

A THRILLING TIGER HUNT.

CONFRONTING A MAN-EATER IN HIS NATIVE JUNGLE.

SINGAPORE (Straits of Malacca), Dec. 15.

If there ever was a hunter's paradise, it is the little island of Singapore and the adjacent Malay peninsula. The jungles swarm with game, from the elephant and tiger down to the wild boar, while birds, from the gorgeous plumed parrots and cockatoos, down to the tiny humming birds, rise before you in droves. Birds of paradise soar here and there in the heavens, while peacocks and golden pheasants strut in every opening in the forest. But I have not space to give an entire list of the game that a day's tramp in the jungle will show you here, nor to give a diary of the two weeks' enjoyment of a Chicago resident in these wilds, but simply to tell you how a green hunter from Chicago killed a tiger.

The statistics of the Colonial Government of Singapore, it being an English colony, show that the tigers eat on an average a man per day during the year. The most of these were coolies from the sugar plantations, but instances are on record where they have boldly entered the suburbs of the city, and carried off policemen on their night rounds, and I do not remember in our night rambles about Singapore of seeing any police asleep in the doorways. The Government by a reward of \$50 for every tiger killed on the island, has greatly reduced their numbers. Yet they breed unmolested in the Malay jungles, and swimming across the narrow straits that separates Singapore from the mainland, are still the terror of the planters, for a tiger will take to the water like a duck.

The city of Johore I found a squalid Malay village, the houses built on piles driven in the ground the floors being some ten feet from the ground, so as to protect the inhabitants from dampness and wild beasts. Space will not permit a description of the Sultan's "palace," or the pompous dignity with which he received me; suffice it to say that a fee of twenty silver dollars secured me the right to hunt in his domains, and authority to hire twenty natives as camp servants and beaters to scour the jungle and drive up the game—the salary of said natives to be 17 cents per day each, and pound of rice per man. The extra supply of rice was soon laid in, and the head man of the party, furnished me by the Sultan, who rejoined in the name of Rajma, and who was as villainous looking a Malay as the Peninsula could possibly produce, yet a veteran tiger-tracker, started out to find a suitable camping-spot, and was to return at 5 o'clock in the afternoon, so we could move in the cool of the evening, while I was to wait in the village with my Singapore servant for his return. The dense jungle comes up to the very edge of the village, and its cool shade was very grateful to me, for now it was noon, and the sun poured down with fearful heat. I could not eat, but lay panting under the cool shade of the cocoanut trees, and drinking the cool milk that I had come from the huge nuts. It was fortunate that I had come the seventeen miles across Singapore Island in the cool of the day, for though I had a thick cork hat, I found that I must use great caution under the tropical sun to avoid serious consequences. About 3 o'clock Rajma came back in breathless haste to say that not three miles the village he had found the carcass of a buffalo cow which had been freshly killed by a tiger, who would doubtless return in the evening to eat the rest of it, and that if I watched I would be able to get a shot.

I was all excitement at once. I hurried Rajma off to fix some kind of a platform in a tree near the carcass, while I followed with two other natives carrying my guns and a good supply of ammunition. On the way several large black deer started up in easy range, but I dared not shoot for fear of alarming bigger game. Arriving at a large opening in the jungle, I beheld the scene of action. The carcass lay about thirty yards from a large jaman tree in which Rajma had, about fifteen feet from the ground, erected a small platform of bamboo poles, loosely covered with large leaves of the cocoanut tree. Rajma ascended first. I followed him while the two servants handed up the guns and then returned to the village. I cut away a few branches that obscured the view, put a cartridge in the Creed-moor rifle as a reserve—the others were already loaded—and then sat down with nothing to do but sit quiet and keep a sharp lookout. It was still very warm, and the jungle was as quiet as a church except that every now and then a dove of chattering black monkeys would go by chasing one another from tree to tree. Excepting the monkeys there was no sign of life in the forest—everything seemed taking a siesta.

