

ST. MARY'S CHURCH.

SERMON PREACHED AT THE CEREMONY OF BLESSING A BELL.

The following sermon was delivered by the Rev. Father Hogan, P. P. of St. Ann's, on the occasion of blessing the bell of St. Mary's Church, in this city, on Sunday last:—

"I am the voice of one crying in the wilderness; prepare ye the way of the Lord." John 1, 23.

God speaks to us at different times and in different ways. He speaks to the Jews in the Hebrews. He has indeed innumerable voices or ways of making himself heard or understood. Fire, hail, snow, ice, stormy winds, fulfil his order; peals of thunder are indications of his powerful anger; the voice of a priest in the pulpit; the voice of conscience; divers events that confound human wisdom, make us reflect and bring to our memories our duties and our last end. The world by its charming harmony, the heavens in their boundless extent unite in chorus to show forth the glory of God. But besides these voices of heaven and earth; of nature and of grace; of the priest and of events, there is one with which we all from childhood are familiar; it is the voice of the Catholic Church bell.

Religion has drawn this voice into existence; she cherishes a special predilection for it, and has assigned to it a mission amongst her faithful children. This mission the bell fulfils, and it is to be hoped will continue to fulfil to the end of time. Each of its sonorous ringings we may regard as a warning; an appeal, a bringing back of the past; sometimes it is a lesson, sometimes a reproach and oftentimes an encouragement.

Our parish bell in its own sweet tones spurs us up to our Christian duties; it takes part in all our joys and sorrows; in all our principal feasts, let them be either religious, individual or social; it whispers God's name into our ears, and enters into and elevates all our patriotic and Christian emotions. Hence it is that the parish Church bell is treated by all not only with respect, but even with an amount of adoring love, as if it were a member of each man's household. To direct your affection to the bell of St. Mary's, to strengthen feelings of attachment that might otherwise exist, let me begin by saying a few words to you of the imposing role that this bell plays in the life of the Church.

It is to perform in separating it from all that is profane, and in setting it apart for sole religious purposes. There is in the life of every Christian, an event that is never forgotten, that is ever most highly valued, and which, in weak or in strong, is ever the source of consolation and hope; and this event is Baptism. By the reception of this Sacrament, the offspring of man is elevated from being merely a child of nature, and made a child of God; having renounced the allurements, and inclinations inseparable from human nature, he is dedicated to the service of his maker; so that all the leanings of his will, all the affections of his heart should incline to and be directed towards the author of his existence.

Although the Church bell has nothing to be atoned for, although it is not susceptible of infused grace, yet the Church of God has established a ceremonial for its consecration, which bears a striking similarity to the ceremonies attending the purification and dedication of a child in the Sacrament of Baptism. The Church gives to the bell that she consecrates, as well as to the child that she baptizes, the name of a saint; both the one and the other have sponsors; both are washed with blessed water and receive unctions of consecrated oils. Like the Nephites of old that were dressed in white garments for a certain time after their baptism, the newly consecrated bell is robed in white through respect for the holy oils used by the consecrating bishop. Our Holy Mother the Church blesses or consecrates our mortal bodies; she blesses or consecrates the linen, the sacred vessels, the vestments, in a word everything that is used for Divine Service in order to which they adapt these things to the use for which they are destined. Hence, whatever has been blessed or consecrated for religious service can never be employed or set apart for common or profane purposes.

The exterior or interior washings of the bell remind us that bodily cleanliness and external decency should be ever accompanied by internal purity of soul. The multiplied unctions performed by the Bishop were indicative of the efficacy of the Divine grace and Christian courage that we should display in the incessant conflicts of life. The Bishop makes seven unctions on the exterior of the bell, and these signify the seven gifts of the Holy Ghost, who is pleased to communicate himself to all those, who at the sound of the bell come to the Church to pray with piety and devotion.

