Your friend, Dr. Kiely, induced me to become a subscriber to the Nation."

"I don't get it myself," returned Father Hannigan. "The Father O'Neill gets it, and I suspect he has a leaning towards those young Irishmen, and dabbles in poetry himself. But I wish I had that little about the mountain and lakes of Connemara had not yet robbed him of all the freshness of color and brilliancy of eye of his native country. To be sure, both had faded somewhat; and to-day particularly there was an unusually dejected expression in his handsome face as he stood before the old priest."

The fact was, Owen had just been getting a lecture, which he knew was well-deserved, from Father Laurence. Owen was the best of fellows—industrious, honest, God fearing, a model son, a kind brother, a true friend. In his home in the West he was a general favorite, and the lamentation had been universal when circumstances had caused him to leave it for a while for a good job that had been offered him in the East. There he had left a mother who adored him, and a bright-eyed girl who had promised to be his wife, and a character of which any man might be proud. For a while after he came to M— his good habits stuck to him, and he was the same steady, hard working fellow as at home. Then the moment of trial came—the bad companions, the evil example, the delicate and jeers of his comrades, the overpowering temptation, the sudden yielding, and then the cruel, dreadful, unavoidable consequences.

Good Father Laurence had made more than one attempt to rescue poor Owen from the horrible fate to which he was so surely and quietly drifting. He was in vain, however. The young man had of late begun to avoid him, and even to absent himself from the chapel. At last rumors reached the priest's ears which determined him to make a supreme effort before it should be too late. One evening, after a long and tiresome day's work, he made his way to the house in the little back street, where he knew that Owen lodged, and, catching him just as he was going to take a set of boon companions at the neighboring public-house, he earnestly appealed to him to save himself from ruin and misery, and there and then to take the pledge. "You'll never regret it, Owen, I promise you, you never will. It is your own chance, and if you reject it, it is all up with you, I do believe. Just think what you're coming to, my boy— you see, as a young fellow never stepped, a month or two ago. And proud I was of you, and used to point you out as an

example of what old Ireland could produce, carrying your head so high, and not afraid to look any man in the face. But now, my poor fellow, just look what you're coming to—what you're come to, rather—shaky and pale and besotted like the rest of them. Just brutes; that's what they are, and you'll become one too. And it will be the death of your poor mother, and of the lass who trusts and loves you. O, either of them saw you as you were last night, rolling along the streets, bringing shame and discredit on the old country, on the mother who bore you, and, worse than all, on the holy religion you profess! Upon my word, it is enough to make St. Patrick himself weep for very shame."

Owen's heart was touched. He was sorry for the old fellow, whose dim eyes were really filled with tears, and he was ashamed and disgusted with himself.

"I tell you what it is, Father Laurence," he said at last—"I'll stay at home to-night. There! I have promised those chaps to meet them, but not a foot will I go; and if they come here, I'll be in my bed, and pretend to be sick. Now, won't that satisfy you, Father Laurence? I'll not go near the public house as long as I live. Do you think I care for the drink? Not a bit of it. It's only for the sake of comradeship and doing like the rest. But I'll give it up to please you; and I'll only drink a glass now and then, just to stand a meal's treat, and because one must wet one's lips with something. Won't that do, Father Laurence?" the young man concluded, with a coaxing air, taking off his coat, as though already beginning to prepare for bed.

Father Laurence was not, however, so easily taken in. Experience had taught him how little such promises were to be trusted.

"Shame on you, Owen," he said, "to try to put me off in that shabby fashion! To please me indeed! Is that your motive? Why it's God Almighty you should be thinking of pleasing, and of saving your body and soul from ruin and destruction. Nothing will save you from that accursed temptation but the pledge, and it is the pledge I have come to give you. Pretend you're sick, indeed, and go and hide your head in the blanket? Why not tell the truth—that you're determined to save yourself while there's time, and to give up the drink altogether? O, Owen, Owen! it just shows you your mischief that's done already, and the forward you've set becoming, that you should have to go to bed to hide yourself from the danger, instead of facing it like a brave fellow, and showing the sort of stuff you're made of."

This appeal produced a considerable effect, but it was by no means conclusive. Owen made a stout resistance still. To take the pledge was a serious matter. He foresaw you'd set becoming, that you should have to go to bed to hide yourself from the danger, instead of facing it like a brave fellow, and showing the sort of stuff you're made of."

TO BE CONTINUED.

"DROWNING THE SHAM-ROCK."

I.

"Only for three months, Owen! Just think what a little while! Why, 'twill have slipped away without you ever noticing it. Come now, child, don't be afraid. God will help you and make the water taste just as good as the pot. Just make up your mind to it, and I promise you that you'll bless the day that will have made a sober man of you for the rest of your life!"

The speaker was a kindly, white haired priest who for years had been the pastor of the Catholics in the busy little town of M—, near Liverpool, and the person whom he addressed was a tall, handsome fellow of about five and twenty, with deep Irish blue laughing eyes, brown wavy hair, and a well knit figure, which told and hard living. Indeed, Owen as yet betrayed no sign of exhausting Lambert was as fine a young man as one would wish to see, and the few months that had elapsed since he had left his home amid the mountains and lakes of Connemara had not yet robbed him of all the freshness of color and brilliancy of eye of his native country. To be sure, both had faded somewhat; and to-day particularly there was an unusually dejected expression in his handsome face as he stood before the old priest.

Not to make a drop. Not to stand a treat. Not to turn in of an evening to the public for a smoke and a chat, and a glass of liquor! Jeer him and taunt him they did, to their hearts' content. Now and then he felt that it was too much, and that he must either yield or run away altogether. Bill Greenwood, a huge Welshman, who got drunk every Saturday night as regularly as clockwork, and spent the rest of the week in slowly recovering himself, was among the worst of his mates, and once even tried to force Owen to drink.

So the three months went on; and Owen's employers, satisfied with his steady conduct and industry, began to notice him, and gradually improved his position. He was already beginning to see the time when he could venture to marry, and to offer a home to his mother; with Norah for his wife, and his mother to keep them company. The notion of living a few years in M— became at least tolerable, and there was always the chance of being able to return home, and of recovering possession of that bit of land which had been his father's, and from which it had been so hard to part. Owen often thought of that "bit of land" with yearning still, for, bleak and poor and wild as it was, it had yet been the home of his childhood, and to it his heart was tied fast by many strings. The times, however, had been during the last few years too bad even for Owen's stout will and strong hands, and he had to let it go.

III.

"The longest lane has a turning," and at last it was the eve of St. Patrick's Day. That evening was a singularly bleak and wretched one. The March winds were howling through the narrow ugly streets of M— with a cruel ferocity, and drifts of snow, blackened by smoke and soot, were heaped up here and there. Owen thought he had never felt so cold, and wretched as when he returned from his work that evening. A queer and very unusual feeling of weakness was upon him, as he turned the corner of the lane where he lodged, and as his eyes were caught by the glare of the public house a few steps off, where they were just beginning to light the lamps, an almost irresistible impulse came upon him to cross the street. A glass, one single glass of spirits was all that was necessary to set him right again, and to restore his chilled circulation! He

had actually reached the door, when he recollected that till twelve o'clock that night he could not, with common honesty, consider himself free to satisfy this longing for drink which had suddenly gripped him. Patrick's Day! Yes, it would then be Patrick's Day, and he would "down the shamrock" in earnest.

He had thought of going down to the chapel after his supper, and of preparing himself in a Christian manner for the next day's feast. But now the intention was clean gone. He would just wait quietly at home, locking himself in by way of precaution, till he should hear the clock strike twelve, and then he knew a "public" not far off, where they would still be open, where he could have a good glass of liquor that would make him himself again, and rid him of this intolerable longing. But he wanted to be cheered and warmed up a bit, and to give himself some little indulgence in honor of the feast. How cold and cheerless his little room looked when he entered it! He hardly felt equal to preparing his own supper, and the food was distasteful to him. He could not eat it, he could not even look at it, and with a dazed, bewildered sensation he sank down on his bed, intending to rest quietly there for a few hours which must elapse before the longed for hour struck, when he would be free to give himself that which would supply the place of food to him.

But he could not rest. Presently he started up again, and, clapping his hat on his head, was out in the open air, tridling with hurried steps down the little lane with a half-formed notion in his brain of buying the whiskey and bringing it home with him. But once in the public house, the temptation was too strong for him; the smell of the liquor was overpowering, and in an instant he had put the glass to his lips and swallowed a draught. O, how good it was! How it ran like fire through his veins, all at once endowing him with a magic strength, and making him feel able to defy the world! The weakness and depression had all disappeared, and as one glass had done him so much good, another was tossed off to complete the cure.

