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SHEMUS DHU,
THE BLACK PEDDLER OF GALWAY
A TALE OF THE PENAL TIMES.

CHAPTER XXVIII.—CONTINUED.

D'Arcy left the eating house, and he returned again to the ball room. Hours passed these quickly to many of the guests. D'Arcy was agreeable. He went from group to group, now giving expression to rallery, and now to sentiment. He was brilliant beyond his usual power of witicism and repartee. He met some of his late associates in the dress of military men. He did not speak to them. He attached himself principally to one group, among whom were General Gillespie, Governor of Galway, and his beautiful daughter. The time for parting came, for all parties must have an end. D'Arcy attended the general and his daughter through Middle-street, on their way to the Lombard Barracks where the general had his quarters. When they came to the intersection of High-street by Cross-street, called the lower four corners, D'Arcy offered some excuse for leaving them.

"We feel obliged by your kindness, Mr. D'Arcy," said the general, holding him warmly by the hand "My love, won't you ask Mr. D'Arcy to dine with us to-morrow?" "Oh! by all means, father, if Mr. D'Arcy accepts our late invitation. You may be previously engaged, sir?" "Your wishes, madam," said D'Arcy, "command my obedience before all other engagements."

"We are obliged," said the general—and they parted; D'Arcy ascending High street, but in a moment retracing his steps; and the general and his daughter, attended by one servant, continuing their route through Cross street. Scarcely had D'Arcy departed from the military governor, when there was a shrill cry of "Shemus Dhu!" behind him. It was repeated quickly, louder and shriller; and before the general could fancy danger, three muffled men sprang from Kiwan's lane, and intercepted his progress.

"Make way, sir!" said the general with a voice of authority. "I am the military governor." "Oh! we know you well, sir," answered one of the figures, whilst his companions closed upon the party. "Yield to us you are safe. Give an alarm and you and your daughter instantly die." Before the general could draw his sword to defend himself, he, his daughter and servant were seized. All that he could say—but it was with a loud shout—was:

"Ho! there traitors! Help!" He was dashed to the ground; his throat was gripped; he was choking. In a moment he was strangled, was not the assassin lurked quickly from his body, by a strong hand. When he arose he was alone; but he perceived immediately that there were many persons gathered at the end of the street nearest to the barracks, both from the noises which he heard, and from the lights which were gleaming among them. His first action was to rush towards them crying aloud for his daughter.

"She is safe, thank heaven!" said a person of the crowd meeting him, "but her assassins have escaped. We were just returning to seek you, sir, and take your commands in this affair." The father and the daughter embraced. She was pale and haggard; her dress was soiled and torn from her efforts against the violence of her ravishers. After congratulating his daughter on their fortunate escape, the general inquired to whom he was indebted for the timely interference.

"It matters not now," said the first speaker: "you should have known us if this occurrence had not happened. We will attend you to your home; you shall then know who we are." The military on guard were among the party who surrounded the general. At the first alarm they were out, and were in time only to witness the safety of their commander and his daughter, their enemies had escaped some minutes before. At the request of the general, his liberators or defenders followed him to his apartments. They were three apparently young men, strong and active. Their outward appearance, in regard of dress, bespoke them as belonging to the humbler class of life. They entered the general's apartments, and then, for the first time, he observed that one of them wore the dress of an officer of his garrison.

"Whom have I here?" exclaimed the general with surprise. "Your face is not known to me, though you wear the uniform of my officers." "A general," said the man, "you should not so soon forget my features. Do you recollect the pleasure party on the sea? do you recollect your own and your daughter's danger? and do you so soon forget your deliverer?" "By mine honor," exclaimed the general, "it is the Black Pedlar to whom we a second time owe our lives!" "Yes," replied the man, "it is Shemus Dhu who has come to ask the reward you promised him for his preservation of your own and the lady's life. I have put on this disguise the more easily to deceive my enemies and your guards. All that I ask for the double service which I have done you, is to protect this young man against his enemies, to have open justice done to him. But I need not ask this as a boon; you must now, for his enemies have become yours. Have you any suspicion, general, of the names and characters of those who attacked you?"

"None whatever," answered the general. "I have said Shemus Dhu. Who commands the guard to-night?" "Captain Harrison," said the general with a confused look. "Let him be called before you," said Shemus Dhu. The orderly soon returned with intelligence that Captain Harrison was not in his rooms, and had not been in the barracks since sunset.

