

gloating over your blindness, through which you strengthen the hands raised to strike you and your interests down to the ground. They sympathize with the enemies of your race at home and abroad. They side with the tyrant landlords who cruelly evicted many of your friends, and have thrown you on the cold world. And you pay and support the men who do so! They prop up a seductive system of godless education to mislead your dear children from God and His Church, from heaven and into hell, and you do not resent it. You pay the thousands to have the wrong continued, and you call that right, if not in word, at least in work. Ah! my friends (continued the rev. preacher), it is time to change your way. Instead of subsidizing your enemies to do you injury, support your friends. Have and support Catholic journals. Plus IX, some years before his happy death, urged it upon the bishops of the Catholic world to encourage the circulation of good Catholic papers among their dioceses as a good and useful thing. Leo XIII. goes still further in telling us that the circulation of Catholic journals amongst the people under present circumstances is necessary.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

The Irish Land Bill has passed the House of Commons. What the Lords will do with it remains to be seen.

A DESPATCH dated the 30th of July, says that the farmers upon the estate of Macnamara, Bedfordshire, have received letters threatening them with death if they pay rent. Macnamara has also been threatened with death by anonymous persons.

The Toronto Telegram tells a plain truth in a very straightforward manner in a late issue:—"It is doubtless a fact that the Queen would evince a warmer sympathy for Ireland the effect upon the Irish people would be beneficial. For years Ireland has been treated by the reigning sovereigns and princes of the blood as if it were a penal colony to be avoided, instead of one of the finest countries on earth."

LARGE quantities of dynamite and some internal machines have recently been discovered in England. Many blame American Fenians for importing them, while quite a few incline to the opinion that the Government and the police know more about these things than any one else. Certain it is that the landlords are capable of resorting to any trickery, however contemptible, that may justify their barbarous conduct towards the Irish tenantry.

WE thank our cotemporary the Christian Guardian for the invitation extended to visit the Grimby camp meeting and regret we cannot avail ourselves of the trip. We doubt not many of the gentlemen who have promoted these meetings are sincere, and believe good results will follow. But we hold a contrary belief, and our conclusions are strengthened by references made in some Protestant papers to these out-of-door gatherings. The United Presbyterian, in referring to camp meetings, says, "There is a mingling of altars and corner-lots, of hymn-singing and financial speculation, of consecrated work and study, with boat-riding and gallantry, that is not, to say the least, suggestive of the heroic Christian piety."

THE London, England, Telegraph, has made a new discovery to the detriment of Ireland. It has really found out that there are "corner boys" in some of the large cities. Well, what desperate expedients are resorted to by the English press to baffle the fair fame of that country. They have time and again endeavored to make the outside world believe that Irishmen are a lawless and degraded people. They have been so sharply taken to task for their utter disregard for truth in making assertions of this nature, that they have now been compelled to resort to the corners of the public streets to find an excuse for abusing Ireland. The corner boy nuisance is an institution which flourishes in almost every country in the world, and we dare say in no other place with greater perfection than in the city where the Telegraph is published. Here in Canada we could show our friend gatherings of "corner boys" quite as formidable and as mischievous as are to be found in Ireland. For an unscrupulous and truculent press command us to that of London, England.

By CABLE we learn that an ecclesiastical quarrel has occurred at Glasgow growing out of the long standing quarrel between the orthodox and liberal wings of the Free Church. The standard of church confession and faith and the Westminster catechism are the subjects in dispute. The liberals wish them remodelled so as to do away with the doctrines of infant damnation, election, predestination and verbal inspiration of the Bible, while the orthodox factions hold that these doctrines should be preserved. At a synod of ministers of the Free Church the discussion

rose to such a pitch that the Rev. Macdonald seized Macdonald by the throat and almost strangled him. The combatants were separated with great difficulty.

