

**PAGES
MISSING**

The Catholic Record.

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NO. 355

CLERICAL.

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Father Hennepin at the Falls of Niagara.

BY JOHN A. LAMGAN, M. D.

Far down behind the woodland the sun was slowly sinking. The joyful waves kept blinking as if dazzled by his light. Till at last, as if forever, he kissed the golden river.

And resigned his holy mansion to the mistress of the night.

Whistled with loud and deep commotion, worse than billows of the sea, and thundered down the stream, came pilgrim pure though slowly.

An old man, to the river, and his hair was white as snow.

And the night grew fast around him, o'er his scene the garb descended.

Till his mystic stillness blended with the waters flowing on.

As there above the thunder of that God-created wonder.

Like a lone star in the heavens stood God's anointed one.

Down on the cold sward kneeling, this aged priest uplifted.

His voice, as gently drifted his grey locks to the breeze.

And soft, as shades grew denser, like incense from a censer.

Around the grass "Te Deum" among the startled trees.

Above the thunder of waters he sang that ancient anthem.

And down along the river its music seem'd to glide.

As if some unseen spirit, in passing by, had listened.

And caught the sweet strains falling and bore them o'er the tide.

And he said, O mighty waters! in your course unto the ocean.

Let a hymn of praise be sung even in your waves resound!

To the great God who dwells yonder, in whose eyes ye are no wonder.

But whose mighty presence ever can in your voices be found.

Till two hundred years and over, since above this fitting waste.

Stood that hoary-headed Jesuit, with cross and book in hand.

Now he lies with strangers—the sad and joyous heeded.

And the angel who departed is forgotten in the land.

TRUE TO THE POPE.

Great Speech of the Patriot Prelate of "Royal Meath."

IRELAND TRUE TO HER SPIRITUAL LEADERS, AND THEY TO THE POPE.

Last Thursday was a day which will long be remembered in the annals of the Mullingar. Upon that day the Most Rev. Dr. Nulty returned home and met with, at the hands of his faithful and grateful people, a reception which no Prince of England could have met with even in his own country much less in Ireland. The return of the Bishop from a similar visit upon an ordinary occasion would bring around him hosts of friends, admirers of his public and private career, all eager to congratulate him upon his return from a perilous voyage. But the circumstances which surrounded his lordship's departure, the glorious result of the visit of himself and his colleagues in the Episcopacy, as well as the backward manner in which he has been assailed by the English and anti-Irish Press on account of his recent able and now historic pastoral issued on the eve of his departure for the Chair of Peter, at the call of the Holy Father, all urged upon the people the necessity of showing in a practical and unmistakable manner the love with which the patriot prelate of Meath is regarded by his spiritual children, over whom he watches with the anxiety of a devoted father. During the past few months his lordship has been the object upon which the bigoted Press of England, and still more bigoted anti-Irish Press, poured forth the vials of their filthy abuse. But surely when Dr. Nulty came out from the precincts of the railway station and looked upon the sea of faces that gathered around him; when he saw the love and devotion to him which beamed upon every countenance, he might well feel nothing but pity and contempt for the wretched bigots who assailed him. It would be useless to endeavor to give anything like an exact account of the numbers of people who came into town on Thursday to greet the Bishop. His lordship was met at the railway station by a large number of his priests. Messrs. Sullivan and Harrington, M. P.s, the Reception Committee, the Town Commissioners, the Holy Family, the Board of Guardians, the Ancient Order of Foresters, all of Mullingar, and several deputations and public bodies from the various towns near Mullingar. The appearance of his lordship on the way to the carriage in waiting for him was the signal for a great outburst of cheering which was almost uninterruptedly continued from the railway to the chapel. The procession had been formed with the Holy Family Societies in front of the carriage containing the Bishop and Very Rev. Dr. M'Alroy, P. P., V. G., Tullamore, Very Rev. Dr. Higgins, P. P., V. G., Trim, and Very Rev. Peter Egan, P. P., V. G., Rochford Bridge; and was about to move off, when ready and willing hands were put to the carriage, and the horses being removed the carriage was drawn to the chapel by the people. During the passage of the procession, the streets were lined with people. Out

