T.L.

s to his Eulogy ine.

n the Church of n the Church of uits, Mo., the Rev. addressed a large of Mr. Robert G. m Paine, recently He said: had intended to this subject, and occasion of menfithe Chicago lecanistingt not to

an instinct not to neither to take in nor to mention
in nor to mention
e. But of course
is—the one out of
er for self-respect,
anday evening, I
the name which,
l, in spite of my
we to pronounce

or seeming to in-which is due to d to ourselves, I r subject this even-

LL REVIEWED, ns, as they arise in l about two weeks To this subject I esires of those estres of those who Sunday, and who o what I then said, he Chicago lecture. e, let us locate all I know who's who

ous defamation o inal cause, you will el the Founder of religion professed ts the criminal on k cloud, indeed of eling God is called the common law of codified in this State only fair to presume tes in the Union riminal, punishable

imprisonment." " what's what" of ho, by the common unishable with fine libeling or malici-ounder of our com-the God of nations in His wisdom and libe: ties and comthe pestilential blas-And I mentioned evening, that when illiams for the mere

Paine, the jury, not-y and talent enlisted s, returned a verdict leaving their seats. o correct, to admon-nould be bound, as und, by the law of God to abstain from nd supplied by the at prohibitory law is that he who touch-led thereby. nre.
id for the occasion,

ing to his pay. I is heart is somewhat plays doubly well. cellence is audacity.
e said feature, allow
of what Bacon says
hat once upon a time
ted what was the first And he answered:
y. What was the
lelivery. And the
very. Strange! philoange that the part of
but superficial, and
a stage player should a stage player, should re all the other noble one, nay, as if it were ason, he says, is plain. is in human nature the fool than of the

the fool than of the the thing, those faculities by rt of men's minds are ent And so, he goes audacity, audacity, and child of baseness, ind both hand and foot er shallow in judgment and they are always far Bacon.

e of it there is, my are before us, a boldn the surface literally

a shallowness which is stent it reveals of sand Nay, I am bold myas you will see, there of; when, if there were ould be something, but stitute of rhyme and broker's shop" that nich has ends of every-of worth.

or worth.

CONSIDERED SERIATIM.

Iter in which logic

in the first place, the

sine's drunken habits;

rap about liberty and
dly, the rai ing against on. at Paine was a

ves that he was not. prove it? He asks tions: Do Christians nat Paine was hen he wrote "Co men ne wrote "Johnson beast "Crisis?" Was he a den he received £500 re of Pennsylvania, and the Here the lecturer could not be a drankard at any time of his life: at any time of his life; 00 from a Legislature of from a Legislature at do politicians say?); nember of the French was itself drunk with who, in this enlighten-te to think that Paine lk-punch? The is the

versing the argument. Paine write if he were Could cert. in historice

fore he wrote such things. If he did a greater act still in a state of drunkenness, that is, go through his agony and die, he might easily do that which is less, write scurrilous literature while drunk, and riot

in its obscenity.
You don't believe he was drunk? Will you believe eye-witnesses? There is one eye-witness Ingersoll is fond of, that is himself, when he wants to prove that eye-witness Ingersoll is fond of, that is himself, when he wants to prove that something never happened. Do you believe eye-witnesses? See the account of two eye witnesses given in Clark,s "History of the Deceased Bishops;" chapter on Bishop Fenwick, of Boston, who was himself one of the eye-witnesses. You act wisely; keep clear of it—like every other infidel—like more than one young man whom I have heard of; men who are keeping studiously absent from who are keeping studiously absent from this audience to-night lest they should ex-pose themselves to hearing the truth about Ingersoll and Paine.

However, the eye-witnesses that I speak

of found Paine much preoccupied with his eye on two things: First, on escaping death by being cured; and secondly, on death by being cured; and secondly, on his milk punch. There was milk punch mixed with blood on his cheek, about his lips, on his bed-clothes, with squalour all around about! So did that eye close in death is roite of him—that eye cope to around about! So did that eye close in death in spite of him—that eye open to only two things before death: getting cured and milk punch. At times, however, his cries were, Jesus Christ, help me!

Let that answer all the rhodomontade about Paine's welcoming death and not fearing to die. He had reason to fear, unless he had become, as some scientists would have us be, that which our fathers were, a species of jelly-fish, or, further back still, a section of a damp cloud!

