

ACADEMY  
of the  
HEART,  
NDON, ONT.

on the 31st day  
of June, compris-

flourishing Institution  
of parents and guar-

list of spacious grounds,  
healthful exercise and

use all that constitutes  
of handsome Gold Medal for

DR. WALSH, Bishop of  
and

English and French,  
of Plain and Fancy  
in cable semi-annually, 25c.

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FALL  
GOODS.

COMPLETE STOCK JUST  
OPENED OUT

BONS.  
HALL BUILDING,  
DUNDAS STREET.

UBS.  
INDING US FIVE NAMES,  
Y FOR SAME, WE WILL  
FREE COPY, AND ALSO A  
PHOTOGRAPH  
OP IN THIS PROVINCE.

OTICE.  
PHS NOW READY.

CKENZIE,  
ILLY GROCER,  
MERTCHANT, & C,  
OPPOSITE CITY HALL.

to announce that he has been ap-  
of the celebrated "Stellian" or  
ed directly from "Mossing" in  
-known firm of Ingham & Whit-  
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of classical dignities, in support  
to be of the greatest purity, and  
certificates in the Agent's posses-

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# The Catholic Record.

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

VOL. I.

LONDON, ONT., FRIDAY, FEBRUARY, 7 1879.

NO. 19

## N. WILSON & CO.

IMPORTERS OF FINE  
WOOLLENS,  
BEST GOODS,  
MOST FASHIONABLE CLOTHS,  
LOW PRICES.  
CARD.

Bothwell, January 25th, 1879.  
DEAR SIR,—I have lately built two brick churches  
in my parish, viz: one at Wardsville and one at Alvin-  
ston, and have yet another to build in Bothwell next  
summer, otherwise His Lordship the Bishop of London  
has declared his intention to interdict the present  
building on the first of March, unless operations are  
commenced by that date.  
In Bothwell there are only 32 families, in Wards-  
ville 30 families, and in Alvinston 16 families. I am,  
therefore, forced by sheer necessity to appeal to all  
good Catholics to assist me in this great undertak-  
ing. There are very few who cannot by a little exer-  
tion sell one or more books of tickets, and they will  
be assisting in the glorious work of building churches de-  
dicated to Almighty God, where the people are both too  
poor and too few in number to hear the whole cost  
themselves. I appeal with confidence to you my friend  
to assist me by disposing of this book of tickets, and  
relieve me of much hard toil by so doing.  
A Mass will be offered up on the first Monday of  
every month for three years, for the benefactors and all  
those who buy even a single ticket.  
In addition, all those who dispose of a book of  
tickets will be remembered in a special motto of the  
Holy Sacrifice every day I say Mass, for the term  
of three years.  
M. McGRATH, P. P.,  
Bothwell.

## ECCLESIASTICAL CALENDAR.

February, 1879.  
Sunday, 9.—Septuagesima Sunday. Epistle, (1 Cor. 15,  
52-59) and 2. 1-3 Gospel, (Matt. xx, 1-16).  
Monday, 10.—Saint Scholastica Virgin, double.  
Tuesday, 11.—Feast of the prayer of our Lord Jesus  
Christ.  
Wednesday, 12.—Saint Raymond of Ponnafort.  
Thursday, 13.—Office of the Blessed Sacrament, semi-  
double.  
Friday, 14.—St. Valentine, martyr.  
Saturday, 15.—Office of the immaculate Conception.

## ANOTHER LETTER OF HIS LORDSHIP THE RT. REV. DR. WALSH, BISHOP OF LONDON.

ST. PETER'S PALACE,  
London, Ontario, Nov. 13, '78.

WALTER LOCKE, Esq.—

DEAR SIR,—On the 22nd of September we approved  
of the project of the publication of a  
Catholic newspaper in this city. We see with plea-  
sure that you have successfully carried into execution  
this project, in the publication of the CATHOLIC  
RECORD. The RECORD is edited with marked ability,  
and in a thoroughly Catholic spirit, and we have  
no doubt that as long as it is under your control, it  
will continue to be stamped with these characteristics.  
Such a journal cannot fail to be productive of  
a vast amount of good, and whilst it continues to be  
conducted as it has been thus far, we cordially re-  
commend it to the patronage of the clergy and laity  
of our diocese.

I am yours,  
Sincerely in Christ,  
JOHN WALSH,  
Bishop of London.

## LETTER OF HIS LORDSHIP THE RIGHT REV. DR. CRINSON, BISHOP OF HAMILTON.

DIOCESE OF HAMILTON,  
Nov. 5th, 1878.

WALTER LOCKE, Esq.—

DEAR SIR,—Your agent, Mr. Gooderich, called  
on me yesterday to procure my recommendation  
for the circulation of your paper in this diocese. I  
willingly grant it, and earnestly hope that your  
enterprise will meet with the hearty encouragement  
of the priests and people of this diocese. Your paper  
is well written, and contains a great amount of  
Catholic news, and what is still better, it breathes  
a truly Catholic spirit; so desirable in these days  
when rebellion against Ecclesiastical Authority is so  
rampant. I am glad that you are free from all  
political parties, and therefore in a position to  
approve of wise legislation and to condemn the  
contrary. Wishing your paper an extensive cir-  
culation,  
I remain, dear sir,  
Yours very faithfully,  
P. F. CRINSON,  
Bishop of Hamilton.

The love of the world drives from the heart  
all true love. The fear of God makes us sus-  
ceptible of every true love.—Count Stolberg.

The good God is as prompt to grant us  
pardon when we ask it of him, as a mother  
is to snatch her child out of the fire.—Cure of  
Ars.

## LATEST TELEGRAMS.

### THE FRENCH CRISIS.

#### RESIGNATION OF PRESIDENT MACMAHON.

#### THE MARSHAL REFUSED TO SUPER- SEDE HIS OLD GENERALS.

#### THE CITY AND COUNTRY TRANQUIL.

Paris, January 30.—President MacMahon has  
resigned. The Congress has been convoked for six  
this evening. The election of Grevy appears cer-  
tain.

London, January 30.—A Times Paris special says:  
MacMahon's fall has become a necessity. It will  
produce no ill effect at home or abroad, and will be  
a positive relief. At Saturday's Cabinet meeting  
M. Say submitted a list of changes of ministers.  
The General Marshal said nothing, but asked Dufaure  
to remain till after the adjournment of the Cab-  
inet.

When they were alone the Marshal said "I will  
not sign those decrees. Say is a minister who gets  
in passion. Those executions must not be made.  
There must be no going into a passion."  
Dufaure replied, "But Say is not a minister who  
goes into a passion. He is the minister who arrived  
first at this object." We took the formal pledge  
at last Monday's sitting, and resolved on acting up  
to it."

"But, surely" rejoined the Marshal, you  
are not going to bring me heaps of dismissals to  
sign."  
"I hope we are all going," said Dufaure, "to keep  
our word. We will not make heat-combs, but will  
give every satisfaction to which public opinion is  
entitled. We have each our list ready. I have  
mine, and the Minister of War his. We are each  
going to submit it to you, and I hope you will sign  
it, for by not signing it so far from screening the  
functionaries, you would, perhaps, expose them,  
seeing that what we do not do others will do still  
more energetically, and if you prefer, as you tell us,  
to retire, not only will you not save those you wish  
to protect, but you will jeopardize those we are now  
really protecting."

The next day the Marshal signed the financial  
changes. Dufaure, believing him won over, on  
Tuesday submitted the decree affecting six public  
prosecutors. The Marshal examined it, and turning  
to Dufaure, said "I am going to sign this, but I leave  
the responsibility to you," and signed it.

Gen. Gresley, Minister of war, submitted his list.  
The law provides for 18 high military commands,  
entrusted to a general, who may be relieved every  
three years. Of the 18 thus appointed, nine have  
held their posts six years next September. MacMa-  
hon's idea that not having been removed after three  
years, they ought to finish another term. MacMa-  
hon declared—"I cannot sign this decree super-  
seding leave Generals, my own friends and com-  
panions. I blush at the thought. It will have to be  
another who dies. Political categories must not  
be created in the army. I would prefer to resign.  
My children would never forgive me for such an act."

MacMahon's face blushed, and he spoke hurriedly.  
The Ministers said nothing and adjourned.  
In the afternoon the Cabinet met again. After  
much hesitation the ministers came to the conclu-  
sion that if they were to give in on this point, they  
would be exposing the country to a possible danger.  
Dufaure was charged to inform MacMahon, whom  
they asked to the Cabinet Council on Thursday at  
Versailles.

The Ministers' meeting to deliberate on this reply  
resolved unanimously to abide by the resolution.  
Marcere waited on the Marshal to ask him whether  
he had no instructions to give him, his Minister of  
the Interior being responsible for the public tran-  
quillity, and whether the Marshal did not wish to  
state his views on the resolution he had formed, and  
the measures they might entail. The interview was  
brief and courteous. The Marshal confined himself  
to referring to the fact that he would preside at  
the Cabinet Council on Thursday.

Versailles, Jan. 30.—MacMahon's letter of resig-  
nation says that, being in disagreement with the  
Ministry, being hopeless of forming another Cabinet,  
and unwilling to assent to measures which he re-  
gards as contrary to good army organization, he  
withdraws from power.

At a meeting of the Bureau of the Left Gambetta  
proposed Grevy for President, which was unani-  
mously approved.

MacMahon asked the ministers to countersign his  
letter of resignation, but they refused, declaring  
the letter merely a personal act.

Paris, Jan. 30.—The present Ministers will resign,  
and a new Parliamentary Cabinet constituted. It  
is reported that Gambetta will take the Premiership  
and foreign portfolio.

The concourse of the general public at Versailles  
is not very great. The excitement does not com-  
pare with that of Thiers' resignation. There is no  
disturbance when the Ministers are present.

Versailles, Jan. 30.—The following is MacMahon's  
letter of resignation:—"At the opening of this  
session of the Chambers the Ministry presented to  
you a programme which, while affording satisfaction  
to public opinion, appeared to the Cabinet such as  
might be voted without danger to the security or  
good administration of the country. Putting aside  
all personal views, I had given the programme my  
approval, for I was sacrificing to principle to  
which conscience commanded me to remain faith-  
ful. To-day the Ministry, thinking to respond to  
the opinion of the majority in the two Chambers,  
proposes to me in regard to high military commands  
some general measures which I consider contrary to  
the interests of the army, and, consequently, to  
those of the country. I cannot subscribe to them.  
Any other Ministry taken from the majority would  
impose upon me the same conditions. I consider  
myself, therefore, bound to shorten the duration of  
the mandate which the National Assembly confided  
to me, and I, therefore, tender my resignation.

"In quitting power, I have the consolation of  
thinking that during the fifty-three years I have  
devoted to the service of my country, either as a  
soldier or a citizen, I have never been guided by  
sentiments other than of honor and duty and abso-  
lute devotion to my country."

## OUR ENGLISH LETTER.

Manchester, Jan. 22, 1879.

I was in hopes that my long silence would be agree-  
ably broken by conveying to you the intelli-  
gence of improvement this side of the water. I re-  
gret, however, that such comforting news cannot be  
penned by me. Distress of every kind instead of  
decreasing is rapidly increasing and this is particu-  
larly owing to the great frost which still prevails  
here. Since the beginning of our severe winter  
we have had twice a thaw for a few days, but the  
frost returned with seeming intensified power, is  
still with us, and shows no sign of departure. Our  
charitable committees are besieged each day with  
applicants only a slight remove from destitution.  
Nothing can better illustrate the beautiful teaching  
of Christianity which silently, but effectually per-  
vades society, than the present exhibition of charity  
to the poor. Merchants and others of the highest  
social standing here have combined in committees to  
distribute the funds given by a generous public.  
This distribution entails much time and trouble.  
Some of the gentlemen have to visit the homes of  
all seeking relief, to make necessary enquiries, to  
prove the bona fides of the applicants, and to see  
how far they are deserving of support. Others are  
kept in the Committee rooms from morn till late at  
night receiving applications, entering names in  
books, distributing money or food tickets, and  
otherwise assisting what has now become a vast or-  
ganization. The amount of money already sub-  
scribed to the Relief Fund is more than £18,000,  
and this has been distributed at a rate which has  
now reached £900 a day. This large amount of sub-  
scriptions with the exception of two £500 ones con-  
tributed by the Mayor as trustee for the time being  
of some Manchester Charities has been received from  
the public in various amounts beginning at the most  
modest of sums. The committee are now making  
an appeal for more money in order to keep pace  
with their large expenditure and I have no doubt  
the appeal will be responded to. The need is greater  
than ever. We have in and about the city numer-  
ous soup-kitchens opened, where daily many thou-  
sands of the poor receive nourishing food. Besides  
these we have distributors of clothing, and various  
schools and other buildings in which women are  
employed sewing and for which they are paid in  
money and kind. These rooms well-warmed and  
comfortable are a great boon to the poor, whose  
sufferings this winter have been most keen. In con-  
sequence of the prospect of failing funds the com-  
mittee in the neighboring borough of Salford have  
tried to diminish their expenditure by trying to pass  
a resolution that "men on strike, or men out of  
employment in consequence of a strike of their  
fellow-workmen" should be refused relief, but a  
further consideration of the subject enabled them to  
continue working on the present basis of relief. The  
secretary of the Salford committee gave a return  
respecting the various occupations of the men in  
receipt of relief which is interesting. Of the 909  
heads of families receiving charitable assistance in  
the Salford district, 464 are connected with the  
building trade, 100 are ironworkers, 58 were em-  
ployed at cotton mills or dyeworks, and the remain-  
der (287) were employed in some 30 other branches  
of industry. Altogether there are represented on  
the relief list 48 different trades or occupations.  
Dramatic entertainments and concerts are being got  
up in aid of the relief fund and these no doubt will  
continue much longer. Manchester as you are  
aware is not alone in its distress. Accounts from  
numerous business centres in Lancashire and York-  
shire show what great amount of suffering is being  
endured. The reduction in the wages of the opera-  
tives which caused so much trouble in Burnley  
many months ago would be thought nothing of now  
so universal has it become to lessen wages in order  
to court a business which seems never to come. The  
same steady determination of the trades unions to  
resist any change in the wages of the operatives ex-  
ists now as it did then and as a consequence more  
mills are closing, more people are thrown out of  
work, more of the working classes living on the  
gifts of charity. It would seem as if our troubles  
were only beginning instead of ceasing. Fresh bank  
failures are recorded, large foundries and collieries  
cease working and thousands of workmen are being  
thrown on the already overstocked labor market.  
A few days ago we were startled by the stoppage of the  
Rosedale and Ferry Hill Iron Company. This company  
has 10 blast furnaces at Ferry Hill, in Durham;  
large ironstone mines at Rosedale, in the southern  
part of Cleveland and a colliery near to Burnley,  
in Yorkshire. In the circular issued to the creditors  
of the company (which is limited) it is stated that  
owing to the very great depression in the iron  
trade, which has existed so long, and of which  
there seems no immediate prospect of im-  
provement, the company has suspended payment.  
The liabilities are stated to be £280,000 and the  
assets as £260,000. It is unnecessary to say that  
this failure, which is one of the most distressing  
which has taken place in the iron trade since the  
suspension of J. Vaughan, jr., some two years ago,  
has cast a general gloom over the district, and  
given rise to anticipations of further failures which  
it is hoped may not be realized. It is evident from  
the action taken by many trades unions, resisting  
any reduction in wages, that they believe the pre-  
sent prices can really be maintained for all manu-  
factured goods. In other words that trade can  
still be carried on in a falling market. For instance  
the wire drawers of Warrington are on strike  
against a small reduction, and are offered support  
from Sheffield and other towns. The reason which  
compels the masters to take this step is because some  
classes of German wire are displacing theirs at Wol-  
verhampton and other places where it is largely used  
at prices much below what they can afford. It also  
appears that workmen have been earning from 4s  
to 5s shillings per week. The boiler makers are also  
refusing a small reduction, and boat builders and  
ironworkers on the Clyde and Tyne, and at Barrow-