A TORONTO Methodist paper says, in referring to the notorious Gavazzi, "May the grand old man be long spared to his beloved Church." What particular church does the "grand old man belong to?" Perhaps the "Free Italian Church." Well, who belongs to the Free Italian Church? There is, in reality, no such church, friend. It hasn't got a quorum, and never will, please God. Another "grand old man," by name Van Meter, visited the Queen City some time since. He took up a collection for his church in Italy, but lost the draft on his way home, and desired his dear American friends to be generous over again. Take care, gentlemen, the "grand old man" is on business. He knows very well the best mode of firing your Protestant hearts and loosing your purse strings. It is much of the "Heavenly Chinese" about these "grand old men" of Italy who have left the one true fold.

THE Methodists are very ambitious. They have actually been making efforts to obtain a following even in Ireland. They have set their hearts on the Emerald Isle. They lately held a conference. We think it was in Cork. There were present a number of Methodist Ministers. Scarcely one of them possessed an Irish name. We know not what country owns them. But they certainly are not Irish, if we may judge from the names. Statements were adduced at the meeting showing the progress made. We do not for the life of us see what reason there exists for making use of the word "progress." The number of adherents is only a few thousands, and most of those are gentlemen who happen to be in Ireland either on business or pleasure. Probably many of them are there for the purpose of collecting rents, lest the land bill should succeed in passing the House of Lords.

FACTS and figures give but slight comfort to those who would have as believe that Christianity has attained a very marked degree of progress in the two great Protestant nations of the world. We quote from a Methodist cotemporary the following statement taken from an American newspaper. It is given with considerable bitterness of spirit, as it shows plainly that Protestant Christianity is but a sorry weapon in the hands of those engaged in battle with the world, the flesh, and the devil. These are the figures in proof thereof:—"England is the great missionary nation. She gives about \$6,000,000 per year to Foreign Missions. She wasted on rum \$750,000,000; and her annual income, as the Lord Mayor told us the other day in the great Exeter Hall Missionary Anniversary, is from \$50,000,000,000 to \$60,000,000,000. Foreign Missions (\$60,000,000) cost her only one-thousandth of one per cent. of her income. The United States waste on liquor \$600,000,000 a year. We all give to Foreign Missions less than \$3,000,000 a year."

On arriving in Tunis, Mgr. Sutter, Archbishop of that see, thought it his duty to present himself to the Bey, and offer him the homage due him as the representative of authority. When the audience was terminated, the Bey summoned his prime minister, and said to him: "That Bishop impresses me very favorably, and I am anxious to do something that will be agreeable to him. Find out what I can do." The minister proceeded to the Archbishop and made known the desire of the Bey. "It would be exceedingly pleasing to me," answered the prelate, "to obtain for the Church and the convent of Tunis exemption from taxes. It appears to me that houses where we pray to the Creator of the world for all men, should not be required to pay tribute." The request surprised the Bey: "What?" he exclaimed, "he asks for a benefit for his community and nothing for himself! He must be a man of God." From that time forth the Church and the convent were freed from all imposts, and the Bey decreed this exemption to be perpetual. And he did even more than this. When Mgr. Sutter visits his diocese, which includes all the country of Tunis, the Bey furnishes him abundant means of travel, so that he can distribute liberally to poor and suffering people. At his demand also the authorities of the places where he visits are required to liberate any and all captives except those condemned for murder, or for a crime against the State. In his last visitation, Mgr. Sutter delivered two hundred prisoners. . . . It would be impossible to describe the joy of the Mussulmans when they learn that he is about to start on his pastoral visit. From what Christian prince has the Bey learned to treat a bishop after this fashion?

QUEBEC LETTER.

The late rains in this region have had a very salutary effect, and things look more promising than they did.

At the celebration of Mass on board the French flagship on Sunday, 23rd, a large number of citizens were present by invitation of the Admiral, including Mayor Brousseau and Lt. Cols. Duchesnay and D'Onsomes. The specially invited guests specially dined on board. Mass was celebrated by the chaplain of the vessel, Rev. Abbe Gibert. During the office the splendid band of the vessel played appropriate music. The Admiral and a number of the officers are presently "doing" the western country.