We watched for two long hours, exchanging rapid glances whenever a twig fell or a leaf stirred. At last the sun was nearly setting, when I heard the parrots chattering wildly and far off; Rajma motioned to watch sharp now, and I fairly held my breath; but the sound died away, nothing came. Now the jungle was all animation, cries of birds and animals arose on all sides, the sunset and the darkness came on rapidly. For an hour or more I sat expectant, but the longed for time came not. It was now too dark to see to shoot, so we reluctantly descended and started on our return.

I began to question Rajma, who spoke a little broken English, and began to doubt that there was a tiger in the vicinity. Before he had time to answer, there came a sound that made me start and tremble, and look round for a convenient tree to climb. It spoke for itself of the whereabouts of the forest king. He no doubt suspected something wrong, or had scented us, and this was a warning to clear out. At any rate, it was such a roar as I never heard any menagerie tiger give. It was a deep, continuous, heavy boom, that seemed to fill the whole forest with a massive volume of sound that lasted for more than a minute. It seemed aggravating to be ordered out of the jungle in that way, but we went, and stood not on the order of our going, for even with a thirty-four shot repeating rifle, a tiger is not to be faced in the night.

The night I passed in a miserable Malay hut, fighting fleas and mosquitoes, and was up early to hold a council of war with Rajma. He advised to take the party of twenty natives, provide them with tom-toms, or native drums, which could easily be borrowed in the village, and go to the same place, track the tiger in his lair, and then with the drums rouse him up and drive him into the opening of the jungle, where I could shoot him from the platform. In less than an hour we were under way and soon beside the remains of the buffalo, a good deal of which had been eaten during the night. It was still untouched by the vultures or jackals, which Rajma declared was proof that the tiger was very close by.

I mounted to the platform, as on the previous day, while Rajma gave the party directions to beat up the jungle about a quarter of a mile to the north of us, and to gradually circle toward the opening where we were sitting, the track of the tiger showing that he had retired into the forest that way. After sitting about an hour, with the sun growing hotter every minute, I heard the faint distant sound of tom-toms, and soon the shout of the natives, who are courageous enough when after a tiger in the day-time, and armed with a drum, for a tiger has a mortal fear of that kind of noise. The clamor of the line drew near, and a flock of parrots darted past, like a flash, of blouped sap- phire and emerald, while two white birds of paradise flashed like two white streamers across the opening. The crows were chattering frantically a couple of

hundred yards away. Then a large deer rushed by, and Rajma plucked my arm and whispered that the tiger was near, and to "look out." I cocked the repeating rifle and waited. My heart beat like a trip-hammer, yet my nerves were reasonably steady. Not a breath of air was stirring, yet a cold shiver seemed to run through a patch of tall grass, swaying it to and fro, and then some forty yards away, I caught the first glimpses of the black and tawny stripes, moving slowly to the open ground. I turned to see if the extra guns were handy; Rajma sat with them across his knees, with the Creedmoor nearest, for I relied on its heavy ball for the settling shot. I had often tried this rifle at the range of the Dearborn Club, and knew I could rely on it. When I turned my head again, the tiger was standing motionless with only his head and his great, round glaring eyes visible, as he looked back and listened to the noise of the drums and crashing branches. I might have fired then, and had my rifle to my shoulder, but judged it better to wait till he came nearer and I could see him more clearly. After a long pause he moved slowly on until he was almost opposite the tree; he moved most gracefully, his long tail nervously switching from side to side.

Now was my time. Aiming for his shoulder, I pulled the trigger and gave him two shots from the Evans in quick succession. He answered the shots with a sharp, sudden roar, and the noise from the tom-toms redoubled. When the smoke cleared away the tiger had vanished, a slight waving of the grass showing where he had retreated. I was on the point of firing again at the spot where the grass was swaying to and fro, but the Malay laid his hand on my arm and whispered, "Wait," at the same time putting the Creedmoor rifle in my hand.

