

Sorsum Corda. BY FATHER RYAN. Weary hearts! weary hearts! by the cares of life oppressed...

TOO STRANGE NOT TO BE TRUE.

BY LADY GEORGINA FULLETON.

"I think papa is getting a great deal better now, dearest mother," Mina said, as she unfolded a bit of embroidery...

A sudden thought seemed to occur to Madame d'Auban. "Mina," she said, "if in after years, perhaps when I am dead, it should ever come into your mind that, where so much concealment was necessary...

glove she presented it to her antagonist curtsy. "To have entered the lists with such an adversary is in itself an honor, and to be defeated by him more glorious than to conquer a meaner foe."

CATHOLIC NEWS.

Cologne cathedral as it now stands, represents an expenditure of \$10,000,000. Father Nugent, of Liverpool, England, is again in this country, and intends visiting the Irish colonies of Minnesota.

Mina seized her mother's hand. "I am so sorry!" she said, tenderly kissing it. "It is so sad never to speak of what we love!"

"Bravo!" exclaimed the lady, with frank good humour, and pulling off her glove she presented it to her antagonist curtsy.

"Let go my mother's hand," cried Mina, with the air of a young chieftainess. "You make her weep. Begone!"

WESTMINSTER. At the close of my visit - the most ancient begun more than a century ago upon the island of the Conque...

A LOVERS' QUARREL.

I might have passed it by, my love, As if I saw it not, my hand Was treacherous and hot; Nor knew the drink held on your soul A cruel hold had got.

—Illustrated Catholic American.

WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

At the close of my last letter I merely wrote of my visit to Westminster Abbey—the most ancient shrine of England, begun more than twelve hundred years ago upon the ruins of a heathen temple which the conquering Romans built upon the Isle of Thorney. The Catholic Saxons, faithful children of St. Augustine, uprooted every stone of heathen workmanship, and reared to the honor of the Prince of the Apostles the corner-stone upon which the Man-God built this immortal church, a temple that has outlived the Saxon Heptarchy, the dynasty of Danish Vikings, the turbulent days of the Norsemen, the long illustrious line of Plantagenets, the absorption of the Tudors, the weakness of the Stuarts, the stupidity of the transplanted Hanoverians. It has survived the wreck of countless changes—the ruin of unnumbered political wars—and now stands in the midst of a modern city, surrounded by the short-lived splendor and show of the nineteenth century, an emblem of an imperishable faith in its age, in its beauty as imperishable as the stones which the architect of the world has literally glorified. What strange memories, what holy thoughts, and what aloof and feelings the sight of this cloister of cloisters, this fairest of ministers awakens! It speaks to you, as you stand before the tomb of Sebert, King of the East Saxons, who began this wondrous house of worship and died in 616, of the whole history of the nation, which, more than any other, has swayed the destiny of the world. It tells of the royal and princely saints of the Saxon line without number, whose sacred relics make this Abbey doubly venerable, proclaiming even in the dust of death the holiness of the faith that England so madly cast away. The altar, the mosaic, the lowly, helpless, silent dust for all that, as near as the dust of the valley. Great Caesar, dead and turned to clay, steps a hole and keeps the wind away. Every glowing tomb is a pulpit preaching the nothingness of human life in itself, whether it be crowned in gold or clad in rags. Have I not already more than wearied my weary nerves with the romance of Westminster? Well I will try, for the remaining time, to atone for my offence by brevity of description. There are eight other chapels in the Abbey, all containing special objects of interest to the lovers of antiquity or of history. Scattered through all of them are sacred treasures, monuments of Catholic ages, tombs of bishops, canons, priests, whose learning and virtues adorned the history of the Church, facing the tomb of so-called bishops, deans, and dignitaries, who have stolen a place in death from a Church whose possessions supported them during worse than worthless lives. In St. Benedict's Chapel, for example, is the tomb of Alexander III, one of the many great primates of Canterbury, and near it is a pretentious monument of Dr. Bill, if you please, one of Stanley's predecessors as Dean of Westminster, a servile tool of Queen Bess. This strange relation is repeated again and again, and the Catholic visitor almost wonders that the stone of the great work was done, is over one hundred feet. But the length to me seemed far greater; perhaps this deception, which others have noticed, is due to the admirable proportions of the whole building, from nave to the western entrance. The building as it now stands was the work of different periods. It owes, however, most of its architectural grace and beauty to Edward the Confessor. His intense love for the faith, and the purity of his life, made it a congenial occupation to continue and perfect what the rude but pious Sebert had begun six centuries before. To its construction he devoted all the wealth he could gather. He tried to secure its preservation by royal charter which contains the most solemn denunciations against all who would dare to deface or destroy any part of the building. The charter is still preserved in the Chapter House of the Abbey, where the Commons of England long held their Sessions, and where his associates in the sacrilegious occupation of the Abbey, ever read it. Did the first Reformers think of it when they sent its cowed occupants to the Tower of Tyburn, and trampled under foot the Holy of Holies? Does the fear of Divine vengeance ever enter the hearts of those who to-day enter the chancel where long ago royal hands built an altar for the awful mystery of Calvary? When I thought of that polluted sanctuary from which God was driven, and when I heard the voices of the chorists performing in that place an heretical service, I thought of the impression of the altar and the words of the Mass, and the altar and the altar—His blood be upon us and upon our children? Yes, they have put in the place of the altar a new reared of rare workmanship, of colored alabaster; but infinitely more precious to the souls of men was the altar which for six centuries was colored with the blood of a Divine Victim. Now, where Edward the Confessor and his believing people once knelt to receive the Bread of Life, stands a desk from which Dean Stanley preaches polished infidelity, and a table of black and green marble, but there is no Living Bread to quicken the famishing souls of the children of Catholic ancestors into everlasting life. Hereby has tried to make up for the absence of the altar and Victim, which the Abbey Westminster would never have existed, by a display of wealth in bronze and marble. But this only makes the desecration appear more hideous—the poverty, the hollowness of Protestantism is the more painfully revealed, and the crime of the sacrilege here perpetrated is blacker. There is a blackness here which no white-

ness of modern marble, no richness of cedar wood, embellished with foliage and monograms, no mosaic pictures, however gracefully wrought, can hide or ever diminish. The stone pavement of the lovely devastated chancel re-echoes the curse of the Charter of gentle Edward. The blackness of that curse has settled everywhere, never to disappear until heresy gives back what it stole with violence and cruelty, until England becomes again "Our Lady's Dover," when Jesus, Mary, and Joseph shall dwell of old with her people again. In the enlargement of the Abbey, Henry III. built a chapel to the Blessed Virgin, but no trace of it now remains. During the wars of the Roses it fell into decay. When Henry VII. first of the Tudor line winning his crown on Bosworth field, ascended the throne, one of the first acts of his reign was to rebuild, on the same site, a more beautiful chapel to the Queen of Heaven. Of the nine chapels forming a part of the Abbey it is by far the most beautiful. By a decree of the kingly founder none but those of blood royal can be buried there. You enter this church, latest and most elaborate specimen of the Gothic style in England from the east end of the Abbey. The gates, like the one of the Jewish Temple at which the beggar sat might well be called beautiful. They are of brass, most wonderfully wrought, the panels filled with the armorial bearings of the Duke of Richmond—three fleurs de lis—and the white and red Roses of York and Lancaster intertwined emblematic of the peace that followed the victory of Bosworth. On the threshold you look up to the lofty ceiling, and are lost in wonder over not so much at its loftiness, but at the groups of figures, so many and so various that they bewilder the eye and baffle all description. Under your feet is a pavement of black and white marble that vies with the arched ceiling in its richness. Though called a chapel of the abbey, it is over one hundred feet in length, filled with slabs of brown wainscot with Gothic canopies upon which the carved devices are most strange and elaborate. On every side are tombs of men and women famous or infamous in England's history. All are of royal kith and kin. Henry III. has a magnificent tomb in the body of the chapel, surrounded by a most curious chantry of brass. Here are buried the haughty, crime-stained Elizabeth, and her unfortunate innocent victim, Mary Queen of Scots. Death has reduced to the same earthly level the proud persecutor who died vomiting the execrations of the damned, and the persecuted who drew from the crucifix the silently kissed as she laid her head upon the block, the first state of sweet eternal rest. Also side by side Richard of Gloucester whom tragically has painted in such hideous colors, and the princess whom he murdered. Everywhere is royal dust; the splendid tombs tell the story of the lowly, helpless, silent dust for all that, as near as the dust of the valley. Great Caesar, dead and turned to clay, steps a hole and keeps the wind away. Every glowing tomb is a pulpit preaching the nothingness of human life in itself, whether it be crowned in gold or clad in rags. Have I not already more than wearied my weary nerves with the romance of Westminster? Well I will try, for the remaining time, to atone for my offence by brevity of description. There are eight other chapels in the Abbey, all containing special objects of interest to the lovers of antiquity or of history. 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BURDOCK BLOOD BITTERS cures all diseases of the blood, and kidneys, female complaints, nervous and general debility, and builds up the entire system when broken down by disease.

