

SHEMUS DHU, THE BLACK PEDDLER OF GALWAY.

A TALE OF THE PENAL TIMES.

CHAPTER XXVIII.—CONTINUED.

"What, ho! here I am!" said Morgan O'Halloran with that free voice of authority with which those who can pay well call for immediate attendance to their wishes.

"Let us have some of your good port by the fire. I had expected to meet some merry fellows upstairs. They have gone, methinks, early and for society's sake my friend and I must fain sip our wine at the kitchen fire. Are you content, Charles?"

"Yes, yes; as you please," answered Henry, with some hesitation of speech, which did not escape the notice of the vigilant sergeant.

"For old acquaintance sake, you shall have the best and oldest vintage in our cellar, Mr. O'Halloran," said the servant addressed and departed for the wine, little knowing the danger of his last words to his friends. The name decided the suspicions of the sergeant. He spoke in whispers to one of his men, who instantly left the room.

"The peddler and Henry remarked this: but Morgan carelessly lounged to the fire, and spoke to the other guests, among whom he found intimate acquaintances.

"What! Phelim," he said, shaking the proposer of the obnoxious toast warmly by the hand. "I have not seen you for a week of Sundays. Bid your companions be seated. I think I owe some of them a carouse for bringing me safe out of a scrape a month back."

"We knew you to be a townman, Mr. O'Halloran, and we took your part against strangers," said one of the young men—"that is all you owe us for. We would do it for any Galway boy, and will do it again. I accept your social challenge."

"So do we all," said Phelim, speaking for the others. "Gentlemen, we have met one of the true and old stock—let's do him honor."

With the feeling of doing him honor by doing honor to his wine, the five young men resumed their seats. The servant entered with leathern flasks of wine of different measures, and placed them with the storenamed chased goblets upon the bench.

Morgan looked to his fellow-travellers for their assistance in discussing the merits of the good cheer before him, which was made up—besides the wine—of a cold ham, a pasty of venison, and bread white as snow. His eyes met those of Henry O'Halloran, who, at the moment, as was apparent from his expression of countenance, was thinking of other things more than of enjoyment in eating or drinking.

As may be understood, Henry O'Halloran had more than once encountered the gaze of Shemus Dhu; and he read in his look, and in the imperfect signs which he could make, unknown to the soldiers—Shemus was too wary to openly commit himself—that there was danger threatening them; but when he met Morgan's look, there was such joyous confidence in it, that he took heart, and began to hope there was no fear of danger.

His countenance brightened up; and with the sudden change which the slightest circumstances create in the hearts and minds of youth, he was advancing to take his seat near Morgan, when the door again opened, and the soldier, who had gone out previously, entered, and said aloud to his superior:

"All is right, sergeant; you may act now as you please."

"Let no person pass you," said the sergeant to the soldier who stood at the door; we must know who are these newcomers."

He approached Morgan, and demanded his name and rank. Had Morgan O'Halloran been responsible only for his own welfare, he would have flung the flask which he was at the moment uncorking, at the head of the impudent interrogator, and not care what the consequence might be; but he restrained his rising passion, when he thought that Shemus' and his friend's safety depended upon his forbearance.

Even with all this thought, and the thought, too, that he would be accused of similar crimes to theirs, and suffer for them if he insulted the soldiers, he arose quickly from his seat, and asked the sergeant, with passion, "who had given him authority to demand who he was, or whence he came?"

"There is no necessity to answer you, young gentleman," said the sergeant, coolly. "I have authority enough in the arms of my men to enforce a reply."

"Perhaps you calculate a little too much on their power, my friend," said Morgan, looking with a degree of triumph upon the young men, who had arisen with him, and who appeared from their gestures to each other to be determined to resist any attempt of the military at putting an end to the expected enjoyment.

"Too much, in prudence, my master, if I depended alone upon the arms of the soldiers present against the fearful odds of so many enemies, but not too much when I tell you a half company of armed men are at this moment around the house. You must satisfy me, sir, or I arrest you as a suspicious character."

