

## LADIES' DEPARTMENT.

PARIS AND AMERICAN FASHIONS.

Mrs. J. J. Birmingham, Editor.

**Walking Costume for Elderly Lady.**—This dress is of black cashmere, trimmed with satin and lace; the mantle is also of cashmere, trimmed with lace and silk fringe. Bronze chip bonnet, trimmed with grey faille, feathers, and white lace strings.

**Morning Dress.**—Striped dark blue and sultan linen, trimmed with Madeira embroidery.

**Visiting Dress.**—Mantle of Indian cashmere, embroidered with various colors, and trimmed with fringe. Bonnet of black satin, trimmed with white ostrich feather.

**Dress for Young Girl.**—This dress is of navy blue serge, trimmed with a killing of the same, and a navy gaiter embroidered with sultan. White straw or felt hat, trimmed with daisies and brown foliage; strings of sultan ribbon.

**Afternoon Dress.**—This dress is entirely of seal-brown estamene serge, trimmed with the same, and with fringe and ribbon to match. In front of jacket the straps are piped with silk of the same color; hat to match trimmed with gauze and plume.

**Little Girl's Home Dress.**—This dress is grey cashmere, trimmed with killings of the same, and bands of black ribbon-velvet.

**Travelling Dress.**—Dark lizard-green serge, trimmed with killings and bindings of dark myrtle-green cashmere.

**Walking Dress.**—Seal-brown cashmere, trimmed with silk embroidery. Walking jacket of the same material, trimmed with beaded trimmings and black lace. Grey chip hat, trimmed with brown feather.

**Gray Felt Bonnet.**—This bonnet has a high crown and drooping brim. The latter is edged with gold cord and trimmed on the inside half an inch from the edge with gold braid half an inch wide. The bonnet is trimmed with bandeaux of gray velvet and gros grain; on the right side are set loops of velvet which are held by a bronze agrafe. Similar agrafes are set above the bandeaux in the back. From the loops at the side proceed two white ostrich tips curling toward the front. Strings of gray gros grain ribbon.

## MISCELLANEOUS.

**Work-Bag.**—The bag is cut in two pieces; it is made of light bronze silk lined with white Persian. The embroidery is worked with pale blue silk on velvet of a darker bronze. The velvet is fitted to the silk after the embroidery is worked; the sides are then sewed together and finished with tapestry blue and bronze. The bag is drawn together at the top by a slide of ribbons.

**Trimming-Lace and Embroidery.**—A very pretty trimming, which is suitable for ornamenting dresses, fichus, etc., is of tulleon lace, joined in the centre and pleated, a sprig of rose-buds and foliage worked in the natural colors will make a very beautiful trimming for a black silk dress.

**Fichu.**—Muslin trimmed with Valenciennes insertion and lace, and rows of stamped satin leaves.

**Dressing Slipper.**—A very pretty dressing slipper is made of grey cashmere, ornamented with rows of feather stitch and the plaited stitch, worked with olive-green embroidery silk. The front is sewn to a cork sole, lined with white flannel. The front of the slipper is ornamented across the instep with a ruching and bow of olive satin ribbon.

A lady, writing from one of the fashionable watering-places, remarks that the low-necked dress is "an abomination into which it is the duty of the press to look," whereupon a friend contemporary remarks that "it never fails to perform its duty in that direction."

## HOUSEWIFE'S CORNER.

**French Rolls.**—Two quarts of sifted flour, a lump of lard about the size of an egg—one a little larger of butter; stir the flour the same as in making pastry. When stirred add blood-warm water, or, preferably, milk and water to make a little stiff, half a teaspoonful of household yeast, or three tablespoonfuls of baker's yeast. Mix in the evening as for bread, and let rise. In the morning shape them with the hand and board, and let them rise ten or fifteen minutes after putting them in the pans, then bake—fifteen minutes will suffice if the oven is hot. Good bread may be made in the same way, with a proportionately smaller quantity of lard and butter.

**Indian Girdle Cakes.**—Beat two eggs light, stir into them one quart of sweet milk, one teaspoonful of salt, and cornmeal enough to make a good batter, bake on a soapstone girdle as soon as raised, or on an iron one greased with pork. One spoonful of butter for each cake.