A PROTESTANT CRITIC ON FATHER BURKE, O. P.

On Sunday, though it was known to few, one of the first of living English orators was speaking in Liverpool. Father Tom Burke, as he is commonly called, has a great reputation in his own Church, and especially among the Irish people. And he deserves it. There are few who can declaim as he can declaim—so gracefully, so calmly, so deliberately, with such noble gestures, or whose minds in suppleness and creativeness are as well able as his to meet the demands of such elocutionary powers. He would be a great man even if he were only reciting the thoughts of others. But his own thought provides, and seems to provide extemporaneously, the material which his voice and action so nobly employ.

In appearance Father Burke is essentially the Dominican friar. Most people have some notion of this type. The preaching Dominicans have stamped themselves on the graphic literature of all ages as burly men, from whose massive heads and bodily forms faces the tansure and fashion of their order have abstracted anything that in appearance makes for gentleness and refinement. Open Dore's "Contes Drolatiques" and in a page or two you will stumble on a likeness of a friar which, allowing for exaggeration, might be the likeness of Father Tom Burke himself. In a crowd and in common costume you might perhaps pass him by, for the grandeur of his head is very rare, and the prominent rather rubicund nose, and the full protruding under lip, though they tell of latent power, tell of it in unattractive symbols. Standing in the pulpit in the habit of his order, Father Burke's aspect needs no interpreter. He is a great Dominican preacher, and you feel it before he opens his lips. In broad, deep characters there are inscribed upon his countenance unctious and power.

Many people identify oratory with great speed of speech and rapid flourish of gesture. Yet, of the great orators of our time—perhaps of all time—there have been few who answer to this popular idea. When people hear Mr. Bright for the first time they always wonder he speaks so slowly. Mr. Neill was always majestic. Mr. Gladstone, the Bishop of Peterborough, the late Earl of Derby, and the Duke of Argyll fulfil much more nearly the common preconception of oratory; but not one of them, with all their greatness, has attained that combination of simplicity, majesty, and finish which is the perfection of oratory, and of which Bright, Mr. Neill, and Father Tom Burke are in their several ways examples. Father Burke is never in a hurry, and never in a hurry to say anything. He is graceful, and without slips or trips, does he roll forth his splendid sentences—then pauses easily, and resumes at leisure his oration, which seems to need this regal calmness to do justice to its nobility of conception and expression. We of this later generation must suppose it was somewhat difficult to understand his mastery over his susceptible and imaginative countrymen.

The great Dominican's voice has a rare range without break of deficiency in any part of the compass. In the portions of his speeches which are more easily declaimed it is a mellow voice, but in the passages which are delivered with rising energy Father Burke's voice is a very fine rich alto with a slightly nasal timbre, such as is often observed in great tragedians. And having mentioned great tragedians it may be permitted us to add that the late G. V. Brooke has suffered from the same defect in the latter part of his life and donned the black and white habit of the Dominicans he would have been very much such a man as Father Burke; but Father Burke's bass is never superficial or artificial as Brooke's was apt to be.

Passing to the interesting border region where in all nature oratorical qualities of mind and manner co-operate with those of the body, we notice in Father Burke as one of his most essential peculiarities a gliding sequence of connection. It were as alien from his style to exhibit a close and explicit logical scheme as to indulge in mere unconnected bursts of emotional exuberance. There is a reason for every word he says; and it is beautiful and daringly carried out. From many sources of ancient scriptural narrative and allusion were brought illustrations of the sacredness of the abodes of God, metaphorical and impressive. The priestliness of these same abodes of the Divinity as shelters and resting-places of weary and troubled human spirits was brought out with equal sweetness and beauty. And then, in a succession of eloquent, mellow word-pictures, was told the story of church building in every age, and the civilization had disappeared in her train, the sacred edifices erected by early Christians still remained to tell of their love and devotion.

This sketch must not be lengthened by specimens, but it is impossible not to bear witness to the incidental evidence afforded by Father Burke's discourse of his power of using language at once to conjure up various images, to express meaning in such richness as only great and well-restrained oratorical power can produce, and to dignify the purport of what is said by grace and majesty in delivering it. Under this description must come the Savoyard dead upon her knees while she drew from his brow the thorns and washed away the blood. So also the description of the Church emerging from her cata-

combs to build up again laboriously the civilization of the Pagan world which the barbarians had just destroyed. So again the magnificent patriotic description of Ireland, and the contrasted duration of her early church buildings with the present aspect of the hill in the heart of Mid-Meath, once crowned with the glory of Ireland's kings. So again a fine picture, painted with a sweeping but luminous brush, of the rise and fall of civilization, where the slopes of the Andes sweep down to the sweet Pacific. In these and many other passages—notably a fine and unexaggerated eulogy of the solemn sweet stateliness of the church itself in which the sermo was delivered—the great orator exemplified that wealth of chaste description which denotes and expands, imaginatively and almost though not quite creatively, some of the highest intellectual powers that can be illustrated in eloquence.

And almost always, without passing into the dangerous region of pantomime, the action of the preacher's hands and arms appropriately heighten the effect. Sometimes the varieties of gesture were exceedingly significant, as when Father Burke said he could never banish for a single day from his mind or from his eyes (with a delicate variation of the movement of the hand to the forehead at each of the two words) the horrors of the Irish famine. And only occasionally did his gesture fall, as it certainly did when a picture of the Catholic Church springing up into prosperity was accompanied by a curiously weakened fluttering motion of the hands.

The eloquent friar, it must be owned, lives in a simple world. He calls the nineteenth a contemptible century; and it must have almost provoked a smile even among his own countrymen to hear him say and prove that Irishmen are the people most after God's own heart. A robustly the relations and speculations of a preaching monk, however great he may be, are seldom very profound. But it is not by profundity that oratory must be judged. Oratory is great when we can attribute to it strength, grace, unctious supply accuracy of expression, chastened splendor of diction. And when to these characters are added charms of voice, power or presence, simple majesty of delivery, and constant unctious elegance of action, we have to admit that the orator is worthy of his oratory.—Liverpool Daily Post.

HOW RO-E MAY SUCCEED.

Under the above caption a Boston Baptist paper, *The Watchman*, expresses some rational ideas in a roundabout way in regard to the perpetuity of the Catholic Church, and the failure of every other form of Christianity. He thinks Romanism, the name bigots wish to give to the Catholic Church, may some day get possession of the nations, as she had in the fifteenth century, not by strategy or force, but because the Protestants will have proved themselves untrue to God and man. It is not impossible, he says, for the Protestant denominations to become so dead that Rome will be accepted by the world as its ruler. Let us suppose, for example, that those Protestants who see no inspiration in the Bible, who find nothing supernatural in Christianity, who deprive mankind of all infallible guidance and all communion with God, should succeed in disseminating their views throughout the churches. What would happen? There could be no question that Romanism would triumph. The human mind craves assurance; the human heart craves repose.

It is right: the mind and heart of man need something to direct them, some infallible guidance. Without it they drift away into the fullness of Protestantism, that is, into total infidelity. The tendencies to lax views of inspiration, says the *Watchman*, which are manifested in various Protestant denominations, particularly among Lutherans and Broad Church Episcopalians, render the attitude of the Baptists doubly important. Never was it more necessary to lift the Bible high as the infallible guide of souls. The *Watchman* seems to forget here that the Lutherans and Broad Episcopalians are Baptists, and find their guidance avowedly in its sacred pages. Let us suppose again, says the *Watchman*, that Protestantism should cease to protect the family with adequate care. The world would turn to Rome for deliverance from domestic anarchy, and the social vices which domestic anarchy produces. He is referring to the facility of divorce, which, he says, is now being introduced in Massachusetts and Connecticut, to say nothing of those from Illinois and Indiana, we begin to question whether the extreme rigidity of the Papacy will not in this we did not sympathize with them in the least, but we could see how thousands of men and women all over the world might be led to look to Rome as a refuge from domestic anarchy and vice if Protestantism should fail to provide them a refuge.

