. In great variety.

SHEMUS DHU,

THE BLACK PEDDLER OF GALWAY

A TALE OF THE PENAL TIMES.

CHAPTER XXXI, -CONTINUE

The party, consisting of the servants, exclusive of Lewis Carew and D'Aragle Rock, which he desat a quick trot toward mencement of the tale, as the cribed in the sis first appearance. By D'Arcy's scene of D'servants were ordered to remain there direction horses, under shelter, and to be prepared, withignal concerted between their masters, to meet Rem. Lewis Carew could not be prevailed upon to remain. He followed, with a peasant who was waiting to direct them, into the wood of Kilrany. We said the night was stormy, but now the windhowled

awfully. The bursts of storm came quick and suick upon each other, beginning with a sound as if all the dark spirits of air exerted their power to terrify mortals by their strongest screech of fury, then dying away with a lugubrious sound, and anon bursting out with fresh strength. It was a night of fear to all but the desperate. The clouds were gathering thickly over their heads, and before they had descended a hundred yards into the valley, they were deprived by the deep darkness which surrounded them, of the power of discerning any object ten feet distant from them. The trees about them groaned loudly, as they were tossed about by the fury of the The branches fell around them, and sometimes struck them; and they were often dashed against each other, in their impotency to resist the strength of the storm.

-1 D'Arcy," said Butler, recovering himself from the blow of a swinging branch, 'it is a fearful night to be out for such a purpose. Methinks it is a bad omen of our success."

"Omens are the tool's excuse for fear," returned he addressed sharply. "If you fear to advance, you are at liberty to leave us. I will relieve you of your promise to accompany me. I wish for none but true and brave men."

Butler bit his lip to restrain the sudden reply of anger which arose to his lips at D'Arcy's insinuation. Had the werds been spoken in other circumstarces he would have demanded an explanation; but he justified his forbearance with the thought that D'Arcy was in trying circumstances, and that it would be dishonourable to take advantage of them for any purpose which would please his humour, much more when this humour could not be indulged without injury to the interests of D'Arey, or even to the entire destruction of his plans, for he fancied that he himself was the great prop of the adventure. However, as a salve to his honour, he resolved, when all had succeeded, to ask D'Arcy for an explanation of his words. It would have been fortunate for D'Arcy had he a more flery spirit for his companion; it would have disconcerted his plans, and saved him from their results. In silence the party followed their guide as well as they could, through the underwood, over the awamps, and other obstacles of rock and felled trees which intervened. D'Arcy had cautioned them to come on in silence; and when they stood in the esplanade which fronted the hermit's dwelling, he told them to remain under cover of the trees, until they received his signal.

There was no change from the first appearance of the hermit's dwelling which I have described. The rough walls of the cabin, the cross of hewn stone. were there, the same as first described; the stream murmured on, with only the change that it was more swollen, more impetuous, and darker. The his fears of supernatural agency at the earnestnass scene was not as silent as it was at D'Arcy's last visit to it. The wind howled around the little house, chafed, as if in anger at it, that it should obstruct its free career through the far woods, its lawful domain; the bare branches groaned and screeched louded and louder; the stream, far above this particular point, and far below it, brawled and roared in many waterfalls; the thunder rolled from hill to hill in the distance, with lengthened peals, and then came nearer. Just as D'Arcy had separated from his companions, and stepped across the Eugene More was in the swamp; the cry of woe green to the hermit's door, a gleam of lightning continued, and as he advanced towards it, it seemed burst along his path, and encircled him, running from tree to tree, shattering and destroying what it retreating. He called aloud-there was no answer; struck in its wilderness; and then came, sudden and quick the sharp crack of thunder above his head, bellowing and rumbling towards the take D'Arcy was spared the blow. He was not grateful to Providence-it effected no change in him; and he advanced hardened with the same purpose of

The front of the hermit's dwelling was dark. D'Arcy knew that the inmates were still up; but he did not wish to give a signal of his presence without examining. He went to the rere of the house, and there, through a small square hole, which was familiar to him, he could see into the larger room. The hermit was standing with his back to the fire, and his arms crossed upon his breast, watching the muffling of a young woman, who, with the assistance of another young woman, dressed like the peasantry of the country, was preparing herself against ahe inclemency of a night walk. The dumb boy was seated near the fire, regardless of everything : and a tall and stout man, enveloped in a great frieze cont, leaned upon a heavy stick near the door, engaged in looking upon the attendant female. D'Arcy felt an unusual thrill run through his blood. It was not fear-it was not hope-it was not desire; it was a mixture of all. He breath ed short, whilst he thought:

"My good fortune follows me here. I did not fancy such an easy victory. I shall have them aoon in the woods. But is it so?"

