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EDWARD HANLAN.

The Caraman in New York on His Way to England-His Aquatic Career-How He Estimates ourtney and Other Antagonists-An Interesting Narra-

(New York Herald, Monday.)

Edward Hanlan, the Toronto sculler, arrived in New York yesterday noon, accompanied by his friend, Mr. David Ward. They were met at the Grand Central Depot by Judge Elliott, the boat builder, of Greenpoint; Fred. Plaisted, the oarsman, and James Heasley, the latter Hanlan's old and attentive trainer, familiarly known in Canada as Sir James. While he says there must be serious ob-

stacles met and conquered, he has hopes of returning home with his reputation, at least as a sculler not seriously tarnished. When asked his opinion of the oarsmen which in all probability he will meet in England he was frank to admit that he has much respect for their ability and pluck, though in many respects he is sadly deficient in accurate information

concerning their skill. Hanlan will take with him on the "City of having constructed at his shop, in Greenpoint, another boat for Hanlan, similar in every respect to the first named. It is 30 feet 9 inches long and 104 inches wide. The craft will reach England in good season. Mr. Ward does not expect to sail for England before the latter part of March, but his movements will be guided by instructions from Colonel Shaw.

AN INTERVIEW WITH HANLAN—HB TELLS HIS OWN STORY-HOW HE WON TWENTY-SIX RACES-ESTIMATES OF THE MEN HE HAS DEFEATED. Токомто, Jan. 25, 1879.

Edward Hanlan, the famous oarsman, starts to-day for New York, on his way to England. and will sail on Thursday. When Ned came in he extended a warm welcome to your correspondent, and expressed great willingness to talk on learning the object of my visit. FIRST APPEARANCE IN PUBLIC.

" Well, where do you want me to begin?" "Suppose, Ned, we begin at the beginning. Is there any truth in the story of your having rowed across the bay when only three years and six months old?"

"I believe it's so, but I hardly remember it. It was at the time the Prince of Wales was here and my father wanted to make a show, so he ripped up a boat for me and covered her over with flags, and I pulled across the mile and a half. That must have been in '60—the year my mother died."

HOW HE CAUGHT THE FEVER.

" Ned, is there any truth in your having pulled races home from the fishing grounds?" "No, for the best of reasons, that I never was out fishing on the lake but twice in my

"Well, is there any truth in your having rigged up a plank with an empty biscuit box top, in imitation of a shell?"

"None at all. You newspaper folks are always putting up some cockshie to amuse

"Well, how did you catch the rowing fever ?" "It was this way. The Pittsburgers, Mor-

ris and Coulter, were over here in '72, and I saw them row. I thought to myself that I could row as well as them ir a shell, so I made up my mind I would have a try at it. I rowed over and saw George Wharin, and ordered a shell. I got her in June, and was in her all day long. I made pretty good work, and in August I entered for the championship of the bay and won it easily. I then rowed on my training and did not feel well. We against Tom Louden, at Hamilton, and won started off at a fast pace and Plaisted was rowthat race too. When I came back I rowed for the Governor General's medal and won it, buoys. After that it was easier and I was a beating Douglas McKim, Elliott and some little careless. When we were about four others. Next spring I won the Governor's hundred yards from home I was pulling in medal again. I then beat Tom Louden a mile straight away for \$100 a side. I won the Governor's medal again a third time, and it was then my property. The next try I had was a two-mile one with McKim, and I won it after having rowed in a three-pair race the same day-

"Easy, Ned. How many races have you rowed?

"I have rowed in twenty-six and won twenty-four, and the two I lost I had no right

to row in," THE CENTENNIAL REGATTA.

"Tell me something about the Centennial

"Well, you see, I had been beating the fellows around here long enough, and I wanted to try my hand on some strangers. I thought I could row a little, so I talked to my friends about going to the Centennial. They told me I was flying too high, and when I said I was going all the same they laughed at me. Laugh or no laugh, said I, I'm going; I beat you fellows easy enough, and I'm going to have a try with some others. So I scraped enough money together to get down to Philadelphia and was the first professional man there. I went into training for three weeks."