At that moment a familiar figure passed the open door, and Owen, recognizing his old enemy, Bill Greenwood, felt a sudden desire to show himself off to the man whose taunts still rankled deeply in his bosom, and perhaps to find an opportunity of making him smart for them. So he followed Bill down the street, and overtook him, as he was about to enter at the nearest public. Bill, who seemed more sober than usual that evening, and who, Owen observed with surprise, wore a clean shirt and a tolerably respectable coat, gave a surly kind of assent, remarking that he hadn't too much time to lose, as he had to go to the station to meet a girl whom he expected from Liverpool.

"An Irish girl, too," he said with a grin, "who is coming all the way over to marry me. I guess you'd wouldn't do as much for you! But mine is a brave lassie, and though she's kept me waiting a bit, she's coming at last. Ye see it's not them that's afraid to look a glass of good whiskey in the face that the Irish people like."

Bill, who concluded, with a contemptuous glance at his companion. "They're much too sensible for that, and know well enough that it's only snags and crows that won't take their drop and stand a feller a treat when he meets 'em."

Owen shrugged his shoulders at this speech, feeling strong in the thought that he would strike Bill with a single blow, and go a long way towards knocking him over altogether. Bill, however, was disposed to be prudent that evening, and though, as he said, just to oblige Owen, he tossed off a glass, it was Owen himself who drank the most on the occasion, and on whom the liquor took most effect. Bill seemed half inclined to shake him off as he set out for the station, declaring that the train was due in ten minutes. Owen, however, he hardly knew why, unless with some notion of picking a quarrel with him, stuck to him like a leech, pulling him with questions concerning the girl who was coming all the way over from Ireland to marry him. The Welshman got angry at last, and with an oath told Owen to come along with him, and see for himself "as decent a girl as was to be found in all Connaught, and with a pair of blue eyes that just give a chap the squeals all over to look at." This assertion for some mysterious reason riled Owen considerably. The notion of a pretty Irish girl marrying a coarse brute like Bill was too much for him altogether. He swore that his Norah had bluer eyes than was a comelier lass than any other in all Ireland, let alone Connaught, and that Bill was a liar if he said the contrary. Whereupon Bill, growing furious, burst out, "Your Norah! My Norah is the girl that's worth a dozen of you'n! And she's a-shovin' on it too, by coming over to marry me instead of sticking at home, with her fingers in her mouth, waiting to be fetched like a barrel of goods!"

IV.

They were at the station now, and at the words "my Norah" coming from Bill's coarse lips, Owen reeled as though he had been struck, and all the blood in his body seemed to rush to his brain. Like a tiger he turned upon his companion, but at that instant a train rushed up to the platform where the two men were standing, and Bill had darted forward to a third-class carriage, from the window of which a young girl was looking anxiously out. Owen stood transfixed. It was Norah, his Norah, with sweet red lips and eager, laughing eyes; and in the flash of a second, he swore that his Norah had bluer eyes than was a comelier lass than any other in all Ireland, let alone Connaught, and that Bill was a liar if he said the contrary. Whereupon Bill, growing furious, burst out, "Your Norah! My Norah is the girl that's worth a dozen of you'n! And she's a-shovin' on it too, by coming over to marry me instead of sticking at home, with her fingers in her mouth, waiting to be fetched like a barrel of goods!"

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What happened next? Owen did not know by what devil's trick he managed to get promptly and cleverly to his bed, and plunged the knife into Bill's throat, and the Welshman had fallen back with a

gurgling groan, and was lying helpless on the platform.

O, the horror of what followed! Owen only seemed to hear Norah's screams, and to see Bill's white face, with wide opened staring eyes looking up at him. At first, he did not know what it meant; but presently he heard voices around him saying that Bill was dead; and he felt a strong grip on his arm, and he realized that they were carrying him off to the station house, and that people were looking at him with a strange shuddering, and calling him a murderer!

He, Owen Lambert, a murderer! It was impossible—quite impossible. And yet, his hands were all covered with blood, and he knew well enough that the awful expression he had seen of Bill's face meant—to be remembered with horror and loathing; to be pursued to the very end by Norah's reproachful eyes and his mother's curses. Would she curse him? This thought seemed the crowning misery of all. He could bear everything else—the shame, the ignominy, the terror of the law; but he could not bear the thought of a punishment! To die a shameful death; to be remembered with horror and loathing; to be pursued to the very end by Norah's reproachful eyes and his mother's curses. Would she curse him? This thought seemed the crowning misery of all. He could bear everything else—the shame, the ignominy, the terror of the law; but he could not bear the thought of a punishment! 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SEPARATE SCHOOLS IN ONTARIO AND QUEBEC.

L'Electeur, comparing the treatment accorded to the Protestants of Quebec and the Catholics of Ontario respectively, states that whereas the 400,000 Catholics of Ontario have only 235 Separate schools obtaining state aid, the Protestants of Quebec, numbering 185,000, have 973 Dissected schools.

As at the last census taken in 1881 the number of Protestants in Quebec was 188,300, and the number of Catholics in Ontario 328,839, it is clear that the *L'Electeur's* figures on this point are somewhat astray. In fact they were merely intended as approximate; but from the number of Separate schools in each Province it may be clearly seen that the Quebec minority is treated with much more generosity than the minority in Ontario.

The *Mail* of the 18th inst. declares, however, that this inference is incorrect. It says: "Assuming that *L'Electeur's* figures are approximately correct, they merely show that the Separate system of education is taken advantage of to a greater extent in proportion to their numbers by the English-speaking inhabitants of Quebec than by the Roman Catholics of Ontario."

Precisely. The Protestants of Quebec take advantage of the Separate school laws to a greater extent than the Catholics in proportion to their numbers. Could they do this were it not for the fact that every facility is afforded them by the Catholic majority to keep their schools in as efficient a condition as possible? Could they do it if the Protestants were subjected to the petty annoyances which the Equal Righters and Mr. Meredith would wish to subject the Catholic ratepayers? Could they do it if the taxes of Protestants were *prima facie* to be legally appropriated to the support of the Public schools, as is the case with the taxes of Catholics in Ontario as the law stands at present?

The Quebec law places all Protestants on the Protestant school roll, and all Catholics on the Public school roll. The Public and Protestant schools are placed on a footing of perfect equality.

What is the state of the case in Ontario? Catholics are in the first instance regarded as Public school supporters. Not until they declare their adhesion to the Separate school can they be rated as Separate school supporters. Protestants, on the other hand, cannot become supporters of the Catholic schools, even when they send their children to them. Thus all school taxes levied on Protestants, together with the school taxes not only of recalcitrant Catholics, but likewise of those Catholics who have overlooked their duty of declaring their wish to support the Separate schools, go for the support of the Public schools.

In the face of these facts the *Mail* has the audacity to assert that the school taxes of Quebec are inequally divided. In proof of this that journal says that "the non-Catholic settlers own or control the manufacturing and other corporations in Quebec, yet the taxes paid by these institutions are divided between the Separate and Public schools in proportion to school population. That is, if a mill owned by a non-Catholic pays \$50 in school taxes and the school population stand as nine to one in favor of the French Catholics, then the Public or Catholic school gets \$45 of that sum."

This injustice does not exist in Quebec. It exists, however, in Ontario, and to a more gross extent. In such a case in Ontario, if the Catholic owner of property taxed \$50 for schools, either through non-residence or neglect, fall to make the necessary declaration that he desires to be rated as a Separate school supporter, not \$45 alone, but the whole sum of \$50 will be taken by the Public school. As to corporations in Ontario, unless they actually decide by resolution that their taxes shall be divided to Public and Separate schools, in proportion to the amount of stock held by Catholics and Protestants respectively, the whole of the school-tax is also given to the Public schools. But seldom or never do the

Protestant corporations pass such a resolution. In Quebec the arrangement of corporation taxes is made as equitably as it is possible to imagine. There are three panels of taxed property. Panel No. 1 is taxed for the support of Catholic schools, and contains the property of Catholics. Panel No. 2 consists of the property of Protestants, and is taxed for Protestant schools. Panel No. 3 comprises companies which wish to be placed thereon, and those which express no desire to be placed upon either of the other two. Only the tax levied on panel No. 3 is divided in proportion to population. In Ontario in the corresponding case, all the tax would go to the Public schools. If then the *Mail* finds the Quebec law unjust towards Protestants, what words can we find in which to express the injustice inflicted on Catholics in Ontario?