The sudden turn of the young woman's face towards him, revealed the features of Eveleen O'Halloran. They had not the bloom of health and peace with which D'Arcy had seen them covered at his first meeting with Eveleen. Her beauty was still there, but paleness and melancholy impressed their colour and expression. D'Arcy thought she looked more interesting than when he met he in the wood. An unholy admiration seized him; he should have cident. Eveleen at the risk of life-of eternity he thought not. Before this, D'Arcy had never thought of woman but with the feeling that dissoluteness suggested; now, respect and esteem were mingled with his admiration of the hermit's daughter. But the feeling was only momentary; his heart was too hardened by vice and passion to retain any vestige of honourable love; like the parched earth after a long drought, which, for a moment, and only for a moment, is moistened by the kindly shower, but instantly swallowe it up, and is more parched and hardened than before.

"Ha! the old villain speaks to her. I must list-

en," said D'Arcy, to himself. He could distinctly hear the old man say:

" Eveleen, my daughter, though I do not command, I wish you not to go to Portarsh on this stormy night. You will have my couch; I seldom use it. We will make it soft for you; and I will

be at ease whilst you take your rest." "My dear father, do not ask me," said Eveleen, soothingly. "You know I will obey and please you in all things; but, for reasons, you have promised Connel that I would return to him this night; As a second father, he is next in my affection to you. Do not ask me to obey you, my dear father, In

"Think of the wildness of the night, my dear child," said the old man. "I am sure Connel cannot expect your return in this darkness and storm" well, and I have been out on wilder nights. Tomorrow, when I visit you, I will tell you of some

of my wild adventures and escaper; but you must not be vexed with me, though Cornel was often so."

She forced a smile whilst she said this, and she pressed her pale lips to the wors cheek of her parent. not one to feel for you who had power to raise an Her smile had not the life or light of its former arm in your defence—it would have cost you your self. Eveleen could not smile from the heart. / She ad heard that day that Fergus, her more than brother, was in a dungern; her first and best be-

loved was alone and suffering.

("As it pleases you, my love, go forth; and may, sterner mould than yours.

God's angels protect you! I will have no rest until

see you in the morning." "You need not fear, my dear father," said Eveleen, giving a parting salutation to the hermit, and assuming a forced manner of gaiety. "As errant damsels are said, in the tales we read, to be always attended by a sturdy squire, who protects them against all evil, I have mine, who is able to defend me with heart and limb against all danger, Are you not Eugene More?—say it to him."

"Lady," said the young man; with strong em-phasis, as he raised himself erect, "I may not understand your words, but I will defend any of your family, and much more you, against all evil, with my laiest breath. But you had better take the old man's advice, and stop here for the night. The way, I mean the shortest and safest way to Portarah, is not over good to travel in a stormy night. You

have heard what happened to ugly Shelau?" The story of the interference of the powers of the fairy world with the person mentioned, was known to Eveleen and to her father; and as it it was the strongest reason which Eugene More could adduce for the delay of Evelcen, it did not strengthen her father's argument in favor of her stopping with him.

"You may go, my love and my all," he said, in a voice which betrayed the strong conflict in his min I between the judgment which said "Eveleen should stop," and the judgment which said " I must give my long lost daughter her will."

D'Arcy had seen and heard enough to form his plans from the dispositions of the party He joined his companions in the wood, and bid them to prepare for the ceming of his victims.

"She comes," he said to Harrison, "attended by two companious—one is afraid of ghosts; the other is a maid, I suppose, afraid only of men. Come

with me, Harrison; we will play upon their fears."