"I request you to communicate my decision to the  
Chambers."  
(Signed),  
MACMAHON,  
"Duke of Magenta."  
Versailles, Jan. 30.—The proceedings in the Con-  
gress of the two Chambers were opened by Martel,  
who again read MacMahon's letter of resignation  
and the articles of the constitution.  
De Gavardie, Senator, amid shouts of disappro-  
bation, asked whether the Congress accepted the  
resignation.  
The Congress set this inquiry aside by voting the  
previous question by a large majority.  
The Congress, after appointing tellers, proceeded  
to vote for President of the Republic. Seven hun-  
dred and thirteen Senators and Deputies were pre-  
sent, of whom 670 voted. The absolute majority  
required was 330.  
Jules Grevy obtained 557 votes, and Gen. Declaux  
96. Grevy was declared elected and proclaimed  
President for seven years.  
Forty-three blank voted papers were deposited.  
Dufaure was loudly cheered when he cast his  
vote.

Shortly after the Senate and Chamber of Deputies  
resumed their separate sittings. Belmont took the  
chair in the Chamber of Deputies. He read a letter  
from M. Grevy, expressing the profound regret with  
which he resigned his seat as Deputy, and thanking  
the Congress for the sympathy with which they  
had honored him and would continue to honor him.  
The Deputies decided to elect a successor to the  
President of the Chamber to-morrow.

It is understood that Gambetta is willing to ac-  
cept a post, and his candidacy meets with increased  
favor.  
MacMahon wrote to Grevy to-day, expressing a  
wish to pay him a visit as soon as he was elected  
President. Grevy replied that he was deeply sensi-  
ble of the Marshal's courtesy, but insisted that it  
was for him (Grevy) to pay the first visit. He  
said the Marshal will go to pay his respects to  
Grevy this evening.

The Ministers all declare that MacMahon at yester-  
day's Cabinet Council preserved a calm and dig-  
nified demeanor. He stated that he proposed to  
resign at least provisionally. The Cabinet will  
certainly permit his name to be employed for any  
species of demonstration.  
The Senate, and subsequently the Congress re-  
ceived MacMahon's letter with profound silence.

Paris, Jan. 30.—Immense but peaceful crowds are  
assembled on the boulevards, awaiting news. The  
Marquis d'Harcourt, French Ambassador at London,  
who is a relative of MacMahon, has resigned.

Paris, Jan. 30.—All the city newspapers except  
the legitimate and clerical journals condemn Presi-  
dent MacMahon, the Bonapartist press being espe-  
cially insulting. It is reported that at a dinner of  
some 200 Generals last evening MacMahon's action  
was generally approved.

Paris, Jan. 30.—The ministers congratulated Presi-  
dent Grevy this evening on his election, and col-  
lectively tendered their resignations. Grevy ex-  
pressed a hope that they would continue in office  
at least provisionally. The Cabinet will meet to-  
morrow to consider the situation.

MacMahon visited and congratulated Grevy. The  
interview was most courteous. The ex-President  
announced his intention of going to Grasse to-mor-  
row, where he will remain some days.  
London, January 31.—A Berlin dispatch repre-  
sents that no confidence is felt there in Grevy's com-  
petency to maintain authority.

Paris dispatch says:—At a Cabinet council on  
Thursday the Ministers offered to resign if MacMa-  
hon thought he could come to a compromise with  
the Chamber. MacMahon replied with some em-  
phasis, that he deemed the step useless. The tone  
of the President's letter of resignation meets with  
general approval.

Paris, Jan. 30.—The voting in Congress for the  
President was secret. The only incidents were the  
applauding of Versailles and others by the  
members of the tribune and shouting at Brog-  
lie, Buffet, and other unpopular members of the  
Right. Simon and Rouher were comparatively un-  
noticed. There was a perfect frenzy of enthusiasm  
when the figures were announced; the members  
of the Left and the Public galleries rising in a body,  
and repeatedly shouting, "Vive le Republicain!"

London, Jan. 31.—A Paris correspondent says the  
election of Gambetta as President of the Chamber  
of Deputies is certain, and he will accept the post.  
It is also certain that the impeachment of the De Bro-  
glie-Fortin Ministry will be abandoned, as it is no  
longer necessary as a means of ousting MacMahon  
from the Cabinet, which Lyally protected the constitu-  
tion. The return of the Chambers to Paris, the  
Educational Law, and other Republican reforms  
will be peacefully effected.

The correspondent adds that some members of  
the course Left will enter the Cabinet.  
Dufaure has declared his intention of resigning.  
The country will not understand such a course, but  
if he persists, Martel may take the Premiership and  
Dufaure the Presidency of the Senate.

## A MAN KILLS HIS SON AND A BIRD WITH THE SAME SHOT.

Sombray, Jan. 29.—A terrible accident occurred  
here a day or two ago. Charles Selby, bidding his  
children stay in the house, went out to shoot a bird,  
which he wished to dress for dinner. Unfortunately  
his only son, a bright little youngster four years of  
age, unheeding his father's commands, ran out of  
doors. The man, whose attention was centered on  
the fowl, took steady aim and fired, when, to his  
horror, amid the echo of the discharge, he heard a  
child's cry. He hastened to the spot, and found that  
while he had killed the bird, he had also in his  
son. The crevices and spaces of the corn of  
the house are filled with straw, and the un-  
fortunate man, who is frantic with grief at the ter-  
rible mishap, could not see the boy. Said to say, the  
child entered, and some going through the straw  
entered the head of the child, who was on the other  
side of the house. The poor little fellow lingered  
for four hours, and then died. His father swears he  
will never handle a gun again.

The Customs Offices at Halifax report an increase  
of \$13,360 in the receipts at that port for the past  
month, as compared with the corresponding period  
of last year.  
The names of some eighty-four men implicated  
in the destruction of Government property at the  
Levis forts have been obtained by the military au-  
thorities at Quebec, and forwarded to Ottawa for  
instructions.

## OUR ENGLISH LETTER.

Manchester, Jan. 22, 1879.

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tributed by the Mayor as trustee for the time being  
of some Manchester Charities has been received from  
the public in various amounts beginning at the most  
modest of sums. The committee are now making  
an appeal for more money in order to keep pace  
with their large expenditure and I have no doubt  
the appeal will be responded to. The need is greater  
than ever. We have in and about the city numer-  
ous soup-kitchens opened, where daily many thou-  
sands of the poor receive nourishing food. Besides  
these we have distributors of clothing, and various  
schools and other buildings in which women are  
employed sewing and for which they are paid in  
money and kind. These rooms well-warmed and  
comfortable are a great boon to the poor, whose  
sufferings this winter have been most keen. In con-  
sequence of the prospect of failing funds the com-  
mittee in the neighboring borough of Salford have  
tried to diminish their expenditure by trying to pass  
a resolution that "men on strike, or men out of  
employment in consequence of a strike of their  
fellow-workmen" should be refused relief, but a  
further consideration of the subject enabled them to  
continue working on the present basis of relief. The  
secretary of the Salford committee gave a return  
respecting the various occupations of the men in  
receipt of relief which is interesting. Of the 909  
heads of families receiving charitable assistance in  
the Salford district, 464 are connected with the  
building trade, 100 are ironworkers, 58 were em-  
ployed at cotton mills or dyeworks, and the remain-  
der (287) were employed in some 30 other branches  
of industry. Altogether there are represented on  
the relief list 48 different trades or occupations.  
Dramatic entertainments and concerts are being got  
up in aid of the relief fund and these no doubt will  
continue much longer. Manchester as you are  
aware is not alone in its distress. Accounts from  
numerous business centres in Lancashire and York-  
shire show what great amount of suffering is being  
endured. The reduction in the wages of the opera-  
tives which caused so much trouble in Burnley  
many months ago would be thought nothing of now  
so universal has it become to lessen wages in order  
to court a business which seems never to come. The  
same steady determination of the trades unions to  
resist any change in the wages of the operatives ex-  
ists now as it did then and as a consequence more  
mills are closing, more people are thrown out of  
work, more of the working classes living on the  
gifts of charity. It would seem as if our troubles  
were only beginning instead of ceasing. Fresh bank  
failures are recorded, large foundries and collieries  
cease working and thousands of workmen are being  
thrown on the already overstocked labor market.  
A few days ago we were startled by the stoppage of the  
Rosedale and Ferry Hill Iron Company. This company  
has 10 blast furnaces at Ferry Hill, in Durham;  
large ironstone mines at Rosedale, in the southern  
part of Cleveland and a colliery near to Burnley,  
in Yorkshire. In the circular issued to the creditors  
of the company (which is limited) it is stated that  
owing to the very great depression in the iron  
trade, which has existed so long, and of which  
there seems no immediate prospect of im-  
provement, the company has suspended payment.  
The liabilities are stated to be £280,000 and the  
assets as £260,000. It is unnecessary to say that  
this failure, which is one of the most distressing  
which has taken place in the iron trade since the  
suspension of J. Vaughan, jr., some two years ago,  
has cast a general gloom over the district, and  
given rise to anticipations of further failures which  
it is hoped may not be realized. It is evident from  
the action taken by many trades unions, resisting  
any reduction in wages, that they believe the pre-  
sent prices can really be maintained for all manu-  
factured goods. In other words that trade can  
still be carried on in a falling market. For instance  
the wire drawers of Warrington are on strike  
against a small reduction, and are offered support  
from Sheffield and other towns. The reason which  
compels the masters to take this step is because some  
classes of German wire are displacing theirs at Wol-  
verhampton and other places where it is largely used  
at prices much below what they can afford. It also  
appears that workmen have been earning from 4s  
to 5s shillings per week. The boiler makers are also  
refusing a small reduction, and boat builders and  
ironworkers on the Clyde and Tyne, and at Barrow-

"I request you to communicate my decision to the  
Chambers."  
(Signed),  
MACMAHON,  
"Duke of Magenta."  
Versailles, Jan. 30.—The proceedings in the Con-  
gress of the two Chambers were opened by Martel,  
who again read MacMahon's letter of resignation  
and the articles of the constitution.  
De Gavardie, Senator, amid shouts of disappro-  
bation, asked whether the Congress accepted the  
resignation.  
The Congress set this inquiry aside by voting the  
previous question by a large majority.  
The Congress, after appointing tellers, proceeded  
to vote for President of the Republic. Seven hun-  
dred and thirteen Senators and Deputies were pre-  
sent, of whom 670 voted. The absolute majority  
required was 330.  
Jules Grevy obtained 557 votes, and Gen. Declaux  
96. Grevy was declared elected and proclaimed  
President for seven years.  
Forty-three blank voted papers were deposited.  
Dufaure was loudly cheered when he cast his  
vote.

Shortly after the Senate and Chamber of Deputies  
resumed their separate sittings. Belmont took the  
chair in the Chamber of Deputies. He read a letter  
from M. Grevy, expressing the profound regret with  
which he resigned his seat as Deputy, and thanking  
the Congress for the sympathy with which they  
had honored him and would continue to honor him.  
The Deputies decided to elect a successor to the  
President of the Chamber to-morrow.

It is understood that Gambetta is willing to ac-  
cept a post, and his candidacy meets with increased  
favor.  
MacMahon wrote to Grevy to-day, expressing a  
wish to pay him a visit as soon as he was elected  
President. Grevy replied that he was deeply sensi-  
ble of the Marshal's courtesy, but insisted that it  
was for him (Grevy) to pay the first visit. He  
said the Marshal will go to pay his respects to  
Grevy this evening.

