

LADIES' DEPARTMENT.

PARIS AND AMERICAN FASHIONS.

Mrs. J. J. Skilton, Editor.

Short costumes designed for the street will be made principally, if not invariably, of Scotch plaids. The following is a type:—Round skirt of maroon flounce simply stitched. Trimmed with a pleated blouse of the same material, bordered with a very wide bias fold of maroon English velvet, slightly draped and caught up rather high on the left side.

Long overskirt of maroon velvet, forming a vest in front, over which opens a jacket of Scotch plaid like the dress material. In case of rain a waterproof is worn, and to provide against cold there is added to the waterproof a long cape of the same material, quilted and lined with silk.

Most of the costumes we see this fall, if of an elegant style at all, are made with the coat, jacket and waistcoat. Those can be made without the necessity of silks or broadcloths. Very pretty costumes of this style are made of fancy woollen goods and plain cashmere, merino or beige.

A very pretty dress is composed of iron-grey bourette and plaid navy-blue cashmere. The principal part of the dress is of cashmere, and consisting of a skirt rather short in front, trimmed across with bands of blue cashmere and sent-trained behind, with an added-on drape of dark Burgon pearl. Jacket with flat lapels of the bourette; waistcoat and long sleeves of blue cashmere, the latter trimmed with bias-bands of the bourette.

Hats with long ostrich feathers are very fashionable. A pretty specimen of hat, with brim raised on one side, is a coarse white felt, lined with garnet-colored velvet, with an Albatian brim of the same outside; it is edged with a thick gold cord. A large undyed ostrich feather is thrown across the crown.

A material much employed for travelling costumes is a very light tweed in very small checks, trimmed with stitched bands of the same material in a similar or darker shade of the same color. The polonaise is ornamented and fastened in front by bands and buckles of the darker material stitched at the edge. There are several varieties of these dresses, and all are made of serge; some of these are trimmed with tartan, which is used with great discretion and admirable effect.

MISCELLANEOUS.

No one could fail to see that some unusually happy thought was on her mind, doubtless some sweet revelation long hoped for had just been made. But she appeared to be in a little hurry to share her joy with somebody. At last she spoke a friend ahead, and rushing on from the moment the common salutations of greeting: "Did you see that lovely felt hat that just went by?" "Yes I did; wasn't it lovely?"

Ladies who carry their pocketbooks in their hands do not know what a temptation they are holding out to the impudencies. The man who would break a street lamp for his dinner would hesitate much about snatching a nice fat pocket-book.

HOUSEWIFE'S CORNER.

BUCKWHEAT CAKES.—One quart of buckwheat flour, a small teaspoonful of Indian meal, one and a half teaspoonful of salt, four tablespoonfuls of good lively yeast; mix with milk and tepid water enough to make it the consistency of muffin batter; then beat well for fifteen minutes, and set in a warm place to rise overnight. In the morning the batter may be soured if so desired, a teaspoonful of soda in a little water dissolved in a cup of water, and added to the batter, will do the work; do not beat the batter; add a tablespoonful of molasses to brown the cakes; the milk does not always brown them sufficiently. Bake on a well-heated griddle that is perfectly clean; an iron griddle should be greased with a piece of rind of lard or butter. Be sure and take all the lumps and strings out of the pork before adding the ingredients.

SALTY'S BUCKWHEATS.—Take one cupful of flour, two of buckwheat flour, and one of yeast; one tablespoonful of sugar, and salt according to taste; mix with enough water to make a stiff batter and set it to rise overnight. In the morning add water sufficient to make the batter run when poured on the griddle.

QUEEN OF PIDDINGS.—One pint of bread crumbs, one quart of milk, four eggs, leaving out the whites of two, one cup of sugar, butter the size of an egg; bake, and then on the top put one cup of jelly and the two whites; to be eaten cold.