It was just as Harrison desired. An adventure was promised where a young girl was concerned. This was sufficient. Evelego, Eugene More, and the attendant crossed the stream which flowed between the hermit's dwelling and the woods of Knockshanballa. They had great difficulty in passing the swamps which intervened, and only for the assistance of Eugene More, Eveleen, with all her knowledge of the locality, would havo gone astray Just as they had escaped from the dubious footing of a swamp, Eveleen thought she heard the moaning of some person in pain near her. She heard it again—it was at a greater distance than she first conceived. She remarked it to her guide.
"Come on, Mistress Eveleen," said the young

man; "my ears are more accustomed than yours to the noises of the wood I have heard many sounds which I fancied human, and was deceived by them. Come on; those sounds which I have heard before you, are caused by the wind and trees." "No, Eugene More. For heaven's sake, stop!"

cried Evelven, as a low wail, rising into a loud screech of pain, fell upon their ears. The voice was behind them; it arose from the morass which they had crossed. "Let us hasten back, Eugene. they had crossed. Oh! it may be my father, who has followed us, and is perishing."

"I will see, mistress, replied Eugene, losing all of Eveleen. "You must remain here—you can do no good. I will be with you immediately."

I will remain; but call to me—tell me that he is safe. Fly to him, Eugene, and I will reward you. Oh! heavens! if it be my father?"

The young man descended the hill quickly, considering the darkness and the many obstacles of rock and tree which opposed him. Eveleen followed too, contrary to the remonstrance or her attendant, though more leisurely, yet as ardently. to be at the same distance from him-even to be cry was in the wood, in the direction of the hermit's dwelling. Eugene's fear of ghosts again returned. It was no wonder, from the circumstances. He halted at the first trees, uncertain to advance or return. "By my faith!" he thought, it is curious. I should have let Mistress Eveleen come with me. I will return, for it can be nothing good that does not auswer a friendly voice. Well, I will give one

"Halloo there!" he called, at the highest pitch of of his voice. "Who are you? and what is the matter with you?"

The loud voice would have aroused a dying man. When its echo passed off, Eugene heard an answer

not twenty yards from him: "Help here, for mercy! I am dying!"

more chance----

Eugene sprang forward, and in the act he received blow from a powerful arm upon the head, which left him stunned at the foot of a tree.

"Shall I despatch him?" said the boy. Lewis Carew, with as much composure as if he were about hamstringing game. "We must know your master's will," said Harri-

son. "We will secure him though; he appears a powerful fellow."

Eugene was senseless under the operation of tying and gagging him. He was left cold, and bleeding profusely, whilst his captives hastened to join their companions.

Eveleen carried forward by the agonizing thought that her father was suffering, followed Eugene with too much carelessness and precipitancy. She knew the danger of crossing the swamp, but she did not care about it. At the first step which she made upon the muddy ground, she sank above her ancle. We cannot cross in this direction, mistress,

said her attendant, who met with the same ac-"I am afraid not, Kathleen," said Eveleen; "but

we must pass over. Oh! there is the cry again."
"Call to Eugene," said the girl; he will return
for us, and direct us."

"No, no, Kathleen; it would prevent him from giving speedy assistance, and he would lusist that we should return."

They listened eagerly, hoping to catch some sound from Eugene which might direct them to the puth he had taken. They heard nothing; he had passed over quickly, stepping lightly from tuft to tuft of rushes and long grass, which arose here and there in the swamp. Kathleen had found a safer footing and they were some fifty yards in the bog, when they heard Eugene's loud call to the suffering per-They heard not the snawer, not any sound which might make them uneasy about Eugene's fall, they were in the wood, and in the hands of ruthless men.

CHAPTER XXXII.

Eveleen O'Halloran lay passive in the hands of Reignald D'Arcy. Unhappy Eveleen! it was fortunate for you that your capture was so sudden! Had you known that D'Arcy held your delicate and pure form within his wicked arms; had you known that the most unrelenting of your race, the torturer of your first beloved, the sworn enemy of Connel and of your father, the merciless villain, D'Arcy, "Oh!" said Eveleen, approaching and putting pressed his unhallowed lips upon your pale face, her hand round her father's neck, "I know the way with an earnestness which told that he would suffe lavery evil aconer than give up possession of were you conscious that he had per-

sons with him nearly as wicked as himself, who would second every purpose of his villainy, and that your friends were far from you, none near you, life; your gentle spirit would have burst from your body, under the oppression of its feelings of desolation and despair. Not so your companion. Though she, too, had a loving, gentle heart, it was of a

"Villains! who are you?" cried Kathleen. "It is my mistress, Eveleen, Connel of Portarah's daughter. Let us go. Help! Eugene, help!" she bawled, at the top of her voice. "Connel!— Ferg-

Her mouth was quickly stopped by a strong hand and he in whose grasp she was said :

"Young woman, you must be quiet, if you desire to be treated well. You are now mine, presty one. -1 D'Arcy owes you to me, to atone for this night's disappointment."