of almost every house in the town floated flags bearing such mottoes as "Welcome Home," "Cead Mille Failte," "The Star of Meath," "You saved Ireland," "When the chapel was saved the crowd very quickly filled the streets and the lordship having taken a seat upon a small platform outside the altar railings, the addresses were then read. They were from the Mullingar Town Commissioners, Tullamore Town Commissioners, Mullingar Confraternity of the Holy Family, Tullamore Confraternity of the Holy Family, Mullingar Irish National League, Tullamore Irish National League, Dublin Board of Guardians, Mullingar Board of Guardians, and Mullingar National Working Men's Club. The address from the Holy Family and Workingmen's Club were beautifully illuminated by Master Vincent Brien, under the direction of the Rev. E. N. Casey, Superior St. Mary's College, Mullingar.

BISHOP NULTY'S REPLY.

When all the addresses had been read, his Lordship made the following general reply: His Lordship said, in reply to the addresses—I have preached so often and made speeches so seldom, that I feel tempted this evening to commence with the old familiar beginning, "Dear and beloved brethren." But, ladies and gentlemen, and dearly beloved brethren, too, I can assure you that the magnificent demonstration that I have witnessed to-day, and the wonderful manifestation of kindly, cordial, and affectionate feeling with which you have greeted and welcomed me home have all completely overpowered me. I feel unequal to the task of acknowledging the honour you have done me as it deserves, and I feel still more unequal to the task of replying to the very numerous and very beautiful addresses which you have offered me. I am, from my position, and also from my feelings and my principles and my instincts, a man of peace—a man of order, of subjection and submission to lawful authority, and, therefore, I am certain that no one would willingly or unnecessarily insert in any one of these addresses any passage that would cause me pain or in any way compromise me (hear, hear). But there is one great and leading idea which pervades them all, and which dominates conspicuously in each of them, and it is this—that they all repudiate, reject, reprobate, and condemn the lying, violent, offensive, and indecent attacks that have been made on me by the anti-Irish Press of London and Dublin during my absence (groans). For alluding to these attacks I thank you from my heart, and why? Because you have not condescended or sympathized with me as if these attacks made on me were a misfortune; but you seem rather to have rejoiced and congratulated me upon these attacks as an event of which I ought to feel proud (hear, hear, and applause). And I do feel justly proud of these attacks on me (cheers). I ask myself what have I done—what have I written—what service have I rendered my country or my religion that I should bring down upon myself the full torrent of the violent vituperation of the anti-Irish and anti-Catholic Press of London and Dublin. After referring to the criticism of his writings his lordship said: Now, the last pastoral that I wrote leaving Ireland's shores seems to have thoroughly frightened them all (laughter). It seems further to have infuriated them, and in the blindness and passion of their anger, they bring out of it a charge against me which only proves that they themselves were simply demerited by passion and anger. That pastoral was written very hurriedly; I had no time to finish it at home. I finished it on the steamboat between Kingstown and Holyhead. Everyone of them—all—the *Times*, the *London Times*, the *Morning Post*, the *Standard*, the *Saturday Review*, the *Whitehall Review*, the *St. James's Gazette*, and a whole lot of others I cannot remember, winding up, of course, with the *Irish Times* and *Evening Mail*, every one of them accused me of intimidating the Sovereign Pontiff. If I had time I would read some of the extracts. My friend, Mr. Sullivan, has collected them altogether. However, I won't waste time by reading them, but I will reply to them. I intend to intimidate the Sovereign Pontiff! A humble country bishop to think of intimidating the Sovereign Pontiff! Why, I should not have a particle of faith, or religion, or even a vestige of common sense if I was silly enough to do so. Intimidate the Sovereign Pontiff! Why, you could not. Ladies and gentlemen, you would feel the moment you enter into the august presence of the Sovereign Pontiff a feeling of indescribable awe come over you. You feel you are standing on the spot, the highest point on earth, the point where earth almost touches heaven, and you cannot help veneration, revering and loving the Sovereign Pontiff; loving him not merely for his high and exalted position, loving him not merely because he is the highest representative of God's law on this earth; loving him not only on account of the great erudition and wisdom which he possesses, but Irish men will feel compelled to love him on another ground, and that is, because Leo's heart, as we Irishmen say, is in the right place (cheers). Leo's heart beats fervently, warmly, and affectionately for the Irish race and the Irish nation (loud cheers). Therefore, the idea of intimidating the Sovereign Pontiff is simply absurd and ridiculous. To intimidate the Sovereign Pontiff! Why, there were great and mighty kings and despots, Alaric, the King of the Huns, the mighty Emperor of Germany, and lastly, in our own times, the powerful Napoleon I. This man, with countless legions at his back, he and every one of them failed ignominiously. At the single word of "non possumus"