TRANSPARENT PUDDING.—Beat to a cream half a pound of butter and half a pound of sugar; stir in light eggs well beaten, a grated nutmeg; flavor with lemon; bake in a buttered dish one-half hour, and serve cold.

NICE PLUM CAKE.—One pint of boiling water, one pound of raisins, one pound of currants, one pound of all fat salt pork, three cups of sugar, light cup of flour, one tablespoonful of baking soda, flavoring to taste. Currants, raisins, sugar and flour to be mixed together. Chop the pork until it becomes the consistency of cream, then add soda and boiling water, stirring all together thoroughly. Bake in a moderately hot oven. Be sure and take all the lumps and strings out of the pork before adding the ingredients.

LEMON PASTRY.—Six lemons, the yolks of six eggs and the whites of two, one pound of brown sugar, quarter pound of butter. Grate the rind of the lemons first and then cut them in half and squeeze the juice from them. Beat the eggs for a custard. Put the grated rind, juice and all the rest into a brass pan and stir until it boils. Let it boil ten minutes or a quarter of an hour, stirring all the time. This will keep any length of time.

GREEN TOMATO PICKLES.—One gallon green tomatoes sliced, one tablespoonful each of ground pepper and cinnamon, two and a half tablespoonfuls of ground mustard, half a tablespoonful of cloves, one and a half gills of mustard seed, one and a half quarts of vinegar, half a pound brown sugar. Boil all together until tomatoes are quite soft.

WHY HE CHANGED.

A dilapidated individual stood gazing at a huge pile of watermelons in front of a Woodward avenue grocery until his mouth watered, and he made bold to remark to a man who was selecting one for dinner:

"I wish I had five cents to get a small melon; I haven't tasted of melon for over two years."

The gentleman promptly handed over a nickel and went on with his selection. About the time he had his melon picked out he saw the vagrant coming out of a saloon near by and he called out:

"So I did," was the very courteous answer, "I told you I hadn't tasted melon for over two years, and after reflecting a little I found I hadn't tasted whiskey for over three. Therefore, I gave whiskey a show to catch up with melon, and start off square. Nothing mean about me" "sin—good bye." Detroit Free Press.

GRATITUDE TO GOD.

FATHER BURKE'S SERMON AT KINGSCOURT.

On Sunday, September 8th, accompanied by circumstances that lent great distinction to the occasion, attended by an immense congregation of the faithful, the ceremonials of the new church of Kingscourt and the appeal made within its walls will be long remembered by those who had the happiness of being present. It is now some eight years since the church, dedicated to the Immaculate Conception, was commenced. The edifice which it replaces and beside which it stands was of its kind most admirable. This old church, standing upon a great elevation just outside the town, was long the admiration of the people, but as time advanced, as the people prospered, and as the district rose in importance it was found that, suitable enough as the edifice was in the old days, its limited space was too small for the requirements of those who crowded to its portals, and furthermore, that a new and larger temple must, if possible, be erected. No sooner had the idea occurred to the present venerated parish priest, Father Peter O'Reilly, than he set about carrying it into execution. With the vigor, energy, and earnestness in the cause of religion for which Father O'Reilly has ever been distinguished, he at once urged forward the good work. Subscriptions were asked for, and flowed in most generously.

Mr. William Huges, the eminent architect, was consulted, and plans were prepared by him. The church now rises grandly upon the eminence beside the old and unroofed building, and it forms the most striking and beautiful object presented to the eye, which rises into this glory. It is not, however, finished. Internally there is still much to be done to accomplish its completion, and the spire rising over the great tower has not been erected. There was a considerable debt due in respect to the work already done, and there was a sore need therefore of money to clear off this, as well as to bring to a worthy conclusion the work so splendidly commenced.