**Rice Waffles.**—One cup of boiled rice, one pint of milk, two eggs, half the size of a walnut, half a teaspoonful of soda, one teaspoonful cream of tartar, one teaspoonful salt. Flour sufficient to make a thin batter.

**Fondue.**—This delicious dish for supper is a modification of a receipt lately published in *Scribner's Monthly*, and I find it better adapted to the family table than the original, which was too rich for children:

A pint bowl full of mixed cheese, which should not be of a rich kind; the same quantity of bread crumbs, two well-beaten eggs, half a nutmeg, teaspoonful of salt. Heat a pint of milk boiling hot, and put in a large tablespoonful of butter; pour the boiling milk over the other ingredients, and mix well; cover the bowl with a plate, and set it back stirring occasionally, and being careful it does not cook. Half an hour before supper butter a nice pie plate and pour into it the mixture, set it in a quick oven and brown, sending it to table very hot. The success of the above depends on its being quite smooth, and the cheese all dissolved.

**Wine Biscuits.**—Half pound of butter, half pound of sugar, half pound of flour, six eggs—leaving out the whites of three, put the butter in the flour, add the sugar and eggs, then thin them out. These may be kept good for months by putting them in a jar.

**Jelly Cake.**—One cup of butter, two cups of sugar, three and a half cups of flour, four eggs, one cup of sweet milk, one teaspoonful of cream of tartar, half teaspoonful soda; flavor with vanilla. Bake in jelly cake tins.

**Lemon Pie.**—The juice and grated rind of one lemon, one cup of water, one tablespoonful of corn starch, one cup of sugar, one egg, a piece of butter the size of a small egg. Boil the water, wet the corn starch with a little cold water and stir it in the water when boiling, pour it over the butter and sugar; after it cools add the egg and lemon. Bake with under and upper crust.

**Nice Plum Pudding.**—One pint of sweet milk, one cup of raisins, one cup of currants, one cup of syrup, half a cup of sugar, one teaspoonful of soda, one cup of sard, little salt, and sufficient flour to thicken nicely.

**Chilli Sauce.**—Eighteen ripe tomatoes, four large onions, three cups of vinegar, two tablespoonfuls of salt, three tablespoonfuls of brown sugar, six Chilli peppers, or two teaspoonfuls of ground pepper, one teaspoonful each of allspice and cloves, two teaspoonfuls each of cinnamon and ginger. Tomatoes, onions, and peppers to be chopped fine, then add the spices and boil one hour.

## THE BURIED CITY OF TWO THOUSAND YEARS AGO.

From the Weekly Register, Eng.

Recently an excavation was made at Pompeii, when the following interesting objects were brought to light: In gold, an amulet, a ring with an engraved agate set in its centre, another ring in which the stone was wanting; in bronze, a candelabra, two objects formed like nets, a pastry mould, a ring, some ear-rings, two lines of a door, and a large vase, which was broken in several places; in glass, a blue vase with one handle, a bottle, two phials, and a small square vase; in terra-cotta, or baked clay, one lamp, two small culinary vessels, two receptacles for oil, and a spoon; in iron, a beautiful candelabra; and in lead, three weights. These objects were carefully removed, and placed in the National Museum at Naples.

The works at Pompeii are carried on with the most expediting slowness. Two-thirds of the buried city have yet to be excavated, and the sum voted by the Government is only \$10,000 a year. In the August of 1878—the 18th century of the destruction of the city—games will be given in the amphitheatre, and feasts in the Forum. Many visitors are expected on that occasion. The statues recently found in Rome will shortly be placed in the Museum of the Capitol.

