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accompanied by an made payable to the the Minister of Pubercent, of the amountil be forfeited if the into a contract when if he fail to complete for. If the tender be ewill be returned, not be bound to aesender.

H. ENNIS, Secretary.

Works, } 249-2w ANCE CO'Y,

000,000,000 lege Green, Dublin.

LL, AGENT,

N. ONT., deral Bank Building. ance shall have prompt 245-5W LIVER PILLS.

BLE & EFFECTIVE. BLE & EFFECTIVE. (UGAR-COATED.)
unplete substitute for rious substitute for rious substances, comparations. They are the most select and trnct, so compounded sitsenses which origiot he digestive organist which was a substitute of the digestive organist seasons without relatives of the digestive organist without relatives. They are the organism out the practical experience, ity, cleansing out the mother organism out the comparation of 5 Boxes for \$1.00 gist or Storekeeper for ed to be "just as good." lai; they are fully war-

e Chemical Laborator-& Co., Brantford.

The Catholic Record.

"CHRISTIANUS MIHI NOMEN EST, CATHOLICUS VERO COGNOMEN."-"CHRISTIAN IS MY NAME, BUT CATHOLIC MY SURNAME."-St. Pacian, 4th Century.

VOL 5.

LONDON, ONT., FRIDAY, AUG. 3, 1883.

NO. 251

WOM

is the time to order your Spring Suits from N. WILSON & CO., the most Fashionable Tailors in

Our assortment of Tweeds, Serges, etc., cannot be beaten, and our prices will compare favorably with any other house in the city.

Also the latest novelties in gentlemen's furnishings.

136 DUNDAS STREET.

In Memoriam.

Sister M. De Sales Doyle, who died at Loretto Convent, Guelph, July 11th, 1883.

Catholic Columbian.

Convent, Guelph, July 11th, 1883.

One long deep breath—and the weary soul has fled.
Our saintly cherished sister is numbered with the dead;
The heart so kind, so loving, and so pure has ceased to beat.
And her spirit stands alone before the judgment seat, will done, thou faithful servant," she hears the welcome word;
"Well done, thou faithful servant," she hears the welcome word;
"Fhou'st labored long and faithfully in the vineyard of the Lord:
Thy sorrows now are ended, life's weary day is done,
Thy tollsome task completed, and thy crown Thy toilsome task completed, and thy crown of glory won.

"Come now my spouse beloved, to heavenly mansions fair,

Come back beneath the sunshine of My dear presence there,

For my little ones thou'st labored, that they might faithful be;

Whate'er thou did'st for the least of them, thou did'st it unto Me."

Oh! with what heavenly rapture she hears her Jesus' voice,

He was the object of her love, her first and only choice; only choice; In life's bright budding Spring-time, to Him her heart was given; And now He'll be her great reward—her only joy in Heaven.

joy in Heaven.

For him she suffered and endured, to Him her life she gave;
Those hands now meekly folded have toiled dear souls to save.
That heart so cold and still in death has pleaded oft in prayer.
That the erring wanderer might return, and Heaven's bliss might share;
Those eyes now fixed in death's dull sleep for sinners oft have wept
As in the stlence of the night her prayerful watch she kept;
Those lips now sealed have breathed sweet words of kindness and love.
And all have been recorded in the Book of Life above.

Were not the gladsome greetings that crowned the opening May, Dear sister, but a prelude of Heaven's bright festal day? Did not the songs triumphant of thine earthly Jubilee, But tell in faintest murmurs of the eternal melody But tell in faintest murmurs of the certain melody
of the golden harps of angels, while mid the virgin train
Thou followest where'er He goes, the Lamb on Calvary slain?
And the varied tuneful eeho of thy virtuous life shall be
The key-note of thy hymn of praise in Heaven's jubilee.

A PUPIL OF LORETTO.

CATHOLIC PRESS.

Milwaukee Catholic Citizen. The Hebrew Standard claims that the Irish are one of the "lost ten tribes of Israel." If this is true we can credit St. Catrick with finding them.

It is said that Pius IX., on hearing of the marriage of Pere Hyacinth, thus ex-claimed: "The saints be praised! The renegade hath taken his punishment into his own hands!"

The telegraphers strike goes to show that the only power that can cope with a great consolidated monopoly is a combination of its employees. About a year ago all the merchants in the country uttered protests against the W. U. T. Co., but its proprietors remained unmoved, their proprietors remained unmoved, their now appears that an efficient trades union is the best means of establishing a system of checks and balances in the commercial

Michigan Catholic.

Michigan Catholic.

While the cholera is devastating Egypt, and the yellow fever Cuba, a more insidious though terrible disease is fastening itself on the brains of the young men of the Eastern States. As the plague generally attacks those whose physical condition is not up to the standard, so it seems that this brain disease passes by the youth whose intellectuality is pronounced and seizes upon those whose mental apparatus would not command a very high price at would not command a very high price at auction. The premonitory symptom of this dire complaint is a remarkable admiration for every English custom and insti-tution, not excluding wife-beating.

The Archbishop of Canterbury has taken steps to organize a body of "preaching friars"—ministers who will be released from ordinary parochial duties and who will go a variable in the control of the cont will go on evangelistic work throughout the country, firing the lukewarm and recalling the backsliders. The Episcopalian church in England must be in sad straits. For a long time it has resembled the Roman Janus—a two-faced monstrosity—one face Ritualistic and turned towards Catholicity, the other Low Church and directed towards Presbyterianism. Strange to say, this combination of diverse attributes did this combination of diverse attributes did not prove quite as attractive to the laity as was expected. Far from conciliating all parties, this policy has apparently added fuel to the flames of religious contention. The Episcopalian camp is in continual turmoil owing to the "tooth and nail" fight between the High Church legions and their Low Church adversaries.

What a remarkable set that Salvation

Round will be held in the Glory Shop, when some hot bombshells will be poured into Satan's Territories." Satan, however, was evidently not put to rout, for on the following morning a monster salvation meeting was harangued "by a host of Hallelujah Lasses in their Timbuctoo Bonnets." This last announcement was headed. "Hallo! Hallo! Jack! What's up? Look Here!" and winds up, "Come See and Get Gloriously Saved! Amen!" All these announcements are signed by the distinguished commander, "Captain Tom Gibbs, the Yorkshire Relish." These notices are not the wild emanations of some paragrapher's brain, but are sober facts.

Catholic Columbian.

To the narrow-minded pleasure is an incongruity. Their hearts are so contracted that they cannot take in anything of enjoyment themselves, and the greatest punishment they have to undergo in life is to be compelled to witness the delight that others experience in innocent pas-times. They are pessimists of the meanest type, and their chief delight is to snarl at everything that does not receive the unqualified approbation of their distorted judgment.

torted judgment.

Monsignor Capel, who is coming on a visit to this country, is very popular among his fellow-countrymen of every creed. He is said to have brought around more conversions to Catholicity among the higher classes of England than any ecclesiastic living. Yet he does not put himself forth as a representative of that class, being rather retiring in manner, and is said to be very democratic in his tastes and outspoken when occasion demands. His visit will have no particular significance. He is simply to make a tour of observation and pleasure.

The abominable system of newspaper

observation and pleasure.

The abominable system of newspaper credits should be forever eliminated from the code of commercial transactions and relegated to deserved oblivion. In no other commercial sphere has the custom attained the prominence that it has in newspaperdom. It is an unpardonable wrong, and one without a single feature to redeem its natural deformity. In any other business walk it would not be countenanced or tolerated. In fact no business could prosper with such an incubus criptenanced or tolerated. In fact no business could prosper with such an incubus crippling its energies and eating up its resources. The business would have to go by the board or the abuse remedied. Why is it, then, that newspaper enterprise is regarded as being out of the line of legitimate business, and is expected to be sustained and prosper under the pressure that crushes the life out of any other enterprise? We confess our inability to answer. Yet such is the case. People subscribe for a paper, and give a promise to pay for it in a few days, but these days lengthen into months, and the months become years, and no thought of the probecome years, and no thought of the pro-mise. In the meantime they regularly get the paper which the printer pays for before it is consigned to the mail bags, and never think of the straits to which the struggling manager is put to keep the welcome visitor afloat. If asked for their subscriptions they always have a ready excuse at hand. When the solicitor calls excuse at hand. When the solicitor calls around, they are not at home, or have not the change just at present, or some other such frivolous pretext. Thus the collector is obliged to call around so often that he wears out more shoe leather in his fruitless tramps than the paltry subscription amounts to. When such instances are multiplied by the hundreds and thousands, as they invariably are, it is easily seen how intolerable a burden the thing becomes. Would men presume on such indulgence Would men presume on such indulgence in any other relationship or business transaction? We unhesitatingly say, No. Even if they did it would not be granted. The conduct of a newspaper is a strict business. The profits at best are small,

business. The profits at best are small, and where it becomes necessary to pay help to collect dues that ought to be paid without the asking, they disappear entirely and the paper languishes for the breath of life. Weekly papers suffer more in this respect than dailies, because the latter are looked upon as of greater necessity and because, also, the conductors would, after a month or so, cut off delinquents and collect their dues by process of law. To avoid such a contingency the subscribers come to time at the stipulated periods and there is no jar or hindrance to the onward there is no jar or hindrance to the onward course and prosperity of the paper. Now why cannot our weeklies be conducted on the same strict business principles? We believe they can, and the only thing requisite to bring about the desirable result is for publishers to insist on advance pay-ments for at least one half year's subscription. If all would work in harmony and insist on this stipulation in every instance their work would be much lighter, their earnings more commensurate to their labors, and their facilities for turning out labors, and their facilities for turning out better papers more certain and reliable. The result would be profitable alike to publisher and subscriber. Let the work begin, and the harrassing cares that now sit so heavily on our enterprise and burden our efforts will disappear, and in the new order of things we will have a more healthful existence and our readers will receive better papers.

Englishwoman who values her reputation will allow the Prince to pay her the slightest attention. Not more than a month ago the daughter of an Earl stopped dancing and openly refused to go on with the Prince. She left him in the middle of the floor, and asked an acquaintance who was near to take her to her tance who was near to take her to her

Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe (whose husband was one of the moderators—there were no judges—during the Purcell Campbell debate, in 1837, on Sycamore street) wrote an article for the Hearth Campbell debate, in 1837, on Sycamore street) wrote an article for the Hearth and Home, some years since, in which she deprecated the foolish and dangerous lovestories, and sensational stories, usually carried away by youth of weak intellect, from our circulating libraries and periodical depots. In the course of this article she said that "a great many young girls' minds were all washed away by a constant dribble of dish-water stories." Mrs. Stowe, in these words, expressed, pointedly and forcibly, a great truth, and one to be lamented.

Bay City Chronicle. Eay City Chronicle.

The latest Irish papers bring us the accounts of the last (in Ireland) of the head of the Invincibles, James Carey. It were better for Ireland, and for the world, if James Carey had never been born. He raised himself to wealth at the cost of Irishmen in Dublin. He traded and made accounts to the few search. cost of Irishmen in Dublin. He traded and made money on the fate of his country, and when he thought the opportunity had come to make his biggest stake, to "feather his nest" completely, he became an informer, a traitor to his associates, and sold them for promises or hope of pay to the English Government. But he got no pay, no reward, other than his worthless life.

We would like to have our friend the We would like to have our friend the editor of the Detroit Anglo-Catholic with us in the communion and the comfort of the Catholic Church. But we see that we cannot, at present. We hope—indeed we expect—that Rev. Mr. Edwards will one day, and not a very distant day either, find in the True Church the rest for his soul that evidently he is sincerely and find in the True Church the rest for his soul that, evidently he is sincerely and industriously seeking. How many men like Mr. Edwards we have met, in England and Ireland as well as in America! Full of good intention, of admirable life, pious and virtuous, but although their hearts impelled them to the threshold of the Roman Catholic Church, their pride of mind—which they would not acknow. the Roman Catholic Church, their pride
of mind—which they would not acknowledge to themselves—held them back, and
kept them in discomfort of soul to the
end. We have no doubt that, were we
intimate with Mr. Edwards, we would
find him to be such a man. These people have always had a fascination for us;
—they are "so near and yet so far."

MERIT REWARDED. Rev. Michael J. Ferguson, C. S. B., for two years the leading professor at Assumption College, Sandwich, part of that time Vice-Rector, has been appointed to the Presidency of the Catholic College at Plymouth, England. Father Ferguson is a man who impresses all who come in at Plymouth, England. Father Ferguson is a man who impresses all who come in contact with him with the greatness of his ability in that particular winning humanity of manner which is characteristic of great men. No better English scholar can be found in the United States or Canada. His promotion is well deserved, and his departure will be a selected for the Rev. Father Martin Callaghan, which was listened to with great attention. The following is a short resume of his words:

"Behold, now is the acceptable time."

(2 Cor.) God is most liberal in your behalf. His treasury is open. You may dispose of the inexhaustible riches of His mercy. You are the objects of His prediction. He has all objects of His prediction. be found in the United States or Canada. His promotion is well deserved, and his departure will be keenly felt, not only by his associates at the college, but by the numerous alumni all over the country. Besides the important position which he so ably filled at Sandwich College, he has been Vice-Rector of St. Michael's College at Louisville, also Vice-Rector of St. Michael's College, Toronto. He has been teaching in various colleges under the control of the Order of Bassiliarus for nearly twenty-six years. While his old friends in Canada and the States will deplore his departure, it is gratifying to all English departure, it is gratifying to all English students to know that the mother country has been obliged to come to America for a President of a prominent college.

MURRAY VS. C. P. RAILWAY. This long-fought case has at length been decided, and decided so definitely that it can never be resusitated. The Messrs. Murray have won. It will be remembered road passed into the hands of the Canadian Pacific the latter refused to fulfil the obligations of their predecessor. The case has been tried five times. The first trial was at Pembroke before a jury, when a verdict for the full amount claimed and verdict for the full amount claimed and costs was rendered in favor of Messrs. Murray. It was then argued before the full Court of Queen's Bench at Toronto, when the verdict of the jury was confirmed. Afterwards some sort of examination was taken at Montreal, which had a similar result. Then the case was brought before the Court of Appeal for Ontario, and sub-sequently carried to the Supreme Court, both of which decided against the railway. At this stage the latter appealed to the English Privy Council for leave to bring their case before the Judicial Committee What a remarkable set that Salvation Army is! Take for example the announcements recently issued by the South Australian Division. "A Monater Hosannah Meeting will be held in the Salvation Army Głory Shop, addresses by Happy George, Zulu Jim and the Boy with Hair receive better papers.

"The Struggle with Pies, Tarts, Cheese-cakes, Bread and Butter, Tea, Sugar, Milk, etc." Admission to this "Struggle" one Shilling. In the evening a Merry Go-

The Messrs. Murray are to be congratula-ted, both on their victory and their plucky fight for their rights against the great cor-poration opposed to them.—Pembroke Observer.