The four unctions made on the interior of the bell are indicative of the charity that should animate both pastors and people; a charity that should inflame them with a lively, active interest in the concerns of the Church, and which should stimulate them to oppose spiritual assaults, no matter from what direction or source they may come. All these unctions are made by the sign of the cross, to signify that all the graces which we receive come from the merits or satisfaction of Christ on the cross. The incense and sweet perfumes that are burned during the ceremony, are figurative of the acceptable prayers of the faithful that ascend to the Most High. In fine, the singing of the psalms the saying of the Gospel, the giving of a name, the tolling of the bell; in a word all these ceremonies are calculated to raise our hearts to God, and to impress on us the pious respect that we should cultivate for the things of religion, and how the Church understands the means of spiritualizing what of its nature is material, and how to make it take a place in the harmonious agreement that intelligent creatures should constitute to pay a becoming homage to their Creator. Now let us ask ourselves to what source are we to attribute that enduring love that the faithful cherish for their parish bell. It is not to the metal of which it is composed; it is not to the shape or form that the artist threw around it; neither is it to the sound that it flings against the air; but it is to its correspondence, to its affinities with religion, with art, with home, with nature, and with society; it is to its relations with heaven and with earth, with the things of this world and of the next, with human joys and human sorrows. That which makes it the Catholic bell are the services that it renders us; the sentiments that it kindles in our souls; the noble emotions that it awakens into existence in the human heart's cover of poor pure man. The parish bell charms, it instructs, it moralizes, it associates itself with all the important acts of our existence, with all our solemn festivals, it regulates our daily and weekly life—private as well as public—it is our monitor, our guide, in fact, we may call it the active speaking animating soul of the parish. You must not think that I mean to say that the bell, or the material of which it is made, has any such thing as a soul; but as the soul that resides in the human heart directs all man's actions, so does the bell put in movement the spiri-

tual workings of the parish. Every day—morning, noon and night—it reminds man of his duty in announcing the Mystery of the Incarnation, in shouting out fearlessly as it were: The Angel of the Lord declared unto Mary. And the Word was made Flesh. A man, whose name, historians will never pass in silence, I mean Napoleon the first, being thrown on the Island of St. Helena, complained that the sound of the Angelus bell was wanting to him, and said—"In this Protestant land, I cannot accustom myself to hear it no more. Never did the sound of the bell strike my ear, without turning my thoughts, to the religious sentiments of my childhood, never without arousing in me impressions that I cannot express." These are the words of a man, whose life was anything but conformable to the laws of the Church, whose calmness and self-composure, the roaring of cannons could not disturb. Yes, brethren, they are the words of a warrior who felt and was forced to acknowledge that the sound of the parish bell was the echo of the voice of God, and that it was the commanding expression of his Church. When on Sunday morning the bell will ring out, it will remind the faithful that it is a day of repose from all servile work, that is the Lord's Day and must be sanctified. Every one is attired in his neatest article of dress; from every street, from every lane and from every alley, the faithful rush and converge to one point. The bell seems to say to them, hasten, the pastor calls you. Mass is about to begin, and in a short time the parishioners are assembled and united as a family animated with the common sentiment of paying homage to their God, realizing the desire of the royal prophet when he said: "How good and how pleasant it is for brethren to dwell together in unity. At the most solemn moment of the sacrifice, when both chanters and organ are ordered to be silent, the tones of the bell announce that the prodigy is consummated, that the God of Heaven has descended on St. Mary's altar.

Besides these different functions of the parish bell to which I have already alluded, there are others which, owing to their intimate relations with the different events of human life, will not be considered unworthy of notice. An infant is brought to the church to be baptized. All that is visible in him is purely a natural product. In a spiritual point of view he is the enemy of God. That child is purified and made a child of God, and heir of heaven. The parish bell is the first to ring out the happy news, and to tell the mother to keep an eye and to her sorrows, that she has been instrumental in giving the subject to heaven. As the child grows up he has need of religious instruction. He must know the principal things that our Saviour has revealed; he must understand his duties toward God, towards himself, and towards his fellow-man, and hence the bell at stated times calls him to the presence of his pastor, to learn from him the truths that are necessary to be known. When the time arrives for that closest and most intimate union with God, I mean the time of first Communion, the bell sings night and day to remind the youth of approaching favors, and to exhort him to make a becoming preparation. With the roll of time, infirmity or illness bring on dissolution, and the church bell tells the faithful of the last moments of his actual distress, and invites them to pray for him. Death closes his mortal career, and the slow, sympathetic, mournful notes of the church bell seem to bespeak the widow's woe, the orphan's loss, the sister's bereavement. Even to the grave the plaintive wallings of the bell follow the remains of him who was once a parishioner. For all these reasons, as well as general as personal, you ought to cherish for your church bell unmitigated sentiments of respect, love and veneration. In the services of that bell you will enjoy a right that was denied to our fathers. For the days were, when the parish bell incurred the anathema of heresy and of fanaticism and fell under the interdiction of the law. Yes, there were days when our fathers, like the Christians during early persecutions, were compelled to hear Mass in glens, in valleys and under hedges, while scouts on the neighboring hills, looked for the yemen. Christ's presence in Ireland was forbidden by law, nor dare his visit to his people be made known. Not only were the churches dismantled and made silent, but even the bell towers were levelled to the ground as under the mistaken impression that Catholic faith could be pressed out of Irish hearts, by the suppression of the tones of Church bells. To-day, thanks to God, things are changed for the better. Every church of importance has its bell, its belfry or its tower, and no sooner is the call given, than the faithful assemble for the divine offices, fearless of prohibition or of legal consequences. Here, on the banks of the St. Lawrence, the action of your bell is as free as the air in which it swings. Respect it, love it, obey it, and remember that in obeying it, you obey the voice of God, from whom you are to expect contentment in this world, and everlasting happiness in the next. Amen.