But, neighbor, Protestantism is liberty; its great boast is in making people free to believe what they please, and, in short, to do what they please, and not to be governed by "Papal bondage," which insists upon keeping married people for life in the sacred bonds of matrimony, even when the parties, he or she, think he or she would find it more agreeable to have another wife or another husband. The Pope opposes Socialism. "In Germany, where Socialism is rife, the Romish (Catholic) districts are free from it, while the Lutherans are more apt to harbor the infection. There is no doubt that both in

Russia and Germany the Papacy to-day is receiving more respectful treatment than it received five years ago, on account of its opposition to Socialism. It might not be difficult for the Protestant bodies to excel in this respect. We have but to study and to teach the Bible in order to throw around the property of every man the sanction of divine law."

According to the general representations of the sectarian papers, the Lutherans of Germany have the open Bible before them, while among the Catholic Germans the sacred volume is a sealed book, wrapped up in chains, and locked up, as we have seen in some of their periodicals. And yet Socialism, which means anarchy and the destruction of law and order, is fostered in the Lutheran, and rejected in the Catholic districts?

Romanism creates poverty. One cannot pass from England to Ireland without becoming convinced of this. But, on the other hand, Rome does much for the poor whose poverty she creates. Her vast income of money is made up of their mites. Her cathedrals, her churches, her bishops, her priests, exist for them, and they are governed and directed with as much care as that which is bestowed on the rich and the great. The vast majority of mankind will always be poor, and that Church will have the love of the vast majority which takes the most interest in its fortunes and misfortunes. The Protestant denominations are in some danger of standing too far from the poor carrier. We may be sure that Rome will exist and flourish and grow mightily if we permit her to perform those offices to the poor which we ought to perform.

We are not apprehensive. But eternal vigilance is the price of liberty, whether of the body or the soul. Thus far in its history, Protestantism has proved, on the whole, infinitely better for mankind than Romanism. We say, on the whole. There are some places where it seems to us to have lost its superiority, and where Romanism is better. There are places where it is a mere name with which to cover infidelity, immorality, Socialism, cruelty. Let us beware lest it sink in other places to the same low level. Only when it does so, need we fear that Rome will triumph."

Romanism creates poverty about as much in Ireland as Protestantism does in any of the impoverished Southern States. The carpet-bag negro, which nearly fifty years ago was left in the Southern States for several years, was but a very feeble reproduction of the centuries of robbery perpetrated by her Protestant rulers in Ireland.

ADELAIDE PROCTER.

One day Charles Dickens, as he sat in the office of *All the Year Round*, making his way through the mass of papers that lay on his table, was attracted and surprised by the singular merit of some lines which had been sent him. Such a discovery is always a fresh one to an editor, and he was among the slough of manuscripts which surround him, and he glanced eagerly at the name with which the verses were signed. It was "Mary Berwick." Dickens had never before, to his knowledge, either heard this name or seen it in print, but there was the ring of true poetry in Mary Berwick's lines, he thought, and he was glad to see them inserted in the next number of the magazine. Months went on, and *All the Year Round* had frequent contributions of Miss Mary Berwick with its contents. Dickens, however, knew simply nothing about her, except that she wrote a legible hand, that he always, by her own wish, addressed all communications to her at a certain circulating library in the west of London, and that, when he sent her a check, she acknowledged it promptly, but in a very short, matter-of-fact way. At length, one winter evening, when Dickens went to dine with the Proctors, he happened to put in his pocket, to show them, the Christmas number of *All the Year Round*, which was just coming out. He called their attention especially to what he said was a very pretty poem by Miss Mary Berwick. The author of "Pickwick" remarked, to his astonishment, that these simple words of his were received by the whole family with much suppressed merriment. He could not in the least make out what was in the wind, but he took it good-naturedly, supposing it to be some home Christmas joke, and asked no questions. Next day, the mystery of the unaccountable mirth of last night was cleared up in a letter from Barry Cornwall to Dickens. Mary Berwick was Adelaide Procter. And, from that time forward, Miss Procter took an acknowledged place among English poetesses.

AN INDIAN BRIDE'S DEVOTION.

There are few instances of devotion that prove the existence of love in a higher degree than that given by Kit Carson's Indian wife to her brave and manly lover. While mining in the West he married an Indian girl with whom he lived very happily. When he was taken ill, a long way from home, word was sent to his wife, who mounted a fleet mustang pony and travelled hundreds of miles to reach him. Night and day she continued her journey, resting only a few hours on the open prairie, lying on her wonderful little steel as soon as she could gather up her rocky passes, she waded through morasses, and finally arrived, just alive, to find the husband better. But the exposure and exertion killed her. She was seized with pneumonia and died within a brief space in her husband's arms. The shock killed Kit Carson, the rugged miner. He broke a blood vessel, and they are both buried in one grave.

BE YE LIKE FOOLISH.

"For ten years my wife was confined to her bed with such complication of ailments that no doctor could tell what was the matter or cure her, and I used up a small fortune in humbug stuff. Six months ago I saw a U. S. flag with Hop Bitters on it, and I thought I would be a fool once more. I tried it, but my folly proved to be wisdom. Two bottles cured her, she is now as well and strong as any man's wife, and it cost me only two dollars. Be ye likewise foolish."—H. W., Mich.

"WIPE OUT."

A STORY OF THE PLAINS.

(From the Detroit Free Press.)

What is that? Look closer and you will see that it is a gaunt, grim wolf, creeping out of the little grove of cottonwoods towards a buffalo calf gambling around its mother. Raise your eyes a little more and you see that the prairie beyond is alive with buffalo. Count them. You might as well try to count the leaves on a giant maple! They are moving foot by foot as they crop the juicy grass, and living waves rise and fall as the herd slowly creep on. Afar out to right and left—more specks on the plain—are the flankers, brave old buffaloes, which catch a bit of grass and then sniff the air and scan the horizon for intimation of danger. They are the sentinels of the herd, and right well can they be trusted.

The wolf creeps nearer. All the afternoon the great herd has fed in peace, and as it now slowly moves toward the distant river it is all unconscious that danger is near. Look you well and watch the wolf, for you are going to see such a sight as not one man in ten thousand has ever beheld. Creep—crawl—skulk—now behind a knoll—now drawing himself over the grass—now raising its head above a thistle to mark the locality of its victim. It is alone, shuffling, skulking, wolf, lame, and spiteful, and treacherous. Wounded or ailing, he has been left alone to get on as best he may, and his green eyes light up with fierce blaze as he draws nearer and nearer to his unconscious prey.

There! No, he is yet too far away. Creep, creep, creep. Now he is twenty feet away, now fifteen, now ten. He hugs the earth, gathers his feet under him, and he bounds through the air as if shot from a gun. He is rolling the calf over and over on the grass in three seconds after he springs. Now watch!

A cry of pain from the calf—a furious bellow from the mother as she wheels and charges the wolf—a startled movement from a dozen of the nearest animals, and a rush begins. The one wolf is magnified into a hundred, the hundred into a thousand. Short, sharp, bellows, snorts of alarm, a rush and in fifty seconds after the wolf has wet his fangs with blood that living mass is in motion to get away from an unknown terror. The waves rise higher and higher as the confusion spreads. One instant it seems as if 10,000 solid acres of prairie were moving bodily away; again waves rise and fall as the cowards behind rush upon those in front, who wait until the alarm runs down the head to the leaders—further than the eye can see—and the entire herd is going off at a mad gallop, heads down, eyes rolling, and no thought but that of escape. If like Eric were to dash itself against a wall the shock would be no greater than the awful crash with which this mass of rattling hoofs, sharp horns and hairy bodies would meet it. The clatter of hoofs and rattle of horns would drown the noise of a brigade of cavalry galloping over a stone-paved road.