At half-past eleven o'clock the ceremonies commenced. There was an extremely large attendance of the clergy and laity from all the surrounding districts. The Most Rev. Dr. Nulty, Lord Bishop of Meath, presided. High Mass was celebrated by the Rev. James O'Brien, P.P., Lecturer at the deanery of the Rev. Father O'Neill, Professor of St. Finian's Seminary, Navan, and the sub-deacon, the Rev. Father Duff, Professor, Navan, St. Finian's. The master of the ceremonies was the Rev. D. Higgins, President of the Navan Seminary. The Mass was magnificently sung. The choir included Miss Kate Croft and Mr. Allan Croft (son of the late Miss Croft) who added to the singing of Miss Croft was good; her beautiful voice told with great effect in the new church, and all little shortcomings of the male singers were amply compensated for by her exquisite and most devotional rendering of the charming sacred music.

The Very Rev. Father Burke ascended the pulpit at the first Gospel and preached from the 17th chapter of St. Luke:—"At that time, as Jesus was going to Jerusalem, He passed through the midst of Samaria and Galilee, and as he entered into a certain town there met him ten men that were lepers, who stood afar off, and lifted their voices saying, 'Jesus, Master, have mercy on us' whom when He saw, He came to pass by them, and he said to them, 'Stand still, and show yourselves to the priest, and when they were made clean, and one of them, when he saw that he was made clean, went back, with a loud voice, glorifying God, and he fell on his face before His feet, giving thanks; and this was a Samaritan. And Jesus answering, said, 'Were there not ten cleansed? and where are the nine? There is no one found to return and give glory to God but this stranger.' And he said to him, 'Arise, go thy way, thy faith has made thee whole.'" In this Gospel they found our Lord expressing indignant surprise because of the ingratitude of those who, having received a great benefit at His hands, refused to return and give thanks to the Lord who had done for them the greatest of all things in and in act is one of the primary duties of man, as the creature of God, and of the Christian, as the child of God. We had to be thankful to God, not only for the personal benefits which each and every one of us had received from God, but for the great glory of God Himself, as it was in Him, and as it was reflected in our hearts, and in the glory of God which mainly consisted in the four attributes of Almighty God—namely, His infinite power, His essential life, and His eternity. Now the Church of God, recognizing these attributes, adored Him. But He vouchsafed to communicate these gifts and make us sharers in His great glory by giving us His holiness, power, and eternity, and for this the Church of God not only adored Him, but expressed her gratitude. Father Burke explained first how the four great attributes of God were given to us in the Blessed Virgin, and secondly in the Holy Roman Catholic Church of God, and he concluded—Dearly beloved, for all this we must be grateful to God, and He gave us the power to be grateful to Him through Him who is the life of the Church, and of whom the Apostle says—Christ—wherever He is—Christ, whether He be on the altar of the Catholic Church, in her tabernacle, or in the bosom of the faithful child of that Church in Holy Communion. Christ yesterday, to-day, and the same forever, made us into the state of holiness, power, and eternity before God; that He has given to us in His Church life, and immortality; and if you want a proof of that immortality to excite your gratitude to-day, in word, in thought, and in action, all you have to do is to look around you here and to look upon the vestige of the past which is here in front of the Church, and looking around you here behold the solidity of every arch, and yet a solidity coupled with a grace; behold the grandeur of the materials, see here that combination of strength and beauty so rarely found among the works of man, yet pre-eminently of the Church of God.—"The valiant woman, her clothing is strength and beauty combined," behold the grandeur of its proportions, picture to yourselves what it shall be in the day when the rich marble of the altar will rise up there and the golden gates fold lovingly over the Lord God enthroned there, what it will be when from those windows, silently will look forth as if about the pictures of the saints and the angels of God, will be made the medium of preaching the mysteries and the truths of God in the storied pane, when not only will the ear hear the word, but the eye will behold the word in the beauty of color; when the lofty spire climbing up into the clouds will seem by its aspiration to say no spot on earth is higher than the state of holiness, power, and eternity of Jesus Christ; and here, from this hill-top, the saving shadow of that roof will be flung like the first rays of the eastern sun rising in the morning, flung over your morning slumbers when you wake unto God and the blessed day, and here from that spire will go forth three times a day the Angels, the voice resounding and filling hill and dale with the glad tidings that in a moment of God's mercy the Archangel came, and Mary spoke, and God became Man, and man was redeemed, so that what Mary heard in the closet in her room will be preached upon the house-top. And now, while we delight in the beauty of that which is already done—amply, with David, who