"Hell and furies! Harrison," cried D'Arcy, "why mention names? Gag the wench, and, if it please you, throw her into the next lough, for what I care. But keep silence."

"As you will be master here," replied Harrison, whither go we now?"

"Where we had intended, if we had succeeded. You know you and I cannot return to the city for some time. We will ask our companions to help us to horse with our burdens; we will be thankful to them; they may return. Is the fellow yonder

"I would have secured that sir," said Lewis, excitedly, "had the gentleman allowed me. Shall I do it now?"

"No, not your hand, Lewis; let there be no blocd on you. He cannot recover from the blow. However, bind him and gag him." "It was done, sir," said Lewis.

"Well, leave him there to rot," returned D'Arcy. Onward, gentlemen; let some of you give me assistance to bear this fair one. But where is my guide?"

The peasant was not to be found, none remarked marked him since they came in front of the hermit's dwelling. This circumstance alarmed some of them: but D'Arcy told them not to fear, that he knew the fellow, and that he dared not act contrary to his wish. Though D'Arcy said this, to quiet the fears of his companions, he was uneasy on account of the departure of the guide; it made him waver in a purpose he had formed of entering the hermit's dwelling, and there glutting his desire of triumph over the poor old man, by exulting over the misery which his daughter's situation would cause him.

"No matter what danger our delay may bring," thought D'Arcy, making up his mind, "I will have this last satisfaction af torturing the old hypocrite, of making him feel the penalty of breakiug his faith with me. We will rest at the hermit's cabin for a moment, gentlemen," raid D'Axcy to his friends. "We want some refreshments; his cupboard is never empty of good drink, and we can better there prepare our fair companions for their journey."

"Be it so," said they all, upon whom the mention of refreshments had a sudden effect. It was the best argument which D'Arcy could use to induce them to accompany him.

" May there not be a danger of pursuit?" asked Harrison, with more inducements than his compan-

ions to be on their journey again.
"No," replied D'Arcy. "Those who would have an interest to pursue us, are many miles distant from us, and they know not thet we are here."

The hermit, with trembling hands, undid the unfastenings of the door. He feared some misfortune, for he had heard the confused sound of many voices on the outside. The first object which presented itself to him was the seemingly lifeless form of his daughter, borne in by men in frieze garments. He recognized her instantly. He locked not to the others who had entered. If he could think of them, his conviction would be that they were his friends -peasants of the country-who had rescued his daughter from danger, and had borne her, through kindness, to the shelter of the house, and to the bosom of her parent. Poor old man i he rushed frantically forward—he seized his daughter in his arms. D'Arcy had allowed him to bear her to the rough bench; and there, supporting her upon his breast, he cried, aloud:

"My Eveleen |-my child |-you are not dead !cannot be God would not have punished my crimes so severely, to take you from me just when I found you. Eveleen, my darling-the love of my heart-my life, speak, or I shall die. G God! it is so? No! heavens by praised! she moves—she has life! Water-water, my friends, water-the blessing of an old man be upon you-give me the water. Oh! my love-my love! God be thanked!"

He placed her on the bench; he knelt by her to thank Heaven. She had mouned—had opened her eyes, and asked, in a weak, trembling voice: ' Where am I ?"

"Here my daughter-here, my Eveleen-on the reast of your own father. Are you hurt, my love my only child?" said the hermit, fondling her to his heart.

D'Arcy knew human feeling too well to allow this scene to continue much longer. From the attitudes of his companions, and the glimpses of their countenances which he could care, he saw that those stern men were moved in force of Eveleen; and he heard Harrison, the sternest and boldest of them. say to Kathleen, whilst he unloosed the shawl with which he had covered her mouth: "Go to your mistress, girl."

At this moment, Reginald D'Arcy stepped forward; and throwing the covering from his head, revealed to the hermit, and to the no less astonished Eveleen, who had quickly recovered her con sciousness, the well known countenance expressing the most malign hatred.

"Ha!" he said, with a laugh such as we may suppose devils would use in mockery of human woe. Ha! ha! you have thought, Lambert O'Halloran, that you were blessed. Halha! I promised you old man, at our last meeting, that our next would be one of misery to you. Ha! ha! You thought then in deceiving me about the papers, that misery would fall upon me; it has recoiled your own head.