I proceed to the second subject matter, in which Ingersoll might use logic. It is

THE CLAP-TRAP ABOUT LIBERTY.
Clap-trap, I say, like the red stockings and yellow coats and blue caps on a stage; stuff which may not be fit for dish-cloths, but which with its high color fascinates the eye of the vulgar and maddens the eye of the bull, as in the red cloak of the Spanish baiter.

Spanish baiter.

So, leaping into the subject, he asks why Paine should be afraid to die? Afraid of what! "Is there any God in the heavens who hates a patriot? If there is, then Thomas Paine ought to have been afraid to die. Is there any God who would damn a man for helping to free 3,000,000 of people?" etc. etc.

000 of people?" etc., etc.

I have only to pursue that line of argument. And I go on. Is there a God in heaven who loves a drunken beast? Is there a High One above the clouds who prizes high a blasphemer? Is there a pure God who cherishes an immoral man? a

the mellow type, as Ingersoll apparently makes him out to have been, he could easily have developed into a gushing patriot. A more intricate and elaborate development than that has been conclusively established by certain eminent scientists—from a baboon, if you please, into a buffoon, and from Newton into the protection of the sun. I do not see into a buffoon, and from Newton into the potential energy of the sun. I do not see why Paine might not have evolved likewise, particularly if he failed to be an exciseman—just as others so easily, at the mere glitter of gold, or on touching greenbacks, became gushing orators, or eloquent blasphemers. An apostate grunkard, or a drunken apostate, preached the other day at Washington, a couple of lectures. You would be surprised to notice how Ingersoll and he agreed in thought—though they could not have been in collusion certainly.

tainly.

Ingetsoll goes on and asks: "What was Paine afraid of? Had he burned anybody? No. Put anybody in an inquisition? No. Put the thumb screws on anybody? No." This is the way the lecturer proves, by asking questions for himself to answer, questions put by the counsel for the accused. He rattles on: "Had Paine burnt any body? Lighted a fagot? Torn human flesh?"

Really, between ourselves, my friends, I think Alexander the Great showed a wisdom beyond his years when he rewarded a certain mountebank the way he did. You must know that a certain mounte-bank came to exhibit his skill, and his skill consisted in throwing very small peas through the very small eye of a needle, whereat everybody wondered, and the courtiers requested Alexander to give him a reward worthy of his pains. "er-tainly I will," said Alexander: "give him

ever corrupted in the tropical swamps of Africa, or the Malayan Islands of the Indian Ocean, the Bushman and the Hottentot, all are thine—they are all infide!

The South Sea Islanders, the New Zealander, the degraded aborigines of Australia, and the cannibal of the Caribbees, are all of your persuasion—they are all infidel. Your friends and connections eat infidel. Your friends and connections eat human flesh among the Caribbee Indians, and swallow a raw cow among the Absyssinians, without knives and with starting eyes. Your copper-headed relatives of the West have sacked considerable and scalped not stingily. They have dug their knives into innocent flesh and arranged it quivering on a spit. Sir, if you feel shame, I approve of the sentiment and condole with you! They are yours—every one of them an infidel! What have you all done but depopulate the world and demoralize it, and when you have it down, keep it so?

I am using his own style of argument, my friends. Listen!
"You," he says, speaking to all followers of religion, "you have burned us at the stake; you have toasted us at a slow fire; you have torn our flesh with iron; you have covered us with chains;" and so on. When, oh, tell us when, Mr. Ingersoll? Some one did it—some one had professed religion some time; and you are all one. Thank you, Mr. Ingersoll. I was almost tempted to say that
YOU ARE ANOTHER!

If you were as good as the dogs that licked Lazarus' sores, and eased them thereby, you might do good to corrupted society. But since you are only a fly which buzzes about all that is raw, you will excuse us for dislodging you with the

tip of a finger.
One is astounded at the arrogance of the man. He says; "We infidels have done everything!" Nay, he does not take the trouble to a sert it (perhaps he dare not);

the assumes it. Listen again.

"We are told by the Church that we have accomplished nothing, that we are simply destroyers. Is it nothing to free the mind? Is it nothing to fill the world. with light, with discovery, with science? Is it nothing to dignify man and exalt the intellect? Is it—"

intellect? Is it—"
Oh! let us pause and draw breath! So infidelity it is that has found out universal gravitation! So infidelity has set the steamboat and the locomotive agoing! Infidelity has given the Christian code of laws and civilized Europe. Infidelity, nineteenth century infidelity, has done all the work of the eighteen centuries before it was horn. To Ingersall be the glary it was born. To Ingersoll be the glory thereof. "We!" Indeed! But now listen to me. One of them, an

but thought better of it and became a patriot?