He was just in time. At that instant the grass parted, and, with a loud roar, a huge black and yellow beast hurled itself through the jungle and came straight at the tree—his broad face all ablaze, his great white teeth gleaming, and his big eyes sparkling green fire—the most perfect picture of mad, consuming animal fury I have ever seen. There was no appreciable danger, for our platform was nearly fifteen feet above ground, and no tiger can jump that height. Still, my nerves were tingling, and it was an impressive moment, for I threw up the Creedmoor instantaneously and fired, without drawing the sights very fine. The shot took effect, however, for when the smoke rose there was the tiger almost under the platform, with the heavy bullet through his spine, writhing convulsively and biting desperately at the grass and twigs in his death agony. Another cartridge was slipped speedily in the breach, a more careful aim, and a bullet sped through his neck. A shudder ran over the mighty limbs, the head dropped, and the great beast was dead.

I now felt safe to descend, and the natives came up. The dead tiger was immediately the centre of an admiring group, and comments on his size, &c., passed freely. He was a fine beast, with long, thick hair, amounting to a regular mane about his neck, and well-defined stripes on a ground of deep, tawny, reddish yellow. There was a vast amount of hauling and shouting before he was slung on poles and started in triumph to the village. Arrived there I duly measured him, and from nose to tip of tail he proved to be an inch and a half over ten feet. Then came the task of skinning. This had to be done personally, for the Malays are careless, and apt to cut the skin. It was an unpleasant operation, but at last it was finished, the carcass given for a prey to the vulture and jackals, and the skin carefully pegged out under a tree, with several natives scraping it clean and rubbing it with good ashes, which, with care and favorable weather, will save it from spoiling.—Chicago Tribune.

REV. FATHER BURKE.

SOLEMN WORDS ON CURSING.

There is nothing in heaven, nothing on earth, for which the Almighty God has so great a regard as for His own name. When He speaks of the people of Israel, he says: "I will be their God; I will be in the midst of them. I will give them every grace and every gift," and He tells us that He will crown His graces by putting His name upon them—"and my Name shall be among them." When the inspired Evangelist wants to describe to us the glory of heaven and the brightness of God's saints, he tells upon our foreheads. "For I beheld an hundred and forty four thousand, and they followed the Lamb, for they were the first fruits of the Lamb and they had His Name and His Father's Name written upon their foreheads." And this is the Name that the Hebrews of old were not permitted to mention, even in prayer; yet this is the name that the half drunken wretch, the man who is neither drunk nor sober—the man whose flushed face and blood-shot eye and shaking hand easily show him to be a drunkard, though he is not drunk—will take upon every occasion. It is nothing but "God" here and "God" there; and perhaps that awful habit of cursing, in which the Almighty God is called upon to execute vengeance, as, for instance, when a man says, "Damn you!" "Blast you!" or when a man tells another in anger to "go to hell!" or any of those things. Consider the insult that man offers to Almighty God. Listen: I will put it before you in three words as clearly as possible. The greatest insult that a man can offer to God is to pass sentence upon his fellow man and then call upon God to execute it. According to the laws of the land, if a man is found guilty—if he is tried for any crime and brought before a judge and jury—when his trial is over, and the jury find him guilty, the judge sentences him. For instance, after a trial for murder, the judge passes sentence upon him and it is that "on such a day, at such an hour, you are to be put to death." Who executes the sentence? Will the judge do it? Ah, no; he is too high and dignified a personage. Will the sheriff do it? No. Will the humblest peasant do it? No; but when the day of execution comes, a wretched creature who was never seen before, who arrives in the night time, and has a mask upon his face, in order that no man may know who he is—the common hangman comes with a mask upon his face, and puts the rope around the man's neck, and launches him into eternity. Now the man who curses his fellow man, and says to him, "Damn you," "Blast you," "To hell with you," that man puts God into the position of the common hangman. He says, "You have offended me; I am not able to damn you; I cannot send you to hell; but I ask Almighty God to do it—to carry out my sentence." Actually the man puts himself in the position of the judge of his fellow man, and then with the impudence and audacity past all believing he calls upon the Eternal and Omnipotent God to execute his sentence, and damn his fellow creature! The greatest insult that can be offered to our Lord and God. And this comes from drink.