these despotic tyrants quailed. These words paralyzed the arms of legions. At these words the sword fell from their hands and they were rendered utterly powerless. I, then, to think of doing what these mighty emperors failed to do, is simply absurd and ridiculous. But, ladies and gentlemen, what is the meaning of intimidation? Every one of these writers accused me of this crime. Why, to intimidate anyone is to do him an injustice and injury. That is the wrong it does. It causes him pain and gives him displeasure. Now, what is my intimidation? My letter did not intimidate the Sovereign Pontiff. My letter, instead of causing him or doing him an injustice or wrong, conferred a great benefit on him. Instead of causing him pain, that letter filled his heart with joy and gladness, for, ladies and gentlemen, the answer you gave to that letter was simply this—that in two weeks you collected and sent to me in Rome the splendid contribution of £1,800 to the Sovereign Pontiff—(great cheering and cries of "We'll do it again!")—and in sending that contribution you proved incontrovertibly and unanswerably to the world that your love and affection and devotion to the Holy See is as deep and solid and as strong and as affectionate as could warm the bosoms of Irishmen in any part of the world. (Great cheering.) The Holy Father, when I presented him with your gift, was overpowered and astonished by your munificence and said, "when you return tell your people that I am grateful, most grateful and most thankful to them, and that their munificence and generosity of their gift has touched me most profoundly. Tell them I reciprocate their feelings and affection and love in all their strength, their sincerity and their earnestness; that I reciprocate from my heart; that I cannot show my love for them as they have shown their love for me; that I have not gold nor silver with which to express to them how deeply I love them; but that I will give them all I have, and that is my apostolic benediction. (Cheers.) When you return assemble your people, not only those of your own parish but of all the parishes adjoining, and tell them that I send them my apostolic blessing from the bottom of my heart, and that I hope that blessing will strengthen their faith, will form their resolutions in accordance with God's Holy Law, will support them in their onward march to glory, where, perhaps, we may all meet hereafter, and where I may thank them again for the favor they have bestowed on me." (Great cheering.) I said, "Holy Father, I have been assailed by an organized combination of the anti-Irish and anti-Catholic Press. I don't fear them. I am a humble man, but I am not afraid of them; I am only afraid of you, Holy Father, and where I may thank you for the claim which I make, now of the future, wish that they should poison your mind against me, and therefore I think that it is better that I should not write any more."—The Pope at once stopped me, and said, "Write on, write on" without any qualification. The Holy Father told me to write on (great applause). Now, ladies and gentlemen, I will write on (renewed cheering). Hitherto I have written all my articles and where I may thank and abroad have extended to me an amount of confidence, gratitude and esteem that I did not deserve. The Irish people bestowed that confidence upon me, as a favor which I did not merit, but now I come forward and claim the confidence of my fellow-countrymen, and I claim that as a right. (Cheers.) I care my readers, and where I may thank them for their confidence in the future. (Renewed cheering.) Now, ladies and gentlemen, the meanness and cowardice and hypocrisy of these London journals, and Dublin journals, too, or, at least, of a particular class of Dublin journals—for we are proud of our National and Catholic Dublin journals—the meanness and cowardice and hypocrisy of these London and Dublin journals in assailing me of intimidating the Sovereign Pontiff, are the most unblushing and shameless I ever heard. (Groans.) Now, what are these London journals to which I refer? They are the very journals—the normal character of whose literature is blasphemous against the Holy See, scorn, contempt, and hatred for the Sovereign Pontiff, and hatred and hostility to the Holy Church over which the Sovereign Pontiff presides (hear, hear). They tell their readers that Rome is the great evil mentioned in the Apocalypse, that the Sovereign Pontiff is the man of sin, and that the Holy Church and the See of Rome are that Scarlet Lady of whom St. John, in the Apocalypse, speaks so severely. There is the normal character of these journals; those are the journals that encouraged the exertions of those who lately robbed the Holy Father of his possessions. In my memory the *Times*, the *Standard*, and other such journals represented they had killed the Papacy: A dozen of times at least they laid it out on the pier and buried it deep amidst the shouts and exultations of the rabble, to be no more heard of. They are the journals which now with unblinking effrontery should turn round to become the advocates of the Holy Father—they are jealous of his honor and sensitive of his glory, and they are jealous that any Bishop should intimidate the Holy Father. See their impudence. I have not intimidated the Holy Father. He dismissed me with kindness, affection and love. He sent to you, through me, his blessing and benediction. I can hardly remain any longer on this matter, though I could turn the tables on