loved the glories not yet existing, but in his own fervid thought and pious mind; while we also revel in thought at contemplating the perfect and consummate beauty of this Church of God as it shall be some day—let us look out beyond these stately walls and see the ruin of the past. How lovely was its past, how poor, how unpretending, how inadequate to meet the wants of a congregation such as are assembled here to-day, and how unfitted to speak to the world in the language of faith the glories of that God who dwelt upon the lowly tabernacle for many a year, and yet in its day that poor little church was accounted one of the richest and glories of the Catholic Church of Ireland. That church represents the miserable cabin—clattered, built with mud—which went before it, and that represented the wild moor on the mountain side, where lastly, and while the scenes were around to men, which rise into this glory. It did not, it came among His people, with no shelter but the canopy of heaven and no altar but the rugged rock. These things have passed away, and yet these things were the Church of God. But the beauty of the Church's teaching in that day of desolation was not there. No sound of bell proclaimed her faith and mystery; no light shined from her windows; no voice ever charmed the senses or inspired the devotion of her children; no, even ruder, roof covered them from the inclemency of the storm, and yet the church was there, and to-day she rises from that poverty—from that misery so aptly represented by the humble and shattered ruins of the church last year, which rise into this glory. Tell me, did you ever reflect how faithfully the Catholic Church represents the life of Jesus Christ? On Good Friday evening he was taken down from the cross, all disfigured with many a ghastly wound. There was no light in His eyes; the thorns sunk deep in His head; and when His dead body, dried from the excessive agony, was laid all red and marked with blood, in the arms of His Virgin mother, with tender arms she removed them after them from His brow, with her copious tears she washed His holy countenance—with trembling hands she unfolded the matted hair, and He was laid in the garden, and in the tomb in the garden, a dead Man, a disfigured Man from whom all beauty, nay, life itself, had departed. This was the Man of Good Friday. Behold the same Man on that Easter morning, when the sun rose in the East and, exulting, hastened its coming, that it might beam in upon an empty tomb. Oh, how transfixed He is, every vestige of suffering and persecution is departed from Him, every disfigurement is absorbed in the glory of His immortal life. He was taken back the life He had laid down, but He has taken it back in a far fairer and grander form—the form of the glory of His immortality. He shines brighter than the sun. He rises into the mid-air by His own power, and the earth and hell shrink into nothing in their impotence before Him. Does not the ruined little church without remind you of the Man who died for the world? Behold Him; she springs out of the lonely ruins into a new form, greater, more glorious, more majestic than ever, and she proves by this resurrection that she is of God. Behold, then, how the holiness, the power, the life, and the immortality of God come home to us and reveal themselves to us, and become our own; and we are glorified in Him, and we are glorified in Him; she springs out of the lonely ruins into a new form, greater, more glorious, more majestic than ever, and she proves by this resurrection that she is of God. Behold, then, how the holiness, the power, the life, and the immortality of God come home to us and reveal themselves to us, and become our own; and we are glorified in Him, and we are glorified in Him; she springs out of the lonely ruins into a new form, greater, more glorious, more majestic than ever, and she proves by this resurrection that she is of God. Behold, then, how the holiness, the power, the life, and the immortality of God come home to us and reveal themselves to us, and become our own; and we are glorified in Him, and we are glorified in Him; she springs out of the lonely ruins into a new form, greater, more glorious, more majestic than ever, and she proves by this resurrection that she is of God.

BRITISH DUKES.

