The Catholic Record.

"Christianus mihi nomen est, Catholicus vero cognomen."—"Christian is my name, but Catholic my surname."—*St. Pacian, 4th Century.*

VOL. 1. LONDON, ONT., FRIDAY, JUNE 20, 1879. NO. 37

N. WILSON & CO.

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ECCLESIASTICAL CALENDAR.

June 1879.

Sunday, 22—Third after Pentecost. Epistle (1. Peter v., 6 11). Gospel (Luke xv., 1-10).

Monday, 23—Vigil of the Feast of St. John the Baptist. St. Francis of Caracciolus.

Tuesday, 24—Nativity of St. John the Baptist; double first-class, with octave.

Wednesday, 25—St. William, abbot.

Thursday, 26—SS. John and Paul, martyrs.

Friday, 27—St. Boniface, bishop and Martyr.

Saturday, 28—Vigil of the Feast of SS. Peter and Paul, a fast-day. St. Leo II., Pope and confessor.

THE O'GORMAN MAHON.

SKETCH OF A REMARKABLE IRISHMAN.

The O'Gorman Mahon, the new Home Rule M.P. for Clare, is now an old man, 80 years of age, who has had rather a chequered career, but who, through his eventful life, has preserved the honor of an Irish gentleman and the true patriot's love of country, which time nor distance has not dimmed. The following brief sketch of his remarkable life will be read with pleasure by our readers:—

John Patrick O'Gorman Mahon, or as he is commonly called The O'Gorman Mahon, is the son of Patrick Mahon, who was generally known as Pedraigruadth MacMathghamhna, or The Mahon, a famous Irish Chieftain, who was "out" with the rebels in '98. The O'Gorman Mahon is an old man 79 or 80 years of age, and is as vigorous in mind and body as many persons half his age. He still walks with all the sprightliness and agility of a young soldier. In 1824 he was one of the founders of the Catholic Association. He took an active part in the election of O'Connell for the county Clare in 1828. Shiel gives a graphic description of the way in which he stepped on a balcony at an election meeting in Clare, waving a green flag, and declaring what he was prepared to do to uphold the right of his coreligionists to political equality. In 1830 he was himself chosen for the same county, as O'Connell had selected Kerry as his constituency in that Parliament, and cast all his characteristic dash and independence into the discharge of his duty as a representative. He was one of the most prolific talkers of the time, and when he spoke he usually succeeded in raising the ire of the dominant Tories.

Afterwards he qualified himself as an Irish barrister, but did not practice. He had formerly taken high honors at Trinity College. In 1847 he was returned for Ennis, the County Town of Clare, and was in Parliament again for some time. He has, however, been out of Parliament for more than twenty years, and during that period he has led a curious and chequered life. He lived a long while in France, and has been mixed up with journalistic, financial and political enterprises in Paris. He has trampled over the greater portion of the earth's surface. For a season he lived is South America and rose to positions of influence and authority both in Chili and Peru. He was general in the Peravian Army, and at one time, if not commander-in-chief, he held the most important military office under under the Republic. He had also command of their small fleet. Mahon's hair-breadth escapes would make half-a-dozen exciting novels. He has fought some sixteen duels, and has been engaged in many a hazardous military as well as political enterprise. And now, after all this tempest-tossed career, he comes quietly back to Parliament as the Home Rule representative of the same county that fifty years ago sent him to St. Stephen's. A marvellous chapter in the history of the nation has been written since he first walked up to the table to take the oath of allegience to the King who was described as the first gentleman in Europe. When he entered Parliament the Duke of Wellington was Prime Minister. He remained under the Primiership of Earl Gray. Then the names of Peel, Althorp, Melbourn, Macaulay, Brougham, Lyndhurst, and Durham were foremost on the roll of British statesmen. Gladstone was only a young man at college, and Disraeli was pushing his way as a political pamphleteer, and a not very successful novelist. Cobden was a struggling commercial traveller, and Bright was writing invoices in his father's office at Rochdale—both of them unknown to fame. There was no penny post, and no railways. One of the earliest speeches that The O'Gorman Mahon made was in favor of free trade. The old House of Parliament that he entered has been destroyed, a new palace at Westminster has been reared, and the entire condition of political and social life has been recast in the interval that has elapsed since he was first returned. The O'Gorman Mahon is a cousin of Major O'Gorman, and his election is a source of great satisfaction to the Home Rule party.