Sir George Bowyer M. P. and his Constituents.

Commenting on the division on Mr. Trevelyan's motion referring to the question of household franchise for the counties, the *Weyford People* says:—Of the members representing Weyford county and boroughs three voted for the motion, and one, we regret to record, Sir George Bowyer, against it. How he will justify voting against the extension of the franchise in Ireland we are unable to guess, but we are perfectly correct in stating that his vote has given his constituents unqualified dissatisfaction.

THE POLITICAL PRISONERS AT SPIKE.

A VISIT TO EDWARD O'CONNOR.

The Cork correspondent of the *Freeman*, telegraphing on Monday, says:—

Mrs. Cullen, of Ennis, sister to the political prisoner, Edward O'Connor, who was transported for twenty years at the Dublin commission in '67 for attempting to assassinate Warner, the Fenian informer, paid a visit to her brother yesterday at the convict depot, Spike Island, the only occasion upon which she had an interview with him since his conviction. Mrs. Cullen, accompanied by a male friend, who had also served a term of imprisonment for a political offence, arrived at Spike about eleven o'clock. They were permitted to enter the prison, when the lady visitor was shown to the visitor's room, her companion being detained in the guardroom, and prevented from accompanying her in her own words, she says: "that her brother was marched into her more like a skeleton than anything else. He was a young man when arrested, but now looked more than forty." A warder was standing by, and when O'Connor, after an exchange of greeting with a sister from whom he was long separated, attempted to enter upon a recital of his grievances, he was ordered to desist by the warder, on pain of—"You know the result of this." She stated, however, that she gathered the following from him. Soon after his removal to Spike he made an attempt to escape, which was visited by the imposition of chains for eighteen months. These iron appendages, he said, weighed upwards of 20lbs, and he informed his sister that notwithstanding he had to keep pace with his gang and work at stone-cutting. During this punishment he frequently complained, but was never admitted to hospital for a single day. The prisoner then began to speak of political prisoners—O'Kelly and Dillon—who are likewise in Spike Island, when he was interrupted by the warder, who said, "I cannot allow you to talk of other men." The convict complained that he was suffering from spinal disease and pains in the bones, for which he was being treated, but that despite his complaints he was still kept at work and not admitted to hospital. With regard to the diet, he said it was disagreeable enough at first, but that after a while the prisoners got through it "fairly enough." He stated also that the prisoners recognised the advent of a visit from a person of note or responsibility, because for a fortnight before the visit they received considerably better treatment than they had been in the habit of receiving. He made a strong and urgent appeal that she would let his grievances be known to Mr. O'Connor Power.

POLAND AND IRELAND.

The Society of the White Eagle, of Poland, have forwarded to Mr. A. M. Sullivan, M.P., a letter conveying their warm thanks for his reference to Poland in the recent debate on the Eastern question. After alluding to Mr. Sullivan's speech, they say: "We beg, on behalf of the Polish exiles in this country, hereby to convey to you our most sincere thanks, and hope that you will feel it consistent with your duty to seize every opportunity of bringing forward the just cause of Poland's freedom."