At the interesting ceremony of blessing the bell of St. Mary's Church on Sunday last by the Bishop of Montreal, the following were present as Sponsors:—Mr. and Mrs. Brennan, Mr. and Mrs. J. Barry, Mr. and Mrs. W. Brennan, Mr. Bridges and Miss O'Neill, Mr. and Mrs. Carlick, Mr. and Mrs. Cassidy, Mr. and Mrs. J. Curran, Mr. P. J. Coyne and Mrs. Macdonald, Mr. and Mrs. James Oddy, Mr. Dooley and Mrs. Kavanagh, Mr. Fahey, N. P., and Miss Delaney, Mr. and Mrs. Feron, Mr. and Mrs. Gaynor, Mr. Guerin and Mrs. Guerin, Mr. and Mrs. Ed Hart, Mr. and Mrs. Heffernan, Mr. Hingston and Mrs. Hingston, Mr. and Mrs. Hingston, Mr. King and Mrs. Bourke, Rev. Jas. Longueville, N. P., Mr. and Mrs. McCarthy, Mr. and Mrs. Morley, Mr. and Mrs. Mulleary, Mr. J. E. Mullins, John Murray and daughter, Mr. and Mrs. O'Brien, James O'Rourke and Mrs. O'Rourke, Mr. M. P. Ryan, Mr. Smith and Mrs. O'Connell, Mr. J. Sheridan, Mr. and Mrs. Toohy, Mr. and Mrs. Walsh, Mr. and Mrs. T. Murphy.

A DENIAL FROM EGAN.

LONDON, Oct. 31.—Patrick Egan, late treasurer of the Land League, replying to Lady Florence Dixie's pamphlet, alleging large discrepancies in the finances of the League, re-asserts the accuracy of the League accounts, and charges her with being instigated by Richard Pigott.

CORN'S CORNS!

Tender corns, painful corns, soft corns, bleeding corns, hard corns, corns of all kinds and of all sizes, are alike removed in a few days by the use of Putnam's Painless Corn Extractor. Never falls to cure, never causes pain, never leaves deep spots that are more annoying than the original discomfort. Give Putnam's Painless Corn Extractor a trial. Beware of substitutes. Sold by druggists everywhere. N. O. Putnam & Co., props., Kingston, Ont.

The recent bazaar held in aid of clearing out the debt of the Church of the Gesù, netted the handsome sum of \$2,400.

TORONTO CORRESPONDENCE

[FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.]

TORONTO, Oct. 25.

It was once thought that in the future Toronto would bear about the same relation to Montreal as does Chicago to New York, and the same proportion also as regards size, wealth and population. But if Toronto moves forward during the next ten years as rapidly as it is moving now, and if Montreal does not hasten faster than at present in spreading itself, the former will assuredly outstrip the latter. There is nothing surer than this; everything points to such a consummation. Ten years ago the population of Montreal was 140,000, of Toronto 50,000; today Toronto and its suburbs, Yorkville and Parkdale can boast 100,000, while Montreal, if St. Jean Baptiste and Hochelaga be counted in, has only 185,000. Immigration, too, is drifting in this direction, while Montreal has to depend for population on its natural increase. Great things are expected from the Canadian Pacific towards the building up of Montreal; and no doubt the commercial metropolis more favorably situated for the trade of the North than any other spot in Canada, but then the great railroad and traffic it will bring it still in the womb of the future. The road is not yet built; the trade has no existence, and even when these things come to pass it may happen that they will benefit one city as much as the other. Meanwhile Toronto is going ahead; there is a splendid country around it; it has a backbone. Canada, however, is large enough to contain two great cities, and, judging from present appearances, she will have no more for a century—except, indeed, San Francisco arise on the Pacific Coast and Chicago on her prairies like mushrooms, as they have arisen to the south of us. But hardly.