"It is suspicious," said the general, speaking in a low voice to Shemus Dhu, apart from the others. "I know he has pretensions to my daughter's hand; but she detests him. I will inquire deeply into this affair; and by my honour as a soldier, I will have satisfaction for the insult offered my daughter by means swifter and deadlier than those which civil or military law give me, though I suffer myself from the power and wealth of his family. Yet, Shemus, what reason have you for suspecting him to be the party?" "I have not said he was," replied the Black Pedlar. "Cut if you come for a few minutes into another room, I will tell you reasons for believing him, and others whom you less suspect to be the instigators of your daughter's honour. I may say your own assassins."

The general followed by Shemus Dhu, retired to the next room; the Lady Isabella had gone to her chamber. When the general reappeared his countenance was excited; he walked towards Henry O'Halloran, said: "Young man, I have heard all from Shemus Dhu. I have received the papers from him. On to-morrow your father's name and honour, and your own, shall be cleared of the stain which the injustice of your townsmen have affixed to them. Ay, I swear it to you, O'Halloran, through the Mayor and the entire Council by your sworn foes. Shemus, we will this moment summon D'Arcy."

"I would give your honour advice, first, to libe-

rate Fergus O'Keane; he will be wanted as a witness against him." "Both shall be instantly done," said the general. The necessary preliminaries for the freedom of Fergus were gone through. A sergeant's guard was ordered to summon Reginald D'Arcy to the presence of the military governor of the city. Some short time passed, and then Fergus O'Keane was ushered into the general's apartment, his dress torn and soiled, his face pale as death, and his eyes starting with wonder.

"Where am I?" he cried, looking around him. He recognized Henry O'Halloran, and was quickly in his affectionate embrace. "Don't you know me, Fergus O'Keane?" said Shemus Dhu, in his ear, with the false voice he had assumed when he conducted him to Galway. Fergus started, and exclaimed with wonder, and with anger on his face:

"Murrog, is it you? The false—?" "Hold! Fergus," interrupted Shemus Dhu, in his natural tone. "Look at me; you have seen me before. I am the visitor of your prison cell; I was your guide. I cannot now explain to you what was doubtful in my conduct. But I always was, and ever will be, Shemus Dhu, the sincere friend of you, of your father, of O'Halloran, and of Evelyen. Thank not me, Fergus, for your freedom; thank his honour, the general, for that favour. Here Reginald D'Arcy comes."

The officer of the guard commissioned to bring D'Arcy entered. He stated that D'Arcy had left town some minutes before, attended by his favourite servant; he had ridden wildly through the west gate, no person knew whither. He added that he had encountered a gentleman who gave his name O'Reilly, also seeking for Mr. D'Arcy, for some purpose unfriendly to him. He took the liberty of bringing him before the general for examination.

"It is our friend, Frank O'Reilly," exclaimed Shemus Dhu. "He is welcome now. He is strong of heart and of hand; and will want his assistance. By—! general, you must allow us instantly to depart. You can assist us with horses; we want no other aid. Give us your authority to bring D'Arcy, Harrison, and their companions prisoners, and before morning we will accomplish it. 'The time wears fast. I know D'Arcy's bellish plan of revenge. If we delay another hour, he will be the murderer of the hermit, of Connel, and of Evelyen."

"For heaven's sake, let us hasten to pursue them," cried Fergus and O'Halloran, in a breath. "Go, young man," said the governor; "you have my authority. You shall have instantly what you demand. Go quickly; I see the danger of delay." In a few minutes time, Fergus, the O'Hallorans, and O'Reilly, mounted on spirited horses, were following Shemus Dhu at a rapid gallop towards Portarah.

CHAPTER XXX.

"It has happened differently from my hopes," thought D'Arcy, pacing his room up and down. He had one finger of his right hand upon his lips, and his other hand slunk heavily by his side. "They have overtaken me—who? Shemus Dhu, Connel, Mrs O'Keane, and this foreigner. Oh! yes; and the hermit, too. The hermit, the veriest schemer that breathes. Well, D'Arcy, thou art for once deceived." And the unfortunate man sank into a seat, oppressed with the acute grief of disappointed passion.