Addressing Major Weirbiki in reply, Mr. Sullivan writes as follows: "As one of the national representatives of Ireland, I should be false to every sense of duty if I failed to testify the deep sympathy, the love and admiration which my countrymen entertain for Poland. I think I can promise you in all eventualities you will find in the Parliamentary representatives of Ireland, true friends who will not falter in your cause. But for our feelings for Poland, but for our refusal to condone, or forget the great wrong that struck her down, we should be foremost in manifesting our satisfaction with the grand work of liberation which the victorious arms of Russia has apparently accomplished for the Christian communities of south eastern Europe; we could more heartily express such satisfaction if we saw Russia begin the work of liberation nearer home, and if, while now pushing the Moslem power back beyond the Bosphorus, she remembered that to John Sobieski and glorious Poland, Europe owes it that the area of Turkish misrule over Christian populations has not been more vast in expanse. I pray for your noble people, so constant amidst sufferings for holy faith and beloved country, that God may soon requite them for such fidelity and heroism."

Mr. Sullivan, in conclusion, makes reference to former letters and resolutions of thanks accorded him by the Polish institutes of Geneva and other cities.

THE AVAILABLE FORCES OF RUSSIA.

From a detailed account of the present distribution of the Russian forces, given in a usually well-informed German paper, it appears that Russia has still intact in the interior of the country, and quite independently of any garrison troops, 13 divisions of infantry, 6 divisions of cavalry, 3 brigades of rifles, and 2 brigades of sappers; or, altogether, in round numbers, 150,000 infantry, 12,000 cavalry, and 700 field-pieces.

In addition, four reserve divisions are in process of formation, and 120 local battalions are being mobilized, to occupy the Polish provinces of the empire. The army on the Balkan peninsula comprised at the time when the armistice was agreed upon, exclusive of the siege artillery, the artillery parks, the train, the administrative services, detachment of sailors, etc.—25 divisions of infantry, with 1,200 field guns; 3 brigades of rifles, 18 divisions of cavalry with 200 horse artillery guns; or, altogether, 324 battalions, 240 squadrons, and 1,400 field pieces. Assuming the actual strength of each of the above units to average two-thirds of its prescribed war establishment, the aggregate of this army would amount to 260,000 infantry, 30,000 horses, and 1,400 guns.

In the Caucasus there was at the same time 2 divisions of infantry, comprising together 32 battalions and the Kuban and the Terek Cossacks, or about 25,000 men, 10,000 horses, and 156 guns; and, finally in Armenia there were 8 divisions of grenadiers and infantry, a brigade of rifles, and 2 divisions of cavalry; representing an effective of 75,000 infantry, 8,000 cavalry, and 372 guns. Altogether, therefore, it is calculated that, including both the armies in Europe and in Asia, Russia can dispose of a field force of 540,000 infantry, 78,000 cavalry, and 2,722 guns, or if the special and accessory services are added, a total of 750,000 men.—*Pall Mall Gazette*.

Why the Popes Change Their Name on Ascending to the Pontifical Throne.

The reason for this is worth mentioning. From the moment of his elevation the Pontiff begins a new life. The Cardinal he had in him ceases to exist, and the Head of the Church is a new man whom God has caused to arise. For this reason he selects a name under which he is immediately proclaimed, and he only issues from the Conclave clothed with the white pontifical cassock, the color of which is emblematic.

PONTIFICATE OF PIUS IX.

HOW THE CHURCH IN THE NEW WORLD PROGRESSED UNDER HIS REIGN.