DEATH IN THE CLOISTER. The death is announced at the Monastery of St. Joseph General of Rev. Mother Catherine Langway, in religion St. Philip, at the advanced age of nearly eighty-nine years. Deceased entered the Monastery on 27th October, 1811, and made her final vows on the 14th September, 1813; she had thus spent eight "three score years and ten" within the sacred precincts of the cloister.

Our newspaper literature has received a valuable accession in the appearance of *La Verite* whose editor and proprietor is Mr. J. P. TARDIVEL. As I have already mentioned, *La Verite* is Catholic and Conservative, but does not, as is too much the case with Catholic papers, assume the role of director; this it becomingly leaves to the properly constituted authorities. In politics it will not follow any man or set of men, but will be perfectly independent. Of this latter it has already given an indication by refusing absolutely to publish an advertisement sent it by the local government; but at the same time gives its readers the benefit of it *gratis* as an item of news. I would warmly recommend it to the French Canadians of your province.

Several miraculous cures are reported as having been effected at the famous shrine of LA BONNE STE. ANNE of Beauport. Strict measures will, however, have to be adopted to prevent the recurrence of some disgraceful scenes which have lately taken place there, owing to the rivalry of steamboat owners and crews, and also to prevent the overcrowding of the boats. The *Chronicle* has the following, which I believe, correct in the main:—"We regret to learn of disgraceful doings on Sunday last, at St. Anne's. Four of the crew of one of the passenger boats running there were insulted by some of the natives, others by a portion of the crew of a rival boat lying at the wharf, when in self-defence they turned upon the opponents and a general fight ensued. During the scuffle violent blows and kicks were administered, and one man was thrown over the wharf for dead being subsequently fished out of the mud and water twenty feet below, in a very precarious condition. An officer of one of the steamers was seen rushing about the wharf, axe in hand, looking for some one to slaughter. It is reported that arrests will be made in connection with this affair. On the return trip to Quebec, we learn that two rival boats raced the whole distance, so much so that instead of waiting at St. Joseph to land passengers at that place, the captain of one of them, rather than be passed on the way by the other, came up to town, and then returned to St. Joseph. One small vessel is reported to have had no less than 1,100 passengers on board, none of whom could consequently obtain seats. Surely it is high time for the authorities to interfere, if we are not to have a repetition of the London horrors!"

MISCELLANEOUS. The Shipbuilders' Society dispensed with their usual parade this year. Instead, the Catholics of the various sections—they at the opportunity—attended special solemn Masses which were celebrated in the churches of their respective localities. The sum of \$35,000 has been missing in La Banque for some time back. There is a difference of opinion between three of the officials as to whose possession it was lost. The Admiral and officers of the French fleet have subscribed \$103 in aid of the fire sufferers. The City papers rejoice in the fact, that for an entire forty-eight hours last week there were "no fire alarms, no accidents reported and no prisoners at the Police stations."

A fire broke out at the residence of Doctor Bradley, in St. Joseph Street, at three o'clock on Thursday morning. The family barely escaped in their night clothes. The loss is partially covered by insurance, but the doctor's surgical instruments—some of the most complete in the city—were not included.

The rush of summer travellers has been very large here for the past few weeks. "It is a pity," however, that our visitors do not make a sufficiently long stay so as to "do" the old City and its interesting surroundings with justice to it and satisfaction to themselves. At least a week is necessary. The splendid band of the Magicienne played on Buffalo terrace twice this week. They are generally pronounced to be one of the best corps of musicians that have ever been heard in the Ancient Capital—and it has had great advantages in this respect owing to its position as a garrison town. It is calculated that fully ten thousand persons were present on Tuesday night. The terrace is nearly 1,500 feet long and overlooks the St. Lawrence and lower town at an elevation of about 150 feet. It is well lighted up and on these evenings presents a scene not easily forgotten. The view from it and from the Citadel, which is still much higher, in day light, is not excelled—even if equalled in the world.