these papers and accuse them of many crimes of which they are really guilty, for I say that they have done more to create dissensions between the Irish and English people than any other agency with which I am acquainted. I love them, reverence and respect the mass of the English people. I think they are naturally honest, industrious, truthful, generous, and brave as lions in the battlefield, and I believe if the English people and the Irish people were left alone to their own natural instincts they would live in peace, and hardly require a divine precept to make them love each other. One of the consequences of those writings assailing me, and one which, perhaps, the writers did not anticipate, they have introduced me to the people of England, Dublin, Nulty, as they called me. They have given me a notoriety amongst the people of England in representing Bishop Nulty as defying the Pope, they made me, as it were, a hero; therefore, if I find my opportunity to address the people of England, and before I die I have a weighty message to deliver to them, I am sure, not only will they hear me, but that I will get a friendly and impartial hearing—I am sure even of a favorable hearing at their hands, and I may thank my slanderers for that benefit, as I have said before. If the people of England were left to themselves they would be the noblest people on the face of the globe, but the minds of the masses are poisoned and prejudiced and embittered against us by the wholesale petrifaction that are circulated by these journals. Amongst them they have succeeded in inspiring them with hatred and contempt against Irishmen. These journals have vilified me and my opinions, and, ladies and gentlemen, they not only vilify us to the people of England, but they vilify and calumniate us through the whole globe, for these London journals have the ear of the whole world. Foreign editors never read the Irish newspapers at all, and Irish journalism, able, enlightened and talented as it is, is entirely ignored. Anyone that reads these foreign journals will see that they take all the knowledge and information on Irish public affairs directly and immediately from the prejudiced and slanderous columns of the London newspapers. We have no means of replying to the present moment. Yet, notwithstanding all this, this epoch appears to me to be the grandest and happiest that I have known in our history for several hundred years. We have now, if we wisely avail of it, an opportunity of recovering our civil and religious rights, and of recovering our reputation and character, too. (Cheers.) Why, the Gladstone Government has gone down. (Loud cheers.) Referring to the change of Government, his lordship remarked that in making Mr. Gibson Lord Chancellor of Ireland they had shown some discernment. One enemy we have to fear, and that is the man who commits an outrage. A couple of dozen of miscreants can create an amount of crime and outrage that in a very short time would blacken our fair fame again, give any Government a mean opportunity of annihilating our liberties, and imposing fresh Coercion Acts. (Hear, hear.) Therefore, let every man be a policeman (cheers), and if any man arrests and seizes any of those criminals, or miscreants, I say don't lynch him, though he would deserve it, but bring him to justice, and if you succeed in having him transported for life, you will have done a great service to your country. (Great cheers.) Let us observe the laws; let us detect offences; let us set our faces against crime; let us give no Government, whether Whig or Tory, the opportunity of coercing us, of annihilating our liberty. (Loud applause.) In conclusion his lordship said—Again, my dear people, I thank you from my heart for these beautiful addresses which you have given me a welcome home that I did not deserve, that I did not anticipate. I regret exceedingly the amount of expense gone to in this demonstration. I know that you could not well afford it, but your generosity was always beyond your means. (Cheers.) I am with you now over thirty years; I have labored and toiled amongst you when you were sick; I visited you when you were ill with fever and cholera, and never shrunk from the danger. (Applause.) I never abandoned my post; I clung to my people, and the people respected and loved me, and I see proof of their respect and love for me to-day. (Cheers.) I respect and love them back in return and I hope that the union between the people, the priests and bishops, and between the Sovereign Pontiff and the Irish people, will remain for ever.

At half past six o'clock in the evening a banquet was tendered to his lordship in St. Mary's College.

CUPID AGAIN.

BRADFORD EXPOSITOR.

