

The Catholic Record.

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

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THE IRISH BRIGADE.

BY EUGENE DAVIS.

Dublin Freeman's Journal.

In a dark sombre forest of Rhineland, where the beech, and the oak, and the elder, bereft of their green robes of summer, look wistfully up to the heavens; On the sward, where the dead leaves of autumn lie faded and serene as the dreamings; We cherish in springtime's existence to the eyes of our soberer manhood; On the banks of the glorious old river, where turrets, and abbey, and castles, In their ivy-crowned ruins still tell us of ages long dead and long buried, When chivalry stood by the altar, and Love was the guerdon of Valour, And the songs of the Troubadours charmed the ears and the heart-pulse of Beauty; Here in the midnight assembled around the red log-fires in Rhineland, Wrapped in their broad cloaks and corselets—the trusty swordsmen in their scabbards— Sit the soldiers of Erin together, to feast the return of Yul-tide, And sing of the mother that bore them, away 'mid the billows of ocean— Away where the sun-god swoons languid in the crimson-robed cloudlets of even!

They are far from the land of Erin; but they think and they dream of her ever, Here in the depths of the forest—here 'mid the ravines Teutonic— Greybeards who fought 'mid her mountains at the head of bold Rapparee squadrons To keep the old banner still flying in the face of defeat and disaster, And youths who had scarcely seen Ireland, but love her, as some love a mother From whom the rude hands of the spoiler have raft them in tenderest childhood! Yes; they dream of her lakes and her forests still peopled with hoary traditions, Of Fin and his warrior giants, and Olanah, and Dathi, and Brian; And they dream of her heathery passes where Freedom still stood 'mid the boulders— With her face to the ruthless invader—still waving the glaive of defiance! Here they sit—these poor exiles of Erin, the soldiers of France and of Louis, The champions of honor and glory 'neath the white fleur-de-lis of the Bourbons— The pride of the monarch at Versailles, and his fathers who sleep at Saint Denis, And the fear and the terror of England on red gory fields throughout Europe!

Oh, where be their glories immortal!—go ask of the woods of De Barri, Whose echoes once thrilled to their war-cries of death, and of doom, and defiance, What time in the fierce wrath of vengeance they thought of their desolate island— Her fair blooming years that he plundered—her homesteads now wrecked and now lonely—

As they rushed on the red-coated spoiler and smote him, and robbed him of triumph, And trampled and spat on his banner amid the lightning of battle, Go, kneel in the temple of Ypres, away 'mid the bowers of Flanders, And gaze on the standards of England, once wrenched from the hands of her hirelings By the courage and chivalrous daring of the sons and the champions of Erin! Go, tread on the broad plain of Landen, where Sarisfield met death in the vanguard! Go, stand by Namur's broken arches—memorials of brigadier prowess! Go, gaze on the slopes of Ramillies, and the story-famed walls of Cremona— The records of Irish devotion still live 'mid the turreted spires! And along by the Appennine mountains the eaglets still speak of our exiles— The waves by the southern headlands are chanting the songs of their valour! O, glories that never shall vanish! O, garlands that never shall wither! We bow with deep faith and meet worship, in the light of your beauty transcendent, For we're proud of our chivalrous fathers—proud of their lives and their laurels, And proud of the national honor they won for our isle in past ages— Tho' they failed to dispel the dark night clouds that hung over the island's horizon, And brought to the heart of the nation the pangs and the sorrow of serfdom! Here they sit 'round the log-fires—these exiles, and tell to each other the legends That sanchies whisper at ev'ning in the homesteads of Cork and of Kerry; Or they sing some old national lyric of love, or of war, or of freedom, And the cheers and the plaudits grow louder at the close of each soul stirring ditty! I would pluck but three leaves from the garland they wove on that night in the forest While the bells of the Christmas were pealing from the tower of Strasburg's cathedral: Three lyrics they chanted in honor of Erin and her exiled defenders:—

THE IRISH BRIGADE.

Hurrah for the flag that faced danger and death By the Rhone's whirling river—where Erin's wild heath! Hurrah for the men who would die for each fold Of that dear darling banner of green and of gold! Hurrah for the men who met doom undimmed For the honour and fame of the Irish Brigade! The Irish Brigade! The Irish Brigade! Hurrah, boys!—hurrah for the Irish Brigade!

At home we were serfs of an insolent foe, But here we taste freedom wherever we go! At home we were butts for a Sassenach's jeers, But here we can teach him the worth of our spears! And some fine day—who knows!—he may find us arrayed 'Neath the flag of the Irish Brigade! Hurrah, boys!—hurrah for the Irish Brigade!

MY SWORD AND I.

O sword of mine, in years gone by We fought our island's foes; Where Casabel's Rock saluted the sky And Shannon's river flows; On height, in vale, in wood and grove, Tho' outlawed, cursed, and banned, We never for one hour forgot Our duty to our land! Oh! God be with those ill-starred fights We fought beyond the seas, When Ireland knew no braver knights Than Irish Rapparees! Have hope—have hope, bright sword of mine, Thy blade is fearless still! Lights shine beyond the western brine, And beacons from each hill I know no other bride but thee, Wherever I may roam— Our bridal tour be o'er the sea Unto our island home; And if we find on Irish ground A bloody grave and ione, Thrice welcome be the death that's found In championing our own!

MAVE O'BRYNE.

"Mave O'Byrne, sad and pensive You are looking to the west, Where the golden daylight's sinking Slowly to its place of rest; And I know, my winsome darling, Why you love to gaze upon All the lurid fiery cloudlets Hovering 'round the setting sun: There you seem to catch faint glimpses— Tho' the rifts in beauty's fire— Of the island of your childhood— Of the Erin of your sires!

"Rhineland's hills and Tyrol mountains Are vast shrines of liberty; But the mist-crowned crags of Wicklow Have fonder charm for me; There I'd live again, communing With the hopes that fall or rise, Where the Byrnes held our banner, Floating proudly in the skies! There I'd dream again of freedom For our widowed Inisfaid— Gazing on the lone Avoca, Or the valley of Inmale!

"Thus it is why with each eve-tide, While the sun-rays sink to rest, I would watch the purple splendour Of the cloudlets in the west: Then I think of darling Ireland, And I see her o'er the waves— Ireland of the clan o' Byrnes! Ireland of my fathers' graves! Yes, my heart hath found its idol, And my soul its dead-end— Erin is my precious idol!— Erin is my motherland!

'Tis the dawn of the bleak Christmas morning—the log-fires lie quenched 'mid the herbage, And the forest looks sombre and lonely, for stifled are its manifold echoes; The songs of the exiles are over, and closed is their brief Christmas wassail: The trumpet hath called them to battle—once more do they stand in the vanguard— The green banner floating above them—the symbol of hope and of triumph— To guide them to victory ever through the wastes of the broad Rhineland valleys!

IRISH NATIONAL LEAGUE CONFERENCE IN QUEBEC.

The third concert given under the auspices of the Quebec Branch of the Irish National League took place on Monday night, and like its predecessors, was a complete success, from every point of view. The decorations were very fine, and everything gave evidence of the deep national feeling of the ladies and gentlemen under whose immediate direction the hall was dressed. The stage was very picturesque in appearance. From one of the drop scenes hung a magnificent portrait of Robert Emmet, over a blank slab indicating his unwritten epitaph. The side pillars of the stage were graced on either side by portraits of Parnell and Davitt, while high overhead was the bold declaration of the Irish leader, wherein he announced Ireland's determination never to be content with any measure of local government short of "Grattan's Parliament." The galleries were festooned with green drapery, while the interspaces contained the names of several of Ireland's patriotic sons, prominent among them being Archbishop Walsh, of Dublin, and Croke, of Cashel, who so nobly ranged themselves under the banner of Parnell, when every effort was made to separate priests and people.

The hall was filled with a most refined audience, and testified most emphatically that all classes of the Irish element in Quebec are strictly national. Among the gentlemen present we noticed his worship the Mayor Francois Langelier, Esq., Rev. Fathers McCarthy, Hayden, Maguire, and Cronin, O. S. B., and Brothers Xavier, Stanislaus, and Vitus, C. S. S. R., all of St. Patrick's; Rev. Dr. O'Ryan, D. D., and Fathers Maguire, Bernier and Rev. Father O'Leary of Silvery, Rev. Robert Kerr of Trinity Church, Hon. Jno. Hearn, M. L. C.; Messrs. Owen Murphy, John P. Sutton, organizer I. N. L. A.; L. Lynch, President of St. Patrick's Institute; Chas. McCarron, T. Shea, T. Walsh and several others. The members of the Emerald Snow Shoe Club attended in a body, and in uniform, under their patriotic President, Mr. J. McKenna, and assisted much to the diversity of the scene.

The concert opened with a very eloquent and practical address from the energetic President, Mr. Jeremiah Gallagher, which we give in full. Mr. Mayor, Rev. gentlemen, ladies and gentlemen, in every effort to ameliorate the condition of their mother land, Irishmen are warmly seconded by Irishwomen. The Irish ladies of Quebec, I am proud to say, sustain the reputation of their noble-hearted country women in this as in other eminent qualities which distinguish them. For this evening's entertainment, which you have been good enough to patronize so liberally, we have to thank them in the person of Mrs. Ed. Foley, who has kindly undertaken to present it for our benefit. When I state, that every dollar received for membership of the League is transmitted to the National Treasurer, the Rev. Dr. O'Reilly, of Detroit, you will perceive the necessity of our providing in other ways for the expenses incidental to our organization.

For the last two months, as you are aware, we have been engaged in behalf of the Parliamentary Fund. The keen and intelligent appreciation existing with regard to the present political crisis in Ireland made our duty pleasant, and the generous responses of our people of all classes, including the ladies, are evidence that patriotism is a living, active principle with us. The result does honor to the Irish heart of this old Rock city, in which I include our good and true friends of Silvery and Levis. Altogether, we have sent \$1,225 to the Parliamentary Fund, our last remittance being \$1,000, and we have still a small balance on hand.

Thus have the Irish citizens of Quebec, through Branch 393 of the I. N. L. A. identified themselves with their race and become entitled to share in the grand victory achieved at the recent Irish elections. The election fund of £50,000 stg. subscribed for the landlords and castle advocates to fight the Nationalists was met by the timely contributions of Irish exiles, and wherever a unionist candidate had the temerity to present himself in the south, east or west his defeat was overwhelming.

Leinster, Munster and Connaught are a unit for nationhood. Ulster, the vaunted stronghold of West Britonism, loyal Ulster, by a clear majority, has proclaimed its inseparable union not with England but with the sister provinces for a united Irish nation. In the face of this fact we may well smile at the vapors of Orangism. Notwithstanding all their menaces and though they threaten to line with armed men every ditch from the Boyne to the Bann, the crown and constitution are safe.

The Nationalists of Ireland labor for the welfare of the whole people irrespective of class or creed—not for that of a section. They embrace in their ranks every Irishman no matter whence his origin, or what his religious belief, whose heart beats true for Ireland. "What matter that at different shrines We prayed unto one God? What matter that at different times Our fathers won this sod In fortune and in name we're bound By stronger lines than those of blood And neither can be safe nor sound But in the others' weal!"

The truth and reality of this doctrine are fast dawning on the shrewd practical Northern mind. The Protestant and Presbyterian farmers of Ulster share the benefits of the Land Act in common with their Catholic countrymen, and in gratitude have elected as their representatives such incorrigible pariah Nationalists as Tim Healy and Wm. O'Brien. In south Tyrone, where the editor of United Ireland successfully opposed Maxwell, the leader of the first

emergency band who went to the relief of the now famous Boycott, some of the electors must have been sorely puzzled; one of them voted opposite Maxwell—no landlord, and opposite O'Brien—no Pope. Not very long ago it was all no Pope, now it is no landlord, no Pope; next they will add no foreign laws. Faction and feud are happily passing away. The condition of political opinion evolved out of the elections is the only one admissible—there are to-day but two parties in Ireland—Nationalists and Unionists.

In Great Britain, apart from electing T. F. O'Connor for Liverpool and meeting retributive justice to the renegades, O'Connor, Power, McCann and others who sought the favors of English Constituencies, the Irish vote, obedient to the command of the Irish Leader, has rendered incalculable service in adjusting English parties. The Irish vote in Great Britain has placed the balance of power in Parnell's hands. With a unanimity unparalleled in the history of any foreign governed nation, despite British power and influence, consolidated by centuries of occupation, Ireland from the hustings has declared her unalterable resolve to be a nation. The man and the party of the "resources of civilization" has encountered the resources of the Irish leader, Parnell, the Kilmahilly prisoner, is virtually dictator of the Premiership of the Empire.

The Irish race owes nothing to England but the treasured memories of a heartless oppression. The accursed union—"the union of a shark with its prey"—has left Ireland destitute of industries and commerce, so flourishing at the close of the last century. Poverty, degradation and the merciless dispersion of our race are its baneful consequences. Half-hearted measures of relief have been enacted from time to time, but not till they were compelled by an agitation bordering on rebellion, Catholic Emancipation was but partial, and the famous freemen were sacrificed. The Protestant Church was disestablished and wealthy England pocketed the endowments. For the last fifteen years, England's statesmen have been tinkering with a Land Act. The cry of the majority of the nation for a superior education in harmony with their religious principles is unanswered. The infamous bureaucratic system emanating from Dublin Castle, maintained by the armed force of the empire, dominates the island, regardless of, and disregarding the wishes of the people. Castle appointed boards are as odious and intolerable as landlords and squires. Why, the pettiest municipality in this dear Canada of ours is in the enjoyment of more representative rights than the whole of Ireland. Only when the civilized world has exclaimed against the injustice practised in Ireland, does the British press concede that our grievances are not "merely sentimental."

The sentiment of nationality is the undying aspiration of Irishmen, and survives to-day, strong, fervid and unquenchable as of old. Parnell with his chosen band of united Irish nationalists commands the respect and admiration of the world. Britain, uncertain how to act, is astounded at the indomitable front presented by poor but brave old Ireland. Irish organization, Irish discipline, Irish genius, heaven directed, have prevailed. England recognizes the situation. Will she concede graciously to Irish demands? We await events patiently, but with firm confidence in the ultimate destiny of the Irish nation.

We hear now and again the defiant cry of never, raised by certain rabid Englishmen who hate us because they have wronged us, and because the state of Ireland is a standing reproach to their country. The loud-tongued defenders of oppressed nationalities have no heart for the sister Isle. They advocate a coalition; a possible contingency, though highly improbable. If Parnell with a handful of followers was the terror of the last parliament, with eighty-six pledged supporters he will prove an irresistible obstructionist to imperial legislation against any coalition.

Expel the Nationalists from the House of Commons! Disfranchise Ireland! exclaims the London Times. Very constitutional indeed; but the advocates of such measures forget history. A strike against rent and Government taxes might be the response, and what then? Remember your experience of the Land League and recall its teachings. You cannot sell out a nation, you cannot evict a nation, you cannot imprison a nation; neither can Ireland ever again be goaded into hopeless rebellion. Passive resistance, exercised under the vigilant supervision of thorough national organization, has proved more than a match for Crimes Acts and Coercion Acts, though enforced by 12,000 irresponsible semi-military police, backed up by 40,000 regular soldiers.

Gladstone once said in the House of Commons, that if England were treated by any foreign power as Ireland has been treated by England, English pluck and ingenuity would find a deliverance somehow. Whether spoken boastfully or tauntingly, the expression is rather suggestive in these evil times. Parnell "forbid to plead," and taking counsel with the leaders of the Irish people in Ireland and America, would be far more dangerous to the tranquility of the Empire than Parnell in Parliament. England has no patent right from heaven to impose her regime on Ireland. She has now a golden opportunity of making amends to the Irish race and effacing the bitter memories of the past, by granting at once and for all, in a generous and kindly spirit, a full and complete measure of self government. Thus, and thus only, can a genuine and abiding friendship and alliance be cemented between the Irish and the English nations.

It is devoutly to be hoped that a states-

man will be found equal to the occasion, who will send for the accredited leader of the Irish people and formulate with him a *modus vivendi* between the countries based on mutual interests.

Until an Irish Parliament legislates in Ireland for, and by the will of, the Irish people, the work of Irish National organization shall proceed. With that end in view we shall follow the advice of the Protestant patriot, Thomas Davis, who tells us—

Bravely hope and wisely wait, Truly join and educate, Man is master of his fate, We'll enjoy our own again.