We beg to add our congratulations to those of our contemporary on the wellmeritel success of the Messrs. Murray .-

THE SHRINE OF THE ILLUSTRIOUS SAINT-THE PILGRIMAGE OF THE IRISH CATHO-LICS OF MONTREAL-AN BLOQUENT IN-STRUCTION BY THE REV. FATHER CAL-LAGHAN-A GRAND SUCCESS.

The Irish Catholics of Montreal have reason to feel gratified at the manner in which their annual pilgrimage to the shrine of St. Anne de Beaupre was conducted this year. The attendance was fully as numerous as on former occasions, and the presence of the Rev. Pastor of St. Patrick's on board was a source of the deepest gratification to the pilgrims. The Rev. Father Dowd has taken part in but two Father Dowd has taken part in but two public pilgrimages, the memorable one to Rome, and that on Saturday to St. Anne de Beaupre. He was accompanied by the Rev. Fathers Hamand, Fahey, Martin, Callaghan, James Callaghan and Bray, who were zealous in their endeavors, attending to the spiritual wants of all.

At four o'clock the splendid steamer "Canada" was covered with crowds of the faithful, but it was then a matter of anx-

"Canada" was covered with crowds of the faithful, but it was then a matter of anxious doubts as to whether the rev. pastor would be amongst his flock. It was, therefore, with unfeigned pleasure that his arrival was greeted, and shortly afterwards, with nearly seven hundred persons on board, the "Canada" steamed out into the channel while crowds on the whaves waved their adious.

anctuaries. Soon you will kneel before an altar where none ever pleads in vain and where heaven seems closer to the earth. What a privilege you enjoy! It is nothing less than a most signal honor and a most exceptional blessing. It is an ex-traordinary grace which you should appre-ciate and improve to the utmost of your ability. Your pilgrimage is celebrated in peculiar circumstances. It conveys an impressive and salutary lesson. It tells

peculiar circumstances. It conveys an impressive and salutary lesson. It tells us what life is. Nothing is more natural than to compare it to the stream upon which we are sailing. At a momentary glance we discover that the majestic St. Lawrence has three striking features; It is rapid, swiftly flow its waters, and not even for one instant do they pause in their course. Our life is ebbing fast; nothing can suspend its onis ebbing fast; nothing can suspend its on-ward march. We are like bubbles on its surface. We catch at a sunbeam and vanish out of view. Whatever years we have spent are but a thing of the past. Each step we take is one nearer to the tomb. The St. Lawrence has its dangers. Often it has served the purpose of a grave and not unfrequently has its foam been its only ornamentation. How many, through accidents or imprudence have been engulfed amid its waves! In life there are dangers, not few indeed, and of the most serious character. These dangers affect the soul, and proceed from Satan the world and the passions of the human heart. Do not let your souls perish. Beware of wrecking them! The injury is irreparable and everlasting. The ri upon which we are travelling wends way to the ocean. Are we not rushing towards an ocean? Yes, the ocean of eternity. This eternity may be happy or unhappy. It is in your power to make the choice. This pilgrimage is a golden opportunity; it enables us to realize our most ardent wishes. We may go and lay at the feet of St. Ann the twofold homage

How preeminently grand must she have appeared in the eyes of the Most High. What respect does she not then claim at our hands. How earnest and profound it should be! Moreover, God has deemed her worthy of being honored. He has ranked her among the princesses of His heavenly court. With what veneration are not her relics surrounded! How numerous the churches which bear her name! How many Christians who study her virtues and seek to reproduce them! How tues and seek to reproduce them! How many miracles does not God constantly work in her honor? We should also give her our most unbounded confidence. We work in her honor? We should also give her our most unbounded confidence. We need friends for our souls. The staunchest of friends are the saints. Let us count St. Ann among our friends. Her only desire is to make use of her intercessory influence for the advancement of our spiritual interests. Let us invoke her in behalf of the Pope, who thinks, speaks and lives for our welfare. Let us fervently pray for our respective families.

come the mother of such a daughter it was necessary that she should be duly qualified. How sublime and singular must have been her endowments? How preeminently grand must she have

only with the amouton of His servanic now crowned in the kingdom of His glory.

During the evening all the fathers were fully occupied in hearing confessions. At eleven o'clock all had retired with the exception of the officers of the committee who acted as a night watch. Quebec was reached at 4 o'clock when already, large All, but it we whether ould be amongst his flock. 1.

ore, with unfeigned pleasure ...
ore, with unfeigned pleasure ...
arrival was greede, and shortly attended to the channel while crowds on the wharve waved their advance ...
arrival was greeded, and shortly attended of the channel while crowds on the what was a state of the channel while crowds on the state of the channel while crowds on the manner of the channel while t

A. Brogan, Jas. J. Costigan, P. O'Donoghue, John Callaghan, Jr., B. Emerson. Catholic Young Mer's Society: J. Fosbre, J. P. Hammill, Jos. A. McCann, J. P. McLaughlin, P. F. McCaffred Mr. B. Emerson was chairman of the Committee of Management, and Mr. P. F. McCaffrey, discharged the onerous duties of secretary, while Mr. P. O'Donoghue acted as treasurer. Dr. Ambross was a creek of

secretary, while Mr. P. O'Donogine acted as treasurer. Dr. Ambrose was a guest of the committee, and was ready to attend to the physical wants of the pilgrims, but happily his medical services were not re-quired except in a very few instances. The members of the Catholic Young Men's Society deserve great credit for the invaluable assistance they gave in the work of carrying out the arrangements of the pil-

BOOK NOTICES.

BIOGRAPHIE DE SIR N. F. BELLEAU. An excellent though brief biographical sketch of the first Lieut.-Governor of Quebec, written by Mr. Stanislaus Drapeau. Mr. Drapeau is a clear and forcible writer and in this little work fully sustains hi reputation as a leading litterateur. The sketch is a valuable contribution to our political literature.

HELL—THE DOGMA OF HELL, illustrated by facts taken from profane and sacred history, by the Rev. Father F. X. Schouppe, S. J. This is indeed a little work admirably adapted to these days of doubt and unbelief. None can read it without deriving the most whole-ome impressions from its perusal. We commend it to our readers. It is published by Hickey & Co., "Vatican Library."

phleteering as a means of redress for church grievances, real or imaginary. THE AMERICAN CATHOLIC QUARTERLY FOR

THE AMERICAN CATHOLIC QUARTERLY FOR JULY.

We are happy to see the quarterly maintain its high reputation in the number before us. The Catholic Doctrine on Marriage is discussed by Rev. Dr. Henry A. Bram. Bishop O'Connor deals with Capital and Labor—and Mr. Bryan J. Clinche dwells at length on the English administration in Ireland to-day. The other papers are of high interest from the literary, philosophical and theological stand-points.

THE DAYS OF A LIFE, BY "NORAH." ALMONTE, W. TEMPLEMAN, PUBLISHER. This work is assuredly one of the most valuable contribution: ever made to our literature. The gifted writer is well known to be possessed of every attainment and qualification to produce a work of high literary value, but in this work she has, we believe, surpassed the best expectations of her friends. Mrs. MacDougalt is well known to our readers as the author of a series of letters addressed from Ireland to the Montreal Witness during the gloomy days of the last family. and lives for our welfare. Let us fervently pray for our respective familiea and for ourselves. St. Ann used to lead the Blessed Virgin by the hand. May she direct our steps on our journey to eternity! Let us frequently look into her maternal countenance to ascertain her wishes, and let us generously follow her inspirations. In heaven we should centre all our hopes and desires. On earth we should allow our hearts to beat only in serving our Lord and God; and we should, if we would be truly wise, live only with the ambition of His servants now crowned in the kingdom of His glory.

During the evening all the fathers were fully occupied in hearing confessions. At eleven o'clock all had retired with the exception of the efficers of the committee

If the agitation in Ireland were not a

people. We wish to see the book in the hands of every reader of the Record. Let its circulation, say we, be worthy of its noble purpose and its talented and accom-plished writer. We wish to see the book in the

More Evidences of Protestant Decay.

Protestantism is in a decidedly bad way, not only in England and Germany, but also in that stronghold of the reformation, Switzerland. Of the 23 cantons of that Republic, Zurich is the most thoroughly Protestant, the number of Catholics it contains being out a justice line with the contains being out to institute the strong out of the contains being out to institute the contains the conta tains being quite insignificant. Now, just cast a glance at the following abstract of the official registrar's report, which we translate for the edification of our readers: "Last year 9144 children were born in the canton of Zurich; of these no more than 7305, being 83 in every hundred, were baptized. The number of marriages amounted to 2518; only 1483 of these, amounted to 2518; only 1455 of littlese, being 58 in every 100, were solemnized in a church. Out of 6761 persons who died, no more than 5639, or about 83 in every 100, received a religious burial." If this no more than 2052, or about \$5 in every 100, received a religious burial." If this is the state of the green tree, what may be expected in the case of the dry? Switzerland is to Germany what Scotland is to England; the followers of Zwingle are at the present day fully as bigoted as the successors of John Knox. Yet if 42 Protestant couples out of every hundred can manage to dispense with all religious rites in entering upon married life, is it to be wondered at if the "reformed" parsons of Switzerland keep complaining of docad-Switzerland keep complaining of decad-ence of their religion, and tell us in dolorous tones that every now and then one of their churches is made into a brewery? This much, at least, is certain, that the Catholic minority of the Swiss people manage these things very differently in-deed.—Ex.

Death is the sword that severs the tie of earth. Its edge is keen and never fails in

CHAPTER X.

CHAPTER X.

It is the custom of the Irish peasantry to visit every house in their immediate neighborhood almost every night during the winter. The shadow of darkness scarcely reaches the earth before knots of men can be seen, through all parts of Ireland, wending their way along many a danger on a contract of the con land, wending their way along many a rugged road and over many a dangerous bog. Though all houses, in general, are visited, still there are some in particular—those whose inmates are first-class story-tellers or good ballad-singers—where the greater part of the night is spent, than in others.

In the neighborhood of Ballading, where most assemble and sales.

where most peasants assemble, and make the longest stay, is the cabin of old Tom Bohan. Tom's cabin is the centre of the neighborhood and near three cross-roads which make it the most convenient meet ing house in the whole place. Yet it was not the situation of Tom's humble dwell ing that was considered its most attractive point; no, but Tom and his wife were a kind and as jolly a pair as could be found in the three largest parishes in Ireland. There was always a good turf on Tom's hearth, and the blackest stranger was ever welcome to a seat before its cheering

On a certain night, when some of hi visitors had to sit on the long deal table for want of seats—though Tom had a re-spectable number of chairs and stools— little Mick Nolan asked Tom to give an account of his meeting with the "Jolly account of his meeting with the

Ghost."
"Now, Mick," said Tom, "you're always calling on me for a story, and you know well enough that I can't tell one. There's Larry—he never told us a story yet, and the boys tell me he can't be beat at it."

at it."
"Never mind Larry," responded Mick;
"you tell your story, and we'll come at
him for his another time."
"Well, as the company calls on me for
a story, I'll do the best I can to please
them. Here, Mick, my boy, keep this pipe
red until I get through," and he handed

red until I get through," and he handed Nolan the pipe.

Tom, after setting himself comfortably in his seat, and folding his arms, commenced the story of

THE JOLLY GHOST.

"You must all know, boys, that in my early days I was a wild sort of a fellow. The fair and the pattern, the wedding and the wake, were the principal places I spent my time and, as a matter of course, the bottle and the black-thorn stick were my greatest companions. Day after day, and greatest companions. Day after day, and night after night, for three or four years, spent in the most disorderly way. Well, onight as I was going home, half drunk, course, a storm overtook me. The rain fel down as if through a sieve, and the light-ning spit fire all around me. Drunk as I was, faith, I had sense enough to look for shelter. So, rememberin: that I was near the old Court of Coolnamuck, I made my way for it. After a little time I got in through a broken window in its back. The first thing I did as soon as I found myself inside was to take out my bottle and take a good blast of the creature. And, in truth, I wanted it badly the same And, in truth, I wanted it badly the same time. And so I thought then, too, for the second and the third things I did was to take two more blasts, which emptied my fine quart bottle for me. After that I lay down on the floor and fell fast asleep. I don't know how long I was sleeping, but it can't be long anyhow, when I was awoke by a note no stair.

by a noise upstairs.

"What on earth is that?, says I to myself, rubbing my eyes very hard with my knuckles. I knew very well that no one lived there for years.
"'Faith,' says I, when the noise was

growing louder, 'I must go see what's the

matter.'

"The liquor, you know, boys, was in my head, so nothing was too bad for me to do. Upstairs I went, the best way I could, until I came to the door of the great hall. There, sure I'll never forget it, I saw such light that I thought the whole room There, sure I'll never lorger it, I saw such a light that I thought the whole room was on fire. At first I was awfully frightened; but on peeping in I saw such a lot of bottles of whiskey arranged like soldiers upon a big table, that I came to myself again.

diers upon a big table, that I came to myself again.

"'Arrah, sure enough,' says I, 'this is the great dining hall of the ghosts. 'Tis often I heard that it was.'

"Well, boys, I often heard that when the ghosts held their feast-night they'd do no harm to any one. This belief and the whiskey I had in me, gave wild Tom Bohan, as people then called me, more than his usual amount of courage. So I made up my mind to walk boldly in. But just as I was about stepping in, I was startled by hearing a ghost inside commence a song. Yes, boys, I was startled, and, in truth, I was delighted too. For though I attended many a fine wedding, and sat in every tap-room for many miles around, regard to that piece of song. I must say every tap-room for many miles around, and heard plenty of good sirgers then, of course, in all my born days I never heard anything equal to it—I mean his song Darby McGrath, that sings at Ned Costel lo's house, is no more to him than my old ass, abroad in the stable, is to a gray linnet. So placing my back against the door, I thrust my head in and listened. The first few minutes I was as silent as Jack Daly's deaf and dumb dog; but when I saw the ghost lift a glass to his mouth and heard him sing out:

'Strong whiskey punch is my delight, Is my delight, is my delight, I drink by day, I drink by night.'

I could no longer control the spirit of song, but added, in my deepest tones, as I pushed the door wide open and entered: Arrah, faith, arrah faith, you are right; And, indeed, Mister Ghost,

And, indeed, Mister Guard,
You well suit your post,
So together we'll drink this night, this
night.' "But bless your poor souls, I was

quickly stopped in my 'poetic flight,' as I once heard a learned friend of mine say. when I saw the ghost seize a pistol, and present it at my head."

present it at my head."
"A ghost seize a pistol," here chimed in Mick Nolan who, it seems, belonged to that large portion of the human race who style themselves critics. "Did any of you

If you feel dull, drowsy, debilitated, have frequent headaches, mouth tastes bad, poor appetite, tongue coated, you are suffering from torpid liver, or "biliousness." Nothing will cure you so speedily and permanently as Dr. Pierce's "Golden Medical Discovery." By all druggists.

ever hear of a ghost using a pistol, boys?"
And Nolan erected his head, smoked hard, and, like many gentlemen of his profession, folded his arms "in majestic gloom."
But Tom, as himself often said, would give in to no man; so he asked Mick, with a comical smile: "Did he ever hear of an angel using a sword? Well, if he did, he heard of a ghost; for an angel is a spirit, and a spirit is a ghost."
This completely silenced little Mick. Tom then continued his story:
"Well, boys, as I was saying when Mister Nolan interrupted me, the ghost presented a pistol at my head.
"Hold on, if you please,' I cried. 'until I say a few prayers.'
"That was the first time I thought of them for years. Like all sinners, I forgot all about my salvation until the time of danger. And 'tis well, like many of them, God help us, I didn't lament that very same thing during the life of my soul in the black pit.
"Stand back,' again cried the ghost."

the black pit.
"'Stand back,' again cried the ghost,

"'Stand back,' again cried the gnost, with a voice like big Jack Murphy's.