The most amusing event of the day is the result of the late by-elections, and the sad figure the Mail cuts after it. Ontario is truly the Empire Province, it is solid, it is wealthy; it has a solid Government, but it is not Conservative. While the other Provinces are struggling against financial difficulties—noably poor Quebec—borrowing, establishing *Credit Foncier* and *Credit Mobilier*, and trying all manner of experiments to keep their heads above water, Ontario marches serenely onward with its annual surplus of millions of dollars and its Liberal administration. Now we all know that Sir John, with his thousand other good qualities, is generous to a fault. Sir John takes the greatest delight in distributing leaves and fishes among his Conservative friends, and it must be confessed that his Conservative friends are still more delighted in receiving them. But there is a limit to everything, and broad as is the bosom of Canada it is not boundless; it has to stop somewhere, and with it the patronage of Sir John and Sir Charles, for Sir Charles is also generous to a fault—with the money of other people. It is amazing, it will by and by become startling, how the great Conservative party has built up such a tremendous bureaucracy in Canada, for remember that during the past thirty and odd years they have ruled in federal politics, except for the period between 1873 and 1878, visit Ottawa any time and you will realize the force of this. Look over the blue books of 1860, and see the civil list; then over 1880, and mark the increase. What will it be in 1890? But, if you would see officialism in all its splendor, you must go to Ottawa while Parliament is in session, you will then see four janitors to each double door, a feast of officialism the world's annals cannot find a parallel for. Officialism is insatiable. At all events, it is profoundly dissatisfied so. When Blucher first saw London, he exclaimed, "Main Gott! what a fine city to sack." And in like manner the Conservatives, under the generous Sir Knight, look upon the rich surplus province as a fine one to devour. Isn't it a great disgrace Ontario should have five millions, while honest Tories have to work for their living? Of course it is. You will now, therefore, understand why it was that from the united Conservative throat the cry arose last month that "Mowat must go." Do you think for a moment that Sir John A. Macdonald or Markensie Bowell, or John O'Donohoe or John Costigan, or that child of genius, the editor of the *Mail*,—do you think any of those gentry when they assembled in convention to overthrow the Mowat Government, cared a thrasher whether "Marmion" was read in the high schools and universities or not? Not much. But "Marmion" was a good campaign cry all the same; at least they so imagined. They dare not try the issue on a question of finance, the Mowat-Fraser Government is impregnable there, as indeed it is everywhere; and so they audaciously trotted out the Protestant horse. Perhaps you are now aware the chief editor of the *Mail* is a Catholic—an Ultramontane, bless you, but is malleable and ductile and elastic enough to crawl through the eye of a cambric needle for salary. Allegiance to party and consideration for himself overcome his fine religious feelings very often indeed. Perhaps, he argues, if he were not there some one worse might, though it must be confessed that would be difficult. Nevertheless, the *Mail* editor looked decidedly distrustful outside the Protestant horse. I should have told you that this incomparable creature is a universal genius; that if the command of the Egyptian army were offered him he would have no hesitation in accepting it, with the channel fleet thrown in, and hence you will understand he had no difficulty in entering the lists with His Grace the Archbishop and telling him he (the editor) did. He commenced the campaign on portions of "Marmion" every day; the *Mail* readers, who paid for their three cents and received the worth of it in pure bigotry and sectarianism. The editor and his manipulators were as sure of winning four out of six of the by-elections as mortal men could be of anything still in the future. They thought they had the Protestant blood aroused throughout the Province, the Protestant feeling worked into fever heat. What then must have been their astonishment, their chagrin, their disgust, when on the morning of the 18th they discovered the Reformers had carried all the constituencies but one! The fact is the Protestants voted as usual with their parties, while the Catholics moved to the polls en masse to resent the insult offered their beloved and illustrious Archbishop. It may, therefore, be safely assumed that the dear Conservatives will have to keep their hands off the surplus for four or five weary years more. It is really no wonder the Mowat Government has a surplus. It practices the most rigid—I had almost said grinding—economy. There is an utter absence of red tape in the departments. Mowat is as accessible as one of Mr. Mousset's clerks. If you want to see Fraser you simply walk in; sometimes the porter is there to announce you, sometimes he is away on an errand. This kind of thing is revolting to the soul of officialism. "Those Ontario Ministers have no style about them, you know," the Harbys and the Fardees are all the same, and there must all go.