"How did you train?" "Well, not as I do now. I knew nothing about training. However, I got on the water all right in the old "Duke of Beaufort," and on the 4th I beat Harry Coulter and Thomas, the Englishman, in 21m. 34ls."

"What sort of fellow was Thomas?" "Well, he was a big, fine fellow, and rowed nice, only he could not make her go. I had an easy time next day with Plaisted and Luther. I stopped three times coming home, to see what was going on on shore. These men are rowing better now than they were then. Next day I had Brayley, and he was the bardest of the lot to get away with. I don't think he can row much now.'

"I see he is coming out again; how does he row?" "He rows far too much with his arms and knocks all the wind out of himself. I have

seen him since at Boston and he ain't a bit improved." "What is your general opinion of the Cen-

tennial?" "It was pretty much fun all the time for me. I had no trouble in winning and enjoyed the trip."

THE BOSTON DEFEATS.

"I suppose, Ned, you know that there was some hard feeling about your being beaten at

"I know it, and I don't blame the Boston folks or anybody else for saying that I sold the race or did not row straight. I had no business to go there at all. I was, broken flag. My practice was taken as I told you." down in spirits; I wasn't trained, and was just as unfit as a man could be who had done no hard work for months before. It just shows you that no man can row that doesn't take pains to put himself in condition. I'll never row again when I am out of condition. I am no use when I have not trained—I mean

against a man that can row." THE FIRST ROSS RACE.

"Coming to the big races, Ned, all I want to know is how you won them and how you found that my buoy was thirty rods" (not felt in rowing them, so that will simplify thirty feet) from the shore. So I lost four experiences of others, we should have the royal several religious consignments of dry goods to

Well, I was tending to business at the island after coming back from Boston, but had a hankering after getting into my boat again. So I saw some of my friends and they arranged a match for me with Wallace Ross. When we got the word to go, Wallace Ross got the start of me. I made a bad start and steered badly, and so he led me for 300 yards. I could have rowed further in that distance, but I did not see the fun of rowing the life out of myself in 100 yards when I had to row five miles. Ross was killing himself, so I was perfectly satisfied to hold him and let him do it. I soon rowed him down and went on then easily. Yes, I steered wildly. You see it was the first race I rowed with so much excitement around and I did not take a stern range.

THE PLAISTED RACE. "After a great deal of wrangling and tangling the club got a race arranged with Plaisted. It was for \$1,000 a side, and the distance two miles straight away. I made up my mind that I would have to row this race fast from the beginning to the end. Plaisted got the best of the start, for I started before the word, stopped, then started again, while Plaisted caught the water at the word, and was off at an awful rate. This was why I lost so much. Montreal" the Elliott boat in which he rowed I remember you telling me that Courtney was Courtney. It has been repaired and is now aware of this. It was a trifle, so he must aware of this. It was a trifle, so he must koxed ready for shipment. Judge Elliott is have been watching me very close. Plaisted started like lightning. I never saw anything like it; but he was killing himself dead. I was a little put out about his getting off so quickly, and did not get right down will be shipped some time next week and to work at once; but when I saw how he was throwing himself I put in some solid work and saw that I held him. I was satisfied and steadied myself. When a quarter of a mile had been gone I was only a quar-ter of a length behind. He was laboring hard, and so was I-in a different way, I was going my best, and thought he could not stand it for two miles. I knew I could'nt. but I was sure I could stick to it longer than he could. You see, though Plaisted has splendid muscular development, he is too big around the chest for his waist, and so he can't stand the strain of his way of rowing. I won without much trouble after the quarter. The time for the quarter was awfully fast, but the time for the two miles (fifteen minutes) was slow. I think that Plaisted has not been in such good condition since. I don't want to say if he can be improved. All I can say is that he is rowing as fast as ever he will do in his present style.