"'Arrah, sure, says I, 'you wouldn't send a poor fellow like me, covered and all as I am, with my sins, into eternity?"

"The words were scarcely out of my mouth, when the ghost laid down the pistel said saked me in the most friendly."

tol and asked me in the most friendly way in the world;
"'Wish'ee, is that my old friend Tom Bohan ?

Troth and it's the same man," says I.

"'You are not afraid of ghosts?' he "You are not arraid of ghosts "he asked again.
"Yo, nor of spirits, says I, growing bold, looking at the same time mighty hard at the bottles that decked the table.
"Troth, Tom, I always found you a good fellow; so sit down

"At that time I need never be asked twice to sit before any kind of a table that was covered with bottles of the crea-

ture; so down I sat, right opposite the ghost—a pretty good looking fellow he was, too, thought he was a ghost.

"Help yourself, Tom,' says he to me.
"I took the bottle that was nearest to me and filled a large glass to the brim.
"'That's what I call good stuff,' says I,

'no matter what's in them other bottles. as I laid my empty glass upon the table.
"Oh, says he, 'try them all, and I'll hold
my old stocking against your old hat that
your grandfather's still, down in Kelley's

your grandfather's still, down in Kelley's bog, never sent out better.'
"Though, as I told you before, boys, I was a wild sort of a fellow, still I had my own pride about me. Well, now, the ghost offended me here twice—first, by calling my hat an old one, and, secondly, by comparing anything in the world to my grandfather's drop. But you see it didn't answer me to dispute about what I was drinking, so I merely said 'd don't was drinking, so I merely said: 'I don't know, Mister Ghost, if my hat is so far gone that you should call it an old one.'
'Well, troth, Tom, you're a queer man

Well, I would mind it,' says I; 'and, besides, I'd wish you to understand that a better hat than that couldn't be found at the day before the pattern of Mothell.'

"Well,' says he, 'never mind about hat or stocking, but fill yourself another glass,

and then sing us a song.'
A song!' says I, swearing by the wool of a cat, "troth, I can no more sing a song than Paddy Querke, the piper, can play a tune.

"Now, boys, if the truth was known, at the same time I felt mighty proud to be called upon for a song. But, like most all singers, I wished to seem unwilling to sing. After asking me several times, I said at last that I would sing in order to please my friend. I then coughed, though I had no cough, and took a drink to clear the cobwebs out of my throat. 'Hear, then,' says I, and I sang out in my best voice:

'Oh, meet me by moonlight alone, And I'll give you a lick of a fiail, Or a rap of a lump of a stone, That will soften your head, I go ball.'

pledge."

"Faith," here chimed in Mick Nolan again, "If your memory is as good in everything you told us to night as it is in regard to that piece of song, I must say that your story, Tom, achree, is no more than half true."

"Half true, did you say, Mick Nolan?

Arrah, you're a nice fellow, sure enough, to doubt what I told you. I'll hold every man here, but yourself, believes it. Don't you, boys?"

"Troth, I don't," said one rude fellow

"Troth, I don't," said one rude fellow that sat upon the table.
"Nor I," said another.
"Do you, Larry?" asked Nolan.
"Well, I do and I don't, that's the way," replied Larry. "But I'll tell you what I believe. I believe that Tom fell in with no ghost at all, but some robber or sheep-stealer."

"Me fall in with a robber or sheep stealer."

"Me fall in with a robber or sheep-stealer "Me fail in with a robber or sneed-stealer and sit in company with him all night, and drink his best regards! No, Larry, you're greatly mistaken in Tom Bohan, if you take him for such a man as that," and Tom shook his head with honest pride.

KAHOKA, Mo., Feb. 9, 1880.

I purchased five bottles of your Hop Bitters, of Bishop & Co. last fall, for my daughter, and am well pleased with the Bitters. They did her more good than all the medicine she has taken for six years. WM. T. McClure.
The above is from a very reliable far-

mer, whose daughter was in poor health for seven or eight years, and could get no relief until she used Hop Bitters. She is now in as good health as any person in the country. We have a large sale, and they country. We have a large saw, are making remarkable cures.

W. H. Bishop & Co.

THE CRADLE OF CHRIST.

During a recent Novena held in Rome by the Association of Perpetual Adoration and Work for Poor Churches, an exhibi-tion of sacred vestments and vessels was given by the lady members of the associa-tion. These articles were prepared for the u-ual halt-yearly distribution among the poorer churches. A writer in the London Tablet comments on the event, and his-remarks on the subject are as pertinent to

And you'll see that old Tipperary is a roving And you'll see that old Tipperary is a roving from Upper to Lower Ormond bright welform Upper to Lower Ormond bright welforms upper to Lower Ormond bright welforms and smiles will spring; On the plains of Tipperary the stranger is like a king."

Notan had crossed the After Larry and Nolan had crossed the bog, they came to a young grove of ash-

bog, they came to a young grove of ashtrees.

"Let us go and cut two fishing-poles, Mick," said Larry.

"Just the thing, Larry," said Nolan.
They were not long cutting a pair of nice, strong fishing poles. They already began to think of all the fun they would have bobbing for eels, when they were startled by the appearance of two dark figures on the road before them.

"Let us run, Mick," whispered Larry.

"Why should we run, Larry? We have done nothing against law or justice.

"Come and see for yourself," said the dark figures, as they seized Nolan and pulled him towards the spot where the

pulled him towards the spot where the cry was heard.
"Upon my honor, Smooth Luke, you have shot a girl in place of that flying rascal you intended to shoot,"
"It's all the same, Talbot," said a pleasant voice, "I missed one rebel and hit another. What right had she to be out at this hour of the night?"
"That's very true. Smooth Luke," re-"That's very true, Smooth Luke," re-

plied Talbot.
"Mother of God pray for me! Sweet Jesus have mercy on me!" prayed the wounded girl; for it was a girl Smooth Luke had shot.

Luke had shot.

"I know that voice," said Nolan in a deep, sad tone; "the poor thing must be very faint. She must be dying."

"Bring me home! Bring me home, to see my dying mother," said the poor bleeding maiden; "and please call for her and me Father O'Donohue. I was going for him when you shot me. My mother, my dear, dear mother was taken suddenly sick, and I was going to call the priest to her when you shot me. May the Lord forgive you, and have mercy on my soul. Mary, help me. St. Patrick and St. Bridget, pray for me. My dear Lord,

have mercy on me."

These were the last words the poor girl spoke. She had received a deadly wound in the heart.

in the heart.

Nolan tremblingly stooped down and lit a match, and placed it near the face of

I finished ing I heard lead, cold, cold;" and the broken-hearted faith. Apropos of this the Cardinal said

arms of her father.

"Leave hold of my child," said Nolan with determination; "if you throw her into the ditch I will kill one of you." Nolan lifted his stout ash pole over the eads of the slayers of his child.

Talbot screwed his bayonet on, and ran it through the body of poor Mick Nolan. In a short time the bodies of the father and daughter were flung together in the

The next morning the Clonmel papers The next morning the Clonmel papers had a notice to the effect that a father and his child, on coming home from a wake, late at night, were killed by some unknown parties. The next week all the London papers had a notice to the effect that "a good loyal subject and his fair and innocent daughter were cruelly butchered by the savage Irish." The people of Carrick never found out who were the murderers of Mick Nolan and his darling child; but God knew them.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Who has not seen the fair, fresh young girl transformed in a few months into the pale, haggard, dispirited woman? The sparkling eyes are dimmed, and the ringing laugh heard no more. Too often the causes are disorders of the system which Dr. Pierce's "Favorite Prescription" would remedy in a short time. Remember that the "Favorite Prescription" will unfailingly cure all "female weaknesses," and restore health and beauty. By all druggists. Send three stamps for Dr. Pierce's treatise on Diseases of Women (96 pages) Address World's Medical Association Buffalo, N. Y.

Do not attempt to remain over night without a bottle of Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry near at hand. This is the season for Bowel Complaints, Colic, Cholera Morbus, etc., and the remedy above named is the unfailing specific.

Tablet comments on the event, and his remarks on the subject are as pertinent to our readers as to those to whom they were addressed. He says:

"The general meeting held in connection with this exhibition on the 29th of April was presided over by his Eminence Cardinal Alimonda, Protector of the association. When the report of the work accomplished by the association in the year 1882 had been read by Canon Raffaele Forchieri, his Eminence was pleased to encourage the ladies who had assembled in large numbers. His eloquent words were listened to with profound emotion. We deeply regret our inability to reproduce the entire discourse, which enlarged upon the maxim, 'Let us not deny to God that which we do for man.' "When it is a question of receiving a personage distinguished by his face. that which we do for man." "When it is a question of receiving a personage distinguished by his fame, his merit, his authority, his social rank, how much honor and praise are lavished upon him. How much of festivity, of applause, of ceremony to grace his reception amongst us. God comes into His mystic city, into the Church which He has chosen for His dwelling, and shall we allow it to remain in the wretchedness and squalor of a have bobbing for eels, when they were startled by the appearance of two dark figures on the road before them.

"Let us run, Mick," whispered Larry.

"Why should we run, Larry? We have done nothing against law or justice. Besides, these fellows have guns, and they might be tempted to fire on us."

"Let us run, Mick," cried Larry, and away went Larry through the darkness.

Two shots were fired after the fugitive. There was a pitiful cry—the cry as of a wounded human being.

"Larry is killed," muttered Mick Nolan; "may the Lord have mercy on his soul. These are awful times, praise be to our Maker in all things."

"The dog has come down," laughed the two dark figures.

"I wish in my heart that it was a dog you shot," sighed Nolan; "but it must be poor, innocent Larry. That was a human cry we heard."

"Come and see for yourself," said the "Church heas chosen for His to remain in the wretchedness and squalor of a tomb? His Eminence pointed out some useful suggestions offered by events which take place in the family life. How the bride adorns herself on her wedding day; how the bridegroom is attired in his best when he comes to plight her his troth. But in the Catholic Church are celebrated the most sublime espousals. Our Lord, the mos

the vestments of the priest who ministers to the spouse. Let not the Church be neglected. Let it be like not to a cavern, but to the house where, together with the angels, the soul basks in the light and love of the heavenly spouse.

"Again in the family, a child is born. How all rejoice, and lavish loving attentions on the infant. What care bestowed on the cradla that it may have all that is played him false.

It is not necessary to pursue the simile

tions on the infant. What care bestowed on the cradle, that it may have all that is beautiful, and be comfortably and softly laid. But in the Church also there takes place a birth—the daily birth of Christ upon the altar in the hands of the priest. And where is the cradle for the Divine Infant? His cradle is the Ciborium. Is it all that is beautiful and worthy of so great a Lord? Yes, in the towns we do not deny that it may be; but in the poor churches of the country villages the cradle churches of the country villages the cradle of the Heavenly Child is often far less ornate than those in which are laid the children of the people. Let us give our labor and our means to make the altar not only the cradle, but the throne from which Jesus so lovingly dispenses His favors. Gather around you, ladies, new members, so that we may redouble our work, and so be able to grant the petitions of the nu-merous rectors of the churches, who often seek from us what we have not the means

Religion Seven Days of the Week.

The following extract from an address of his Eminence Cardinal Manning, Arch-bishop of Westminster, delivered recently in St. James' Hall, London, on the occa-"Oh, my child, My sweet child. We have killed biocesan Education Fund, may be of intermy child. My brave child. My sweet child. My lovely child is dead, dead, dead! Oh, instruction and Sunday religion are sufficient or the annual meeting in benair of the Diocesan Education Fund, may be of intermy child. My lovely child is dead, dead! Oh, instruction and Sunday religion are sufficient or the sum of the control of the contro sion of the annual meeting in behalf of the

dead, cold, cold," and the broken-hearted father lifted up in his arms the bloody corpse of his child and kissed her cheeks and forehead a hundred times.

"Let us pitch this thing into the ditch," said Smooth Luke, calmly. We can send for it to morrow and have it brought home."

"My child, my child, my darling child, I can't live without you! What, a black hight this is for me and mine! Oh, my child, my darling child," began again the distracted father.

The poor child was dragged out of the arms of her father.

"Leave hold of my child," said Nolan with determination; "if you throw her with a will do quite well enough, because religion can be taught upon the Sunday. I believe this to be one of the most perplement when the will do quite well enough, because religion can be taught upon the Sunday. I believe this to be one of the most perplement when the will do quite well enough, because religion can be taught upon the Sunday. I believe this to be one of the most perplement when the will do quite well enough, because religion can be taught upon the Sunday. I believe this to be one of the most perplement when the will do quite well enough, because some people who think that secular are some peo gathered together in the church is one of the most powerful means whereby the knowledge of the Catholic faith is to be maintained and spread, and I know that great efforts are made by the clergy to collect their children on the Sunday. But collect their children on the Sunday. But they teil me what I know to be true, and that is that it is enormously difficult, difficult beyond the knowledge of those who are not, like themselves, in the midst of this experience, enormously difficult to obtain anything like a regular attendance of the children upon the Sunday afternoon. And here I may say the parents are in fault. I know that children play truant when they can, but I know that careful parents will not, as a rule, have truant ful parents will not, as a rule, have truant children, and if they looked after the regular attendance of their children on the Sunday afternoon we should not have, as we have now, I am sorry to say, teachers coming regularly in large numbers and children coming irregularly in small numbers. I am happy to announce to you that the Brothers of St. Vincent de Paul have promised me that they will work together with the clergy of our parishes, and will be happy to receive from the clergy the names of the children who are irregular,

names of the children who are irregular, and of the dwellings where they live, so that they may on Sunday afternoon go round, as it were, with the Cross carried before them and the bell in their hands, Mr. Henry Marshall, Reeve of Dunn,

as I have seen in Rome, gathering the The curative power of Ayer's Sarsaparilla is too well known to require the spe cious aid of any exaggerated or fictition ertificate. Witnesses of its marvellor cures are to day living in every city and hamlet of the land. Write for names if hamlet of the land. Writ you want home evidence,

BUCHU-PAIBA." Quick, complete, cures, all annoying Kidney-Diseases. \$1.