It will not be without interest to our readers to have some information in regard to the progress of the Church during the glorious pontificate of our late Holy Father, Pope Pius IX. in the New World. The following dioceses were during it raised to metropolitan sees: Boston, Mass.; Cincinnati, Ohio; Philadelphia, Pa.; Guadalajara, Mexico; Milwaukee, Wis.; New Orleans, La.; New York, N.Y.; Oregon City, Oregon; and Toronto, Canada. New dioceses were established at St. Augustine, Fla.; St. Albert, Canada; Allegheny, Pa. (now reunited with the diocese of Pittsburgh); Alton, Ill.; San Antonio, Texas; Brooklyn, N.Y.; Buffalo, N.Y.; Burlington Vt.; Antiochia, in the United States of Colombia; Auckland, New Zealand; Barquimeto, Venezuela; Les Cayas, Hayti; Calabozo, Venezuela; Cape Hayti, Hayti; Othamam, N.B.; Chilapa, Mexico; and Tamaulipas, in the same republic; Cleveland, Ohio; Cochabamba, Bolivia; Covington, Ky.; La Crosse, Wis.; Diamantina, Brazil; Dunedin, New Zealand; Erie, Pa.; Fortaleza, Brazil; Fort Wayne, Ind.; Galveston, Texas; St. Germaine, Canada; St. John, N.B.; St. Joseph, Mo.; Gonayes, Hayti; Grass Valley, Cal.; Green Bay, Wis.; Hamilton, Canada; Harbor Grace, Newfoundland; Harrisburg, Pa.; Huancayo, Peru; St. Hyacinthe, Canada; Halva, Ecuador; Leavenworth, Kansas; Leon, Mexico; Marquette, Mich.; Medellin, Colombia; Maitland, New South Wales; St. Peter, Martinique; Natchitoches, La.; Nesqueh, Washington Territory; Newark, N.J.; Ogdensburg, N.Y.; Ottawa, Canada; St. Paul, Minn.; Parana, Argentine Confederation; Paito, United States of Colombia; Peoria, Ill.; St. Peter, on the Rio Grande, Brazil; Portland, Me.; Porto Pace, Hayti; Porto Viecho, Ecuador; Providence, R.I.; Puno, Peru; Queretaro, Mexico; Rio Camba, Ecuador; Rochester, N.Y.; Sandwich, Canada; Savannah, Ga.; Scranton, Pa.; Sherbrooke, Canada; Springfield, Mass.; Three Rivers, Canada; Tulangino, Mexico; Wheeling, W. Va.; Wellington, New Zealand; Wilmington, Del.; Zacatecas, Mexico; Zamora, Mexico; St. Joseph, Costa Rica. Among the 29 archdioceses, and 130 new dioceses founded by Pope Pius IX. in all parts of the world, no less than sixty belong to English-speaking people: 32 in the United States, 12 in England, and 26 in the British possessions. Besides this, the late Holy Father erected 33 Vicariates Apostolic, of which 11 have been raised to dioceses, and 15 Apostolic Prefectures.

CARDINAL CULLEN'S VISIT TO ROME.

A telegram in the *Freeman*, dated Rome, Sunday, says:—

His Eminence the Cardinal Archbishop of Dublin arrived here yesterday afternoon, after a delightful journey along the Cornice-road and the delicious coast of the Mediterranean. His Eminence broke the journey at several spots on the beautiful route, and spent a couple of days in Nice and its charming neighborhood. His Eminence arrived in Rome about two o'clock, and was accompanied by the Rev. Dr. Father Maher, late Vice-Rector of the Irish College in this city, who had travelled with him from Ireland. There was a goodly assemblage waiting at the railway station to greet the illustrious visitor on his arrival, and amongst them I noticed the Most Rev. Dr. O'Mahony, Bishop of Armidale; Very Rev. Monsignor Kirby, Rector of the Irish College; Dr. Maziere Brady, the Rev. Messrs. Egan, Healy, Donnelly, &c., &c. The spiritual children of his Eminence, and indeed I am sure I may safely add the people of Ireland, will be rejoiced to learn that his Eminence appears to be in excellent health, to have lost the traces of his recent indisposition, and to be quite himself again after his long but invigorating journey to the Eternal City. The Cardinal has, as usual, taken up his residence with Monsignor Kirby at the Irish College. His Eminence will pay an early visit of congratulation to his Holiness Leo the Thirteenth at the Vatican.

THE BISHOP OF SALFORD ON THE NEGLECT OF MASS.