A quiet wedding was celebrated at St. Basil's Church Tuesday morning, July 21st, by the Rev. Father Lennon. The contracting parties were Mr. Patrick Ryan "The Printer," and Miss Cecelia Maxwell. The groom was supported by his brother Mr. John Ryan, and the bride by her sister Miss Kate Maxwell. Miss Minnie Green, of Caledonia, presided at the organ and played the Wedding March as the party entered the church, and during the mass Miss Lennon and Mr. Maxwell sang several pieces of sacred music. After the ceremony, which was performed at half past seven o'clock, the bride and party returned to the bride's home where a wedding breakfast was partaken of. Later the happy couple took the train for a trip to Syracuse, N. Y. May joy go with them.

A MEMORABLE DAY AT MAYNOOTH.

REJOICING OVER DR. WALSH'S ELEVATION—SOME IMPORTANT RESOLUTIONS.

New York Sun.

Maynooth, July 1.—I wish telegraph or telephone could enable me to give through to-morrow's Sun every word of this letter, to communicate to the millions of hearts in the United States the feelings of satisfaction and pride inspired by what has taken place at Maynooth to-day—a day forever to be remembered.

The Archbishops and Bishops of Ireland, on their homeward journey from Rome, met here to transact business in connection with this great national seminary, with the change occasioned by the elevation of the President to the Archbishopric of Dublin, and with the momentous question of public education in all its branches. This is also what we in America should call commencement day at Maynooth. The 520 clerical students, who are here spurred on by a noble rivalry to maintain the traditional eminence of this great school, met in the college oratory, or chapel, about 10 a.m., with the President and faculty, and twenty-two members of the Episcopal hierarchy, for at Maynooth an enlightened liberality has done much to stimulate an ardor for study by founding prizes open to yearly competition in various departments of sacred and profane science. Besides, to students distinguished for uncommon capacity and proficiency there is, at the end of the four years' course of theology, a further period assigned for special culture in the Dunboyne establishment.

On commencement day, therefore, all the landable ambition is crowned by public acknowledgment in presence of the assembled hierarchy. The exercises are not open to the public. No invitations are sent; consequently there is no crowd of lay or clerical visitors to be seen in the vast quadrangles or the spacious and shady grounds.

The Archbishops and Bishops occupied an elevated platform under a dais at the northern extremity of the chapel; near them were the President and faculty. A pulpit stood near the dais, from which the successful essayists read a portion of their compositions. The 520 students were seated on benches and filled every inch of the remaining space. I had often heard it said that no Irishman could listen to the reading of these essays without feeling a thrill of just pride. This year there was a special motive for the contestants to aim at uncommon excellence in the fact that the illustrious President of Maynooth had drawn on himself the eyes of the civilized world. The long and agonizing period of expectancy which elapsed between Dr. Walsh's election by the clergy of Dublin and his confirmation by the Pope was that during which the essayists had done their best, and their labor bore the impress of the feeling that stirred the national heart and powerfully moved their own. This emotion was in the atmosphere of Maynooth to-day, like a high electric tension, affecting even the most callous, if indeed anyone could be so callous among the 500 of the chosen future guides of the Irish people.

Every one of the successful candidates was greeted by the cordial applause of his fellow students. There was about the proceedings a simplicity and a dignity very becoming in a great ecclesiastical and national school.

It is customary for the commencement proper to be closed by a discourse from the President, setting forth the condition and prospects of the establishment at the end of the scholastic year, and dwelling on the peculiar incidents which mark the sessions. As Dr. Walsh, now Archbishop elect of Dublin, arose to account for his stewardship during the last eventful twelve months, there was one of those impressive outbursts of enthusiasm, half sad in spite of their joyousness and exultation, which tell of separation from one long and sincerely loved. All these young men are devotedly attached to the great prelate whose name sheds such a lustre on their alma mater. They are proud of him. Their hearts, like those of the entire Irish race at home and abroad, yearned to see him placed in the metropolitan chair, as the leader of the Irish people and clergy. And just that very morning the tidings had come that the Holy Father had summoned Dr. Walsh to Rome to receive there episcopal consecration.