REASON AND FAITH.

of placing reason where faith should be? One only—nonsense! A man who would act thus in matters of the world, would be considered a lunatic. Everything even here is not a matter of evidence. We here is not a matter of evidence. We are bound to believe, for instance, that there are such cities as London, and Paris, and Rome, such countries as England, and France, and Italy, such mountains as the Alps, although we have never been there. We would be considered as fools if we refused to believe in their existence, because they were not produced before our eyes in evidence. And we may, in fact, never see them: but

produced before our eyes in evidence. And we may, in fact, rever see them; but we believe in their existence nevertheless. Why? Because we read in books and papers, and see and hear men speak about them; and those who speak and write about them have authority, for they have been there.

been there.

Now apply this simple illustration to Now apply this simple illustration to the subject-matter of religion. Unbelievers profess not to know or understand the doctrines of the Church, and it is precisely because of this that they reject our creed. It is beyond reason, they say, and therefore they bring forward reason to deny it. This Paris, this London, this Rome, are not like New York or Baltimore; their sizes and shapes are different their bourse. sizes and shapes are different, their houses are not built as houses ought to be, there are strange people in them; therefore they do not exist. Very plainly, our friend has had a bad dream, and his fancy has

Catholics fix the principles of faith and reason in their minds. They, as well as others, are liable to be carried away by some sudden gust of rebellion, if they be not careful and guarded. Reason has a legitimate domain of its own, but when it steps beyond it, it only produces mischief. A man beginning on the natural basis would argue out for himself the existence of God, of good and evil, and hence of future reward and punishment. Then he would come to revelation. The first question then would be: Would it not be reasonable if there were a God, that He would reveal Himself? Yes. Where, then, is the body that professes to be the guardian of that revelation? "Shocking!" exclaims the Protestant; "the Bible alone is the basis of faith," But the reasoner would smile. He would say. "I see I is the basis of fatth," But the reasoner would smile. He would say, "I see I need not trouble my head about your sects." One body only, under such circumstances, claims his attention; and one tep of reason remains for him to take: He must investigate her testimonies. As soon, however, as he is satisfied on this

point, reason ceases.

If the Church is a divine institution, nothing she teaches can be wrong, unless God is a liar. All that the Catholic has to master is what the Church teaches; when he knows that, childlike faith displays reason; the heart dethrones the head.—Baltimore Mirror.

Good By Degrees.

Do you think you can be very good all in a minute, even though you have asked God to forgive you your sins, and to send you help to do better? There is such a thing as growth in good-

ess as in plants; and if you really want o be a strong young tree in the garden of the Lord, you must be content to pass through many sections, and wait for many suns and showers, and even then

you have not reached your full size.

Do you understand me? For you can be a little good directly, for you can try to be good. But do not be disappointed if you fail, or sit down to say rebelliously. have tried, and I was good for a little while, and now I am naughty again so it is of no use praying or trying any more.

Such thoughts are sent by the wicked one to discourage you. He wants you to give up goodness altogether. He hates to

Rather lift up your head after a fit of naughtiness and say: "I am still a little plant in God's garden, and although my eaves are soiled with sin and earthlin He can wash them with His showers, and brighten them with His sun, if I only look up to Him and do not despair and sink

to the earth.
"But I want to be a very good, very

strong young tree in God's garden," says some bright hopeful child.

Well, it is a good wish, only remember, no hurry! The best truit takes the longest time to ripen; and remember you are nappier than the fruit, in that you can elp on your own growth by meekly ending your head under the showers of Hod's correction and thanking Him for he sun of His love.

writes: "Some time ago I got a bottle of Northrop & Lyman's Vegetable Discov-ery from Mr. Harrison, and I consider it ery from Mr. Harrison, and I consider it the very best medicine extant for Dyspep-sia." This medicine is making marvellous cures in Liver Complaint, Dyspepsia, etc., in purifying the blood and restoring man-hood to full vigor. Sold by Harkness & Co., Druggists, Dundas St.

It is now in season to warn our readers against the sudden attacks of Cholera, Cramp, Colic, and the various Bowel Complaints incident to the season of ripe fruit, vegetables, etc. Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry is the grand specific for those troubles.

HALF HOURS WITH THE SAINTS.

One of the primary errors of the day is to substitute reason for faith. It is so among unbelievers, of course; it is so among Protestants, and worst of all it is so among large classes of Catholics. Deplorable, we say it is, because the inevitable result, if followed out, leads to atheism. Lack of a logical head prevents such parties from going to an extreme. But it is lack of a logical head that makes a man who professes to have faith fall into an error like this.

We are no contemners of reason. Reason is a divine gift. Reason, as well as faith, is given us by God. But what is reason, and what is faith? Reason is that faculty of the mind which enables us to know, to understand, to comprehend; faith is that faculty of the soul which enables us to believe, and in the act of believing to understand things beyond reason, beyond thought, beyond words.

Now, if this is true—and none will dispute it—what result can follow from theact of placing reason where faith should be? One only—nonsense! A man who would act thus in matters of the world, would be armore in the faith is grant of the world and true man, co-eternal with His Father in so far as He was God, and a mortal man according to time, became incarnate in the chaste womb of the Blessed Virgin. The universal Church celebrates on the 25th of March the memory of this grand event, under the name of "the Feast of the of March the memory of this grand event, under the name of "the Feast of the

MORAL REFLECTION .- Three great virthe most delicate chastity, the deepest humility, and perfect submission. Let us aim especially at initating the latter, while repeating with Blessed Mary, "Behold the servant of the Lord, let it be done unto me according to His word."—(Luke i, 38).

Saint Irenaus.

Saint Irenews.

The Obligation of Good Example.—
St. Irenews was bishop of Sirmich, in Pannonia, when the edict of Dioclesian's persecution overwhelmed the Church and spread terror abroad. The bishop having been conducted before Probus, governor of the province, gave proof of a courage unequalled, not only in resisting the threats launched against him, but still more in contemning the flattering promises made to him if he would consent to sacrifice to idols. He was beaten with rods, and afterwards sentenced to be thrown into the river after being beheaded. The holy martyr joyfully stripped off his clothing, and uttered this prayer: "I thank Thee, my God, for having deigned to let me suffer death for the glory of Thy name and for the safeguarding of the Christian people of Sirmyla vivia the safeguarding of the to let me suffer death for the glory of Thy name and for the safeguarding of the Christian people of Sirmich. Vouchsafe to receive me in Thy mercy, and by my example fortify Thy people in the faith."

MORAL REFLECTION.—Good example is one of the main duties of every one invested with a dignity, or exercising any spiritual authority whatever. Every one is responsible towards his inferiors for the is responsible towards his inferiors for the bad example he gives, and the good ex-ample which he should have afforded: "For a most searching judgment shall be for them that bear rule."—(Wisd. vi. 6).

Saint John the Solitary. OBEDIENCE.—There are in the lives of the Saints certain traits that are more the Saints certain traits that are more worthy of admiration than of imitating: let us seek out what we are capable of imitating. St. John the Solitary had withdrawn to a mountain in the environs of the town of Lycopolis, in the Thebaid. There three grottos, hollowed in the rock, protected by a slight enclosure and encompassed by a high rampart, served him as a place of retreat. In this rampart there was a small window, which he opened twice in the week to receive the food brought for his sustenance. He conversed awhile with his visitors, discoursing upon matters concerning their salvaversed awhile with his visitors, discoursing upon matters concerning their salvation, especially on the necessity of doing penance, and then withdrawing, gave himself anew to prayer. He thus hved on to the age of ninety, and died towards the year 395. God had favored him with the gift of miracles and of prophecy. He announced to Theodosius his victories over the enemies of the Church. Many solitaries imitated his mode of life. ries imitated his mode of life. writers agree that the signal graces be-stowed upon him were the reward of his absolute obedience during the first twelve years of his retirement to the bidding of the Solitary whom he had taken as his

master. Moral Reflection .- Nothing is better calculated to procure favors from Heaven, than obedience towards those in authority. "An obedient man," says the Wise Man, "shall advance by victory,"—(Prov. xxi.

The American branch of the "League of the Cross" at Chicago is making favor-able progress. It was started in England by Cardinal Manning, and Father Hays, of the Jesuits of Chicago is the leader of it there.

Consumption is a disease contracted by a neglected cold—how necessary then that we should at once get the best cure that we should at once get the best cure fer Coughs, Colds, Laryngitis, and all discases of the Throat and Lungs,—one of the most popular medicines for these complaints is Northrop & Lyman's Emulsion of Cod Liver Oil and Hypophosphites of Lime and Soda. Mr. J. F. Smith, Druggist, Dunville, writes: "It gives general satisfaction and sells splendidly." Every color of the Diamond Dyes is perfect. Unequalled for brilliancy. See the samples of the colored cloth at the druggists.

A CURE FOR CHOLERA MORBUS.-A positive cure for this dangerous complaint, and for all acute or chronic forms of Bowel Complaint incident to Summer and Fall, is found in Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry; to be procured from any druggist.

J. H. Earl, West Shefford, P. Q., writes:

"I have been troubled with liver complaint for several years, and have tried different medicines with little or no benefit, until I tried Dr. Thomas' Eelectric Oil, which gave me immediate relief, and I have tried it on my horse in cases of cuts, wounds, &c., and I think it equally as good for horse as for man.

"When all other remedies foll!"

as good for norse as for man.

"When all other remedies fail," for Bowel Complaint, Colic, Cramps, Dysentery, etc., then Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry comes to the rescue." Thus writes W. H. Crooker, druggist, Waterdown, and adds that "its sales are large and increasing."

"MOTHER SWAN'S Worm Syrup" for feverishness, restlessness, worms, tion, tasteless, 25c

Munster being, l so. It may be of Ireland, Connau clusively and pur north-eastern ang ever since the fi intercourse with to the close of t kept at bay, with colonisation to w dom, in the hundred years, slowly been for reign of James land, and exchan British jurisprud tation scheme in out; but two ren guished this proje other Anglo No: where in Ireland. tives, instead of land extirpated, v ors, though "exp In the next plac were Scottish C come: but they q settlement, and se Scots. Into the other hand-pro

AUG. 3, 1

THE EXTER

An able Review In the issue of Century for Ju

Sullivan publish Why Send Mor

an able critique o extermination an also, he replies Goldwin Smith's illogical attack on give the article in a portion of the our race. Mr. Su

The question w propounds in the Review, touches terest at the prese 'Ireland' we also premises—"but leadings."

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the Union, thoughope to prosper the
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other hand—pro seaport towns o founded and pec there has poured to the present di stream of Anglo-tlers. Although have been very law-abi special theory of lishmen have be stance or coincid Irish trouble have provinces alone, largely prevailed tricts. This may ally. The truth province of Irel other. Wexford occupy a position that considerably creed theories a most largely Tevalways remained been among the counties: it has he and is one of the farms, sheep-run and anti-English to it, the most

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For some time has been creepin to the wisdom o soil further cons Irish population Irish newspapers ernment is report subjects to Ame much anxiety th dite or send son It must not be f Rossa and other whom it is now British jurisdict were forcibly puriod for America, and the express cond selves beyond t

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Spanish descent in the South, and of Irish aud Scotch in the North and West consti-

to the close of the sixteenth century is

British jurisprudence. Then first a plantation scheme in that province was carried out; but two remarkable features distinguished this project from the "Palatine" or other Anglo Norman colonisations elsewhere in Ireland. In the first place, the natives, instead of being outlawed, banished and extirpated, were retained as cultivators, though "expropriated" as projectors.

In the next place the imported colonists were Scottish Celts. Some English did come: but they quickly tired of the Ulster settlement, and sold out to the gripholding

Scots. Into the Pale provinces, on the other hand—provinces the large cities and

seaport towns of which were nearly all founded and peopled by the Northmen— there has poured from the twelfth century

province of Ireland at one time or an-other. Wexford may fairly be said to

crime or agrarian outrage; it is the most thriving and industrious of the agricultural counties; it has had the fewest "clearances"

nd is one of those most free from large

and is one of those most free from large farms, sheep-runs and bullock-ranges; it is the most intensely national, Parnellite, and anti-English—nay, indeed, when put to it, the most formidably rebellious—of the thirty-two counties of Ireland. In fine, one needs to be very careful in these matters to distinguish between what is

matters to distinguish between what is mere coincidence or concurrence and what is really cause and effect. Races and creeds stand in Ulster to-day very much in the same proportion as they did in the days of Henry Joy McCracken; when that Province—or rather the Protestants of the province when the protestants of the province when the protestants of the protestants of the province when the province w

Province—or rather the Protestants of that province—projected and organized the insurrection of 1768. To the politics of 1848 its Protestant sons contributed the most daring and devoted spirits. In 1874 it sent a typical "Teutonic Protestant and thriving Belfast merchant to Mr.

Parnell's side, in the person of Mr. Joseph Gillis Biggar, member for an Ulster con-

stituency,
"Irish," therefore, I say, meaning the
people of Ireland as a whole; and "Ireland," meaning as much of that country

as one can see on a map of the world.

For some time past an uneasy feeling has been creeping over the public mind as to the wisdom of storing up on American soil further consignments of a disaffected

Irish population. Already some of the Irish newspapers have been turning grim jokes on the fact that Her Majesty's Gov-

ernment is reported to be at one and the same moment deporting troublesome Irish subjects to America, and yet expressing

much anxiety that America should extra-

dite or send some of them "back again." It must not be forgotten, as to O'Donovan Rossa and others of the dynamite party, whom it is now desired to bring within

British jurisdiction, that he and they were forcibly put on board ship, bound for America, and given their release on

the express condition that they kept them-selves beyond the confines of the United

L OF GOD. avid, named n of the same y were dwell-lled Nazareth e. Thi This we by God unto e Saviour of bearing in de to remain reassured her at her divi handmaid o me according true God and is Father in so

ortal man ac carnate in th Virgin. s on the 25th is grand event, Feast of the ree great virsignal degree;
the deepest ssion. Let us g the latter, ed Mary, "Bed, let it be done word."—(Luke

EXAMPLE f Sirmich, in of Dioclesian's e Church and bishop having bus, governor of a courage resisting the ttering proms beaten wit tenced to be eing beheaded prayer: "I having deigned r the glory of marding of the h. Vouchsafe cy, and by my in the faith." ood example is every one in-exercising any

er. Every one aferiors for the the good ex-have afforded: gment shall be (Wisd. vi. 6) olitary. in the lives of that are more of imitating: are capable of Solitary had in the environs n the Environs n the Thebaid. red in the rock, losure and en-art, served him n this rampart ow, which he to receive the

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the "League of making favor-ted in England I Father Hays,

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have such men, if they conspired at all, conspiring within reach of British law rather than beyond it; but the choice was made, and they were sent where they are to plot dynamite outrages and propound to plot dynamite outrages and propound THE EXTERMINATION POLICY. An able Review by A. M. Sullivan, Esq. In the issue of the London Nineteenth kerosene conflagrations in a most advan-tageous position for such an occupation. The same considerations present them-Century for July, Mr. Alexander M.