Antiquarians are somewhat exercised over the discovery of the remains of an old vessel in the bed of the St. Charles river by the dredgers now employed there, embedded in the sand at a depth of some twelve feet below low water mark. The *Chronicle* says: On Monday evening a number of men of "A" Battery went to the Grand Trunk Railway station to bid goodbye and good luck to two of their comrades, who retired on purchase before the completion of their engagement, deeming it more prudent to return home than to remain in the Battery. We can say for appearance that few, if any,

remaining behind could equal them as to general deportment and soldierly bearing, and as for general good conduct we can state from good authority it was excellent during their service of three years in the Battery. It is no wonder, therefore, that Messrs. Everson and Williams take with them the sincere good wishes of their comrades for their future welfare as well as the regret of the officers at the loss of two such fine matured soldiers. Mr. Everson returns to Guelph, and Mr. Williams to London, Ontario."

The death is announced in London, Eng. of Mr. Bernard Megone, formerly of this city, and a member of the Paris and London firms of Ducasse, Claveau and Co.

The following is Mr. George Stewart, Jr.'s appreciation of the work of your fellow-citizen:—"The World: Round it and over it." This is the title of a very pleasantly written book of travel by Chester Glass—a London, Ontario, lawyer. There are 96 illustrations in the volume—most of them electrots from *Lippincott's Magazine*, which in their new form and as vehicles for Mr. Glass's entertaining descriptions, fill out their purposes very well. The author has travelled over every considerable portion of this world's surface; he has an observant eye, a certain play of fancy and keen relish for a joke. His style is varied and pleasing, and while there is not much that is very new or striking in the little book before us, it may be commended for its earnestness. Mr. Glass might avoid such expressions as "jolly stay" with at least profit to himself.

The Quebec races are coming off to-day on the Plains of Abraham. The program is a very good one, and the weather is fine, but exceedingly warm.

BRASSACH.

THE MARTYRED ARCHBISHOP.

Drogheda, Sunday.—To-day, the Sunday within the octave of the bicentenary of the martyrdom of Archbishop Oliver Plunkett, an event took place in this historic old town of the deepest interest to all Catholics. His Grace the Lord Primate of Ireland, the silver jubilee of whose distinguished episcopacy has just been celebrated with such joy and fervour, to-day blessed the foundation of the new memorial church about being erected to the sainted prelate whose pure and precious life was so ruthlessly and so ignominiously sacrificed two hundred years ago. It were needless to say that an occasion so fraught with moving memories of the past, suggestive of so much that is sorrowful in the history of the island of saints, should evoke supposing interest throughout the Catholic world, but especially in the hearts of Irish Catholics, the name of Archbishop Plunkett strikes a chord so sensitive and responsive that any celebration in his honour must needs be looked upon as of national significance. Never in the chequered and stirring annals of this great old town has the sympathy of its people been given to an object more deserving to receive it than that which to-day called together so vast a multitude. So lately has the life of the martyred archbishop, his persecution, and his death been sketched in The Universe, and the people are so familiar with his saintly character, and with the story of his priestly triumphs, his unflinching fidelity, that there is no need to dwell upon the sad yet not all mournful theme.

Before proceeding to give, however inadequately, an idea of the sacred and most impressive proceedings of the day, a few words briefly descriptive of the new church may not be out of place. The design provides for a thirteen century Gothic building, comprising nave, aisles, transept, side chapel and tower. The entire length will be 155 feet by 66 across the nave and aisles, and 91 across the transept. The nave and aisles will be divided by arches, supported on polished granite pillars. The estimated cost of the building is from £500,000 to £200,000. From Dublin a large and very representative concourse left by the morning train.

The Earl of Fingal, who subsequently laid the foundation-stone of the new church, Mr. Benjamin Whitworth, M. P., and Mr. Belingham, M. P., were among the distinguished guests. High Mass was celebrated in St. Peter's Church. His Grace the Lord Primate presided. The celebrant was the Most Rev. Dr. Woodlock, Bishop of Armagh. The following prelates were also present: His Grace the Archbishop of Dublin, the Bishop of Meath, the Bishop of Ossory and the Bishop of Down.