D'Arcy rubbed his hands in the glee of his triumph over the old man; his dark face beamed in exultation over the evil fortunes of the hermit. "D'Arcy, is it you? Reginald O'Grady, is it you?"

exclaimed the old man, recovering his consciousness only by degrees, after the sudden shock which the recognition of D'Arcy's features produced. "What want you here, D'Arcy? - what wish you? Take all, and leave me. Leave us D'Arcy, for a moment. I will give you everything."
"Come, my girl," said D'Arcy, interrupting the

hermit. Little he care t what the feelings of a father were. Even D'Arcy's love for Eveleen-no, it was not love-had been awallowed by the master passion of his heart. Revenge—call it satisfaction -reigned within his soul.

"Come, we must leave this old dotard to his beads and prayers. You and I will have a merry life together."

He put his arms about the trembling girl. He forced her, yet gently, from the embrace of her-father. None of his companions moved to assist him. Her fea s gave her strength above her sex. She escaped from his arms, and rushed to her

"Come, come," said D'Arcy, "there is no time for delay. Give her up, O'Halloran; she is mine." He approached again to seize his prey; Lewis advanced to assist him and Harrison secured Kathleen.

(TO BE CONTINUED IN OUR HEXT.)

GREAT SERMON ON THE LATE POPE

On the 15th February the Catholic capital of Catholic Ireland did supreme honour to itself, and to its old renown, in its magnificent homage to the memory of Pius IX.

But whilst the holy influence of the place are making themselves felt, we are withdrawn from meditative thoughts by a stir within the Church, and the clatter of horses' hoofs and the noise of a cavalcade outside the doors inform us that the Chief Magistrate of the city is coming for the function. In a moment his lordship, in his robes of office, and accompanied by the Lady Mayoress, with the usual array of civic officers, and joined by several of the municipal representatives, is conducted slong the nave, and led to the seats that have specially provided for his lordship and the Corporation. The civic mace is placed on a raised cushion in front of the Lord Mayor, and the Sword of State is held aloft close at hand. Immediately after the Lord Mayor leaves his seat and is conducted to the Chanel of St. Kevin, where the Cardinal Archbishop, the prelates, and clergy have formed in procession to enter the church. At this moment a funeral march is softly and sweetly played by Professor Glover upon the noble organ of the Cathedral, and to its solemn tones, at a few minutes past eleven, the long array of priests begin to walk in procession towards the altar. It is a notable and a significant procession. There are there the representatives of the oldest as well as of the youngest orders in the Church. The secular olergy-oldest of them all-are there in mighty strength, clad in simple soutane and white surplices, and numbering (almost exclusively of the diocese of Dublin) nearly three hundred. The regulars are there-Franciscans, with their traditions of so many centuries, and with their memories of Assisi and Portinuncula, bringing them all, so to speak, to lay them on the coffin of Pius IX. Augustinians. with the gone glorles of the Eastern Church, coming to testify their inheritance, at the death of Pius IX, of the faith and principles of their illustrious founder of Hippo-Jesuits-present to attest that the spirit of him who conceived their creation in the cavern at Mauresa-the spirit of love and loyalty to the Pope is with them still after three centuries of their existence, as fresh and earnest as it was with Ignatius of Loyola on that eventful day. Carmelites, with splendid memorials of their antiquity and their fame. Dominicans, with their glorious deeds accomplished for the Church and for its Pontiffs. Passionates and Oblates, still young, but full of promiseall these-to cast the radiance of their renown and of their sanctlty, of their learning and their zeal, around the remains of Pius IX., and to manifest their unbroken allegience to the chair which his departure to a better world has left for a short time vacant. Following close upon the priesthood came the Bishop of Firns the Coadjutor Bishop of Kildare, the Bishop of Gadara, the veneoble members of the Metropolitan Chapter, and, last of all, His Eminence the Cardinal Aichbishop of Dublin. When his Eminence bad taken his seat upon

the Throne the solemn Office of the Dead, and was recited with mavelous impressiveness by the body of priests and prelates. The three psalms and lessons of the first Noctum, and the psalms of the Lauds were said, and it was not till the Benedictus at the Lauds that there was any noticeable singing. The singing of this exquisite canticle by the choir of priests in harmony was exceedingly beautiful, and visibly impressed the entire congregation.

FATHER BURKE.