> THE MORRIS RACE. . "This was my first big match ruce away from home, and it was for the championship. Yes, I did have a good opinion of Morris as a rower before I went to Pittsburg. I had him measured down pretty fine when he was here. The current runs four or five miles an hour, and that made us travel fast. I got ahead of him before we had gone far, but he stuck to me like a leech. I could not throw him off, and I wanted to badly. On that course I wanted to make sure of being able to get out of any scrape that I might get into and still when I got round. It was thirteen minutes about it." of hot work getting to those flags, I tell you. Eph came after me hot, and I don't believe

he thought he was beaten until the finish. It was the best race I ever saw a man row." What-better than Courtney's race?"

"He rowed a gamer race than Courtney." "Well how did you feel after it?" "I felt all right at the time, but two hours afterward-oh! I never felt so tired after any

THE BROCKVILLE AND CAPE VINCENT REGATTAS.

"How about your race at Brockville?" "Well, at Brockville I won as I pleased. I felt real good. At Cape Vincent I was all out of condition and had the narrowest squeak of losing the race that I ever had. I let up on my training and did not feel well. We ing like mad, so I had to work hard to the slowly, and it did not strike me that Plaisted was creeping up dangerously close to me. When he saw my carelessness he made a tremendous spurt, but I awoke in time and put in some hard licks and won. It was the long-

est four miles I ever rowed." THE SECOND ROSS RACE.

"You rowed Ross a second time. How about that race?" "The trip to St. John was a good trip. The Kennebecasis is the best course I ever rowed on, when it is not rough, and we were unfortunate in getting bad weather. I had to do all my training on a stretch of about a quarter of a mile, and Ross was always on hand. It was great fun when we drew near to each other. Wallace was always wanting to figure on me, so whenever we came close I would put in some soft work and cry out to Wallace, 'Hoop her up, Wallace," and he would laugh and row off. I don't think any of the St. John men learned much about my rowing before the race. There was no pleasing the St. John folk with the water, and I offered Wallace two lengths, so as to get a start made. Wallace would not take it, and finally we got the send-off. Wallace was away first and he led me for 400 yards. He was rowing mighty hard and he looked determined. I did not like the look of him, so, thinks I to myself, this is about played out, and I let out another link and went for him. I had not long opened out before I collared him. He stuck to it hard, but I managed to draw clear. The way those great shoulders of his worked made my hair stand on end. I was going a pace that I could stay for a long time, for I never felt so strong in my life. In my training at St. John I had to wear two smocks to get a sweat, so strong is the air down there. I did not think that Wallace could stand the pace much longer, though he was rowing in splendid

shape. He kept it up for a mile and more. I've got a better head in a boat than most people give me credit for, but I was beginning to think that I did not know just as much as I thought I did when I heard a crack, and bang went Ross into the water. My first thought was a funny one. It was-' There's another five hundred to the good." "Do you think that Ross threw himself

out, knowing that he was beaten, as some folks have said?" "I would not like to say that. Ross knows himself how he got there. I rather think it was an accident, arising from his last despe-

rate efforts. Wallace, however, is a cunning fellow, and I never could make him out."
"About the shifting of the buoys, Ned?" "That's all humbug. Neither the buoys nor a flag was shifted. I had no practice

THE BARRIE RACE. "At the Barrie regatta, on August 12, though everyone said I got the worst of the start, I had, if anything, the best of it. I account for my being so far out of the buoys by my following my instructions. Dave Ward told me that he had been down and seen the buoys, and mine was about thirty feet from the shore. I steered a splendid course, and arrived exactly where I was told. I then

way up, because I got among some dead roll swells that a steamer had made when she passed down a short time before. I shipped a lot of water before. I shipped a lot of water and carried it with me. I got round the buoys first, and was away for home when Ross was turning. I had to row fast to the buoys, but the way home was easy. Ross pulled well, as well as ever I saw him; but his blunder at the buoys gave me a lead that saved me trouble. It was great fun to see Hosmer tackle Plaisted. I had some racing with Fred on the way up, and he had settled down to taking it casy, when the boy made at him. Fred pulled pluckily, but Hosmer had been pulling quieter and was fresh, so he had the best of it. I did nothing else until the Lachine race."

THE COURTNEY RACE.