The fact is that the school laws of Quebec were framed by a generous Catholic majority with the express desire of giving the Protestant minority full justice in every respect. The school laws of Ontario were passed in quite a different spirit. We do not, at all, wish to depreciate the liberality with which the Ontario Legislature during the past few—very few years—made the working of the Separate School Act easier and more effective. But we all know what a noise has been made in the Province on account of these few paltry concessions. If the whole of them were repealed to-morrow the repeal would scarcely take \$10 annually from the Catholic Separate schools of any county. They would entail more trouble on Catholic school trustees and supporters. That is all. And for this object the whole country is agitated with a no-popery cry. We are told by Mr. Meredith and the *Mail* that the Catholics are the public enemy against whom all Protestants should unite. The Orange lodges and the Equal Rights Association re-echo the cry, and we are threatened with the repeal of these clauses. The hope is that every obstacle which these bigots will throw in the way of Catholic education will pave the way towards the future annihilation of the Separate school system.

There is no such agitation as this against the Protestant schools of Quebec. The Protestants there have their schools in peace. The *Mail* is, therefore, unfortunate in instituting a comparison between the treatment of the minorities in the two Provinces.

But there is more to be said on this subject. The Protestant Separate schools were established in Quebec by the Catholic majority; whereas it is the boast of the bogus Equal Rights Association that the Catholic Separate School Law of 1863 was forced upon the people of Ontario by a Quebec majority. And it is true. The two Provinces were legislatively united with the express hope that Upper Canada would dominate. The Province smaller in population was, at the time of the union, Ontario, and Ontario had in Parliament a representation equal to that of Quebec, yet both Provinces had an equal representation in Parliament. Ontario, however, grew more rapidly than the sister Province, and when the Separate School Law of 1863 was passed, though Ontario recorded a small majority against it, it was carried by the Quebec majority, which was resolved that the Catholics of this Province should have some measure of the equity which was enjoyed by Protestants with them. Now, the Separate school system of Ontario cannot be destroyed without destroying the whole Confederation compact, and without submitting, once more, the Protestants of Quebec to the will of the Catholic majority there. We doubt very much whether our Ontario Catholic schools would be safe if they depended merely on the will of an Ontario majority, but as the Protestants of Quebec value their Separate schools as much as we value ours, we are inclined to think that the good sense of Ontario will accept the situation and will not attempt to interfere with them. Even the late Hon. George Brown, than whom no more determined champion of Protestantism has existed in Canada, thought it a good bargain to secure the status of the Quebec Protestants by incorporating into the Confederation Act a clause which would secure both to them and to the Ontario Catholics their then existing educational privileges.

It is a foolish supposition which the *Mail* fosters that Ontario Catholics can be deprived of their rights while the Quebec Protestants shall retain theirs. The people of Ontario understand this perfectly, and thus we are led to believe that the efforts which are being made in the Ontario Legislature to cripple the Separate schools will be of no avail. It is a ridiculous pretence to say that the Public schools of Quebec are religious schools, and that therefore the Quebec Legislature could not touch the Protestant schools of the Province, and that, therefore, the bigots of Ontario can do as they please, without the possibility of retaliation. This is the mean ground taken by the *Mail* and also by the Equal Rights Association in their recent manifesto. But these people may rest assured that there is some astuteness in Quebec,

as well as with themselves. We do not think indeed that the people of Quebec would stoop to adopt their disreputable methods; but they have already proclaimed over and over again that the Quebec people have always hitherto overreached the Ontario men in political tactics. It was so (they say) in the Act of Union. It was so in the Act of Confederation. We have no doubt that in the proposed revision of Confederation, should it occur within our lifetime, the people of Quebec will hold their own as securely as ever. They are not so noisy in raising race and religious discussions; but they have not in the past submitted to the domination of bigots, and we may rest assured they have no intention of doing so in the future.

THE CONVENTION OF BIGOTS.

The Third Party—of Equal Rights for all Bigots and no mercy for any body else—held a convention in Toronto on Thursday last. The *Globe* says that Rev. Dr. Sutherland, with "the banner of truth and righteousness behind him and about fifty men and women before him, took the chair at the third annual convention of the Equal Rightists." When the reports of the different committees were handed in Mr. Bangough suggested that something should be added to the platform on the labor question. He desired to see a plank on free trade introduced: "There were not many intelligent voters who did not believe prohibition to be a humbug and a fraud of the first degree." This declaration caused no little commotion among the lovers of truth and righteousness. Mr. Sarrow suggested that the proposed plank should be narrow and have a soft side. Rev. D. L. Brethour hoped that a plank on the labor question would not be quite so thin nor one "needing a microscope to discover its meaning." Rev. Principal Austin, of the Alma, moved that the report be referred back for the addition of a plank—let it be large or small or slippery—on the labor question. The same rev. gentleman read the resolution, sent down by the Committee on Political Action, viz., "that as neither the Conservative or Liberal party has declared in favor of prohibition, but rather the reverse, we cannot regard either party as entitled to the confidence of the friends of temperance and prohibition."

It is surprising how slow to learn the fauults have proved themselves to be. By their furious agitation on the Scott Act and by the many evils of debauchery, drunkenness and perjury immediately resulting from the operation of that arch-hypocrisy, the Scott Act, the cause of temperance has suffered immensely and prohibition, with all its attendant evils, is set back for at least fifty years, if not indefinitely and forever.

Rev. T. A. Moore, on the part of the "Miscellaneous Committee," which means no doubt the Committee on *mizum ytherum*, moved a resolution "deprecating the course pursued by both parties in the Dominion Parliament in regard to the Jesuit Estates and dual language debates; also expressing sympathy with those in Manitoba and the North-West who are contending for Equal Rights against exclusive privileges and clerical domination."

Farther down we find the Rev. C. Webber suggesting that an "effort should be made to induce the Dominion Government to secure such an amendment to the *British North America Act* as would give the Provinces the power of passing prohibitory laws." Here is the astounding spectacle of Methodist preachers actually legislating for the whole Dominion. They are not even satisfied with the Provincial machinery for making laws. It is not sufficiently broad and elastic to enable them to force their notions of morality on the rest of humanity. They must involve heavier weapons of warfare and call for an amendment to the constitution, which means asking Queen Victoria to give them power to make laws in Canada which she would veto and condemn were they passed in England. Her Majesty the Empress of India does not favor prohibition, neither does, by all accounts, Prince Von Bismarck or Emperor William. But why should not Rev. Principal Austin and Rev. C. Webber know more about moral principles and the way to attain legal righteousness than sovereigns or statesmen in Europe or Dominion politicians in Canada? By clerical is meant priestly domination in the North-West. Does it ever occur to these preachers who meet in Toronto that they themselves are guilty of clerical domination? If they cannot see the beam in their eye, the outside world can discover it without microscope aid. Here they are attempting to make laws and upset the constitution for the purpose of exercising clerical domination, and at the same moment and on the same platform they accuse the priests of the North-West of "clerical domination." The priests of the North-West, if they had the will, cannot afford time to go travelling round the country hold-

ing meetings and lecturing in every village school on the coming elections. They need all their time to attend to the spiritual wants of those confided to their care and save them from the snares of the proselyting agents sent out from Ontario with Exeter Hall money to make them seven times worse children of the devil than before. If the Rev. Dr. C. Webber, Rev. T. A. Moore and Rev. Austin would stay at home and attend to the duties of their calling and ministry, it would be much more satisfactory to the children and parents they are training, and there would be less trouble and rumors of trouble in their schools and parishes. The Rev. Dr. Sutherland spoke sensibly when he said that he should retire from the presidency of the council and of the council of one hundred for the reason that "he occupied an important position in the Methodist church requiring all his time." It seems to us the other rev. gentlemen can as ill afford to squander the time which belongs to their flocks. Rev. Mr. Austin especially should learn a lesson from the President and devote more of his precious hours to the vigil and overseeing of the tender lambs entrusted to his ever watchful solicitude than to be scamping over the country dictating to politicians, in the exercise of that stupid arrogance styled "clerical domination."

We should have mentioned that among the fifty people who were gathered before the rev. chairman several ladies were present, whose names, if not their conduct, indicate them to be strong-minded women. There was Mrs. J. E. Seels, Mrs. A. Mills, and Mrs. James G. Strong. Whatever is the distant future of our history may be the outcome of the Third Party scheme it is certain that the two great divisions of politicians that now contemplate a party that has no greater or stronger backing than a few dozen fanatical preachers and some well-intentioned ladies who would be better employed in the nursery or in mending their husbands' or brothers' stockings.

BISMARCK'S DOWNFALL.