Mr. Gallagher concluded amid the well earned applause of the audience, and was followed by a bevy of beautiful young ladies who sang "We're Irish everywhere," Mr. Fitzhenry giving the solo. The next item on the programme was a pretty Operetta, entitled "Gyp Junior," Mrs. Maggie Halpin filling the title role, with evident dramatic and musical talent. The other principal parts were taken by Madame Vallerand and the Misses Burke and Loftus, who acted to perfection. The two tramps, Messrs. White and Morrison, were simply immense. The audience were then treated to the "See Saw" chorus, a charming picture as well as musical treat. Miss Gallagher followed with "Farewell to Erin," which was given in her usual style and elicited an encore. "Ireland will be happy yet" was then given by Mr. Thomas Lane with his accustomed ability. "Katy's Letter" was very tenderly sung by Miss Martin, who in response to an encore, gave another pretty song with the same beautiful expression, and charmed the whole audience. Mr. Rowan's "Grattan's Parliament" was rendered in excellent style, as also another song in acquiescence to a loud encore. Miss Maguire followed with "Sad fated Erin," and another melody, in each sustaining the fame of her magnificent voice. The "Rose of Kildare" by Mr. Fitzhenry brought down the house, and his second song "The Alpine Hat" created roars of laughter. Mr. Fitzhenry is evidently a deserved favorite and as humorous as musical. "Kathleen Mavourneen" was sung very sweetly by Mrs. Ed. Foley, with flute accompaniment by Mr. Lemay, under whose skillful touch the soft tones of the flute awoke sympathetic chords in the hearts of the audience.

The children's drill was very good. The "Bold Sagar Boys" and the "Dustpan brigade" were simply perfect in their manoeuvres, and Brigadier White, the General in command, is evidently an able commander. The drill was succeeded by two magnificent tableaux, "Ireland as she ought to be," and "Ireland as she is," Madame Vallerand filled the leading role in each, and with her pretty aids formed a picture at once beautiful and artistic.

The concert concluded with "God save Ireland," sung by the Emeralds in costume, with solo by Mr. Thos. Lane. The entire audience rose from their seats and joined heartily in the chorus. A pretty incident was the appearance on the stage of Master Parnell Reynolds, the son of Conductor Reynolds, a manly little fellow in the costume of an Emerald Snowshoer.

Thus terminated one of the finest concerts given in St. Patrick's Hall, reflecting credit on all who took part in it and on those under whose management it was organized. Too much praise cannot be given to the directress, Mrs. E. Foley, and her sister Miss Burke, who spared no trouble to make the concert a success.—Quebec Telegraph, Dec. 30.

SEPARATE SCHOOL TRUSTEES.

RESULT OF THE NOMINATIONS—ALL BY ACCLAMATION.

The nomination of trustees to serve on the Separate School Board took place in St. Peter's School from 12 o'clock to 1 o'clock on Wednesday, the 30th ult., Mr. S. R. Brown, returning officer, presiding. Following is the result:

No 1 Ward—Phillip Pocock (for two years) proposed by B. C. McCann and Thos. Coffey.

No. 2 Ward—Mr. Alex. Wilson (for two years) by J. B. Vining and P. Pocock; Mr. P. Mulken (for one year), by Rev. Father Tiernan and J. B. Vining.

No 3 Ward—Mr. A. Munroe (for two years), proposed by B. C. McCann and E. Walsh.

No 4 Ward—Rev. M. J. Tiernan (for two years), proposed by J. B. Vining and B. C. McCann.

No. 5 Ward—Dr. Hanover proposed by Thos. Coffey and Rev. Father Dunphy; Mr. M. Durkin proposed by Thos. Coffey and B. C. McCann; Mr. J. McNiff proposed by J. B. Vining and P. Pocock.

Mr. Durkin's name was withdrawn and all the other nominees were declared elected by acclamation.

The trustees of the present year's Board who continue to serve are as follows: No. 1 ward, J. J. Gibbons, No. 3, J. P. O'Byrne; No. 4, J. B. Vining.

Correspondence of the Catholic Record. Westport Bazaar.

Ticket holders are respectfully requested to make returns as soon as possible for the Drawing of valuable prizes which takes place at Westport on the 16th of January, 1886. Returns received at any date up to 13th of January will be in time. It is earnestly expected that those who have not yet reported results of sales will do so immediately, and thus secure for all tickets they may have disposed of the full number of chances for the numerous and costly prizes to be drawn at the Bazaar. Besides this, it is confidently hoped that the meritorious and praiseworthy object for which the Bazaar is held will elicit a response from every person to whom tickets have been sent. All communications should be addressed: Rev. M. J. Stanton, Westport, Ont.

NICHOLAS WILSON & CO.

136 Dundas Street,

Tailors and Gents' Furnishers.

FINE AND MEDIUM WOOLLENS A SPECIALTY.

INSPECTION INVITED.

Change of Business.

We have much pleasure in calling attention to Mr. John Garvey's advertisement in another column. Mr. Garvey is a gentleman of business tact and enterprise, and blessed with that affability and urbanity sure to command patronage. We gladly welcome him to our city, and bespeak for him a generous support from our readers both of the city and country.

ACKNOWLEDGMENT.

To the many kind friends of their institute, who amid the Christmas festivities, remembered Mount Hope and its poor, the Sisters beg to tender their warmest thanks, and together with their little orphans, whose Christmas was made right merry, they wish the charitable people of London a happy New Year.

The following are the contributions: His Lordship Bishop Walsh, a quarter of beef; Rev. M. J. Tiernan, a quarter of beef; 2 huge turkeys, 2 geese and 5 lbs. of candy; Rev. Father Dunphy, a quarter of beef; Mr. C. Conaghan, \$10.00; Mrs. Quarry, \$5.00; Mrs. E. O'Brien, \$2.00; Mrs. H. Long, \$2.00; Mrs. T. Coffey, \$1.00; Mr. D. O'Gorman \$2.00; Mrs. Cox, \$2.00; Mrs. Hobin \$1.00; Mrs. P. Cleary, \$10.00; Mrs. McCurly, 6 pair children's hose; Summers & Orell, children's hoods, scarfs etc.; Adams & Co., a large lot of groceries; Mr. Batier, (club house) 2 large flour bags full of oranges; Mrs. Butler, (club house) a large basketful of cakes; Mr. D. Regan, a quarter of beef; Mrs. McGrady, a barrel of flour; Mr. P. O'Byrne, a ton of coal; Mr. Geo. Robinson, a turkey and a goose; Mrs. O. McCleary, a turkey and 2 fruit cakes; Mrs. Geo. Harris, a basketful of apples and a jar of preserves; Mrs. M. Durkin, a turkey; Mrs. John Flood, a goose; Mrs. Burns (Nissouri) a goose; Mr. Massey, a very large lot of groceries; Mrs. McGlade, candy, oranges and dates; Mrs. M. Gould, 2 turkeys and 2 boxes of wine biscuits; Mrs. D. McCarthy, a turkey; Mrs. Roche, a turkey; Mr. T. Toohy, a turkey and a goose; Mrs. Kennedy, a roast of beef; Mr. O'Meara (market lane) cutlets; Mr. Thomas Phelan, 4 geese; Mr. Mountjoy, a lot of oranges; Mrs. Gadeena, a lot of woolen goods for children; Mr. Howe, a half beef; Mrs. P. Cleary, 5 rolls of butter; Mrs. Mulken, a turkey and a goose; Mr. O'Higgins, a fine lot of groceries; Mr. Geo. Johnston, two bags of apples; Mr. McCarthy (cemetery) 3 bags of turkeys and 3 longones; our good friend, Mr. Twomey, of Amherstburg, \$20.00; Mr. Gibbons, a quantity of nice woolen goods for the children.

The collection taken up by the orphans at the masses in St. Peter's and St. Mary's churches on New Year's Day amounted to \$164.17.

SEPARATE SCHOOLS.

Hamilton Times, Dec. 20.

Yesterday afternoon a convention of Separate School teachers was held at the Convocation Hall, on Park street north, at which Inspector Donovan, M. A., presided. The teachers assembled represented Hamilton, Brantford, Dundas, Oakville and vicinity, to the number of about 50. The meeting lasted about three hours, in the course of which various educational matters were discussed. The principal feature of the meeting was an address by the Inspector on methods of teaching, reading, spelling, arithmetic, grammar, writing and geography, concluding with a short essay on the utility of the study of history, all of which was well received. In the course of the coming school term the Inspector intends, as he proceeds with his work of inspection, to hold similar conventions in such centres as St. Catharines, London, Chatham and elsewhere. Assemblies of this kind are naturally productive of good, and judging from the interest already taken, there is every reason to expect good results in the future. Inspector Donovan starts on his western tour about the middle of next month.

KIND WORDS.

Rev. P. Rey, P. P., Uptergrove:—"I have always recommended your paper both publicly and privately. I shall do so still more. They say the Record is dearer than other papers, but I say it is worth more than it costs us. It is too dear to us to look to a few cents with regret."

P. Devine, Esq., Renfrew:—"I have much pleasure in thus devoting to the CATHOLIC RECORD the first of my New Year's labor and at the same time to wish you and it a very happy New Year. I enclose a year's subscription and desire to have the RECORD sent to Cornelius Kennedy, Adamston P. O., County Renfrew, Ont."

Michael Foran, Esq., Aylmer, Que.:—"I have been taking your valuable paper since it was first started, and would not be without it for a great deal." T. O'Flaherty, Esq., Stratford:—"Every Catholic family would have the RECORD if they were like me. There is no paper they should have before it. It is the only paper we have to fight our battles."

The Monk and His Lord.

A legend of the olden time, When Holy Church was in her prime, Tells of a monk, unknown to fame; No ancient record holds his name: His daily task, the meal to spread On which his holy brothers fed. As his cell he mused one day, Just as he bowed himself to pray, The blessed Saviour from on high Appeared before his wondering eye. A gracious smile was on His face, His radiant presence filled the place. The monk knelt down in humble prayer, Delighted, for his Lord was there. As thus he worshipped in his cell, High noon had come; he heard the bell That called him forth the meal to spread On which each day his brothers fed. What shall he do? That gracious face, While he is gone may leave the place. He heard the call; to duty went, And when his hour of toil was spent, Released from duty by the bell, Came quickly to his humble cell. His patient Lord still lingered there, With pleasant smile and gracious air. Then first He lifts the golden crozier, These words the words the Master spoke: "Hast thou been false to duty's call, Thou hadst not found me here at all." So runs the legend; doubt who will, But blessing woe his brother still, And he who serves his duty best, Gets nearer God than all the rest.

WINNY.

Stranger to Canada, I think you said? First visit to Ontario? Well, you're heartily welcome to Indian Creek. Take a chair on the piazza till dinner's ready—we dine early in these new-world parts. Fine farm? Well, yes; Indian Creek is a nice place, if I do own it. All, as far as you can see—grass-land, corn fields, woods and creeks—all call to it. Stook too—they call it the best-stocked farm in Ontario, I believe, and I dare say they're right. All mine; and yet I came to Canada twelve years ago, without even the traditional half-crown in my trousers pocket. You look surprised. Would you like to hear the story? There's a good half-hour to dinner time yet, and it's a story I never tired of telling, somehow.

I began life as the son of a village carpenter in the South of England. You know that class pretty well, I dare say, and what a gulf was fixed between me and the vicar of the parish. And yet—and yet—from the time she was seven years old and I eleven, she fell down in the dusty road outside the carpenter's shop, and I picked her up, and smoothed the little crumpled pinafore, and kissed the dust out of her golden curls. I loved but one girl in the world and that was the vicar's daughter, Winny Branscombe.

Madness, you'll say. Well, perhaps so. And yet a man is but a man, and a woman a woman; and loves come, whatever one may do. There's no class distinction recognized by childhood, and we were playmates and friends till she went to the boarding school. If Miss Winny had had mother, no doubt things would have been very different, but we were alike in never knowing a woman's care, and the old vicar was blind to everything but his theological treatises. But when she came back from her London boarding-school, a beautiful young lady, all smiles and graces and little lovely ways—then I knew. I had tried my best to study and work, and make myself more like the men she would meet; but what can a lad in an English village do? I just had enough education to make every other lad in the place hate me; and beside the man of her world I suppose I cut rather an astonishing figure. Yet the love of her was so beyond all else in me, that mad, hopeless as I felt it, I had no power over myself; and the first time I caught her alone in the woods—she avoided me, I saw, and I had to watch for a chance—I told her the whole story, and waited for her answer. She grew scarlet—a rush of color that did her fair sweet face—then deathly white.

"Dick," she said, and she was trembling from head to foot, "you know it can never, never be; you know you are wrong even to dream of such a thing. Some girls would think it an insult—I know you better; but if my father heard of this he would say you had abused his kindness to you; he would never forgive you. Forget your madness." And she ran from me. I let her go. I had seen the blush and the tremor, and I guessed that if I had been Mr. Loftus, the young squire, instead of Dick Hawtry, the carpenter's son, her answer might have been different. A great resolve sprang up in my soul, and I took a solemn vow in those June woods. That very night I sold the old shop my father was dead and I had taken to the business; and with the money I bought an outfit, and started straight for Canada. It was pretty tough work at first, but I worked like a galley-slave—stayed, and pinched and saved, and never spent a penny on myself except for the books I sat up half the night to read and study. Well, in this country the man who works and doesn't drink is sure to get on; and I had a mighty purpose in my head. By-and-by I

bought some land dirty cheap, and sold it for three times what I gave for it—then I began to make money fast. I should call my luck wonderful if I believed in luck, and didn't prefer to think I was helped by a power far abler than my own. At last, ten years to the very day after I set foot on Canadian soil, I bought Indian Creek Farm, and began to build this house. All the neighbours thought my good fortune had turned my brain, for I fitted it up and furnished it for a lady, down to a little rocking-chair by my study table, and a work basket with a tiny gold thimble in it. And when all that was finished I took the first ship for Liverpool.

Ten years builds a city over here. It doesn't make much change in a Devonshire village. The very gates were still half off their hinges, as I had left them, only the people were a little older and a trifle more stupid, and there was a new vicar. Old Mr. Branscombe had been dead six months; died very poor, they told me, there was nothing left for Miss Winny. My heart gave one great leap when I heard that. And Miss Winny? Oh, she had gone governing with some people who were just off to Canada, and the ship sailed to-morrow for Liverpool.

The Liverpool express never seemed to crawl so slowly before. I got there to find every berth taken on board the Antarctic, and the captain raging at the non-appearance of two of the crew. Without a second's pause I offered for one of the vacant places. I was as strong as a horse, and active enough, and though the captain eyed me rather askance—I had been to a West End tailor on my way through London—he was too glad to get me to ask any questions. So I sailed on the ship with my girl, little as she knew it. I saw her the first day or two, looking so pale and thin that she was like the ghost of her old self, and yet sweeter to my eyes than ever before. The children she had charge of were troublesome little creatures, who worried and badgered her till I longed to cuff them well. But there was a gentleness and a patience about her quite new to my idea of Miss Winny, and I only loved her the more for it. After the second day out the wind freshened, and I saw no more of her.

We had an awful passage. It was late in November—an early winter, and the cold was intense. It blew one continuous gale, and some of our machinery was broken—the screw damaged—and we could not keep our course. As we drew near the other side of the Atlantic, we got more and more out of her bearings, and at last the logs told us we were somewhere off the banks of Newfoundland, but where, no one was quite sure. At all events, it was hardly a surprise to me when, on the tenth night, just after midnight, the awful crash and shock took place—a sensation which no one who has not felt it can imagine in the least—and we knew that the Antarctic had struck. It's a fearful thing if you come to think of it, a great steamer filled with living souls in the full flow of life and health, and in one moment the call coming to each of them to die. Before you could have struck a match the whole ship was in a panic—cries, terror, confusion, agony—O, it was awful! I trust never to see such a scene again. I made my way through it all as if I had neither eyes nor ears, and got to the stateroom I had long ago found out was the one which belonged to my girl. I knocked at the door with a heavy hand; even at that awful moment a thrill ran through me at the thought of standing face to face with her again.

"Winny!" I cried, "come out! make haste! there is not a moment to lose!" The door opened just as I spoke, and she stood just within, ready dressed even to her little black hat. The cabin light had been left burning by the doctor's orders, and it fell full on me as I stood there in my sailor's jersey and cap. I wondered if she would know me. I forgot the danger we were in—forgot that death was waiting close at hand—forgot that the world held any one but just her and me. "Dick!" she cried—"Oh, Dick, Dick!" and she fell forward in a dead faint on my shoulder.

All my senses came back then, and I threw her over my arms and ran for the deck. A great fur-lined cloak had been dropped by the door of the ladies' cabin. There was no light, but I stumbled over it as I ran. I snatched it up and carried it with me. Up above all was in the wildest chaos; the boats over-filled, and pushing off; the ship settling rapidly; people shouting, crying, swearing. One hears tales of calmness and courage often enough at such times, which makes one's heart glow as one reads them; but there was not much heroism shown in the wreck of the Antarctic. The captain behaved splendidly, and so did some of the passengers, but the majority of them and the crew were mad with terror, and lost their heads altogether.