Ride out on their trail. Here where the stampede began the ground is torn and furrowed as if a thousand cannon had been firing solid shot at targets. Here and there are calves which have been gored or crushed—here and there older animals with broken legs and disabling wounds. Here were the herd was fairly off you might as well hunt for a gold dollar as a blade of grass. You look for three miles as you look across it. It is a trail of dirt, and dust, and ruts, and furrows, where half an hour ago was a carpet of green grass and smiling flowers. The most dreadful cyclone known to man could not have left more horrible scars behind.

Miles away, on the banks of the winding, glowing river, are three white-topped engraving wagons. A camp-fire blazes up to boil the kettles; men, women, and children stand about, peering over the setting sun at the distant mountains and glad that their journey is almost done. Butterflies come and go on lazy wing, the crickets chirp cheerily on the grass, and the eagles sailing in the blue evening air have no warning to give.

Hark! is that thunder? Men and women turn in their tracks as they look in vain for a cloud in the sky. That rumble comes again, as they look into each other's faces. It grows louder as women turn pale and men reach for their trusty rifles. The ground trembles and afar off comes a pin which strikes terror to the heart. "Indians!" they whisper. Not a thousand times better for them if savage Pawnee dared ride down where these long-barreled rifles could speak a defence of the peaceful camp.

"A stampede of buffaloes!" gasps one of the men as he catches sight of the advance guard under the awful cloud of dust. Rifles are ready for a shot, and the children climb up on the heavy wagon-wheels to see the strange procession gallop by.

Here they come as a red crack! crack! crack from three rifles, and shout as each bullet tells. Next instant a shaggy head, followed by a dust-brown body, rushed through the camp. Then another, and another. The men shout and wave their arms; the women and children turn paler yet. The roar and din shut out every other sound, and the wagons jar and tremble with the concussion. Now another shaggy head—another—half-a-dozen—a score—a hundred—a great living wave which sweeps along with the power of a tornado, followed by others more fierce and strong, and the camp is blotted off the face of the earth more completely than by any power of Heaven. Nothing to be seen—no shout to be heard. Wave followed wave across the spot—over the bank—into the stream and across, and when the last of the herd had passed, the keenest hunter can find nothing on that spot of iron, or wood or cloth or bone or flesh to prove that a dozen men, women, and children were wiped out of existence, and reduced to sheep and dust.

YOU CAN BE HAPPY.

If you will stop all your extravagant and wrong notions in doctoring yourself and families with expensive doctors or humbug cure-alls, that do harm always, and use only nature's simple remedies for all your ailments—you will be wise, well and happy, and save great expense. The greatest remedy for this, the great, wise and good will tell you, is Hop Bitters—believe it. See "Proverbs" in another column.

The Catholic Record

Published every Friday morning at 422 Richmond Street.

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ADVERTISING RATES.

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TO CORRESPONDENTS.

All matter intended for publication must have the name of the writer attached, and must reach the office not later than Tuesday noon of each week.

THOS. COFFEY, Publisher and Proprietor.

LETTER FROM HIS LORDSHIP BISHOP WALSH. London, Ont., May 23, 1879.

DEAR MR. COFFEY.—As you have become proprietor and publisher of the CATHOLIC RECORD, I deem it my duty to announce to its subscribers and patrons that the change of proprietorship will work no change in its name and principles; that it will remain what it has been, thoroughly Catholic, entirely independent of political parties, and exclusively devoted to the cause of the Church and the promotion of Catholic interests.

Mr. THOMAS COFFEY, Bishop of London, Office of the "Catholic Record."

Catholic Record.

LONDON, FRIDAY, OCT. 8, 1880.

(OFFICIAL.)

DIocese of London—CONFIRMATION.

His Lordship the Bishop will administer confirmation during the month of October, as follows:

- Oct. 5..... Windsor. " 6..... Sandwich. " 7..... St. Joseph's. " 8..... Amherstburg. " 10..... Maidstone. " 12..... St. Thomas. " 14..... Ingersoll. " 18..... Bliddulph. " 19..... Mt. Carmel. " 21..... Parkhill.

LAND TROUBLES IN IRELAND.

The British House of Commons refused, in the last session of Parliament, to entertain a measure of relief for the tenantry of Ireland, and the consequence now is, in that country there is anarchy, bloodshed and assassination. The Gladstone Government saw, on its very accession to power, the absolute necessity of some reform to alleviate the distress from which the tenant farmers suffer. Men of truly liberal and comprehensive views, such as Messrs. Gladstone, Bright and Forster, if uninfluenced by the landlord guidance, were fully prepared for radical changes in the Irish land system. But even in the present administration the influence of the landlord element is so great that the Compensation Bill proposed by the government in the interests of the Irish tenantry offered that unfortunate class but a limited measure of relief. There was, in the proposed bill, nothing of that broad and far-reaching statesmanship with which the world has associated the name of Mr. Gladstone. Still its introduction by the government and its passage through the Commons despite the landlord influence in the latter body constituted a practical acknowledgment of the right of Irish tenants to consideration at the hands of Parliament. The country was, when the last session of Parliament opened, in actual famine. The distress was so intense and so universal that nothing but the world's liberality could have saved its people from starvation. All who gave thought and study to the causes of the famine concluded that nothing but a complete change in the land laws could save Ireland from frequently recurring famines. Mr. Gladstone himself, in his first Mid-Lothian campaign, spoke in loud terms of praise of the French peasant proprietor, and hinted at the establishment of a peasant proprietary as the best solution of the land tenure problem in Ireland. The landlords alone of all public men in the United Kingdom were blind to Irish distress, and seemed, as that distress grew more intense, to become more dogged in their determination to relinquish none of their so-called privileges—privileges inherited from the barbarous days of plunder, spoliation and massacre. The people might perish, but of relief from those who rioted in the luxuries wrung from the toil and industry of the starving peasant they could have none. The rejection of Mr. Gladstone's proposed measure of relief, meant as were its

provisions, limited as was the scope of its operations, is justly looked upon as a declaration of perpetual hostility on the part of landlord against tenant. By their short-sighted course in their dealing with the land question, the members of the Lords' Chamber prove themselves incapable of the duties of statesmanship. Their blindness and obstinacy, begotten of stupid pride, render them unfit to legislate in the interests of the people for whose happiness all forms of government are supposed to have been devised. It is the welfare of the people and not of a particular class that Parliament should ever aim to secure. We admit, indeed, that certain particular classes may justly claim and enjoy certain particular privileges. But when the enjoyment of these privileges interferes with the rights of life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness, the common and inalienable heritage of all men, then privileges should neither be respected nor retained. This is the present position of the landlords towards the tenantry of Ireland. The people of that country are, therefore, justified in resorting to every peaceful means to remove from themselves the incubus of landlord tyranny and exaction.

We are happy to notice, in the recent large meetings held in various parts of Ireland, a strong determination manifested to secure the righting of Ireland's wrongs. The popular party in Parliament, by means of the constant, united and enthusiastic support of the people at large, can accomplish very much of good. Parliament cannot close its eyes to the events now passing in Ireland. It is to be regretted that, owing to the contumacy of the lords, that the land troubles in Ireland have already led to the loss of life. The latest deaths reported is that of Lord Mountmorris. We are not yet prepared to pronounce judgment on this case. As soon as we shall have the particulars of this unfortunate nobleman's life and death, we shall be in a position to give an opinion as to the cause of his death. For the present we content ourselves with the expression of this very decided view that the tenantry of Ireland are not the people to resort to such extreme measures unless in defence of life or domestic virtue. To attribute the death of Lord Mountmorris to the chivalrous people of Ireland were bringing an indictment against a whole nation. Ireland has no faith in assassination. But she has faith in the honor, fidelity and courage of her own sons, who, by means of unity and determination, must achieve lasting success in their present effort to ameliorate the condition of their suffering country.

TROUBLE IN THE NORTH.