MR. F. G. WIDDOWS.

HIS FULL HISTORY AT LAST.

AN EDITOR WHO SEEMS TO KNOW HIM WELL.

From the Norwich (Eng.) Argus, April 5.

Did our readers ever hear of one Nobbs, the "son" of Widdows the clog-dancer and comic singer, who in life was such a nuisance to Norwich? Well, of late in these columns there has appeared a correspondence between Nobbs, jun., *alias* Widdows, and a Mr. Coan, a Roman Catholic, and, as is usual when neither theological disputant is likely to convince the other of the soundness of his views, the paper is turned upon in which the correspondence appeared, and its editor is denounced as a villain and a scoundrel. Mr. Nobbs (or Widdows) takes upon himself the unsavoury position that "Baron" de Camin took in 1864, and after having, according to Nobbs' own account, been very nearly secured as the new Pope of Rome, has let all go to the wall and forsaken his deep religious faith in order to explain to the world the dreadful practices of Popery. So far, no doubt, he deserves the thanks of the conscientous, and as much money as liberality can afford him. The "Baron," if we remember aright, from behind a few pieces of candle, appeared in the dress of a Spanish inquisitor and told how he escaped with his lady love. We interfered in that instance, and the imposter fled from Norwich, sliding down a water-pipe to avoid the indignation of a large meeting at the Lecture Hall: he had never been in a monastery in his life, but the good R.C. Bishop (Wareing) of Northampton, wanting a cook, made Andrea Massena into one, and Andrea afterwards turned up as Baron de Camin, the terrible Spanish inquisitor! This Nobbs (or Widdows), we hear, was born in an obscure yard in St. Martin's-at-Oak, and reared in the Boys' Home attached to Norwich Workhouse, and up to the age of 17 ran errands and did all sorts of useful little things to earn a livelihood. At that time Ignatius purchased the monastery on Elmhill—now fortunately alive with the hammers and saws of Messrs. Robertson's cabinet-makers—and here he began to learn the art of disputation, and no doubt soon became an adept. Now when he came to Norwich the other week to "argufy" whether Popery should exist, a paragraph or two was dropped into the *Argus* about the now unfaithful or infidel Frater Aloysius who had so suddenly thrown up his connection with the monks of La Trappe, where he—Nobbs declares it himself, so it must be correct—was made a priest of the Roman Catholic Church by the Right Rev. Mons. Charbonelle, who presented him with a habit and cord whether to hang himself by or otherwise he does not say. One thing is certain, the Roman Catholics of Norwich need no assistance from our pen; whatever has been done by De Camin, Murphy, &c., they have outlived, and now sail on in better waters than ever. We have said their religion is a very old one, and, we regret to say, in past times it has suffered much; so has the religion of the printer and publisher of this journal, and directly Mr. Soman refused to print any more correspondence between the alleged new Pope Nobbs and the follower of Pope Leo (Coan) unless paid for as advertisements, the *soi-disant* Pope, who had fallen from his faith, commenced to set themselves on, to what they called the editor of the *Argus* and to pester him with halfpenny postcards and letters in outrageous numbers, filled with threats, but all anonymous. The best thing that can be said of this nonsense is that one man can carry it on as well as twenty. Unfortunately, however, they were directed to the *Editor*, and whatever Mr. Soman may be, most certainly he does not fill *that* capacity. If they wish for a bull-dog, can they should send them to the real Editor, and we beg to assure the senders that he will be complasn of their number or magnitude. The fact is, after regular notice had been inserted that correspondence in the matter of the Roman Catholic Church and the adventurer outside of it should cease, orders were issued that any more letters on the subject would have to be paid for, and then this would-be new Pope accommodated the *Argus* with a letter of eight folio pages, which would have filled two columns of our journal. We fancy we reign over our newspaper, and keep out or put in as our judgment (often erratic) directs us. We are certain that Nobbs (or Widdows) will never be a Martin Luther or a John Knox. We could tell much concerning this apostate, from the time when the gas taps were turned on in St. Laurence church in order that the sacred building might be blown up, to the time he was at Toronto, in Canada, and what he did there. So for the present we leave this Pope Widdows (or Nobbs) and his friends, hoping to meet them again on the first favourable opportunity—that is, on the arrival of certain papers from York County, Canada.