The change in the *Mail* editorials of Monday was surprising. Not a word of abuse of the

Archbishop, not a syllable about "Marmion," but a long editorial praising Parnell! It is almost incredible, but it is true. Why the change? Simply because Macdonald and Tupper and Bunting and the rest of them find they have blundered and wish to remedy the evil. "Is it too late?" is what anxious Conservatives are asking themselves. The last Shamrock victory is really discouraging; it has given the champions the claim to invincibility which will make clubs slight-ty of them.

The weather here is simply delightful; it is the veritable Indian summer.

AN UNTIMELY DEATH.

It is with much pain and deep regret that the many friends of the late Mr. William Vincent Cronin will hear of his untimely death, which occurred Thursday at Cornwall. Mr. Cronin was at his place of business in the latter town attending to his daily avocations, when he was suddenly seized with weakness, and almost fell to the floor. Friends rushed to his assistance, and five medical gentlemen were summoned and did all in their power to revive him, but it was of no avail. The late gentleman barely had time to receive the last consolations of the Church when he expired. Mr. Cronin was still in the prime of life, and already had given undeniable proof of sterling business integrity and commercial aptitudes. His early demise will be mourned by a large circle of friends and acquaintances. He was the brother-in-law of Mr. Stafford, formerly President of the Shamrock Lacrosse Club; of Mr. M. J. Doherty, merchant, of Sorel, and of Mr. Turner, of this city, and brother of Miss Anne Cronin, Principal of the Cronin Academy. His remains were brought in from Cornwall this morning, and taken to the residence of his father, at 21 Montcalm street. The funeral obsequies will take place to-morrow morning to St. Mary's Church, and thence to Otes des Neiges Cemetery. We extend our sympathy to the family and relatives in their sad bereavement. Death was caused by congestion of the brain.

SCOTCH NEWS

It was resolved on Wednesday at the meeting of the Congregational Union at Bristol to petition Parliament in favor of closing public-houses on Sunday. An interesting discussion took place on the work of the Salvation Army.

Considerable damage was done on Monday in Glasgow by the bursting of a main water pipe in Garscube Road, near Doncaster Street. Several houses and cellars were flooded, and furniture and stored goods were destroyed or damaged.

The ceremony of cutting the first sod of a new line of railway between Airdrie and Whitist, connecting the former town with the entire Caledonian system, was performed on Monday by Provost Black, of Airdrie, in presence of a large number of spectators.

A Glasgow lawyer's clerk was apprehended at Bath on Tuesday night, charged with forging a cheque for £491, the signature being that of a lady, a client of his master. A large sum of money was found in his possession, and an attempt had been made to disguise his appearance.

Felix Franz Stumm was on Wednesday at Sheriff Street Police Court committed for trial on a charge of forgery in connection with the mysterious disappearance of Mr. Stanger, a London baker, who has been missing since November last. The charge of conspiracy against Mrs. Stanger has been allowed to drop.

The new steamer *Balgairn*, belonging to Messrs. J. & A. Davidson, of Aberdeen, has been wrecked on Laveray Island, in the Sound of Benbecula, South Uist. She left Aberdeen on Monday for her maiden voyage to Cardiff, where she was to load for Oeylon and San Francisco. The accident took place about two o'clock on Wednesday morning, and there is reason to fear that the vessel will be lost. Besides her crew of forty hands several Aberdeen gentlemen were on board, but all have been saved. The *Balgairn*, which was only launched on the 15th of August last, had a carrying capacity of over four thousand tons, and was the largest vessel ever built at Aberdeen. She is valued at between £50,000 and £60,000, and it is stated, was not insured.

At Monday's meeting of the Glasgow Town Council it was stated that for the last week there had been 24 deaths, being at the rate of 24 per 1000. During the corresponding period for the three preceding years the rate had been 22, 23, and 20. The ventilation of the town was dwelt on at considerable length in the report of the Medical Officer (Dr. Russell), who stated that unless every means were adopted to ventilate and keep them clean they would do more than any other agency to spread infectious diseases, especially those of children. The Council adopted the recommendation of the Health Committee that the Clerk be instructed to forward an extract of the report to the Tramway Committee and Company, with a view to steps being taken by them for complying with Dr. Russell's suggestions, and the Clerk was also directed to bring the matter under notice of the Magistrates' Committee at the meeting for granting certificates for stage carriages, in order that all tramway cars may be sufficiently ventilated.