The Ministers all declare that MacMahon at yester-  
day's Cabinet Council preserved a calm and dig-  
nified demeanor. He stated that he proposed to  
resign at least provisionally. The Cabinet will  
certainly permit his name to be employed for any  
species of demonstration.  
The Senate, and subsequently the Congress re-  
ceived MacMahon's letter with profound silence.

Paris, Jan. 30.—Immense but peaceful crowds are  
assembled on the boulevards, awaiting news. The  
Marquis d'Harcourt, French Ambassador at London,  
who is a relative of MacMahon, has resigned.

To the Mother of the Babe of Bethlehem.

BY R. D. WILLIAMS.

Rose dawn, the orient flushing,
Dews o'er purple flowers that flow
Crimson wings of martyrs, blushing
Like the blood ye shed below;

While she clasps the pretty Lisper
To her holy Virgin breast,
White-winged cherubs round her whisper,
Angel armies o'er her rest.

All the spheres behold with wonder
Sleeping on thy bosom lie
Him whom thou flammest through the sky,
Hail! sacred stars of heaven!

FABIOLA:

THE CHURCH OF THE CATACOMBS

BY HIS EMINENCE CARDINAL WISEMAN.

"The panther?" shouted out a voice. "The panther?"
I responded in a hoarse, "The panther?"
I heard a hundred thousand, in a chorus like
The roaring of an avalanche.

He stood erect for a moment, brought his right
hand to his mouth, and looking up at Sebastian
with a smile, directed to him, by a graceful wave
of his arm, the last salutation of his lips—and fell.

CHAPTER XXIV.

THE CHRISTIAN SOLDIER.

The body of the young martyr was deposited in
peace on the Aurelian way, in the cemetery which
soon bore his name, and gave it, as we have before
observed, to the neighbouring gate.

Sebastian moved in the midst of this slaughter,
not like a builder who saw his work destroyed by a
tempest, nor a shepherd who beheld his flock borne
off by marauders. He felt as a general on the bat-
tle-field, who looked only to the victory; counting
every one as ready to give his own should it prove
to be the required price.

He had not long to wait for his opportunity. On
the 9th of January, a court was held, attended
by all aspirants for favours, or fears of imper-
ial wrath. Fulvius was there, and, as usual, met

with a cold reception. But after bearing silently
the muttered curses of the royal brute, he boldly
advanced, dropped on one knee, and thus addressed
him.

"Sire, your divinity has often reproached me
with having made, by my discoveries, but a poor
return for your gracious countenance and liberal
subsidies. But now I have found out the foulest of
plots, and the basest of ingratitude, in immediate
contact with your divine person."

"What dost thou mean, booby?" asked impatiently
the tyrant. "Speak at once, or I'll have the
words pulled out of thy throat by an iron hook."

Fulvius rose, and directing his hand, in accompani-
ment to his words, said with a bitter blunder of
tone: "Sebastian is a Christian."

The emperor started from his throne in fury.
"Thou liest, villain! Thou shalt prove thy
words, or thou shalt die such a piecemeal death, as
no Christian dog ever endured."

"I have sufficient proof recorded here," he re-
plied, producing a parchment, and offering it, kneel-
ing. The emperor was about to make an angry answer,
when, to his utter amazement, Sebastian, with un-
ruffled looks and noble mien, stood before him, and
in the calmest accents said:

"My liege, I spare you all trouble of proof. I
am a Christian, and I glory in the name."

As Maximian, a rude though clever soldier, with-
out education, could hardly when calm express him-
self in decent Latin; when he was in a passion his
language was composed of broken sentences, mingled
with every vulgar and coarse epithet. In this state
he was now; and he poured out on Sebastian a
torrent of abuse, in which he reproached him with
every crime, and called him by every opprobrious
name, within his well-stocked repertory of vituperation.

"The two crimes, however, on which he raged
his loudest changes were, ingratitude and treachery.
He had nursed, he said, a viper in his bosom, a
serpion, an evil demon; and he only wondered he
was still alive."

The Christian officer stood the volley, as intrepid-
ly as ever he had borne the enemy's assault, on the
field of battle.

"Listen to me, my royal master," he replied.
"Perhaps for the last time. I have said I am a
Christian; and in this you have had the best pledge
of your security."

"How do you mean, ungrateful man?"
"Thus, noble emperor; that if you want a body-
guard around you of men who will spill their last
drop of life-blood for you, go to the prison and
take the Christians from the stocks on the floor and
from the fetter-rings on the walls; send to the
courts and bear away the mutilated confessors from
the rack and gridiron; issue orders to the amphi-
theatres, and snatch the mangled half that lives,
from the jaws of tigers; restore them to such shape
as yet they are capable of, put weapons into their
hands, and place them around you; and in this
manner and ill-favoured host there will be more
fidelity, more loyalty, more daring for you, than in
all your Dacian and Pannonian legions. You have
taken half their blood from them, and they will
give you willingly the other half."

"Folly and madness!" returned the sneering
savage. "I would sooner surround myself with
wolves than with Christians. Your treachery proves
enough for me."

"And what would have prevented me at any
time from acting the traitor, if I had been one?
Have I not had access to your royal person by night
as by day; and have I proved a traitor? No, em-
peror, none has ever been more faithful than I to
you; but I have another, and a higher Lord to
serve; one who will judge us both; and His laws I
must obey rather than yours."

One solution never occurred to Fabiola's mind,
that he was all this, because he was a Christian. She
only saw the problem in another form; how could
he be all that he was, in spite of being a Christian?

She turned it variously in her mind, in vain.
Then it came to her thought thus. Perhaps, after
all, good old Chromatius was right, and Christian-
ity may not be what I have fancied; and I ought to
have inquired more about it. I am sure Sebastian
never did the horrible things imputed to Christians.
Yet every body charges them with them.

Might there not be a more refined form of this
religion, and; more grovelling one; just as she
knew there was in her own sect, Epicureanism? one
coarse, material, wallowing in the very mire of sen-
sualism; the other refined, sceptical, and reflective.

Her thoughts grew darker and sadder, as she
dwelt on these ideas, amidst the deepening gloom.
She was suddenly disturbed by the entrance of a
slave with a light. It was Afra, the black servant,
who came to prepare her mistress's evening repast,
which she wished to take alone. While busy with
her arrangements, she said, "Have you heard the
news, madam?"

"Only that Sebastian is going to be shot with
arrows to-morrow morning. What a pity; he was
such a handsome youth!"

"Be silent, Afra; unless you have some informa-
tion to give me on the subject."

"Oh, of course, my mistress; and my information
is indeed very astonishing. Do you know that he
turns out to be one of those wretched Christians?"

"Hold your peace, I pray you; and do not prate
any more about what you do not understand."

"Certainly not, if you so wish it; I suppose his
fate is quite a matter of indifference to you, madam.
It certainly is to me. He won't be the first officer
that my countrymen have shot. Many they have
killed, and some they have saved. But of course
that was all chance."

There was a significance in her words and tones,
which did not escape the quick ear and mind of
Fabiola. She looked up, for the first time, and
fixed her eyes searchingly on her maid's swart face.
There was no emotion in it; she was placing a
flagon of wine upon the table, just as if she had
not spoken. "Length, the lady said to her:

"Oh, nothing, nothing. What can a poor slave
know? Still more, what can she do?"

"Come, come, you mean, by your words, some-
thing that I must know."

The slave came round the table, close to the
couch on which Fabiola rested, looked behind her,
and around her, then whispered, "Do you want
Sebastian's life preserved?"

Fabiola almost leapt up, as she replied, "Certain-
ly."

The servant put her finger to her lip, to enforce
silence, and said, "It will cost dear."

"Name your price."

"A hundred *sestertii*, (about £800.) and my lib-
erty."

"Accept your terms; but what is my security?"

"They shall be binding only, if twenty-four hours
after the execution, he is still alive."

"Agreed; and what is yours?"

"Your word, lady."

"Go, Afra, lose not a moment."

"No, no hurry," quietly replied the slave, as
she completed, undisturbed, the preparations for sup-
per.

She then proceeded at once to the palace, and to
the Mauritanian quarters, and went in directly to
the commander.

"What dost thou want, Jubala," he said, "at this
hour? There is no festival to-night."

of covetousness coming uppermost. "Let us see.
Why, my fellows will consume half the money, in
bribes and feasting."

"Well, I have two hundred more in reserve for
that."

"Sayest thou so, my princess, my sorceress, my
charming demon? But that will be too much for
my scoundrels. We will give them half, and add the
other half—to our marriage-settlements, shan't we?"

"As it pleases thee, provided the thing is done
according to my proposal."

"It is a bargain, then. We shall live twenty-four
hours; and after that we will have a glorious wed-
ding."

Sebastian, in the meantime, was unconscious of
these amiable negotiations for his safety; for, like
Peter between two guards, he was slumbering
soundly by the wall of the court. Fatigued with
his day's work, he had enjoyed the rare advantage
of retiring early to rest; and the marble pavement
was a good enough soldier's bed. But after a few
hours' repose, he awoke refreshed; and now that
all was hushed, he stealthily rose, and with out-
stretched arms, gave himself up to prayer.

The martyr's prayer is not a preparation for
death; for his is a death that needs no preparation.
The soldier who suddenly declares himself a Chris-
tian, bends down his head, and mingles his blood
with that of the confessor, whom he had come to
execute; or the friend, of unknown name, who saves
the martyr going to death, is seized, and made to
bear him willing company, (called thence St. Adan-
tus) is as prepared for martyrdom, as he who has
passed months in prison engaged in prayer. It is
not a cry, therefore, for the forgiveness of past sin;
for there is a consciousness of that perfect love,
which sendeth out fear, and inward assurance of
that highest grace, which is incompatible with sin.

Nor in Sebastian was it a prayer for courage or
strength; for the opposite feelings, which could sug-
gest it, were alien to him. It never entered into
his mind to doubt, that as he had faced death
intrepidly for his earthly sovereign on the battle-
field, so he should meet it joyfully for his heavenly
Lord, in any place.

His prayer, then, till morning, was a gladsome
hymn of glory and honour to the King of kings, a
joining with the seraph's glowing eyes, and every-
thing in a rapture of adoration. He was quite
shaking with joy, in the bright heavens caught
his eyes, he challenged them as wakeful sentinels
like himself, to exchange the watchword of Divine
praises; and as the night-wind rustled in the leafless
trees of the neighbouring court of Adonis, he bade
its wayward music compose itself, and its rude
lurping upon the vibrating boughs form softer
hymns,—the only ones that earth could utter in its
winter night.

Now burst on him the thrilling thought that the
morning hour approached, for the cock had crowed;
and he would soon hear those branches murmuring
over him to the sharp whistle of flying arrows, un-
erring in their aim. And he offered himself gladly
to their sharp tongues, hissing as the serpent's, to
drink his blood. He offered himself as an oblation
for God's honour, and for the appeasing of His
wrath. He offered himself particularly for the af-
flicted Church, and prayed that his death might
mitigate her sufferings.

And then his thoughts rose higher, from the
earthly to the celestial Church; soaring like the
eagle from the highest pinnacle of the mountain-
peak, towards the sun. Clouds have rolled away,
and the blue embowered veil of morning is rent
in twain, like the sanctuary's, and he sees quite into
the heart, and disolving the clouds, and plunging
into the revealed depths; far, far inward, beyond
senates of saints and legions of angels, to what Stephen
said of most and intensest glory. And now his hymn
was silent; harmonies came to him, too sweet and
perfect to brook the jarring of a terrestrial voice;
they came to him, requiring no return; for they
brought heaven into his soul; and what could he
give back? It was as a fountain of purest refresh-
ment, more like gushing light than water, flowing
from the foot of the Lamb, and poured into his
heart, which could only be passive, and receive the
gift. Yet in its sparkling bounds, as it rippled
along towards him, he could see the countenance
now of one, and then of another of the happy
friends who had gone before him; as if they were
drinking, and heathing, and dispersing, and plung-
ing, and dissolving themselves in those living waters.

His countenance was glowing as with the very
reflection of the vision, and the morning dawn just
brightening (oh, what a dawn that is!), caught his
face as he stood up, with his arms in a cross, op-
posite the east; so that when Hyphax opened his
door and saw him, he could have crept across the
court and worshipped him on his face.

Sebastian awoke as from a trance; and the clink
of sesterces sounded in the mental ears of Hyphax;
so he set scientifically about earning them. He
picked out of his troop of a hundred, five mark-
men, who could split a flying arrow with a fletch-
er one, called them into his room, told them their
reward, concealing his own share, and arranged how
the sentinel was to be managed. As to the body,
Christians had already secretly offered a large ad-
ditional sum for its delivery, and two slaves were to
wait outside to receive it. Among his own follow-
ers he could fully depend on secrecy.

Sebastian was conducted into the neighbouring
court of the palace, which separated the quarters of
these African archers from his own dwelling. It
was planted with rows of trees, and consecrated to
Adonis. He walked cheerfully in the midst of his
executioners, followed by the whole band, who were
alone allowed to be spectators, as they would have
been of an ordinary exhibition of good archery.
The officer was stripped and bound to a tree, while
the chosen five took their stand opposite, cool and
collected. It was at best a desolate sort of death.