As he rose and waited till the heartfelt applause had subsided, he was visibly affected. He is one who is remarkable for the utter absence of self-consciousness, both in private conversation and public discourse. He is gifted with great grasp of mind and lucidity of statement. "How qualities were displayed in his address. You could feel the intense heat which glowed beneath the surface of his discourse. But it flowed on in unbroken directness and unvarying simplicity. Only at the close when speaking of the change in his own position, did he allow his heart to speak out in true sentiment about the noble institution over which he had presided, but whose welfare should be now more than ever dear to him. His words, his counsels, his forecast of the future went home to every one of his hearers, never to be forgotten, any more than the affecting scenes of leave-taking which followed.

And now let me convey my own impression of what I have seen and heard to-day in Maynooth. My letters, of late, have been tinged with a sadness I found it impossible to conceal. The whole power of the British Government, and all the influence of the Vice-regal administration here, were used in Rome to prevent the confirmation of Dr. Walsh; and Ireland was threatened not only with the new link in the chain of "Castle Bishops," but with a renewal of the Coercion Act. I should willingly have come from the ends of the earth to read in the attitude and the words of the twenty-two prelates assembled to-day in Maynooth the assurance for the future that the Irish clergy, Bishops and priests, are heart and soul with their people in their constitutional struggle for justice and self-government. Dr. Walsh did me the honor of taking me into the room where the Archbishops and Bishops were deliberating on the weighty questions of public education and church policy, and there introducing me to their lordships. Later in the day, during dinner and afterwards, I had the opportunity of conversing with them. They are men whose culture reflects glory on Maynooth, and whose virtues are known to both hemispheres. Whatever difference of opinion may have existed in the past among them, either about the attitude to be taken to ward the National party or about the policy to be pursued towards the Government, these have now given place to a firm and practical unanimity. All agree that their stay in Rome has resulted in conveying to the Holy Father a full and accurate knowledge of the Irish question, and in ending his warmest sympathies in the cause of Ireland.

There is no longer any fear of the Government's attaining, directly or indirectly, the right of vetoing the nomination of Irish Bishops. One of the most important steps ever taken by the assembled Irish hierarchy is indicated by the solemn resolutions adopted in their meeting to-day. This step, to my unspoken satisfaction, justifies what I ventured to predict in my last about the movement to be energetically inaugurated against the monopoly so long enjoyed in Ireland by Trinity College and the other magnificently endowed anti-national schools. The resolutions number seven in all. The first affirms the unquestionable right of the Catholic population of Ireland to a fair share "of the public endowments for education, without being obliged in return to make any sacrifices of their religious principles." The second states the fact of their being able to benefit by these endowments only at the expense of conscience. The third points out that such practical exclusion "is not only a serious obstacle to the progress of education, but is a great and irritating grievance." The fourth calls attention to the glaring disproportion between the small number of students in the Queen's Colleges and the lavish endowments bestowed on them. The fifth once more calls on "the Irish Parliamentary party to press forward by every constitutional means in their power the just claims of Irish Catholics in the matter of university education." The sixth claims "a due share in the public endowments for intermediate education on such conditions as are consistent with Catholic principles." The seventh, finally, asserts the existence of a general and enormous injustice in Ireland, namely, "that on Commissions and other public bodies appointed for educational purposes, there is nothing like a fair proportionate representation of Catholics; and hints that the few existing Catholic members do not always enjoy the confidence of the Catholic body. The same unfairness and exclusion apply to commissions and Boards of every description.

It is remarkable that Dr. Croke was absent from an assemblage destined to be historical. But the explanation of the absence is in the fact that he knew the Archbishop elect of Dublin was, in spite of his youth, the man to guide the Bishops in taking the most important steps ever yet taken by them in public matters. No wonder that while all Ireland is preparing a triumphant welcome to the returning prelates, her most fervent prayers and deepest love accompany Dr. Walsh to Rome. BERNARD O'RIEHL.

KNIGHTS OF ST. JOHN.