All things considered, the Dukes of England, Ireland and Scotland, twenty-eight in number, are decidedly above the average of twenty-eight gentlemen in point of character and attainments. There is only one now who is considered as a *marquis sibi*—the Duke of Newcastle, a ruined gambler whose estate is in the hands of trustees, appointed under his father's will, and who subsists on the fortune of his wife, heiress of the late Mr. Hope, of the great Dutch house. He is cousin, the Duke of Hamilton, having seen a plentiful crop of wild oats, has married a sister of Lord Mandeville's, and turned over a new leaf. The ablest of English Dukes is probably his grace of Devonshire, a high wrangler of Cambridge, a consummate man of business, and perhaps as much respected by men of all sorts and conditions as it is possible for man to be. The Duke of Sutherland is devoted to mechanical science and the improvement of his estates by its means. The Duke of St. Albans is very bright. The Duke of Cleveland is regarded as a man of very high character, and a remarkably clear-sighted politician. The Dukes of Northumberland, Westmoreland and Bedford are admirable country gentlemen, and always among the foremost in respect to any good and liberal work. The Duke of Buckingham is a hard-working, conscientious official, and the Duke of Marlborough is the same. The Duke of Norfolk is a deeply religious, but not bigoted, and magnificent son of the Roman Catholic Church. Of the Scotch, the ablest are Buccleuch and Argyll. The Duke of Buccleuch is a man of great industry, kind, generous, and sagacious, which have made him the idol of his tenantry, and the Duke of Argyll's ability is well-known to all educated Americans. The two Irish Dukes, Leinster and Abercorn, are, in widely ways, superior men.

THE SCOTCH CHURCH.

An interesting statistical record has just been published at Glasgow. "In order," as it states, "to preserve a memorandum of the arrangements and the statistics of the Catholic Church in Scotland previous to the division into six dioceses, made in March, 1878, the following paper has been drawn up. It is a faithful record of the ecclesiastical arrangements at the close of the year 1877." The first portion gives things as they were, the second part things as they now are, edited, we presume, by His Grace the Archbishop of Glasgow. It may not be out of place here to refer to an old statistical record, published by Spottiswoode, and quoted by the Rev. James Carruthers in his *Catholic History of Scotland*. It gives a history of all the religious houses, &c., before the Reformation, and some of the facts brought out are rather peculiar. There were 32 collegiate churches, of which 14 were in Berwickshire and the Lothians; 28 hospitals; 27 houses of the Canons Regular of St. Augustine, mostly in Argyll, Perth, and Fife shires; 17 Franciscan, 16 Cistercian, 15 Dominican, 13 Benedictine, 13 Red or Trinity Friars, 9 Carmelite, 7 Templar, 6 Premonstratensian, 1 Gilbertine, 1 Fathers of St. Anthony. Three of the Templars' houses were on the Decidie, 'Of Nunn' convents there were only 19, but 12 of them were Cistercian, and 10 thereof in Berwick and the Lothians, 2 Benedictine, 2 Poor Clare, 1 Canonesses of St. Augustine, 1 Dominican. In Stodart's *Catholic Memorials of Edinburgh*, he says that the succession of Priors of the Carmelites of Greenisle, Edinburgh, one of the last established (1626), was still kept up at Rome. The collegiate churches do not, of course, refer to the universities; they were served by priests under a Dean or Provost.

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LITTLE SISTERS OF THE POOR IN GLASGOW.