"Well, Ned, I want to be more particular about this race than all the others, you know why. How did you get off?" "We got off together."

"What did you think of the water?" "It was very bad; but we were both in good condition, and it was the same for both of

"At what sort of pace did you start?" "At a pace I calculated to keep up all through the race it it was needed."

"Did you keep it up?" "No; I didn't need to."

"Did the water get easier to row in as you

went out ?" "No, it get worse, through the swell of some steamer being thrown against the current."

"As a matter of fact, did it bother Courtney more than you?" "I can't tell; but it seemed to me that he

had no more trouble than I had. I had trouble enough. " Who first got the lead?" "I did. About half a mile out 1 led him by

length." "How did you feel about the race then?"

"I knew enough about Courtney then to know that I could beat him." "How did you arrive at that conclusion?" "I knew that I had lots more speed in me, and from the way he was pulling I did not think he had. He had everything to win by

was sure was because he couldn't." "Did you have any advantage on the run

taking the lead, and that he didn't take it I

up?"
"I had. I got to the lee of the island first though not by so much as some folks would have you believe, for Charley kept edging toward me and was quite close to me when I struck smooth water."

"Did Courtney ever pass you on the way to the buoys?" "No. I did not let him, still he drew up to

me every now and then, and then I would draw away again."

" Did he ever pass you on the way back? "Yes-(laughing)-he was ahead of me at the three miles; however, I pitched in, and when he got a mile further I was leading again. Le was leading me by about three or keep my lead I was about six lengths ahead four feet only, so I was not much troubled

"Did he ever try to collar you?"

"Didn't he, though! He made some tre-mendous spurts. I thought he was going to tear all the water out of the Lachine River, he pulled so savagely. He would look at me with his teeth set and take another rush at it; but it was no use-I had him sure."

"How about the shifting of the boathouse judges' barge, as they called it?" "Yes, that nearly tooled me. I had just time to clear myself, or I would have run

right into the boom. I guess it fooled Charley, "Was he crowding you at the finish?"
"If he was I don't think he knew about it. He wasn't looking where he was going at the time; he was watching me too much. I don't

think he did it to fluster me." " Did Courtney and you speak to each other while the race was being rowed?"

ot speak. His teeth would never open again." "Do you think he did his best to row?" "He did, and isn't likely ever to pull a bet-

ter race." "Did you think the time (36:22) fast?" "When I saw the water I thought that thirty-eight minutes would be good time. Our boats were sometimes half under the

water." "Have you any knowledge of any sum being paid to Courtney ?"

"I do not wish to insult you, so pray excuse the question. Did you or did not not pay to Courtney \$2,000 or any sum in any shape or form?

"I did not." "Did you think that his club or any member of it did so?"

"I don't believe that they or any one else paid Courtney a single cent. If I thought they did, I would have nothing more to do with them."

THE CHAMPIONSHIP.

"Do you think that any attempt will be made to deprive you of the championship

while you are in England?" "I don't think so. I am going to England to defend the honor of American oarsmen, and I think too well of the oarsmen here to believe that they would take advantage of my abrence. The name of it might be taken from me for the time, but the honor would be mine, any way, and the name, too, when I wanted it."

THE HAWDON RACE.

"Well, I do not think that you will have to win itagain, Ned, until you first lose the race. What about the Hawdon race?"

"I don't know much about it. I guess you know more than I do. I am not afraid of his record, and will do what I can to show them that we know something of sculling over here. I don't know where I'll train; Colonel Shaw will fix that for me. Heasley is in New York now and he goes with me. Some of the club will be over at the race."

HANLAN'S ESTIMATE OF HIS ANTAGONISTS! "What do you think of the men you have

met; which was the best one? "I think Courtney is the best man altogether, though he's not the speediest for a short distance. Eph Morris is the gamest, but I fancy Courtney could get away with him. Wallace Ross would be a better match for Courtney, and that would be a fine race." "Do you think any of them will ever im-

prove sufficiently to beat you?" "No; they are all older than I am, and I know that I can improve myself, and I mean to do it too.