Not a friend, not a sympathiser near; not one fol-
lowing Christian to bear his farewell to the faithful,
or record for them his last accents, and the constan-
cy of his end. To stand in the middle of the
crowded amphitheatre, with a hundred thousand
witnesses of Christian constancy, to see the encourag-
ing looks of many, and hear the whispered bless-
ings of a few loving acquaintances, had something
cheering, and almost inspiring in it; it lent at least
the feeble aid of human emotions, to the more
powerful sustenance of grace. The very shout of
an insulting multitude put a strain upon natural
courage, as the hunter's cry only nerves the stag at
bay. But this dead and silent scene, at dawn of
day, shut up in the court of a house; this being,
with most unfeeling indifference tied up, like a
truss of hay, or a stuffed figure, to be coolly aimed
at, according to the tyrant's orders; this being alone
in the midst of a horde of swart, savages, whose
very language was strange, uncouth, and unintelligible;
but who were no doubt uttering their rude
jokes, and laughing, as men do before a much or
a game, which they are going to enjoy; all this had
more the appearance of a piece of cruelty, about to
be acted in a gloomy forest by landlitti, than open
and glorious confession of Christ's name; it looked
and felt more like assassination than martyrdom.

But Sebastian cared not for all this. Angels
looked over the wall upon him; and the rising sun,
which dazzled his eyes, but made him a clearer
mark for his bowmen, shone not more brightly on
him, than did the countenance of the only Witness
he cared to have of suffering endured for His sake.

The first Moor drew his bow-string to his ear, and
an arrow trembled in the flesh of Sebastian. Each
chosen marksmen followed in turn; and shouts of
applause accompanied each hit, so cleverly ap-
proaching, yet avoiding, according to the imperial
order, every vital part. And so the game went on;
everybody laughing, and bawling, and jeering, and
enjoying it, without a particle of feeling for the
now drooping frame, painted with blood; [Men-

braque picta cruce novo." Prud. iii., 29.] all in
sport, except the martyr, to whom all was sober
earnest—each sharp pang, the enduring smart, the
exhaustion, the weariness, the knotty bonds, the
constrained attitude! Oh! but earnest too was the
steadfast heart, the untiring spirit, the unwavering
faith, the unruffled patience, the unshaken love
of suffering for his Lord. Earnest was the prayer,
earnest the gaze of the eye on heaven; earnest the
listening of the ear for the welcoming strain of the
heavenly porters, as they should open the gate.

It was indeed a dreary death; yet this was not
the worst. After all, death came not; the golden
gates remained unbarred; the martyr in heart, still
reserved for greater glory even upon earth, found
himself, not suddenly translated from death to life,
but sunk into unconsciousness in the lap of angels.

His tormentors saw when they had reached their
intended measure; they cut the cords that bound
him; and Sebastian fell exhausted, and to all ap-
pearance dead, upon the carpet of blood which he
had spread for himself on the pavement. Did he
lie, like a noble warrior, as he now appears in
marble under his altar, in his own dear church?
We at least cannot imagine him as more beautiful.
And not only that church do we love, but that an-
cient chapel which stands in the midst of the ruined
Palatine, to mark the spot on which he fell. [The
reader, when visiting the Crystal Palace, will find in
the Roman Court an excellent model of the Roman
Forum. On the raised mound of the Palatine hill,
between the arches of Titus and Constantine, he
will see a chapel of fair dimensions standing alone.
It is the one to which we allude. It has been lately
repaired by the Barberini family.]

CHAPTER XXVI.

THE REVIVAL.

Night was far advanced, when the black slave,
having completed her marriage settlement, quite to
her own satisfaction, was returning to her mistress's
house. It was indeed a cold wintry night, so she
was well wrapped up, and in no humor to be dis-
turbed. But it was a lovely night, and the moon
seemed to be stroking, with a silvery hand, the
downy robe of the *meta sudans*. [The fountain be-
fore described.] She paused beside it; and after a
silence of some moments, broke out into a loud
laugh, as if some ridiculous recollection connected
itself in her mind with that beautiful object. She
was turning round to proceed on her way, when she
felt herself roughly seized by the arm.

"If you had not laughed," said her captor, bit-
terly, "I should not have recognized you. But that
hyena laugh of yours is unmistakable. Listen, the
wild beasts, your African cousins, are answering it
from the amphitheatre. What was it about,
pray?"

"About you?"

"How about me?"

"I was thinking of our last interview in this
place, and what a fool you made of yourself."

"How kind of you, Afra, to be thinking of me,
especially as I was not just then thinking of you,
but of your countrymen in those cells."

"Cease your impudences, and call people by their
proper names. I am not Afra the slave any longer,
at least I shall not be so in a few hours; but
Jubala, the wife of Hyphax, commander of the
Mauritanian archers."

"A very respectable man, no doubt, if he could
speak any language besides his gibberish; but these
few hours of interval may suffice for the transaction
of our business. You made a mistake, methinks,
in what you said just now. It was *you* who was it
that made a fool of me at our last meeting? What
has become of your fair promises, and of my fairer
gold, which were exchanged on that occasion?
Mine, I know, proved sterling; yours, I fear, turned
out but dust."

"No doubt; for so says a proverb in my lan-
guage; 'the dust on the wise man's skirts is better
than the gold in the fool's girdle.' But let us come
to the point; did you really ever believe in the
power of my charms and philtres?"

"To be sure I did; do you mean they were all
impotence?"

"Not quite all; you see we have got rid of Fabi-
us, and the daughter is in possession of the fortune.
That was a preliminary step of absolute necessity.
What! do you mean that your incantations re-
moved the father?" asked Corvinius amazed, and
shrinking from her. It was only a sudden bright
thought of Afra's, so she pushed her advantage,
saying:

"To be sure; what else? It is easy thus to get
rid of any one that is too much in the way."

"Good night, good night," he replied in great fear.

(To be Continued.)

A LAUGHABLE OCCURRENCE.

Last night two buggies stopped at the Capital
Hotel, and two gentlemen jumped out almost simul-
taneously and went into the hotel, leaving two
ladies in their respective buggies. One of the men
went out ahead of the other, and by the uncertain
light thrown from the hotel, was led aside from the
actual fact in the little matter of getting in the right
buggy. In a word Mr. J. got in with Mrs. F., who
were as totally unknown to each other, as far as
acquaintance was concerned, as if one had died
in Africa and the other hadn't been born. As mar-
ried men often do, Mr. J. drove some distance be-
fore speaking.

"I got a corn on my toe—the one you persist in
putting your foot on, too—that hurts about as
bad as the general run of things generally do."

The lady was very much surprised, and rather
laughingly replied—

"You've been trying to pick a quarrel with me
all day, and now to make matters more exasperating,
you change your voice to the voice of an angel. My
voice is natural. I am not trying to assume anything.
You screech like an old gate."

"You are an old fool!"

"Give my teeth here; you shan't wear them an-
other minute."

"Teeth! teeth! what in the world do you mean?"
But just then passing through a flood of light, the
parties recognized that they didn't recognize each
other. "Madam!" said Mr. J., stopping the horse and
straightening up, "I hope you will excuse me, but
I would like to know how you came in my buggy,
and furthermore, I'd like a little intelligence as re-
gards to the whereabouts of my wife. What have
you done with her, madam?"

"I don't know what you mean sir. Get out of my
buggy."

"You buggy! why madam you are beside your-
self."

"Yes, and beside yourself, which fact I deplore to
such an extent that I will be forced to call upon the
police."

"Police! police!" was shouted lustily, and when
Officer Danley came to the spot the woman insisted
on the man's arrest.

The buggy was driven back to the Capital just in
time to meet another buggy, the occupants of which
had a similar experience.—*Athenian Democrat.*

HOUSEWIVES CORNER.

Fish when fresh are hard when pressed by the finger—the gills red—the eyes flabby and the eyes sunken, the fish are stale. They should be thoroughly cleaned, washed, and sprinkled with salt.

Beef boiling fish, rub the gridiron with a piece of fat, to prevent its sticking. Lay the skin side down first.

The early taste often found in fresh-water fish can be removed by soaking in salt and water.

Most kinds of salt fish should be soaked in cold water for twenty-four hours—the fleshy side turned down in the water.

LOBSTER CUTLETS.—Mince the flesh of lobsters fine; season with salt, pepper and spice; melt a piece of butter in a saucepan; mix with it one tablespoonful of flour; add lobster; finely-chopped parsley; mix with some good stock; remove from the fire, and stir into it the yolks of two eggs; spread out on a wire gridiron. Broil over a clear fire. When nicely browned on both sides, season with salt, pepper, and plenty of butter, and lay them on hot buttered toast, moistened with a little hot water. Serve very hot, or they will not be nice. Oysters cooked in this way and served on broiled beef-steak are nice.

OYSTER CHOWDER.—Fry out three rashers of pickled pork in the pot you make the chowder in; add to three potatoes, one onion, two shallots, both sliced; boil until nearly cooked; soak two or three dozen crackers in cold water a few minutes, then put into the pot a half can of oysters, one quart of milk and the soaked crackers. Boil all together a few minutes; season with salt, pepper and butter. Fat from chowder can be made the same way by using fresh fish instead of oysters.

RECIPES FOR BOILING MEAT.—All fresh meats should be put to cook in boiling water, then the outer part contracts and the internal juices are preserved. For making soup put on in cold water. All salt meat should be put on in cold water, that the salt may be extracted in cooking. In boiling meats it is important to keep the water constantly boiling, otherwise the meat will absorb the water. Be careful to use boiling water, if more is needed. Remove the scum when it first begins to boil. Allow about twenty minutes for boiling for each pound of fresh meat. The more gently meat boils the more tender it will be.

REEF SOUP.—Boil a soup bone about four hours, then take out meat into a chopping-board; put some back into the kettle. Slice very thin one small onion, six potatoes and three turnips into the soup. Boil until all are tender. Have at least one gallon of soup when done. It is improved by adding crackers rolled, or noodles, just before taking off. Take the meat while warm, season with salt and pepper, add one teaspoon of soup saved out before putting in the vegetables. Pack in a dish, and slice down for tea or lunch when cold.

BOILED LAMB.—Take a piece of beef weighing six or eight pounds, have the bone taken out; then rub it well with a mixture composed of ground cloves, allspice, black pepper, nutmeg, mace, and salt, and ground cloves; rub in thoroughly. After the mixture is well rubbed in, roll it up tightly and tie it; put into a pot half full of water, with three or four potatoes, a carrot, two turnips, if small, and two onions, and let it stew six hours.

BREAKFAST DISH.—Chop fine as much cold beef or mutton as is required; add a little salt, pepper, and ground cloves; season with browned flour, and ground cloves; rub in thoroughly. After the mixture is well rubbed in, roll it up tightly and tie it; put into a pot half full of water, with three or four potatoes, a carrot, two turnips, if small, and two onions, and let it stew six hours.

PIG OR CALVES' FOOT JELLY.—Take the feet, strike them against a hard substance, changing the water and then put them in clean water without salt, and let them remain so three days, changing the water at night and morning. On the fourth day take out early and have ready on the fire a pot of water; put the feet in and boil hard for three or four hours, filling up the pot with boiling water as fast as it boils down. About a half hour to the quantity of jelly allow the water to boil down to the quantity of jelly you wish to make. When done the meat will fall from the bones when touched with a fork; it must then be all lifted out, and strain the liquor in bowls, and set in a cool place till next morning, reserving a cupful or two for the sauce, receipt given below. Next morning skim off the fat, and when it is done, add salt to the jelly on to boil, and when it boils up pour in one large cup of whisky, one pound of sugar, one tablespoon each of cinnamon and mace, and flavor with lemon or orange peel. Let it continue to boil fifteen minutes. Pour in a cup of water; take it off; let it sit five minutes; return it to the fire and let it again come to the boil. Have ready your jelly, pour it back and fourth as fast as it drips out; the offener the clearer your jelly will be. Finally, hang it up and let it dry slowly.

NEW YORK'S CHURCHES.

New York has not so many churches as is generally supposed. The common notion of the number is about 500, which would not be many for a city containing over 1,000,000 people. While churches have steadily increased here, it is thought by many of the orthodox that they have not increased nearly so rapidly as they should have done; not, indeed, in proportion to the growing population of the metropolis. The churches at present number 375, divided among the following sects: Protestant Episcopal, seventy-three; Roman Catholic, fifty-four; Methodist Episcopal, fifty; Presbyterian, forty-one; Baptist, thirty-one; Jews, twenty-five; Lutheran, twenty-one; Dutch Reformed, twenty; United Presbyterians, seven; Congregational, six; Reformed Presbyterian, five; Universalist, five; Unitarian, four; Friends, three; miscellaneous, twenty-one; among the last, one True Dutch Reformed, one Swedenborgian, and one Greek Catholic.

It often has been said that there is a mosque here, and a so-called temple to which Mohammedans and the Chinese resort; but this seems to be one of the facts of imagination that so abound nowadays. There may be a place where there is not worthy the name of a temple. The churches, according to the population, amount to one to every 2,800 inhabitants; but a very large proportion of these do not attend church at all. It is said that there are in the city well-nigh 2,000 licensed liquor or beer shops, or one to every 500 of the population, which would go to show that bodily thirst for alcoholic or malt liquors is nearly six times as great as hunger of the soul. But in great cities the worst is always on the surface, and appearances frequently fail to represent reality.—New York Paper.

THE GOVERNOR GENERAL AND PRINCESS LOUISE VISIT GLOUCESTER STREET CONVENT, OTTAWA.