I saw there was not a chance for the overcrowded boats in that sea, and I sprang for the rigging. I was not a second too soon; a score of others followed my example, and with my precious burden I should not have a chance two minutes later. As it was I scrambled to the topmast, and got a firm hold there. Winny was just coming to herself. I had wrapped her round like a baby in the fur cloak, and with my teeth I opened my knife to cut a rope which hung loose within reach. With this I lashed her to me, and fastened as both to the topmast. The ship sank gradually; she did not keel over, or I should not be telling you the story now; she settled down, just her decks above water, but the great seas washed over it every second, and swept it clean. The boats had gone.

One or two of the crew floating on loose spars were picked up afterwards—no more. The rigging was pretty full, at least in the upper part; down below the sea was too strong. The captain was near me. I felt glad to think he had been saved—he was not a coward like some of the others.

How long was the longest night you ever knew? Multiply that by a thousand, and you will have some idea of that night's length. The cold was awful. The spray froze on the sheets as it fell. The yards were slippery with ice. I stamped on Winny's feet to keep them from freezing. Did you notice that I limp a little? I shall walk lame as long as I live. Sometimes there was a splash in the black water below, as some poor fellow's stiffened hold relaxed, and he fell from his place from the rigging. There was not a breath of wind, nothing but the bitter fog. How long could we hold out? Where were we? How long would the ship be before she broke up? Would it be by drowning or by freezing? We asked ourselves these questions again and again, but there was no answer. Death stared us in the face, we seemed to live ages of agony in every minute—and yet, will you believe me, that all seemed little in comparison to the thought that after all the struggles and the sorrows, after all those ten long and weary years, I held my girl in my arms at last.

She had pulled one corner of the cloak around my neck (I stood on a level just below her) and her hand lay there with it—it was the hand that warmed me more than the cloak—and her cheek rested against my own. Often I thought its coldness was the coldness of death, and almost exulted in the thought that we should die together. And then I would catch the murmur of the prayers she was muttering for us both, and knew that life was there still, and I hope lived too.

Well, well! Why should I dwell on such horrors, except to thank the mercy that brought us through them all? Day dawned at last; and there was the shore near by, and soon rockets were fired, and ropes secured, and one by one the half-dead living were drawn from their awful suspension between sky and sea and landed safe on shore. They had to take Winny and me together, just as we were, and even then they had hard work to undo the clasp of my stiffened arms about her. I knew nothing then, not for long after; and it is wonderful that Winny was the first to recover, and that it was she who nursed me back to life and reason.

And how did I ask her to marry me? Upon my word, now you say, I can't remember that I ever did. That seemed utterly unnecessary somehow. Caste distinctions looked small enough when you have been staring death in the face for a few hours; and words were not much needed after we had been together in the rigging that night. Somehow I was glad it was so; glad my girl had taken me, in my cap and jersey, for a common sailor, and yet loved old Dick through it all; glad she never dreamed I was owner of Indian Creek farm, and the richest man in that end of Ontario, and had wealth and a position higher than Mr. Loftus, the young squire at home. The people she was with had all gone down on that awful night; she had no one in the world but me. We were married at Montreal—the captain of the Antarctic gave her away—and then I brought her home to Indian Creek. To see her face when she saw the rocking-chair, and the work-basket and the thimble! Heaven bless her!

There she comes, with her baby on her shoulder. Come in to dinner, friend, and you shall see the sweetest wife in the new country or the old; the girl I won amid the ocean surges.—Bright Days.

A STINGING SENSATION IN THROAT AND PALATE called heartburn, and oppression at the pit of the stomach after eating, are both the offspring of dyspepsia. Alkaline salts like carbonate of soda may relieve but cannot remove the cause. A lasting remedy is to be found in Northrop & Lyman's Vegetable Discovery and Dyspeptic Cure. Those associate organs, the liver and bowels, benefit in common with their ally, the stomach, by the use of this benign and blood purifying remedy. Sold by Harkness & Co., Druggists, Dundas St.

THE CANADIAN GLENGLARY OVER FORTY YEARS AGO.

John Fraser, in Montreal True Witness, December 2.

Glenlary! Home of fair women and of brave men! Home of Canada's fairest and bravest! This is their memorial for all time. They may have been poor, so far as the world's wealth goes; but they were not wanting in that dignity of character which marks the Scotch Highlander, meet him where you may, no matter in what position of life. He is dignified and soldier-like in his bearing. He prides himself on belonging to a nation of soldiers, and that he can claim as his own those stern Scottish highlands, behind whose mountain barrier Roman eagles still found unconquered foes.

At the time of which we write the old martial feeling prevailed and predominated in Glenlary; both old and young took more delight in recounting or listening to the stories and the glories of past wars than in "renewing the plough," and many a young Norval then lived in those backwoods of Canada ready to follow to the field some warlike lord, but fortune or misfortune forbade.

It is now a little over forty years since our first visit. This happened a few years after the troubles of 1837 and 1838. We had seen a good deal of the Glenlary Highlanders before that visit, but we were ignorant of the homes in which they lived. To tell the truth we had formed very curious notions of them.

The writer, as a boy, had ridden among the staff officers of the 1st Regiment (Colonel Fraser's) in February, 1838, on their entrance to Montreal, preparatory to their being sent to the frontier. That was a grand reception and entrance; there were over one hundred double sleighs conveying the regiment. It was a perfect jam all the way from the Tanneries where Major—now Colonel David—met them with a guard of honor and escorted them to their temporary barracks in some old warehouses then standing near the present Custom House. We again met the same regiment at Beauharnois in November, 1838. Therefore we knew a little of what manner of men they were.

But, to our visit: It was early in the month of March. The winter roads were in good condition for sleighing. There were no railroads in those early days in Canada, except that short line between Laprairie and St. John's. Our conveyance was a single cutter and a smart horse. There were two of us; the distance was about eighty miles, which took two days to perform by easy stages, halting the first night at the old stage-rest at the Cedars.

In the early afternoon of the second day we reached the old inn at Laucaster, and informed the host that we were on a visit to Fraser's, the residence of Colonel Fraser, and obtained from him all information as to the roads. The country was then new to us. We followed his directions as to our destination, about three miles above Williamstown, a little after dark.

We had often heard that Fraserfield was one of the finest country residences in Upper Canada, but, really, we had no idea that so grand a building was to be found in the wilds of Glenlary as the one before which we drew up. It was a large two-story cut stone double house, situated in the centre of a block of land of 1,000 acres, and on our arrival was all ablaze—lighted up from "top to bottom" evidently a gay party was then assembled. We feared we might be looked upon as unwelcome guests, as we had not announced our visit; but we were not.

A large party had just seated themselves to dinner. We felt taken aback and wished our visit had been delayed a day later. A true Highland welcome greeted us, which soon made us feel at home. They were all Highlanders (including the lady) seated round that festive board. Every one, although personally strangers, appeared to know of us and about us, or, rather, they all knew the Lower Canadian home whence we came, therefore, as the saying is, we were soon put at our ease.

The merry-making at the time of our visit was to do honor to the meeting of old friends—North-Westers, Hudson Bay Company traders and old military men. Glenlary could then boast of a goodly number of the latter—veterans of the year of 1812. There were, in fact, at that time, nearly one hundred commissioned officers living in the county who had served in the two regiments during the rebellion—therefore the tone was military. There had been several dinner parties and balls previous to our arrival, and a few followed.

Let us try to picture and re-people that old dining-hall at Fraserfield as we entered and took our seats among that noted and dignified assemblage. There was the old lady, although personally strangers, appearing to know of us and about us, or, rather, they all knew the Lower Canadian home whence we came, therefore, as the saying is, we were soon put at our ease.

There were the Hon. George McTavish, of the H. B. Co., and Miss Cameron, father, we believe, of Dr. Grant, of Ottawa; Dr. McIntyre, now Sheriff at Cornwall; Col. Carmichael, of the Regular Army, then commanding on particular service at the Old Fort at the Coteau; old Hugh McGillivray, of Williamstown, uncle of John McGillivray of this city; old Mr. McDunnell, father of Dumnagles; the two McDunnells (Greenfield and Miles), we believe, were there; at least some members of these two families were present, and if we mistake not, old Captain Cattanauch was present, and several other gentlemen, not forgetting the ladies of the different families.

Every Glenlarian will recall and bring to mind the old names and, if they were not personally known to him, still he will recognize them as landmarks of his native county of a past generation.

The ravages of forty years have left but few remaining of the old or even of the young who had joined in that merry-making! The writer can only call to mind three names—hisself, namely: Sheriff McIntyre and his wife, Mrs. Pringle, of Judge Pringle, of Cornwall. These two were daughters of Colonel Fraser, being the only living members of his family. There may possibly be some of the younger members of the other families still living who were in that company but the writer is not aware of such.

We spent a few days with our kind friends and paid many visits to old friends of our family who had often visited our paternal home in Lower Canada. Among others we paid a visit to Father Mackenzie of the Kirk, at the Williamstown Manse, also to old St. Raphael's, to pay our respects to Father John Macdonald. By the way, if Glenlarians will remember that Colonel Fraser belonged to the Catholic Church.

There was a spot very dear to the writer, close by old St. Raphael's. It was the early childhood home of his mother. It was the spot on which his maternal grandfather had pitched his Canadian tent and erected his Glenlary Log House. This old log house was removed by the home and the church of that good old priest—the late Bishop Macdonald—whose first charge, we believe, was at St. Raphael's. Those dear old log houses of Canada! Those early homes of the fathers of an empire yet to be! Few of them now remain! They, like their occupants, have vanished or have gone down to dust, but we trust that the spots on which they stood will be held sacred by succeeding generations of Canadians.

That dear old Glenlary Log House! The writer's maternal grandfathers and grandmothers and his mother once lived there! Pause, reader, old or young, you may drop or withhold the willing tears; just fancy yourself standing on or close by a spot so sacred and hallowed by the same kindred ties to you as was this dear old Glenlary log house to the writer! What spot on earth could be more sacred!

The old grandmother of that Glenlary log house lived there till about her nineteenth year. She was the mother of Colonel Fraser. We saw her mother spinning wheel, one of those grand old spinning wheels of early Canadian days, and the knitting needles with which she had knitted pair after pair of warm stockings and woolen gloves for her two soldier boys while they were doing battle on the Niagara frontier for their king and their country during the war of 1812. The name might be said of hundreds of other Glenlary mothers. Many of those Glenlary garrulous boys were laid low on Queenston Heights, Lundy's Lane, Chippewa, and at the evacuation of old Fort George and other lesser fights in 1812.

This short sketch of a visit may prove interesting to many young Glenlarians, who have come to the front within the forty years, to read of a social gathering of early Canadian days, and the kindred ties to you as was this dear old Glenlary log house to the writer! What spot on earth could be more sacred! The old grandmother of that Glenlary log house lived there till about her nineteenth year. She was the mother of Colonel Fraser. We saw her mother spinning wheel, one of those grand old spinning wheels of early Canadian days, and the knitting needles with which she had knitted pair after pair of warm stockings and woolen gloves for her two soldier boys while they were doing battle on the Niagara frontier for their king and their country during the war of 1812.

PROTESTANT TRIBUTE TO THE CHURCH.

A Unitarian minister, the Rev. Charles A. Allen, after tracing the beneficent influence of the Church and the Papacy in past ages, renders this glowing tribute to the Church of to-day:

"The greatest peril that threatens our modern civilization is the selfish, willful individualism, which has no respect for the rights of others or for the laws of duty, and which makes a god of its own pleasure and caprice. It is the inevitable tendency of Protestantism when left to itself. And against this lawless liberty the Catholic Church bears its steadfast witness, even though it be with much that is superstitious, but maintaining in mystic symbolism that authority of law, whose home is the bosom of God and whose voice is the harmony of the universe."

"And, then, how much truer is the Catholic Church to that democratic spirit which once gave her the leadership of Europe! In her noble cathedrals, rich and poor are on a level; they are cared for in the same confessional; they are cared for in life and death by the same ministrations. All feel, whether high or low, that they are brethren in one Church, and are all at home in her hallowed shrines. Contrast the divisions, the feuds, the petty individualisms of the Protestant world! See how the rich are separated from the poor in their worship as in their homes, and how the religion often seems to become the privilege of those only who can buy a costly pew! See how the Protestant churches often become little select clubs, which live for their own enjoyment only, while the increasing multitudes of the poor and neglected become every year more godless."

See how few of the men and women of Protestant Churches give themselves to labors of charity and religion, with the devoted consecration of the Paulist and Jesuit Fathers and the Sisters of Mercy! Ought we not to be grateful to God that He has sustained the Catholic Church as a steadfast witness even to-day, for that practical Christianity to which Protestantism has often been false! May God give us humility, instead of the conceit which too often abounds in Protestant Churches, and may we be docile to learn the lessons of reverence, of humanity, and of a true brotherhood in religion, for which the Catholic Church is God's witness still, and without which our Protestant civilization is destined to perish in a worse catastrophe than that which befall the civilization of the ancient world!"

A PROTESTANT VIEW OF THE POPE'S ENCYCLICAL.

As we go to press we receive the full text of Leo XIII's encyclical "Concerning the Christian Constitution of States," on which we commented last week. Our understanding of it was correct. It is an excellent and sensible pastoral. Some of our very Protestant contemporaries are aghast over it (they are in the habit of setting up their aghastness whenever the Pope opens his mouth), and think it awful that the Pope should tell Catholics to take their part in political government. But we should be ashamed of any Protestant minister who would not say as much. The Archbishops of Canterbury and York have just issued a similar encyclical to English Churchmen. The Protestant writer has put a prayer meeting sort of go to a political primary, and advising all other Republican voters present to follow him.—Independent.

TWO HUNDRED DOLLARS A NIGHT.

Marshall, Ill., Church Progress. In these days of skepticism, caused by a great extent by the sensational tendencies of the pulpit, whence is driven all dogmatic Christianity, and establish in its place a metamorphosis of vain glory and other peculiarities that are calculated to "draw," not to correct vice or lead Christian life is difficult to distinguish truth from the slush of the pulpit.

St. Paul preached Christ crucified, and Him alone. Preachers now-a-days preach themselves by the most glowing terms. The terrors or rebtributions of wickedness are smoothly passed over, and only delights and future happiness are depicted to gaudy congregations. Hell and its torments sound too harsh for the general Christian to contemplate. A merciful God is adored and loved, but a just God is no longer known to members called themselves Christians. The joys of heaven are sought after and believed; but the torments of hell are not considered, and because of their doctrinal consistency in the Catholic Church, people would fain pronounce them out of the category of Christian doctrine. Every sinner in a while we learn of some fallen saint being resurrected from Satan's bondage, starts out to throw new life into Christianity, not by preaching the doctrine of the Bible, but doctrines of their own manufacture, which for awhile arouse the emotional faculties of communities, and place the name and fame of the preacher above the average apostle. The doctrines of Holy writ are too old to serve those new evangelists, and they have to pick up some special subject in consonance with the time and place, and treat it not in accordance with revelation, but according to the whims and fancies of the people.

Who but recollect the astonishing success that greeted Francis Murphy, the reformed penitentiary bird, a few years ago, and the crazy crowds that everywhere assembled to pay him homage. While he remained sober and preached temperance for good pay, all other preachers were left in the shade, and by many Christianity was confined to temperance. All other virtues were forgotten, or acquired or appreciated, while the "red" ribbon dangled on the breast of the Murphy.

Soon Francis disappeared from the arena of public oratory, and the craze of temperance crusaders died with him. For all we know he may be gone back to his cup to spend the money acquired by the temperance crusade. Another Moses lately appeared by the name of the "boy preacher," who was to lead his people from the bondage of sin to glory and renown. His name and fame were heralded the country over, so much so that many pious Christians thought they could never get to heaven unless aided by the "boy preacher," who, by the way, loved that youthful appellation while together burdened with a heavy mustache, together with a wife and several children. He kept it, because it was the name and not the doctrine that was "drawing" in the dime. He, too, has disappeared, and a single he did. His religion, of whatever kind it was, has disappeared with him, and perhaps the "boy" is now rejuvenating himself for another campaign to add to his purse.

Moody and Sanky, who revived the Protestant world, and in their time did more than St. Peter and Paul, are retired and nothing is left to tell us what good they accomplished, except the pictures exhibited in building rinks for the accommodation of their audiences. Another now holds the fort, and from a perusal of the daily papers, one would imagine Christianity depends on this genius for its existence. At present St. Louis is favored by his presence. Sam is his name, and preachers, as we say, are hanging on his lips and drinking from his fountain. He speaks plainly of hell and its punishment, but it is so lately since he left its torments in the effects of the wine cup, that we are of opinion all the snakes are not yet driven out of his own boots. However, his salary of two hundred dollars a night stands good, and while it does he will preach hell if it takes, or no hell if it suits better. He will, notwithstanding, keep alive a spirit of Christianity, and may enable the preachers to rise from their recumbent posture and learn to preach a crusade against vice that is fast eating the vitals of their religion.