Here the interview ended and the champion set out to bid some of his host of friends good by. I might say that in all his races Hanlan's training has been hard work ashore and affoat and ordinary diet, such as any person who is in robust health and desires to keep it partakes of. Being a man of regular habits he has nothing to eliminate from his system, but only to strengthen what is in him.

If we must experience all things for our lengths in pulling out. I had to stop on the road to the palace of wisdom.

AMUSEMENTS.

Chiniquy in Australia. Catholic Review.

If nothing else proved the world-wide value of the press, there would be a strong argument in its recent utility in entirely counter-acting in Australia the malignity of the apostate Chiniquy, who, after exhausting the credulity of Canada, went to the great Southern Continent to perpetuate his work of fraud and calumny. Happily, in Australia there is a wide-awake and energetic Catholic press. It had heard of Chiniquy. It was familiar with his whole life, from his miserable days in Illinois down to the period when he converted his thousands and tens of thousands in Montreal, on the approved Protestant missionary plan, which finds results for missionary reports in a very remarkable manner. What is still better, it had a scrap-book, and from the New York and Illinois papers of 1859, and the Montreal papers of 1873, it gave Mr. Chiniquy facts and figures, places and dates. The result can be imagined.

Even the secular papers laughed Chiniquy to scorn, and the comic paper, the Sidney Funch, reported for its readers the following as Mr. Chiniquy's first oration. We shall again give two others, equally good, from this paper, which is not Catholic:

THE ORATION.

My name is Basil Tertullian Athanasius Chiniquy. I was the most learned, the most eloquent, the most spiritual-minded priest of the Roman Church in Canada. The l'ope honored me, the French Canadian bishops loved me, the people adored me-but my humility always stood in the way of my advancement I sought to be alone and forgotten—but great trials were reserved for me. If you want to have any idea of the persecuting power of the Roman Church, listen to my simple narrrative. I was, as I told you, a priest of that Church, when first the light of truth stole in upon my soul, and I began to think that a lonely penitential life in a cold country did not commend clerical celibacy to right reason, or human sympathy-nor the life of Gregory the Great to my admiration. I spoke to my Bishop about my spiritual difficulties; he was the diocesan of Manitoulin, and vicar-apostolic of the Sault St. Marie and Lake Huron: "Hold your faith," exclaimed his lerdship, "and we will send you with a jewelled mitre on your head among the Ottawas and the l'ottawatamies." They sent me on a mission to the Mohawks of the Bay of Quinte,

WITH SIX BOTTLES OF HOLY WATER,

two clean shirts, and a copy of the Syllabus. I spent some months among these attractive natives, explaining to them the temperature of purgatory. Suddenly I doubted the intense heat of this region, as it is theologically described, and I resolved to satisfy myself on the subject. I read the Fathers, in four hundred folios. One of the Mohawks (Ambrose Jerome Augustine Gregory Mohawk was his patriotic name) had the edition in his wigwam. I spent three or four days and nights on my knees over the Fathers, and read every line of them—and on a fine, bright morning, in the Bay of Quinte, I found out that the Fathers had no idea of the penal and cleansing flames of Purgatory—cared no more for sacerdotal celibacy than the Missisages of the Red Riverknew no more of confession than Kippax or Ikey Josephson-were as indifferent to absolution as M'Gibbon-and as disobedient to the Pope as John Davies. All this I found in Greek and Latin in Mohawk's four hundred folios. After a bottle or two of " fire water" with my scholastic savage, I ventured to hint

to him that

WE MUST MAKE TRACKS OUT OF ROME. It was twenty-five minutes past seven o'clock in the morning when I made the discovery. At ten minutes to nine A. M. I had converted to the religion of Chiniquy ninety-seven thousand four hundred and thirteen of the six "Not one word. He looked at me, but did | nations of the Grand River; and before halfpast ten that same morning my life had been thrice attempted to be taken by the diabolical emissaries of Rome, so swiftly did their vengeance follow my apostolic zeal; and within eleven days I was arraigned on forty one different charges by the Crown Law officers of Toronto, of Premier Mowat, will be read with Canada, all of which were distinctly traced to the Jesuits, who had got up the accusations, sworn the informations, procured perjured vitnesses, caused committals to take place, bills to be found, lawyers to be paid, and