TRAMWAY ACCIDENT.—On Monday afternoon, a boy named Samuel Muir, four years of age, residing with his mother in New City Road, was seriously injured by being run over by a tramway car in New City Road. The boy received a severe laceration of the flesh of one of his legs, extending from the thigh to the ankle. He was removed in a cab to the Western Infirmary.

PEDESTRIANISM.

The great six days' walking match in New York was brought to a close at 10 o'clock on Saturday night, the score then being Fitzgerald 577; Norcross 567; Herty 541, and Hughes 535. Shortly after six o'clock, the pedestrians retired to their tents to prepare for the night. From their appearance as they staggered in, it was evident the strain upon them had been enormous. There was but a faint hope of getting a crowd to witness the finish. At eight o'clock, when the men came on the track, a considerable crowd had gathered, and the band struck up a lively air. Herty seemed better able to bear the tortures of the last mile than the others. There was a deathly pallor on Hughes' face, and his sunken eyes had an almost idiotic stare. Rowell came in and watched the last efforts of his former rivals. Coming near ten o'clock the audience was enthusiastic and cheered the walkers lustily. At ten o'clock the race was over. The gross receipts were \$26,873. Rent, \$10,000, and other expenses, including 15 per cent to Peter Duryee, and advertising, will reduce the net receipts to almost nothing.

The prizes were then awarded, and with the recent walking match, \$800 was left to be divided with the stakes among the contestants. Fitzgerald received \$3,649, Norcross \$1,149, Herty \$949, and Hughes \$69.

LOCAL NEWS.

At a meeting of the students of the Montreal School of Medicine and Surgery, the following were elected officers for the ensuing year:—President, Guillaume Prevost; Vice-President, W. Trudeau; Secretary, A. Thibault; Assistant Secretary, Joseph Lavouze.

ORDINATIONS.

The following ordinations were made by His Lordship Mgr. Fabre on Saturday:—*Minor Orders*.—Messrs DA Twomey, Kingston; G M Fitzgerald, Springfield. And yesterday: *Sub Deacons*.—Messrs J H Mangan; B A Smith, Albany; T J Murphy, D H Riley, Boston; D A Twomey, Kingston; M J Brady, London; and G M Fitzgerald, Springfield. *Deacon*.—Mr J Peemans, Cong; S Viat.

MONTREAL BRANCH LADIES' LAND LEAGUE.

At the meeting of the Ladies' Land League, held last evening at 678 Dorchester street, the following officers were duly elected for the ensuing six months:—President, Miss McDonnell; Vice-President, Mrs Evans; Treasurer, Mrs Lane; Recording Secretary, Miss E Hayer; Corresponding Secretary, Miss M J McDonnell. And the Executive Committee, consisting of the following ladies:—Mrs O'Neill, Miss McLoughlin, Miss Connaughton, Miss Lennon, Miss Nora Sullivan, and Miss Mary Hayes.

A NEW DEPARTURE.

Dr. Prevost, of Alford, County Prescott, Ontario, and one of Mr. W. Prevost, C. C., of this city, announce his intention of running as the Liberal Candidate in that county in the Ontario Legislature at the coming general elections. It is stated, as he has a chance to be, he will be the first French Canadian who ever held a seat in the Legislature of Ontario, although the French Canadians in that Province number over 225,000.

LIVE STOCK HOTEL AND MARKET.

Nearly opposite the Grand Trunk cattle yards, Point St. Charles, and in close proximity to the siding where live stock are loaded and unloaded, the erection of the new horse market referred to about two weeks ago, was commenced yesterday by Messrs. Acer & Kennedy, and when finished will be the largest in Canada. The above firm will commence building the new hotel previously spoken of on Thursday next.

A PRECIOUS RELIC.

Mr. J. A. Chichey, of Sherbrooke, has received the panel of a window taken from the famous Chateau of Jacques Cartier, at St. Malo, in France. There are various paintings on it representing scenery in the vicinity of St. Malo.

REVIEW OF BOOKS, ETC.

The *Catholic World* for November has the following contents: God or Nothing, Oswald Keatinge, D C L; Our Lady of the Lilies, Elizabeth Raymond-Barker; The "Salvation Army" in Great Britain, Henry Bellingham; P. F. The Comedy of Conference—Part II; The Waters of Life; A Real Barry Lyndon, Alfred M Williams; Oxford and Cambridge, Arthur Fetherstone, Marshall; Mr Bancroft's New Novels, W J Tenney; In the Next House, Sarah T Smith; The Monks and Nuns at the Reformation, S Hubert Burke; The Festival of All Saints in Vienna, Mary Alice Seymour; The Catholic Element in English Life and Letters, John McCarthy; Pay-an-Veley, M P Thompson; The Letter-Book of an Irish Vicar, W Francis Dennehy; New Publications.