This afternoon His Excellency the Governor-General and H. R. H. the Princess Louise and suite visited the Congregation de Notre Dame, generally known as the Gloucester Street Convent. They were received at the entrance by Vice-Regal Jovient and Mayor MacIntosh, and were introduced to the presiding ladies of the establishment. After a few complimentary exchanges had been made, the Vice-Regal party was conducted to the large hall and led to a dais, on which chairs were placed. The room was beautifully festooned with evergreens, and a beautiful display of flowers. On the walls a number of handsomely-decorated mottoes were hung, and among which were the following:—"May happy be your stay in our Canada dear;" "Bienvenue avec notre gratitude nos vœux de bonheur;" "Vix ea nostra voca;" "Long be your reign;" "Lead noble faithfulness, respect and love;" "God save the Queen;" "Welcome to our Convent;" and "Salut, nobles visiteurs." Over the heads of the Marquis and Princess when seated on the platform were suspended two handsome crowns. On raised seats around and at the head of the room were seated all the pupils of the establishment. Every pupil was dressed in a uniform, and the spectacle, as they rose and bowed when the Vice-Regal party entered the room, made an impression on the visitors calculated to be of long duration. Among the visitors present were Hon. Mr. Tilley, M.P.; Hon. J. O'Connor, M.P.; Mr. Tasse, M.P.; Mr. Currier, M.P.; and Mayor MacIntosh. The Vice-Regal visitors, as they sat, were greeted with an instrumental melody of Scottish airs. Two young ladies advanced on the conclusion of the overture and presented programmes to the Governor-General and the Princess Louise. Four young ladies next approached the throne, and one presented a beautiful bouquet to the Princess Louise, whilst a second and third recited the following welcome:—

Many a feast of joy and gladness,  
Many a blissful night,  
On this home have shined in splendor,  
Fraught with pure delight.

Many a gracious guest we've welcomed,  
To our convent home,  
Lords and Ladies from brave Old England,  
And saintly men from Rome.

Yet the brightness and the gladness  
Of these joys is not our own,  
Were but heralds to prepare us  
For lovelier ones to come.

We are subjects, true though youthful,  
Of our sovereign King,  
North whose sway smile peace and plenty  
On our fair land of the West.

From our earliest recollections  
We have ever loved her home,  
Blest her in our homes paternal,  
Also here in Notre Dame.

Often have we longed to see her,  
To receive her gracious smile,  
Long'd to hear her kindly accents,  
Yain we know it all the while.

Though her presence ne'er has graced  
This our little convent home,  
Yet her children she has sent us  
For her absence to atone.

Some years since there came to cheer us  
Her first-born daughter, smiling;  
Later on her noble brother,  
Other proofs of love to bring.

And today, unlooked for honor,  
The Vice-Regal party here,  
Whose presence decks with charities so rare  
Our pure and low retreat.

Welcome, Princess! welcome, noble Marquis!  
Welcome to our proud Dominion,  
Prouder none than ever 'tis been—  
Proud that one of England's roses,  
For this time transiently smiling,  
Represents the love and grace  
Which adorn our sovereign's chair.

Years of gladness in this country  
We pray that you may spend,  
Enjoying all those precious gifts  
Which Heaven and earth can lend.

Most kind, most gracious guests, may we now  
For our loving friends and friends,  
For our cherished convent home,  
Our congregation pray.

After a musical interlude five young ladies advanced and offered bouquets to our illustrious guests, the Princess Louise. Each young lady displayed favors of the Argyle tartan. The young ladies conversed on the best method of receiving their Royal visitors, and one gave expression to the wish that some good fairies would bring them Scottish thistles, English roses, and maple leaves, and that they would constitute an appropriate tribute for their Royal visitors. Scarcely was the wish uttered when fourteen little girls, dressed as fairies, bearing floral tributes and wearing glittering crowns, entered the room, and after conversing with the marquis, announced and presented the Princess with a beautiful floral scepter and scattered flowers at her feet. A second company of fairies advanced and presented a floral wreath and similarly strewed flowers on the throne. The same honors were paid to the Marquis of Lorne. Two young ladies next approached the throne, and one addressed the Princess in French and presented her with a bouquet of flowers, and a second young lady, in a poetical effusion in English, addressed the Princess, and concluded by saying that in the name of her royal mother she presented a bouquet of violets, roses, and heartsease to Alphonse's daughter, fair Louise. After a second musical interlude, a young lady presented an address, printed in French on white satin, to the Princess Louise, and two little girls presented more flowers. A cantata complimentary to their Excellencies was then rendered, and succeeded by instrumental music, pianos, harps, organs, etc., arranged for thirty hands. This was the musical part of the programme, and the worthy ladies of the convent presented their guests with a beautiful menu. Four other young ladies advanced to the throne, and after a greeting in French to the Marquis of Lorne had been conveyed, the following address in English was recited:—

To His Excellency the Governor-General and to Her Royal Highness the Princess Louise.

MAY IT PLEASE YOUR EXCELLENCY.—On your arrival in Canada food and sincere were the welcome that arose from every heart to greet Your Excellency to our young Dominion. We, the pupils of the Congregation de Notre Dame, mingled our youthful voices with the joyous acclamations of the enthusiastic population, and in our eagerness to behold the illustrious guests who have since been the theme of pen and tongue our exultation knew no bounds. Among the first to offer you their song of glad and welcome were our sister companions at Villa Maria. Every wish and feeling to which their heart gave utterance found a hundred echoes in the Congregation de Notre Dame of Ottawa. The conclusion of your Excellencies in honoring our mother house with so early a visit made our hearts beat high with hope that at no distant day the same favor would be extended to us. To-day has brought the fond realization of that ardent hope, and now we greet you in our loved convent, the promise of Calabron's poem, and the worthy daughter of the noblest Queen that Heaven has ever given to England. Can school girls' language express the deep-felt emotion the gratitude that so great an honor calls forth? Ah! no. Nor shall we venture words of eulogy on names that throughout the broad extent of our fair Dominion have already become household words, and are enshrined by the halo of a nation's dearest heroes. Suffice to say that this visit shall be marked in our convent annals as the brightest and sweetest to be remembered. While tendering to Your Excellencies our homage and grateful thanks, allow us to repeat once more

the wish of every heart, that your new year may be happy and prosperous, and that the sojourn of Your Excellencies in the "Land of the Maple" may be so agreeable that it shall make you forget, if possible, the cold and rigors of its climate.

His Excellency in reply said:

LADIES AND I am happy to be able to add, instead of the word gentlemen—benevolent fairies, let me convey to you my sincere gratitude for the enjoyment given to us this afternoon. It was with great pleasure that we listened to your poems, all dresses, and recitations, both in English and in the noble French language. We have looked forward some time to our visit here, for we remembered with much pleasure our reception in the convent of Villa Maria of Montreal. There is nothing which so impresses the attention of travellers from the Mother Land on their first arrival in this country as the sight in every town and city of imposing and massive buildings with numerous windows. On enquiry, he learns that these buildings are institutions like this convent, devoted to the training of youth, and they are so many monuments to the piety, zeal and devotion, and also to the untiring patience and faith of those ladies whom we have the pleasure to see here to-day. It is of great benefit to the country that the Church has so many of her sons who have been willing, by their self-sacrifice and denial, to provide such excellent teaching for the young ladies of Canada. When I remember that this institution is almost within the shadow of the Parliament Buildings, and I see so many young ladies round me, I find it difficult to conceive how much influence of that kind which ladies are said to possess may not be exerted by many of those present on the gentlemen who in the future will direct the destinies of this country from its Legislative Chambers. I will not detain you longer, and only embrace this opportunity of hoping that when you leave the precincts of this house, and are assailed by the trials of life, do not be discouraged. Let your lives be as harmonious as the music with which you have favored us this afternoon and afford such a charming picture as that which I now behold, in which it would be hard to find any imperfections.

The National Anthem was then sung, after which the Vice-Regal party inspected the convent and visited the Ladies' Benevolent Sewing Society in connection with the institution.—Toronto Globe.

WHAT PROTESTANTS THINK OF THE CHURCH.

In the last number of *The Nineteenth Century*, Mr. Malock has a paper on "Dogma, Reason and Morality." It is a very remarkable defence of Revelation against infidel objections, and in it he shows very forcibly that Protestant exponents of Christianity are not to be taken as the only, or as the best, exponents of what Christianity really is. Speaking of unbelieving objectors to the religion of Christ, he says:

"But there is one fact they apparently all forget—I refer mainly now to such critics in our own country—that Protestant Christianity is not the only form of it. They have still the Church of Rome to deal with, which is Christianity in its oldest, its most legitimate, and its most coherent form. They surely cannot forget her existence or her magnitude. To suppose this would be to attribute to them too insular, or rather too provincial, an ignorance. The cause, however, certainly is surprising, is far deeper. In this country the popular conception of Rome has been so distorted by one familiarity with Protestantism, that the true conception of her is something quite strange to us. Our divines have exhibited her to us as though she were a lapsed Protestant sect, and they have attacked her for being false to doctrines that were never really hers. They have failed to see that the first and essential difference which separates her from them lies not primarily in any special dogma, but in the authority on which all her dogmas rest. Protestants, basing their religion on the Bible solely, have conceived that Catholics, of course, profess to do so likewise; they have covered them with invective for being traitors to their supposed profession, and have triumphantly convicted them of contradicting principles that they always repudiated. The Church's primary doctrine is her own perpetuity, which, so far from being essential to the whole Church's system, is, on the contrary, inconsistent with it. Looked at in this way, Rome to the Protestant mind has seemed naturally to be a mass of superstitions and dishonesties; it is this view of her that, strangely enough, our modern advanced thinkers have accepted without question. Though they have frusted the Protestants in nothing else, they have trusted them here. They have taken the Protestant's word for it that Protestantism is more reasonable than Romanism; and they think, therefore, that if they have destroyed the former *à fortiori* have they destroyed the latter. No conception of the matter, however, could be more false than this."

LEFT TO THE GOOD MONKS.

That one of the London daily papers has come to have the courage to publish now and then some of the truths connected with the accomplishment and the results of the misnamed "Reformation," is a wholesome sign of the times. Just imagine, an Englishman and, we presume, a Protestant too, writing to the editor of a London daily newspaper, *The Echo*, such burning sentences as the following, and the editor giving them publicity:

"When so many thousands of our people are suffering from want of food, I am forcibly reminded of the enormous wealth held by the Ecclesiastical Commissioners, and the source from which it is derived. The land from which this enormous revenue derived was originally left to the good monks of the olden time to maintain the monasteries (the clergy *and to provide for the poor*). And well and truly did the good men carry out the intentions of the benefactors. And now the revenue derived from this land, enormously augmented in value in building and endowing churches, whether they were wanted or no. The poor are utterly ignored, their lot more miserable than they may suffer and die, and the good and sister has compassion on them, or public benevolence steps in."

—Five out of the ten members of the School Committee in Boston are Catholics, viz., Judge Fallon, Dr. J. G. Blake, Dr. Moran, Mr. John Hayes, and Mr. James W. Fox.

RHEUMATISM MOVEMENT CURE.

One day, not a great while ago, Mr. Middelrib read in his favorite paper a paragraph stating that the sting of a bee was a sure cure for rheumatism, and citing several remarkable instances in which people had been cured by his abrupt remedy.

He read the article several times, and pondered over it. He understood the stinging matter to be done scientifically and thoroughly. The bee, as he understood the article, was to be gripped by the ears, set down upon the rheumatic joint, and held there until it stung itself stings. He had some misgiving about the matter. He knew it would hurt. He hardly thought it would hurt worse than the rheumatism, and it had been so many years since he was stung by a bee that he had almost forgotten what it felt like. He had, however, a general feeling that it would hurt dear. But desperate diseases require desperate remedies, and Mr. Middelrib was willing to undergo any amount of suffering if it would cure his rheumatism.

For the small sum of one dime he contracted with Master Middelrib for a limited supply of bees, humming and buzzing about in the summer air. Mr. Middelrib did not know how to get them; he felt, however, that he could safely depend upon the instincts and methods of boyhood. He knew that if they were any in heaven or on earth whereby the shyer bee that ever lifted a two hundred pound man off the cover could be induced to enter a wide-mouthed glass bottle, his son knew that way.

Mr. M. did not tell his son what he wanted those bees for, and the boy went off on his mission with his head so full of astonishment that it fairly whirled. Evening by evening, and the last rays of the declining sun fell upon Master Middelrib with a short, wide-mouthed bottle comfortably populated with hot, ill-natured bees, and Mr. Middelrib and a dime. The dime and the bottle changed hands. Mr. Middelrib put the bottle in his coat-pocket and went into the house, eyeing everybody he met very suspiciously, as though he had made up his mind to sting to death the first person who said "cheer" to him. He confided his guilty secret to none of his family. He hid his bees in his bedroom, and as he looked at them just before putting them away, he half-wished the experience would not be repeated. He wished the imprisoned bees did not look so hot and cross. With exquisite care he submerged the bottle in a basin of water, and let a few drops in on the heated inmates to cool them off.

At the tea-table he had a great fight. Miss Middelrib, in the artless simplicity of her romantic nature, said:—

"I smell bees. How the odor brings up—"

But her father glanced at her, and said, with superfluous harshness and execrable grammar:—"Hush up! You don't smell nothing."

Whereupon Mrs. Middelrib asked him if he had eaten anything that disagreed with him, and Miss Middelrib said:—

"Why, Pa?" and Master Middelrib smiled as he wondered.

Bed-time at last, and the night was warm and sultry. Under various false pretences, Mr. Middelrib slipped about the house until every body else was in bed, and then he sought his room. He unlocked the night-lamp down until his feeble ray shone dimly as a death-light.

Mr. Middelrib dozed slowly—very slowly. When at last he was ready to go slumbering into his peaceful couch, he heaved a profound sigh, so full of apprehension and grief that Mrs. Middelrib, who was awakened by it, said if it gave him so much trouble to come to bed, perhaps he had better sit up all night. Mr. Middelrib checked another sigh, but said nothing, and crept into bed. After lying still a few minutes he reached out and got his bottle of bees.

It was not an easy thing to do to pick one bee out of the bottle-full with his fingers, and not get into trouble. The first bee Mr. Middelrib got was a little brown honey-bee that wouldn't weigh half an ounce if you picked him up by the ears, but if you lifted him by the hind leg, would weigh as much as the hind end of a fat mule. Mr. Middelrib could not resist a groan.

"What's the matter with you?" sleepily asked his wife.