At the conclusion of the Mass Father Burke as-

cended the pulpit and preached the sermon of the day. He spoke as follows -" He was beloved of God and men, whose memory is in benediction. He made him like unto the saints in glory, and He magnified him in the fear of his enemies, and He sanctified him in his faith and meekness, and He chose him out of cf all flesh, and he gave him commandments before his face, a law of life, and instruction to teach Jacob His covenant and Israel His judgments. These words, dearly beloved, are taken from the 45th of Ecclesiasticus. May it please your Eminence, my Lords, rev. brothers, and dearly beloved, the inspired one tells us that it is better to go to the house of mourning than to the house of joy. There is something peculiarly holy In Christian sorrow, and you, dearly beloved, who so often enter into this house of God, generally find it a house of of joy. To day it is a house of mourning-to-day the Church has put on the robes of her recent widowhood-to-day her heart is made as it were desolate, and our grieving tears of sorrow are upon our mother's face, for the great father, the great Guide, the great visible Head of the Church of God has passed from his militant spouse here to his appointed place amongst the triumphant Church in Heaven. And as it was written of old, all the earth mourneth; it is not like any other sorrow that falls upon the hearts of men; it is not a mere family affliction or a mere national sorrow; it is not like that mourning of old, when they mourned family and family apart, and their women apart; it is not like unto the mourning of the Israelites when for thirty days they wept when Aaron, the great priest, was taken away; it is not like the sorrow of the Israelites when for thirty days all Israel mourned on the plains of Moab for him the great one who had found his mysterious grave on the mountain summit; it is not a mere national grief as when the great King Joslas died in Jerusalem, and all Judea and Jerusalem mourned for him; it is not like these because these were but partial griefs. The outer world knew nothing of the sorrows of the Israelites as they wept for the death of Aaron the high priest -the nations around rather rejoiced at than sympathised in the grief of the Israelites when they lamented for the great lawgiver. The enemies whom He had met at Magdala sent up shouts of joy while Jerusalem and Judea were weeping over the great King. But to-day sorrow has overspread the whole earth; a note of grief and lamentation comes forth from hundreds of millions of hearts; wherever the sun shines there he finds the Catholic Church, and everywhere afflicted, a universal sorrow, bounded only by the limits that circumscribe the whole world in which we live, ceasing only at the golden gates where that which for us is as a motive of such deep sorrow is, we believe and hope, the subject of a mightly joy. And why this universal sorrow? Because the Head of the Church has been taken away from us. And why this deep sorrow? Because it is the sorrow of children mourning over their father-the deepest form perhaps that human sorrow can take, for the sorrow of a son weeping over his father is not a mere passing sentiment, but it is a sorrow that springs out of the very depths of the mind, out of the hidden and innermost chambers of the soul—a sorrow that is grafted upon the memory recalling, so many tender traits of paternal care and love, and kindness. Even such is our sorrow to-day as we stand mute around our Mother who is here grieving while she stands by the death-bed of Pius IX. In truth, my dearly beloved brethren, the occasion requires us to consider the position, the office, and character of him who is dead, and we are brought face to face with something that is a great mystery—namely, the Papacy. The headship of the Catholic Church, whether we consider the Pope exercises, their extent, their greatness, or whether we consider the extent and the limits of his jurisdiction, I say his position is a most awful

TAMES FOLEY.

DEALER IN

DRY GOODS AND MILLINERY, 313 ST. JOSEPH STREET, Opposite Dow's Brewery.

Ladies' and Childrens' Jackets

Also, a large assortment of

Gents' Shirts and Drawers

une 27, 1877 STILL GOING ON!

THE GREAT CHEAP SALE OF DRY GOODS IS STILL GOING ON!

We are determined to CLEAR OUT our ENTIRE STOCK

SPRING AND SUMMER GOODS

GREATLY REDUCED PRICES.

LADIES, DO NOT FORGET THE CHEAP SALE

THOMAS BRADY'S, 400 ST. JOSEPH STREET. June 20, 1y]

EDUCATIONAL, &c.

LORETTO ABBEY,

WELLINGTON PLACE, TORONTO, CANADA. A Branch of the Ludies of Loretto, Dublin, Ireland. Board and Tuition-\$150 per annum. Send for circular and address to

LADY SUPERIOR

LADY SUPERIOR.

LORETTO CONVENT.