The city of Pompeii is now a perfect picture of a Roman city two thousand years ago. The streets, pavements, temples, houses, theatres, dwellings, columns, household goods, baths, arched, fountains, forums, shops of various trades, musical instruments, weapons of labor, marble and bronze statues, frescoes and drawings, dining-rooms, bedrooms, and kitchens, with their appropriate furniture; food for the hungry, and medicine for the sick; glassware, vases and pottery; gems, medals, and coins, flowers, and shrubs, and all seem as they were on the terrible night when the city was doomed to sudden destruction. The streets are narrow, some being not more than eight feet across, but they are straight and regular. The pavement is composed of large flat stones or blocks of lava, and the deep rutts cut into them by the Roman chariots are clearly perceptible. At the crossings are large stepping-stones for the use of pedestrians, so large that they can be stepped on from the middle of the street without touching the pavement. There were no human beings in the houses, no promenaders in the streets; all were deserted. The dwelling-houses are generally small and one-storied. They are built of stone and brick, plastered on the outside with red mortar. An open court is in the centre, and the different rooms are arranged in the Oriental style. Most of the roofs are destroyed, having been crushed down by the weight of the ashes. In the dining-rooms the tables are of stone, and many are covered with petrified food. Beds and couches are in the sleeping rooms. In one of the kitchens was found a fowl put on the spit, and a stewpan containing a small pig for roasting, all prepared eighteen hundred years ago. Many beautiful mosaics were found on the floors, and elegant frescoes on the walls, and they looked as bright and fresh as if they had only been finished a few years. The frescoes, pictures, mosaics, and sculptures, and even jewelry discovered in some of the houses, show the terrible depravity in morals which then prevailed.

In the streets are many shops which still have the signs over the doors. In one there is some marble partly sculptured, with the artist's tooling around; in another medical and surgical instruments; in a third a marble counter with liquor jars behind it, and the steins made by the wet glasses on the counter prove that this was a drinking saloon.

Then there is an eating house, and the delicacies are on the counter; fire-places to keep the soups and messes warm are still in the room. The same building contains a grist mill and a bakery. In the baker's shop a batch of loaves were found which had been in the oven since the 14th of August, A. D. 79. The mill was turned by horse-power.

The various temples that have been examined contain in many of them marble, silver and gold. The temple of Isis is eighty feet long and seventy-five broad. The ashes of victims were found on its altars. The skeleton of a priest, sitting at a table on which was spread a meal, is here, while near the door was another priest holding in his skeleton hand a hatchet with which he had tried to cut his way out of the temple.

Over six hundred human skeletons have already been examined, but fortunately most of the inhabitants managed to escape, having heeded the warnings of the burning mountain. Only the bones remain of the victims, the flesh having mostly perished, but now and then a little tuft of mouldy hair has been found clinging to the skull. The position of the bodies, in every possible form of contortion, all indicate a violent death, one of agony and suffering. A miser was found grasping a bag of gold in his bony hand. In one room, a family group embracing each other in death; in another, the bones of dancing girls, mingled with the broken instruments of music, can be seen. In another place, the skeleton of a cook at his place near the stove in the kitchen. One house contained bones scattered about, bearing marks of being gnawed, while near by the skeleton of a dog, showing that the brute had survived and eaten his master. Here is a company of young and old fleeing to the sea; there the remains of a mother vainly trying to shelter her three little children from the fiery storm. In the city prison, not far distant, were found a prisoner, some with "their feet made fast in the stocks."

## LOURDES.

The intelligence from Lourdes continues to be of the most consoling and heartening character. For many weeks past the great basilia of Notre Dame de Lourdes has witnessed the most extraordinary and beautiful manifestations of faith on the part of pilgrims from the Higher and the Lower Pyrenees, from the Gers, from the Landes, from the Haute Garonne, from Arize, from Tarn, from the Aude, from Hérault, Roussillon, Provence, the Var, the Gironde, the Charente, Poitou, Nantes, Paris, and from all parts of Catholic France. During the last three weeks crowds have flocked thither from Arize, from Tournai, from Franche Comte, and from Bretagne. For the second time this year a pilgrimage has come to the Holy Grotto from Belgium. Spain and Italy, it is hoped, will follow that example very soon by sending another throng of devoted Catholics to the same sacred spot honored by the apparitions of the Immaculate Conception. As the correspondents of the *Express* announce, nothing can be more admirable than the faith, the piety, the zeal, the devotion of the pilgrims thronging thither from all parts. And, meanwhile, the cures attributed to the intercession of Our Lady of Lourdes, cures bearing about them all the attributes of the miracles, recall to mind the marvelous time of Our Lord himself and of His disciples. In spite of the cynical sneer of M. Thiers, it must be said that the world finds itself once more in the age of pilgrimage.