A story went the rounds of the press some time ago that a certain prominent character had bidden for the post of tax-gatherer on tea; that the authentic petition is preserved in the archives. But the petition was refused. And then the same character—I will not mention his name, for he is not in court now—turned around and helped to sink the same tea in Boston harber.

Perhaps Paine's patriotism was of the same type. I should not at all wonder. His drunken habits probably made him of the mellow kind. Some drunkards grow mellow under drink, others hard; others soft, some sour, others amorous; some fond of glory, others fond of money. Hence, if Paine was of the mellow type, as Ingersoil apparently makes him out to have been, he could sassins of Bi hops. He had exiled priests and bishops, and inoffending nuns, in this nineteenth century, when all claim liberty of conscience. He had exiled them for conscience sake; and this same Bismarck, Prince of the German Empire, celebrates a funeral pageant over his dog Sultan, and makes all the princely household guests waiting on him attend and add honor to the filthy scene. That is what an infidel can do, and a capital infidel; no milk-andwater infidel. You can see an account in the papers of November, 1877.

Ah! how these men would have laughed, and laughed loud, and laughed long, if they had been present at another funeral—the scene on Calvary. Like Saint Bouf on Good Friday, when he and his compeers in Paris held a banquet and Prince of the German Empire, celebrates a

Bouf on Good Friday, when he and his compeers in Paris held a banquet and toasted the health of

"CITIZEN JESUS CHRIST,"
they would have laughed loud and long, but hollow, and, because so hollow, therefore so loud.

There is a want of reason, and an uneasiness of heart, under The loud laugh, which speaks the vacant mind.

They put one in mind of those boys whom a sexton or a janitor turns out of doors, and who avenge themselves by loud boisterous noises outside, and, above all, by throwing stones at the windows.

by throwing stones at the windows.

Oh, my friends, how many a young man has this Ingersoll taught to throw stones at the windows! How many a youth now places his highest ambition in this, and in only escaping the grasp of the law while doing wrong! And, to encourage one another, and to encourage themselves, they all throw stones against Church and State, smash windows, destroy stained. State, smash windows, destroy stained glass. What is art, what is literature, what is truth or beauty to them? How many young men who are absent from here to hight; who are independent in rehim a reward worthy of his pains. "ertainly I will," said Alexander: "give him a bag of very small peas!"

This lecturer comes before our eyes with a good supply of stones, which he jerks about pretty deftly. It is a pity he has no he use of his own. He has no house at all, morally speaking.

HE IS A VAGRANT from all social restraint of morals and Christianity. If he has a maternal house, of brick and mortar—and he himself gives us to understand that he is pretty well off—do you know, between ourselves, what he has built it with? With the price of blood—the blood of Christian souls? It is his profession to suck the life-blood from Christian men and women. He says so himself, that he makes money by attacking religion. On this he grows fat, and builds up his house.

If this lecturer ever does anything pretentious for others under the placard of "liberty," "patriotism," it is at most a potter's field that he buys for them with the price of the blood of Christ. There

things to approve them?

WHAT A DUST YOU RAISE!

We all know, or perhaps some of us do not know, the story of the fly that sat on the hub of the chariot wheel, as it whirled on and raised clouds of dust in the rear. The fly looked back and said: "What a dust I miss!"

things to approve them ?

The fly looked back and said: "What a dust I raise!"
This fellow sits on the hub of his wheel of fortune, that is, the infidelity round which, and about which, depraved passions, and excited sentiment, and a show of false patriotism, and, above all, debauched intellects, gathered and agitate and roll and applaud and yell and laud to the shios.

skies.

Truth, says Bacon, is more spicy for being mixed with falsehood. This lecturer is all spice.