Sullivan publishes, under the title of selves in reference to the general question of Irish emigration, or reduction of the population, as a cure for disaffection. There "Why Send More Irish out of Ireland," an able critique on the English policy of are evils that, however troublesome, near at hand, are not likely to be more efficiently dealt with at long range. They are blazing or smouldering combustibles that are not quenched by merely flinging them out of sight. Reduction of the populations against the state of the populations of the populations. extermination and emigration, in which, also, he replies with crushing force to Goldwin Smith's recent ungenerous and illogical attack on the Irish people. We give the article in full, as of high value as a portion of the argument on the side of our race. Mr. Sullivan, writes:— The question which Mr. Goldwin Smith tion as a cure for Irish poverty and dis-affection, is no new prescription. It is an expedient which is readily and easily The question which Mr. Goldwin Smith propounds in the June number of this Review, touches a subject of no light interest at the present moment. "Irish' and 'Ireland' we always say".—Mr. Smith premises.—"but let it never be forgotten that those names cover a fallacy. The Irish trouble has its seat in the Celtic provinces alone. Ulster.—Teutonic, Protestant and thriving.—is contented with the Union, though certain politicians who hope to prosper by the revolution would fain persuade her that she is not."

"Irish" and "Ireland," "Hungarian" and "Hungary," "Canadians" and "Canada," "Americans" and "America," we always say, and quite correctly. All affection, is no new prescription. It is an expedient which is readily and easily caught up. It lies on the surface, as it were, and saves one the trouble or responsibility of search, study, or investigation. Various motives animate those who urge this emigration panacea. There is the school of genuine benevolence, represented at its best by Mr. Vere Foster, who, however, has never favored or encouraged "clearances." There is the school of State policy and political expediency, represented in the present instance by Mr. Goldwin Smith. Surplus population and congested districts are pleaded. "It will be better for those who go, and better for those who go, and better for those who stay; better for Ireland, and for England too." The one assumption which, beyond all others, accompanies or seems to suggest and warrant these clearance prescriptions, is the idea that pasture or grazing ranges, if not well managed, scientifically cultivated large farms, will take the place of the tillage plots of the eviction cotters, with enormous improvement and extension of agriculture. Indeed this is the cardinal point, the fundamental doctrine, of all who espouse the expatriation policy. There was Lord Carlible's fam. and Thingary, Canadans and Can-ada," "Americans" and "America," we always say, and quite correctly. All Irishmen are not Celts: all Hungarians are not Magyars. Every one knows that a large proportion of Canadians are French in race and language; and that in what we usually call "America"—the United States—millions of French and Synapish descent in the South and of Ligh and Scotch in the North and West constitute a fourth of the white population. These race theories, often quite fanciful, are generally very misleading. Ulster appears to supply a favorite refuge for adventurous doctrinaires who wish to escape from calling Irishmen "Irish." It is fully one half Catholic; and, of all districts or divisions of Ireland, happens to be the least "Teutonic," Leinster and Munster being, by comparison, the most so. It may be questioned if any part of Ireland, Connaught included, is more exclusively and purely Celtic. The extreme north-eastern angle of the Island has been, ever since the fifth century, in constant intercourse with Celtic Scotland. Down to the close of the sixteenth century it this is the cardinal point, the fundamental doctrine, of all who espouse the expatriation policy. There was Lord Carlisle's famous dictum as to God's design that Ireland was to be "the fruitful mother of flocks and herds." Here is Mr. Goldwin Smith referring to "districts which nature has intended for grazing lands. And again, more explicitly, "what is wanted is the clearance of districts, and the restoration of them when cleared to the purpose of grazing, to which alone they are adapted." This grazing and pasturage idea runs through every speech, every letter, every newspaper article on the subject. Rich, verdant, and profitable sheep runs and bullock ranges will (it is assumed) supplant miserable patches of oats and potatoes; kept at bay, with marvellous success on the whole, those efforts of conquest and colonisation to which the rest of the kingdom, in the struggle of four hundred years, had more or less slowly been forced to yield. In the reign of James I. Ulster became shire-land, and exchanged the Brehon Code for British jurisprudence. Then first a plan-

bullock ranges will (it is assumed) supplant miserable patches of oats and potatoes; the productiveness of the land will be increased, and a more thriving, prosperous and loyal population will remain behind. A truly singular conception of agriculture underlies this opinion. Persons whose acquaintance with grass lands is derived from a residence in Onslow Square or a stroll through Hyde Park may be or a stroll through Hyde Park, may be excused for assuming that pasturage will flourish, or grass grow without more ado, when a field is no longer tilled, or is once laid down. But it is hard to think that writers and speakers of better knowledge on this subject can pretend to believe in such a state of things. Every man who really knows anything, either practically or theoretically, of agriculture, knows that there is land—and every one acquainted with Ireland knows that there are in that country thousands of acres of land—which, though fruitful under tillage, nothing but constant or recurrent cultivation by tion by spade or plough will keep from running into waste, The one serious blun-der which writers like Mr. Goldwin Smith there has poured from the twelfth century to the present day an almost continuous stream of Anglo-Norman or English settlers. Although they do not appear to have been very loyal, very union-loving, or very law-abiding, I do not base any special theory on the fact. Many Englishmen have been struck by the circumstance or coincidence that so far from the Irish trouble having its seat in the Celticaring along cottage, and crime most or rather the one fatal defect in their in-formation, is their manifest unacquaint-ance with the fact that there can be seen Irish trouble naving its seal in the Center provinces alone, outrage and crime most largely prevailed in the Teutonised districts. This may have been so occasionally. The truth I hold to be that spasms of agrarian disorder have disturbed every cleared away, the farm plots were con-solidated and turned into grass. But ere long the unwelcome discovery was made other. Wexford may fairly be said to occupy a position altogether unique; one that considerably baffles all those race and creed theories about Ireland. It is the most largely Teuton or least Celtic; it has always remained Catholic; it has usually been among the most free from serious contracts with it is the most

on which to judge the loss and gain of this clearance and emigration policy. In 1846 the population of Ireland was nearly 9,000,000, in 1883, it is about 5,000,000. It was in the twelve years between 1849 and 1861 that the mania for clearances and consolidation of holdings may be said to have raged in Ireland. In a milder form it has continued ever since; but in those years Mr. Goldwin Smith's remedy was administered with a thoroughness and a determination that thoroughness and a determination that will never again be witnessed, because it would never again be tolerated. Has it banished Irish poverty or cured Irish dis-affection? If this unparalleled feat of depopulation—the sweeping away of nearly five millions of souls—has not effected a remedy, with what countenance can anyone discourse to us on the virtue of such a specific?

Before considering the political effects of this clearance or emigration policy— that is to say, its effects on Irish disaffec-tion and English security and tranquility —let us look at its economical results.
In 1841 there were 319,374 cotter holdings in Ireland—holdings under five acres.

In 1851 there were 88,083; in 1880 there were but 64,292. Of the 246,083 small fin 1851 there were 85,083; in 1880 there were but 64,292. Of the 246,083 small farms thus "consolidated," as well as in the case of the larger holdings up to twenty acres, which underwent a like process, many of course contained bits and patches of genuine pastureland, or had been so thoroughly reclaimed by the outlay and labor of the dispossessed cotters that the soil was made permanently arable. The majority of these five, ten, and twenty-acre farms were wrung from mountain and moor by the unaided in-dustry of the occupiers, who were thus, year by year and season by season, ex-tending the area of productiveness. It tending the area of productiveness. It now turns out that in the hour in which this much abused class—this "surplus class"—were swept away, a blow was struck at the progress of reclamation and improvement in Ireland. Even if it had not been so, it would still be a cold-blooded policy to sacrifice millions of population for an agricultural experiment. Nothing short of an absolute and overwhelming gain in the general and perwhelming gain in the general and per-

as a gigantic crime.

It is only within the past fifteen years that the agricultural statistics of Ireland have been collected and arranged in anything approaching to a satisfactory man-ner: although at their worst they were in advance of anything of the same character relating to Great Britain for the same period. The Census Commissioners of 1841 collected some statistics, rather meagre and incomplete, giving the extent of "arable" and "uncultivated" land, and the live stock, and the crops of Ireland. Not until 1847 was the extent of tillage first recorded; and only in 1868 were any returns supplied thoroughly fit for comparative calculations. There is unfortunately no public return given for 1846 (when the population was at its highest) of the acreage of arable and of pasture or grazed lands, as compared with the absolutely waste. Until about fifteen years ago, the phrases "waste" and "pasturage" lutely waste. Until about fifteen years ago, the phrases "waste" and "pasturage" were loosely used: inasmuch as small farmers grazed large tracts in the aggregate that were semi-waste or capable of being returned under either head. In 1851 the "arable" land is returned at 14,802,501 acres: which must have included, with what the more recent returns call arable the hulk though searcely the call arable, the bulk, though scarcely the whole of the grazed acreage. In the returns for 1871 we come upon figures dealing explicitly with a state of things, which nearly ten years previously, had called forth public uneasiness in Ireland. It was noticed in account whether the property of the state of noticed in every county that the area of productive land was ruinously diminishing: and it was found that the average productiveness of the soil had fallen away. Except in such districts as Meath, Westmeath, Kildare, and others, the cleared farms were, to an alarming extent, ex-hibiting signs of failure to hold in grass, and were gradually relapsing into waste or semi-waste. In the Registrar-General's Report for 1881 a glimpse of the dread-ful truth is first discernible. Comparing official figures of 1881 with those of 1871, the following facts are disclosed (planta-tions, cities, and towns omitted):—

tions, cities, and towns omitted):—
1871. 1881. Acres. Acre Under crops, including meadow and

water...... 4,289,432 4,708,047

That is to say, in the ten years between 1871 and 1881, not less than 418,615 acres have gone back to waste; lost alike to pasture grass and tillage. The Official Report tells the dismal tale as follows:—
"Land under grass in 1881 appears to have decreased from 50 4 per cent. of the total area in 1872 to 49 6 per cent. in

"In crops a decrease on the ten years, of from 5,487,313 in 1872, to 5,195,375 in 1861, or from 27.0 to 25.6 per cent. of the

"In bog, waste, water, &c., an increase of from 20-9 to 23-1 per cent. of the total

area."

Between 1870 and 1878, as is now only too well known, owing to the passing of the Land Act being followed by seven "fat" years, there was an extravagant burst of agricultural activity in Ireland. Yet it is within this decade that the Par-liamentary Report makes the exhibit above quoted. One year with another, from 1851 to 1860, the extent of arable land was 5,788,282 acres. In 1881 it was only 5,195,375; showing a loss of 592,827 acres; and the total is still falling. Between 1881 and 1882 it fell 114,327 acres. The destruction of the small former.

tormation, is their manifest unacquaintance with the fact that there can be seen
in Ireland to-day tens of thousands of
acres of land, once cultivated and cropped
to the last inch, now relapsed into a state
of nature. Twenty or thirty years ago
the human occupants were ruthlessly
cleared away, the farm plots were consolidated and turned into grass. But ere
land to feel very sharply that the cotters
and small-farmers were the class that
most largely supplied us with eggs, poultry, and young stock. In truth, at the
present moment, so far as these products
are concerned, it looks as if the scientific that in grass the land would not permanently remain. The population being gone, the scarcity of labor made recurrent breaking up and manuring too expensive; and so, acre by acre, the land went back into heath and moor.

We have before us in the results and experience of three decennial periods, between 1851 and 1881, abundant evidences.

1841 shows that—

Farms of 100 acres and upwards held live stock to the value of £1 8s, per acre.

Farms of 22 acres and upwards to 100—£2 1s. 4d. per acre.

Farms of 10 acres and upwards to 22—62 5.3d. servers and upwards to 22—

£2 5s. 2d. per acre.
Farms of 3 acres and upwards to 10-£3 5s. 10d. per. acre.

The value of stock in the hands of Irish

The value of stock in the hands of irish small farmers—five acres and under—in 1841 was £4,771,483. By 1846 it was probably £6,000,000. In 1851 the class had already been so far destroyed that £1,002,-156 represented all they held!

Let us examine whether in any way the agricultural products of Ireland, taken as whole—live stock correlation.

a whole—live stock, cereals, and green crops—exhibit a compensation for the loss of five millions of population. The average yearly acreage under oats between 1851 and 1860 (within which period it had already considerably fallen) was 2,074,381. In 1881 it was only 1309,385. Wheat In 1881 it was only 1,392,365. Wheat acreage in the like period, falls from 460, 802 to 154,009; barley from 221,105 to 210,152; turnips from 878,482 to 340, 097; potatoes from 1,030,921 to 854, 290. Cabbage shows an increase of 313 acres, and flax of 20,969. Let us now see whether an untold wealth of live stock has rolled an throid weath of five stock has forced in on Ireland to compensate for all this. The average number of cattle in all Ireland, yearly throughout the period between 1851-1860, was 3,480,623. In 1881 it was 3,954,479; an increase of 473,856. Sheep and 1975 and 1975 are 1875 are 1875 and 1975 are 1875 are 1875 and 1975 are 1875 1891-1800, was 3,400,023. In 1881 it was 3,405,4479; an increase of 473,856. Sheep 3,297,971—3,258,583; a decrease of 39,-888. Pigs 1,194,303—1.088,041; a decrease of 106,262. Horses 572,2,19—547,662; a decrease of 24,557.

This is the exhibit for all Ireland, and a pretentious one it is; but when we come to the province where clearances and con solidation have been most largely resorted to (and which is now singled out for further operations in the same direction), namely Connaught, it appears that, the solitary item of increase in the above list -that of cattle-wholly disappears, and there is loss all along the line. In cattle the decrease has been 38,681 : in sheep 318,251 : in pigs 24,316. That is to say, in the province pre-eminently subjected, for thirty-five years past, to the "improving" process of emigration and consolidation, public statistics attest that the extent of productive land, has considerable discipled.

area have relapsed from productiveness to waste: there is a ruinous declension in the sum total of agricultural wealth or produce; cattle, sheep, pigs, poultry, oats, wheat, barley, potatoes, turnips—all have

gone down.