Among those who have been converted in Great Britain to Catholicity during the present generation are, a son of Dr. Arnold, of Rugby, a niece of the historian Froude, a sister of Gladstone, a nephew of Whately, a grand-daughter of Sir Walter Scott, a grandson of Paley, and a son of Wilberforce.

## THE PLAGUE.

The following appeal from the Sisters of Mercy, New Orleans, should be read and responded to generously:

September 18, 1878.

"The Orphan Asylum is full to overflowing, for we take every orphan that is offered. Three yesterday and five to-day were added to the number. Terrible mortality among the soldiers and their wives. We have taken all their orphans so far. I went to the barracks yesterday to take a batch of orphans. Such scenes of woe! Whole families swept away; fathers and mothers gone, and in many cases, babies left. To hear the soldiers' children crying for their dead parents was heartrending. God grant us better times before long. The epidemic, which brought home a beautiful babe, fair as a snowflake, from the death-bed of both her parents. She is only fifteen months old, yet has taken the terrible fever. Just think, her father and mother died within three days, a poor young couple not long from Ireland. Knowing that our sisters everywhere have more than enough to do, I do not like to trouble them, yet if some of the benevolence of the North could be directed this way, it would enable us to do immense good. You know that whatever is sent to us goes directly to the fever-stricken. Hundreds apply to us—the hapless poor, who would die before submitting themselves to the inspection of a public committee. We refuse no one. Our means are often exhausted; but we still have credit. All our well sisters are engaged with the stricken. Every one of them that got the disease got it at the bedside of the dying. Inhaling the fumes of the black vomit once or twice is not much; but when this happens frequently, like produces like, and the vomit, as the French call it, is nothing but poisoned blood. Now, nearly all our sisters who took the fever ought naturally to have been exempt as they are natives. Yet, who have been here, can imagine how they have worked among the sick and dying. Four of them took the disease from coffin-bodies that no one else would touch. If our friends in New York knew exactly how things are I am sure some streams of their charity would flow so us. I know you will explain our case as opportunely offers and get us all the prayers you can."

Any contribution, however small, will be thankfully received by the Mother Superior, Convent of Mercy, No. 32, East Houston street, or by the Sister in charge at St. Joseph's Industrial Home, Eighty-first street and Madison avenue, and be transmitted to our sisters at once.

## THE CALCULATING BOY.

Scores of children who have heard of the calculating boy in their school books, and hundreds of children of a larger growth, learned with surprise, when the death of the renowned engineer, Mr. Bidder, was announced a few days ago, that he was this wonderful child. So completely had the fame of the engineer eclipsed that of the calculating boy that the two had become, in the public mind, separate and distinct existences. Nineteen persons out of twenty who knew that Mr. Bidder was in the flesh, believed that the calculating boy had passed away long ago, as most infant prodigies die out, eclipsed by a mediocre or obscure manhood.

But the truth about the calculating boy is that his power won for him the attention and patronage of George Stephenson. He became assistant to the two Stephensons in their railway enterprises; and afterwards a great railway constructor. He was, later, one of the chief promoters of the Electric Telegraph Company; and his career was crowned in 1860-61 by the presidency of the Institution of Civil Engineers.

Mr. Bidder's life will confirm the place he has long held in juvenile literature; for it exhibits extraordinary powers turned to honorable account, and made the pathway to fortune. It was in the course of an address to the civil engineers that he related how he was first encouraged to exhibit his calculating faculty by a neighboring blacksmith; and how his successes raised him to the dignity of being allowed to blow the bellows. This most modest reward was the precursor of very substantial ones. The little arithmetician became the wonder of his day; and at the height of his boyish fame he was conducted to calculate, to the presence of George the Third and Queen Charlotte.