A Londoner Robbed.—While Mr. McLean, who drives for Mr. Thos. McCormick, confectioner of this city, was on his way from York to Caledonia on Friday last he had his valise, containing three dollars in coppers, a life insurance policy, a quantity of clothes, brushes, slippers and other small articles, including a revolver, with a quantity of cartridges, stolen. Mr. McLean did not miss the trunk until he reached Caledonia, when he remembered passing five tramps on the road, and upon telegraphing back ascertained that the tramps had been afterwards seen carrying a valise similar to his. He, in company with a friend, immediately drove back on the road, and on their way were joined by two more friends. They came upon the thieves, who were seated on the side of the road, apparently dividing the spoil, when Mr. McLean picked up a handkerchief and demanded the return of his property, but one of the villians drew a revolver and ordered him to put down the handkerchief or he would shoot him. A constable tried to arrest one of the tramps, but they drew their revolvers and defied those around. The thieves then ran away into the woods, and up to the present have escaped capture, having once been cornered, but after interchanging shots they got away again. The valise was afterwards found in the river, the tramps in the meantime have rigged themselves in new clothes.

THE HANLAN-ELLIOTT RACE.

The Stratford Boy Beats the best Sculler in England.

THE ENGLISH PEOPLE ASTONISHED AT HIS WONDERFUL POWER.

Newcastle-on-Tyne, June 16.—The weather was good, though dull, and the water was exceedingly smooth. The tide was running well, and the wind was in favor of the rowers. Indeed it was long since everything was in such good condition to ensure a fair race. The attendance far exceeded that at any previous championship race. A large number of Canadians and Americans were on board the twenty steamers, which followed the race. Both men rowed about the river for a quarter of an hour before the taking up of their positions at the starting point. Elliott stripped to the skin, retaining only his rowing drawers, while Hanlan wore a flannel vest. Both appeared to be in splendid condition. All the spectators remarked the great physical strength of Elliott. Elliott won the toss, and choose the northern shore.

A capital start was effected at 12.15 p. m. Hanlan got away at a very fast rate, with a lead of nearly a quarter of a length, but English hopes rose when they saw Elliott, with half-a-dozen wonderful strokes, draw up level. This was, however, the only advantage Elliott had during the race. It was remarked that Hanlan, at starting, did not display the same nonchalance as when opposed to Hawdon; but as soon as he noticed that Elliot was ready he dashed in his sculls with hearty good will. Nothing could be cleaner and more workmanlike than the way in which he obtained a firm preliminary grip of the water, and pulled his stroke right through. Elliott also was immediately at work with all his might, but buried his sculls too deeply, and was consequently unable to recover neatly and promptly so, in the course of twenty yards, Hanlan had obtained a distinct advantage. But a short distance was traversed when it became evident that Hanlan was destined to have matters pretty well his own way.