But there is great misery and distress But there is great misery and distress in Connemara and Donegal. Ireland is not prosperous. True: but the point under discussion is whether further depopulation—not a better distribution of the population—not a better distribution of the population, but actual extirpation—is likely to be a cure for or an aggravation of the evil. Chronic misery may be saused by over population; but there are fifty other causes also, from either one of which it might ensue. Over population is one of those loose phrases which are cheap and handy; but how much population is over population? Is Surrey over populated? Or Middlesex? Is England, France, or Belgium? Two millions of inhabitants may starve under one set of circumstances in a country where under another ten in a country where under another ten millions might thrive. Twenty-five mil-lions of people in England constitute a powerful, wealthy, and flourishing nation. lions of people in England constitute a powerful, wealthy, and flourishing nation. Had Philip of Spain made good his purpose, three hundred years ago, and had Spanish Ministers spent the interval in subduing, civilising, and Catholicising England, in Spanish style, from Madrid, it is quite conceivable that ten millions of Englishmen might find it hard enough to live on English soil to day. As for Ireland, famine and discontent prevailed when the population was under four millions; famine and disaffection when it was under three millions; famine and insurrection when it was under two millions. If we are to fly to depopulation every time Irish misery or Irish discontent grows troublesome, down to what point must we go to reach prosperity and peace by such a process? We have gone below five millions—four, three, two; and found them not! Query—is it certain that this is the process whereby they are to be reached at all? In Turkey—the richest soil and once the fairest garden of Europe, "the teeming cradle of the human race"—a nonpulsition of hearts 120 col-Europe, "the teeming cradle of the human race"—a population of barely 120 souls per square mile are sunk in misery. France supports in thrifty comfort 180, Italy 225, Belgium 421, England and Wales 442, Belgium 421, England and Wales 442, Flanders 718. Ireland is "over-populated" with 161: though it has an arable acreage of 73 per cent. of its whole surface, an area of reclaimable land at least another 12 per cent., and a soil more fertile than that of England by 10 per cent. I put aside as not within the scope of these observations ony examination of the enormous loss involved in the loss. enormous loss involved in the loss of 5,000,000 of a population. Even the

most rudimentary acquaintance, with such subjects will indicate that formidable item. In civilized communities man so lives on man, or rather men so prosper by, one another, that very often those who go, instead of benefiting, make worse the chances of those who stay. I have seen the whole process in Ireland. Townlands are "cleared." the contiguous hamlets soon disappear; then the sillage follows lets soon disappear: then the villages fade away: next the neighboring towns, once bustling and fairly well to do, decay and sink into shabby villages: the county capital at last feels the paralysis. Only ports of entry like Dublin and Cork, busy ports of entry like Dublin and Cork, busy with the export of Irish cattle and the import of English manufactures, thrive, by comparison: or a successful manufacturing centre like Belfast expands. The scores of once prosperous county towns, like Castlebar, Westport, Trim, Sligo, Tralee, Ennis, Tuam, Roscommon, and even cities like Kilkenny, Waterford, Galway, and Limerick, find that the source of their prosperity has been swept away. In not a few instances grass literally grows in market-place and street. The fortunate—if, indeed, fortunate—circumstances that, soon after the great clearance began, that an extraordinary rise in the price of meat and butter set in, and continued up to 1878,—threw a glow of what was called "prosperity" over Ireland for the time, and sufficed to conceal from superficial observers how precarious was the situation. The lost soil was not missed: the tion. The lost soil was not missed: the lost population not regretted. But, if meat-prices should ever fall! Ah! The mere check of 1879 created the panic. In the day—not very far distant—when the progress of scientific discoveries and of transport facilities brings American and Australian meat thoroughly into our markets, a terrible Nemesis awaits the man hunting and bullock-worshipping policy in these islands. The brave and hardy Highlanders of Scotland, and the kindly and hospitable peasantry of Ireland, will be wept when all too late.

Is it any wonder that Irishmen, in view of the public statistics and irrefragable facts above adduced, refuse to believe that English proposals of depopulation are for the good of Ireland? Behind the often flimsy excuse of "greater room for those that remain," "good for those that go and those that stay," "districts which nature has intended for grazing land," and so forth, a more ruthless policy is discerned Mr. Goldwin Smith scarcely affects to con Mr. Goldwin Smith scarcely affects to con-ceal it. The Irish are illiterate; they are poor; they are uncivilized, unthrifty, vio-lent, vengeful, lawless, against government wherever they go. "Their fatal influence threatens with ruin every Anglo-Saxon polity and every Anglo-Saxon civil-ization throughout the world." This is a terrible picture of a people England has been ruling, managing, civilizing, eduhas been ruling, managing, civilizing, edu-cating, converting, training, and teaching for centuries and centuries. I am afraid that, though offensively exaggerated, it is not wholly untrue. Laws that forbade schools or schoolmasters through eleven reigns of Tudor, Stuart, and Hanoverian dynasties, have unquestionably done their work, though the Irish tried hard to baffle them, and get some contraband schooling. Edicts that banished the native race from walled towns and civilized life, that made it a high crime to teach them trades, and drove them to live like hunted game on the mountain and moor, have left their mark in the furtiveness of Irish peasant character, and in the rude and barbarous sonalor of their dwellings. A land sys squalor of their dwellings. A land sys-tem which, as has been tardily confessed by the Imperial Legislature, even in the present century, penalyzed their industry, systematically confiscated their property, and so kept them in chronic insecurity and wretchedness, has unfortunately helped them but little to habits of thrift

mers, as a class, were ever much above the starvation level. For fifty years past the charge has been specifically urged on their behalf that for time out of mind extortionate rents left them no means of subsistence much above the cattle. Since Sharmin Crawford's time it has been explicitly. have been unfair or extortionate on an average, to the extent of about 25 per cent, per annum. The rental of Ireland for thirty years past is estimated at fifteen or sixteen millions sterling: so that, at this rate, after allowing a margin for pro-perties fairly rented, a yearly sum of at least £3,500,000, or more than £100,000,-000 since 1851, has been wrongfully squeezed out of Irish farmers. Ay—wrung out of them by a process as agonizing as the "curbash!" £100,000,000! How many tragedies of humble life darken the background of those figures! How much of unrequited toil: how much of cruel injustice, of heartsinking and hopelessness; of hunger and privation! If this hundred millions of money or even half the amount, were in hand just now for setting Company of the depundent. tling Connemara cottiers on depopulated or reclaimable Irish land elsewhere, they would need no help from Mr. Tuke. The lowest computation I have ever seen, but which I have not tested, fixes them at another £100,000,000 the net loss-the direct and actual loss—to Ireland in the same period on the disastrous agricultural statistics already cited; while, as to render statistics already cited: while, as to render inevitable the pauperization of the country, within the same period the imperial taxation imposed on and drawn from Ireland has been increased from the yearly amount of £4,006,711,4in 1861, to £7,086,593, in 1871. And this was falling population. The imperial taxation of Ireland stood at 128 2d are head of population in stood at 12s 2d per head of population in 1851. It stood at £1 6s 2d per head in 1671—the last year for which parliamentary figures are forthcoming—an increase of 14s per head per year. Within the same period the burden on rich and prosperous Great Britain, with an increasing population has been lightened by a re-duction of 3s3d per head per annum.

But the Irish in Ireland are not only a nuisance, with their chronic poverty: they nuisance, with their chronic poverty: they are a danger with their chronic disaffection. Even if this also be granted, the question is whether "Begone elsewhere" is the true remedy. Oh, yes, by all means, urges Mr. Goldwin Smith; only—not to America,—leastways not to New York, where there are newspapers and politicians. Up away there in the vacant North-West, perhaps, they might do no harm. Indeed, there is a fine opening for them, say, at the North Pole, or thereabouts. Canada "shudders at the thought of receiving them," yet, strange to say, pays way to London with an offer to repay five millions sterling if spent in sending them to her territory!

There are few subjects more worthy of serious attention than that which calls forth Mr. Smith's alarm. Irish emigrants;

have been struck with the fact that animosity towards England often display tiself more strongly in the second and third generations of Irish-Americans than in the men who were actually driven forth. As long as this feeling took shape merely in impossible schemes for invading Ireland, and setting up "the Irish Republic now virtually established," it might have been very annoying, but was never likely to become dangerous to this country, un-less in the almost inconceivable contingency of a war between England and the United States. America may give free reign to Irish, French, German, Polish, or Russian refugees, in their conspiracies of vengeance, up to a certain point; but never will the Washington Cabinet, in never will the Washington Cabinet, in time of peace, allow an armed expedition to quit American waters on purpose of invasion bent. Within the past four years, however, a truly noteworthy change has come over the plans and purposes of the Irish abroad. Enterprises like the Fenian conspiracy, though enthusiastically sustained by the humbler classes of Irish settlers, never fully called forth the co-operation of the hundreds of thousands of well-to-do, prosperous and influential men of Irish birth or blood in America. America, Canada, and Australia. Al-though abused by the extreme Nationalists for what was called selfish, sordid, and unpatriotic abstentation, these men, at heart, hated the English system of rule in Ireland as bitterly as the rest. They sim ply did not believe in the military enter prise of fighting the British empire; and were rather repelled by some of the tactics and doctrines of the revolutionists. and doctrines of the revolutionists. Scarcely, however, had the project of carrying the Irish national struggle, in constitutional form, but in thoroughly combative spirit, into the citadel of British legislation attracted attention, when the millions in America,—rich Irish and poor Irish alike,—grasped, sprang at, a new revelation. Here was a scheme they thoroughly believed in. They could endow this new movement with the only element of power wanted to constitute it the most formidable combination effected in Irish formidable combination effected in Irish politics since the days of Rinuccini. The politics since the days of Rinuccini. The cry arose that, if the Irish at home would be resolute, the Irish abroad would supply the sinews of war. No corner of the kingdom. They were deposited on the shores of New York with full knowledge or belief that there or here they would be at mischief. The Government made its election. Just now it may be thought that, on the whole, it might be safer to

zenship in New York or Toronto, in Amer- idea was embraced with an enthusiasm zenship in New York or Toronto, in America or elsewhere. Yet, conceding all this sad truth, who is the culprit?

This Irish misery is no mysterious problem, Irish poverty is created and manufactured before our eyes by a process as simple and direct as the scuttling of a ship. The real wonder would be if Irish farmers are also, were ever much above the States alone will supply Mr. Pagnell with States alone will supply Mr. Parnel with funds to an extent no Irish leader ever before possessed. Canada and Australia, proportionately will not be far behind. It was the moral effect of the £150,000, min Crawford's time it has been explicitly min Crawford's time it has been explicitly charged that an excess of £5,000,000 a year has been wrung from them. For eighteen months past this charge has been under investigation in the Queen's Courts, by land commissioners. In the result, so that, with the member for Cork. I express my belief,—formed after some study of the situation last Autumn in America,—that, with the resources certain to be placed at his command by the Irish in that country. Canada and Australia,—united as they sent hither for the Land League, that try, Canada, and Australia,—united as they never were before,—he can carry from sixty to eighty seats in Ireland, again and again, and maintain their representative during active service in the field. One can hardly realize the extent to which this co-operative scheme has taken possession of the Irish across the Atlantic. It explains the striking spectacle of that Convention, two months ago, at Philadelphia. There 1,272 delegates from States, countries, and cities, as wide apart, some of them as California and New Brunswick, New Orleans and Ottawa—exhibiting considerable variations are striked as a considerable variation as a considerable variation at the considerable variations. able parliamentary aptitude and ability, and disappointing anticipations of dis-union, disorder or violence,—pledged the moral and material support of probably 6,000,000 of the Irish race abroad to the men and the movement at home. What their moral support may count for, we may judge from a fact which supplies a curious commentory on Mr. Smith's report of Canadian opinion. The Dominion Legislature, the other day, formally appealed to the Imperial Government to grant Ireland the precious liberties which Canada enjoys. "The Irish vote!" Mr. Goldwin Smith exclaims. Probably. Why not! If the House of Commons pass a Liberal measure, it is the force of the Liberal vote that does it. It a temperance measure, the temperance vote. The Non-conformist vote is a recognized power in England; yet who discredits any measure in sympathy with Nonconformist feeling by crying out that the Liberals are "coquet-ting" with the "Nonconformist vote?" The "Negro vote," as it was called eventu-ally enabled Wilberforce to win. If there is an "Irish vote" so strong in the United States as to cause Mr. Parnell to be invited to address the Congress of Washington, and so powerful in Canada as to cause the Dominion Legislature to demand Home Rule for Ireland, it surely indicates the existence of political forces that must be taken into account. It is a holy and wholesome fact that every day the solid-arity of humanity, the public opinion of a arity of humanity, the public opinion of a world, is extending a corrective and world, is extending a corrective and world, is extending a corrective and the standard politicians. Up away there in the vacant North-West, perhaps, they might do no harm. Indeed, there is a fine opening for them, say, at the North Pole, or thereabouts. Canada "shudders at the thought of receiving them," yet, strange to say, pays emigration agents for trying to coax them thither, and sends a gentleman all the way to London with an offer to repay five millions sterling if spent in sending them to her territory! five millions sterling if spent in sending them to her territory!

There are few subjects more worthy of serious attention than that which calls forth Mr. Smith's alarm. Irish emigrants; not merely the fugitives of despair, but those deported wholly or partly by State "benevolence"—do not lose, but rather increase, their hostility to British power in the process of transplantation. Formerly it was fancied this would die out. Of the group of dynamite conspirators, who stood in the dock at Newgate the other day—men whose frightful purpose was to bury London in ruins, not one was born on Irish soil. All were the sons or grandsons of men swentaway from "our randsons of men swentaway from "our free of fact, rather than the vehemence of feeling, it has been to me some what of a struggle. I cannot write of these is struggle. I cannot write of them, without some emotion. I regard Mr. Smith's accusations and proposals with much indignation for their injustice, but with greater sorrow for the mischief they must do. Not by insulting taunts about the "master race" (whichever one that may be) driving yet by cries for expatriation of Irishmen to some No man's land, as a worthless, dangerous, or criminal race, can Irish harded of England be allayed, or the inevitable reconciliation of these countries other day—men whose frightful purpose was to bury London in ruins, not one was born on Irish soil. All were the sons or born on Irish soil. All were the sons or levitable reconciliation of these countries in evitable reconciliation of these countries. grandsons of men sweptaway from "congested districts," and sent or driven to America, "for the good of those who went, and of those who were left behind."

Whoever has travelled in America must sified, not weakened or qualified by the Irish disaffection be increased and intensified, not weakened or qualified by the policy of clearance and depopulation, it surely is time to turn round. The real question for all true friends of England and of Ireland, is not merely, "Why send more Irish to Ametica?" but "Why send more Irish out of Ireland?" Why not tackle the problem of making Ireland as prosperous and populous, as thrifty and industrious, as law-abiding and loyal, as either Flanders or Belgium?

A. M. Sullivan.

A. M. SULLIVAN.

Advice worth remembering : it is easier praise one into good conduct than to cold him out of bad. The secret a child dare not confide to a

The Bilious,

parent is a dangerous one, and will lead to sorrow and suffering.

dyspeptic or constipated should address, with two stamps for pamphlet, World's Dispensary Medical Association, Buffalo, N. Y.

Josh Billings heard from,

Newport, R. I., Aug. 11, 1880. Dear Bitters—I am here trying to breathe in all the salt air of the ocean, and having been a sufferer for more than a year with a refractory liver, I was induced to mix Hop Bitters with the sea gale, and have found the tincture a glorious result. * * * I have been greatly helped by the Bitters, and am not afraid to say so. Yours without a struggle,

JOSH BILLINGS. From E. Poole, the well-known Photo-grapher of St. Catharines. grapher of St. Catharines.

St. Catharines, Ont., Sept. 29, 1882.