George Bidder's extraordinary gift was one of memory and concentrated attention; and these faculties he very wisely applied to practical purposes, until he had achieved a distinguished position in his profession. In describing the wonderful calculating boy who was taken to Court to astonish the King, future tutors of the young idea can add how the infant prodigy nursed and developed his astonishing powers, and so turned them to account that he became a distinguished and honored man, and brought up a family so well that he left famous and promising sons behind him.

The late George Parkes Bidder, F. R. S., will be cited hereafter as a most notable exception to the rule that infant prodigies become full-grown noodles.

Edison is now at work on an apparatus that will not only generate the electric light, but will also distribute it so that it can be used like ordinary gas. Some knowledge of this got into the London stock market the other day, and caused, as the cable says, a panic in the gas stocks. When the electric light is introduced into every house, and the power of Niagara is transmitted to factories in Boston and New York, and all the large cities are heated by steam carried under the streets, and it comes to pass that honest men remain honest after they have taken credit—when all this happens, people will not sing "The Sweet By-and-by" any more, for the millennium will be right here among us.

## YELLOW FEVER.

A PRIEST'S RECORD OF HIS DEAD BROTHERS.

Editor of the *Pilot*.—The readers of your valuable paper will be sadly surprised to hear that up to the present date nine priests and thirteen Sisters have fallen victims of the plague of Memphis. Three other priests and five Sisters are reported down with fever. The following are the priests dead:

Father Martin Walsh, Pastor of St. Bridget's Church, born near Roscrea, county Tipperary, Ireland, age 40.

Father Michael Meagher, Cousin of Father Walsh, and late pastor of St. Columbkille's Church, Edgemoor, Tenn., age 50.

Father P. McNamara, curate at St. Patrick's Church, born in Kerry, Ireland. He was the eldest of twelve children, though he was but 28 years old.

Father Boeckel, Dominican, age 30. America.

Father Raymond McGarvey, Dominican, age 32. America.

Father Scanlon, Dominican, age 30.

Father Matersa, Franciscan, age 25. Germany.

Father Van Troostenburg, a Louisville volunteer, age 35.

Very Rev. Martin Riordan, V. G., age 50, born near Milltown, county Cork, Ireland.

Fathers Riordan and Walsh have been thirteen years in Memphis. They volunteered to accompany the Rt. Rev. Bishop Feelan to his new diocese in Tennessee. Father Riordan was reputed the deepest scholar in the South. The Bishop, appreciating his brilliant talents and universal knowledge, assigned him the first place in the diocese. Since the war Memphis has never recovered from financial embarrassment. He often regretted that he had lost the Bishop, who had been so kind to him, and who had bought up with zeal and energy, built him a church, pastoral residence and a school. He purchased cemetery grounds, costing \$50,000. He invited the sisters of St. Joseph to his parish, who founded a magnificent school. St. Patrick's and St. Bridget's schools, each averaged a daily attendance of 300. Mother Ignatius, a religious heroine of 1873, nursed him till he breathed his last.

Father Martin Walsh, by his zeal and energy, gained for the diocese church property valued at \$50,000. Not only was Father Walsh a good priest, but he was also a good Christian soldier. He fought during the plague year 1873, and had the heartiest mortification of seeing 500 of his parishioners buried in their graves. He often regretted that he had lost the flower and the best of his flock. It was not considered extraordinary for a priest to give the last Sacraments to sixty in one day.

After this a sorrowful accident occurred to him. One day while riding, his horse took fright, cast him off and broke his foot. This landed him to the hour of death. Being a man of prepossessing appearance and noble bearing, he was loved and respected by his venerable reverend bishop from home to home. He spent his youth and life with his people. Like an undaunted soldier, though wounded, he would face the front of battle.

When parents died and forsook their children, and brethren their nearest kin, he remained with them to the last. His last act was the baptism of a girl, Mrs. Michael Dreed, a well-known railroad official.

Tuesday evening, at six o'clock, August 25th, he returned home exhausted and weary. Throwing himself on his bed, "No matter who calls," said he, "I can go out no more." The words were prophetic. He was never again to be seen or heard. His family voice and cheerful smile were no more to gladden the hearts of his loving people. His name was a byword of charity and hospitality. It may be said, and truly said, that since his ordination his sacred hands gave the last bread of life to more dying people than any priest now living.