While all those escapades are transpiring and dying, the grand old Mother Church preserves the even tenor of her way; her Bishops and priests attacking Satan's fortresses wherever they appear in bold outline, and the thunder of their spirit has to retire. In the camp of the Catholic Church there are to be found "temperance soldiers," who are not temperate, because it is fashionable, but because it is good and leads to salvation. They are at least 50,000 strong and rapidly increasing, while the "red" and "blue" ribbons have sunk into obscurity.

Our march is steady, our steps are sure, and our work is visible, and not emotional. While our priests advocate temperance, they do not neglect the necessity of acquiring and preaching other virtues, and are continually maintaining a steady fire on every species of vice that appear in their congregations. They strive to follow the Scriptural advice, "Be as simple as sermons and as simple as doves." Wisdom to discover the wily snares that the world, the flesh, and the devil creates to capture men's souls; simple in their life, to be true followers of the meek and humble Jesus.

Snug Little Fortunes may be had by all who are sufficiently intelligent and enterprising to embrace the opportunities which occasionally are offered them. Hallett & Co., Portland, Maine, have something new to offer in the line of work which you can do for them, and live at home. The profits of many are immense, and every worker is sure of success. Capital not required; you are started free; and particulars free. You had better write to them at once.

Worms often cause serious illness. The cure is Dr. Low's Worm Syrup. It destroys and expels Worms effectually.

A FASTIDIOUS PERSON.

N. Y. Freeman's Journal. "The subject of the religious training of children is one which must come before all others; but am I to send my children—whom I have no time to teach at home—to a parochial school, where he will meet unpleasant companions and inferior children, who can be of no use to him in future life?"

This is one paragraph from a letter which comes from Washington. The lady writing it continues: "In the public schools here one finds the nicest possible children. Many of the teachers are Catholics, and the parents of the children are often people in the Catholic and Protestant society here. The public schools are not now looked down on as they were by persons of social standing. I fear, too, that the children of the schools pray sometimes takes the place of study."

Naturally, these words are on a hurried paper, with ragged edges, and the seal bears a crest—all of which shows that our correspondent is a person of the highest Washington respectability, and highest social position. The fact that she writes so greatly, and makes us feel that some rude or unchristened word may escape from us on a subject which is the Great one of the present time—Catholic education.

Our aristocratic correspondent writes of the male sex, we might say that she writes "as a fool," but there are no fools of the falser sex. "The fool saith in his heart there is no God." But our correspondent comes as near to saying the contrary as any woman can.

She puts things of this world—and very doubtful things—before that God in whose presence she believes. She admits that she has "no fear" of the Lord, and she has heart there is no God." But our correspondent comes as near to saying the contrary as any woman can. She puts things of this world—and very doubtful things—before that God in whose presence she believes. She admits that she has "no fear" of the Lord, and she has heart there is no God." But our correspondent comes as near to saying the contrary as any woman can.

Public schools in Washington are very much like public schools everywhere else. They are—as to the buildings—large and clean; as to teachers, respectable so far as they go; as to the pupils, pronouncedly honest man slits on the same bench as the child of the thief, the equality of the bodies of the pupils being supposed to be as perfect as the equality of the mind. Where the "niceness" of this arrangement comes in we find it hard to see. Perhaps our aristocratic correspondent's perception of its "niceness" may be heightened by the fact that she is not called on to pay for the privileges of public school education. Here the peculiar school advantages offered by the public schools of Washington are no better and no worse than those of the public schools elsewhere.

Even the parochial schools, we admit, that our correspondent will find the much frequented by the children of the "Irish," or, as our refined correspondent would doubtless say, of the "low Irish." But we may remind her that, even from her point of view, these schools have certain advantages on that account. In the child who looks on Christ's Church in Washington, where, as we all know, society is so exclusive that nobody less than a lobbyist is ever admitted, she may occasionally meet persons with Irish names. As a social investment for the future, she will find the parochial school perhaps better than the public school.

But, apart from this, which she we probably regard as unbecomingly parochial, or, in English, "chaff," the parochial school has one great advantage: it is founded to teach children that there is God and the Church; it is founded to perpetuate the work for which Our Lord died. It is a school for Christians. It is the child's first lesson in the doctrine of the cross. He is inspired with firmer faith by every breath he draws in a Catholic school. The Crucifix is before him. He is reminded of the Annunciation when the Angelus strikes. He can not forget for a moment that he is a Christian. Our correspondent translates this into the English of the parochial school, where prayers sometimes takes the place of study."

And why not? What comes of the "seven years' study in public schools which the pupil has learned the three R's more or less, and that, although has a smattering of various things, he has to learn to look on Christ's Church as the child's first lesson in the doctrine of the cross. He is inspired with firmer faith by every breath he draws in a Catholic school. The Crucifix is before him. He is reminded of the Annunciation when the Angelus strikes. He can not forget for a moment that he is a Christian. Our correspondent translates this into the English of the parochial school, where prayers sometimes takes the place of study."

Admitting, for the sake of our amiable correspondent, that there are more ragged jackets and poorer children in parochial schools: is contact with ragged jackets and poverty the worst things a child can fear for his child, or even a likelihood of unchristianity? Is not doubt, or hardness of heart toward God, or ignorance of Christian doctrine, worse than these things? A little carelessness in dress, or even a touch of the brogue—which some inhabitants of the United States, like our correspondent seem to fear worse than hell—cannot overcome. But how can the seeds of unbelief be kept from germinating in a so congenial to them? If our correspondent was to bring her son back to the Church after having submitted him to the dangers of losing his Faith. If she admits honestly that "the subject of religious training should come before all others," she has no choice but to send her child to parochial school, even at the risk of losing the "whole world" in the future. But people who understand the present world know well that the risk is apparent to her, because she wants to find an excuse for refusing to follow her plain duty God and his children.

There are many like her, both men and women. For their benefit, we answer publicly.

Scotts Emulsion of Pure Cod Liver Oil, with Hypophosphites. Its Remarkable as a Flesh Producer. The increase of flesh and strength perceptible immediately after commencing to use the Emulsion. The Cod Liver Oil emulsified with the Hypophosphites is most remarkable for its health strengthening, and flesh-producing qualities.

A FASTIDIOUS PERSON.

N. Y. Freeman's Journal. "The subject of the religious training of children is one which must come before all others; but am I to send my child—whom I have no time to teach at home—to a parochial school, where he will meet unpleasent companions and inferior children, who can be of no use to him in future life?"

"In the public schools here one finds the nicest possible children. Many of the teachers are Catholics, and the parents of the children are often people in the best Catholic and Protestant society here. The public schools are not now looked down upon as they were by persons of social standing. I fear, too, that in the parochial schools prayer sometimes takes the place of study."

Naturally, these words are on hot-pressed paper, with ragged edges, and the seal bears a crest—all of which shows that our correspondent is a person of the highest Washington respectability, and impresses us greatly, and makes us fear that some rude or unchristian word may escape from us on a subject which is the Great one of the present time—Catholic education.

If our aristocratic correspondent were of the male sex, we might say that she writes like a fool; but there are no fools of the fairer sex. "The fool saith in his heart there is no God." But our correspondent comes as near to saying the same thing as any woman can.

She puts things of this world—and very doubtful things—before that God in whom she professes to believe. She admits that she has "no time" to teach her children the principles and practices of the Christian religion, or anything else, but she is willing to sacrifice some practices for certain very imaginary social advantages.

THE LATE ARCHBISHOP BOURGET.

THREE MIRACULOUS CURES PERFORMED BY HIM WHILE LIVING.

The following were communicated to La Presse, of Montreal, testifying to the remarkable miraculous cures performed by the late Archbishop Bourget before his death: Thérèse Senecal, wife of Samuel Chagnon, merchant of the parish of St. Paul l'Hermitte, diocese of Montreal, certifies that for several years she suffered considerably from cancer on the left breast.

The following certificate from the parish priest accompanies the letter: "I certify that the copy is the same as the original, that I had the happiness of depositing the facts in the archives of the Episcopal Palace of Montreal."

Another letter was received stating that Hermine Archambault, wife of Edouard Chaput, tinsmith, of the parish of St. Paul l'Hermitte, Diocese of Montreal, alleges that her child, a little girl named Stephanie, aged thirteen months, was afflicted with a great disease of a serious nature, and the most eminent counsils could do nothing to cure the child.

As to the parochial schools, we admit that our correspondent will find them much frequented by the children of the "Irish," or, as our refined correspondent would doubtless say, of the "low Irish."

But, apart from this, which she will probably regard as unbecomingly parochial, or, in English, "chaff," the parochial school has one great advantage: it is founded to teach children that there is God and the Church; it is founded to perpetuate the work for which Our Lord died.

Admitting, for the sake of our amiable correspondent, that there are more ragged jackets and poorer children in parochial schools; is contact with ragged jackets and poverty the worst thing she has to fear for her child, or even a little rudeness or uncouthness?

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CONFESSORS IN MADAGASCAR.

EDIFYING FIDELITY AND PERSISTENCE OF THE NATIVE CHRISTIANS.

The kindness of a correspondent enables us to let our readers have the following glimpse of the persecuted and faithful Catholics of Madagascar. A flock without a shepherd, the native Catholics still meet together as we described at length in our issue of September 12th, and every Sunday assemble, and though without the possibility of the reality of the Sacrifice, sing their part of the Mass as though a priest was present.

It is often noticed that when a boy writes a composition, and endeavors to imitate the style of his model, he only succeeds in reproducing the faults of that model, and not the excellences.

There is one vice of men which boys are most prone to imitate, because it is the most exaggerated of all the vices; it forces itself most on the attention of all; it is loudest and most public in its demonstrations. This is the horrible vice of Intemperance.

Perhaps nothing is more self-evident to the ordinary Protestant mind than that blood-curdling spells prosperity. Catholic countries, as a result of their religion, are always poor; Protestant countries, as a result of theirs, are always well-to-do.

A change came with the Reformation. Two boys were then struck at the property of the workman, from which he has not yet recovered. These were the confiscation of the guilds and other spoliation by Henry VIII. and his successor, and the debasement of the coinage.

There is an anecdote told of a certain priest who once happened to be riding a spirited young horse along a road in Ireland. His reverence whilst thus engaged was met by two gentlemen who had lately been raised to the magistracy of the county, and being in a gay humor, they thought they would amuse themselves by quizzing him.

Orpha M. Hodge, Battle Creek, Mich., writes: I upset a tea-kettle of boiling hot water on my hand. I at once applied Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil, and the effect was to immediately allay the pain. I was cured in three days.

"GOD BLESS THE CATHOLIC CHURCH."

Church Progress.

Such is the tribute paid to the labors of the Church by the phenomenal revivalist, Sam Jones, in one of his special sermons in St. Louis. We cannot help expressing our admiration of the wonderful change that has operated on the minds of Protestant people, to stand such an expression, even in the mouth of an eccentric Methodist exhorter.

It is a young man of twenty-five who speaks thus, and it is, thanks to him, that one of the four parishes of the capital goes on so well. He teaches the school there and presides over the religious ceremonies with a zeal and fervor that excite the admiration; he has no equal in the talent of teaching and directing religious music.

It is natural for boys to desire to attain to the dignity and importance of manhood. The ambition is a natural one; and, if properly directed, must be productive of good, as its tendency is to make the youthful character more energetic and properly self-reliant.

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CHILDREN THAT ARE DEAD.

Catholic Columbian.

The dead, who battle with life for years, are prayed for, at least by some; but who thinks of the youth gone from us? These live to be capable of committing sin, and then die. There is a foolish love for them which prevents the thought of this class of our dead needing the aid of our prayers and good works.

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THE FRENCH CANADIANS.

Now that the French Canadian people are receiving much attention from classes not specially friendly, it will, we think, prove interesting to our readers to peruse a letter which appeared in the Buffalo Courier of Nov. 13th:

To the Editor of the Courier: The poet of the Sierras, Joaquin Miller, spent his summer vacation in Canada two years ago. In one of his letters, written from Quebec, he said: "I have discovered a land here less known to Americans than the remotest parts of Europe."

I think, indeed, that if the French-Canadians were better known, the tone of our city press in their regard would be different. Permit me to assure your readers by asserting here—and give my word for it—that the French-Canadians are not opposed to vaccination nor even to isolation in case of epidemic.

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London, Saturday, Jan. 9, 1886.

CALENDAR FOR JANUARY. 1 Circumcision of our Lord. Holiday of Obligation. 2 St. Stephen, Apostle.

We have just received the following letter that speaks for itself:— St. Boniface, Man., Dec. 31, '85.

AN IMPORTANT DOCUMENT.

We are this week enabled to publish in full His Lordship Mgr. Fabre's pastoral, announcing and proclaiming to his dioceses the papal encyclical Immortale Dei.

OUR VERY DEAR BROTHERS.—On the 1st of November last our most Holy Father the Pope issued one of those solemn documents, which are destined to make their mark in the Catholic world.

ferred on it by Jesus Christ. In questions of mixed rights it is fully confirmable to nature as well as to the designs of God not to separate the one power from the other, much less to place them in conflict, but even to establish between them that concord which is in harmony with the special attribute which each society from its nature holds.

The liberty of Catholics should not pass these limits; beyond that it becomes license, a liberty of perdition. It is in favor of the liberty above defined, that the Church has always fought.

Catholics of our days should only act in this manner, but in fulfilling their delicate mission they are held to devote themselves to the study of the country, to conserve harmony of thought, and direct every step towards uniformity of action, taking in so doing as a rule of conduct the prescriptions of the Apostolic see and obedience to the bishops.

When an optional question happens to come up for consideration, it is allowable to enter into a moderate discussion with a view to ascertaining the truth, but in so doing unjust suspicions and reciprocal accusations must be avoided.

In all these instructions our Holy Father the Pope repeats with more energy than ever the grand ideas of authority and submission to it which all subjects owe it. Authority comes from God Himself, and to those who are its depositaries he teaches their duty to the church and to their children.

Before, in other solemn circumstances, the august Leo XIII. proclaimed these same teachings, this union of Catholics with those to whom the Holy Spirit has entrusted the government of God's church, and if there ever was a time when this union was necessary and circumstances which called for it, it is this time of ours and the circumstances in which we find ourselves in Canada.

How far are we from the wise counsels and prudent regulations of the Immortale Dei? How they will groan in future who, through the press or by other means, have contributed to cause the Catholics of this country to forget those traditions of order which they respected?

while proclaiming themselves Catholic and subject to the church, they spread defiance to the authorities, apply themselves to oppose the authorities and show too much ambition to supplant by all possible means those against whom they direct their accusations.

It is time for us to arrest ourselves on the decline upon which it is attempted to draw up and that we return to wise ideas, to a prudent and reasonable conduct.

Leo XIII., whose great teachings we have just learned, gives to all the rules which we have to follow—respect for authority and in the protests which we may make against certain of its measures, moderation and Christian charity.

Be the present moment as well as the encyclical letter Immortale Dei of our Most Holy Father Pope Leo XIII., read and made public at the sermon in all parish and other churches where public office is held, as well as at the chapel houses of the religious communities the first Sunday after its reception and the following Sunday.

By order of Monsignor T. HABEL, priest, Chancellor.

We learn from the Post that "Vicar-General Marsechal, who read the pastoral at the Cathedral, said he had been specially instructed and authorized by Mgr. Fabre to warn them that no political party should attempt to make use of the pastoral against another political party.

Not content with having, through his Vicar-General, disclaimed any purpose of stigmatizing any political party, or reprobating the constitutional procedure of any body of citizens, His Lordship, in a circular to the clergy, which it is we are told, his desire in so far as it bears on this point to be made public, states:—"Since the publication of my pastoral of the 15th instant, I have been informed from different sources that a wrong interpretation had been given to my words.

La Presse, a leading Conservative journal, thus speaks of the Bishop's pastoral.

At an election for members of the Italian Chamber of Deputies, held at Pavia on Dec. 27th, a former revolutionary editor now undergoing a sentence of seven years' imprisonment for threatening the ministry, was elected.

Rev. A. BECHARD, an ecclesiastical student of this diocese, was, at the Christmas ordination in the Montreal Seminary, raised to the dignity and office of sub-deacon.

DISTRESSING NEWS FROM IRELAND.

There is famine again in the west. Sorely afflicted as is all Ireland by the terrible evils of a grinding landlordism, no portion of that ill-fated country suffers as does its western coast, when a hard year really sets in.