J. N. Suthirakan, Esq.; Dear Sir.—It gives me great pleasure to say that my brother (for whom I procured two hottles of your Rheumatine) to my agreeable surprise, has totally recovered from his severe attack of Rheumatism.

He left Saginaw to visit Brantford. When getting off the train at St. George he found it impossible to proceed further for several days. I paid him a visit in Brantford and found him trying many so-called remedies-Galvanic Battery, &c., all to no purpose, not even relief. He suffered intense pain continually—seldom sleeping during the whole night. About three weeks after receiving the Rheumatine, he replied to my letter of enquiry that he was cured. Scarcely believing it, I wrote asking "are you cured or only relieved?" His reply was "I am as well as I ever was."

Now, sir, I am very much pleased, nay, delighted with Rheumatine, and should you need a testimonial for publication, only ask and I will gladly give it to you.

Sincerely yours, E. POOLE.

LETTER PROM HIS LORDSHIP BISHOP

WALSH.

London, Ont., May 23, 1879.

Bear Mr. Copper,—As you have become propietor and publisher of the CATROLIO Excomp. I deem it my duty to announce to its subscribers and patrons that the change of proprietorship will work no change in its one and principles; that it will remain, what has been, thoroughly Catholic, entirely independent of publical parties, and exclusively devoted to the cause of the Church and to the promotion of Catholic interests. I am condeint that under your experienced management the RECORD will improve in usefulness and efficiency; and I therefore earnestly commend it to the patronage and encouragement of the clergy and laity of the diocess.

Believe me.

Mr. TEOMAS COFFEY Office of the "Catholic Record."

LETTER FROM BISHOP CLEARY. Bishop's Palace, Kingston, 13th Nov., 1882.
DEAR SIR:—I am happy to be asked for a word of commendation to the Rev, Clergy and faithful laity of my dioces in behalf of the CATHOLIC RECORD, published in London with the warm approval of His Lordship, Most Rev. Dr. Walsh. I am a subscriber to the Journal and am much pleased with its excellent literary and religious character. Its judiclous selections from the best writers supply Catholic families with most useful and interesting matter for Sunday readings, and belp the young to acquire a taste for pure literature. and neip the young to restrict the pure literature.

I shall be pleased if my Rev. Clergy will countenance your mission for the diffusion of the RECORD among their congregations. Yours faithfully.

†JAMES VINCENT CLEARY,

Blahon of Kingston.

MR. PONAT CROWE, Agent for the CATH

Catholic Record

LONDON, FRIDAY, AUG. 8, 1888.

HISTORY REPEATING ITSELF. The House of Hanover, while

spared from many of the evils that nevertheless had its trials and visitations. Amongst these we may reckon the domestic miseries from which so many of its scions have suffered, and the unfortunate tendency to mental aberration that has so frequently shown itself in the royal line. The story of the third George is too well known to need repetition here, especially as its sad peculiarit ies are not unlikely to be repeated in the case of the present sovereign of Britain herself. Conceal it as her physicians and attaches may, Her Mojesty's health is far from being in a satisfactory condition, and there are, we regret to state it, not wanting signs that the royal mind has become so weakened that a relief from the cares of Sovereignty may become necessary to save it from utter wreck. Years ago the Queen's health became so impaired that her abdication was looked upon as one of the probabilities of the near future. In fact a member of the House of Commons actually made in 1867 or 1868, enquiry of ministers why they did not, in view of her Majesty's actual inattention to Abdication might then or since have been advised, and the advice acted of a great radical reaction on the assumption of regal power by the Prince of Wales. The Queen has always been very popular with the masses in England, and the friends of monarchy have therefore always looked with apprehension either to her abdication or demise. But now the sad facts of the Sovereign's unconcealed, and it must now be adcannot say that a change of this kind will prove acceptable even to those of her Majesty's subjects who favor a republican form of government. To us in Canada the change may not be immaterial, for it may at any moment give rise to domestic complications in Britain leading to an early severance of the ties bind-

No good that we can see can come from concealment of the Queen's real condition. Her Majesty is becoming daily more and more incapable of discharging the duties of her position, and the eventualities of the

ing us to that country.

whispered with bated breath, veiled in metaphor or clad in wary disguise, is now coldly, calmly, openly, dispassionately discussed by partisans as well as foes, by flatterers and scoffers, by the staunch adherent and fawning courtier no less than the violent anarchist or the red republican. The mind of the Queen, not her the reference of the courties that have discussed by partisans as well as loes, by flatterers and scoffers, by the staunch adherent and fawning courtier no less than the violent anarchist or the red republican. The mind of the Queen, not her body, is affected. Her eccentricities have taken unto themselves a name, which is

only a synonyme for insanity. The lurk-ing taint in the Hanoverian blood, the de-mentia traceable in the line of the Georges, bursting out ever and afresh in some wild or wicked freak, now seems to have unmistakably overtaken the Oueen.

Queen.
The more or less harmless manias in which, during a long reign, Queen Victoria has allowed herself to indulge unchallenged and unblamed; the erratic fancies, sudden caprices, unreasoning dislikes, unconquerable obstinacy, of which so many testimonies exist, seem to have culminated at last in a sudden, serious, protracted, undisguisable attack of melancholy, a monomania of seclusion, sadness, and fear, which it is idle not to color with any other motive. challenged and unblamed; the erration

Referring to the sinister rumore in connection with the late accident that befell her majesty, the same journal goes on to say:

"The effects of a very slight, almost illusory accident, were magnified into a serious and dangerous sprain, so as to account to the public for the complete withdrawal of the sovereign from all inter-course, and her absolute seclusion from any eyes save those of her immediate enany eyes save those of her immediate entourage, and abstention from public duties, except the compulsory and mechanical signing of state papers. The Queen has been conveyed from Windsor to Osborne, thence to Balmoral, and back again to Windsor, in profound and mysterious isolation. Her movements are shrouded in impervious secrecy, all precautions against intrusion of any kind are strictly and jealously taken, and the stringent necessity of a perfect change of scene, air, and surroundings urgently impressed upon the nation. Indeed, except for the gratuitous conferring of innumerable brevets of knighthood on recipients who have no obvious claim to the honor the sovereign is virtually out of the honor the sovereign is virtually out of the pale of active public life."

English journals too openly discuss the vagaries of the royal mind after a fashion little calculated to impress the people with due regard for the Sovereign. A late issue of befel the unfortunate Stuarts, has Truth contains the following statement of fact which demonstrates the unsettled state of the royal mind.

Mr. Campbell, the minister of Crathie, who is the Queen's "spiritual adviser" in Scotland, would have done well to advise her Majesty to curtail the extravagant inscription which she has ordered to be engraved on the gigantic monument which is to be placed over John Brown's which is to be placed over John Brown's grave. I suppose the Queen had in her head the inscription written by Sir Walter Scott for the gravestone of the famous Tom Purdey, in Melrose Abbey; but it is a pity that her Majesty was not content to copy Sir Walter, instead of huddling together a number of texts, which if they mean anything, mean that the Queen has the power to order Brown to "enter into the power to order Brown to "enter into the joy of his Lord," as well as to "make him ruler over many things," A more astounding legend was never composed. The monument is to be inaugurated in the autumn with much solemn state.

We may, in view of these circumstances, very reasonably ask if we are not at the approach of a regency with the heir apparent as Prince Regent. Neither the memory of a former Prince Regent, nor his own unfortunate disregard of Christian propriety, will serve the Prince of Wales if such an important charge is to be thrust upon him.

THE TEWKSBURY HORRORS.

We do not propose to go into the details of the dreadful revelations made during the Tewksbury investion, but for the just fears entertained gation. We may say, however, that anything more horrible, disgraceful, or disgusting, never has been presented to public gaze than the results of this investigation. People raise their eyes to heaven and hold up their hands when they read of the atrocities of the French Revolution. In the case of Tewksbury there was no revolution, all was peaceful, dehappy condition can no longer be liberate inhumanity. At the close of the investigation Governor Butler mitted that a regency may at any stated that of seventy-two babies moment become a necessity. We taken to the asylum, seventy-one had died of neglect and maltreatment. Speaking of the disposal of the dead and the tanning of human hides, he said:

"I will now show you what they did with the dead. Since 1854 to now, except for the last ten years, there is no pre-tension to a record of what is done with the dead, and there was only a \$100 bond. All the colleges and everybody else have been supplied. All bodies not called for by friends—and the friends are few—are sent away for dissection after funeral services have been held over them. Up to ten years the dissected remains were to ten years the dissected remains were thrown where the fish would get them, and they were called 'eel-bait,' and eels and lobsters ate them. No account is made of bodies furnished to private phy-sicians. All this has been done without position, and the eventualities of the situation are calmly discussed on all sides in Britain.

The N. Y. Sun, in a late article, alludes to the fact as follows:

The statement long expressed in hypocritical sighs, uplifted, mournful eyes, suppressed interjections, innuendoes whispered with bated breath, veiled in metaphor or clad in wary disguise, is now coldly, calmly, openly, dispassionately discussed by partisans as well as foes, by flatterers and scoffers, by the staunch adition.

Sicians. All this has been done without any pay or account. Nourse's account is false. The price he gives is \$\frac{1}{2}\$ account is any pay or account. Nourse's account any pay or account. Nourse's account is any pay or account. Nourse's account an

time, but outside men saw twelve and twenty thrown in together like cord-wood, higglety pigglety, with the children between their legs. After all the swearing of the runt doctors, the report is put in that there were thirty-six children sent. Good witnesses testify to Dr. Dixwell's good character. Lunacy is the means the old men use when they want to get rid of the old wife and get a new one. I have been battling this idea for forty years. If Dixwell was lying, let Marsh's books be produced, which he is keeping back. Dixwell gave this testimony years ago. Nobody though the was a lunatic then. In the absence of Marsh's book, Dixwell must be relied upon.

"His Excellency then produced the human skins, which have been exhibited before. In the satanic press this has been called a student's freak—I call it the satanic press because Satan is the father of lies. These pieces came from several tanneries, and it had got to be an industry. There are old men and young men with jaded passions, made so by their vices. If they coul i put their feet in shoes made from a woman's breast, perhaps their passions could be excited. These shoes

from a woman's breast, perhaps their passions could be excited. These shoes went on the feet of the rich aristocrats. The Governor read from Carlyle of the tanning of human skins during the French Revolution of 1789. It is the paupe skin that is tanned now for the feet skin that is tanned now for the feet of the aristocrats. It was then my lord and my lady's skin that was tanned to make shoes and breeches for the paupers. Let us look out that our turn does not come, for if there is any thing that one side will not stand all the time it is skinning. A Harvard record shows that they had a tanned negro's skin, which was in the library as a curiosity 150 years ago, and they have been at it ever since. It is time they were stopped."

And all this in New England

And all this in New England, where the "Ages of Faith" are called the dark ages, all beneath the very shadow of Plymouth Rock and of the Athens of modern times.

SOUND SENTIMENTS.

Mr. Parnell lately delivered at Cork a speech that must have s most beneficial effect on Irish public opinion. This speech was delivered on the occasion of a grand banquet in the main hall of the Cork exhibition building, at which upward of two hundred prominent gentlemen sat down to dinner.

The mayor of Cork, Mr. D. J. Galvin, presided. Among the others present were the Earl of Bandon, the Earl of Donoughmore, Sir George St. John Colthurst, Sir George Penrose, Rev. Monsignor Sheehan, the lord mayor of Dublin, the Earl of Dunraven, Mr. Charles Stewart Parnell, Mr. E. D. Gray, Mr. T. D. Sullivan, Mr. T. M. Healy and many others.

Almost every shade of Irish public sentiment was represented. Mr. Parnell, in replying to the toast, prosperity to Ireland and her inlustries," began by saying that he felt convinced every Irishman, whatever his political faith or whatever his religious creed may be, or in whatever system of education he support within their power. may be brought up, desires earnestly and heartily the prosperity of his native land, and though they may differ from time to time as to the means of obtaining that prosperity he believed their differences were

honest differences. "Now," continued Mr. Parnell, "having a country with a soil of great fertility, a mild, genial and unequalled climate, we have a people who are facile and quick to learn, who have shown in many other countries that they are industrious and laborious, and have not been excelled. Whether in the pursuit of agriculture under the mid-day sun, in the fields or amongst the looms, their works have not been excelled by any country on the face

They desired to see manufactures abound and to see the population of the country able to live and thrive. Mr. Parnell then referred at some length to the manufactures that formerly prospered in Ireland. After speaking of the woolen manufactures that once flourished in his native county, Wicklow, he spoke of the city of Cork:

"This city of Cork was formerly famed for her manufactures. We have, I am happy to say, some of these manufactures revived now. During the last two or three years manufactures which have long been crushed are cropping up their heads, and opportunities have been afforded to persons of many trades who formerly felt the effect of discouragement and want of hope. In reference to the glass manufacture, I may say there were formerly in Cork two large houses famed for flint glass which was of superior quality.

"Large paper mills used to exist at Dripsey and Portlaw, but these are now in ruins. One used to see these paper factories in full work and making a cheap, useful description of paper, but now probably all the newspapers and books, and lithographing and accounts are printed on paper not manufactured in Ire- required.

at present no cottoners are to be mode of dealing with the tenantry found in Cork. The cottoners in question manufactured stockings by stockings were celebrated, as Limerick laces are at present, and as Limerick gloves in former days were. At Bandon a large manufactory of hand-woven linen formerly flourished, but it is now no longer in existence. Brick, porcelain and other clay industries also flourished in this county, but we hear nothing of them at the present moment. Now, would ask you why, if these industries existed in the past, they should not exist in the future?"

Mr. Parnell then strongly urged that all should put their shoulders to the wheel, and whether in their individual or corporate capacity, assist in supporting lrish manufactures. The result, he held, would be that they would enable manufacturers of this country to compete with English manufacturers and spread their factories throughout the length and breadth of the land. He confessed he should like to give Ireland the power of protecting her own manufactures, but if that were not possible they could all clothe themselves in good Blarney tweed. He of course admitted that there were difficulties, and great difficulties, in the way. Americans, French and Belgians had got the start of them and it was only by the good will of all the members of the community, as shown by the Cork exhibition. that they could achieve the revival of Irish manufactures. Mr. Parnell concluded by stating that they could at all events create a native market in Ireland, and he thought also in America a market of Irish manufac-

"In this way," he said, "taking advan-tage of the good will which throughout Ireland has been rendered evident on be-half of the restoration of Irish industries, we can do much to revive the ancien fame of our nation in these matters, and which have rendered great those nations by the side of which we live. I trust by the side of which we live. I trust that before many years have gone by we shall have the pleasure of meeting in even more places than this, and see that the quick-witted genius of the Irish race has proved what this great place has taught—a great lesson, which, I hope, will lead to our nation's happiness, prosperity and freedom."

Mr. Parnell does not, we believe, count in vain upon assistance from America in the matter of Irish manufactures. The Irish in this country will not only hail their revival with pleasure, but give them every

A GOOD LANDLORD.