It was evident Elliott had a tendency to break into his old short, vigorous stroke, and was hampered by the new style, but the spurt was unavailing. Hanlan had now fallen into a long telling one of 36, and Elliott once more began to splash as he did at the commencement of the race. He paused briefly off the Lead Works quay to discover his opponent's position, then pulled manfully, evidently relying on his noted staying powers; but the effort was unavailing, Hanlan having, off Cooper's Stairs, rather increased his lead. At Quay Corner Hanlan was rowing at the rate of 34 strokes to the minute, and looking around with great *sang froid*.

AFTER THE FIRST MILE WAS PASSED,

off Watersou's Works, Hanlan, seeing he had the race in hand, slowed down to 32. Elliott, observing this, by a vigorous effort, drew up to within three yards, amidst enthusiastic applause. Hanlan slightly increased his pace and kept just ahead, but again eased at Armstrong's Shear Legs, when Elliott came within two lengths of him. Hanlan here almost stopped rowing and turned around to look ahead, although Elliott was still pulling gamely at the rate of 34. The Island of King's Meadows was covered by an excited crowd, who, seeing the scullers pass in close proximity, and not being aware of the previous phases of the race, enthusiastically encouraged Elliott.

At the head of the Meadows Hanlan passed to the left and treated Elliott to the back wash of a tug, but Elliott worked away to avoid this, but Elliott Hanlan reached the head of the Meadows, two miles from the start, in twelve minutes and eight seconds, and was five lengths ahead of Elliott, who was still spurting pluckily. The immense crowd along Scotswood Houghs watched the race in silence, but, on Hanlan passing Scotswood Bridge, eleven lengths ahead, there was a burst of cheering which lasted some minutes. The time of the race was twenty-one minutes one second, which is fifty-five seconds less than the time of the Elliott-Higgins match.

After the race Hanlan returned to Newcastle, where he was cordially welcomed by a large concourse. In response to repeated calls, Hanlan appeared at the window, and thanked the people warmly. He highly complimented Elliott. He was loudly cheered.

In the evening, at a concert, a splendid diamond ring was presented to Hanlan, on behalf of a number of the ladies and gentlemen of Newcastle. Hanlan was received with cheers. He said he had encountered one of the best scullers he ever met. Elliott said he was satisfied that no man in England could beat Hanlan. He (Elliott) would row any man in the world, barring Hanlan, for £200 a side.

A STRANGE CASE.

A HUMAN ELECTRIC BATTERY.

From the Daily Advertiser, June 17.

We have been favored with the details of one of the strangest cases of which we ever heard, and one which is sure to excite a good deal of interest among medical men. The particulars of the case are given below:

It seems that about two years since a daughter of Mr. Richard Clare, Caroline by name, and then seventeen years of age, living on lot 25, on the 2nd concession of Rodney, was taken ill. Her disease could not be correctly diagnosed, and had many peculiar features. Her appetite fell off, and she lost flesh till from a strapping girl of 130 pounds weight she barely weighed eighty-seven pounds. There did not seem to be any organic complaint. The bodily functions were not impaired, and although she ate less than formerly, the falling-off in this respect was not such as in itself would alarm her friends. After the lapse of a few months she took to her bed. Then it was that a change occurred in her mental condition. Formerly she was noted rather for lack of conversational powers, but now fits or spasms would come over her, on the passing away of which her eyes would become set and glazed, her body almost rigid, and while in that state she would discourse eloquently, and give vivid descriptions of far-off scenes, far exceeding in their beauty anything which she had ever seen or presumably ever read of. On the passing away of this state she exhibited a great degree of lassitude and indisposition to move, and was taciturn and surly in reply to any questions. This continued till about a month since, when an extraordinary change occurred. The girl, although still not gaining flesh, appeared to rally. She became light-hearted and gay, and her friends anticipated an early release for her from the room to which she had been confined so long. Their expectations were not vain, for she is now about the house apparently as well as ever. But a most remarkable development has taken place. She is constantly giving off electrical discharges, and seems to be a perfect battery. A person unless possessed of the strongest nerves, cannot shake hands with her, nor can any one place his hands in a pail of water with hers. By joining hands she can send a sharp shock through fifteen or twenty people in a room, and she possesses all the attractions of a magnet. If she attempts to pick up a knife the blade will jump into her hand, and a paper of needles will hang suspended from one of her fingers. So strongly developed is this electrical power that she cannot release from her touch any article of steel which she may have taken up. The only method yet found is for a second party to take hold of the article and pull while the girl strokes her own arm vigorously, from the wrist upwards. On her entering a room a perceptible influence seizes hold of all others, and while some are affected to sleepiness, others are ill and fidgity till they leave, and even for a considerable time afterwards. A sleeping babe will wake up with a start at her approach, but with a stroke of her her hand she can at once coax it to slumber again. Animals also are subject to her influence, and a pet dog of the household will be for hours at her feet as motionless as in death. A curious part of the phenomena is the fact that the electricity can be imparted by her to any article with which she habitually comes in contact. The other day a younger sister, while doing the house work, took up a pair of corsets belonging to Caroline, and on her hand touching the steel she was compelled to drop them with a loud cry and an exclamation to the effect that she had run a needle into her finger. Wooden spoons have had to be made for her, as she cannot touch metal. Altogether, the case is a remarkable one, and attracts scores of visitors to the house of Mr. Clare. Medical men are especially interesting themselves, and it has been stated that Dr. Tye, of Thamesville, will read a paper on the subject at the meeting of the Provincial Medical Association which is to be held in London in the course of this summer. Mr. Clare is the father of a family of seven children, none of whom except Caroline show any abnormal qualities.

Wherein they are Wanting.—This is the Season of the year are holding their Presbyterians and Methodists, and passing long-district conventions of gratitude etc., and parading before the world how many dollars they have spent in evangelizing the heathen of far Africa and India; but fail entirely to tell how they refused a crust to the beggar at the door, how they failed to think of the poor during the cold winter; how they demand the last dollar of house-rent; and how they forgot *practical* charity altogether. A curious feature of these meetings is the facility with which the Association Press is wont to herald over the land extended reports of what they do and say.—*Catholic Columbian.*

Serious accident befel Mr. Thos. Sayers on the 12th, whilst assisting in placing a stone for the foundation of a well at the back of his premises. It appears that the unfortunate gentleman put his foot on the stone for the purpose of fixing it in its proper place, when suddenly it gave way, precipitating him in a stooping position into the well. When released from his perilous position, and after the arrival of Drs. Herod and Brock, it was found that the spine of his back was fractured. He is lying in a dangerous state, and there is little or no hopes of his recovery.

CANADIAN NEWS.

Partick Mullin, who keeps a grocer's store on Ashaurnham Hill, committed suicide in Ottawa on the 16th by taking arsenic.

Snow fell at Portsmouth, Ont., between ten and eleven o'clock on Sunday night, making the ground white.

Christopher Edmonster, who was injured by a barn falling on Campbell's farm, near Brantford, on Monday, of last week, died from his injuries.

A child belonging to Mr. Brown, of Crediton, while playing around the stove accidentally upset the tea-pot, scalding itself to death.

On Monday, 9th inst., Rev. James Kilgour, of Guelph, had his collar bone broken, when about seven miles from Glencoe, by being thrown out of a carriage.

On Saturday evening Charles Payne, a six year old lad, son of Mr. John Payne, of Port Stanley, fell into the creek passing through that village, and when rescued life was extinct.

A bonded car on the Canada Southern, containing boots and shoes, having been robbed a few nights ago, all the constabulary of the country are warned to look for tramps well fixed for those articles.

During the exhibition of the Buffalo hunt, in St. Catharines, on the 12th the grand stand gave way, precipitating the occupants twenty feet. Several persons were more or less injured.

On Monday five men went out on the lake at Hamilton in an old craft, and when about a mile from shore a heavy sea struck the boat and it sunk. The cries of the men soon brought assistance, and they were rescued from their perilous position.