It was hard for Mr. Middelrib to say he only felt hot, but he did it. He didn't have to be about it either. He did feel very hot indeed. About six o'clock he began to feel around for the bottle, and wished he knew what he did with it.

"I didn't hurt so badly as he thought it would. It didn't hurt at all."

Then Mr. Middelrib remembered that when the honey-bee stabs a human he generally leaves the sting in the wound, and the invalid knew that the only thing that this bee had to sting with was doing its work at the end of its thumb.

He reached his hand out from under the sheet, and dropped this disabled atom of rheumatism liniment on the carpet. Then after a second of blank wonder he began to feel around for the bottle, and wished he knew what he did with it.

In the mean time strange things had been going on. When he caught hold of the first bee, Mr. Middelrib, for reasons, drew it out in such haste that for the time he forgot all about the bottle and the bed, between himself and his innocent wife. In the darkness, there had been a quiet but general emigration from that bottle. The bees, their wings dugged with water Mr. Middelrib had poured upon them to cool and tranquilize them, were crawling aimlessly over the sheet while Mr. Middelrib was feeling around for it, his ears were suddenly thrilled and his heart frozen by a wild piercing scream from his wife.

"Murder!" she screamed; "murder! Oh, help me! Help! help!"

Mr. Middelrib sat bolt upright in bed. His hair stood on end. The night was warm but he turned to see in a minute.

"Where is thunder," he said, with pallid lips, as he felt all over the bed in frenzied haste—"where is thunder are them infernal bees?"

And a large "bumble" with a sting as pitiless as the finger of scorn, just then dimpled up the inside of Mr. Middelrib's night-shirt, until it got fairly bent and said audibly:—

"Here is one of them."

And Mrs. Middelrib felt ashamed of her feeble screams when Mr. Middelrib tore up both arms, and with a howl that made the windows rattle, roared:—

"Take him off! Oh, land of Scott somebody take him off!"

And when a little honey-bee began tickling the sole of Mrs. Middelrib's foot, she shrieked that the house was bewitched and immediately went into spasms.

The household was aroused by this time. Miss Middelrib and Master Middelrib and the servants were pouring into the room, adding to the general confusion by howling and asking irrelevant questions, while they gazed at the figure of a man a little on years, arrayed in a long night-shirt, with the back of his head, a very unattractive spot in the mid-pawing, heavily bedeviled in an unnatural way, wickered looking jig by the dim religious light of the night-lamp.

And while he danced and howled, and while they gazed and shouted, a navy-blue wasp, that Master Middelrib had put in the bottle for good measure and variety, and kept the menagerie stirred up, had stung his heels and wings with a corner of the sheet, and after a preliminary circle or two around the

bed to get up his motion and settle down to a working gait, he fired himself across the room, and to his dying day Mr. Middelrib will always believe one of the servants mistook him for a burglar and shot him.

No one, not even Mr. Middelrib himself, could doubt that he was, at least for the time, most thoroughly cured of rheumatism. His own boy could not have carried himself more lightly or with greater agility. But the cure was not permanent and Mr. Middelrib does not like to talk about it.

FRAUDULENT PASTORS.

The Cincinnati Commercial has published a horrible detailed list of the misdeeds of Protestant clergymen in the United States during the year 1878. The names of fifty-five ministers are given, with the charges against them, which are unfit for publication in a respectable paper. Fifty-five convicted culprits out of a class that is expected to lead in morality and intelligence is a showing that may well cause people to stop and demand what it all means!

A PLEASANT SLEIGHING PARTY.

Yesterday afternoon the pupils of Lorretto Convent, to the number of about seventy, accompanied by Sisters Mary Mount Carmel and four other nuns, enjoyed a very pleasant sleigh drive. Several private sleighs, through the courtesy of the owners, were kindly placed at the disposal of the excursionists, and with Mr. Matthews' large four horse sleigh, formed quite an imposing turnout. The route selected was to Ancaster and return, then down towards Bartonville and back home to Mount St. Mary.

Arriving at the Convent the pleasure seekers found the good nuns had supper in waiting, and that partaken of, all adjourned to the parlour for a couple of hours' entertainment. An impromptu programme was arranged and some pretty musical selections—vocal and instrumental—were rendered by the Misses Farnival, Proctor and Maguire. A merry and agreeable evening was spent by all until half-past eight o'clock, at which hour the young lady pupils residing in the city were in readiness to be accompanied home by their parents and relatives who had by that called for them. The weather and roads were all that could be wished for, and we doubt if ever an "outing" was more thoroughly enjoyed. When passing through the city the rippling laughter of the young ladies could hardly be restrained, and it needed many an amiable nod and smile from the nuns to subdue the merriment of the happy party.—Hamilton Times.

NOT THE GIRL HE THOUGHT.

It was dark and wet, but he was sure that it was her figure and step, so he passed round the corner and came up to her in front of the *Factor* office. "Allow me to offer you part of my umbrella and also to carry these parcels," said he in the bland tones for which he is noted. She handed him four pounds of sugar, two pounds of butter on a plate, and a can of coal-oil, and he was happy, for he heard her chuckle to herself and he knew that she was pleased. But his arm began to ache, having to carry the can and umbrella in one hand with the can on a level with his nose. She hardly spoke a word but at last turned into Frank's own gate, "and you are going to call," said Frank, "my sister will be delighted." But when she went up the steps and opened the door without knocking, he was astonished, and when she threw herself into a chair and gave vent to such a fit of laughter and such expressions as "Oh, I shall die!" he was dumb-founded. But when she turned her face and he saw that it was his sister—well, you should have seen him, he looked as if just drawn through a sieve, the butter slid from the plate to the floor, he set the coal oil on the piano and a more demoralized looking wretch you never saw, and yet five minutes after he said that he knew who it was all the time—and has unobtrusively stuck to it ever since.—Rehoboth, Va., Catholic Visitor.

HE WOULD DIE WITH BOOTS ON.

A few days ago a drummer from the East was taking a nip in a saloon near the Central Depot, and he put the proprietor up to a new dog. It was to place on the hot stove what seemed to be an ounce ball and cartridge, but the cartridge or shell, was of course empty. Very few loungers would care to remain in the room and wait for the expected explosion, and once out of the doors they would give room to each other's enemies. The saloonist procured three or four of the "bullet-shells," and the trick was a success from the start. When he had roped in three or four friends to aid him he could clear the room of loafers in one minute by the watch, and the fat on their ribs grew in thickness.

Yesterday morning an anguilly looking chap, who seemed to have been frost-bitten, by some one and whose old overcoat was too ragged to even tangle the cold, dropped into the place in a quiet way, and at once tried to surround the coal stove. The saloonist asked him if he didn't want a hot drink, and he replied:—

"Oh, I got a hot; I'll draw off by the fire after an hour or two."

Pretty soon a hint was given him that he could buy a ten cent cigar for five cents and that reminded him that he had a clay pipe in his pocket. The saloonist thereupon determined to scare him out, and while fixing the fire placed one of the receivers on the stove and heaped away, with the exclamation that some head had conspired to assassinate him. The stranger rose up, realized the peril and called out:—

"How long before that damned thing will shoot off?"

"You haven't a minute to live if you don't get out of doors!" was the wild answer, as the saloonist made a dive for the rear room.

"Pete Adams," began the stranger, ash-shook off his old overcoat, "you ain't got a tarnation thing to live for, and you might as well go under now when co'fins are cheap. Pance up, old boy, and die with your boots on. Whoop!"

Picking up a stool, he knocked the hot water can off the stove at the first blow, and he was whaling away at the beer tables when the saloonists rushed in and screamed out:—

"Fly! fly, or you're a dead man!"

"Welcome King of terrors!" whooped Peter as he tossed a table over the barkeeper's head.

Three or four men came in to help secure him, but before they had succeeded in jamming him behind the coal box they had bumps and bruises enough to last them for a month.

"I am the clothes-pin that never flies from nothing nor nor hardly!" remarked Peter, as they finally let him up, and sought to get \$20 damages.

He hadn't a red cent, and when he had jumped through the window and entered down the alley his faded and ragged overcoat alone remained to tell that he had been there.—Free Press.

THE CATHOLIC RECORD,

Published every Friday morning at 388 Richmond Street, opposite City Hall, London, Ont.

Annual subscription..... \$2.00 Semi-annual..... 1.00

RATES FOR ADVERTISEMENTS.

12 cents per line for first, and five cents per line for each subsequent insertion. Advertisements measured in nonpareil type. 12 lines to an inch. Contract advertisements for three, six or twelve months, special terms. All advertisements should be handed in not later than Thursday morning.

Terms to agents, twelve and a half per cent, on remittances, or one free copy to the getter up of each club of ten. We solicit and shall at all times be pleased to receive contributions on subjects of interest to our readers and Catholics generally, which will be inserted when not in conflict with our own views as to their conformity in this respect.

All communications should be addressed to the undersigned accompanied by the full name and address of the writer, not necessarily for publication, but as a guarantee of good faith.

WALTER LOCKE,

PUBLISHER, 388 Richmond Street, London, Ont.

The Catholic Record

LONDON, FRIDAY, FEB. 7, 1879.

TO SUBSCRIBERS.

We hope that all our subscribers who have not yet paid their subscriptions will do so as soon as they conveniently can. Where we have a local agent all monies can be paid to him, thereby avoiding the trouble and risk of sending them by mail. Care should be taken when making payments to obtain a receipt, and subscribers are hereby cautioned against paying money to any person except our duly authorized agents. Our St. Thomas subscribers should pay money to no person except Mr. John Doyle, Merchant, or ourselves.

We are pleased to inform our patrons that we have secured the services of Mr. Patrick O'Reilly as permanent travelling agent for the Record. Any favors accorded to him will be duly appreciated by us.

Mr. Boone, 186 St. Paul Street, St. Catharines, is our authorized agent for St. Catharines and district.

Mr. Dan'l. Fisher is our appointed agent for Stratford.

THE POPES ENCYCLICAL.

We publish this week the full text of the Encyclical Letter, which has been addressed by his Holiness, Leo XIII., to the prelates of the Catholic Church throughout the world. We recommend our readers to give it as serious and reverential a perusal as a document from the highest authority of the Church, and dealing with subjects so vitally affecting mankind demands. It would be impossible, within the space of our brief remarks, to dwell upon, or even to enumerate, the high lessons of Christian morality, and the reasonable admonitions contained in the letter of his Holiness; and it would be equally impossible for any one to peruse it without being impressed by the anxious solicitude which it displays for the happiness of men.

GERMAN DISCONTENT.

The Germans are beginning to discover that in spite of the immense wealth of which they deprived France as a war indemnity, they have decreased in prosperity in proportion to the roughshod manner in which Bismarck rides over their liberties, and persecutes equally Catholics and Socialists. France, on the other hand, despite her immense loss by the war, has become immensely prosperous, though she gives full freedom of religious worship. Indeed her religious tolerance is even extreme, for Protestant ministers receive much larger pay than Catholic priests. The discontent and insecurity felt throughout Germany is thus admitted even by the Berlin Kreuz. The Emperor William and Prince Bismarck would be better occupied in trying to produce happiness among their subjects, than in fining and imprisoning the Catholic clergy, whose lives are spent in improving the condition of the people. Here is what the Berlin Kreuz says:

"A heavy burden of care presses on men's minds, and all the glitter of political achievements of our time cannot conceal that feeling of discontent. A happy man, a man really contented with his own lot and with the present situation, is rarer than a white swallow."

THE GLASGOW BANK TRIAL.

It is with peculiar satisfaction and even pride, that people living under the aegis of the British constitution often descend upon the glorious privileges accorded to British subjects all the world over. Under the serious conviction that they enjoy more freedom than any other people on the face of the earth, they loudly proclaim that "British Justice" is something sacred and inviolable. In the rank, the opulence, the learning and long-tried honor of the men who constitute what is known as the English Bench, the subjects of Great Britain imagine that they have a sufficient guarantee that justice will always be administered impartially. But is this the case? We are sorry to say that it is not. In the application of the law, Great Britain may be said to be as punctilious as any other nation, but in the rendering of justice there are too many evidences of the vagaries of the judiciary. Our readers have already heard about the Glasgow Bank failure, and the awful amount of misery it entailed upon those who were the victims of fraud, theft and embezzlement to such an enormous extent; but will surely surprise them to hear that the perpetrators of this huge Scotch swindle have been almost allowed to go Scot-

free. A cablegram dated Edinburgh, Feb. 1st, says:

"The Directors of the Glasgow Bank, Stronach and Potter, convicted of fraud, theft and embezzlement, were sentenced to 18 months' imprisonment. Five other Directors, convicted of uttering false abstracts of balance sheets, were sentenced to eight months' imprisonment. The sentence created considerable surprise on account of its leniency.

The presiding Judge said he considered the circumstance that the prisoners had not falsified the accounts for their personal benefit, but in the mistaken idea that it was for the public good."

We often heard that a man could commit almost any crime in the United States—especially in the way of swindling—with impunity, if he only had enough of money. It appears however that Great Britain bids fair to outrival the United States in the art of swindling, and that the judiciary of that country are determined to prove to the world that they can be as lenient in their treatment of "smart men" as their counterparts on this side of the Atlantic. The presiding judge considered that the swindlers only made a mistake, hence the leniency of the sentence. A case once came under our notice not a hundred miles from London, in which the presiding judge acted in a manner so similar—though on a minor scale—that we feel almost warranted in assuming that there must be a special act of extenuation in the British code for bankers. In the case to which we refer a bank clerk was found guilty of stealing something like \$1,400 from his employers, but the judge considered that the fact of his being respectfully connected, &c., was a sufficiently extenuating circumstance, so he only sentenced him to six months in the Central Prison. He was allowed, however, to rusticate in the county jail for the greater part of the time, under the plea that there was no room for him at the Central Prison. At the same court, but not by the same judge, a poor woman who picked up fifty cents in the house of a swindler for whom she had been doing some work, was sentenced to two years in the penitentiary; and neither her poverty, nor the fact that the money had been actually placed in her way for the purpose of tempting her, were taken into consideration as extenuating circumstances. This is nothing of course in magnitude compared with the case of the Glasgow Bank directors, but there is an amount of sameness about it which forcibly illustrates the fact that justice can be sometimes most outrageously caricatured. It has been reported that Potter was so hypocritically sanctimonious that he would not rest the Monday morning papers because the type had been set up on Sunday. Perhaps the learned judge considered this pious observance of the Sabbath sufficiently extenuating for the condoning of his crimes.