In his Lenten pastoral the bishop writes as follows on the sin of neglecting holy Mass: "We know to our shame and grief that hundreds, and if we speak of the whole Catholic population we must say thousands, live in the neglect of holy Mass. Various reasons are assigned for this neglect. Some complain that they are too poor to go to Mass; but they must know that poverty can be no excuse. Our churches are the homes of Jesus Christ and of his poor. Although his people must contribute towards the maintenance of the Church, the poor who cannot do so are never refused free admittance on account of their poverty. Should such a scandal ever occur at a church door it would be remedied at once by being made known to the rector. Many excuse themselves on account of their poor clothing but if they only thought of the poor clothing worn by our dear Lord and his apostles they would take courage and come. And again, if they reflect that the frivolities and vanities of fashion, which often display themselves in the church, are but the insolence of the flesh and of a worldly spirit, and as such an abomination to the Lord, they would not hesitate to go to Mass though ever so poorly clad. No trappings of silk, no cloth of gold, no precious stones are equal in value, in beauty and in splendor to the humility of heart of a poor man who is clothed in the real poverty of the Gospel. They may be assured that their presence at Mass in their poverty, so far from being an offence, is most pleasing to our divine Lord, who, being rich, became poor for our sake. Every good Catholic honors the person who says, 'My poverty, my temporary misfortune is no sin. I will go to my God, who invites me, whether I am well or ill dressed. He knows me; he calls me; I hear his voice. I will go and I will worship before his holy altar.' Lastly, let the poor consider how greatly they need the assistance of God in their poverty. Let them know with certainty that our Lord will receive and bless them as he received and blessed the poor shepherds, who hastened to him just as they were in the fields, approaching him with faith and devotion. But, alas! the thousands who neglect Mass are made up chiefly of those who have become victims of sloth or indifference, or have been fairly poisoned by the influence of the pagan atmosphere they live in. What remedy can be applied to so grave a malady? First answer this question: Did every Catholic clearly understand what the Mass really is—who he is that offers it, and who he is that is offered; what its unspeakable benefits; what its strength, its riches, its blessings temporal and spiritual, during life; what its consolation in death; what its power over purgatory; what its joy and glory for eternity—would it be treated with neglect or indifference; would many willingly fail to assist at it? Assuredly they would not. The iniquities of many are attributed in a great part to ignorance. Now, ignorance is banished by knowledge, and knowledge is received by instruction. In order, therefore, to bring within the reach of every member of the beloved flock committed to our pastoral charge a more detailed acquaintance with the substance of holy Mass, we have drawn up, as best we could, a little book, entitled 'On the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass.' It is

printed in a convenient and portable form, and may be had at a price within the reach of the poorest. Copies will be supplied during the course of the week to rectors of churches who kindly undertake to have them disposed of at their church doors. We pray that it may give a more intelligent appreciation of this most wonderful mystery; that it may induce some who are negligent to fulfil their Sunday obligation, and convince others who are practical Catholics of the great personal advantage they would derive from hearing Mass often on weekdays.

JUDGE KEOGH SUDDENLY TAKEN ILL.

The judges of assize of the north-west circuit arrived here shortly after two o'clock, and were met at the railway depot by Colonel John Gerard Irvine D. L., high sheriff, who brought them in his carriage to their lodgings. I regret to state that, shortly after seven o'clock in the evening, whilst the judges were entertaining several members of the bar at dinner, Mr. Justice Keogh got unwell, and was obliged to leave the table and retire to his own rooms, where he rapidly became much worse. Doctors Thompson and Fleming were immediately sent for and attended. The doctors found the learned judge in a very critical state, suffering from severe bronchitis and congestion of the lungs. Dr. Thompson immediately advised that he should be bled which operation was carried out most successfully, with the full concurrence of the learned judge who continued perfectly conscious throughout. On inquiry at his lodgings this morning I find that his lordship passed a good night. The doctor says that with a little quiet he hopes he may soon be perfectly restored in health.

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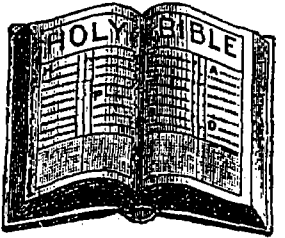
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