Thorold, June 14.—A man named Fleming had his legs mashed to jelly in one of the quarries here this morning by a large stone falling upon them. He was conveyed to the hospital at St. Catherines for treatment. He has a wife and large family.

Considerable excitement was caused in Doon on the 12th by the finding of a coat and vest in the waste gate of the dam. Further search was made, and about one o'clock the body of a man name, John Franks was found. Coroner Boolby, of Berlin, was summoned and held an inquest. The jury rendered a verdict of suicide, while laboring under a fit of temporary insanity. Deceased was unmarried, and about 30 years of age.

Mr. Jefferson Foster, of the 10th con. of Blanshard, had two valuable heifers stolen on Saturday night. No clue can be got to the perpetrators. As this is not the first case of the kind that has occurred in Blanshard, it is high time that something was done to bring the culprits to justice. Mr. Foster is going to offer $100 reward for the conviction of the parties who committed the crime.

As Rev. Father Shea, P. P., Brockton, was driving down Jarvis street, Toronto, his horse took fright and ran away, and it was not till the animal had continued its mad career almost to the foot of the street that it could be pulled up. Neither the occupant nor any one else was hurt, although there were several narrow escapes.

Some person jumped into a grocery wagon standing at the door of D. McGregor's grocery, Walkerton, on Saturday night, and drove off with the rig. The efforts of the owner failed to find it until Monday morning, when the horse was found dead in a ditch, and the wagon smashed a short distance outside the town. No clue to the perpetrator of the outrage has yet been discovered.

Murder in Thorold.—A man named Chas. Garrett, of Drummondville, while standing on the Thorold market on the 12th., was shot by a young man named William Alexander, of Thorold. He deliberately shot him while standing about three feet from him, the ball penetrating the abdomen. Garrett is in a very critical condition. Alexander is now under arrest.

On Monday, about 4 p.m., a rock about fifty feet long, thirty feet wide and twenty feet thick, slid off the bank at Clifton, taking everything in its way, a distance of about one hundred feet, into the Welland race, on the American side, completely shutting the water from the wheel. It will take some time and cost considerable to remove it. Two of the guys of the Suspension Bridge were broken.

Thomas Grieve, eldest son of Mr. John Grieve, of Lumosa, met with an untimely death on Tuesday last. He was engaged in tearing down an old barn, when the framework suddenly gave way, falling upon the deceased, causing a fracture of the skull, and other injuries, which resulted fatally. A young man assisting him was seriously hurt.

Two little girls constructed a raft at Thornbury recently and set off on the bay. The wind being favorable and fresh they made good speed, when a little boy noticed them and started for a boat, but the oars were up town. By the time the boat reached the girls they were two miles out, standing clasped in each other's arms. It is supposed they are cured of this kind of excursion.

A party of five men arrived at Suspension Bridge, N. Y., on Thursday afternoon and offered for sale a quantity of cutlery, etc., which the police thought were stolen goods, and on enquiry being made the men ran for the woods, the officer opening fire, which was returned by the thieves. Two of them, however, were captured, one by Detective Sockett and one by Police Officer Hennessy. The two thieves are in durance vile. Two more of the gang were afterwards arrested, the fifth one was wounded in the arm and will be caught.

A few days ago, Mr. George Cornell, living on Snake Hill; in the town of New Windsor, adjoining this city, went walking over his farm, accompanied by a five-year old son. Mr. Cornell had got some distance ahead of the child and suddenly he heard him scream. Mr. Cornell ran back to the boy, and found that a large black snake had coiled himself tightly around the little fellow's leg. It is supposed that the boy unconsciously stepped upon the snake, and that the reptile instantly wound himself as Mr. Cornell found him. The father battered the head of the snake with stones until he killed him. It measured four feet six inches in length.