After the last Gospel, the Most Rev. Dr. Moran ascended the pulpit and preached the sermon of the day, selecting as his text the words, "Be mindful of your prelates who have spoken to you God's Word; considering the end of their course, emulate their faith." He said that in the words of God's mercy many were the special gifts given to the blessed of our faith Ireland was enriched beyond other nations with great sanctity and an abundance of peace. Many came from afar to her schools, and her gifted sons went forth from her shores true soldiers of Christ to win back the fairest churches in Europe from barbarism and renew in them the worship of the living Christ. The ages of sanctity were followed by centuries of the deepest gloom, yet Ireland did not cease to cling to her faith, and when, in the sixteenth century, the storm of persecution fell upon her, her children were found true. Other nations might be proud of the names they have added to the roll of white-robed martyrs of Christ; but Ireland's privilege it was to be a nation of martyrs, and she won that priceless aureole through persecutions that had no parallel in the history of the Church. To-day, as of old, the missionaries of Ireland went forth to other lands to preach the gospel, while at home her clergy renewed the beauty of God's house. And to whom were they indebted for these special gifts and blessings of God? He did not hesitate to say that, under heaven, they were indebted to those chief pastors, the successors of the Apostles of Ireland in the Primatial See—down to the great Irish Church, and they should all rejoice to commemorate their heroic deeds. When St. Patrick brought the light of Divine truth to our shores the power of God was with him in his teaching, and the blessing of increasing fruitfulness was granted to his mission. His Lordship then proceeded eloquently

to sketch the pious lives and heroic deeds of many of the great Bishops who ruled over the Primatial See. They had in their own days seen a series of illustrious Archbishops of whom any Church in Christendom might justly be proud. It was reserved for him who now so illustriously wields the sceptre of St. Patrick to dedicate the new cathedral of Armagh—the noblest structure which Irish piety had raised to the glory of God under the invocation of our apostle—yielding in no way to the old cathedral even in architectural detail and outward glory. To-day there was ONE GREAT NAME FOREMOST IN THEIR HEARTS.

And upon their lips—the name of Oliver Plunkett, who by the heroism he displayed at Tyburn spread undying lustre on the whole Church, and the second century of whose triumph they that day celebrated, Ireland had been renewing her strength. She had cast off the fetters of her slavery and had asserted her rights as an independent nation in 1641. A thrill of joy went through the nation when the descendants of the old Irish chieftains—the men of the Pale—met together at Tara's Royal Hill, and there pledged their faith to combat together under one standard for their faith and their country. A change, however, came; discord and dissension arose; treason and false friends had done their work. The name of this Church of St. Peter recalled a scene for which they would perhaps seek in vain a parallel in this country. In that city there was a garrison of 2500 men left without provisions. Early in September, 1649, a picked band of 15,000 men, with artillery and cavalry, were led on by

CROMWELL BEFORE THE WALLS, and many breaches were effected again and again, and with heroism unmatched, the garrison repelled the assaults. A troop of the enemy at length scaled the walls at some undefended place, and soon afterwards opened the gates to the enemy. All hopes of defence vanished, and peace was offered and accepted, and the city surrendered. So long as the garrison held their arms that promise of peace was kept, but no sooner were their arms laid aside than an order was given that young and old—citizens and soldiers, men and women—should be put to the sword, and thoroughly was that order obeyed, for during the three days that followed no mercy was shown. All that was fairest, purest, and noblest of the city had gathered together within St. Peter's Church, hoping that the sanctity of the place at least would stay the assassins' hands.

THE MARTYRS CIRCUMSTANCES AROUND THE ALTARS.