Europe is, it seems, to be afflicted with a Northern question. The Kingdoms of Norway and Sweden have been, since 1814, ruled by the one sovereign who resides at Stockholm—the capital of Sweden. For several centuries previous to the Napoleonic wars, Norway was ruled by the Kings of Denmark, but was ceded by the Danish King to Sweden in 1814. The government consists of a king who exercises administrative sway through a ministry of seven, and a legislative body called the Storting, consisting of two chambers. The latter body has lately taken certain steps not pleasing to the king, who has vetoed some of its measures. The Norwegian press and people sustain the course taken by their representatives, and deny the Swedish King the right of vetoing any measure sanctioned by the two houses of the Storting. The Swedish people, on the other hand, support the course taken by their sovereign, and angry feelings have been evoked on both sides. The Norwegians demand a repeal of the union between the two countries and the erection of a Norwegian Republic. The Swedish Government is, however, determined to maintain, even by force of arms, the existing union. An amicable arrangement of the difficulty may yet be reached, but if the Norwegian legislature insist on its rights as guaranteed by the constitution of 1814, it has it within its power to make things decidedly disagreeable to the king. This constitution declares Norway "free, independent, indivisible and

inalienable." But Sweden has a larger population, and is a wealthier country than Norway. Its army is numerous and well disciplined, while its navy is somewhat more powerful than that of the sister kingdom. A struggle between these nations were now productive of the gravest disaster to their material interests. The proposed erection of a Republic in Norway will certainly meet with no favor from the neighboring governments. The Norwegians are, however, a brave and determined people. They have repeatedly shown themselves possessed of the most ardent patriotism in defending their country against foreign invasion. We are, therefore, led to believe that the King of Sweden will not hastily commit himself to a struggle to maintain a disputed point of authority when the risk is so great to his own interests and to the maintenance of royalty in Northern Europe.

THE RETURN OF PROSPERITY.

The abundant harvest of the present year has given the people of Canada new hope and increased ambition. For many years the country suffered from the severest financial depression known in its history. The effects of this depression were on all sides visible, in the abandoned homesteads, and depleted population. But there is now a change for the better. All classes have begun to feel the good effects of this change. The country has resources ample enough to give homes and comfort to millions of people. The older Provinces are as yet thinly populated, while the vast regions of the Northwest, just opened to the emigrant, promise to receive countless multitudes of the human race from every part of the old and new worlds. We have room for a very large population in Canada, and there is no reason why with the exercise of forethought and caution, the foundations of a great nation may not be laid on Canadian soil. The Canadian people have within the last twelve years made marvellous progress in every department of national growth. They have within that brief period succeeded in binding together almost the entire territory of British North America under one Government, allowing at the same time each province the control of its own local affairs. The Intercolonial Railway has been built at immense cost. The Pacific Railway is already well under way, and the canal system of the Dominion, the finest in the world, is being vastly improved. If so much has been done in twelve years, what may we not expect to see accomplished in twenty-five years? But the people must bear in mind that each individual member of society can contribute to the national advancement or retrogression. If the people be brave, virtuous, and patriotic the country must progress, but if on the other hand venality, luxury and selfishness corrupt society, the country cannot advance.

Each member of society is responsible to God and to his country for the encouragement he may give to vices subversive of solid national growth. If he encourage by example or by pusillanimous indifference prodigality, immorality and fraud, he does his country a grievous wrong. If the American republic and the Canadian Dominion have suffered so severely from commercial and industrial depression, it is, we have no hesitation in saying, because of the national vices which grew and flourished in days of prosperity. Throughout the period of depression, there was more money than ever in both countries, but it was withheld from circulation, because its owners had no confidence in public or private honesty. The history of the business trouble, the suspension of banks and of great commercial and manufacturing houses, is simply a history of dishonesty and fraud on the part of those institutions themselves or those they trusted. We are now about to enter on another period of prosperity. It is well that those who wish to secure its continuance should give the example of that probity and truthfulness which are the mainstay of individual and social prosperity. We trust that the lessons inculcated during the depression will not be

lost, but, on the contrary, produce fruits of happiness and content throughout every rank and condition of society.

INFIDELITY IN ENGLAND.

Dr. Tait, the present "Archbishop" of Canterbury, has recently been making a visitation of his diocese. It is usual for the prelate, on the occasion of these visitations, to hold forth on some subject or another, and it must certainly be confessed that in the selection of his theme, the "Archbishop" has been neither unpractical or extravagant, handling as he did one of the real evils of the day. We do not know if the "primate's" selection of a subject was influenced by the recent sayings of Mr. Bright, but we do know that these two prominent gentlemen agree in asserting that the intelligent mechanic class of Englishmen are fast breaking loose from religion of every kind and sinking rapidly into infidelity. This is a sorry confession after an experience of three centuries at the work of evangelization in England. Since Henry VIII., through a too pronounced concubinal inclination, threw off the discipline of the Catholic Church and proclaimed himself the head of a new religion, the predecessors of "Archbishop" Tait have had in their keeping the spiritual culture of the English nation, and this is the fruit of their labor. Certainly the Anglican Church cannot boast of its success in the British Isles, and though backed by royalty and wealth the intelligence of the English people turn from it because it is but a shadow, and nothing but the reality can satisfy the cravings of their souls. The true Church alone can bring peace to their minds, she alone can successfully battle with infidelity.

THE RESIGNATION OF GARI BALDI.

Garibaldi, the "hero," and his son have resigned their seats in the Italian Chamber of Deputies. They refuse to give countenance by continuing to sit in the house, to a constitution which, as they allege, no longer respects liberty. But it may be asked, who founded this constitution? Was it not Garibaldi himself who revolutionized all Italy to secure its acceptance of the House of Savoy? Did he not stimulate rebellion in the various states, with which previous to 1860 the Italian peninsula was divided? Did he not pave the way for the plebiscites which gave apparent popular sanction to the policy of spoliation pursued by the Sardinian Government? He was the head and centre of the revolutionary system which handed over kingdoms, principalities and duchies to the family of Savoy. He laid, in a word, the foundation of the very constitution he now impeaches. By treachery, by subterfuge, by violence and by treason he effected a unification of Italy after the most approved revolutionary fashion. But that unification has been to him a fruitful source of disappointment and bitter regret. He was for a time accorded a certain show of outward respect by the Savoyard magnates, but when he had served their purposes he saw himself unfeelingly cast aside. His election to the Chamber of Deputies gave him no influence in directing the affairs of the people. Each succeeding ministry fought shy of his support and co-operation. At length, neglected, abandoned and despised, he retires from public life in disgust. But has the house of Savoy seen the last of him? Not yet. Garibaldi's influence in the revolutionary circles in all the great towns is still large. His name has yet a talismanic power with the radical masses throughout Italy. He is not ignorant of his power, and is not the man to leave his injured feelings ungratified. Every influence he can exercise, every means he can call into requisition will be exercised and called into activity to overthrow the system of regal radicalism he himself did so much to set up. Overburdened with taxation and disheartened by commercial and industrial depression the Italian masses will either look on with indifference, leaving the Sardinian throne to its fate, or join hands with the agents of the agitator. The revolutionary societies are now

active throughout the Italian peninsula. Their object is to set aside royalty and erect on its ruins a republic of socialistic tendencies. They see in the weakness and follies of the present system the source whence strength and vigor will flow to their organizations, giving extended influence to their views and impetus to their schemes. The House of Savoy will soon be surrounded by foes of its own nursing. It has of itself, to gratify the ambition of its princelings, brought into being a monster to devour even its legitimate heritage. In its vain attempt to grab all Italy the Sardinian dynasty will disappear from the lists of royalty. In the struggle which must end in its humiliation and overthrow, we may expect to see the hand of Garibaldi dealing the deadly strokes prompted by bitter revenge.

A WOLF IN SHEEP'S CLOTHING.

We have, from time to time, heard the loud howlings of the anti-Irish press against such leaders of public opinion in that country as have dared to take sides with the people against the landlords. They have been called communists, incendiaries, and even charged with exciting the people to such an alarming degree that murder might follow. To-day, however, we have from an entirely different quarter, a speech of no uncertain sound which calls loudly for bloodshed and massacre. Strange, too, the speaker of this speech turns out to be a clergyman—a minister of the Gospel of peace and good will—the Rev. Mr. Kane, Protestant rector of Tullylish, county Down, Ireland. At an Orange meeting held in Dunlany, this gentleman is reported to have called on his hearers to establish a protection society, the chief object of which was to be the shooting down of the priests and home rule members. It is bad enough to hear the intemperate remarks of some of these characters who are ever to be found willing to do the work of the devil in sowing discord amongst their fellowmen, but what shall we say when one claiming to be a minister of God coolly advises an excited gathering to perpetrate wholesale murder. It is to be hoped that the government will take the matter in hand and put a stop forever to such dangerous work.

AN UNLOOKED-FOR DEFENDER.