ROOM YET FOR IMPROVEMENT.

Some time ago one of the Toronto dailies, in an article meant to be kindly, upon the recent Encyclical, used the following sentence: "We cannot help suggesting that it would be an improvement, if, instead of one encyclical addressed to the faithful in all quarters of the world, there were two or three, with such variations as might be suitable to the different tastes, surroundings and proclivities of different peoples."

Now whether we call this the very sublimity of innocent candor, or give it a very different name, it gives us occasion to say a word upon the changed tone of the press in the discussion of these matters. One does not need a grey head to remember the time when the secular papers—notably the author of the above extract—thought they did their duty to themselves and the public by ignoring the Pope altogether, or when they mentioned him at all, by covering him with ridicule and abuse, and by being careful, even in the latter case, to give only such portions of his utterances as the funny man of the press-room could most easily distort into farce and nonsense.

What a change since these days! Now not merely is the Pope not ignored, but there has grown up a spirit of ostentatious attention to all that he says and does; and though there is yet a deal of misunderstanding, a deal of perversion, and not a little of downright plain lying; still, on the whole, we think the change is for the better. For if it has failed to bring the newspaper accounts of Papal sayings and doings up to the level of our reasonable expectations, it has at least, in great part, done away with the tantalising, distressing uncertainty in which, as in a bottomless bog, the average un-Catholic found himself with regard to the question, Who, or rather, what is the Pope?

We write what deliberately, because, with out wishing to say anything extravagant at all, anxious indeed to keep far within the truth, we are quite satisfied that thirty-four years ago a great many otherwise hard-headed men, and all the young folks outside of the Church, had very hazy notions as to whether the Pope was a man, or a wild beast, or a power, or a set of doctrines, or a country, or a symbol, or what not. The average mind would have expressed itself thus if it had reflected, "How can the Pope be a man and be guilty of all the wickedness father and mother, and all the neighbors, say he is;

"and then the minister, I remember, proved very clearly that he was—I forget now which it was, but either the horn of a beast, or the beast itself; a strange kind of animal with ten horns, common enough, they say, in the East, but not found in Canada. And then again, you don't forget the Rev. Rawkin Simper, (he took the minister's place here last vacation, and, shabby enough, tried to supplant him), well he showed from some part of the Bible that the Pope sat upon seven hills, and each hill was a mountain. Surely no man could do that."

This is not an unfair presentation of men's thoughts a few years ago upon this interesting question. It would not be true, or near the truth now, except in very rare cases; and in consequence we are persuaded the old no-Popery cry can never be made so effective for harm as it used to be. People, it is notorious, are easily frightened in the dark; the least noise, a black stump, an innocent cow chewing her cud by the quite wayside; indeed almost anything is quite enough to throw them into a scare because the darkness has predisposed them to it. So in the ignorance or moral darkness of the ordinary un-Catholic; the most silly story was quite sufficient, indeed nothing could be too little, provided the Pope's name was mentioned at all, to set their nerves a-shivering, and drive them to the doing and doing and saying of things which neither fanaticism nor bigotry, nor indeed anything else but downright vulgar fear, could account for. The papers therefore have done us a service by qualifying their ignorance. We don't think they meant it, or foresaw it even; still the good work is, in a sense, done, the darkness is broken in upon, is disappearing, and with it the frightful nightmare, in the paroxysms of which the poor dupes of the traditional lying about the Pope used to shriek and scream in a manner that was very painful, and do things that made them positively dangerous.

Now that they know at least that the Pope is a man, a very good-looking, venerable man, with a taste for poetry, and very distinguished abilities both in science and literature, they may hate him indeed, as of old—we are afraid they do—may, they may fear him too, but their fear will have a rational, intelligent element in it. It will be the fear sensible men entertain of an opponent who is both very able and very strongly entrenched, not the wild panic of the no-Popery times, when even the hardest-headed ran mad, and the kindest did most cruel things.

If this view be correct, as we think it is, we can afford to be grateful to the writers that, willingly or not, have helped to do us such a service. It is a great gain to find such a change effected, and we hereby thank the papers for the part they have taken in the work; and in the warmth of our feelings we are going a little further—perhaps an extravagant length. We are going to ask that since they find it worth their while to allude often to the Pope and his doings, they would go one step further and know enough on such matters to enable them to keep clear of writing silliness. We don't expect anything like technical knowledge; that would be too much, but as the art critic ought to know at least what art is, and the author of the agricultural column be able, if appealed to, to tell the difference between a hedge and a stump-fence, so the writer on Roman affairs ought to acquaint himself with the meaning at least of the terms used in Roman documents. This is not setting up a high standard, surely, though we cannot help saying that even with such a standard it would go hard with an innocent and diverting friend who speaks about local encyclicals.

WHAT DID THE WORLD GAIN BY THE REFORMATION?

If the student of history looks to the Reformation for anything of consistency he will be sorely disappointed. In nothing was it consistent with itself. As a theological movement it was inconsistent. The doctrine of justification by faith alone, called in the barbarous Latin of the period *solifidianism*, was the earliest, as it was without doubt the most prominent article of its creed. In support of this Luther bellowed in bad Latin and worse theology until his friends were ashamed of his ignorance, his enemies taken aback by his temerity, and himself black in the face. Even Melancthon (Schwartzler), who even in his early youth was deemed competent to criticize Erasmus himself—even Melancthon, with all his learning and calm critical acumen, looked upon this doctrine, long after it had been purged from Luther's insane ravings, as the turning point of the whole dispute. And how did the Reformation leave this doctrine? In such a state that Barnet (a Protestant witness of no mean authority) was able to say "that after it had been purged from the Antinomian extravagance of Luther there was found, if not an absolute verbal, yet rather a subtle and by no means practical difference between them—solves and the Church of Rome." Surely this is "much fuss and little feathers," and is hardly worth dignifying with the preten-

tious title of a Reformation." In the quadrangular duel on the Real Presence between the Lutherans, the Helvetic Reformers, the Church of England, and what they are pleased to style the Church of Rome, the dispute was as much mixed up as in the triangular duel in Captain Marryat's "Midshipman Easy," in which Midshipman Easy complained that he was firing at a man that had never offended him, and a man was firing at him whom he had never offended. Be that as it may, until the Reformers themselves (who as a Protestant writer says, "bewildered themselves and strove to perplex their antagonists with incompatible and unintelligible propositions"), had made up their minds on the subject, it was unnecessary for the Church of Rome to trouble herself about them. Certain it is, a set of jarring disputants on a vital point of this kind can never, without the utmost stretch of the proprieties, be deemed a consistent theological movement, much less a Reformation.

It may be said, and as a fact, is often said, that the essential principle of Protestantism is something different from all this—that the Reformation was in fact a struggle for freedom from all authority in religious belief, or in other words, was a struggle for that which goes by the name of the right of private judgment. But it is precisely here that the Reformation most fails as a consistent movement. The private judgment fought for by the Reformers was only a bogus private judgment—the right for them to judge for themselves, but not for anybody else to do the same. The Reformation was in fact only a change of masters, and such masters! A change from the decrees of the Universal Church to those of the Confession of Augsburg or Zurich! The only private judgment allowed was as against the Catholic Church. Private judgment against the Augsburg or Zurich confessions was as much deemed heresy by the Reformers as their detection had been deemed heresy by the Catholic Church. A Protestant might of course become an Anabaptist or an Arian; but he was nevertheless deemed a heretic in doing so, and that by the very men who had belloved the loudest for private judgment as against the Church of Rome. Private judgment, if it means anything, means the right of all to judge for themselves. Now if all had a right to judge for themselves, whence these denunciations even against the Catholic Church. If private judgment was to be the order of the day, the Catholic Church had a right to it as much as any one else. She was the part of a very large part of the all, and she could not consistently be excluded from that right of all by those who considered it a right of all. Every denunciation then uttered against the Catholic Church (and their name is "legion") was a proof of the bogus nature of that private judgment which was to be substituted for the divinely guaranteed infallibility of the Universal Church, and to be deemed a Reformation.

But the Reformation not only denied the right of private judgment to Catholics—it denied it also to its own followers. Protestantism, however, much its name may imply the contrary, is a positive creed: more distinctly positive, perhaps, in the Lutheran than in the Swiss Churches, but in each assuming a determined and dogmatic character. The Confession of Augsburg was the first step made in the direction of a common dogma, and in the Confession of Augsburg "Catholic infallibility" was replaced, as a Protestant writer admits, "by a not less uncompromising and intolerant dogmatism, availing itself like the other of the secular power, and arrogating to itself, like the other, the assistance of the spirit of God." If this was the case, where was the Reformation? Granted the intolerance of Catholic infallibility, this substitution of Lutheran and Calvinistic infallibility and dogmatism is surely, as far as the world is concerned, very much like the substitution of King Hog for King Stork. Where then this great Reformation of which some boast so loudly? Where that consistency which men have a right to exact from a great religious revolution? Where the sense of so much fuss for so little feathers? SACERDOS.

(To be continued.)

R. C. SEPARATE SCHOOLS.

Catholic ratepayers residing in municipalities where Separate Schools are established should not neglect having their names placed on the list of Separate School supporters on or before the 1st day of March, in order that their taxes may be applied to the support of said schools. This is a duty that Catholic taxpayers should take pleasure in discharging. In Ontario, as our readers are aware, we have the educating of our children in our own hands; we are empowered by the law to establish Separate Schools to the support of which every Catholic ratepayer may have his school-tax applied providing he reside within three miles of a separate school house, and complies with the requirements of the School Act relating to notification of Clerk of Municipality &c. [See extract a below.]

Our Separate Schools receive too, a share of the Government Grant in common with Public Schools, said government grant being based on the average daily attendance in all Separate and Public Schools alike. This should be considered one of the many

reasons why Catholic parents should see that their children are regular in their attendance at our schools. Separate School Trustee Boards are elected in the same manner as those of Public Schools; have the same duties to perform, and nearly the same powers. A part of the duty of Separate School Boards is to guard against financial loss to the schools by neglecting to have the roll of Separate School supporters properly attended to; they should during the month of February in each year revise their roll of supporters, see that there are no omissions, that the names of all Catholic taxpayers within their jurisdiction are legally enrolled, and that said roll is transmitted to the Clerk of the Municipality on or before the time specified in the act for such. [See extract b.]

Separate School Teachers (excepting those belonging to Religious Communities) receive their certificates of qualification from the same Board of Examiners as Public School Teachers, and Separate Schools are subject to the same inspection as Public Schools. [See extract c.] The Sisters of Religious Communities at present teaching in nearly all our Separate Schools in the cities and towns of Ontario, are ladies of considerable experience in teaching, and have proved themselves at least equal to any other lady teachers in the Province in teaching successfully the various branches forming the Public School course, and far superior to all others in imparting that higher knowledge, that religious training in harmony with the teachings of Our Holy Mother Church which all Catholics worthy of the name prize above everything else. The most momentous trust that can be placed in one's hands is certainly the care and education of youth; yet how limited is the preparation of many for that noble work. Catholic parents—how careful you should be in selecting those in whose hands you place the moulding of your dear child's mind! Are there any better adapted for such trust than those good ladies of our Religious Communities? The opponents of our Schools, of everything Catholic, when they fail to find any other cause of attack, call in question the qualification of those teachers, but to such we might say, the Catholic Separate School supporters are satisfied with, yes, are proud to have such teachers, and "it is none of your business," however, said teachers are qualified as teachers by the "highest tribunal in the land—the Legislature." [See extract d.] While the Catholics of Ontario are very grateful for the rights which they enjoy in the shape of Separate Schools, for which our Bishops and Priests fought nobly, and while in this very important matter, the educational training of our youth, we are in advance of those countries that boast so much of "Civil and Religious Liberty," (an expression, which in the words of Rev. Father Stafford, is a farce, a humbug, a delusion, a fraud and a snare—in any country in which true freedom of education does not exist) still our Separate School Act of Ontario, in its present state is far from being perfect; in it are many defects, which if remedied would greatly improve the Separate while at the same time would not in the least impair the Public Schools. It is our intention on a future occasion to point out these defects in order that our readers may thoroughly understand the difficulties with which our Separate Schools have to contend, and with the hope that ere long said difficulties may be

Extracts from the Ontario Separate School Act. (A.) "Every person paying rates, whether as proprietor or tenant, who, by himself or his agent, on or before the first day of March in any year, gives or who, on or before the first day of March of the present year, has given to the Clerk of the Municipality notice in writing that he is a Roman Catholic, and a supporter of a separate school situated in the said municipality, or in a municipality contiguous thereto, shall be exempt from the payment of all rates imposed for the support of public schools, and shall be entitled also to a share of the public grants, investments and allotments for public school purposes now made or hereafter to be made by the province or municipal authorities, according to the average number of pupils attending such school during the twelve next preceding months, or during the number of months which may have elapsed from the establishment of a new separate school, as compared with the average number of pupils attending school in the same city, town, village or township." "It shall be the duty of the trustees of every separate school to transmit to the clerk of the municipality, or clerks of the municipalities, on or before the first day of June in each year, a correct list of the names and residences of all persons supporting the separate schools under this management; and every ratepayer whose name shall not appear on such list shall be rated for the support of public schools."