There was no change on D'Arcy's countenance. Oh! no. He was too well habituated to deceit to allow—even when alone—exterior signs of grief or despondency to escape him. He made the strongest exertion to suppress feeling. Had any person seen him at the moment, if he judged of his inward feelings solely on the testimony of the expression of his face, they would say all was at peace in that heart. But D'Arcy could not entirely command nature. Paleness spread over his features, and a cold perspiration oozed from every pore. In the agony of his mind he clasped his hands; but quickly returning to his assumed sternness: "What! he said, starting from his seat, 'am I a child? I can wound them yet in the tenderest part—Evelyen—happy thought!" He rubbed his hands in the excitement of pleasure; he bounded through the room as if he were a boy at play. "Evelyen! Ha! ha! I have thee still to build my ambition and revenge upon. Thy friends are absent—let my fortune, good or bad, help me but this once. I will be thankful for ever. Having then in my power, I shall ask any price, and have it. By—! it will be nothing less than the destruction of Shemus Dhu."

"Ho! who waits there?" said D'Arcy, opening his door, and bowing towards the lower room. "I could have heard you if you called less loudly. You have aroused the other servants," said Lewis, arising from a seat on the stairs which led to the servant's rooms. "Well, what wish you now to be done?" "My faithful Lewis!" said D'Arcy, in a charged tone. "It must be, whatever occurs," thought D'Arcy—"it must be. It is my only hope, my only chance of injuring them. If it were not for this boy, I would instantly do a deed that would glut my thirst of vengeance. He must be safe; and I will act cautiously that he may be." Lewis, said D'Arcy, aloud, "you and I must go some miles from the city, to-night."

"I need not ask the reason," answered Lewis. "If you desire it, I am prepared." "We must depart, Lewis, without the notice of anybody." "It is easily done, sir," said Lewis. "You ride, of course, and I ride with you. Our horses will be ready in ten minutes, and waiting us in the street."

"See it done quickly, Lewis," replied D'Arcy. A half hour had passed, when D'Arcy and his devoted follower were on the western side of the city gates, on the road to Moycullen. "Something is heavy on his heart—he rides furiously," thought Lewis. "See, the lightning glances from his hoofs! I pray heaven our journey be short, else I must give in. An awful dark night to be riding at this fearful rate, over cuts and swamps, high and low, and for no evident purpose of good to me. Oh! yes, I attend him. It is my only comfort; but it is enough. Ho! there," exclaimed Lewis, to no one out of his usual silence by a quick stumble of his horse, which forced him over its ears, and left him on a soft spot of earth. The animal was docile enough to await his remounting. On he dashed, with a wildness which his fall excited. Yet, onward, D'Arcy kept the lead, riding with a reckless impetuosity. He had not perceived the full of his companion. The night was stormy and wet; the bare branches, creaking in the wind, bent with a dismal moan, to intercept the passage of the adventurers, but quickly rose as they passed under them. It seemed by chance; but Providence either retributive or merciful, still presided; so many disasters did they escape. Onwards they flew in silence; swamps and ruts were passed, hill and valley, trees and rocks, without any care to avoid their dangers. Onward still in the darkness of night, their horses breathing quickly with exertion, and panting—yet onward they flew. A thousand dangers they had escaped; and they knew not of them. D'Arcy's whole thoughts were engaged on one engrossing object. The difficulty or dangers of the way, the solitude of his ride, the fury of the wind, the rain and lightning, were subjects of little importance, compared with the revenge which was burning in his heart, and which bore him on against all difficulties. He was nervous for every dart. The fire of his soul spread through his body; he communicated it to the animal which bore him, by