Mr. Brady, the Government inspector of fisheries, is trying to fit out two sea-worthy boats to obtain cheap food for the western islanders, by fishing in deep water.

This is a picture not drawn by an Irishman, but by an English correspondent. And thus it will ever be till Ireland has her own a legislature fostering and protecting native industries, giving Irishmen in Ireland occupation and work, with adequate compensation for their labor, and extending to all classes in that now famine stricken land not only the content and prosperity, but the ambition of a free state.

CATHOLICITY IN THE FAR WEST.

From Plainville, Kansas, we learn that since the arrival of the Rev. Father Pujos there, last July, a fine new church has been erected, the pride of the whole county and the crown of many sacrifices.

Besides the Church of the Sacred Heart at Plainville, Father Pujos has finished that of St. Thomas, at Stockton, and three other sites have been selected for church buildings in his mission.

SIGN OF THE TIMES.

At an election for members of the Italian Chamber of Deputies, held at Pavia on Dec. 27th, a former revolutionary editor now undergoing a sentence of seven years' imprisonment for threatening the ministry, was elected.

The Scotch Crofters are represented in the recently elected House of Commons by five members, Messrs. G. B. Clark, J. M. Cameron, Fraser MacIntosh, J. Macdonald, and Donald Macfarlane.

A GRAVE MISAPPREHENSION.

We have before us two statements concerning the influences that brought about the death of Riel, which put those who, like ourselves, attributed his execution to Orange influence, in a false position. The first is from the Ottawa Citizen of Dec. 19th:

"The Free Press, of last evening quotes the Ottawa correspondent of the Western Morning News (Plymouth, England) as an authority on the influence which prevailed to bring about the hanging of Riel. We are told by Riel's Ottawa organ that the correspondent in question is an experienced journalist (true for you, Mr. Free Press, and one of the ablest and most experienced in the country), and further that he cannot by any possibility be charged with Liberal leanings, (true again, every word of it). And what was the influence which the correspondent in question says prevailed with the Cabinet? Orange! Hear that, Sir Hector Langevin; hear that, Sir A. P. Caron; hear that, Mr. Chapleau; hear that, Mr. Costigan; hear that, Mr. Thompson; hear that, Mr. Smith—good Catholics all of you; you are under Orange control; the Orangemen have you by the throat; you were obliged to hang Riel to please them! Well, really, the representation is so absurd that we do not propose to deal seriously with it; suffice it to say that the Morning News' correspondent, a gentleman for whom personally we have the highest possible esteem, has proved, like many Grit journals, a very unreliable prophet. In the first place he was venturesome enough to predict that Riel would not be hanged, and then, after that despicable character had paid the penalty of his crimes, he discovered that the Orangemen, and they alone, were responsible for his 'taking off'!!"

The second is from a friend in the Maritime Provinces, who says:—"That the Orangemen have made efforts to influence the government, I am prepared to believe, but that they had any effect in determining the government in the course that has been taken, I certainly am not that you should hold this notion up to the contempt they deserve is only right, but by acknowledging that they influenced the government in this affair is placing them in a position that neither their influence nor importance justify. Again, Sir, you pay scant courtesy to our Catholic ministers in the government. I know some of them intimately, and all by reputation, and by any act of theirs they never deserved such wholesale condemnation. There is one of them, at least, who is like Caesar's wife. I mean the present minister of justice, whom even his bitterest enemy would never attach a latent suspicion of actual wrong."

Of these two statements, the first places a respectable conservative, and the second himself, in a very false and unjust position. We pretend to know something of constitutional government, and our knowledge, limited as it may be, leads us to the conviction that we could charge the government, as a whole, with being influenced by the Orange sentiment, without so charging each of the ministers mentioned by the Citizen—and especially the minister of whom our Haligonian friend speaks in terms deservedly high.

And we further maintain that no Catholic can extend support to a government that would acknowledge or act on such a principle. The government owes it to the country to disclaim any such purpose in its formation or composition. If at the coming session of Parliament it take this mainly course it will win general sympathy and reassure the minds of thousands of its supporters, now seriously disturbed in spirit by declarations such as those of Bro. Stevenson, made publicly and without fear of contradiction, in the broadest of broad daylight.

A FIREBRAND CORRESPONDENT

We were, we must confess, deeply pained to read in a late issue of that Catholic journal, L'Estimable, a communication from the State of Vermont, signed "Frontenac." That writer said:—"Mgr. Rappe, former Bishop of Cleveland, Ohio, persecuted by Irish and German priests, abandoned his apostolic see and came to reside with his old friend Vicar-General Druon. Thence he preached several missions in Montreal and the United States. Mgr. Rappe was a veritable saint. An admirable zeal devoured him, an indomitable energy urged him to accomplish all for God. Let us hope that his history may be one day written. Now this saint was a Frenchman. This was sufficient to bring down on him the jealousy of other nationalities. He was his victim. However, God, who draws good from evil, desired that his servant should accomplish other works, and execute other missions in the interests of Catholics, and for the glorification of the faith. The lands of Lake Champlain, the island of Lamotte, and others, being without churches, Mgr. Rappe set himself to work to build a suitable temple to God, and, in spite of every obstacle, succeeded. The holy Bishop of Cleveland passed away in doing good. His great soul, now in heaven, intercedes for the Green Mountain Catholics, in favor of whom he sacrificed exclusively the last years of a life so fecund, so generous, so ardent and so Christian."

While joining heart and soul in the eulogy pronounced on Mgr. Rappe, we must say that, taken as a whole, anything more un-Catholic than the above we have not for a long time read. Here we see not alone the Irish and German clergy virulently and unjustly assailed,

we claim exclusive possession of political honesty. We give credit to all men for the latter, till we know the contrary of any of them. Neither do we write now, nor have we ever written on this subject, out of mere hostility to the Dominion government. We can well understand the grave difficulties that confronted the administration in reference to Riel's execution, but we are in this, free country free to hold and express an opinion as to the wisdom or unwisdom of its course.

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but the Holy See, which acquiesced in Bishop Rappe's resignation, inferentially commended. We do not propose to enter into a discussion of Bishop Rappe's resignation. Roma locuta est, causa finita est. But we do protest against such charitable and un-Catholic attacks on the foregoing on bodies of clergy compare favorably with any in the world. Not alone in Cleveland, but throughout the Union, the Irish and German clergy are characterized, as a body, by the discharge of their duties and the utmost kindness in their dealings with priests and peoples of other origins.

THE CALUMNY NAILED AND A CALUMNIATOR CORNERED.

In the issue of the Irish Canadian of 17th of December last, appeared the following:— Speaking, however, of a change of front on the part of a somersault executive gentleman who runs the RECORD, one time this consistent gentleman out of his way on evil bent, William malice and ferocity that would put to blush its worst enemies, he launched his vengeful shafts against the editor of the RECORD, a man connected with even virtuous and patriotic women terms not only bitter, but vile. This in the days when the Land League was its infancy—when it was weak and struggling—yet that was the time selected for the editor of the RECORD to deal it a blow below the belt—to assassinate a movement so full of hope and promise to the Irish people. But the RECORD survived the assaults of its enemies—this gentleman's stab included—had accomplished its mission and behind a successor capable of completing the work which it had begun. It was the dangerous move to attack the RECORD, for the editor of the RECORD farms where he dare not farm. And yet this is the gentleman who of changing front."

This foul slander we met, on the 1st of the same month, by a straightforward and indignant denial:—"The statement made in the Irish Canadian of last week that the editor of the RECORD is a fabrication of the vile, deliberate and malicious character of the editor of the RECORD. We are not indeed of those whose purpose is that of a mouthing and windy chaff and a marketable commodity, but a man of the table, and a young lawyer like him, and by influence that had been brought to bear he had been raised to occupy the judicial bench. He hoped ere long to see Bro. White, of Hastings, also raised to be one of the Cabinet Ministers. His steady loyalty was deserting of it. He had always been true."

Is not this speech, made by a representative Orangeman, a full and complete vindication of our course? We protest against the Orange organization or any other secret society being, as such, represented in the Cabinet at Ottawa. And we further maintain that no Catholic can extend support to a government that would acknowledge or act on such a principle. The government owes it to the country to disclaim any such purpose in its formation or composition. If at the coming session of Parliament it take this mainly course it will win general sympathy and reassure the minds of thousands of its supporters, now seriously disturbed in spirit by declarations such as those of Bro. Stevenson, made publicly and without fear of contradiction, in the broadest of broad daylight.

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but the Holy See, which acquiesced in
Bishop Rappaport's resignation, inferentially
condemned. We do not propose to en-
ter into a discussion of Bishop Rappaport's
retirement. Roma locuta est, causa finita
est. But we do protest against such un-
charitable and un-Catholic attacks as
the foregoing on bodies of clergy that
compare favorably with any in the world.
Not alone in Cleveland, but throughout
the Union, the Irish and German clergy
are characterized, as a body, by zeal in
the discharge of their duties and the
utmost kindness in their dealings with
priests and people of other origins. We
are sorry to see any Catholic writer ana-
tized by such a spirit as that of "Fron-
tenac." We trust that *L'Estandart* will
hereafter see that his letters are care-
fully revised before publication.

THE CALUMNY NAILED AND THE
CALUMNIATOR CORNERED.

In the issue of the *Irish Canadian* of the
17th of December last, appeared the
following:

Speaking, however, of a change of front,
reminds us of a somewhat executed by
the gentleman who runs the Record. At
one time this consistent gentleman went
out of his way on evil bent. With a
malice and ferocity that would put to the
 blush its worst enemies, he launched his in-
vectives against the Irish Land League,
and denounced all connected with it—
even virtuous and patriotic women—in
terms not only bitter, but vile. This was
in the days when the Land League was
in its infancy—when it was weak and strug-
gling—yet that was the time selected by
the editor of the CATHOLIC RECORD to
deal it a blow below the belt—to assas-
sinate a movement of the best and most
promising against the Irish people. But
the League survived the assaults of its enemies
—this gentleman's stab included—till it
had accomplished its mission and left
behind a successor capable of completing
the work which it had begun. It would
be dangerous now to attack the Irish
Land League; so the editor of the
Record fawns where he dare not frown.
And yet this is the gentleman who talks
of changing front."

This foul slander we met, on the 26th
of the same month, by a straightforward
and indignant denial:

"The statement made in the *Irish Cana-
dian* of last week that the editor of this
journal ever condemned or opposed the
Land League, is a fabrication of the most
vile, deliberate and malicious character.
We are not indeed of those whose patri-
otism is of a mouthing and windy character
and marketable commodity, but have ever
given Mr. Parnell from the day he first
assumed the leadership of the Irish
people till this very moment a loyal and
unwavering support. Nay, more, we feel
that we have not in the movement of
active assistance to the Irish nationalist
party lately inaugurated proved a stum-
bling block to its success. We have not put
ourselves forward as a leader and then
been forced by public opinion to step
down and out. We have contributed our
mite to the fund, invited others to do like-
wise, and given the movement an unself-
ish assistance."

How does the *Irish Canadian* meet our
denial? By proof of our guilt!
No, bless your soul, no—but by citing
Cardinal MacCabe's expressions, condemna-
tory of the Land League, and then asking
in mock triumph:

"Did the editor of the CATHOLIC RECORD,
at any time, refer to the subject touched
by his Eminence, and if so, was the refer-
ence a justification, or the reverse, of what
his Eminence had said?"

Untroubled by the question put us by
the man in the gap, we answer him thus:
"Sir, we can see no reason why you should
disturb the grave of a dead churchman, to
find even an apparent justification of your
charge against us. But as you have, in
your pretended zeal for the Irish cause,
seen fit to do so, we will say that we defy
you to find, in the entire seven volumes
of the Record, one single word approving
the late Cardinal MacCabe's course in Irish
politics. We did not, indeed, on account
of his exalted office and sacred person,
hold him up by name to opprobrium and
condemnation, although differing from
him, as widely as one mind can differ from
another, on questions of Irish politics.
For we hold that, as it would be, for in-
stance, an outrage to accuse the venerable
Archbishop of Toronto of misappropriating
school moneys, it was equally an im-
pertinence in us to dictate to Cardinal
MacCabe the course he should pursue in
Irish politics. But we do, sir, invite you
to read our opinions of the Land League
at the very time it was most opposed and
bitterly condemned. On the 15th of July,
1881, we wrote the following:

"It is the custom with certain journalists
to play all Irish troubles at the door
of the Land League. The League has
incited no one to disorder. One of
the chief causes of the disturbed state
of Ireland, apart from landlord tyranny, is
the incapacity of the Irish executive. Mr.
Forster, as Irish Chief-Secretary, is a com-
plete failure. Force cannot overcome
reason and justice, as some Englishmen
seem to think. The American thus puts
the Irish situation fairly:

"Of course the Land League is blamed
by the landlord organs on both sides of
the ocean, for Irish disorders. Up to the
passage of the Coercion Laws and the ar-
rest of Michael Davitt, the League had a
certain responsibility for the peace of the
country. Mr. Forster relieved them of
that responsibility when he sent their most
trusted leaders to jail. He undertook to
manage Ireland, not only without them,
but in their despite. A fine job he has
made of it. Of course, he is told that he
has not been vigorous enough. *The Times*
exhorts him to have the soldiers and police
slaughter the next mob. It believes in
the Drogheda policy for Ireland, as Mr.
Cassidy believed in it. It would like him

to treat the rioters to some rounds of the
buckshot with which the Irish have as-
sociated the name of the Quaker Secretary.
This is the course which strong Govern-
ments always run. Rigor breeds an ap-
petite for still greater rigor. If Mr.
Forster has lost his senses, he will take the
advice of *The Times*, and then within a
fortnight he will have to meet armed in-
surrections in every barony of Ireland.
Perhaps he can put down the insurrec-
tions, as was done before. But Irish
insurrection does not stay down, when
put down, and each new insurrection
leaves a heritage of that bitter hatred of
England and of all things English, which
statesmen of Mr. Gladstone's school pro-
fess to regard as the worst feature of the
Irish situation."

And in the following issue, that of
July 22nd, 1881, we said:

"No one connected with the guidance
of the Land League has ever, to our
knowledge, advocated the destruction of
the rights of property. Upon the security
of these rights depends the happiness of
both tenant and landlord. But the posses-
sion of these rights do not entitle any man
to plunder and oppression. The majority
of Irish landlords are men of views so
narrow, and prejudices so deeply seated,
that to them the tenants are enemies to
be plundered for a time, and when plun-
der is no longer available, to be crushed
out. No one acquainted with the history
of the Irish land trouble can deny the
truth of this statement. The census re-
turns for the year 1881, showing a
marked decrease in Irish population dur-
ing the decade, offer the most irrefragable
testimony to the cruelty and rapacity of
Irish landlordism."

Where in these lines the malice and fer-
ocity of which the *Irish Canadian* accuses
us? Where the language vile and bitter
denouncing the Land League? Let the
calumniator answer.

SADLIER'S DIRECTORY.

We have received a copy of Sadlier's
Catholic Directory for 1886. It is a vast
improvement on any work of the kind,
ecclesiastical or political, that we have
yet seen, and reflects great credit on the
enterprising firm of the Sadliers. Many
new features have been introduced into
this year's publication. Not only is there
given a complete list of Catholic clergy-
men in Canada and the United States,
but also in the British West Indies,
Ireland, England and Scotland. Not only
should every Catholic clergyman, but every
man of business in the land, have a copy.
The information there given cannot be else-
where had, and is especially invaluable to
the student and the publicist. The Directory
may be ordered from Messrs. D. & J.
Sadlier, 275 Notre Dame St., Montreal.

WHAT THE FRENCH HAVE DONE
FOR US.

Some very ill-natured and ungrateful
attacks on the French Canadian people
have of late appeared, penned, in too
many instances, we are sorry to say, by
Irish Catholics. What adds to the hide-
ousness of these assaults on a Catholic
people is that in more than one case
these attacks have been formulated by
men who owe their very livelihood to
French generosity and patriotism. We
have, for instance, seen one or two such
attacks written by men professing to be
great admirers of the Hon. John
Costigan. Mr. Costigan himself
has always been a strong friend
of the French race, and, as a mat-
ter of fact, owes his present high politi-
cal position to the support of the Acad-
ian French of Victoria county, N. B.
He does not, we are sure, participate in
the opinions of the writers we speak of
and should not permit his frank to be
used to convey their opinions broad-
cast through the land. We feel that
we have but to call the hon. gentleman's
attention to this abuse for it will cease.
The French Canadians, like all other
peoples, are clansmen—they naturally
prefer their own for office in church and
state—perhaps too much so. This is a
point we do not propose to decide. But
this we do say, that if Irish Catholics
have found living in Ontario endurable,
it was due to the overshadowing influ-
ence of French-Canadian predominance
in Quebec. If fanatics—Orange and Cal-
vinistic—have let them live in this land,
thanks, say we, in a great measure, to
the French. If they have, in many cases—
Mr. Costigan's is one in point—reached
positions of eminence, thanks, say we
again, to the French. If they have the
enjoyment of Catholic schools in Upper
Canada, Manitoba and the Northwest,
thanks, once more, to the French.