The *American Catholic Quarterly Review* contains highly interesting articles in its October number, which are well worthy of an attentive perusal. The contents are as follows:—1. The Origin of Civil Authority; 2. Cardinal Newman as a Man of Letters; 3. Cesare Cantu and the New Guelphs of Italy; 4. The Attitude of Society Towards Religion; 5. American Free-thinking; 6. Superior Instruction in Our Colleges; 7. Labor Discontent; 8. The Coming Transit of Venus; 9. England's Latest Conquest; 10. Irish Climate and its Causes; 11. Book Notices.

Wilford's *Microcosm* is to hand. This religious-scientific monthly contains a good amount of valuable reading. The number of contributors to it is large, and many of them are eminent scientists and theologians. The various theories and discoveries in regard to science and religious thought are ably discussed and unfolded. The volume is interesting and instructive.

THE "ASIA" DISASTER.

PARRY SOUND, Ont., Oct. 28.—The adjourned coroner's inquest into the loss of the "Asia" was held last night. No further evidence being forthcoming, the coroner resumed in the report of the Medical Officer (Dr. Russell), who stated that unless every means were adopted to ventilate and keep them clean they would do more than any other agency to spread infectious diseases, especially those of children. The Council adopted the recommendation of the Health Committee that the Clerk be instructed to forward an extract of the report to the Tramway Committee and Company, with a view to steps being taken by them for complying with Dr. Russell's suggestions, and the Clerk was also directed to bring the matter under notice of the Magistrates' Committee at the meeting for granting certificates for stage carriages, in order that all tramway cars may be sufficiently ventilated.

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SHOCKING STATEMENT BY A LEADING ENGLISH PAPER.

The London *Daily Telegraph* of Oct. 2, contains one of the most remarkable articles on Ireland which we have ever read. It contrasts the late and the present regime of coercion, and holds that the comparative failure of Mr. Forster's Act "was due to its absurd and excessive leniency." The system of Earl Spencer has given the Irish a touch of cold and polished steel and has proved successful. "The transfer of cases to Dublin, the wholesale charging of jurors, and the reserved power of trial by judges alone, together with all-night hard held over the Press, have already produced good fruit." This is pretty plain speaking, but the following is frankness itself:—

We must now, however, be led into a fool's paradise, or believe that the convictions in Dublin illustrate a new feeling in Ireland in favor of the law. The trials are not "trials by jury" in the ordinary English sense of the term. Of all places outside Ulster, Dublin probably contains the largest proportion of loyal citizens, and there is, of course, little sympathy, in the capital city, with agrarian crime. But the ordinary jurors of the metropolis could not be trusted to rise superior

to timidity or political partisanship. The Attorney-General had to empanel special jurors, all men of what is called the "better class," and these had to be sifted by a liberal use of the right of the Crown to challenge. It has been said that the majority of those thus selected are Catholics, and the charge is doubtless quite true. One of every hundred Protestants in Dublin there may be one sympathizer with treason and crime; but of every hundred Catholics there will probably be at least fifteen. This is no libel on a creed; it is simply the result of memories of oppression handed down by tradition even to the present day. To secure an honest verdict the crown has therefore had to challenge scores of men presumably sympathetic with defiance of authority and law. For it is one of the marked social characteristics of the bulk of the Irish people that, while the actual disturbers of the peace are few, the number who are friendly to them in a passive way may be counted not by units but by the thousand. We are, therefore, forced to rule Ireland by devices quite as contradictory to "Liberal principles" and the "rights of man" as Mr. Forster's gentle imprisonment of unfriended suspects. We must, to convict murderers, *tear by hook or crook, by law of challenge, by metropolitan, and loyal juries, and we must, to save society, prohibit midnight walks, impose enormous and suspected localities, suppress newspapers, and send editors to jail.* It is useless not to look these facts in the face. The Liberals have restored comparative peace to Ireland by "old Tory" methods without the old Tory motives. Castlereagh and his minions hanged and dragged the people in order to keep up a hateful tyranny in Church and State. Mr. Gladstone has to do so in order to put down the tyranny of a lawless mob. In the "new English" and arbitrary expedients, and to deal with the masses of the people as presumably sympathizers with crime. This attitude is forced on us, because the situation is ruled by the ultimate fact that the majority of Irishmen have been taught by agitators to detest all authority and law, and to indulge in Socialist dreams of redistribution. We have no thought of allowing Ireland under any circumstances to drift into anarchy, or to separate from Great Britain, while the hope of the peasant that England will consent to the confiscation of the whole of the landlords' property is a wild illusion. We have, therefore, no choice but to keep up an iron and exceptional rule as long as the people show themselves impervious to ordinary sentiments and ordinary law.