voice and blow. Onward they flew, reckless of accident. One spirit seemed to possess them; but how different—the spirit of obedience and sympathy the irrational animal. And onward followed Lewis Carew, with the same impetuous speed. He knew not why—he cared not; his master and benefactor led, he followed. His blood was up, so was the horse's; death or life was little stake to him. He rode from feeling; he thought not of accident. Affection for his master was the spring of his adventure, excitement were its works; and if a gulf suddenly opened before him, onward he would have ridden into destruction, with danger to body and to soul. More than once Lewis was all but thrown from his horse, still without injury. A branch struck his hat off; he bound a kerchief on his head, and with the wildness of a young Indian, whooped, whilst he struck his horse's sides with his heels, and made more frantic his infuriated steed with buffets upon its neck. Still D'Arcy was before him, even gaining upon him. A second time Lewis bounded without injury from the green sward upon which he fell; he had caught the bridle in his fall, but was unable to stop the career of the impetuous animal. He held on, though; and nothing less than a miracle saved him from the dangers of the rocks branches and underwood through which he was dragged. After a few moments the horse became docile, retarded by the weight of Lewis, whom he dragged along, and losing its first excitement by the consciousness or instinct of having no director through the darkness. When Lewis scrambled to his saddle, he spoke in a voice which could be heard by any person within twenty yards of him: "I'd better call to D'Arcy; the devil only knows where he leads; I know not, and I can't follow. But, no—he checked the rickling fear quickly—"he might think that I am a coward, or that I wished not to follow him through every danger. Here goes! Good follow!"—putting his horse's neck—"I will follow our master and friend through every risk. On, on, halloo!"

"Stop, Lewis," said D'Arcy's voice in his ear, as he commenced, by word and action, to excite the animal; "our riding part of the journey ends here. I have waited some minutes for companions; they come. See, yonder; does not that light move?" "Yes, sir," said Lewis Carew, dismounting. "It is lost now to us. Oh! there they are again; they come towards us. Are they country people, and acquaintances of yours?"

"They are from the town, Lewis; you will know them soon," said D'Arcy, coldly. But then he took his faithful follower's hand in his, and pressed it warmly, whilst he said: "Lewis Carew, I have overheard your words; I feel that you love me."

"Love you?" interrupted the boy. "I would die to serve you, even this moment. Show me how." "I believe it, Lewis," replied the stern man, in a tone which told that that heart was warmed for once, and that the ice which bound its kindly feelings up for years—aye, for years, from childhood—was thawed by the affectionate words of a simple servant. He, the stern, wicked man, who often stood without a muscle changed over the misery which he caused—the misery of childhood, of tender womanhood, and of old age, and even laughed within his fiendish soul to see them suffer under his revenge—was now changed. He spoke tremulously as a delicate maiden. Had Lewis seen him, he would have observed his moistened eye.

"Interrupt me not, Lewis: I have little time to speak to you. I feel a presentiment that I have not long to live. Well, let it be. If hell's an open for me, I will glut my revenge, or peri h, in the attempt. You wait here for some time; I will send a guide to you. You return quickly to Galway—fly as the wind. You are a bold rider—spare not the horses. Here is the key of my secret drawer—you alone know it; you get there what will make you comfortable for life. But you must abandon your low and wicked associates. I can say no more; they are near. Remember you can never know any nearer connexion with me than that of a child reared by me, and loved by me—the only being whom I loved long and sincerely."

"Fly from you, and you say you are in danger! You may strike me dead here if it please you; but I will follow you; I will assist you; I will die for you. You are the only being who loves me; I am the only one who loves you. I will live with you, or I will die with you."

"Foolish boy! you know not the world; you know not that soon your affection will have a new object," replied D'Arcy. "Hear the counsel of your best friend who judges for your advantage better than you. You must obey me on this point; it is the last obedience, the last proof of your love, which I ask. I will not command it, for you are no longer my servant."

"Let me ask you one question," said Lewis, interrupting D'Arcy with such a stern solemnity that it made him tremble—"one question I never asked before, though I have thought deeply and silently on it, they say you are my father; is it true?" "Who has put this into your head, boy?" exclaimed D'Arcy, in a furious voice. "Who has told you to ask this question? Well, will never meet again. You are my son—my only offspring. Know it for your misery. I command now your obedience."

"By—! you shall not have it in this instance," said the boy, in a tone of excited resolution, similar to that of his father; "and by—! I will follow you, through fire and water, to my death. I am now content."

The light broke fully upon the father and son. The one, pale, and haggard, and trembling; the other more terrible in youthful passion, flushed and resolved.

CHAPTER XXXI.

"Shemus Dhu!" called in tones loud and lengthened, for the purpose of a hail, interrupted the scene between father and son. "Here!" answered D'Arcy, in feeble tones—"Harrison, here!" "What, in the devil's name, has kept you so late, D'Arcy?" said a man, covered from head to foot in a heavy frize coat, bursting from an entanglement of underwood, which overhung the place where D'Arcy stood; "we have waited a full hour for you. With difficulty I could persuade the fellows that you would be true to your engagement."