The Presbyterian council held in Philadelphia has been by no means a tame one, and at times its sessions were of the most stormy kind, but one of the best features of it was the unlooked-for defence of Irish Catholics by one of the delegates. A Mr. Day, of New York, could not resist the temptation of dragging Catholic Ireland into the discussion. Mr. Day is, no doubt, of that class of men who see everything through the colored glasses of prejudice. He complained of the oppression of Ireland, and stated that she was oppressed and down-trodden by the "Romish Church." It is not surprising that such an assertion as this should not be allowed to go unchallenged. It is certainly a matter of wonderment how any man of ordinary intelligence, who professes to know anything of what is passing in the political world could be so grossly ignorant of a subject that has been discussed in every journal of the land. The reverend and misinformed gentleman was sharply brought to task by one of his own brethren, Rev. Mr. Rodgers, of Londonderry, Ireland. He commenced by describing himself as a wild Irishman (we wish there were a few more such in the country) and in no intelligible language soundly berated those who profess to know so much of Ireland, whereas they are in utter ignorance of the state of that country. If the church of Rome oppressed the people, he certainly knew nothing of it; and with regard to his Catholic fellow-countrymen, his testimony was that they were amongst the most religious in the land. This conduct and language of Mr. Rodgers are redolent of the "sod," and we trust his example may be followed by some of his brother ministers on this side of the Atlantic. The true Irishman, whilst he may differ from his neighbor, will never descend to lying to uphold his cause, and his heart is too generous to stand tamely by and hear his countrymen—though they do differ from him in religion—villified by such men as this Mr. Day of New York.

For the past twenty years the number of Presbyterian ministers has been increasing and the lay members decreasing. This is not a very wholesome prospect for the descendants of John Knox, who have not yet learned the secrets of Tanterism.—Catholic Columbian.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

A PORTION of the printing office of the Propaganda, Rome, has been set apart for the purpose of publishing and editing the works of St. Thomas. It was inaugurated on September 3rd, in presence of Cardinal Simeoni. The work of printing will be under the supervision of Cavalier Melandri. It was begun on Sept. 6th.

A SPECIAL telegram to the New York Freeman's Journal announces the appointment of Right Rev. Dr. Corrigan, Bishop of Newark, to the coadjutorship of the archdiocese of New York with the right of succession. The Right Rev. Dr. Corrigan is perhaps the most popular bishop in the United States, and his able administration of the See of Newark, certainly gives promise that the Venerable Cardinal will find in him an energetic assistant and a worthy successor.

JAMES REDPATH, the famous Irish correspondent of the New York Tribune, made a speech, a few weeks ago at Lecanane, and in commencing he asked to be excused for keeping on his hat, as Americans never speak with uncovered heads to anyone and never lift the hat, except to return a salutation. He wished his hearers to promise him that they would never lift the hat to any man because he owned land or was rich. Irishmen have lifted the hat too much, thought the speaker. For the lack of an independent spirit they have been kept down by the landlords.

THE Buffalo Presbytery has expelled the Rev. E. P. Adams, a Presbyterian clergyman, for heresy. It seems the rev. gentleman had some notions of his own on points of doctrine, and chose to read the scriptures according to his own light; this the Presbytery would not allow, and hence his expulsion. It is stated that seven-eighths of his congregation are in his favor and will support him. We do not see why the good man should be coerced, or what becomes of the principle of private interpretation. "Consistency, thou art a jewel!"

MR. TALMAGE has been investigating the stronghold of Mormonism and recently held forth on the horrors of this iniquitous system before an immense congregation. Mr. Talmage is remarkable for the most vigorous and at the same time most eccentric style of oratory, and on the occasion in question seemed to surpass himself. Whilst gentlemen of this stamp rail so loudly against this fearful horror they should not forget that it is but an offspring of the right of private judgment, so loudly boasted of by the sects and which has proved a fount of evil and crime. Those outside the Catholic Church sneer at the idea of an infallible authority, but Mormonism and kindred evils are the consequences that follow from its absence.

GENTLEMEN from Ireland in the House of Commons cannot, says the London Telegraph, help speaking fluently, if they speak at all—and where is the member that is silent? Figures of speech drop from their lips as the dew falls upon their native shamrock. Talking is their delight, their exercise, their recreation. Strangers to diffidence, and even when at a loss for an idea, never failing for want of a word, they rattle on from exordium to peroration, letting fall tropes and similes with the ease and dexterity of a conjurer keeping in motion an apparently endless circle of brass balls and blunt daggars. That is the secret of obstruction. For the pleasure of hearing himself talk all through the night the member from Ireland will defy Morpheus, and support exhausted nature on furtively consumed penny buns. Mr. A. M. Sullivan is very happy in retort. During the protracted sitting last Friday morning, Sept. 10, Mr. Labouchere, seeing that he had some buns on his knee, rose to order, submitting that it was contrary to rule to eat in the House. "I thought, sir, we were in Committee of Supply," said Mr. Sullivan, and the point was seen and enjoyed by all present.

ON Tuesday, the 28th ult., at Corunna, His Lordship the Bishop administered the sacrament of confirmation to 48 persons, amongst whom were Mr. Jones, an ex-Anglican minister, and his wife. The sermon was preached by His Lordship. The Bishop has erected Corunna into a separate and distinct mission, with Rev. J. Ansbro as its pastor. Court-wright is attached to the new parish of Corunna. On the 29th ult. His Lordship proceeded to Port Lambton, where he also preached and confirmed seventy-five persons. Port Lambton and Sombra have been

also erected into a parish, and Rev. Peter... Requiem Mass... Sarnia for the... the congregat... preached an e... sermon on the... conclusion of t... accompanied by... of the laity, t... cemetery, wh... consecrated... situated about... Sarnia and Poi... of about ten... habile admini... Bayard, Catho... steadily prog... congratulate h... success. On Su... Lordship preac... made arrangem... tion of the new

HAMILTON. THE NEW ALTAIR... TINGS FROM... —HAMILTON... NIGHT SCHO... CELLANEOUS

THE Church model of gen... ambitious city... tified by the ad... quite in keepi... the sacred edit... the gothic pri... gantly guided... main body of t... most magnificent... forty feet from... At different po... ceptibles for st... the centre is a... for a statue of... ceiling, of whi... sentation of th... Though repl... ments, they ar... character of t... with a rich ar... It will cost, in... dred dollars, an... cheap at such... designed and e... Deurier, of Po... credit on the... are in his favo... are in his favo... We do not see... should be coer... of the principle... of private int... "Consistency, thou art a jewel!"

One of the paper line is... ions given by... the action of... regard to Du... very foolish... their fleet to... down as figur... caused the cr... It is evident... where, either... the Adriatic... The Lockp... clever man o... on the recon... company to t... to be "right... pears to be r... did not wear... hats, because... what he got... Yankee div... pany made l... Governor G... saying "put... because nob... was the Uni... pleased him... whiskey he... glass. Serio... notice that... "tumble" to... On the con... denial of h... themselves... obtained fr... The Can... which has a... contains in... sible article... However, t... a perfect... when he l... level with C... knows wa... as well... equally w... varnished... character o... It will be r... referred to... on this sub... will be as f... or Macaul... zoo, give L... and reliab... The pre... give great... effusions o... held at P... these "rev... is that the... the aggrat... which of t... publish t... and mak... own pecu... truths of... holding o... Rome, wh... for the G... turned Pr... The dele... of justice... and the... decency, a... woman, a... profound... all like... Dr. Knox

In Perilous Waters.

"Bout ship! O, brother mariners! The needful we should flee; For pleasure spreads her tarry net beneath the hungry sea. We were death to us, did we but pass You ridge of creamy foam; There, in a sea-cave fathoms deep, The siren makes her home. "O'er lucent waves of golden green Soft breezes bear along To ears that will not be beguiled The wanton's sweetest song. We scorn the glamour of her face, A-flame with hot desire; No charm lies in the hateful look Of eyes that scorch like fire. "Her kisses pall, her love is false— So quick to seaward sail! For kinder is the stress of waves— Less cruel is the gale. The haven of our hope is both the hard by a brighter shore; There may we strike our father's sails, And rest us evermore." (London Graphic.)

NEWS FROM IRELAND.