Out, say we, on that narrow and un-
generous spirit that would suggest the
thought that we have more to expect
from the Orangemen than from the
French Canadians. The burned
churches, the deserted homes, the mur-
dered victims of Orange hate in the days
not long gone by, attest the falsity of
such a statement. Besides, it is ungodly
and unchristian to prefer even the polit-
ical fellowship of men bound by oath to
the destruction of our holy religion, to
that of a people, whatever their short-
comings, eminently Catholic—a people
whose record is one of chivalry and
renown—a people in whose future strug-
gles for Catholic rights it should be our
proudest privilege to bear a part.

EDITORIAL NOTES:

THE municipal elections on Monday
last were keenly contested. In London
Mr. Hodgins was elected Mayor, in Tor-
onto, Mr. Howland; in Hamilton, Mr.
McKay, and in Kingston, Mr. Whiting.

THE name of Mr. G. W. Stephens, M.
P., Montreal Centre, was accidentally
omitted from our list of representa-
tives of the Protestant minority in
Lower Canada in the Legislative Assem-
bly.

We are sorry to learn that Bishop
Duhamel was so indisposed that on New
Year's Day he was unable to receive cal-
lers. We trust that His Lordship's ill-
ness will soon pass away for good, and
his usual vigorous health return to stay.

WHAT Home Rule might do for Ire-
land is well illustrated by the decision
of the Cork Board of Guardians to erect
273 laborers' cottages at the cost of £100
each. The money has been borrowed
from the Board of Works. The rent of
each cottage will be one shilling a week,
or about £2 12s. a year.

THE number of Catholics in the new
British Parliament is seventy-six, the
greatest since Emancipation. They are
all Irishmen. The Anti-Irish English
"Cavtholics" could not elect a man in
their own country to the office of pound
keeper, without the aid of the Irish,
whom they affect to despise.

ON SATURDAY last, the 2nd inst., His
Lordship the Bishop of London, attended
by all the city clergy, presided at a very
pleasant Christmas entertainment given
by the children of the Sacred Heart school
on Queen's Avenue. His Lordship dis-
tributed the tempting fruits of a large
Christmas tree and addressed the little ones
in terms kindly and tender on their school
and home duties.

IRELAND sends to the House of Com-
mons the following representatives of
journalism, Messrs. J. J. Clancy, D. Crilly,
E. D. Grey, T. Harrington, E. Harring-
ton, L. P. Hayden, J. Hooper, Justin

WORDS OF WISDOM,

The labor question, though already
occupying a large share of public atten-
tion, promises to be, before many years,
the absorbing question of the times. The
condition of our working classes is far
from satisfactory. They are in too many
cases poorly housed, poorly clad, and
poorly fed, because poorly compensated.
It has long been our opinion, and we hesi-
tate not to express the belief, that if the
condition of these classes on this contin-
ent be not within the next quarter cen-
tury, or even less time, ameliorated,
their lot will become as hopeless and as
desperate as that of the down-trodden
proletarian masses in any part of Europe.
Judge Maguire, speaking at San Fran-
cisco some weeks ago, pointed out in
terms sad and statesmanlike the dan-
gers ahead:

"Millions of men, said he, have already
been displaced by inventions, and the
field of invention promises still greater
results. Every year the owners of the
lands of our country are enabled to dis-
pense with more of the labouring classes,
and these latter, having no longer any
place to fill in the economy of industry,
join the immovable caravan of tram-
pass through the gradations of which I
have spoken until they become scourges
of the society which they once upheld.
Something must be done with them.
They must be either exterminated, sup-
ported, or given an opportunity to sup-
port themselves. This cause of crime is
perhaps the most prolific of all at the
present day, and, like the others, it is
entirely within the power of society to
remove it. Not by giving them a living.
Not by dividing the property of others
with them, but by giving them a chance
of producing a living by the bounties
of Nature, which are held in trust by
society for the equal use and benefit of
all. Give them access to the land which
God has freely given for the support of
all, and compel them to produce a living
from it, or suffer the natural conse-
quences of refusing. The natural re-
sources of our country are ample for the
comfortable support of ten times our
population."

It is all very well to meet every de-
mand of the workman for justice by the
cry of socialism. There can be no
raison d'être for commun-
ism or socialism except in the
brain of theorists, sophists and specu-
lators, if justice be done the working
classes—their wrongs righted, their
grievances removed and their labor
adequately compensated. We are in
hearty accord with the working men
every legitimate effort to better their
condition. Whatever their errors, how-
ever great their faults, they are more
sinned against than sinning, and are en-
titled to the support and sympathy of
all Christian men in their struggle for
the amelioration of their lot. To states-
men on this side of the Atlantic, we
would say, that if they value internal
peace and social security they will at
once apply themselves with earnestness,
sincerity and determination to devise
some scheme for the effacement of the
grievous wrongs, inequalities and mis-
eries from which the workingmen of Amer-
ica suffer, and of which they so justly
make complaint.

WE are glad to notice that at the mu-
nicipal elections this year, several young
Catholic gentlemen have come to the
front. Among them we may mention
Messrs. P. C. Dowdall, Almonte, M. J. Gor-
man, Pembroke, and Thos. P. Coffey,
Guelph; in Kingston, Ald. Hart, O'Brien,
and Bermingham; in Ottawa, Ald. O'Leary,
Heny, O'Keefe, and in Toronto, Ald. Defoe
and Messrs. M. J. Woods and J. Woods
have been all returned. Besides these
gentlemen, Mr. M. Twomey has been
elected Mayor of Amherstburg, Mr. Thos.
O'Neill Mayor of Paris, and Mr. Hanley
an alderman for Murney Ward, Belleville.

RADICALISM does not necessarily bring
peace, comfort and plenty. From Paris
we are advised that misery is widespread
this winter. Cripples and beggars
who exercised their traditional right of
soliciting alms in the streets on New
Year's Day, stretched in serried lines from
the Madeleine to the Bastille. Following
for the first time the example set by his
predecessor, M. De McMahon, M. Grey
has charitably arranged to redeem all bed-
ding pledged at the Monte de Piété. He
is also credited with the intention to cele-
brate his re-election by granting a free
pardon to Louise Michel, Prince Krapot-
kine, and other Anarchists, who for years
have been languishing in prison. But this
latter course of action will not give bread
to the hungry or covering to the naked.

We learn from Ottawa that at the last
meeting of the directors of the St. Pat-
rick's Orphan Asylum; the President and
Council of the institution, presented their
twentieth annual report. The report
amongst other things stated. The council
have to regret the loss by death of one of
its warmest supporters in the person of
the late Robert O'Reilly through whose
exertions a grant from the Separate school
board was procured for the institution,
also W. H. Waller, a warm friend and gen-
erous supporter of the asylum. May they
receive the reward promised those who
labor for the poor and needy. After the
adoption of the annual report and treas-
urer's statement, the following gentlemen
were elected a council for the year 1886;
J. A. MacCabe, Alex. Grant, Wm. Mc-
Caffrey, Wm. Wall, P. E. Ryan, Jos.
Hanrahan, T. Burns, John Heney, and
Richard Devlin.

B. Brady, Esq., Napier, Ont.:—"I have
been taking your paper since it was first
published, and I am very well satisfied.
I wish there were more who took it, because
it is a welcome visitor to our house."

McCarthy, J. H. McCarthy, T. P. O'Con-
nor, Arthur O'Connor, W. O'Brien, J.
O'Kelly, T. Sexton, D. Sullivan, and T.
D. Sullivan.

ON WEDNESDAY morning the 30th
ult., Right Rev. Mgr. Bruyere gave the
holy habit of the Sisters of St. Joseph
in the Convent Chapel of Mount Hope, to
two young ladies, the Misses Hackett and
Walsh. Miss Hackett will be known hence-
forth in religion as Sister Mary
Adelaide. Miss Walsh will be known as
Sister Mary Monica.

England has elected as represen-
tatives of the labor the following:
W. Abraham, Rhondda Valley; Jos.
Arch, West Norfolk; Henry Broadhurst,
Birmingham; Thomas Burt, Morpeth;
W. Crawford, Mid Durham; W. R.
Cremer, Haggerston; J. C. Durant,
Stepney; C. Fenwick, Wansbeck Division;
George Howell, Bethnal-green; Joseph
Leicester, West Ham; Benjamin
Pickard, Normanton; J. Wilson, Hough-
ton-le Spring.

ELSEWHERE will be found a full re-
port of proceedings at the Ingersoll
bazaar, which, we are happy to say, was a
great success. The total sum realized was
\$3,300. The bazaar was ably or-
ganized and conducted to this success-
ful issue by the Rev. Father Molphy,
who has thus given a blow to the debt
on his beautiful church. No one will
lament the early demise of that debt
especially among the good people of
Ingersoll.

A CABLE despatch conveys to this side
of the Atlantic information that the Pope
has conferred upon Bismarck the decora-
tion of the Order of Christ and that Baron
Schlozer, the Prussian Minister to the
Vatican, has been similarly decorated.
Emperor William has conferred upon Car-
dinal Jacobini the decoration of the Black
Eagle, and upon Monsignors Galimberti
and Menni, of the Pope's official house-
hold, the decoration of the Red Eagle, in
recognition of their services in connection
with the settlement of the Carolines dis-
pute.

THE Caroline Islands difficultly having
been adjusted, the dispute between Ger-
many and Portugal regarding the territorial
line in South Africa has been renewed. Ger-
many claims that the limits of her terri-
tory extend from the Orange River to the
eighteenth degree of south latitude, and
include the interior country to Lake
Urgami and the Gambia River. Portugal,
however, maintains the right to her ancient
line, which included Lake Urgami and
all the interior as far north as the North
Transvaal. Bismarck will have, it is clear,
to call in the Pope a second time.

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nicipal elections this year, several young
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A SCHOOL EXAMINATION.

One of our correspondents in Pontiac
county sends the following:

"The half yearly examination of the
separate school of Portage du Fort, was
held on the Tuesday before Christmas.
Before the exercises of the day began the
following address was presented by Miss
Toner to the popular parish priest, Rev.
Father Brunet, and the trustees:
To our respected Pastor and School Trustees,
REV. FATHER AND GENTLEMEN:—Before
leaving school for our Christmas vaca-
tion, we must, since so you wish it, enjoy
the honor of a solemn review. The
ordeal we can bear with advantage and
we hope our efforts will meet with your
highest approbation. Self-praise, de-
clares the old adage, is no commendation,
nor do we expect much consideration
when asserting, without proof, our dili-
gence and progress. Diligent we have
tried to be in order to meet your expecta-
tions and the demands of our teacher.
Of our progress you shall soon judge.
We shall show our proficiency in gram-
mar by expounding the rules we have
been taught. Historical facts we can
relate. We can travel on the world's
map to distant lands, explain their situa-
tion, historical phases, their political
power, their religious features, in fine, the
inherent qualities of the various races of
mankind. Though not possessing the
millions of the Rothschilds, we can com-
pute wonderful amounts and calculate
the different resources therefrom de-
rived. By so doing, Rev. Father and
gentlemen, we may lay some claim to
your approbation and give you praise.
The encouragement you may afford will
stimulate our efforts in the path of ad-
vancement. It has been said that the
boy is father to the man, and we think
that by your judicious direction our
boyhood may be developed into a man-
hood whose ends you will have shaped
for noble purposes in every walk in life.
THE PUPILS OF PORTAGE DU FORT ACAD-
EMY.

At the conclusion of the interesting
proceedings the following prizes were
awarded:

1st Class—1st prize of excellence
granted to Miss Katie Toner; 2nd prize
to Miss Anna McDonald.
2nd Class—1st prize of excellence
granted to Mr. Francis Roy; 2nd, to Miss
Maggie Jerue.
3rd Class—1st prize of excellence
granted to Nap. Tremblay; 2nd, to Rose
Lafontaine.
4th Class—1st prize of excellence
granted to Fizzie Toner; 2nd, to Josephine
Jennyery.

We are glad to see such evidence of
prosperity in the Catholic schools of the
County of Pontiac. Other portions of
the county might well follow the ex-
ample of Portage du Fort.

ANOTHER LETTER FROM OTTAWA.

To the Editor of the *Catholic Record*:

I find that my last letter to the
Record struck home, and am tempted
to try the fates by rushing into print
once more. Through very pronounced
in my politics, inherited from a sturdy
and stubborn ancestry, I read papers
of every shade of opinion. Rarely, how-
ever, do I see the organ of the great
"O'Boyle" of Toronto. This might, by
some, be attributed to my Scottish des-
cent. Such an imputation were, how-
ever, manifestly unfair. For "The
O'Boyle," only and original—and that the
Lords knows, he is—has done the Scot-
tish race great service, by showing to the
outside world its prominence and suc-
cess in this young Dominion. Occasion-
ally, sir, a copy of the organ does fall
into my hands, as for instance when one
day last week a friend handed me the
issue thereof of the 31st.

The patriotic P. Boyle is evidently
disturbed by a letter written by Mr. P. J.
Coffey, secretary of the Liberal Associa-
tion of Ottawa, to the local press. Mr.
Coffey is, I believe, of Irish origin himself,
and liberal in politics. I am neither,
but can respect sincerity even in Irish-
men and Reformers. Mr. Coffey wrote
in the *Ottawa Free Press* in reply to the
Citizen:

"The extract he quotes from the *Irish
Canadian* does not interest me particu-
larly or otherwise, for it is false in every
single particular, and I was never inter-
ested in anything which appeared in that
paper since I learned that it bartered its
patriotism and its patriotism, if it ever
possessed either, for government cash, and
I lost not only interest but respect for
that organ, since it became publicly
known that in order to found a daily
edition, which has since collapsed, it drew
heavily on almost every Orange member
of parliament, and duped a good many
Irish Catholics into the belief that it was
a joint-stock company, for the purpose
of starting an Irish Catholic daily paper,
that the purpose was noble and the net
profits could not fail to be large. The
bank account of some friends in this
city can relate the sequel with more
emphasis and better effect than I can."
In this one paragraph there are very
grave charges advanced against the in-
volute manipulator and owner of the
Irish Canadian which he became angry.
These charges have long, I know, been
the subject of common rumor in Ottawa,
and, I presume, elsewhere, but I never
saw them before put in print.

I was, like many others, very curious
to see how they would be met, for,
though I knew Mr. Boyle's antipathy to
the Scottishistle, I have always had
for him—as a fellow Celt—a goodly re-
gard. Whether, however, my feeling when I
read that all he could advance in answer
to the grave and damning charges
advanced by the writer in the *Free Press*,
was a worthy tirade against Mr. Coffey, ter-
ming him "Ananias," but not denying a
single statement that he advanced, as
the following will show:

"Ananias should bear in mind that it
is not in mortal to command success;
and that if our 'daily edition' collapsed,
it is a misfortune that has overtaken
many, and that may overtake more. But
there is this much to be said in its be-
half: the enterprise was undertaken in good
faith, the principal promoter putting
into it all he was possessed of as an ear-
nest of his sincerity. Of the stock taken
up he never appropriated a penny; and

none were asked to subscribe against
their will."
("Can Ananias name, with the consent
of the party, any of the 'many Irish
Catholics' who, he says, were 'duped,'
and will he tell us something positive
concerning those whose bank accounts
have suffered in consequence of that
'duplicity'? Will he also mention the
amount of the draw made so 'heavily on
almost every Orange member of Parliam-
ent'?"

Do you know, sir, that Mr. Boyle's
furious and windy tirade had on me one
good effect. It caused me to turn over
my new testament—something that I
must confess, to my sorrow, I do not
often do—to find out who Ananias was.
After search I find it stated in the Acts
of the Apostles that he was a prevarica-
tor, or, in plainer terms, a liar. Like most
men, I hate liars, and in the general
category of liars, must be reckoned
traitors (no allusion of course to Mr.
Boyle). Of traitors your own national
bard sang the curse—

Oh for a tongue to curse the slave,
Whose treason, like a deadly blight,
Comes o'er the counsels of the brave,
And blasts them in their hour of might!
May lie's unblessed cup for him
Be drugg'd with treacherous to the brim,
— With hopes that but allure to fly,
With joys that vanish while he sips,
Like bea-bee fruits, that tempt the eye,
But turn to ashes on the lips!
His country's curse, his children's shame
Outcast of virtue, peace and fame,
May he, at last, with lips of flame
On the parch'd desert thirsting die,—
While lakes that shone in mockery nigh
Are fading off, unquench'd, unquench'd,
Like the once glorious gorges he blasted!
And, when from earth his spirit flies,
Let Frohbet, like the damn'd-one dwell
Full in the sight of Paradise,
Beholding heaven, and feeling hell!