The Iron Chancellor has succumbed at last. His downfall has been foreshadowed for some time. Ever since the death of the late Emperor Frederic people who watched closely the independent conduct of the young Emperor William could easily foresee that under him Prince-Bismarck's reign, as Chancellor of the Empire, would not be of long duration. During the eventful career of old Wilhelm nothing of importance was undertaken without Bismarck's initiation, consent and approval of every detail. During the wars with Austria and France all the credit of Germany's victories was universally given to the diplomacy and audacity of the Man of Blood and Iron. From being a second-rate power Prussia, at a bound, went to the front rank, and held the loftiest and most definite position in the councils of European diplomats. From being a small kingdom and a mere state in the Germanic confederation Prussia assumed the imperial sceptre, and virtually took possession of all the many little states and kingdoms that, now combined as one, form, under the sway and at the beck of young Emperor William, the most powerful and to all opponents the most formidable empire in the world. To Bismarck history must assign the glory of achievements so vast and so portentous for the balance of power in Europe. Emperor William's fame, as the originator and creator of all these changes so important to Germany, however great and brilliant, must remain forever overshadowed by the towering genius and influence of Prince-Chancellor Bismarck's diplomatic and iron determination to humble France and Austria and make Prussia the envy of nations.

The young Emperor, however, is determined to strike out for himself. He belongs to a new generation. He is desirous of carving a name and a fame in history without the adjunct of Bismarck's bulky shadow hanging over his humane or military projects. In his efforts to improve the standing and promote the comforts and honor of every private soldier in the army he found Bismarck in the way; in his anxiety to cultivate friendly relations with the Pope and earn the love and veneration of his Catholic subjects, he found Bismarck the only obstruction; and now, when he is devising plans for the solution of the labor question, and endeavoring by means of a European conference to lighten the heavy tasks and increase the pay of the common laborer, the old Bismarckian tycoon confronts him. But the young Emperor has made up his mind on all these necessary ameliorations, and Bismarck must step down and retire into private life.

It is very strange, and looks providential, that Bismarck, who, at one time, held Catholic influence in such contempt should in the end have to yield to its power. He established the Falk National Church, so that the Emperor would equal the Russian Czar in being

Vicar of Christ and ruling over both the spiritual and temporal interests of the empire. To this end he banished Bishops from their sees and priests from their parishes and he took under his fostering care the schismatical Old Catholic Church, founded by the late Dr. Dollinger of unhappy memory. The Jesuits were exiled from the New German Empire, although many of them had contributed to its elevation and glory and some of them were decorations won on the battle-fields of Woerth and Sedan. It looks indeed providential that Catholic influence should be the straw which broke the camel's back. All the accounts, cabled from Berlin, state that Bismarck has been unhorsed and made to bite the dust, by Herr Windthorst, the Catholic leader in the German parliament, so that now all the grand schemes of the Iron Chancellor about a National Church and a Caesarism of spiritual authority have not only vanished but have been the cause of his retirement from public life and the secret of his downfall. The Catholic leader, Windthorst, was the Mardochai who would not "bow down to Hsuan."

Despatches from London, March 29, are as follows:

"The immediate cause of Bismarck's resignation is reiterated to have been over the terms for the support of the Clericals, and that the Chancellor drew the line positively at the concessions and the Guelph revenues. Herr Windthorst, the leader of the Clericals, can congratulate himself on his victory over his ancient foe. Bismarck and Windthorst have waged bitter warfare upon each other for a generation, and Windthorst is the only foe whom Bismarck has ever treated with respect as a foe man worthy of his steel. In stature Windthorst is almost a dwarf, but intellectually he is a giant. At the present time he holds the balance of power in the Reichstag, and the Ministry of a strange party is, too, the center party school supporters against their will. There are cases which have come under our notice where the municipal clerks have pretended to have lost, or have really lost, the notices which have been given in past years that they are supporters of the Catholic Separate schools; and of course, in such cases, those who have been for years Separate school supporters would become at once sweep Public school supporters. To bring about this state of things Mr. Meredith introduces into his Bill the very offensive clause that the assessment roll shall not even be accepted as evidence "whether such ratepayer is a supporter of the Public schools or of the Roman Catholic Separate schools."

BISMARCK'S SUCCESSOR.

General Von Caprivi, commander of the 10th Army Corps, has been appointed Chancellor of the Empire to succeed Prince Bismarck. The *Tagblatt* says: "The world without Bismarck cannot easily be imagined. It was the great writer and philosopher Goethe who said: 'Rome without the Pope would be no Rome, the world without Rome would be no world.'" Goethe understood human fallacies and the world's requirements much better than the Vienna *Tagblatt*.

The *Neue Freie Press* of the same date says: "History begins a new page." Certainly, something new to modern ideas is happening when the Queen's daughter, Princess Louise, is on a visit to the Vatican and when the Emperor of Germany is writing every second day autograph letters to the Pope. There must be some very great change for the better about to occur when such despatches as the following are sent over the cable from London: "A Rome correspondent says he is authorized to state that the Pope (being consulted no doubt by the sovereigns of Europe) declares that he is willing to act as mediator in negotiations for a general disarmament of the European forces." This would mean the disarmament of ten or twelve million soldiers all ready for action and equipped for mutual slaughter.

drod millions of average good, sensible and respectable people? We, Equal Righters, can't see why it should be done, and, whether done by Mr. Mercler or by Emperor William, we are equally vehement in our protestations against such questionable conduct."

THE SCHOOL QUESTION IN THE HOUSE.

A number of bills on Separate schools have been brought before the Ontario Legislature by different members. One by Mr. Ross proposes to make it the duty of clerks of municipalities wherein there are Separate school supporters, to keep an index book in which will be kept the names of all persons who have given notice that they are Separate school supporters, with the date of their declaration to this effect. This book will also contain the date of any withdrawals by which Separate school supporters desire to transfer their names to the list of Public school supporters. It is also provided that on the assessment notices there shall be a clear statement as to which school any taxpayer is assessed for, so that it may not occur again that taxpayers be assessed unwillingly for one school while it may be their desire to support the other, whether they be Catholics or Protestants.

It is very proper that every precaution should be taken that no name be placed upon the wrong roll, and should Mr. Ross' bill effect this he will deserve great credit for putting an end to what has been frequently a source of annoyance to persons who by their own oversight or that of the officials have been wrongly assessed.

Mr. Meredith has also proposed a bill which, it is pretended, has in view the same object as that of the Hon. Mr. Ross; but there is this difference, that the Opposition leader proposes to entrap unwary Catholics into becoming Public school supporters against their will. There are cases which have come under our notice where the municipal clerks have pretended to have lost, or have really lost, the notices which have been given in past years that they are supporters of the Catholic Separate schools; and of course, in such cases, those who have been for years Separate school supporters would become at once sweep Public school supporters. To bring about this state of things Mr. Meredith introduces into his Bill the very offensive clause that the assessment roll shall not even be accepted as evidence "whether such ratepayer is a supporter of the Public schools or of the Roman Catholic Separate schools."

Inasmuch as both Public and Separate schools are mentioned in this, it might seem, at first sight, as if it were the purpose of this clause to deal fairly and in accordance with the principles of really "Equal Rights," in regard to Catholics and Protestants alike; but when it is remembered that the law already provides that the Public schools shall have the tax in every case where such notice has not been given, it will be understood that the object of Mr. Meredith is to take advantage of every oversight, whether of the Catholic ratepayers themselves, or of the municipal officials, to divert the taxes of Catholics from the Separate to the Public schools. In fact an appropriate title to Mr. Meredith's Bill would be "a Bill to educate Protestant children at the expense of Catholic ratepayers;" for it must be remembered that in the localities where it will have application, as the Catholic children all attend the Separate schools, the Public schools which are to benefit by this high-handed robbery proposed by Mr. Meredith are attended by Protestant children only.

We are quite sure that this measure will be cordially approved by all who favor the bogus Equal Rights movement, for the oppression of Catholics is exactly their conception of what constitutes Equal Rights, but we are curious to observe whether Mr. Meredith's following in the Legislative Assembly will support this obviously dishonest legislation.

There are several other Bills before the House proposing to deal with Separate schools, all of which are brought up by the Opposition, and all of which have in view the one object which Mr. Meredith so plainly proclaimed in his speech in the Opera House in this city, to harass the Separate schools, in order to make Catholics get tired of them. Thus, there is a bill to deprive Catholic Separate schools of representation on the High School Boards. This is a provision which has never been done, and which cannot do harm to the Protestant majority. It was introduced in order to give Catholics confidence in the management of the High schools, to which they contribute their taxes, just like other citizens. As the Municipal Councils ordinarily do not place on the High School Board a Catholic representative, it was thought advisable, for the sake of the High schools themselves, to give Catholics a representative in this way. But there is an opportunity afforded by the provision to display some anti-Catholic bile, so Mr. Meredith's zealous followers must be given a chance to display their eloquence on this paltry matter, in order that Equal Rightists may be induced

MARCH 29, 1890.

to support the party. If this Act be passed, the High schools will be the greatest sufferers.