judges to be got at. ONE OF THESE ACCURSED FOLLOWERS OF LOYOLA (his name-you may judge of the man by his name—was Ignatius Navier Borgia Faber O'Toole), came into Quebec, and having said his prayers, of course, got—drunk. When the whiskey was in, the conspiracy came out. The wretch came and drivelled out his plot in Irish to my lawyer, who was an accomplished Presbyterian Parisian, and who accompanied by a Bordeaux Baptist, and a Marseilles Methodist, heard his horrible and drunken confession. It was twenty-two minutes to twelve o'clock at night. I was in gaol praying and crying. Two old abbesses whom I had converted were undergoing a sentence of hard labor in another part of the building. Alas I they also were the victims of those stealthy savages-the Jesuits-who, in these days, use the police and the magistracy, and the Attorney-General for their instruments, and the public prisons for their palaces of the Inquisition. At twenty-two minutes to twelve my friends rushed into the gaol and told me all. We told the abbesses all.

AT DAYLIGHT THE MONSTER O'TOOLE.

sprung off the Heights of Abraham into the deep blue of the St. Lawredce, and all the other scoundrels, priests, nuns, perjurers, and so utterly ignorant and credulous as to believe suborners at noon that day went over the Falls | in what are known as the material phenomena of Montmorenci, hand in hand, singing the of Spiritualism. During the past five years Dies Irae," and shouting, "God save Ireland" You would think that my sufferings were now at an end, and that my enemies were utterly rated. Hardly a medium has come before the vanquished. I had now on my hands, as you perceive, 97,413 newly-baptised Chiniquians; and half-breeds and full-blooded Ojibbeways, and the Red River tribes were coming in hourly full of faith, and with appetites sharpened by an uncorrupted Gospel. I appealed knave calling himself James and hailing from for hundreds of barrels of flour, salt pork, hogsheads of molasses, dollars, and that was humanly necessary to meet this holy emergency. The abject French Papists, who worship the skull of Montcalm in the Ursuline Convent chapel at Quebec, incited the Romish larrikinism of the city to dog me in the streets, and to cry out, "What did you get for the flour?" "How much did you make on the pork?" "Who sold the poor Ojibbeway's biscuits?"

"WHERE ARE THE CONVERTS?"

And the odious, brutal Irish of the city followed me about, professing great sympathy— Shure, the Jibbeways has the divil's own appetites for pickled pork and molasses, yer reverence,' exclaimed those misguided and fiendish savages with howls of laughter. At this time a friend sent a copy of the Sidney Morning Herald and several numbers of the Protestant Standard: I read these noble organs of public opinion through and through. Forthwith I various orthodox groceries, and I started for tried, convicted and sent to the penitentiary

New South Wales. And now I appeal to you, sisters and brothers. Stand by my starving savages, who defy the Pope and tht devil. Give us money that we may fight; that we may insult; that we may provoke; that we may half madden those who look upon us as wretched apostates and impostors. Show your civilization! Manifest your Christianity, by helping me to go about and do this noble, this holy work. And so will you take your place above the savages of the Assiniboine and the Red River. And when I return to the shores of Lakes Huron and Superior, I may say with truth to the red skins, "I have been among people like unto yourselves."

" Father" McNamara.

[New York Herald] Father McNamara narrated his history and experience to a large audience last evening at the Johnson Street Methodist Episcopal Church, Brooklyn. His hearers laughed and applauded every fresh remark, and he himself laughed and almost wept for joy and assured his hearers repeatedly that they were "more Irish than the Irish themselves." He moreover announced that he " felt good," and came over to Brooklyn "to have a good time," but he had not expected to feel so happy at that early stage of the proceedings.