(B.) "Every separate school shall be entitled to a share in the fund annually granted by the legislature of this province for the support of public schools, and shall be entitled also to a share of the public grants, investments and allotments for public school purposes now made or hereafter to be made by the province or municipal authorities, according to the average number of pupils attending such school during the twelve next preceding months, or during the number of months which may have elapsed from the establishment of a new separate school, as compared with the average number of pupils attending school in the same city, town, village or township." "It shall be the duty of the trustees of every separate school to transmit to the clerk of the municipality, or clerks of the municipalities, on or before the first day of June in each year, a correct list of the names and residences of all persons supporting the separate schools under this management; and every ratepayer whose name shall not appear on such list shall be rated for the support of public schools."

(C.) "The teachers of separate schools under this Act shall be subject to the same examinations, and receive their certificates of qualification in the same manner as public school teachers generally." (D.) "Every priest, minister, ecclesiastic, or person forming part of a religious community instituted for educational purposes, and every person of the female sex, being a member of any religious community, shall be in every case exempt from undergoing an examination before any of the said boards," and are qualified to be teachers in R. C. separate schools."

Additional Extract—"The R. C. Separate Schools (with their registers) shall be subject to such inspection as may be directed from time to time by the Minister of Education, and shall be subject also to such regulations as may be imposed from time to time by the Education Department." "The Minister of Education, all judges, members of the legislature, the heads of the municipal bodies in their respective localities, the inspectors of public schools, and clergymen of the R. C. Church, shall be visitors of separate schools."

"Under the B. N. America Act, local legislators may legislate in regard to separate schools, provided that the legislation is not such as prejudicially affects the rights or privileges heretofore possessed by such schools." One of the dangers of the popular amusement of coasting was set forth in the person of a Halifax boy, who was recently fatally injured by running into a lamp post.

ENCYCLICAL LETTER

OF OUR MOST HOLY LORD

LEO XIII.

BY DIVINE PROVIDENCE

POPE.

To all the Patriarchs, Primates, Archbishops, and Bishops of the Catholic World,

In the Grace and Communion of the Apostolic See.

To Our Venerable Brethren, all the Patriarchs, Primates, Archbishops and Bishops of the Catholic World, in the Grace and Communion of the Apostolic See.

LEO PP. XIII.

VENERABLE BRETHREN, HEALTH AND APOSTOLIC BLESSING.

As the nature of Our Apostolic office requires of Us, from the very beginning of Our Pontificate, in an Encyclical letter addressed to you, Venerable Brethren, we did not neglect to advert to the deadly pestilence which is creeping through the innermost frame of human society, and brings it into the extremely dangerous and perilous position in which it now stands...

But it is to be lamented that those to whom has been committed the care of the public good, deceived by the machinations of impious men, and terrified by their threats, have harboured suspicions and even hostile dispositions towards the Church...

For, although the Socialists, misusing the Gospel itself in order to make it the basis of their system, are in the habit of distorting its meaning to suit their purpose, there is still so vast a difference between their depraved teachings and the most pure doctrine of Christ, that there cannot be a greater...

It is plain that the Church does wisely in impressing upon the many subject to authority the Apostolic precept: "There is no power but from God, and those that are, are ordained of God. Therefore he that resisteth the power, resisteth the ordinance of God..."

But, that the rulers of nations may use the power confided to them to save and not to destroy, the Church of Christ seasonably recalls to the minds of princes the severity of the Supreme Judge; and using the words of Divine Wisdom calls upon all in the name of God: "Give ear, ye that rule the people, and that those yourselves in multitude of nations..."

Even that domestic relation which is the foundation of all society and government necessarily feels and experiences the salutary influence of the Church in the orderly regulation and preservation of civil society. For you know, Venerable Brethren, that the true principle of this society is to be found in the first instance in the indissoluble union of husband and wife according to the necessity of natural law, and is perfected in the mutual relations and obligations of parents and children, masters and servants...

Given at Rome, at St. Peter's, on the 28th day of December, 1878. In the first year of Our Pontificate.

LOCAL GLEANINGS.

St. Valentine's Day will be here next week, and already the stationers' windows have become radiant with pictures and "poetry."

7 births, 11 marriages and 5 deaths represent the vital statistics of St. Thomas for the month of January, as registered with the Town Clerk.

Miss Ida Joy, daughter of Dr. S. Joy, of Tilsonburg, is attracting great interest in England as an artist.

A gentleman who recently left St. Thomas for Manitoba, writes back from Winnipeg under date of the 15th of January, that work is very plentiful, but unfortunately candidates for employment are more so.

CUSTOM DUTIES.—During the month of January, the Customs receipts at the Port of London were \$19,007.82. In the corresponding month of the year previous, the receipts were \$34,140.36, or an increase of \$5,367.46 in favor of the past month.

At a meeting of the Board of Education on Tuesday last the appointment of a Head Master for the High School was referred to the School Management Committee, to report two weeks hence.

A correspondent writes to us asking for the correct pronunciation of Oronoyakota. We have not an Anglo-Indian dictionary, but we think iron-kettle would be about the most euphonious way of pronouncing the word.

Detroit Tribune.—"It is stated that Sitting Bull has returned to us because the low-necked order of the Crows had shocked his modesty."

ADMITTED TO BAIL.—The two Lewis brothers, of St. Thomas, charged with counterfeiting, have been admitted to bail on the application of Mr. Oler, of Toronto, acting under the instruction of their counsel, Mr. Warren Rock, Q. C., of this city.

CONFIRMATION.—On Sunday last his Lordship Bishop Walsh administered the sacrament of confirmation to about forty children at Woodstock, and preached an appropriate sermon in which he displayed his usual masterly eloquence.

Signs and Verandahs.—Some of the wire signs have come to grief, through the recent winds. This is a damage to property which few who have any regard for the appearance of our streets will regret.

DETERMINED TO HAVE A WIFE.—Some time ago a young man left Parkhill for Detroit with the intention of popping the question to the sole object of his affections, but on seeing her he was so overwhelmed that he lost courage.

TRADE WITH AUSTRALIA.—Capt. Angus May of Port Stanley, is making ready in New York harbor for another ocean trip. Three years ago he took a cargo of Canadian lumber to Europe, and traded for some time between British and continental ports.

AMUSEMENTS.

The reappearance of Mrs. Scott Siddons before a London audience on the 29th ult., was the nucleus of crowding the Victoria Hall to its fullest capacity.

The Swiss Catholics having received permission from their superiors to vote at the elections of parish priests, the monopoly of this privilege they have just carried, by 446 votes to 25, the nomination of a Catholic priest at Saugeleek, in the Bernese Jura.

A Toronto contemporary says that an indication of an early spring is to be found in two sparrows who are working on a building their nest in the eaves of one of the houses.

BUSINESS NOTICES.

REMOVED.—Wm. Smith, machinist and practical repairer of sewing machines, has removed to 253 Dundas street, near Wellington.

It will pay you to buy Boots and Shoes at Pooceok Bros. They keep a full line of ladies and gentlemen's fine goods.

We are prepared to fit up public buildings, churches and private residences with Brussels Carpets, Velvet Carpets, Turkey Carpets, Tapestry Carpets, 2 1/2 ply Carpets, Kidderminster Carpets, Union Carpets, Dutch Carpets, Stair Carpets with rods, Cocoa Matting, Fancy Matting, beautiful Window Curtains, Repps and Fringes, English and American Oil Cloths, from one yard to eight yards wide, Matting, Feather Beds and Pillows, Carpets and Oil Cloths, cut and matched free of charge.

MARKET REPORT.

CORRECTED TO THE HOUR OF GOING TO PRESS.

London, Ont., February 4, 1878.

Table with columns for GRAINS, FLOUR AND FEED, and PRODUCE. Lists various commodities and their prices.

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NEW BOOK.

"The Future of Catholic Peoples," an essay contrasting Protestant and Catholic efforts for civilization, by Baron de Hauleville, with prefatory notes by Cardinal Manning, Cardinal Dechamps and Pius IX., and an appendix containing notes from various authoritative sources. New York, Hickey & Co., Publishers of "The Vatican Library," 11 Barclay Street, pp. 310, price \$1.50.

The Divine Teacher of mankind, announcing the first principles of the new Christian philosophy which was to regenerate the world, began by preaching the blessedness of poverty. "Abandon all solicitude," He said to His followers—"Say not 'What shall we eat, or what shall we drink, or wherewithal shall we be clothed?' For after all these things do heathens seek." The heathens of that day, and those of every generation since until our own, have taken their revenge upon this doctrine, by asserting that even if the "Kingdom of Heaven" belongs to the poor the "Kingdoms of this world, and the glory of them, are their own. It is an old claim—but it is as idle now as it was on the lips of the father of lies when he first tempted, with it the Saviour of men. For, though, in His will, at whatever cost, our Lord bade men "take no thought for the morrow," He promised that those who obeyed, and who truly sought just the accomplishment of God's justice, "all these things should be added."

The work of the Baron de Hauleville, on "The Future of Catholic Peoples," just published by Hickey & Co., 11 Barclay Street, New York, (price \$1.50), is a brilliant and convincing proof that the history of all nations, which have preserved their Catholicity, illustrates the literal fulfilment of this Divine promise. It takes up the hackneyed accusations of ignorance, poverty, backward civilization, with which Protestantism, Modern Liberalism, and even Paganism reproach the Church, and, while it holds firmly to the Christian verity, that the goods of this world are not to be sought for themselves, it yet proves to demonstration that not only have none possessed these goods in so great a measure as Catholic peoples, but that the periods of modern nation's greatest worldly prosperity have been those of its most ardent Catholicity. It is a magazine of facts illustrative of this thesis, well arranged and admirably put. Its statistics of comparative Catholic morality and Protestant immorality are very important. Its value as a controversial weapon may be judged from the high praises it has received from judges so competent as Pope Pius IX., Cardinal Dechamps and Cardinal Manning. It has been translated in Italy, Germany, England, and America. The American publishers, Hickey & Co., New York, have added important notes to it. Its great merit, as Cardinal Dechamps points out, is that it continues and supplements the immortal work of Balmes.

CATHOLIC GLEANINGS.

A correspondent in Philadelphia, Pa., has written to obtain full information regarding the different religious orders in the United States, male and female, and expresses a wish to have it given in the *Ave Maria*. To do this satisfactorily, would require much greater space than we have at our disposal. We refer our correspondent to Mr. J. O'Kane Murray's "Popular History of the Catholic Church in the United States," published by Messrs. Sadlier & Co., 31 Barclay St., New York, where he will find the fullest information.

The Carmelite Order is dear to the faithful, not only for its great antiquity, but also because it is in an especial manner the Order of the Blessed Virgin. In its ranks there have been some of the most holy and illustrious men and women of the Church. Amongst them it will be sufficient to mention the names of St. Cyril and Albert, in the East; of Andrew Corsini and Magdalene de Pizzi, in Italy; of Teresa and the doctors of Salamanca, in Spain; of Peter Thomas, in France, and of Simon Stock, in England.

The want is often expressed by zealous Catholics of a book to put into the hands of unbelieving friends who seem even to doubt Christianity itself. To such persons, most of the doctrinal and controversial works in common use are unsuited. "Evidences of Religion," by Father John, S. J., published some time ago by Mr. O'Shea of New York, is a most excellent book, and fully supplies, we think, the want which has been so much felt. It is divided into two parts: in the first is proved the necessity and existence of a revealed religion, which is none other than that which Jesus Christ established; in the second, the Catholic Church is shown to be that religion.

DEATH OF A SISTER OF GERALD GRIFFIN.—A very remarkable lady died on the 5th inst. at the Convent of the Sisters of Charity, Clarendon Bridge, Galway County. The deceased, who was superior of the convent for the past thirty-three years, was sister of the gentle and gifted Gerald Griffin, and was the subject of his world-famed poem, "The Sister of Charity." She had attained the age of seventy-three, and was able, up to a few months ago, to discharge her duties as rectress of the convent and schools. The death of the amiable and accomplished Sister is greatly lamented, as she was beloved by old and young for miles around the convent.—*London Catholic Standard*.

THINGS WORTH FORGETTING.—How much wiser we would be if we could remember all the things worth remembering that occur day by day all around us. And how much better we should be if we could forget all that is worth forgetting. It is almost frightful and altogether humiliating to think how much is in the common ongoing of domestic and social life which deserves nothing but to be instantly and for ever forgotten. Yet it is amazing how large a class there is who have no other business but to repeat and perpetuate these very things. This is the vocation of gossip—*an order of society that perpetrates more mischief than all the combined plagues of Egypt put together.* Blessed is that man or woman who can let drop all the burrs and thistles, instead of picking them up and fastening on to the passenger. Would we let the vexing and malicious sayings die, how fast the lacerated and scandal-ridden world would get healed and tranquilized. Forget the gossipings and bickerings, and backbitings and means immundos, and remember only the little gleam of sunshine and poetry that can illumine the humblest life, if we only drive away and forget the clouds engendered by things that should never be remembered.

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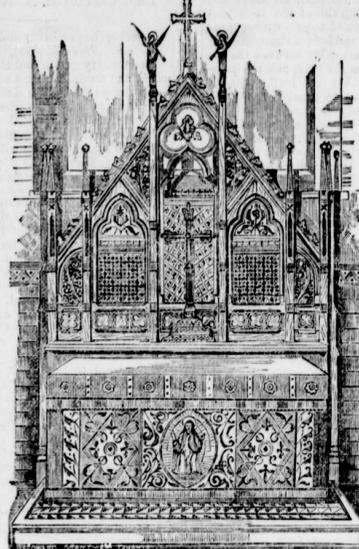
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