Mahomet said: If the hill will not come to Mahomet, why Mahomet will go to the hill. And he went. And surely he meant that he was not to be kept standing stone still because he could not move that hill. Nor will an infidel of the active type be ever kept standing still, though not a ever kept standing still, though not a single one of the eternal hills will move at his beck; will lift itself up and throw itself into the sea; will flatten itself in lowly obeisance at his approach. No; he will go all the same; he will go on his rounds

go all the same; he will go on his rounds making money at the expense of the God who made him, but at his mercy too. And I suppose he will come to St. Louis before long—which may the Lord avert! I have exemplified his logic in the three points which I had taken in hand. Now, I had intended to rise with you into a full and unbroken speculation on some fine practical truths concerning the youth of the day. But I will not detain you with more than a condensed summary of the thought I had intended to unfold. And I had thought Aristotle was very right when. thought I had intended to unfold. And I had thought Aristotle was very right when, seeing the effect produced by Metaphrastus, a rival rhetorician, seeing how the young men began to desert his own school of logic and rhetoric, to become disciples of the shallow talker over the way, he said, angrily, one day, as Cicero records the story.

angrily, one day, as Cicero records the story:

"Tis a shame to be mum and let babblers do the talking!" So Aristotle himself began from that day to use a finished style, and the young men came back again because in him they had always substance, and now they had style. Such is our attitude in the face of talkers like the one before us. "Tis a shame to be mum and let a babbler do the talking; talking philosophical trash or theological balderdash, historical sense, perhaps, but general nonsense.

It say, we may locate them all in the general moral system at present. In the pulsating physical order of things they do not much interfere. The world goes on all the same. The dark blue ocean rolls are and divides into her arteries and on, and divides into her arteries and veins, and her heart beating in the bosom of the great deep, and the air, so yielding and so irresistible. maintains its autonomy in its own expansive sphere; and the sun endures still, "of this fair world the eye and soul;" and the vegetable kingdom carries out its intricate government by the arrangements, so spontaneous and perfect of absorption and diffusion and endosmose and capillarity; and the mineral world wraps up everything else in elaborate sub-ordination to an order of its own, thrilling organs; and the silver, with its veins in the soil, and the gold hiding in the disquise of the rocks, and the winding serpent that envelops the pole, with the shining stars of the Pleiades and the round of Arcturus, continue, proceed, endure; and man may not interfere. He may contem-

plate, investigate, use, and even try to abuse, but the effect is nil.

But there is a moral world, which consists in the colaciding or differentiating of two distinct movements through the chords of free rational life—the movement. of God's inspiration, and the motion of man's volition. And here it is that men interfere. Standing on the physical, they climb up to prey on the moral side of things. One vein is fastened on by Huxthings. One vein is fastened on by Hux-ley, who, in the veins of the rocks, while he excels as an observer, car ies ruin as a reasoner.

reasoner.

A ray of light is captured by 'tyndall, who, in the region of physics which falls to his share, is indeed surpassing. But in logic, as he rises from observation to speculation. logic, as he rises from observation to speculation, he evaporates abruptly into a watery cloud, whereon the light of justice and of sense have not sufficiently played. So his light is always morally moist and

characters of this republic of ours deliver themselves well except when under drink! Is not that notorious? May it not be, perhaps, that a public speaker will not blaspheme well except when pretty full?

And to return to Paine, could any man who was not fond of milk-punch and its consequences pour such volumes on the world?

Because Paine was a drunkard, therefore he wrote such things. If he did a greater act still in a state of drunkennes, that is, go through his agony and die, he might easily do that which is less, write

Therefore, the Bible inculcates the law of them for a doubt on the immorality. If that is your argument, I say that you are infinitely immoral. You them for a doubt on the value of their fathers, from the hopes of a Christian God. But, I was saying that he is only pelting to say in public with his hired lips. He is happy to be in the buffoon. What the two inmates of the French lady's house believed, that he believes. You men, and buying and beating babes and making chains; and slandering the living and calumniating the dead. The Bible greater act still in a state of drunkennes, that is, go through his agony and die, he might easily do that which is less, write

Therefore, the Bible inculcates the law of their fathers, from the hopes of a Christian God. But, I was saying that he is only pelting to say in public with his hired lips. What you are infinitely immoral. You willing to say in public with his hired lips. He is happy to be in the buffoon. What the two inmates of the French lady's house believed, that he believes. You men, and buying and beating babes and makes, and burning and enslaing, whipping and enslaing, whipping and enslaing and calumniating the dead. The Bible and then in ours. You are infinitely immoral. You the wild in the repair leaf you wild not repay them for a doubt on the wild only said in their hearts" before, he is say that you are infinitely immoral. You the buffoon. What the two inmates of the French lady's house believed, that he believes. You are infinitely immoral salon. He broached his atheism freely and impertinently, and met with little response. Whereat, disappointed, he said:
"Is it possible that I am the only free mind here that do not believe in a God I"
"Oh, no, Monsieur," answered Madame, "there are two others m my house who do not believe in a God. There is my horse and there is my dog. Only, sir, they have sense enough to say nothing about it."