He then commenced his address. He said: "God has wonderfully blessed me and the work that I have in hand. It prospers, it extends, and the people are every day accepting it with new manifestations of joy." Though he did not expressly say so, it was understood by those present that the "work" alluded to was the "Irish Independent Catholic Church." Father McNamara said it was unnecessary to speak of it just then, and merely added that the whole world "is ringing with it: that all the papers that have any courage are full of it, and those which keep it out of their columns are influenced by fear of losing the good opinion of some influential per-He said sit had been taken up outsons. side of New York and is coming back to it. That European papers in all languages are full of it: that it is a serious matter, and that the Italian Church' is very much alarmed about it."

He also said, "This heart has suffered, this mind has endured untold agonies, and this soul has been wrung with injustice, but I have always persevered in holding to principles." He condemned the Catholic religion for its adherence to the cause of sectarian education, for withholding the Bible from the people, and because the members do not indulge in " religious experiences" and " finding Christ' in the same manner as the Metho-

VERY UNGALLANT,

"I was always cautious of girls" (laughter), continued the anchorite teacher. "I have a whole bundle of love letters from girls all over the United States, written to me since 1 opened my mission in Water street (continued laughter) But I am always very wary about them. I know how dangerous it is to get meddling with them, and I know that efforts are made to get me into a false position. I have had detectives follow them up, and I know what I speak of. So I'll tell you how I get even with them. I read all the letters to the women down in Water street (roars of laughter). I have a whole library of them (laughter). I know that it's a delicate thing for a man to talk about his own experience this way; but as you have me here I will tell you almost everything; I guess I won't tell you quite all. But one woman made love to me in Water street, before the whole congregation. Another said to me, "Sure you are not going to marry?" I said to her, "Do you know a decent Irish girl, with a little fortune, that would have

me ?" (Roars of laughter.) Father McNamara concluded with a few words as to his conversion and fracas with the Catholic Church and thanks to his audi-

ence for their kind attention to his remarks.

The Orange Bills. In view of the announced intention of members of the Ontario Opposition of reviving the agitation in the Legislature for the incorporation of the Orange Grand Ludges, the following extract from a recent speech, at

interest by our readers :-"I may say a word here with reference to the Orange bills. We were of opinion that the influential association, the Orango body, should obtain its incorporation under the general Act, as others have done since our Act was passed, instead of insisting on a special Act; and we have, therefore, resisted a special Act in their case as we have resisted special Acts in other cases, leaving the parties to obtain under the general law the advantages for which a spccial Act is sought. In order to make political capital, the leaders of the Orange body have refused to take advantage of this course, and endeavor to create the false impression that the Orange Societies are suffering some the subject in view could be served just as well by their becoming incorporated under the general law as in the way their leaders profess to prefer. There is no special Act incorporating these Societies in Great Britain or Ireland, none that I have heard of in the

know), and that a recent one, in any other Province or country." Spiritualistic Impostors.

Brooklyn Eagle.

United States; and but one instance (so far as

It is almost inconceivable that after the frequent exposure of so-called spiritual mediums, there should live in large cities, like New York, Brooklyn and Philadelphia people there have been at least fifty exposures of the fraud which newspapers have carefully narpublic, professing to be able to present to an audience the materialized spirits of the departed, without being detected as being himself the spirit clothed in very mortal garments indeed. And yet in spite of all this a young knave calling himself James and hailing from persons presuming to be intelligent to attend so-called seances at Everett Hall, on Fulton street, in this city, and to believe that Mr. James, when dressed up in Oriental finery really was the disembodied spirit of Alexander the Great of Holofernes, or Mahomet.

It is one of the most curious features of the spiritualistic manis that no exposure satisfies anybody tainted with it of the utter imposture of these material mediums. The common sense with which humanity has been endowed to secured it against false belief is laid aside at once and forever. As with the vices of gaming and drunkenness, it is a disorder very difficult of cure. But since it be-comes aggraved by every fresh deception, it behooves the State to take precautions against it, and a very simple remedy exists. Mr. James, in charging a fee for the presentation of departed spirits, obtained money on false pretenses. That is an indictable offense, and Mr. James ought immediately to be indicted, brought from Philadelphia on a requisition,