Father Meagher died on the night of the 24th, at 10 o'clock, after a long illness. He was a devoted man, and his death was a great loss to the diocese. He was a devoted man, and his death was a great loss to the diocese.

Father P. McNamara was the next to follow. His parents are living in Ireland. Though but twenty-eight years old, he was the oldest of twelve children. He was ordained at St. Salpice, France, and had bright and flattering hopes. On his way to a sick person he met Father Walsh's funeral, and hurried to the grave. Jumping out of the buggy, he stood pale and motionless. That evening he took sick, and soon followed his old friends.

Father Mack was a special favorite with children. He played with them, prepared them for the Sacraments, gave them the bread of life, and heard their little tales of sin and imperfection. He was, like themselves, young and innocent. I doubt if there is a child (surely not a good child) in the parish, that will not shed tears when they hear "Father Mack is dead." Happy for the dear young priest to be a favorite of those whom Christ has said "Such is the Kingdom of Heaven." No ceremony attended his death or burial, though, had he died in better times, the youth of the parish would have bailed his coffin with warm tears of affection and love.

There is a monument in the midst of a circular lot in Calvary Cemetery. Around it are sleeping fourteen priests, five of whom died victims in 1873. And beside the monument are the remains of the pastors of St. Patrick's, St. Bridget's, and St. Columbkille's Churches.

May the great God of Mercy open the gates of Paradise to these heroes, who fought so well and died so nobly.

We learn from the *London Engineer*, that though nothing of a practical character is being done on our own shore with respect to the Channel tunnel, the borings, which have for some time been in progress on the French coast, are continued with success, inasmuch as at present the information obtained is of a character confirmatory of the geological evidence given in support of the construction of the tunnel. The French authorities, it appears, are sanguine of the success of the work from an engineering point of view, but at present all financial proceedings are postponed on account of want of English support, and it is said, the disfavor with which the scheme is looked upon by the heads of the English Government. There is therefore very little use in opening up negotiations for an English subsidy. As far as the actual value of the tunnel is concerned it has yet to be shown that it is either wanted or could be worked except at a considerable annual loss, but that the Government or any of its members look upon it with disfavor does not prove its utility any more than Lord Palmerston's assertion that the Suez Canal would be impracticable and useless made it so.

Camels and elephants for Australia, to help in explorations, are now advocated. When camels were first taken to the new country they died rapidly, but different localities were tried and diet was changed, so that the original 100 have so increased and multiplied as to number about 400. In some localities they have been trained for draught purposes, and though better adapted to carry than to pull heavy loads, they are, by judicious treatment, made to haul enormous loads, averaging a ton for each animal. The use of trained animals in Central Africa, where they are reported to thrive well on leaves and grass, has lately been suggested, which may, with considerable success, and the conditions in Australia are thought to be as favorable to them as those of Africa.

## A CATHOLIC DOG.

Monsieur Chapel, whose portrait is drawn "Lottin" under the title of *Monsieur Chapel*, has a pet dog, to whom Charles Warren Stoddard was recently introduced at Cedar Villa, the former home of Mr. Sothorn. When the San Francisco traveller was formally presented, Beppo put out a paw and saluted the visitor with a short, low bark. "Beppo," said Monsieur Chapel, here is a mouthful of cake with the compliments of Bismarck." A huge bit of cake was placed under the nose of the dog, who refused even to look at it. Being urged to eat it, he turned away, and retreated in the deepest disgust. "The Pope sends it," cried Beppo's master, and the words were scarcely uttered when the cake disappeared in a flash. "Three cheers for Pio Nono," cried the host. Beppo sprang to a table, under a fine portrait of the Pope, put his forepaw upon it, and barked twice with enthusiasm.

The Berlin *National Gazette* publishes the sensational announcement that an agitation had begun in Russia to compel the Czar to abdicate, and that the Czarowitch will preside over a commission to draft a constitution.

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