The Edinburgh Evening News of Friday, September 13th, contained the following paragraph:—"The Glasgow Magistrates' Committee had a meeting yesterday, when a deputation representing a section of Protestants, waited on their honours in order to present a petition with reference to begging nuns. The Lord Provost occupied the chair. The petition was read by Mr. Lang, clerk to the Police Committee, and Messrs. McIntyre and Murray were heard in support of it, but in consequence of a statement contained in it to the effect that the Lord Provost and magistrates 'apparently connived' at begging by the nuns, their honours declined to receive the petition, and recommended the deputation to reconstruct it. The deputation then withdrew." Upon which incident the editor thus comments:—"One of the most conspicuous exhibitions of Protestant bigotry, which has been seen of late years, took place yesterday in Glasgow. A deputation of two from a meeting of 'Protestant Workingmen' laid before the magistrates a memorial craving that the Police Act of 1866 should be put in force against the 'Little Sisters of the Poor' as being troublesome beggars. The Christian memorialists consider it a 'suspense' a 'pious fraud' and an outrage upon the very idea of fair play, that a poor, naked, hungry and shivering woman should be taken into custody, while the 'well-fed and well-dressed' nuns are not interfered with. The whole tone of the memorial is simply disgraceful in its utter disregard of truth and common decency. It is strange that the charitable societies which have been so long and so warmly known only to themselves, and affirm that the 'Little Sisters of the Poor' 'overstep the impudence of all other beggars.' It is not unusual to hear distorted representations from zealously 'Protestant' associations, but it is painful to see workingmen, as such, identifying themselves with a policy of despotic and arbitrary rule. Everybody knows that dozens of charitable societies solicit subscriptions in precisely the same way as the Little Sisters. Do the memorialists propose to agitate against them likewise? To class these charitable women with public beggars is a device unworthy of men who can read and write. If argument were needed in refutation, it would be sufficient to point out the decisive distinction between the promoters of public charities whose character is above suspicion, and beggars who may be and often are worthless impostors. But to argue in defence of the 'Little Sisters' is to do them almost an injustice. If these ladies in Glasgow ever behave 'impudently,' their conduct there must be very different from that of their Sisters elsewhere; but honours people will have little hesitation in discarding such an allegation from such a source. Protestants well informed on the subject have been heard to assert that in Edinburgh, at least, more zeal is shown in laboring among the poor of all denominations in the lowest slums, by the Little Sisters of the Poor and Papists generally than by the Protestant sect. 'Fits' it is that so often when the name 'Protestant' comes prominently before the public, it should be synonymous with 'uncharitable.'"

The John Bull says:—"It appears to be no secret among members of the old congregation of St. Albans, Holborn, that the living of St. James's, Hatcham, has been offered by Mr. Robert Tooth, to the Rev. A. H. Stanton, of St. Albans, Holborn, and that he has accepted the vicarship. It is stated that Mr. Stanton will adopt the full ritual which was in use when Mr. Tooth was the vicar. There appears to be no doubt as to the Bishop of Rochester's consenting to institute the new vicar-lect, and it is reported that a legal action will probably be the result of the nomination."

A CLERICAL TRANSACTION.

A case, brought before Alderman Knight, at Guildhall on Friday, concerning the despatch of diseased meat to the Central Meat Market, elicited some emphatic expressions of opinion from his worship—expressions which will find an echo in most readers' minds. The fact is that the Rev. W. Hooper, of Chilfrom, near Dorchester, Eng., sold a cow which he knew to be diseased to a butcher for the sum of £2, that the butcher sold the carcass of the animal to a fellow-butcher, who was prosecuted by the Commissioners of Sewers for sending bad meat to the market. When all the points had been elucidated, Alderman Knight said he had been watching the case with anxiety, hoping that some feature would be indicated that might render the conduct of the clergyman less blame-worthy. But no such feature made itself noticeable. The reverend gentleman was, ominously, not present to defend himself, and appearances by evidence were so strongly against him that it was impossible to refrain from forming the worst opinion of his transaction. The Alderman declared that he had never before heard of a "person of position, a clergyman," and "supposed to be a gentleman," selling a diseased cow to a butcher, without inquiring what the butcher intended to do with it. When clergymen were not more conscientious, it was not to be wondered at if needy men, struggling for a living, did these things. Persons of position do strange things at times, we may observe; strange things that, if done by poor folk, would be called bad, even criminal. In this case the person of position is a clergyman, and we are glad that his case has come before Alderman Knight, who has spoken boldly and trenchantly his opinion of the transaction. The public would be glad of some explanation from the reverend gentleman.

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