Mr. Meredith has an act for the compulsory use of the ballot at school elections. The ballot is already used in these elections in the case of some Public schools, but its use is optional, and only a small proportion of the school sections employ it.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

A VERY funny story is related by an Irish correspondent of the Christian Guardian. The gentleman signs his letter "Eris," but as he is evidently a great admirer of Balfour and Castle rule this will be looked upon as a very serious misfit.

MR. CRAIG'S FRENCH SCHOOL BILL.

Mr. Craig, the Francophobe M. P. P. for East Durham, has introduced into the Legislature an Act respecting the language of instruction in the Public and Separate schools of Ontario.

The speech of Mr. William O'Brien, in the Parnell commission debate, was a masterpiece. We can fancy the usefulness of these occupying the treasury benches when Mr. O'Brien declared: "A Government is supposed to rest upon some moral authority."

The Toronto Christian Guardian (Methodist) says that "the trial of the Bishop of Lincoln is coincident with an unusual number of secessions to the Church of Rome. Since its commencement nearly a dozen clergymen have been received—some by Cardinal Manning himself, others at the Brompton Mount, and several in various parts of the country.

A PECULIARITY of the day is the fact that the Montreal Witness has some very warm words of commendation for Leo XIII, because of his recent pronouncement in regard to the labor problem and Sunday rest.

By the publication of a work of fiction, with the purpose of drawing odium on some of the most worthy priests of the Catholic Church—with the object, too, no doubt, that many of its readers will drink in this fiction as fact—our contemporary seems to have but small regard for the 8th commandment, which says that we should not bear false witness against our neighbors.

In a recent speech in the House of Lords, Lord Salisbury took occasion to remark that the Irish parliamentary party had their hands on or off the throttle valve of crime as their political necessities required. If my Lord Salisbury will only give the English electorate an opportunity, they will very quickly put their hands on the throttle valve of coercion, and they will likewise throttle and choke the political careers of my Lord Salisbury, Balfour, and the Tory tyrants who are now ruling the Empire.

Quebec is by no means the only Canadian province that is contributing to the growth of the population of the United States. The Boston Journal speaks of the Maritime Provinces as being, with Quebec and Ireland, among the great sources of supply from which New England recruits its foreign contingent in its vast army of workers.

As our contemporary has over and over again asserted that ecclesiastical tyranny and medievalism were the causes that brought about the exodus of the French people from the Province of Quebec, we beg leave to ask him how he accounts for the exodus from the Maritime Provinces? The Protestant people form a large majority in that section of the Dominion; therefore if Catholic ecclesiasticalism operates in the manner described in Quebec, are we not justified in claiming that Protestant ecclesiasticalism is the reason of the exodus from the Provinces by the sea? It is simply nonsensical to hold that religious systems are in either case the cause of the depletion of population.

The Toronto Mail last week published portraits of Rev. Dr. Sutherland, the father, and Rev. Principal Austin, the nurse, of the Third Party, the Equal Rights Party, the Party of Purity and Prohibition, the Party of Righteousness and "Religiousness," the Party of Political Preachers, the Party of Disgruntled, Disjointed and Discredited Politicians, the Party of Disconsolate Boobies who could find nothing to Boogie in the Party of their first loves.

The Public Accounts Committee at a recent sitting took evidence regarding the proportionate attendance at the Separate and Public schools of Ottawa, Lindsay and Redfern. Mr. Marling, the Deputy Minister of Education, and M. S. White and Donovan, the Separate School Inspectors, and Mr. Finlay, the Secretary of the Separate School Board of Ottawa, were examined chiefly by Mr. French, who expected to prove that in Ottawa, especially, fraud had been perpetrated by the Separate school trustees and teachers for the purpose of increasing by a few dollars the Government grant to the Separate schools.

The concert which was held on March 17th in Mount Carmel Catholic church was in every way a decided success. At an early hour a large crowd had assembled in the church, and at 7:30 the concert was commenced by an instrumental piece, "The Meeting of the Waters" by Miss Tighe, Mr. Alexander, violin, Mr. McGinnis, clarinet, Mr. Baker, bass viol, and Miss Laughlin accompanied on the organ.

AFTER all the noise which was raised because some rooms in an Ottawa convent were used temporarily for Separate school purposes, it has been discovered by a report made to the Public Accounts Committee by the Secretary of the Toronto Public School Board, that six church buildings in Toronto are being used for Public school purposes.

school and the O'phans' Home are also included in the annual returns made by the Public School Board to the Education Department, and the School Board gets the Legislative grant for these children.

The Evangelical Association is unfortunate in its Bishops. It had three, of whom Bishop Dubs was some time since suspended for falsehood and other immoralities. Lately Bishop Bowman was also suspended for similar reasons, and the only one left, Bishop Escher, is being tried for reasons which are likely to result in his suspension also.

ST. PATRICK'S DAY

Continued from first page. Closing scene, "The Gentlemen of the Jury," was well performed. It was replete with many side-splitting scenes. Messrs. Ferguson as Sawball and Malone as O'Rourke kept the audience in an uproar of laughter. Mr. J. Navas made his debut in this farce, and was a great success, the singing by the Glee Club and the music by the Orchestra and Band were of an excellent order, and reflected much credit on Prof. Meyerhofer.

IN SAHARA.

Special to the CATHOLIC RECORD. St. Patrick's Day was celebrated in Sahara in a manner worthy of the great veneration our Gregarious has for Ireland's great apostle. The large congregation gathered at the church from far and near showed unusual interest in the celebration this year.

ARCHDIOCESE OF TORONTO.

Special to the CATHOLIC RECORD. DEAR MR. EDITOR—Hearing that His Grace Archbishop Walsh was going to preach at the Church of Our Lady of Lourdes, on Sherbourne street, I wended my way thither on last Sunday evening, eager and expectant, for I felt assured that I was going to enjoy an intellectual as well as a religious treat.

IN MOUNT CARMEL.

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glorious epoch in Irish history, for then it was that Patrick first carried the light of Christianity to Ireland, and preached the doctrine of the one true God to the assembled kings and bands on Tara's hill; how that as a rule when the apostles went abroad to preach the gospel their blood was shed in their effort to Christianize the heathen nations; but that Ireland received the faith from Patrick with open arms; that holy men and virgins consecrated their lives to the service of the true God, and that science and knowledge were so well cultivated that Ireland was called the "Land of Saints and Sages;" and students from the continent came to Ireland to receive an education they could not get at home.

There is one portion of the amendment before the House which I rather disagree with. It is stated in the amendment that Coercion has impeded the growth of friendly relations between the Irish and the English people. It has done nothing of the sort. It has quickened and intensified the friendly relations between the two countries, because it has taught the Irish people that if they have powerful enemies and unscrupulous calumniators on this side of the Channel, they have also got friends—good, earnest, and devoted friends—millions of them, more than they ever dared hope for.

After the lecture the appropriate hymn, "Faith of our Fathers," was sung, Miss Laughlin then sang in her usual pleasing manner the "O Salutaris" by Lambillotte, which was followed by a duet "O Sponsa Mi" by Miss Tighe and Laughlin. After Godes "Tantum Ergo" by the choir, Rev. Father Connelly, of Biddulph, gave the Benediction. The concert was brought to a close by the soul stirring hymn, "All praise to St. Patrick," which we are sure was echoed every Irish heart.

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WM. O'BRIEN'S SPEECH.

In concluding his brilliant speech in the House of Commons on the Parnell Commission report, Mr. O'Brien thus referred to the result of Mr. Balfour's coercion rule:

We have thrashed the right hon. gentleman all round, and at every quarter. We have thrashed him on the National League, thrashed him in the Plan of Campaign, thrashed him in the contingencies, and whenever this Government goes to the English people, as some day they will have to go, they will go with the reputation of thousands of cruel deeds in Ireland, and not one successful piece of tyranny of the whole lot. In one respect I admit Coercion has been a success. So far as intimidating the people of Ireland, it has been a ludicrous failure; but on the other hand, it has been an immense impetus to our cause.