But I cannot call a liar any man who
makes a charge that is not met by even
so much as a simple denial.
So much for Mr. P. Boyle. Let me
turn now to a son of Scotia. Mr. Francis
Macdougall was, on Monday, the 28th
of December, elected for the second time
Mayor of Ottawa. The election was by
acclamation, and the circumstances at-
tendant therein most flattering to our
worthy chief-magistrate. The Record,
if I mistake not, incurred a great deal
of odium for recommending Mr. Macdougall
to the electors of Ottawa two years ago.
It has, however, more than verified your
prediction that he would make the very
best mayor that Ottawa has ever had.
Among Mr. Macdougall's proposers and
seconders were representative gentle-
men such as Messrs:

- Francis Clemow,
- P. St. Jean,
- C. H. McIntosh,
- E. H. Bronson,
- C. W. Bangs,
- P. Baskerville,
- Geo. Hay,
- P. H. Chabot,
- Geo. May,
- R. W. Scott,
- Charles Magee,
- C. Neville,
- James Warnock,
- J. R. Booth,
- Eugene Dupuis,
- J. W. Perley,
- A. F. McIntyre,
- Wm. Mackey,
- J. W. McRae,
- J. A. MacCabe,
- E. L. Perkins,
- Francis Clemow,
- P. St. Jean,
- C. H. McIntosh,
- E. H. Bronson,
- C. W. Bangs,
- P. Baskerville,
- Geo. Hay,
- P. H. Chabot,
- Geo. May,
- R. W. Scott,
- Charles Magee,
- C. Neville,

Parliament will not, it is thought here,
meet till the end of February or begin-
ning of March. It is, however, certain
that there will be a session before a dis-
solution, and it does now look as if this
coming session were to be the last of this
present Parliament. Short Parliaments
will, it is likely, be the rule and not the
exception hereafter in this country.
I now for the moment lay down my
weary pen.
METROPOLITAN.

CORRESPONDENCE OF THE CATHOLIC RECORD.

FROM BRIANFORT.

The services in church on Christmas
day were most impressive, and the con-
gregations were unusually large. Father
Lennon preached a very touching sermon
on the feast. The crib, which was erected
in front of St. Joseph's altar, was an at-
traction for young and old all day long.
Special music was prepared by the choir,
and finely rendered. The decoration of
the high altar in the evening was most
beautiful. The lighted candles describing
anchors, crosses and arches. And not-
withstanding dull times the Christmas
offering, towards the support of the pastors
was the largest ever received on a Christ-
mas day.

There was a certain "Rev." Mr. Seguin
haunting these parts lately, who says he
has been a priest, but he has got light,
and got married. He told folks here
the good work he is performing among
the French Catholics in Detroit. He got
a pretty large audience together in one of
the

IRELAND FOR THE IRISH.

From the New York Sun, Dec. 28. Five hundred patriotic Irishmen and Irishwomen assembled last evening in the old church of the Paulist Fathers, Sixtieth street, west of Ninth avenue, to give another lift to the Parnell Parliament fund. Father Elliott, Father McMillan, Father Burke, and Father Doyle, in black gowns and birettas, looked smilingly down from the platform, laughed at the pokes the British lion got from the speakers, and applauded with their hands every time a hard-fisted Irish laborer walked up and put his mite on the Secretary's desk. The American and Irish colors were entwined on the wall above the platform. Father Doyle said he had just returned from Ireland. He likened Ireland to a race horse which had been turned out to pasture, and whose coat is filled with ticks. Cromwell's soldiers and the British soldiery must be plucked out like ticks before Ireland will be able to fly along the race course abreast of other nations. The people in Ireland feel that success is in their grasp, and now that the clergy have come to the side of the Nationalists the voice of the people is the voice of God. Finally Father McCabe begged the British soldier to be plucked out like ticks from his pocket and held them up. He said it was all the money he had in the world. The bills were a Christmas present. His superior had given him permission to do with them what he pleased, so he would give them to Parnell.

Dr. Wallace said that in Irish question, after years of struggle and dispute, now receives the attention and sympathy of thoughtful men in all civilized nations. The sacrifices of the leaders in Ireland must bring success. They sacrifice time, liberty and property. Irish Americans are not asked to give in charity to the fund. The freedom of Ireland was not to be taken as a dog takes a bone thrown to it, but it is to be wrested from the tyrant. It is a holy cause. It is only in Ireland that the priest and the patriot are found speaking from the same platform for the liberation of their country.

"I do not ask you to give as though ashamed," Dr. Wallace added. "Parnell is part of you, and if you do not treat him well, then you do not treat your body well, and as a physician I tell you you must not starve your brain, for Parnell is your brain. The man who smokes his pipe and drinks his beer, and is not found on the list, when Ireland is a nation it is sure he'll be missed."

Then Gen. James R. O'Beirne said that in Ireland people look anxiously to America to see what their sons and daughters are doing to help in the coming final struggle. As that French Queen in history, when in peril, and seeing she was to be wrongfully divorced from the King, cried out in her anguish, "Roma, Roma," turning her face toward the Eternal City, so the Irish people in their extremity stretch out their hands to us and cry: "America, America."

"It is a conflict of mind, of patriotism, of determination, and of persistence. It is a contest on the resources of the Irish people in America that one of the foremost Irish members of Parliament has been forced to write for a British newspaper to get an income. Such men should be free to champion the rights of Ireland, and it would be for the support of the nation. The fund would be applied. Ireland must not be left alone to fight her battle. There is no illudeness there but enforced idleness. Home rule may be deferred, it may be further off than Irish-Americans believe, yet they must go deep into their pockets. They are the army in Ireland, no matter how great the strain in the coming fight, the golden stream must be kept flowing over the sea. When home rule is established, when America will buy wares in Ireland, when her market is the same as that of other nations, in order that our sympathy may be effective in rebuilding the nation. A young Irish-American builder has imported Irish limestone for building at Fiftieth street and Ninth avenue, and his example should be followed.

The Rev. Father McMillan also spoke. In the intervals between speeches Father Elliott announced subscriptions as they were sent to the secretary's desk. James Moore and Michael Farrell gave \$100 each. The total subscriptions were over \$600.

The Parnell Parliamentary Fund Association of the Thirtieth and Nineteenth Wards of Brooklyn met yesterday afternoon in National Hall, in South First and Fourth streets, Williamsburgh. Mr. John Kerwin, president of the association, introduced William H. Murtha, Register-elect of Kings County, Mr. Murtha said: "It is a wonder to find men 3,000 miles away from a place manifesting an interest in that place and in the work in which the people there are engaged. But when we consider our great country and its institutions it would be strange indeed if we did not give to Ireland all the encouragement it is in our power to give. Violence in Ireland might have been resorted to and justified. We resorted to it in this country when the burden of our complaint was taxation without representation. But violence was not resorted to in Ireland. Mr. Parnell, the wife leader, has made his fight with other weapons than those of violence, and has won the good will and sympathies of all nations in his warfare. His warfare needs money for its conduct. His men, the trusted henchmen whom he has gathered about him, need support while engaged with him in the great battle, and it becomes our duty and the duty of every lover of human rights to act as a missionary and a collector, so that, although we are 3,000 miles away, Mr. Parnell and his people will feel that we are with them."

"I have great faith in the love of the Empire, and that through that love of fair play the same rights enjoyed by the Dominion of Canada will be given to Ireland. But our individual effort is required to push the work to a successful issue. Let us be earnest in it. Parnell has shown himself a safe leader of men."

Anthony Barrett said: "The work we are called upon to perform is in the nature of a sacred duty. The opening of schools has brought about the rapid progress of the cause of Ireland, and the intercourse of the Irish people with the English has broken down the barriers of prejudice and made it possible for a better understanding of each other's rights. The establishment of Home Rule would be the establishment of a republican form of government in

Great Britain such as we enjoy in this country. I fully believe there is an understanding between Parnell, Davitt and Gladstone, and that when the end comes there will be seen in Dublin a monument to Gladstone."

A large amount was collected and turned over to the treasurer of the association. About one hundred members of the Seventeenth Ward branch of the Irish National League met in Loughlin Hall, at Eleventh street and First avenue, last night, for the purpose of electing a delegate to the League Convention. The meeting had hardly been called to order when a member wanted to know who was responsible for the meeting. President William McCabe said he was. Then the member asked when and where the convention was going to take place. President McCabe said that a call had been issued for a meeting of the Municipal Council, but as it had not been held yet, nothing at all was known about the proposed convention, except that it would surely take place. This statement of affairs provoked a long discussion, and all kinds of motions and substitutes and amendments were offered by excited gentlemen until confusion reigned supreme. Mr. McCabe begged the members to come to order, and said that the element present whose desire it was to disturb the meeting had better retire to avoid trouble. Several gentlemen wanted to know to whom the chairman referred, and insisted upon talking, regardless of a shower of sarcastic remarks and the imploring voice of the President.

One of the motions was to adjourn the meeting until next Sunday night, and this was voted down, as was also a motion to adjourn until the Municipal Council had named the place for the convention. A motion to elect delegates at once was acted upon after a long and heated discussion. It was finally decided that one delegate was quite enough, as the branch would have to pay his expenses.

This led to another discussion as to whether the expenses should be paid out of the treasury or by private subscription. The latter way was considered the best, and this was agreed upon. Then nominations were in order. Mr. McCabe was elected with a burst of applause. Mr. Thomas Gunning thought a brilliant man should be selected, and one able to pay his own expenses.

Mr. McInroe nominated Mr. Thomas Buckley, and Mr. Buckley was also cheered. Voting was by ballot, and it took a long while to get through with it. The tellers finally announced that Mr. McCabe had received 44 votes and Mr. Buckley 23.

There were cheers for Mr. McCabe, who arose and said that he had once worn the cursed uniform of the British soldier, but cast it off to do what he could for Ireland, and had always been active in her interests.

WHAT DOCTORS SAY ABOUT DRINK.

The editor of the Columbian: "On the Use and Abuse of Alcoholic Liquors in Health and Disease," is the title of a work by William B. Carpenter, M. D., F.R.S., which is thoroughly conversant with the subject treated of, and sets forth his fixed convictions on the most substantial grounds. In the preface to this work the author says: "He has the satisfaction of finding himself supported by the recorded opinion of a large body of his professional brethren, upwards of two thousand of whom in all great and leading metropolitan surgeons, who are conversant with the wants of the upper ranks of society, to the humble country practitioner, who is familiar with the requirements of the artisan in his workshop, and the laborer in the field—has signed the following certificate:

We, the undersigned, are of opinion: 1. That a very large proportion of human misery, including poverty, disease, and crime, is induced by the use of alcoholic or fermented liquors as beverages. 2. That the most perfect health is compatible with total abstinence from all such intoxicating beverages, whether in the form of ardent spirits, or as wine, beer, ale, porter, cider, etc., etc. 3. That persons accustomed to such drinks may with perfect safety, discontinue them at a single draught, or, gradually, after a course of medicine. 4. That Total and Universal Abstinence from Alcoholic beverages of all sorts would greatly contribute to the health, the prosperity, the morality, and the happiness of the human race."

Such is the recorded opinion of over a thousand physicians! After this, if there should be any skeptic within our ranks, let him read the above, and he will find an abundance of the most reliable authorities on this subject. It is an opportunity will be given such a one to display before the public whatever amount of genius or research he is prepared to devote to the question. DICTUM.

The Horsford Almanac and Cook Book mailed free on application to the Ramsford Chemical Works, Providence, R. I.

Quinsy. At this season of the year Quinsy and various forms of Throat Complaints prevail. Haysard's Pectoral Balsam is an excellent throat and lung medicine, that cures Quinsy, Coughs, Colds, Bronchitis, and all throat and lung troubles.

The Cheapest medicine in use is Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil, because so very little of it is required to effect a cure. For croup, diphtheria, and diseases of the lungs and throat, whether used for bathing the chest or throat, for taking internally or inhaling, it is a matchless compound.

Old Running Sores. Sores and Ulcers, or Abscesses hard to heal, are due to bad blood or Scurvy. Purify the blood with Barlock Blood Bitters and the worst sores speedily heal as the general health is restored.

HAYWARD'S YELLOW OIL is positively guaranteed to relieve or cure Rheumatic Pains, Sprains, Aches, Pains, Bruises, Frostbites, Chilblains, Stiff Joints, and all lameness and soreness, when used internally and externally according to directions.

SCORFULA is known by swelling of the glands of the neck, abscesses, sores, a pale countenance, low vitality, and general signs of bad blood. Barlock Blood Bitters cures the scrofulous condition by making pure healthy blood.

What is Catarrh?

Catarrh is a dangerous disease which is consequently and unconsciously suffering from. It is a mucopurulent discharge caused by the presence of a vegetable parasite in the lining membrane of the nose. The predisposing causes are a morbid state of the blood, the blighted corpuscle of tubercle, the germ poison of syphilis, mercury, arsenic, from the retention of the stone matter of the skin, suppressed perspiration, badly ventilated sleeping apartments, and the germination of other poisons in the blood. Irritated by these, the lining membrane of the nose is ever ready for the reception of the parasite, which rapidly spreads up the nostrils and down the fauces, or back of the throat, causing ulceration of the throat; up the eustachian tubes, causing deafness; burrowing in the vocal chords, causing hoarseness; usurping the proper structure of the bronchial tubes, ending in pulmonary consumption and death.

Many ingenious specifics for the cure of catarrh have been invented, but without success, until a physician of long standing discovered the exact nature of the disease and the only appliance which will permanently destroy the parasite, no matter how aggravated the case. Sufferers should send stamp at once for descriptive pamphlet on catarrh, to the business manager, A. H. Dixon & Son, 205 King street west, Toronto, Canada. —The Mail.

An Alarming Disease Afflicting a Numerous Class.

The disease commences with a slight derangement of the stomach, but if neglected, it in time involves the whole frame, embraces the kidneys, liver, pancreas, and, in fact, the entire glandular system, and the afflicted drag out a miserable existence until death gives relief from suffering. The disease is often mistaken for other complaints; but if the reader will ask himself the following questions, he will be able to determine whether he himself is one of the afflicted:—Have I distress, pain or difficulty in breathing after a long and hurried walk? Do my feet feel as though I were being weighed down by a heavy load? Is my vision dimmed? Have my eyes a yellow tinge? Does a thick, sticky, mucous gath about the gums and teeth in the mornings, accompanied by a disagreeable taste? Is the tongue coated? Is there a fullness about the right side as if there were a tumor? Is there a constant feeling of vertigo or dizziness when rising suddenly from a horizontal position? Are the secretions from the kidneys scanty and highly colored, with a deposit after standing? Does food ferment soon after eating, accompanied by flatulence or a belching of gas from the stomach? Is there a constant palpitating of the heart? These various symptoms may be present at one time, but they torment the sufferer in turn as the dreadful disease progresses. If the case be one of long standing, there will be a dry, hacking cough, attended after a time by expectoration. In very advanced stages the skin assumes a dirty brownish appearance, and the hands and feet are covered by a cold, sticky perspiration. As the liver and kidneys become more and more diseased, rheumatic pains appear, and the usual treatment proves entirely unavailing against this latter agonizing disorder.

The origin of the disease is indigestion or dyspepsia, and a small quantity of the proper medicine will remove the disease if taken in its incipency. It is most important that the disease should be promptly and properly treated in its first stages, when a little medicine will effect a cure, and even when it has obtained a strong hold the correct remedy should be persevered in until every vestige of the disease is eradicated, until the appetite has returned, and the digestive organs restored to healthy condition. The surest and most effectually remedy for this distressing complaint is "Seigel's Curative Syrup," a vegetable preparation sold by the Chemists and Medicine Vendors throughout the world, and by the proprietors, A. J. White, Limited, 17, Parkington Road, London, E. C. This Syrup strikes at the very foundation of the disease, and drives it, root and branch out of the system.

Market Place, Pocklington, York.

SIR,—Being a sufferer for years with dyspepsia in all its worst forms, and spending pounds in medicines, I was at last persuaded to try Mother Seigel's Curative Syrup, and am thankful to say have derived more benefit from it than any other medicine I ever took and would advise any one suffering from the same complaint to give it a trial, and I am sure they would soon find out for themselves. If you like to make use of this testimonial you are quite at liberty to do so.

Yours respectfully,
(Signed) R. TURNER.
For sale by Wm. Saunders & Co., Drug-gists, London, and by the branch office, 67 St. James st., Montreal, E. C.