Niagara Falls, Canada. Two Medals for General proficiency in the different courses will be presented by His Excellency, Lord Dufferin, Governor General of Canada. Board and Tuition per year \$150. For futher information and prospectus, address

CONVENT

July 18-17

- or our-LADY OF ANGELS, Belleville, Ontario.

Conducted by the Ladies of Loretto. Studies will be resumed at this Institution, for Boarders and Day-Scholars, on the 1st of September.

The Convent is situated in the most clevated part of the City, and offers rare advantages to parents desirous of procuring for their children a solid, useful and refined educations.

ion,
For particulars, please address
THE LADY SUPERIOR,
Loretto Convent, Belleville.

CONVENT

— OF THE — Congregation de Notre Dame. KINGSTON, ONTARIO.

It is well-known that the city of Kingston, built on the shores of Lake Ontario, is one of the healthiest localities in the Dominion. The Convent, now completely remodelled and enlarged, can accommodate far more pupils than in former years. It imparts the knowledge of all that is suited to make a young female an accomplished lady.

TERMS:

Board and Tuition in English and French,
Fancy Work and Plain Sewing\$80.00
Music-Pinno....\$00.00 Payments to be made quarterly in advance. The year begins the 3rd September.

M.B.—Lessons in Drawing, Painting, Vocal Music, and other Branches not specified here from extra charges. Aug 22, '77

PRACTICAL GUIDE

- FOR -CONFESSION AND COMMUNION.

A short treatise on the Sacrament of Penance for the use of Schools and Colleges. This little book contains every thing necessary to acquire a perfect knowledge of the Sacrament of Penance—in its practical form. An examination of conscience adapted to every age, with summary explanations on the most frequent sins. Prayers before Confession—Communion. Prayers for Mass, &c., &c., which makes a very handy Manual for such persons who intend to make a good Confession and Communion.

Price. Bound—Cloth

the hundred-Cloth\$16.00

By the hundred-Cloth \$10.00
Paper \$10.00 Paper.

Any order sent to the REV. G. F. E. DROLET, Parish Priest of St. Columban, Sillery, carefully attended to.

CONVENT OF THE SISTERS OF THE

Congregation of Notre Dame, WILLIAMSTOWN, ONT. The system of education embraces the English and French anguages, Music, Drawing, Painting, and every kind or useful and ornamental needle work.

TERMS: Board and Tuition in French and English. \$6.00
Music and use of Instrument 2.00
Drawing and Painting 1.00
Bed and Bedding 1.00
Washing 1.00
Entrance Fee 3.00 The Scholastic year commences in SEPTEMBER, and closes at the end of JUNE. Nov 14, '77-14

Stained Class For Churches, Etc. A. FITZPATRICK, Artist, Diploma of England,

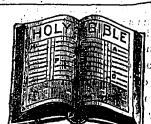
Supplies European Art Glass at the prices charged for the inferior article hitherto used here for Stained Glass. The best Memorial Windows. Send for prices, &c.

PRIZES RECEIVED:

London 1871. Philadelphia 1876-First Prize Late of London, Eng.

Studio and Works, Stapleton, Staten Island, N. Y. June 20, '77

ORGANS Superb \$340 Organs, only \$95. Piano, Retail Price by other manufacturers \$900, only \$260. Beautiful \$650 Pianos, \$175-bran new, warranted 15 days' test trial. Other barguins, want them introduced. Agents wanted. Paper free. Address Daniel F. Beatty, Washington N. J. Nov 14, '77-1y



CATHOLICS -OF MONTREAL!

Read the list of Books we are offering attwent-five cents, per week: Elegent Family Bibles, "Life of the Blessed Virgin," "Father Burke's Lectures and Sermons," "Lives of the Saints," "Life of Pope Pius IX," and a fine assortment of Mission and other-Prayer Books. Also McGeoghegan and Mitchell's "History of Ireland," and "Life of Daniel O'Connell." The above works are all published by the well-known from of D. &J. Sadlier & Co., of New York, and will be delivered in advance on receipt of the first payment at all the same and the sam

as ma JAMES JORDAN'S BOOK STORE the it. 574 CRAIG STREET, (nearly opposite Cote) and mysterious one. What are the powers that the Head of the Catholic Church exercises? Oh, very

(CONTINUED ON THIRD PAGE)

(CONTINUED ON THIRD PAGE)

Residually dropping a note or a Postal Card we will send samples of the above-named books to any address for examination, free of charge. A choice selection of Albums may be had on the same terms.