The Dublin *Freeman's Journal*, says: Here we have a plain, open declaration of the policy of the Irish Executive. There must be "wholesale challenges" of jurors. They must be "by hook or crook," by law or challenge secure Protestant and loyal jurors, because so many of the Catholics of Dublin sympathize with treason and crime. Now, if this is the policy of the Government, why not, in God's name, openly avow it? Then we would know where we were. But when we find, first, that Catholics are set aside from juries in a wholesale manner; next, that the officials of the Crown solemnly declare that they are not set aside on account of their religion; and then a leading English paper declaring that they are and must be set aside by "hook or crook," so as to secure Protestant jurors, what are we to think? We would much prefer that Catholics should be excluded from serving on juries by an express statute declaring that they were not to be trusted on their oaths. But what we want to know is what the representatives of the Catholics of Dublin have to say to this open avowal of the policy by which the country is now governed according to the *Daily Telegraph*. There is no mistaking the position now, at any rate—no more snubbing or sham. "Protestant" juries must be secured, "by hook or crook," by law or challenge, in order to maintain the method of Castlereagh and to "secure an honest verdict." If we had said ourselves what we have here quoted from the *Daily Telegraph*, we presume that the powers which an eminent legal authority stated are vested in the Executive would be exercised in our regard. We hope we shall not be surprised for daring to quote them, "brutally frank" as they may be.

THE PARK THEATRE BURNED.

New York, Oct. 30, 5 p.m.—Abbey's Park Theatre, in which Mrs. Langtry was to appear to-night, is now on fire and likely to be entirely burned. Several explosions followed the breaking out of the fire in rapid succession. The flames spread so rapidly that the building soon became a total wreck. A great crowd gathered. The cause of the fire is unknown. None of the actors were in the building, as there was no rehearsal this afternoon. Henry Clarke, a stagehand, was burned in his endeavor to lower the drop curtain. He jumped from a window into the street from a height of twenty feet, and broke his leg. Wm. Doran, scene painter, was badly burned. Both were taken to the hospital. The fire started in the proscenium, in the rear of the second tier of boxes on the right of the stage. It is believed to have been caused by gas explosion. The flames spread with great rapidity, caught the drop curtain and drove the stage hands, who were setting the stage to rights, from the building. They made a vain effort to put out the fire with extinguishers, but these would not work. Mrs. Langtry's costumes for the play in which she was to appear to-night, "An Unequal Match," were burned, also the costumes of all the other members of the company, as well as very valuable scenery. Mrs. Langtry and Mrs. Labouchere witnessed the fire from the balcony of the Albemarle Hotel, and were greatly shocked. Much delay was caused by the failure of the automatic alarms before the arrival of the firemen. Then the flames were burning through the roof and the building was doomed. The theatre was small but elaborately decorated. The main entrance was on Broadway, through a three story building, in which were stores and offices, and on the third floor the property room. This was an old building. The theatre itself was built in 1874. It extended from 22nd half way to 21st on Broadway, and was newly frescoed and upholstered for Mrs. Langtry's debut. The scenery for the play was elaborate, especially for the second act, being painted on satin and embroidered. It was all destroyed. The fire spread so rapidly that a valuable painting could not be removed from the office.

At 11 o'clock to-night John Leo, stage carpenter, was reported missing. It is thought he perished. It is now stated that Mrs. Langtry's wardrobe was not destroyed. She was about to send it to the theatre when the fire broke out. Abbey's loss is covered by insurance. The building belonged to the McComb estate, and was valued at \$40,000, insured. C. H. George, decorator, who occupied a store under the theatre, losses \$75,000; Parsons & Scarlett, occupying the second floor, tailors, \$30,000; Goldsmith, fruit dealer, and Dunbar, druggist, \$1,000 each. The total loss by fire is \$250,000. Abbey's loss is \$100,000. Arrangements have been made for the first appearance of Mrs. Langtry at the Grand Opera House next Monday night.