If you have a cough or cold do not neglect it; many without a trace of that hereditary disease have drifted into the consumptive's grave by neglecting what was only a slight cold. Had they used Bickie's Anti-Consumptive Syrup before it was too late, their lives would have been spared. Mr. A. W. Levy, Mitchell, writes: "I think Bickie's Anti-Consumptive Syrup the best preparation on the market for coughs and severe colds. About six years ago I caught a severe cold which settled on my lungs, and for three months I had a cough. I had a physician attending me, but gradually grew worse until I was on the verge of Consumption, and had given up hopes of being cured, when I was induced to use one bottle of your Syrup. Before I had taken a second bottle I was completely cured. I always recommend it for severe colds and consumption."

To lessen mortality and stop the inroads of disease, use Northrop and Lyman's Vegetable Discovery and Dyspepsia Cure for all diseases arising from Impure Blood, such as Pimples, Blisters, Biliousness, Indigestion, etc., etc. It has no equal. Mrs. Thomas Smith, Elm, writes: "I am using this medicine for Dyspepsia. I have tried many remedies, but this is the only one that has done me any good." Sold by Harkness & Co., Druggists, Dundas street, London, Oct., 1885.

I Love My Life.

CHAPTER I.
"I was taken sick a year ago with bilious fever."
"My doctor pronounced me cured, but I got sick again, with terrible pains in my back and legs, and I got so bad I could not move!"
I shriek!
From 228 lbs. to 120! I had been doctoring for my liver, but it did me no good. I did not expect to live more than three months. I began to use Hop Bitters.

Directly my appetite returned, my pains left me, and my system sensibly renewed as if by magic, and after using several bottles, I am not only as sound as a sovereign, but weigh more than I did before. To Hop Bitters I owe my life."
Dundee, June 6, '85.
R. FITZPATRICK.
CHAPTER II.
"Malden, Mass., Feb. 1, 1885. Gentlemen— I suffered with attacks of sick headache."

Neuralgia, female trouble, for years in the most terrible and excruciating manner. No medicine or doctor could give me relief or cure, until I used Hop Bitters.
"The first bottle nearly cured me!"
The second made me as well and strong as when I was a child.

"And I have been so to this day."
My husband was an invalid for twenty years with a serious
"Kidney, liver and urinary complaint."
"Pronounced by Boston's best physicians as 'incurable!'"
"Seven bottles of your Bitters cured him and I have never since."
"Lives of eight persons!"
In my neighborhood that have been saved by your Bitters,
And many more are using them with great benefit. "They almost do miracles!"
—Mrs. E. D. Slack.

How to GET SICK—Expose yourself day and night to cold winds, wear woollen garments, and do not keep your feet warm without rest, doctor all the time, and use the vile nostrums advertised, and then you will want to know
How to GET WELL—which is answered in three words—Take Hop Bitters!

These words genuine without a bunch of green paper, and the only safe and reliable, the vile, poisonous stuff with "Hop" or "Hops" in their name.

LONDON (CANADA) POSTAL GUIDE.

MAILS AS UNDER.
G. W. R. Going East—Main Line.
Railway P. O. Mails for all Places East of London and Eastern States, close 5 00 am, 12 00 pm; due for delivery 8 00 am, 1 30 pm, 5 00 pm; due for delivery 8 00 am, 1 30 pm, 5 00 pm.
Toronto, close 5 00 am, 1 30 pm, 5 00 pm; due for delivery 8 00 am, 1 30 pm, 5 00 pm.
Montreal, Kingston, Ottawa, close 5 00 am, 1 30 pm, 5 00 pm; due for delivery 8 00 am, 1 30 pm, 5 00 pm.
For Toronto, close 5 00 am, 1 30 pm, 5 00 pm, 6 30 pm.
For Hamilton, 5 00 am, 1 30 pm, 3 50 pm, 11 30 pm; due for delivery 8 00 am, 11 30 pm, 6 30 pm.

G. W. R. Going West—Main Line.
Three Bags—Bothwell, Glenice, close 5 00 am, 1 20 pm; due for delivery 8 00 am, 1 20 pm.
Toronto, close 1 20 pm; due for delivery 12 00 am, 4 00 am, 8 00 am, 1 20 pm; due for delivery 2 45 pm.
Three Bags—Detroit, Western States, close 5 00 am, 1 20 pm; due for delivery 8 00 am, 1 20 pm, 5 00 pm; due for delivery 8 00 am, 2 45 pm, 5 00 pm.
Three Bags—Winnipeg, close 5 00 am, 5 00 pm; due for delivery 8 00 am, 1 20 pm, 5 00 pm.
Three Bags—Chatham, close 5 00 am, 10 15 am, 1 20 pm, 5 00 pm; due for delivery 8 00 am, 1 20 pm, 5 00 pm.
Blenheim, close 5 00 am, 8 00 am, 12 m, 5 00 pm; due for delivery 8 00 am, 1 20 pm; due for delivery 8 00 am, 1 20 pm, 5 00 pm.
Windsor, close 5 00 am, 10 15 am, 1 20 pm, 5 00 pm; due for delivery 8 00 am, 1 20 am, 5 00 pm.

Barnia Branch—G. W. R.
Three Bags—Sarnia, close 5 00 am, 1 20 pm, 5 00 pm; due for delivery 8 00 am, 1 20 pm.
Three Bags—Detroit, Windsor & Wyoming, close 7 00 am, 1 20 pm; due for delivery 8 00 am, 1 20 pm.
Railway P. O. Mails for all places West of London, close 1 20 pm; due for delivery 2 45 pm, 5 00 pm, 8 00 am, 12 00 am, 2 45 pm.
Canada S. R., L. & P. S., & St. Clair Br. Mails.
Glanworth, close 6 00 am; due for delivery 2 45 pm.
Wilton Grove, close 6 00 am; due for delivery 2 45 pm.
Loop Line Railway, close 6 00 am; due for delivery 2 45 pm.
Canada Southern Railway, close 6 00 am; due for delivery 2 45 pm.
Pt. Bruce and Orwell, close 6 00 am; due for delivery 2 45 pm.
Aylmer, close 6 00 am, 1 20 pm; due for delivery 8 00 am, 1 20 pm, 5 00 pm.
W. G. & S. St. Thomas, Essex Centre, close 6 00 am; due for delivery 2 45 pm, 5 00 pm, 8 00 pm; due for delivery 8 00 am, 1 20 pm, 5 00 pm.
G. T. R. West of Stratford, close 6 30 am; due for delivery 2 00 pm, 5 00 pm; due for delivery 8 00 am, 1 30 pm, 5 00 pm.
St. Mary's and Stratford, close 6 30 am, 12 45 pm, 4 45 pm; due for delivery 8 00 am, 11 30 am, 1 30 pm, 5 00 pm.
Three Bags—Merich and Mitchell, close 6 30 am, 4 45 pm; due for delivery 1 00 pm, 6 30 pm.
Belton, Thorncliffe, (daily) St. Ives, Cherry Grove, Plover Mills (Tuesday and Friday), close 6 30 am; due for delivery 1 00 pm.
Three Bags—the Grove and Seaford, close 6 30 am; due for delivery 1 00 pm.
Three Bags—Parkhill, close 6 30 am; due for delivery 1 00 pm.

The Mails for Sandwich Islands will leave San Francisco on the 1st, 15th and 30th inst.

The Mails for China and Japan leave San Francisco on the 4th, 16th and 28th. Letters should be posted ten days previously.

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BEHNZIGER'S CATHOLIC HOME ALMANAC FOR 1886.

THIS issue of this Almanac—now in its third year—both in the variety and interest of its articles, as well as in the artistic beauty of its illustrations, surpasses either of the previous numbers. The CATHOLIC HOME ALMANAC is a success, and we believe its sale will be greater this year than ever before, for its good qualities have become known, and it is being extensively introduced into the home circle as

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- The Irish Grandmother. A Poem of the Famine.
- The Bell of Atri. A Legend. With large illustration.
- Mother M. Jerome Ely, Superioress of the Sisters of Charity, New York. With Portrait.
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- The Cure. A Village Sketch. By Mrs. M. A. Stace. A Legend in Verse. Illustrated.
- The Bishop of Boston. With Portrait.
- Beppo's Dream. A Christmas story. With full-page illustration.
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- The Witness from the Tomb. A Legend With large illustration.
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that will be lasting, should purchase an EVANS BROS.' ORCHESTRAL PIANO.

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FIVE-MINUTE SERMO FOR EARLY MASSES By the Paulist Fathers.

Preached in their Church of St. Louis, 215½ City Hall Street, New York.

SUNDAY WITHIN THE OCTAVE OF MAS.

"Ye shall find Him wrapped in clothes and laid in a manger."

Why did our Lord become man? Why did He descend in a palace surrounded by the throngs of His people? Why did He not come in splendor and glory? He will come at the Last Day, thousands ministering unto Him, thousands times a hundred thousanding around Him!" Of His own He preferred to be born in poverty in misery and in destitution. find Him wrapped in swaddling lying in a manger—lying on a straw bed, surrounded by a mob of thousands of men, far from home, unkind, regardless strangers would not allow her room in this her painful The angels saw Him—he had seen the brightness of His and the splendor of the God He saw Him there and they wonder the Infinite God could be down-manger. The reason of it all is He came into the world to save sin. He was to be the great Physician. He came to heal the spirit-ness of mankind. "I am come the just, but for sinners."

The world was sick at heart, feasting sons of sin had seized vital. All flesh was corrupting. Christ came as the physician.

The remedy he brought was and wonderful doctrines He teach. But, unlike another

He was not content with sim-cribing the remedy and leaving it to be wrought out itself, but He applying the remedy to His own kind was an intense greed after goods—not that it was wrong these things according to man-ly in him, could not keep his love within bounds and was carried to excess and thus heart completely in them. So only physician taught us "to seek kingdom of God and His just things else will be added there taught us not to "lay up treasure the moth would eat and the dust but if we would be perfect, to we had and give to the poor and follow Him.

But He was not content with teaching this doctrine, but He applying the remedy first to heart. He renounced all world as far as possible, so that though the great God of heaven and earth, who has all riches, had not the field shared their manger not have had whereon to lay and to warm His little infant, though with His own hand He breathed of dumb brutes; and though He clothed Solomon, yet He had but poor swaddling. It was great wisdom to teach counsel of voluntary poverty, would straighten a crooked stick, bend it back in a direction to the one in which it is bent; greater wisdom still to be an example of it—to practice first what He was to recommend to mankind and His ardent desire should make use of these useful remedies that alone induced Him by being the living example.

He came to teach.

And in this we find one of the of Christmas lessons. It is a it is well to impress deeply on the face of a great man a blessed it: "Blessed are the spirit for theirs is the kingdom."

"CONVERTING ROMAN"

N. Y. Freeman's Journal.

The American Bible Society discovered that Brazil is in a beams that a colporteur in Arc of Paraly, has been receiving bigoted and intolerant man. View of the place, who is, Catholic priest.

The devout colporteur was Rev. W. M. Brown, superintendent Rio Janeiro branch of the Bible work: it seems that the cold several Bibles—corrupt. The priest heard of this, accompanied, and denounced the Bible. The Bible shocked by this evidence of hatred of the Scriptures, and another sign that the Church.

Most intelligent Protestant time that the King James the Sacred Scriptures are full. They know that "Frisson" made, in order to get rid of and that this revision of the ment has brought it nearer to of St. Jerome. This is a pla on the part of Protestant au the Catholic

FIVE-MINUTE SERMONS FOR EARLY MASSES

Preached in their Church of St. Paul the Apostle, Fifty-ninth Street and Ninth Avenue, New York.

By the Paullist Fathers. "Ye shall find Him wrapped in swaddling clothes and laid in a manger."

Why did our Lord become man in the way He did? He was descended of a kingly race.

The world was sick at heart. The foul, festering sore of sin had seized on its victims. All flesh was corrupting its way.

But He was not content with simply teaching this doctrine, but He began by applying the remedy first to His own heart.

This is why our Lord came as He did, and in this we find one of the most useful of Christmas lessons.

WHAT MAY BE SEEN AT LOURDES.

THE WONDERFULLY ENRANCING SCENES THAT ARE SHOWN AT THIS FAMOUS SHRINE.

Says the "Univers" of Paris, of a recent date, in speaking of what is to be seen at Lourdes:

It is not only one of the most beautiful sites in the Pyrenees, a large and delightful valley, surrounded by hills in snowy mantles and snow-capped mountains;

It is not only a charming little town built around its old castle on a rock, at whose base flows, murmuring, fresh and limpid waves; it is more than that; it is better than that.

It is not only a charming little town built around its old castle on a rock, at whose base flows, murmuring, fresh and limpid waves; it is more than that; it is better than that.

It is not only a charming little town built around its old castle on a rock, at whose base flows, murmuring, fresh and limpid waves; it is more than that; it is better than that.

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"CONVERTING ROMANISTS."

N. Y. Freeman's Journal. The American Bible Society has again discovered that Brazil is in a bad way.

Worthy of Being His Partner. "Rebecca, you shall not speak mit dot Moses Levi vonce more."

Crutches Rendered Useless. The poor cripple who has to use crutches on account of Rheumatism, stiff and swollen joints, contracted cords, and other aches, pains and lameness, may throw aside his crutches if he will try Haggard's Yellow Oil faithfully.

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C. M. B. A.

In compliance with resolution adopted at the last convention of the Grand Council of Canada of the C. M. B. A., amending article 11, section 7, of Grand Council constitution...

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year 1867, about which time his wife died. After a time, he was married to Miss Terrence Girard...

The drawing of prizes in connection with the above Bazaar came off on Wednesday, Dec. 30, and the following were the lucky numbers that drew prizes:

4104 2367 5291 8922
4670 A 43 12091 3118
7 10650 10368 5709

THE BAZAAR AT INGERSOLL. Chronicle, Dec. 31st. The bazaar, drawing of prizes and concert, in aid of the Catholic Church...

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27th prize—Gift of COL Wilson, won by ticket No. 3,987 A, held by J. McMullen...

28th prize—Gift of M. T. Buchanan, won by ticket No. 6,590 E, held by Luke Fagan...

29th prize—Gift of J. Russell & Co, won by ticket No. 803 A, held by Ed. Hertenstein...

30th prize—Gift of Geo. McSherry, won by ticket No. 2,994 D, held by E. R. Minutich...

31st prize—Gift of Jas. Brady, won by ticket No. 8,765 C, held by Jessie Edmondson...

32nd prize—Gift of John O'Callaghan, won by ticket No. 3,451 A, held by A. LaChance...

33rd prize—Gift of M. Dunn, won by ticket No. 331 G, held by R. McCormick...

34th prize—Gift of Henderson Co, won by ticket No. 3,962 C, held by Miss A. Bloy...

35th prize—Gift of Rev. D. O'Connor, won by ticket No. 2,704 D, held by Maggie McGroarty...

36th prize—Gift of Rev. D. O'Connor, won by ticket No. 2,343 B, held by F. J. Brazzil...

37th prize—Gift of Rev. D. O'Connor, won by ticket No. 9,724 A, held by Wm. McWilliam...

38th prize—Gift of Rev. D. O'Connor, won by ticket No. 1,994 E, held by P. J. Carley...

39th prize—Gift of Rev. D. O'Connor, won by ticket No. 9,878 E, held by Ellen Hanley...

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THE ALLISTON BAZAAR. The drawing of prizes in connection with the above Bazaar came off on Wednesday, Dec. 30, and the following were the lucky numbers that drew prizes:

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John Garvey. With reference to the above, in soliciting the patronage of all the old customers of the above firm and as many new ones as will favor me with their valued patronage...

Oh, would'st thou know the emblem That hallowed land where turrets glee They're the symbols proud of a race A shamrock plant, and a flag of green

Oh, a blessing on the shamrock!—That mocked the thrust of a myriad As it held its own on the hillside lone With a martyr's strength and a soul

Oh, a blessing on her banners!—The Hope for the brave, and hope for the Will flutter and soar in pride once more

Her heart was glad as heart could be She would not tell me why, While Hesper smiled upon the sea, And crowned the evening sky.

Dear Hesper looks from clouds of blue To hail the autumn moon; Such clouds as eve forests' ken A morrow's glorious noon!

And as we've pledged our troth to And sealed it with a kiss, She sees in lines of sapphire light A future full of bliss—

A future where in sunny mood From day to day we'd live: I thank thee, Hesper, for the good Glad omen thou dost give.

And thus it is why heavenly joy Her virgin soul doth bless; And thus it is why no alloy Distains her happiness.

Hold forth each eye thy rosy crown And hide dark clouds of sorrow Thee the may dream the sun goes To rise as bright to-morrow!

111—Flowers of the Myst I saw the dark-robed night Hush plant and flower to sleep Within each verdant steep.

The lives of the saints are