DUBLIN. The Times states that during the coming Autumn a dozen Irish M. P.'s will assist Mr. Parnell in conducting the Land agitation. Professor Leone Levi, writing from Westport, Connemara, sends a long letter to the Times on the condition of Ireland, with various suggestions for remedying the wants of the country, the chief of which he considers to be capital, confidence, industry. Among the measures he suggests are the abolition of the law of primogeniture and entail, the embankment of the coast, the reclamation of large portions of land, the formation of railways, emigration, and the expansion of the Education Act.

It is stated that the Irish harvest over a great breadth of the cropped area is now housed and safe, and the yield is satisfactory, in some crops abundant, the potatoes particularly so.

A man named Michael Duke, 33 years of age, a dairyman in the employment of William Ball, 41 Stoneybatter, Dublin, was found dead on September 9th under rather peculiar circumstances.

KING'S COUNTY.

The Sidney papers announce the death of the Very Rev. D. McAulroy, V. G., of Goullburn, who breathed his last at Albany, Dr. McAulroy was a native of King's County, Ireland, and began his missionary work in Australia thirteen years ago. He built convents and churches at a cost of £24,000 and raised schools far and wide, and his capacity for labor seemed unlimited.

An enthusiastic and largely attended land meeting was held at Clonmacnoise, on Sept. 5th, where stand the historic ruins of the Seven Churches. There were courtiers present from Athlone, Ballinacorney, Tallmore, Banagher, Clare, Fermanagh, Carr, county Sigo, and other localities. A few appropriate banners were displayed with the usual mottoes. The Ballinacorney, the Temperance, and the Clare bands were present on the platform, which was viewed from outside the churchyard wall, in view of the lordly Shannon. Mr. Thomas Brennan attended as the representative of the Irish National Land League. The Rev. Joseph O'Reilly, P. P., Clonmacnoise, occupied the chair.

CORK.

A demonstration, the like of which has never been since the day of O'Connell, is to be got up in Cork in honor of Mr. Parnell, who intends shortly to make a triumphal march through that beautiful city. The first Sunday in October was the day chosen for the feat. The Land League of Cork are making the preparations. The trades have been invited to come out in full ranks, and the Nationalists are also called upon to appear and do honor to the Land League leader.

At the meeting of the Cork Land League, on Sept. 4th, several cases of alleged hardship towards tenants were mentioned and discussed. Mr. Parnell's approaching visit to Cork, a public meeting would be held to consolidate the League, and that an election of officers and a committee would take place. It was suggested that the election should be held by ballot.

The Sheriff's officer proceeded to the lands of Tuoregeazy, Kingwilliamstown, on Sept. 9th, occupied by Patrick O'Donoghue, one of Lord Ventry's tenants, who was evicted a few days before for non-payment of rent, to sell the crops, but no bidders forthcoming the sale fell through. An old gentleman named Wright, residing on the Mardyke, Cork, met with a horrible death by burning, on Sept. 5th. It appeared deceased, who was about 80 years of age, got out of bed and struck a match. The flame came in contact with his night gown, which in an instant was all a blaze, and before assistance could be obtained he was dreadfully burned. The police of the Great George's street station were immediately informed of the occurrence, and the gentleman was conveyed to the North Infirmary, where he expired. At Cloghan Petty Sessions, on Sept. 7th, four men named Thomas Clancy, Maurice Casey, William Fitzgerald, and Thomas Fitzgerald, and a woman named Mary Hartnett, were charged with receiving, and assisting and intimidating the sheriff's bailiffs at a place called Ballywena, on the 12th ult. It was proved that the bailiffs were bringing twenty-four sheep off a farm, when some sixty persons rushed in on them, whistling, screaming, threatening them with stones, and shoving them. The sheep were rescued, and the accused were recognized as among the crowd. They were returned for trial to Milltown Quarter Sessions.

The Scraman tenants were forcibly reinstated in their holdings, on Sept. 8th, by a body of armed men. They stated that the lodging-house where they were living since the eviction, about two months ago, with their faces colored, and armed with guns; that they were suddenly awakened from sleep, and gently removed to their respective houses, where they were greeted with large turf fire newly lit. In addition, new locks were placed on the doors. The party then left. Before going, however, they warned the tenants to remain in the house, and that the first who should leave would be murdered. The Scraman estate belongs to Archbishop Bland, who, it may be remembered, lately reinstated two of his tenants, the negotiation respecting the other falling through.

MAYO.

On Sunday, September 5th, Ballycroy, situated some twenty-five miles from Westport, in the bosom of the Achill mountains, was the scene of a land meeting. The number of people present amounted to between five and six thousand. Places as distant as Belmullet, which is thirty miles from where the meeting was held, sent large contingents—all horsemen. Not a man attended who had not either a green sprig in his hat or a green rosette in his breast. The hour fixed for the beginning of the proceedings was three o'clock, but business did not commence for two hours later. Delay was occasioned by the whole meeting being put through some intricate military manoeuvring, which was executed with rapidity and accuracy, in reply to inquiries made from the peasantry along the road, the Irish Times correspondent was given very discouraging accounts of the harvest. The potatoes were rotting fast, whilst the yield is not more than that of last year. From all he heard he was reluctantly forced to the conclusion that

lie, and attempts to sell the produce on the farm have been frustrated.

On Sept. 8th, a party of men, numbering sixty, armed with guns, pistols and pikes, entered a cow-shed, in which a woman named Leary and her children temporarily resided, at Glountan, near Castleisland, on Lord Ventry's estate, and removed them and their furniture to their former dwellings, from which they were evicted for non-payment of rent. They afterwards placed Mrs. Leary on her knees and made her swear never to give up possession under pain of death. The party of men were disguised, and none of them was known. The affair has created great sensation in the locality.

LIMERICK.

At Rathaskerney, a small farmer named Patrick Downey, hired a machine for the purpose of threshing his corn, and late on the night of Sept. 5th, shots were fired, it is stated, into the man's house, two men being posted with guns outside to prevent his exit. A later account reports him as having succumbed to his injuries. A number of other men smashed the threshing machine, which was in a field adjoining Downey's premises, with repeated blows of a sledge hammer.

CLARE.

On Sept. 9th, a tenant farmer named Michael Casack, of Ballyblooda, near Killishan, county Clare, part of the estate of Lord Leonfield, reported to the police that about 12 o'clock on the previous night three shots had been fired into his house without doing any injury to himself or family. It is alleged by Casack that this act of intimidation was owing to his having bid for a cottier holding about an acre adjoining his own farm, which was wanted by other tenants on the same property.

WATERFORD.

A process-server named Quinn received very rough usage on Sept. 9th, when endeavoring to serve an ejection notice on a farm near Waterford. He was knocked down, compelled to swear he would never serve another process, and had to destroy all his documents before he was allowed to depart and even then was pursued by men with pitchforks.

DERRY.

On Sept. 4th, a number of young lads went in on the east side of the river Banagh, at the Grove Shore, Coleraine, to bathe. The tide was going out at the time, and the water was running rapidly at the place. One of the lads named Matthew Jameson, aged 13 years, went rather close to the channel of the river, and he was swept over. The other lads gave the alarm, and one of them, named Dimsmore, went to his rescue, but the drowning lad entangled him so much that he had to let him go or he himself would have met a similar fate. A young man named Bradley, who was going to bathe on the opposite side of the river, on being appealed to, at once plunged into the water, and swam across to the spot pointed out as the place the lad had sunk. At the second dive he brought the body to the shore, but Dr. McKeay pronounced him to be extinct. An inquest was held by Daniel Earley, Esq., Coroner, in the evening, and a verdict of death by drowning was returned.

GALWAY.

On September 6th, a man named Joyce, living at Craughwell, near Loughrea, was employed cutting hay on a farm from which a tenant had been evicted. Scarcely had he begun work when two strange men sprang from behind a ditch, and placing two revolvers to his head, threatened to fire. He screamed for mercy, and was granted his life on giving a solemn oath that he would never work there again.

On September 10th, an eviction took place at Moreen, on Captain Dudley Perse's property. Fearing a disturbance, there was a large force of police present, under the command of Sub-Inspector Carnell, of Gort. There were some peasantry present, but no disturbance took place. The evicted man's name is John Fallon, and he is a member of the Ballinacorney branch of the Land League. In the evening the man and his family were removed to the Loughrea Workhouse, where they now remain.