On Tuesday evening a meeting of the Catholic young men of the city was held in the St. Patrick's Benevolent Society Hall for the purpose of organizing a commandery of the Knights of St. John. Rev. Father Danphy occupied the chair and explained to those present the aims and objects of the society, which were to create and foster a brotherly love between the Catholic young men of the city and to aid and assist by every means in their power the advancement of its members. The society gives a sum of money weekly to its members during sickness, and has also in connection with it a widow and orphan's fund—so that a member may insure his life by the payment of a small sum of money at each death. The society bids fair to take the lead, about 25 having joined already, and as 42 members constitute a commandery those wishing to join had better do so at once. The society is to be known as the St. Peter's Commandery of the Catholic Union of the Knights of St. John, and will meet every Tuesday evening. The following officers were elected:

President, Christopher Hevey; 1st vice, Chas. McCarroll; 2nd vice, John Tracy; secretary, A. Birmingham; treasurer, John Dwyer. These constitute the civil officers. The military officers are: Commander, Arthur Conway; 1st vice commander, Patrick Flannery; 2nd vice, Thos. Dwyer.

His Lordship Right Rev. Bishop Walsh has been asked to condescend to be spiritual adviser and also to appoint a chaplain. We wish the society every success and hope ere long to see the members turn out in uniform and make as creditable a display as did the Wind-or-Knights at the opening of the cathedral.

"Sometimes."

Sometimes, not often, when the days are long... Sometimes, when royal winter holds his sway... Sometimes I see a light almost divine...

QUEBEC.

The old town of Quebec has a peculiar interest from the circumstance of its having been built by the French in the times of the early history of the colony... The old town of Quebec has a peculiar interest from the circumstance of its having been built by the French in the times of the early history of the colony.

he said, "your fate has been decided; to-morrow at dawn you will be burned. Be of good courage and remember me when you are in heaven..."

ST. VINCENT OF PAUL.

St. Vincent was born A. D. 1576. In after years, when adviser of the Queen and oracle of the Church in France, he loved to recount how, in his youth, he had guarded his father's pigs...

A Lesson Ruined.

In 1877 Bishop Bowman went to Boise City, Idaho, to hold conference. One Sunday afternoon he got the Sunday schools together and had a splendid time talking to the children.

TEN O'CLOCK GIRLS

PULPIT ALLUSION TO THE BEHAVIOUR OF GIBBY STREET PROMENADERS. Preaching at St. Joseph's church at high mass yesterday morning Rev. Father Palmer opened his remarks by saying that all his hearers were acquainted with the history of two scenes, one of which occurred in Eden and the other in Nazareth...

FAITH THAT WORKS MIRACLES.

Buffalo, Ont. The simple fervid faith of the Irish people received a strange and miraculous glorification in the effect which its manifestation produced upon the mind and character of Montalembert. The Archbishop of Sydney, New South Wales, in an address delivered by him before the Corporation of St. John's College, discussed thus eloquently and touchingly upon this subject:

A Woman's Fight with Mountain Lions as A. J. Bruner, of Houston, Idaho, tells a most remarkable story of the experience of a woman rancher with mountain lions.

England's Disgrace.

The Pall Mall Gazette sensation has fairly eclipsed politics in London. The numbers of that paper containing the exposures have had an enormous circulation, many copies selling at a premium.

And this is Christian England in the nineteenth century! This is the land that declared the slave trade piracy and led the way upon it until as it once existed it was exterminated.

Are there any parallels to it in Christian America? Are we who may be disposed to throw stones over these horrible disclosures living in glass houses?

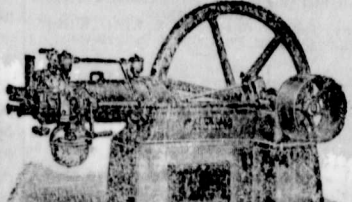
It Never Falls. Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry will never fail you when taken to cure Dysentery, Colic, Sick Stomach or any form of Summer Complaint.

Is It Acting Right? If you are troubled with inactive Liver, some complexion with the yellow, frequent sick headache, aching shoulders, dizziness, weakness, irregular bowels, and many other serious complaints.

Children starving to death on account of their inability to digest food will find a most marvellous food and remedy in Scott's Emulsion of Pure Cod Liver Oil with Hypophosphites.

IT LEADS ALL GAS ENGINES

No other blood-purifying medicine is made or has ever been prepared, which so completely meets the wants of "sufferers and the general public as Ayer's Sarsaparilla.

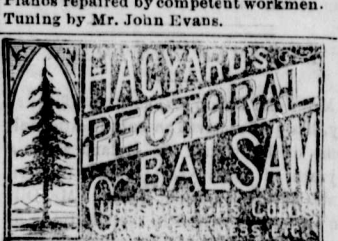


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