There is one portion of the amendment before the House which I rather disagree with. It is stated in the amendment that Coercion has impeded the growth of friendly relations between the Irish and the English people. It has done nothing of the sort. It has quickened and intensified the friendly relations between the two countries, because it has taught the Irish people that if they have powerful enemies and unscrupulous calumniators on this side of the Channel, they have also got friends—good, earnest, and devoted friends—millions of them, more than they ever dared hope for.

THE EQUAL RIGHTERS.

To the Editor:—The fruits of the so-called "Equal Rights" movement are so many and various that it is next to impossible to keep track of the vagaries of its disciples. The ill-judged and misdirected zeal of its adherents has hitherto found vent in words or printers' ink except where, as in the case of the recent brutal attack on His Grace the Archbishop of Toronto, deeds were resorted to by way of enforcing the new doctrine.

An event has, however, recently occurred in this township which shows, unhappily, that his famous "Ballot and Bayonet" speech on the 12th July at Sneykers had some of the effect perhaps intended. Between the towns of Sneykers and Collingwood, on the main road, lies St. Patrick's cemetery, in connection with St. Patrick's church, Stoney Creek.

Only last year, amongst other improvements carried out by our former honored pastor, Father Moynan, a handsome cross was erected. On Thursday night last some vandals entered the sacred enclosure and with a saw felled the emblem of the Christian faith to the ground. This senseless outrage has aroused as much indignation amongst our Protestant friends as in our own people, and no one thinks of connecting any but the most ignorant with the affair; nevertheless, as an insult directed against a faith, we see in it one result of Mr. McCarthy's foolish attempt to crush a creed by Act of Parliament. The day is not far distant when that gentleman will have to account to his constituents for his extraordinary course, and I can inform him as one of his oldest supporters, that the reckoning will be sure.

THE LATE JOSEPH BIGGAR, M. P.

The pious as well as patriotic thought which influenced a certain number of the Irish residents of Ottawa to recommend a solemn High Mass de requiem for the "mouth's mind" for the repose of the soul of the late distinguished Mr. Joseph Gillis Biggar, M. P., met with a hearty co-operation on the part of the worthy pastor of St. Patrick's, Rev. Father Whelan. The service was announced for yesterday morning at eight o'clock, and the deep-toned bell of St. Patrick's having been tolled for fully a quarter of an hour before, at the hour named the rev. pastor, attended by deacon and sub-deacon and preceded by a number of acolytes, appeared before the altar, and the Holy Sacrifice was offered. At its conclusion the Libera was solemnly chanted, the same reverend gentleman presiding. The altar, sanctuary and pulpit were heavily draped in sombre black, while in front of the sanctuary rails was placed a catafalque also draped in black, surrounded by a number of lighted tapers, and having at its foot a shield bearing an Irish harp with shamrocks all around it.

There are now sixty-five Cardinals. Seven are over 80 years old, twenty one between 70 and 80, twenty two between 60 and 70, eleven between 50 and 60, and four between 42 and 58. Cardinal Newman is the oldest member of the Sacred College. He was born February 21st, 1801.

ST. PATRICK'S DAY

IN OTTAWA.
From Press, March 19.
To the St. Patrick's Literary Society belongs the great honor of having brought to Ottawa one of the greatest orators of the age, and a great actor as well. Hon. Daniel Dougherty is entitled to all the praise that an unshaken hand could lavish. For two hours last night he held a mighty audience spell bound with his eloquence, and it seemed when he ceased speaking and bowed his acknowledgments to the shower of plaudits that the charm of a magic spell had been broken. There were many who had heard of Daniel Dougherty's fame as an orator, but few realized until they listened to the silvery flood of eloquence to what flights of oratory he could ascend. His lecture was well chosen. Daniel Dougherty could well afford to talk of oratory in a style of manner, in delivery, he is the ideal orator personified.

THE LECTURE.
The lecture proved a rare treat. It is difficult to decide in which role Mr. Dougherty excels. As an orator he has few equals, whilst as an actor he is most finished. He inclines to the opinion, which has been accepted by real orators, that acting is essential to successful oratory. That Mr. Dougherty could have made his fortune on the stage is beyond all doubt. He is as great a tragedian as Irving. In his address of two hours he illustrated by voice and gesture the art of oratory. He described the orators of bygone days and the orators of to-day, and personified many of them in an exceedingly clever manner. His recital of his own attempts to become an orator were exceedingly amusing, and a rosy of laughter followed his illustrations of how when at a loss for words on one occasion at the outset of his career, he pretended to faint. The lecture throughout sparkled with wit, which added considerably to its attractiveness. In his opening remarks the lecturer returned thanks for the honor that had been done him in inviting him to the capital of Canada, and he gave expression to a fervent hope that the Dominion and the United States might even be united by the ties of kindred, religion and fraternity. He made a pathetic allusion to the occasion being St. Patrick's day and uttered the fervent hope, which found a responsive echo in the hearts of the audience, 'God speed the day when the long night of Ireland's sorrow shall be past and the endless sun of glory shine upon a prosperous united and contented people.'

Mr. Dougherty was exceedingly happy in his definition of an orator. There were those, he said, who regard the thinker the orator. With them language and manner were of little moment, so that there ran through the discourse a clear stream of thought appropriate to the occasion. "Others," proceeded Mr. Dougherty, "look on the speaker as perfect, whose quiet and conversational manner, simplicity of diction, simplicity of style and force of illustration, and who thus carries his audience along and gentle harmony with him. Many prefer the debater ready on the moment to refute the arguments of his opponents and confound them with the subtlety of his reasoning. Still others choose the scholar, who, in the silence of the study has carefully written every sentence with delightful diversity of metaphor, antithesis, climax and classical allusion, and then reads the essay off, or recites it as a schoolboy repeats his lesson. And once again there are thousands whose ideal is the declaimer, fluent in flowery sentences which he delivers with a fine voice, aided by graceful gestures that please the crowd, and starts the shouts that shake the walls or make the walk ring. With becoming diffidence, I venture to assert that

None of these are orators. If these are orators, then the land swarms with them; every pulpit forum and rostrum have their share. Yet, there are now, as there have been in the past, few orators. England, with all her intellect, has had only four, and in the United States, where good speakers abound, the names of their orators may be counted on one's fingers. An orator—of course I mean a master—none who has the magnetic power to seize the feelings and control the actions, is he who has a rare and exquisite combination of intellectual gifts, with natural sensibilities and susceptibilities that give him the mind to conceive and shape, and the heart to feel, and the tongue to fire an audience with his own thoughts and emotions. Every speech, the aim of which is to persuade, must be built on the solid base of common sense, reason or sufficient authority, and a thorough knowledge of the subject. It should be conveyed in language and style simple and chaste, and never violate good taste. These requisites presuppose a high intellect. The orator ought to be as he really was in the days of Greece and Rome, an accomplished scholar. The higher the order of his intellect the wider the range of knowledge; the deeper his insight into human nature, the more perfect his capacity to persuade. Yet if he were a thorough master of learning in every branch, if he could grasp with ease every question, no matter how intricate or profound, if his style were pure as Addison's and his thoughts grand as Bacon's, these accomplishments would not make him an orator. It is in what is called pronunciation, the delivery of the discourse before the audience, that the real and distinctive characteristics of the orator appear.

In the pulpit, the lecturer went on to say, everything continued to aid the orator and wing his genius for the fiercest lights. He pronounced this opinion. "But perhaps the greatest drawback to oratory is the style of sermons delivered. No one can question the correct reasoning, rich stores of knowledge, profound thought, and scholarly taste displayed in the discourse of many eminent divines of whom all our cities may be justly proud. But those sermons are often couched in scriptural, religious or moral themes. They take, for example, a text of scripture and illustrate clearly its mean-

ing, divide the discourse into firstly, 'secondly,' and so on, perhaps, to 'seventhly' and 'lastly,' turning the text into as many different shapes, and showing with noisy its force and beauty in all. The preacher has filled his allotted half-hour, the congregation have been soothed, their minds have been charmed with the purity of the diction, the culture, the entire discourse, and they leave the church much edified, but not one soul nearer God than when they entered. A congregation need not be told Sunday after Sunday that 'God liveth' that vice is wrong and virtue right. These fundamental truths were taught at the Sunday school, and long before at the mother's knee. It is unnecessary continually through years to explain the meaning of well-known passages in the Holy Book. While every discourse must be built on truth, faith, reason and religion (and I do not wish to be regarded as underrating the efficacy and value of the sermons to which I have alluded) yet the daily work of the pulpit is not to convince the judgment but to touch the heart. We all know it is our duty to love our Creator and serve Him, but the great aim is to make mankind do it. It is not enough to