Give him the cap and bells! He jests. I have not found a syllogism in an end-

I have not found a syllogism in an end-less lecture. Where he tries it implicitly, the implication is perhaps always false. Let him jingle at everything, however holy, however high. The only condition is that he have the license to be publicly known as jingling with bells, and juggling with words.

When he is known to be what he is, and

When he is known to be what he is, and recognized as completely gone outside of the pale of rational life; when, as in the law of the leprosy, the putrefaction morally is complete and known to be such, then is he a leper mature, and may pass abroad as clean. When no prater of sound flesh remains, then cry out; Room for the leper, room! Prepare a hall, perhaps, for him here.

Next Sunday evening, I will develop what I have summarized just now, showing how a young man, under the teachers of the day, followes the law of evolution; and, from an enlightened Christian,

and, from an enlightened Christian evolves into an infidel.

C. M. B. A. NOTES.

Branches and Councils of the C. M. B. A. are cordially invited to co-operate in making this column as useful and interesting as possible. The CATHOLIC RECORD is the organ of the Grand Council of Canada, and also an organ of our Supreme Council. All matters for this department should be addressed—Grand Recorder, C. M. B. A., 391 Queen's Avenue, London Out

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1 Windsor.
2 St. Thomas.
3 Amherstburgh.
4 London.
5 Brantford.
5 Strathory
5 Sarnia. Rec. Secretaries.

No.

1 Windsor.
2 St. Thomas.
3 Amherstburgh.
4 London.
5 Brantford.
6 Strathory
7 Sarnia.
Rev. Father Tiernan, after mass last Sunday, explained the objects of the C.
M. B. A., and exhorted the gentlemen of his congregation, who were eligible, to become members of the association as soon as possible. He stated that this society presents to Catholics all the temporary advantages that the Oddfellow, Forrester, and similar societies do to Protestants, but the C. M. B. Association has the sanction and similar societies do to Protestants, but the C. M. B. Association has the sanction of the church, and none but practical Catholies can be admitted to membership. The Rev. Father spoke in high terms of the good the association is doing, and that it was a great consolation to the dying husband or father to know that his wife and family had been provided for, that they would not be left depending upon the cold charity of the world.

ERIE, PA., May 29th, 1880.

charity of the world.

ERIE, PA., May 29th, 1880.

Received of D. T. Murray, Rec.-Sec.,
Branch No. 12, Erie, Pa., two thousand
dollars (\$2,000). Beneficiary due on the
death of my husband, Patrick Hayes.

Witness.

CORNELIUS DAILY,

J. F. JUDGE. Windsor Branch No. 1 holds its meetings every second Thursday.

Sarnia Branch No. 7 meets the first and third Friday of every month.
St. Thomas Branch No. 2 holds its meet-

St. Thomas Branch No. 2 holds its meetings every second Wednesday.

Allegant, June 5th, 1880.

Dear Sir and Bro.—I was exceedingly well pleased with the letters from you and your Grand President, respecting the payment of beneficiary money published in the last two issues of your official organ, the Catholic Record. We hope the Grand Council of Canada will always continue in the good course they are now pursuing. Give your branches all the information you can; we are all equal partners in this busican; we are all equal partners in this busi-ness. Each member of the firm should know what is being done with his money,

and the amount due from him, and when he will be called on to pay it. We had two deaths in May. We will soon have 4,000 members; two branches are to be organized in Ohio next week. New York State has now about 2,600

members; it is about four years since its first branch was instituted. Hoping you may have health to continue your good work, and wishing your official organ, the RECORD, a very wide circula-tion. I remain, yours fraternally, C. J. HICKEY,

Supreme Recorder C. M. B. A.

To S. R. Brown, Grand Rec. of Canada. President Keena says: "I certainly shall not feel it the duty of officers to furnish individual members information that may be found in the official organs of our asse

Mr. Hugh O'Heir, having removed to Hamilton, had to resign his position as assistant Secretary of Branch No. 7, Sarnia. Mr. Martin Lysaight was elected to fill his place. Sarnia Branch has chosen Doctor McGaugan, of Point Edward, as medical

McGaugan, of Point Edward, as medical examiner.

Branches should provide themselves with a few visiting cards for the use of their members during the excursion and picnic season. We have a small quantity on hand.