"May I be branded as a coward if I do, unless you show your warrant to ask the question," said Morgan, approaching towards the hob, and snatching thence a long spit, the only weapon near him, and showing, by the position in which he held it, that he was resolved to make the approach of any of the military more dangerous to them than they at first expected.

Morgan had some experience in the rows of the town, and he found that the military generally boasted of more power than they possessed. He did not believe a word of the story about the soldiers surrounding the house. Why not enter, he thought, and assist their companions? And he also perceived that the only weapons the soldiers had were their side arms—dangerous to be sure in a close fight, but more easily mastered by their opponents, and not preventing half the danger of fire-arms when some distance was between the enemies. Whatever might be the consequence—and it threatened to be dangerous from the disposition of the military, who had drawn their weapons, and were ready to rush, at the command of the sergeant, upon the unfortunate Morgan—Shemus Dhu interfered.

From the time that the soldier had entered, Shemus endeavored, without notice, to approach Morgan, and to give him some advice about his conduct towards the military. The sudden burst of Morgan's temper prevented or made useless his first prudent intention. He was now prevented by the soldiers from approaching him, and he found, after thinking for a minute, that his only resource for safety was to speak to the sergeant, with every hazard of suspicion.

"Mr. Sergeant," he said, touching his cap, with becoming respect to the military authority, "methinks it is only lately that the soldiers have got on their churlish manners. When I was last in town they and our city folks were good fellows together, either over the bowl or in the skittle-ground. Come, by good fellows still; I am sure it is concerning a small matter you have fallen out now. This young gentleman could not be opposed to you on any serious business, for he is secretary or agent to Reginald D'Arcy, Esq.; who has been for years the intimate friend of your officers as well as of the Town Council, if we hear right."

These words were spoken with such perfect simplicity, that they could leave no suspicion upon the

mind of the most astute hearer, that there were other motives for their utterance than the desire of peace and kind feeling. They had their effect upon the sergeant, even in a more extraordinary way than Shemus Dhu expected.

"What?" said the sergeant, abating his weapon quickly. "Are you a friend of Mr. D'Arcy? We know it not, young gentleman. If we were made to you, I expect you will forgive us. It proves us watchful for the interests of your master or friend. It is by his orders we are here."

"I know it," said Morgan, throwing his weapon upon the hearth, and coming forward to the bench. "I knew that you were on my master's business, as you will call him. You cannot blame me for feeling indignant at being questioned and bearded before so many. Sit you down, sergeant, with your men. Those outside may wait a moment while we quaff a goblet to loyalty and friendship. This is my friend, Charles Monnell. Fill up, Charles, to the drowning of feud with our red-caped friends. And you, good peddler—what's your name, fellow?"

"My good customers here call me O'Neil, please your honour," said Shemus Dhu, touching his cap, which, however, he did not remove from his face, and taking the proffered goblet of wine; "others, but they are ignorant country folk; call me Thommasheen with the long legs. Here's to your honour's health, and if your honour wants a bargain, you can cheapen well with me. I have furs and lawn for the best, cambrics and cloth, lace and linens."

"You may rehearse your catalogue of pedlery on the morrow, good peddler, and I promise I will lighten your bundle," interrupted Morgan. "Ho! more wine. It is late, my friends. I expect we shall meet here again. A brimming parting cup, to drown all remembrance of feud?"

The wine was brought speedily. They all drank of it, standing. The young men of the city first left; the soldiers immediately followed. Leaving Morgan and his two friends, without any question, behind, though the thought more than once occurred to the sergeant that Henry's and Shemus Dhu's dress were something suspicious. However, the sergeant felt satisfied that he did his duty, when he left them in the company of an intimate friend of Mr. D'Arcy. When the rooms were cleared, even of the female servants, and none but the old butler remained, Shemus Dhu threw off his outer coat, and appeared in the undress uniform of an officer of the garrison.