CONVERT OUR BELIEF to religion, but to turn our souls to God. Therefore the preacher will find in the army of the feelings the weapons with which to arm his soldiers to defend against sin, assail Satan and achieve the victory the fruits of which shall never perish. And oh! how infinite the variety, how inexhaustible the resources of the human heart, every sentiment that grasped by the hand of a master. Every passion of the human heart, every sentiment that sways the soul, every action or character in the vast realm of history or the boundless world about us, the preacher can summon obedient to his mind. He can paint in vivid colors the last hours of the just man; all his temptations and trials over, he smilingly stabs to sleep, to awake amid the glories of the eternal morn. He can tell the pumpered man of ill-gotten gold that the hours draw nigh when he shall feel the cold and clammy hand of death, and that all his wealth cannot buy him from the worm. He can drag before his hearers the sly hypocrite, tear from his heart the secret crime, and expose his damnable villainy to the gaze of all. He can appeal to the purest promptings of the Christian heart, the love of God and the hatred of sin. He can depict the stupendous

AND APPALLING TRUTH that the Saviour from the most high throne descended and here on earth assumed the form of a fallen man and for us died on the cross like a malefactor. He can stifle and awe-strike his hearers as he decants on the terrible justice of the Almighty in hurling from heaven Lucifer and his apostate legions. The luring loose of the mighty waters until they swallowed the wide earth and every living thing, burying even the highest mountains in the universal deluge—shadows of the coming of the awful day for which all other days are made! He can roll back the sky as a scroll; fly to heaven, picture his ecstatic joys, where seraphic voices, turned to celestial harmony, chant their canticles of praise. He can dive into the depths of hell and depict the howling and gushing of teeth of the damned chained in its flaming caverns, ever burning but never consumed. He can, in a word, in imagination assume the sublime attributes of the deity, and at the supreme mercy and goodness make tears of contrition start and stream from every eye; or, armed with the dread prerogatives of the inexorable Judge, with the lightning of His wrath strike unrepentant souls until sinners sink on their knees and quail as Felix quailed before St. Paul. This may not please the too fastidious congregation, of whose highest wish it is to be soothed into forgetfulness, but thus can the fearless minister of the Most High do his great Master's bidding, and by the powers of speech lit:

SOULS FROM EARTH TO HEAVEN."
The lecturer spoke with equal eloquence on the pulpit, the bar, and on the opportunities and aims of the statesman. To the press he made allusion in the following complimentary terms: "But in these latter days, and as there has arisen a power mightier than an army of orators, a power that has destroyed their influence, dwarfed their genius, lowered them to the level of ordinary mortals—a power that can banish kings, destroy dynasties, revolutionize governments, embroil nations in triumphant or disastrous wars, and, for good or ill, changing the aspect of the civilized world. The glory of the orator sunk when the printing press arose. The orator at best can speak to thousands, the press to hundreds of thousands. The orator speaks rarely; the press every day. The orator may at the choicest moment fall from ill-health, or one of many causes; the press, free from all ills that flesh is heir to, moves on its mission with the facility, power and precision of machinery. The orator may move an audience, the press can arouse a nation. The speech dies with the sounds that gave it birth; the press lives forever on the imperishable page. The orator now addresses himself less to the audience of the evening than to the world of readers the next morning. Let us hope that

THE PRESS MAY BE FAITHFUL, pure, devoted to truth, right, justice, freedom and virtue as the orators have been. The orator, as I have said to their immortal honor, could never be silenced by the frowns of power or bribed to desert a noble cause; they dared, they defied tyranny and preferred death to dishonor. If the press glided in licentiousness, if it stoop to strike the private man, if it expose to the public gaze the sacred privacy of homes, if it violate all decency in trusting gentlemen to the gossip of the town, if it catch at idle rumor or envious tongue to malign the innocent, if it can be bribed to suppress the truth or circulate the false, if it shield the public wrongdoer or denounce the faithful public servant, if it panders to the base prejudices and passions of the populace—many will grieve that

THIS GREAT ENGINE should work such mischief to society. If, on the other hand, its mission be to disseminate intelligence and truth, to educate the masses to be faithful to their country and just to their fellowmen, to expose with an unsparring hand to public execration the corrupt legislation or the unjust judge; if it be honestly independent instead of timidly neutral in all that

concerns the city or state, if it lift up modest and true worth and hurl down brazen infamy, if all its aims be the public good, the honor of the nation and the glory of God—then we may well be reconciled that the days of oratory are over.

IN BILLINGSBRIDGE.

Special to the CATHOLIC RECORD.
At Billingsbridge, near Ottawa, the day was duly honored, the Rev. Father Barry officiating at the altar, and Rev. Dr. Dawson, as preacher. The text was from Ecclesiastes, chap. 30: "He shall minister in the midst of the great, and shall appear before the King. He shall pass into the land of strangers. He shall experience both good and evil as the hands of men."
Having briefly shown how this passage is applicable to Saint Patrick the preacher proceeded to give an idea of the state of Ireland, towards the close of the fourth century and the beginning of the fifth, before the arrival of its apostle. The religion of the Irish people, like that of almost all the neighboring Celtic nations, was Druidism. The Druidical priests were highly organized and possessed great authority. The civil Government was by kings, over whom presided a chief king. It somewhat resembled feudalism; but was rather patriarchal. The social state appears to have been characterized by greater gentleness than that of the Saxons and Romans of old. There were no such cruel institutions as the gladiatorial shows of Rome or the combats of wild beasts. There was, however, blood and the stain of slavery, as in all heathen nations. Irish slaveholders bought and sold their fellow men like cattle. This is manifest from the fact that St. Patrick, when fifteen years of age, was carried off from his father's Roman home in the Province of South Britain. After six months of slavery and his hardships he made his escape through the goodness of a man whose kindly Irish name he bore, and conveyed him to a land of freedom. The days of his captivity were not unprofitable. It enabled him to know the Irish people and study their character. He was thus inspired to reclaim them from heathenism and impart to them the saving and civilizing knowledge of Christianity. He was encouraged, moreover, by a dream in which he beheld the children of Ireland stretching out to him their tender arms and imploring him to have pity on them and rescue them from darkness. Having qualified himself by appropriate studies for holy orders, and having received episcopal consecration, he was commissioned by the successor of St. Peter, Pope Celestine, to exercise episcopal, even apostolic jurisdiction over all Ireland. Before entering on his most important and laborious task he deemed it expedient to secure, if possible, the favor of the chief king. The monarch agreed to hear him. It was a grand and imposing spectacle, as the apostolic man, accompanied by his ecclesiastical brethren, ascended the royal hill of Tara in order to appear before the king of all Ireland surrounded by the lesser kings and the great men of the land. We could scarcely imagine St. Paul announcing the "unknown God" to the Athenian Aropeus. It was not to be expected that the monarch should at once declare himself a Christian. But he did what was worthy of a great statesman and ruler of men. He authorized the saint to preach in all Ireland a religion which he believed to be good and the benefit of his people and assured him of his royal protection. Patrick now confidently commenced his labors. He was eminently successful. In an incredibly short time the face of the land was changed. Religion took the place of superstition. The great sea of Armagh and several monasteries were founded; and, thus, without the blood of martyrs being required, the seed of Christianity, Ireland received the faith and the gift of permanency, which neither time nor trial has ever been able to efface.

How great were not the results of Ireland's conversion which, wonderful to relate, was effected in the lifetime, or rather, a part of the lifetime, of one man! The piety and learning of that happy land shone forth, like the morning sun, over all the nations of western Europe. Ireland received the faith and assured that Ireland was styled by universal consent "The Island of Saints." As illustrative of the state of the popular morals it is recorded that the fairest maiden, although decorated with rich jewelry, could pass without fear of molestation, from one end of the land to the other. Ireland's martyrdom was yet to come, but that of the whole nation. First came the cruel invasions of the Norman hordes who had conquered England and blotted out the Saxon civilization. Their war, with its deadly train of feuds, dissension and division, tried the virtue of a noble people, but that virtue remained unshaken. Anglo-Norman bigotry next martyred the nation. In order to shake the people's faith no other means were left untried. Persecution, and burning and a cruel and of heathen Rome, was persistently applied, and perversion was not only encouraged but rewarded. How was all this met? By the unanimous voice of Ireland's people, generation after generation, and century after century, bearing testimony to the faith once delivered to the saints.

Said dire and dismal evils have, indeed, resulted before the advancing spirit of a better age, and as all true friends of humanity desire and hope will finally vanish in the brightness of the days to come. Already *ignominiosus incipient procedere mensurae*, when Ireland shall be, as her noble Liberator declared she was so well fitted to become, "First flower of the earth, first gem of the sea."