From the beginning of its manufacture until now not a single ounce of any but pure Virginia leaf of the finest quality has been used in the "Myrtle Navy" to bacco. The manufacturers of it have a settled belief that the public c nnot be misled on this point, and that any tampering with the quality of the brand would be a mon-The manufacturers of it have a settled belief that the public conton be misled on this point, and that any tampering with the quality of the brand would be a mon-

Sacred Heart of Jesus, Bleeding for this world's sin; Fill us with contrition, Thy forgiveness to win.

Thou art like a red, red Rose, Blooming mid Lilies fair; What upon this beauteous earth, With Thy love can compare.

Sacred Heart of Jesus, Calm Thou my troubled soul; When the tempest rages, And angry surges roll.

Sacred Heart of Jesus,
Golden Vessel of Love;
Cleanse us from earthly dross
To dwell with saints above.
E.A. SKIMINGS.
Goderich, Feast of the Sacred Heart, 1880.

DIED. On Tuesday, June 1st, 1880, Andrew Mc-Causland, of 3rd Concession, London town-ship, aged 82 years.

New Advertisements.

---AT---W.GREEN'S

New Brocaded Velveis. New Brocaded Velveteens.

New Striped Velvets, New Silk Fringes, JUST RECEIVED

LATEST NOVELTIES ---IN---

THESE ARE THE

DRESS TRIMMINGS. 138 DUNDAS STREET,

LONDON NOTICE!

WEST END HOUSE. Just received, two cases of

Scotch Tweeds. Suitable for summer wear.
PRICES TO SUIT THE TIMES.

JOHN GLEN,

PHILLIP'S



The above cut represents one of the most perfect SWINGS now in the market, the seat running at all times in a perfectly level position.

The SWING is propelled by the occupant, and will afford him or her about the same amount of exercise as can be obtained by rowing. Send for circulars and prices to

W. F. PHILLIPS, WATFORD, ONT. June11tf

PIC-NIC In aid of the ORPHANS OF MT. HOPE,

Will be held on the GROUNDS OF THE INSTITUTION, ON DOMINION DAY Refreshments on the Grounds at

Admission, 25c.

A Good Band will be in attendance. BEST IN USE!

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Is the most popular Baking Powder in the Dominion, because: It is always of uniform quality, is just the right strength, is not injured by keeping; it contains no deleterious ingredient; it is economical, and may always be relied on to do what it claims to do.

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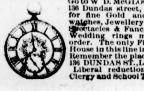
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73.1y

P. C. BARNARD,

Public Accountant, Mercantile Agent in Mat-ters of Insolvency and Arbitrator.

Having acted for several years in the above capacity in the late "Gore Bank," Mr. Bar-nard has resumed the above branch of his profession in connection with his other busi-ness.



DRY GOODS. HOW TO KEEP COOL

DURING THE WARM WEATHER!

Ladies by procuring Light Summer Dress Materials in either Lawns, Muslins or Grenadines, Lace Mitts, Fans, Fine Cotton Hose, &c.

Gentlemen, by providing cool Summer Underclothing, Fine Linen Shirts, and All can be had at very low prices and latest styles at

J. J. GIBBONS, CRYSTAL HALL BUILDING,

DUNDAS STREET. COST PRICE SALES!

CHEAP GOODS THE YEAR ROUND

IN CALLING THE ATTENTION of the Purchasing Public to the above somewhat unusual heading, our idea is to protect people generally from being misled by certain advertisements calculated to influence at least the unthinking. The people of London and surrounding country are not doubt aware, or should be, that THE DODGE of SELLING OUT, REMOVING and GOING OUT OF BUSINESS, in order to get patronage under the guise of selling cheap, is a VERY OLD ONE, and also a reprehensible practice, particularly when these FLAMING MANFIESTORS are not carried out; and when those dodges are PERIODICALLY PRACTICED, people should be on their guard, frown down such practices, and stamp them out by buying their goods from houses WHO SELL CHEAP ALL THE TIME, in a straightforward, business-like way. Every intelligent buyer knows well that to carry on business honestly a living profit must be made, and the very idea of selling goods BeLow cost, at an actual loss, bears on the face of it at least. Too MUCH GENEROSITY TO BE REAL. We have no hesitation in saying—and our sales so far this season prove the truth of the assertion—that WE ARE NOT BEING UNDERSOLD IN THE CITY. Our goods are Fresh, Seasonable and UNIFORMLY CHEAP all through. Customers are well served at the counters of our large and attractive Store which extends from street to street.

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