Mothers clasped their infants in their arms when the soldiers rushed in, and with sword and dagger slayed those helpless ones—not one was spared. Two venerable priests who were found to have concealed themselves in some edifice were put to death—one being tied to a stake in the market-place, and used as a target for the soldiery. It would be difficult in any other country to find such scenes, and yet these scenes were repeated in Ireland in every district of the land. It was then that Archbishop Plunkett hastened to Ireland, and fearlessly and faithfully discharged his duties as a good pastor. His Lordship then dwelt upon the zeal, piety, and unswerving devotion to his flock displayed by Archbishop Plunkett, describing the good he everywhere effected, teaching, correcting abuses and preserving discipline at a time when he had often to assume disguises to escape from the enemies of his religion. Being summoned to attend his illustrious relative, the Bishop of Meath, he proceeded on his mission, and was arrested in December, 1679. At that time

THE ANTI-CATHOLIC HATRED OF ENGLAND was at its height. The absurd and unfounded charges of conspiracy that were brought against the good Archbishop were so ridiculous that no Protestant jury in the country could give credit to them, but it was necessary to gratify the spirit of hatred that existed in the breast of Lord Shaftesbury and his friends that Plunkett should be accused and cast into prison and put to death. Such was the malice of those who had been led to attend the trial of justice that their conduct in the matter had been likened to savages who celebrate their war dances around their victims doomed to death. Sentence was passed, and the execution took place at Tyburn, and when that sentence was pronounced Archbishop Plunkett exclaimed, *Deo Gratias!* He reached his martyr's crown. Before he died he prayed that God, through the intercession of the Blessed Virgin Mary, would show mercy to England, and he kissed the rope he held as though it were his sacerdotal stole. The question was often asked, even in those days,

CAN ENGLAND EVER BE RECONCILED TO EXTRACT 1.

It seemed to him that, humanly speaking, such an auspicious day was never more removed than at present; but what was farthest in the ways of man might be nearest in the ways of God. He prayed that the prayers of Oliver Plunkett at Tyburn might be fulfilled—that the day was near when the cloud of bigotry would be removed from the sister island; and when the bright star of faith would shine once more on the smiling hills and valleys of that fair land, and that the prayers of those heroes of the faith would be granted. Let them imitate the virtues of Archbishop Plunkett, and emulate his faith, and may God bestow his blessing upon them all.

A collection was made after the sermon, and over £700 was subscribed.

The formal laying of the foundation stone was then effected by the Earl of Fingal, the stone being solemnly blessed by the Lord Primate.

In the evening the sermon was preached by the Hon. and Rev. W. Plunkett, C. S. S. R.—*London Universe*.

Sugar, Sugar, Sugar, and Self-Sealing Gun Jars for the Preserving Season at Alexander, Wilson, Labatts & Carrage, 405 & 407, Fine Sherry & P. R. Wines, Guinness, Scotch Whisky at Alexander Wilson, 405 & 407, St. George's.

A man named William Ward, who was recently lodged in St. Thomas Jail as a dangerous lunatic, persistently refused to partake of any nourishment since his incarceration, and died on Friday last from sheer exhaustion.

The Market Committee met on Wednesday night and decided to throw off the market fees after August 15th.

DEVOTION TO MARY THE GREAT GIFT OF JESUS.

BY FATHER FARRER.

There is much in the world to make us sad; the present sorrows of the church, and our own little love for God. Yet, can we help a certain jubilee of heart in thinking that the Octave of the Assumption of God's Mother is approaching, that each day of it will bring more and more glory to God, and more and more help to the church, because millions upon millions of souls, in every clime and of every blood, are daily growing in the deep reverence and the deeper love of the Immaculate Mother of God? O, that the days were longer, and would pass more slowly, that we might fill them fuller of that sweet enthusiasm for Jesus, whose natural outburst is devotion to His dearest Mother!