Mr. James Redpath has sent \$5 to Father Joyce, of Loughrea, for the poor of his parish. In his letter of thanks Father Joyce says: "The cry of the bountiful harvest is raised in several quarters. As far as this immediate neighborhood is concerned the harvest is not worth holding. I have examined the potato crop through the parish, I have made particular inquiries among the people, and from what I have seen and heard I can safely assert that the one-fourth of the potato crop is not sound—even the champions are nearly as bad as the old seeds. The oat crop is pretty fair, but owing to the inferior quality of the soil the people here don't sow much oats, so the crop is not of much value. It is no wonder then that the people view with alarm the landlord's keeping at them for the rent, the shopkeeper for debts, and the poor law guardians for the price of the seeds. If the Government wish to act liberally they ought at once remit the money advanced for seeds. By their doing so they would confer a great boon on the poor people, for which I am sure they would be very thankful."

MAYO.

On Sunday, September 5th, Ballycroy, situated some twenty-five miles from Westport, in the bosom of the Achill mountains, was the scene of a land meeting. The number of people present amounted to between five and six thousand. Places as distant as Belmullet, which is thirty miles from where the meeting was held, sent large contingents—all horsemen. Not a man attended who had not either a green sprig in his hat or a green rosette in his breast. The hour fixed for the beginning of the proceedings was three o'clock, but business did not commence for two hours later. Delay was occasioned by the whole meeting being put through some intricate military manoeuvring, which was executed with rapidity and accuracy, in reply to inquiries made from the peasantry along the road, the Irish Times correspondent was given very discouraging accounts of the harvest. The potatoes were rotting fast, whilst the yield is not more than that of last year. From all he heard he was reluctantly forced to the conclusion that

the coming winter will be equally as trying as last; The chair was taken by Mr. James Conway, a tenant farmer. The usual resolutions were passed and a vote of thanks to the chairman terminated the proceedings.

THE BEARING OF SCIENCE ON THE MIRACLES AT KNOCK.

The following communication appears in the current issue of the London Tablet:— August 21st, 1880.

Sir,—In the Tablet, August 21st, your own Dublin correspondent speaks of the alleged miracles at Knock (p. 243), and the qualifying adjective seems to be a very wise one. I write as a physiologist, and of some experience of delusions of judgment, and of the phenomena of what are termed "subjective sensations."

In various disordered states of the nervous system, visions and apparitions do appear. Physiology has spoken on this point. We have evidence of the strongest and most unimpeachable character to prove that the testimony of the eyes or of the sensation is not always to be trusted. There is a well-known case quoted by Sir David Brewster, of a lady, Mrs. A., who was troubled with spectrous visitations or apparitions. In her case the sensations were subjective sensations. Huxley, in his Lessons in Physiology (p. 273), observes upon this fact that "the undoubtedly sane witness to the existence of the apparitions, and of her ears to those of the voices, was in itself as perfectly trustworthy as their evidence would have been had the objects really existed, but her retina and sensorium were thrown into a state of abnormal activity by some internal cause. There are numerous instances of a similar nature."

I do not desire to express any opinion on the miracles. In this age of so little faith it may be undesirable to check the devotion which prompts the deaf, the blind, the deformed, the paralyzed to seek at the shrine of Knock relief or cure.

But we are living in times when the Catholic Church has not only to withstand the attacks aimed at her by those who would subvert religion of all kinds, but she has further to vindicate her position as the protector of science and culture, as the enemy of superstition and of all that may be false. In your article on Catholicism and Culture (same number) I think you have proved that the Catholic church is not hostile to the spirit of true science. The difficulty of convincing Protestants on this point is very great. They believe that the Church makes capital out of such apparitions as those reported at Knock, and they say "that in the present advanced condition of society a Church which favors such delusions as those at Knock is unworthy of the consideration of intelligent men on such evidence as is at present advanced."

The Church has not yet spoken on the apparitions, or pronounced an authoritative opinion as to their actual occurrence, so as to render it binding on all Catholics to believe in them. It has done so I would not have troubled you with this letter, or with the suggestions I have to offer.

In the present open state of the question I would suggest that a commission of medical men be appointed to visit the Knock, take down the evidence of the apparitions, examine all who have been cured, and then place on record their opinions as to the credibility of the witness, and the number of miracles which have been wrought. Thus the scientific world will be satisfied that the Church does not check investigations, nor does she disprove what some of her children have already, in spirit of faith, accepted as miraculous beyond dispute.

In France, I believe precautions of this kind are always adopted, not to guard against imposition, but to avoid the errors arising from the subjective sensations I have alluded to. I am yours faithfully, A. HARRISON, Physiologist.

O'CONNELL'S RULE OF LIFE.

This precious *souvenir* of Daniel O'Connell has been recently published in the *Aes Moria*; but having received the following transcript of it, which was made by his daughter, from Lady Georgiana Fullerton, we gladly produce it. The original was found among the papers of the great emancipator after his decease in 1847:

- 1st. To avoid any wilful occasion of temptation.
2nd. To appeal to God, and to invoke the Blessed Virgin and the saints in all real temptations.
3rd. To say the acts of faith, hope, and charity, every day.
4th. To repeat as often as may be a short form of prayer.
5th. To say daily at least, and as often as may be, a fervent act of contrition.
6th. To begin every day with an unalloyed offering of myself to my crucified Redeemer, and to conjure Him, by all His infinite merits and divine charity, to take me under His direction and control in all things.
7th. To meditate for at least half an hour every day if possible—longer, if God pleases.—Ave Maria.

DISINTERESTED EVIDENCE ABOUT CAMP-MEETINGS.

Taken altogether it has been a great year for camp-meetings, though gradually the social feature is gaining on the spiritual. In old times the camp-meeting was mainly directed to procuring religious conversions, and the tally of converts told, with the stern logic of figures, whether a camp-meeting had been successful or not. Then the camps were rough, erected for a temporary purpose, and abandoned when the protracted meeting was over. Now the so-called camp-meeting is a fashionable Methodist resort chosen by hillside or seaside for the beginning of the proceedings, with the camp in plenty, occupied with permanent buildings, and surrounded by summer cottages and by hotels, where the stranger who wishes to attend the meetings, and haply to be converted, must pay a high price for accommodations.—N. Y. Sun, August 25th.

DANGER! BEWARE! As you value your life, beware of opiates in diarrhoea mixtures. They quell pain, checking too suddenly, the result is inflammation. Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry, made from the Wild Strawberry plant and other healing vegetables, is nature's own cure for all forms of bowel complaint.

Meetings.

CATHOLIC MUTUAL BENEFIT ASSOCIATION—The regular meetings of London Branch No. 4 of the Catholic Mutual Benefit Association, will be held on the first and third Monday of every month, at the hour of 8 o'clock, in our rooms, Castle Hall, Abbot Road, Richmond St. Members are requested to attend punctually. ALEX. WILSON, Sec.—See

Professional.

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DR. W. J. MCGILLIVRAY, GRADUATE, OF MCGILL UNIVERSITY, Member of the College of Physicians and Surgeons, Physician, Surgeon and Accouchour. Night calls to be left at the office. Office—Nitschke's Block, 272 Dundas street. 2-1/2

L. McDONALD, SURGEON DENTIST. Office—Dundas street, 3 doors east of Richmond street, London, Ont. 4-1/2

DR. WOODRUFF, OFFICE—No. 10, St. Mary's Avenue, a few doors east of Post Office.

STRATFORD—J. JAMES KEHOE, Barrister, Attorney, Solicitor, Conveyancer, etc. Office—Indian Block, over Montreal Telegraph Coy's office, Stratford, Ont. MONEY TO LOAN ON REAL ESTATE.

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P. C. BARNARD, Public Accountant, Mercantile Agent in Matters of Insolvency and Arbitrator. Having acted for several years in the above capacity in the late "Gore Bank," Mr. Barnard has resumed the above branch of his profession in connection with his other business. REFERENCES: Jas. Hamilton, Esq., late Mgr. B. U. Canada. John Smith, Esq., Clerk of the Crown. Chas. Hutchinson, Esq., Crown Attorney. W. Glass, Esq., Sheriff of County Middlesex. D. C. McDonald, Esq., Mgr. L. M. Ins. Co. Patronage respectfully solicited. Office—Edge Block, Richmond St. 58-30

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