Before D'Arcy could tell the cause of his delay, two other persons followed the speaker from the same place. "We had better make no more delay, Mr. D'Arcy," said one of them pettishly; "our horses are stiffened, and our servants even venture to murmur. I had promised myself the pleasure of feeling a beautiful girl from the thraldom of a severe and bigoted father; but, by my honour, the difficulties of the way, and the cold I suffer, have driven this romance out of my head. I wish it were fairly over and that I was safe in my rooms."

"I shall send a secure guide with you, Mr. Butler; you will soon be in town, if you repent having redeemed the promise made to me," D'Arcy answered, sarcastically. "Oh! no, D'Arcy; my displeasure does not go so far. I will stand by you, according to promise, in any issue of your adventure. I was only angry that you kept us so long waiting for you."

"It was not my fault, gentlemen—upon my soul it was not. Let's make no further delay. Where are the horses?" "Our fellows are walking them yonder," answered the first speaker.

(To be continued in our next.)

LEO THE THIRTEENTH.
PASTORAL FROM ARCHBISHOP LYNCH.

His Grace Archbishop Lynch issued the following announcement, respecting the election of Cardinal Pecci to the Holy See, at Toronto, on Wednesday:—

JOHN JOSEPH LYNCH BY THE GRACE OF GOD AND THE APPOINTMENT OF THE HOLY SEE ARCHBISHOP OF TORONTO, ASSISTANT AT THE PONTIFICAL THRONES &c., &c. To the Venerable Clergy, Religious Communities, and beloved Laity of our Diocese, salvation and peace in our Lord:—

We have tidings of great joy to announce to you. God has not left His Church long in widowhood. In an extraordinary short space of time our Lord has named, by the instrumentality of the legal electors of the Pope, as His Vicar on earth, to succeed the great and glorious Pontiff Pius IX., in the chair of St. Peter, a holy and learned man, His Eminence Cardinal Pecci. If we grieved over the loss of our late beloved Father, tears of joy and gladness may now glisten in our eyes at the name of his successor. The bereavement of the Church was confined to the fewest days possible. The extraordinary quick election shows the general esteem in which our present Holy Father was held by his brother cardinals. He has assumed the name of Leo, out of affection for the last Pope of that name, who died February 1829. Leo XIII. was born of noble family in Carpenza, in the diocese of Anagnin, on the 2nd of March 1840. He is richly favoured by nature in a noble and commanding presence, a mild but penetrating glance, and graceful manners. His talents are of a very high order. He performed his studies in the Roman College and in the ecclesiastical Academy for nobles, where he attained high distinction in theology and laws. Pope Gregory XVI. appointed him domestic prelate on the 16th of March, 1826. He was soon named Promotory Apostolic, and Pontifical Delegate to Benevento, Spoleto, and Perugia. He gained so much distinction in these offices that he was appointed in 1843 Archbishop of Damiatia and sent to the King of the Belgians as Apostolic Nuncio, in which delicate office he was singularly successful. Monsignor Pecci on his return from Belgium was named to the See of Perugia. In a Consistory of the 19th of January, 1846, on being named to the above See, he was created Cardinal of the Holy Roman Church being reserved in petto. The Pope died before he was recognized Cardinal but the late great Pontiff Pius IX. in a Consistory of the 9th December, 1853, created him Cardinal of the Order of Priests, under the title of St. Chrysostom, and he was assigned to the congregation of Rites and also of Discipline of Religious Orders. He governed his diocese with rare prudence and with profound wisdom, and performed all the duties of a vigilant pastor. He was surrounded by continual vexations, but his moderation united to an intrepid virtue acquired him respect and veneration even from his enemies. He addressed many pastoral letters full of wisdom and learning to his diocesan. As Cardinal who was named to the first dignity after the Pope, he was Grand Chamberlain of the Holy Roman Church and chief administrator during the vacancy of the Holy See. He is a great Pope and worthy successor of Pius IX.