1. The gifts of God. 1. The pleasure of receiving gifts—huge pleasure to the generous—gifts from those we love. 2. What then must be the pleasure of receiving them from God? Yet all life is this. 3. But our Lord says it is more blessed to give than to receive. 4. How immense then the pleasure of God, and so in proportion His love. 5. The wonderfulness of our receiving gifts from God; the way it makes us love Him and humble ourselves (before Him). 11. The gifts of Jesus. 1. A peculiar sweetness in receiving gifts from Jesus. 2. He has one gift, an immense gift of huge importance for time, and still more for eternity. 3. Not only an immense gift, but a choice one that He gives most of to His dearest friends. 4. One that was and is part of His own heart and character—and one which He is not so much ready to give us, as He is intensely burning to give us. 5. This gift is the grace to love His Mother! O, if we did but prize and value this grace as we ought to prize it, as He himself prizes it, we should be already half-way to heaven, because we should have half ensured our final perseverance. III. It is the characteristic grace of Jesus; because He would give us such a gift. 1. As would make us love Himself most. 2. As would make us love like Him. 3. As would make us honor His Mother. 4. As would be most cautious to ourselves. 5. As would make Him love us most. All these things are combined in the love of Mary.

What an intense joy it is in any way to resemble Jesus! How then ought we to cultivate and multiply this heavenly grace of loving Mary. O happy you who have it, happier you who greatly prize it, happiest you who are all on fire with it, for it is a fire which Jesus Himself has kindled in your hearts!

The fair light of eternity, the sensible touch of God, the golden prophecies of a happy death, the cheerful securities of a joyous judgment are upon you. Happy, happy you! God be praised for your abounding happiness.

But oh, unhappy souls, most unfortunate of men, most unfortunate at least of all men who are not yet the victims of the eternal prison, you who have not this devotion!

There is much on earth which bears, and rightly, the title of misfortune, but of all God's creatures upon earth, they are the most unfortunate, who have no devotion to God's Mother!

Dearest brethren, there can be no repentances in heaven—else when we see Mary we shall wish we had known her better, prayed to her oftener, and loved her more; for we shall see brighter places than our own, further forward in the glory of heaven, where we might have been, had we loved her more.

TO BE CONTINUED.

LOCAL NEWS.

Clarence Street, North of Dundas, has been changed to Park Avenue.

The 7th Fusilier Band will compete at the band tournament in Ingersoll on August 31st.

A thirteen-year-old son of Mrs. McLean, Colborne street, shot himself through the palm of the hand on Wednesday while handling a revolver.

Rev. Father O'Mahony will represent the St. Patrick's Benevolent Society of this city, at the annual Convention of the Irish Catholic Benevolent Union to be held in Toronto on August 16th.

Orders have been given the City Engineer by the Chairman of the Board of Works to call for tenders at once for the construction of the new bridge at Oxford street, and also for laying cedar block pavement on Richmond street.

The St. Patrick's Benevolent Society intend holding a garden party on the grounds of the St. Patrick's Benevolent Society on Monday evening, August 15th. A band will be present and a good time may be expected. The price of admission is placed at 10 cents.

Chas. E. Gooding, charged with feloniously taking money from registered letters, has been remanded until August 25th. It is understood the Postmaster General will be approached on the matter in order that the prisoner may be dealt with as leniently as possible.

Dr. Cream, formerly of this city, who has become notorious in Chicago, he being implicated in several serious crimes, was arrested at Belle River on Wednesday charged with poisoning Daniel Scott, of Belvidere, Ill. The doctor protested his innocence strongly and said that it was himself that demanded an investigation after the body had been interred. He says he will not leave Canada of his own accord, and efforts are being made to have him extradited.

The White Cloth on the Arms of the Cross.

When the old Romans attacked a city it was their custom to set up a white flag at the city gate. If the garrison surrendered while the white flag was up, the city was spared. If they did not surrender, a black flag was run up and every man was put to the sword.

In pictures and at missions given by some Fathers, we see a white cloth thrown over the arms of the cross. This is the signal of mercy, and denotes that through the death of Our Lord on the Cross the mercy of God is within our reach.

Language, should be like the air, revealing things to us without itself being visible