"Young men," he said, in a voice which could not be disobeyed, "we have no time to spend here; we have lost more already than we can spare. I had a thousand minds to cut our acquaintance with these fellows, by a way which they could not expect, and which would surprise you; but it matters not now; it happened well as it is. Follow me; and Morgan, mind, your safety depends upon your silence."

"Cannot I see Ella, for a few moments, Shemus?" asked Morgan O'Halloran.

"No," replied Shemus, sternly; "you will have time enough for trifling to-morrow. You may give this night to the honour of your name, and to your friends."

"I am willing to follow you, Shemus, at all risks, and at loss of all pleasure," said Morgan.

The old servant opened a side door, led them through a low passage to an iron gate, and through it into William-street, the principal or centre street of the city. The night was pitchy dark. There was no light about them; there was no sound, not even the distant bark of a dog: all was solemn and quiet as the dead.

"It is favourable," whispered Shemus to his companions. "Come on!"

CHAPTER XXVIII.

About the same time that Shemus Dhu and his companions entered William street from the King's Arms Inn, another group, consisting of three persons, walked silently into another part of the city.

But we must say why they walked so noiselessly, and why every moment that they observed a passenger coming towards them, or heard the hollow rumble of the mishapen vehicles of the time, they stopped and spoke low to each other, in the gateway of an entry, or in the angle of some protruding building; and then, when they were disappointed in the persons who passed them, they continued, apart from each other, the same stealthy march through the streets.

On that evening there was a select assembly at Lynch's, of Middle street, or Lynch's the Long, as he was called; which name, in the rage of our ancestors for nicknaming the principal families of the surname, in order to distinguish them from each other, proved to have some reason in its application for he who gave the party was thin and gaunt, and tall. It was a masked party; and though any who were invited might come, on condition they wore a dress of fancy, none but two and the elderly guests availed themselves of the privilege of appearing with faces uncovered. One of these two was Reginald D'Arcy. He stood alone in the large room and showed no feeling of being in society, except bowing to a few masks who recognized him in passing. Our readers might not be entertained with a minute description of the forms and regulations of the masquerades of the time of our story. It is enough to say of this masque, that, though it was got up without precedent in Galway, and at the peculiar whim of the host, who had seen one a few months before in London, it was pleasant and agreeable to his friends, and passed off without any censure from them—the latter negative quality of the entertainment being the best criterion of its worth.

Well, D'Arcy stood alone for some time. He appeared not interested in the pleasantries acted before him. He refused more than one invitation to join a party, either for the purpose of conversation or of dancing. His excuse was, to all, that he was unwell, and that he came for the sole purpose of doing honour to his host. For some time he stood in the same posture, leaning against a marble pedestal, which supported a piece of statuary. D'Arcy though he appeared indifferent for the moment to the gaities going forward, had his eyes furtively glancing through the groups which filled the room. He expected to see some person with whom he had an engagement; and after a quarter of an hour's search became restless, and he was moving from the pedestal when two persons approached him. One was a tall military-looking figure, booted, cloaked, and masked; and the other was a female figure, dressed in green, with a crimson spencer closely fitted, which showed to advantage the beautiful form and noble carriage of the wearer. She wore no ornament, except a necklace of orient pearls ending in a brilliant cross. Many persons followed to admire these masks. They seemed to be acknowledged as characters of worth; for, as they passed from room to room which formed the suite of apartments, parties in groups opened in groups opened and allowed them to pass, without remark in words. They were for some time in the rooms, but had not yet spoken to any person. When D'Arcy perceived them approaching him, he started, and quickly resumed his leaning posture upon the pedestal.

"Mr. D'Arcy the only gloomy person here!" said the female figure, with the sweetest voice, which momentarily lighted up D'Arcy's eyes and face.

"Turned philosopher, I see. Is the character assumed? If it be, it should be the laughing one, to be in keeping with this festive meeting."