A curious case has been reported to the Chatham police. A man named Wm. Long has been missing since the 10th inst. He has been employed as engineer at Pike & Richardson's saw mill, a short distance from town. He and his wife were boarding at a private house on Park street. He complained of being ill on the morning in question, and did not go to work. About noon he was walking in the yard, and about one o'clock was missed. Nothing has been heard of him since. Mrs. Long thought he had gone to Reed City, Mich., to take up some land claim, but has received a telegram saying he is not there. She does not know why he left, as he did not say anything to her about going away, and they had lived happily together for six years.

John Griffin, a brakeman on the C. S. R., met with a serious accident on Wednesday afternoon about five o'clock. At the time of the occurrence he was on a freight train which was coming into the yard from the east, and it appears that he was standing at the side door of the caboose, looking out, when his head came into contact with the semaphore at that place. The force of the blow was so great that he was thrown to the ground, and he was found to be unconscious and bleeding at the ears and mouth when assistance arrived. He was at once conveyed to his boarding house, and Dr. Smith was sent for to render medical aid. It is feared that the brain of the unfortunate man has been ruptured, although no fracture of the skull is apparent, and grave doubts as to his recovery are entertained.

HORRIBLE MURDER.

A MAN KILLS HIS WIFE WITH AN AXE.

Arthur, Ont., June 16.—In the outskirts of this village this morning about six o'clock a man named Geo. Anticnapp is supposed to have struck his wife on the head with an axe, breaking in the skull, from the effects of which the woman died in a few hours. The man disappeared, and is now being searched for in the woods. The axe was found covered with hair and blood. The man has on two or three previous occasions attempted to commit suicide by hanging and been cut down by his wife. Further particulars will follow after inquest. Great excitement prevails.

A DASTARDLY ATTEMPT AT MURDER.

A MIDDLESSEX FARMER SHOT BY A ROBBER.

From the Daily Advertiser.

News has been received in this city of a daring attempt at robbery and a most wanton case of felonious shooting, which occurred in the village of Carlisle, between Brecon and Arva Craig, Friday night. It seems that Mr. John Fisher, a wealthy farmer of that district, had collected a large sum of money during the day, and was stopping for the night at the house of Mr. James Stewart. At about eleven o'clock he was awakened by a loud noise, caused by the breaking open of a door, a heavy rasp being used for the purpose. He rushed out of his room, scarcely realizing what had happened, when he came full upon the robber, who had by this time gained admittance. As Fisher appeared, the robber fired at him, the shot taking effect under the short ribs and embedding itself in the body. At this point Mr. Stewart appeared, when the robber aimed the pistol at him and pulled the trigger. The weapon fortunately snapped, when Mr. Stewart's faithful watch dog made his appearance, and at sight of this addition to the strength of the party attracked the robber took to his heels and disappeared. There can scarcely be a doubt but that he was acquainted with the neighborhood and knew of the large sum of money Mr. Fisher had on his person, and that it was a wish to secure this that led to the attack. Dr. Anderson was called to attend the wounded man, who bled profusely, and has hopes of his recovery, although the victim of the wanton act is in a low state.

Serious Accident to a Priest.—About six weeks ago Father Viniard, of Notre Dame School, South Bend, swallowed his false teeth while asleep. The plate measures two and one quarter inches in length. Father Viniard's friends feared the accident would prove fatal to him, as such rare accidents have to others in every instance. One of his physicians thought the plate might be destroyed by feeding him diluted muriatic acid, but this plan was abandoned and nature was finally allowed to take her course. The other evening Father Viniard was taken suddenly ill and almost immediately began to vomit. During his retching the gold plate with three of the teeth fastened to it was ejected.

Pilgrimage.—A pilgrimage of the Catholics of Toronto will take place early in July—the exact date not being yet fixed. The point of destination is "Our Lady of Angels," Niagara Falls, N. Y., the pilgrims proceeding by boat to Lewiston, and thence by rail. His Grace the Archbishop will accompany and direct the pilgrimage.