IN MERIDEN, CONN.

Meriden Daily Journal, March 17.
Rev. J. J. Egan, of Thornhill, Archdiocese of Toronto, Canada, delivered at St. Patrick's day lecture at St. Rose's Church, last evening, before an audience that filled every seat in the commodious house of worship, and many were obliged to stand, so great was the crowd. All felt well repaid for attending, for the address was eloquent and full of interest. Father Egan thanked the priests of St. Rose's parish for their kindness during his

IN STRATFORD.

From the Stratford Advertiser, March 27.
The Stratford Division of the Ancient Order of Hibernians had a dinner at the Stratford hotel on the evening of St. Patrick's Day. More than one hundred persons attended, composed largely of Hibernians of Irish birth or descent, but including a fair sprinkling of other nationalities. The room in which the dinner was served was handsomely decorated with evergreen, flags, bunting and portraits of distinguished Irishmen while at

the head was that of Gladstone, England's grand old man. The work was done under the direction of a committee of which Mr. M. Gearing was chairman. The dinner was one which reflected credit on the host, Mr. M. P. Sullivan, and after it had been done some justice to the chair was taken by Mr. Richard O'Neil, the president of the society. He first read a letter from Ald. Goodwin regretting his inability to be present, and then briefly referred to the Ancient Order of Hibernians as being the oldest society of Irishmen in existence and receiving the support of distinguished prelates. He thanked the county delegate from St. Mary's, and the representatives of sister societies for their attendance and then called on the company to drink to the toast of "Our Gracious Sovereign Queen Victoria," which was received with cheers.

"Canada our Home" was replied to in neat terse speeches by Messrs. E. O'Flaherty and James O'Leary. "The Day we Celebrate" was next on the list, coupled with the names of Mr. F. E. Goodwin, principal of the Separate schools, and Rev. Father McGrath. The former said his theme was worthy of the highest powers of that art to speak of the work of St. Patrick, and the sons of Ireland at home and in every land, or to depict the woes that country had suffered. In early times, long before St. Patrick's, the Irish had never been enslaved, agriculture and architecture and other arts had made great progress. He described their worship of the sun-god. St. Patrick, born in France in 357, lived there until, at sixteen, he was captured by some wandering Celtic and carried to Ireland, where he died during his six years' stay learned the Irish tongue, and obtained physical development, both of which were afterwards of great service to him in his labors. He miraculously escaped to France, but while he remained there he continually heard the Irish calling him to free them from the chains of heathenism. His return to Ireland and difficulties were spoken of. He visited Tara, the capital, and lit a fire contrary to the law which forbade any one to light a fire before the King had lit his. He was not punished and the lighting of that fire was typical of the lighting of the fires of Christianity in the island. The characteristics of St. Patrick's work were simplicity, thoroughness and permanency. The Irish returned to their heathenish practices. The Irish carried the Gospel in their missionary zeal to the neighboring nations, including England, where Irish missionaries preached thirty-three years before the coming of St. Augustine. The importance of union, the cohering of a forgiving spirit, and the practice of temperance and self denial, with a glowing tribute to the labors of Father Matthew, whom the speaker demonstrated a second St. Patrick, closed this eloquent address thus briefly outlined. The chairman apologized for Father McGrath, who had been compelled to withdraw.

"Ireland a Nation" brought forth marked demonstrations of approval. Mr. M. Gearing responded in an able manner, speaking of the change from the spirit of revenge to forgiveness as the part of the Irish since the days of Mitchell, the great love of country of that people, and the interest the people of Canada should take in this question, because they would not stand such a system as that in vogue in Ireland, where the people had neither the making nor the administering of the laws, and the condition of which was similar to that in England in the time of the Stuart, which caused two revolutions. Religious persecution of the minority would not, the speaker argued from reference to Irish history, take place under Home Rule, but patriotism would remove the differences that existed, if it were granted. Many of the great leaders in behalf of Home Rule were Protestants. Religious freedom was pleaded for, and Irishmen urged to help their fellow-countrymen against the greatest foe of Ireland, landlordism.

The list was then taken charge of by the vice chairman, Mr. J. E. Harding, and the following gone through and responded to by those whose names are coupled with them. Want of space forbids extended reference to the speeches, many of which were excellent. "The Commercial Interests of Canada," J. L. Erskine, John H. Hamilton, McLean and John Way. "The Sister Societies," D. J. O'Connor and John Folk on behalf of the C. M. B. A. "Home Rule," M. Gearing and J. E. Harding. "The Agricultural Interests," William Blair, Postmaster, and Mr. Callaghan. "The city council," Ald. Duggan. "The Ancient Order

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Two Men Testify.
GENTLEMEN,—One bottle of Hagar's Yellow Oil cured me of lumbago after all else failed. PETER A. WATSON, Four Falls, N. Y. "I used Yellow Oil for cramp this winter, and must say I find no better remedy for it. FREDERICK BURNS, Four Falls, N. Y. Hagar's Pectoral Balsam cures coughs, colds, hoarseness, bronchitis, asthma, whooping cough and all bronchial and lung troubles. Price 25c per bottle, or 5 for \$1.00.

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Coughing

Nature's effort to expel foreign substances from the bronchial passages. Frequently, this causes inflammation and the need of an anodyne. No other expectorant or anodyne is equal to Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. It assists Nature in ejecting the mucus, allays irritation, induces repose, and is the most popular of all cough cures. "Of the many preparations before the public for the cure of colds, coughs, bronchitis, and kindred diseases, there is none, within the range of my experience, so reliable as Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. For years I was subject to colds, followed by terrible coughs. About four years ago, when so afflicted, I was advised to try Ayer's Cherry Pectoral and to lay all other remedies aside. I did so, and within a week was well of my cold and cough. Since then I have always kept this preparation in the house, and feel comparatively secure." —Mrs. L. L. Brown, Fenmark, Miss.

"A few years ago I took a severe cold which affected my lungs. I had a terrible cough, and passed night after night without sleep. The doctors gave me up. I tried Ayer's Cherry Pectoral, which relieved my lungs, induced sleep, and afforded the rest necessary for the recovery of my system. By the continual use of the Pectoral, a permanent cure was effected." —Horace Fairbrother, Rockingham, Vt.

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Dr. Morse's INDIAN ROOT PILLS. Thousands testify to their being the best Family Pill in use. They purify the system, regulate the bowels, thereby cleansing the blood. For Females of all ages these pills are invaluable, as a few doses of them carry off all humors and bring about all that is required. No Female Should be without Them. Bushville, Fairfield Co., Ohio. W. H. COMSTOCK, Proprietor. Sir—For the past 25 years I have been suffering from a disease which the doctors said would result in dropsy. I tried doctor after doctor, but to no purpose, the disease seemed to still make headway and they all gave their opinion that it was simply a matter of time with me. About this time I got one of your boxes of Morse's Pills and have taken three boxes of them up to the present writing. I can again do my own work and feel twenty years younger. HASSAN E. DICKSON.

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KENDALL'S SPAVIN CURE. The Most Successful Remedy ever discovered, as it is certain in its effects and does not blister. Read proof below. OFFICE OF CHARLES A. SYDNER, BIRDSONG BUILDING, 150 N. 3rd St., CLEVELAND, OHIO. DR. B. J. KENDALL CO. Dear Sir: I have always purchased your Kendall's Spavin Cure by the Half dozen bottles. I would like prices in larger quantity, think it is one of the best treatments on earth. I have used it in my stables for three years. Yours truly, CHAR. A. SYDNER.

KENDALL'S SPAVIN CURE. BROOKLYN, N. Y., November 5, 1888. DR. B. J. KENDALL CO. Dear Sir: I desire to give you testimonial of my good opinion of your Kendall's Spavin Cure. I have used it for Lameness, Stiff Joints and Sprains. I have found it a most beneficially recommended it to all horsemen. Yours truly, Manager Troy Laundry Stables.

KENDALL'S SPAVIN CURE. SARTY, WYOMING COUNTY, Ohio, Dec. 14, 1888. DR. B. J. KENDALL CO. I feel it my duty to say what I have done with your Kendall's Spavin Cure. I have twenty-five horses that had Spavin, ten of them were cured. Since I have had one of your books and have found it a most beneficially recommended it to all horsemen. Yours truly, Andrew Tegen, Horse Doctor.

KENDALL'S SPAVIN CURE. Price \$1 per bottle, or six bottles for \$5. All Druggists have it or can get it for you, or it will be sent to any address on receipt of price by the proprietor. DR. B. J. KENDALL CO., Brookings Falls, Vt. SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