"Before D'Arcy could reply in the same strain of banter, her companion said:

"Isabel, we have come to speak to our host first; we must find him."

As they passed him, D'Arcy thought, not in compassion, but with the exultation of a malign spirit—"Ah! how much less sportive, my fine girl, you would be, did you know the danger which is hanging over you!"

At the moment, a voice behind him whispered in his ear:

"D'Arcy, Harrison waits you, to make the final arrangement. Be quick; you can pass out unperceived."

D'Arcy did not start, nor did he turn to look at the figure. He passed forward, without interruption, to the principal entrance, entered the paved yard by a back stair, and there found his watchful attendant, Setter, waiting for him with cloak and hat.

"You know your duty to-night, Setter," said D'Arcy, muffled himself. "You must be watchful, but not too venturesome. There is danger. I would not desire, for the success of my highest hopes, to have you come to harm."

D'Arcy was not a hypocrite when he said this. There was something mysterious which bound that wicked man's affections to the boy, and bound the boys to him. It was the only feeling which could prove D'Arcy to have a human heart. He loved, no other being, not even parents, as we have seen; as if the kindly feelings which nature has fixed in our hearts towards our species, could not be entirely destroyed by the most wicked passions, by the most vicious disposition or education. They must get some vent; they must have some object; even if it be only one solitary one, to rest upon. There was a report that Setter—which, by the way was a familiar word of affection that D'Arcy used in addressing his favourite attendant, his baptismal name being Lewis Carew—was D'Arcy's son. But D'Arcy never mentioned this to any person then living. The only foundation for it was, that the boy's parents or relatives were unknown; that D'Arcy had reared him from infancy; that he showed more affection for him than for any other person; that he praised his wildest pranks, and never censured him for misconduct. The fidelity and attachment of the boy to D'Arcy may have been the cause of this.

Lewis' age was just sixteen. He had some features resembling D'Arcy's yet without their sinister expression. He was, in face and form, as a boy of his age could be fancied to be.

"Fear not, sir," said Lewis. "I wish I had fire to go through to-night. But if you like, sir, I will be cunning enough."

"Be so, Lewis," said D'Arcy, with melancholy. "You will meet me here again within an hour, time. Remember that you conceal that I have left the room."

"I understand," said the boy; and he quickly disappeared, as some others entered the courtyard.

D'Arcy passed out by another door, without noticing those who had entered. He passed through a second paved yard, and thence into the street, through a narrow arched way. Just outside this arched way there were two men expecting him. He was aware of it; for he said to them:

"Go forward; I follow."

The three walked after each other through the street, keeping at such a distance that any person who they met could not think that they had the same purpose. They turned at the middle of the street into a lane called Buttermilk-lane, which led to the church of St. Nicholas. This lane was then as it is now—though its glorious days are passed, when, in our own recollection, oysters, sausages, and hot suppers were the ruling call at Glyp's and Swift's, and other houses of less notoriety; when, after midnight, the loud peal of laughter, the song, the dance, the music of fiddle and bagpipe was heard by the solitary passer-by; and if he were a Connaman man, and stranger—for strangers were directed to this lane, notorious for "entertainment for man alone"—he stood bewildered, and wondered what all the din and revelry were about; while if he were a townman, he either plied or envied, according to his estimation of the character of the mirth, or his possession or want of the good things of life, the careless joyousness of the inmates. This lane was, as it still was a few years ago, remarkable for giving good suppers. At one of these houses, which did not then bear the name of Glynn or Craddock, the first of our disguised acquaintances stopped. Seeing that his companions perceived that he entered, he passed, and D'Arcy followed last, through two ground rooms filled with guests, and thence into a very small closet, in which were two other disguised persons anxiously awaiting him. To save appearances, a small table was covered with an excellent supper; wine and ardent drinks were in abundance, and everything which could give the servants a notion that it was a meeting of friends, for the sole purpose of enjoying themselves. When the door was closed and barred by one of the muffled figures who had entered with D'Arcy, one of those who has previously been there said:

"D'Arcy, is your mind made up? Do you give us your assistance in this affair?"