We reformed the last ill-dutty to our late Pontiff, we will now turn to his venerated successor, and offer to him the homage of our obedience respect and veneration, praying at the same time that God may endow him with all heavenly gifts for the glory of his holy name and the salvation of the people. The clergy will on the first Sunday after the reception and reading of this letter have a Te Deum chanted or recited after mass with the prayer Pro Gratularium actions in all the churches of the diocese. They will also add during one month to the collect of the mass the prayer Pro Papa.

We are filled with gratitude to God for this grand evidence of His special care of His holy Church. Oh, that all would come to the knowledge of the truth which is in Christ Jesus. May the grace of the Lord Jesus Christ be always with you. JOHN JOSEPH, Archbishop of Toronto. By order of His Grace the Archbishop, JOSEPH J. McCANN. Given at St. Michael's Palace, Toronto, Feb. 20, 1878.

PRESENTATION.

A number of Catholic gentlemen waited upon Mr. Thos. Devine, ex-Chairman of the Separate School Board at his office, Parliament Buildings, on Friday afternoon, and presented him with an address, together with handsome walking-cane suitably inscribed. Mr. Devine made a feeling reply, more especially with reference to the vote of thanks withheld from him by the Separate School Board. The following is the text of the address:—

Sir—The fact of your having occupied during the past year the chair of the Separate School Trustees in our good city has been the means of bringing about this pleasant gathering. We are here to assure you of the debt we owe for your endeavours in bringing about much-needed reforms. By a combination of good luck and good management, the residents of the western part of the city have benefited more by your good office than any other portion, though a great general change for the better is easily perceptible. Since your election we are pleased to know you helped to establish some system in dealing with the business of the Board; in causing an account to be opened in a chartered bank for the first time; in originating Committees on School Management and Sites and Buildings; in adopting a code of by-laws for the government of the Board, and in many ways assisting to place it on a respectable business footing. Your conduct during the past year has, we feel assured, met with the approval of a large majority of the intelligent Catholic ratepayers of Toronto. We regret that a vote of thanks for your conduct as Chairman was defeated at a recent meeting of the Board. This most unusual want of courtesy by a body of men who desire to be regarded as Christians and gentlemen is much to be deplored. We trust you will accept the accompanying cane as a token of recognition from your fellow Catholic citizens for your independent conduct and valued services as a school trustee and Chairman of the Board for the past year.

The following is Mr. Devine's reply:— GENTLEMEN,—I thank you most sincerely for the very kind expression of regard contained in the flattering address you present to me, and for the beautiful cane which you offer me as a recognition of services rendered as Chairman of the Roman Catholic Board of Separate Schools of this city during the year just closed. Believe me, gentlemen, whatever I may have accomplished has been a pleasure as well as a compliment as due to me alone. Any changes and reforms in the action and working of the Board during the past twelve months have been effected by the vigilance and co-operation of members who have upheld me in the discharge of my office, and enabled me to use its authority with a proper regard to its importance and efficiency. It is probably, no more than just, to say that the western portion of the city has derived a larger proportion of benefit from the operations of the Board than the remaining sections. The necessities of the case rendered this inevitable, however, and I have been cheered always by the fact that you have endorsed my views and enabled me to bring about their realization. You are kind enough to allude to the share I have had in systematizing the business of

the Board. I take no more credit for changes for the better that may have occurred than any other public servant should lay claim to for performing his duty as well as he knows how. System, discipline, order, simplicity of rules and laws, and a proper method of records and accounts are essential to the welfare of all public bodies, none of these essentials are possible unless the presiding officer is cordially and in good faith supported. I thank you with my whole heart for that support. I sincerely trust that my conduct has met with, and will be remembered with approval by the intelligent ratepayers of Toronto, whose confidence I have honestly laboured to deserve. I scarcely dare to advert to that portion of your address which refers to a certain vote of thanks withheld. Believe me, I do not take the circumstance to heart. I know I have tried to do right on all occasions, and you now give me your volunteered testimony that I have succeeded. At some future day the gentlemen who did not see fit to accord me formal thanks will own that on consideration individually they might well have been more generous. I accept your exceedingly kind address and the gift accompanying it with the deepest and sincerest gratitude and pleasure. They will be a cherished memento which I shall prize as long as I live, and which I shall leave with pride to those who come after me. I can say no more, nor would you wish it. Gentlemen, dear friends, God bless you all. THOS. DEVINE.

EDUCATIONAL, &c.

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