"Oh! yes; you know that I do," replied D'Arcy. "But before our bargain is closed, I would have a word with you apart."

"They cannot leave this without suspicion," said the other, pointing to his companions. "You know, D'Arcy, that they are in our plot. They are our equals, and honourable men. You may say openly what you desire to speak to me."

"With all my heart," said D'Arcy. "The more witnesses, the stronger the contract. Harrison, do you hold to your bargain—five thousand pounds, and your interest with the Council of our city, if we succeed?"

"If you succeed, D'Arcy, double the sum," said Harrison.

"No, no," replied D'Arcy; "I will not throw my neck into the venture without certainty. If we succeed, I ask but the five thousand and your influence. If we do not succeed, you promise me your interest to-morrow. I must have your interest, for I know its worth," said D'Arcy, in a whisper, inaudible to their companions—"I must have this, in any event. Three of the Council, no way friendly to me, are your debtors to an amount of ruin to their families—you must transfer your power over them to me. You have brought the papers; give them to me. I am your slave then, and I will take your word for your other promises. Are you content?"

"Here, take them," said Harrison.

"Then he thought:

"Cold-hearted villain! avarice and ambition are his passions. But what care I? Love is mine. Let him go headlong to Lucifer by any end that pleases him, so he serve me by giving me the girl; for, by—, I will have her at any expense: I will be his debtor, and shall assist him."

"Gentlemen," said D'Arcy, folding up the papers, over which he had cast his eyes, with the appearance of a person who glances at an object of indifference, but which he, with a stealthy look, examined briefly, yet minutely, "you are Mr. Harrison's tried friends. You know that he is engaged to-night in an adventure of some difficulty; its pleasant termination to him depends upon your watchfulness. Horses will be prepared outside the west gate. If you give the word 'Shibboleth,' you will pass the guard; for the watchword at the west gate has been changed. Farewell, gentlemen, for a short time. I must go; for my absence from the party might excite remark. If I meet any of you there, we must not speak to each other. Mr. Harrison will teach you the part you have to act. My word of watch and of recognition shall be 'Shemus Dhu'—remember it."

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(TO BE CONTINUED IN OUR NEXT.)

ADDRESS TO THE ARCHBISHOP OF TORONTO.

The following address has been presented to His Grace the Archbishop of Toronto by the Father McEntee Temperance Society, of Ottawa.

To His Grace the Most Rev. John Joseph Lynch, Archbishop of Toronto.

May I please your Grace, we, the Father McEntee Temperance Association, of Ottawa, do heartily greet and welcome your Grace, as a Prince of God's Church, and one of the successors of the Apostles in our midst.

And we also gladly seize the opportunity of addressing your Grace, as we are fully alive to the great interest that your Grace has ever and always taken in organizations such as the one we have the privilege of representing this evening.

It is therefore with no ordinary delight that we assure your Grace that Almighty God in His mercy has designed to crown our feeble efforts in the sacred cause of temperance with unlooked for success.

Our existence has scarcely extended over three months, and during that short space one hundred and fifty members have enrolled themselves under our banner.

Financially we have also been a success. By a series of concerts we have realized the handsome sum of nearly three hundred dollars which have been distributed for charitable purposes.

We speak of this part of our work to show that a little effort will accomplish much, when founded on temperance, besides our example of temperance has won for us the good wishes and confidence of all surrounding us.

Even those would-be enemies succumb to the fact that we are prosperous, whilst we console ourselves that each individual member receives his share of the good arising from our humble efforts and draws down the blessing of God into his very home, which gives comfort and pleasure to his family and friends.

We do not wish to present your Grace an address on temperance, as it would be utterly out of place; nor will we speak of the hundreds of good results which follow in the wake of all our attempts. Your Grace is well aware of thousands of such facts, we might add millions, by reason of your Grace's long missionary and apostolic career.

Let us here most respectfully approach your Grace (our most Rev. Archbishop) to thank you for the blessing conferred by placing over us the Rev. Father McEntee who is ever diligent in the cause of temperance, and seems ready at all times to endure any labor or fatigue for the promotion of the cause, and to the interest of each individual member. May God bless his undertakings and shower his graces upon him, and will it that your Grace may leave him for many years to guide and direct us.

And in conclusion to your Grace, "our apostolic representative," we must say we lack language expressive of our deep admiration, affection and love due to your most illustrious person, our parental guide and spiritual director.

Let it suffice to say, our hearts are filled with love and well-wishes for your continual success, and we pray the Almighty God may shower upon you the necessary grace to perform the will of Him who commissioned your Grace, His Vicar, in this portion of his vineyard, and that the prayers of the faithful may be ever heard in union with ours, for your long life and strength of mind and body, and in the end may you reap the reward you so justly merit as the sincere and earnest wishes from the very hearts of each individual of our Society.

Invoking your Grace's blessing upon us and our good work, we submit ourselves ever your faithful and devoted children of temperance.

MICHAEL WARREN, JAMES O'DEA, ANDREW LAWLER, PATRICK BGLAY, Committee.

J. L. O'CONNOR, Secretary.

Ottawa, Ont., Feb. 3rd, 1878.

His Grace replied as follows: Gentlemen of the Father McEntee Temperance Society—I receive with great pleasure your address. It struck me when your address was being read that the education of your members who composed it, both the education and the talent must be of the highest order: in fact the display of talent in its wording augurs well indeed and should be an example to the rising generation.

Temperance Societies always have been my great anxiety, my great delight to promote, and since I have been made Archbishop, I have offered a pledge to the youth of my diocese binding them in the holy cause of temperance until twenty-one years of age, and I thank God a great deal has been accomplished for the temperance movement, and the strengthening of total abstinence from intoxicating drink throughout the land. God has blessed those efforts and you, my dear children, have evinced your great prosperity you are succeeding with your Society and winning the esteem of all around you. I hope your Society will be very much enlarged, and I hand over to you those boys, the Archbishop's Cadets, who to-day have pledged themselves to the temperance cause until they arrive at the age of maturity. Remember you were once boys yourselves, and that it is easier for those boys now to become temperance men than hereafter—after experiencing the temptations of strong drink.

One gentleman in New County pays his temperance men twenty-five cents a day more than he pays the others, and says he has good reasons for so doing because his temperance men work better and earn more for him. Men that are not temperate are unsteady in their minds and do not work as well. A contractor on the Island handed over one hundred dollars to Father Mulligan to help in building a little church on the canal, saying, "It is not a gift. I owe you more than this, for your temperance men have earned me far more, therefore I hand you this sum to help you along with your little church."

And that is the way with all your employers. I am sure they will consider you far superior and more to be relied upon than men not strictly temperate.

May you continue to prosper in your efforts both in the church and in the cause of temperance. Ottawa is a favored place—a place of distinction, and I hope it will continue to progress. God bless you.

STRANGE OCCURRENCE IN LIMERICK.

A servant man came into Limerick with a horse and car for a coffin which had been ordered for Mr. John Ryan, Ballyadam, on the previous day. The coffin was procured and taken away, but the man not having arrived at the residence of his late master in due time a search was made, and it resulted in the finding of the coffin on the road a short distance from the house, both sides being broken and having on them, it is stated, bloodstains. The driver, horse, and car could not be found, nor has any trace of them been yet obtained.

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CONVENT OF OUR LADY OF ANGELS, Belleville, Ontario. Conducted by the Ladies of Loretto. Studies will be resumed at this Institution, for Boarders and Day-Scholars, on the 1st of September. The Convent is situated in the most elevated part of the City, and offers rare advantages to parents desirous of procuring for their children a solid, useful and refined education. For particulars, please address THE LADY SUPERIOR, Loretto Convent, Belleville, July 25, 77-17

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