We have during the past five years dealt so many blows at land- while on the other river bank has, as lords and landlordism that we feel if by magic, grown the city of Winreally relieved to be enabled to offer nipeg. Religion has since that time a feeble tribute of praise to one man, made marvellous progress in the and he a landlord. This gentleman North West, thanks to the enlightis Mr. Jonathan Pim, who for several ened and unflagging zeal of the years represented the city of Dublin in the British Commons. Mr. Pim Farands, Lacombes, and other aposproved a good representative, and tolic men who have borne the standnever flagged in the discharge of his ard of redemption to the furthest duty to the people of Ireland. We West and North. St. Boniface was are therefore glad to place on the first episcopal See established in record his noble course towards his the North West, and is therefore Mayo tenantry, who recently gave dear in all its memories and associapublic expression to their gratitude tions to every Catholic heart. in terms creditable to themselves and their landlord. They speak in these terms:

"SIR-We, the tenants of the Rosbanagh estate, beg to express our most sincere gratitude to Jonathan Pim, Esq., 22 William street, Dublin, for all the good things he has bestowed on us during his term as landlord, for the last twenty-eight or twenty-nine years.
"First—As a good employer during the

above period.
"Second—For building every tenant a good dwelling and offices, and fencing and draining all our lands, without raising any man's rent since we had the good fortune becoming his tenants.
"Third—For the reductions he has

given us for the years '79 and '80—from 50 per cent. downwards to 62 8d in the "Fourth—For his kind consideration in advancing us one-fourth of the purchase money to purchase our holdings, and the way he carried it out, perfectly to the sat-

way he carried it out, perfectly to the sat-isfaction of all his tenants. "Fifth—For the noble gift of a year's rent to us for the year '82 to enable us to be in a position to meet the demands of "Sixth—For his liberality in supplying

us with seed potatoes to enable us to crop our land during the adverse season. "We beg most respectfully that he will accept this acknowledgment of our grati-tude, and trust that the same kindly sentiments may long continue between him and his tenants. We also beg to return our best thanks to his efficient and considerate agent, Mr. Henry Rose, who was always ready to give a good advice when

> "Signed on behalf of the tenants. "Andrew Aitken.
> "Samuel Wilson."

deserves recognition at home and abroad. He proves himself the genmeans of handlooms, and the Cork uine patriot by his generous course of action. Few indeed are the landlords who, like Mr. Pim, have the welfare of their tenants at heart. He sets his fellow-landowners an example that they unfortunately refuse to follow. None the less, however, should he be honored. And we feel we do not in the least exaggerate when we affirm that the name of Jonathan Pim will be as dearly remembered by his fellowcountrymen as that of any other patriot who has made sacrifices in other ways for motherland.

ST. BONIFACE.

Monday, July 16th, was the sixtyfifth anniversary of the arrival of the Catholic missionaries, Bishop Provencher and Father Dumoulin, at Red River. Le Manitoba lately published an interesting article comparing the state of things at St. Boniface at the date of their arrival with the present:

The site of the actual town of St. Bon-iface is stated to have been then covered iface is stated to have been then covered with trees of oak, elm, ash, maple, etc. There were no houses, the hunters who camped at Fort Douglas lodging in tents exclusively. The names of the first two permanent settlers are given as Belhumeur's but, which was of unhewn logs, had neither floor nor windows, and was situated in front of the convent of the Grey Nuns on the bank of the Red River. It was abandoned by the owner a River. It was abandoned by the owner a year after it was built, in 1816, and afterwards taken possession of by Madame Jean Baptiste Lagimoniere, who lodged in it with her children for three months. In August, 1818, three weeks after the arrival of the missionaries, the hut became the residence of one Francois Lalonde with his family of twelve children. Jolicœur's hut was, we are told, situated near

the present approach to the St. Boniface bridge, and was of a very primitive style of construction. The third building erected was a dwelling for the missionaries, the site of which has since disappeared by the annual caving in of the river bank. It was in front of the corner of the Archbishop's garden, where the road descends to the river. Between 1818 and 1826 saveral houses were built along and 1826 several houses were built along the river bank, among which was that of Simon Provencher, brother of the bishop, which stood on the present site of the Grand Vatel. Other residents were Regis Larence, one of the sons of Francois Lalonde, a Swiss named Soubraireau, one Francois Aly, and one McDonald, who dwelt near the mouth of the Seine River. In 1826, all these houses were carried away by the flood, and the inhabitants, discouraged by a succession of misfor-tunes, abandoned the Red River and returned some to the United States and others to Canada. The flood of 1826 left standing only the chapel and the residence of Bishop Provencher. The water then rose to the height of 40 feet above the

Times have indeed changed at Red River since 1818. St. Boniface is now a large and prosperous town. Provenchers, Taches, Grandins,

AN ADDRESS TO DR. CROKE.

The city of Limerick did itself honor by presenting His Grace of Cashel with an address on the occasion of the laying of the corner stone of the new church of St. Brigid, Sarsfield Rock, Ballyneety, County Limerick. The address, which bears the city seal and the signature of the Mayor and Town Clerk, convevs sentiments held by Irishmen all over the world. The address begins by recalling the days when the heroic Sarsfield by his gallant achievement on the spot where they were assembled formed relations between it and Limerick which are fondly cherished and must last forever with the people of that city. It also touchingly alludes to the time when the struggle for national existence was maintained within their walls, and the Bishop of Limerick and the Bishop of Emly stood side by side in the contest for Faith and Fatherland-as they do to-dayand suffered evils and death for the cause they held sacred. The address then proceeds:

"We deem this opportunity, there-Mr. Pim's noble and Christian ceremony with which your Grace cians.

inaugurates the church that will assist in perpetuating the glorious memories of these bygone eras, and for saying also with what sincerity we offer you our love and devotion in congratulating you on the universal approval which hails your noble fulfilment of the mission of our National Faith amongst our countrymen.

"The condition of your great Diocese in its comparative freedom from crime is the highest testimony that can be preferred as to the wisdom of your beneficent rule; but, besides, from every part of the globe, whereever a Catholic people are, have come tributes of admiration for the unflinching patriotism which you have shown in sustaining the efforts of our race to emancipate themselves from the agrarian serfdom under which they so long suffered."

His Grace the Archbishop was profoundly moved by this mark of respect from the "City of the violated Treaty," and replied in terms of hearty earnestness. Amongst other things His Grace said:

The last Bishop of Emly fought behind your beleaguered walls side by side with His Lordship of Limerick, just as he who now addresses you, and who claims to be in some sense the successor, however unworthy, of the martyred O'Brien, is today fighting the constitutional fight for Faith and Fatherland in line with the suifeed much loved and patriotic much level and patrio Faith and Fatherianu in introduction prelate gifted, much-loved, and patriotic prelate with equal grace and usefulness, who, with equal grace and usefulness, now happily presides over the ancient See of St. Munchin. For the kind words of St. Munchin. For the kind words spoken by you of myself, and for the public endorsement you are pleased to give to the course which I have pursued in the field of national politics, I am grateful. I desire nothing for this country but peace and harmony. I desire to see rank reasonably respected, authority obeyed, crime punished, the laborious husbandman receiving the just fruits of his toil, industry encouraged, the various resources of Ireland fairly developed, and a foothold upon Irish soil easily attainable by every son and daughter of St. Patrick by every son and daughter of St. Patrick who really deserves to possess it. Such, and such only, are my aims. You are pleased to think them legitimate, and that I have not labored in vain to advance them; and for this double tribute, as well as for the address just read, I beg once more to offer you my heartiest acknow-ledgment."

In a previous discourse delivered at the laying of the corner stone Dr. Croke delivered himself of sentiments that deserve remembrance in every Irish heart.

We shall live and die, please God, in the bosom of the Holy Roman Catholic Church, ever true as steel to the Apostolic faith and ennobling traditions of our fathers. Attempts, no doubt, have of late been made to make strangers believe that the Irish people are fast falling away from their primitive fervour, and that the bond which bound them to the Chair the bond which bound them to the Chair of Peter was likely to be loosened ere long, if not entirely dissolved. But, far from that being the fact, it is plainly demonstrable, and, indeed, notoriously true, that at no period in the modern, or perhaps, ancient history of Ireland, were the Irish people more thoroughly or more intelligently religious than they are, thank God, to-day. There are more persons approaching the Sacraments in our times in Ireland than at any past period in her annals. Religious communities are being multiplied, confraternities abound, missions are being held for the faithful in almost every parish, the feuds and fac-tions which gave an evil notoriety to certain localities have completely ceased, certain localities have completely ceased, a neighborly spirit has taken the place of these unholy contentions; of secret societies we have absolutely no trace in this extensive Diocese; while crime and outrage were of daily occurrence elsewhere, we altogether exempt from them; and so we are in a position to fling back into the face of our calumniators the false and injurious assertion that we are on the high road to infidelity and soon to make utter shipwreck of the faith. Our fathers utter shipwreck of the faith. Our fathers stood many a rude test, and were not found wanting. The confiscations of James and Elizabeth, the sword of Cromwell, the ruthless rapacity of his followers, and the savage legislation of later times were tried on them in vain. We, too, of this generation have had our own burden of affliction to bear. But, though bowed by the weight that oppressed us, we were not disheartened, much less subdued. We struggled manfully for our emancipation both in Church and State, and the whole world knows by this time that we have come out of the contest with credit, and, I might say, with victory. Apostacy, at any might say, with victory. Apostacy, at any rate, has never stained the ecclesiasical annals of Ireland; and I can answer for it that in the Church of St. Brigid, of which the corner-stone was laid to-day, the practices of the ancient faith planted here by St. Patrick shall be henceforth fully and fervently carried out."

No man in Ireland is in a better position or has more solid claims to speak on behalf of the Irish race. In the words we have just cited, Dr. Croke portrays the true condition of Ireland in a religious sense. Ireland was never more profoundly Catholic than to-day, nor its people more devotedly attached to the See of Peter. Their attachment to the Apostolic See their enemics would efface, but neither threat nor machination on their part can bring about such a result. The faith of St. Patrick is too lively to be extinguished fore, suitable to the expression of our deepest interest in the holy ions and selfish calculating politi-

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EDITORIAL NOTES

- Another instance of the deplorable effects of intemperance comes to us from Philadelphia. On July 17th John Hazlett, a well known citizen, committed suicide by hanging himself. His eldest son rose about 5 o'clock, but before going out to work he knocked at his father's door. He failed to awaken him, as he thought, and attempted to open the door. He found that the door was not locked, but barricaded on the inside. By main strength he burst the door open and found his father hanging in a cramped position from the bedpost by a thin rope. He had been dead for two hours. The cause of

the rash act is attributed solely to drink. - The managers of the Training-School for boys at Feehanville, outside Chicago, are completing negotiations with the United States Government for caring for about fifty Indian boys. The Boys are now on some of the Indian reservations, and, as soon as the arrangements are perfected, will be brought there for training and education. The school will be conducted by the Christian Brothers. Its object is to instruct the Indians in their religion, and teach them the English language, and at the same time form teachers for Indians in the far West. It is a fact that there could be more Catholic Indian schools if teachers for them could

- The Rev. Father O'Haran, pastor of St. Mary's Church, Wilkesbarre, Pa., and the pastor of the Cath-olic Church at Plymouth, have informed the Sunday-school children of their congregations that hereafter they will not be allowed to wear bangs and frizzes while attending divine service. If they do they will be sent home. Father O'Haran, in a lecture to the children, condemned the fashion of wearing bangs in severe terms, and said no young girl who ever expected to become a lady would be guilty of banging her hair. It is understood that a circular has been issued by Bishop O'Hara to all the clergy of the diocese calling their attention to the matter.

- France is a land of such contradictions! While the government is atheistic, as well as the great majority of the Chamber, there have not been so many indications of a strong religious feeling among Frenchmen for the last century as at present. It is no longer the women who alone frequent the churches. The men are found there in as large a proportion as in any other country. The news which comes from all parts of France as to the celebration of the festival of the Blessed Sacrament proves this more strongly still. Never have the processions been followed by such immense crowds. The same has been the case in Paris. Even in the Anarchist districts, the respectful demeanor of the crowd was very strik-

- A good story is told of the wife of an American diplomatist, who is fond of calling upon the celebrities in every place which she visits. Being in Florence some time ago, she expressed her intention of calling upon "Ouida," the well-known novelist. Her friends attempted to dissuade her, saying that "Ouida" had a violent prejudice against Americans. Undeale diplomatist called a the novelist's house and was met by "Ouida," who said : "I must tell you that I exceedingly dislike Americans." "I am very much surprised to hear that," was the reply, "for they are the only people who read your nasty books!"

- A gratifying incident took place at the Drogheda railway station, on June 25th. The train bearing Right Rev. Dr. Nulty, Bishop of Meath, on his way home from Belfast, steamed into the station precisely as the train bearing Mr. Parnell from Dublin to Monaghan steamed in. Mr. Parnell alighted to pay his respects to the good Bishop under whose auspices he began his remarkable Parliamentary career. The greeting between the two illustrious personages was of a most cordial character. They remained conversing until the bell warned Mr. Parnell to seek his carriage, when the saintly and patriotic Prelate wished him success in his mission to Monaghan. Dr. Nulty is evidently not dissatisfied with the political course of the Irish leader since he ceased to be member for Meath.

AN ABLE PAPER.

We beg to direct attention to the able paper reproduced elsewhere from the Nineteenth Century, and written by Mr. Alex. M. Sullivan on the British policy of banishment and depopulation in regard of Ireland. This paper is a complete vindication of Ireland and the Irish from the charges levelled at our race by Goldwin Smith. Mr. Sullivan never, to our mind, employed his great acquirements and mental power to such advantage as in the able production which it is our pleasure this week to submit to our readers.

We were pleased to have a visit on Saturday from Master John O'Keefe, son of P. O'Keefe, Esq., merchant, Strathroy, who has returned home from the Seminary of St. Sulpice, Montreal, to spend vaca-

IRELAND'S STRUGGLE FOR THE FAITH.

XIV.

King did I call thee? No, thou art not king; Not fit to govern and rule multitudes, Which dar'st not, no, nor canst not rule a traitor.

The Catholics of Ireland, watching with the keenest observation the struggle in England between the king and the Puritans, felt a very deep and sincere sympathy for the king, as well out of loyalty for himself as out of generous regard for his Catholic spouse, Henrietta Maria. Their grievances were, however, so numerous and bitter, that their discontent reached the ears of Lord Falkland, who, knowing their loyalty, encouraged them to believe that a moderate presentation of their grievances to the king would secure his careful and instant attention. Thus encouraged, the leading Catholics summoned a general assembly of the nobility and gentry professing their faith, together with several Protestant gentlemen of rank. to prepare a firm but respectful recital of the many grievances under which the majority of the nation labored. The proceedings of the Assembly, which took place in 1628, were marked by moderation and unanimity, and a clear and able, but respectful document, drawn up, setting forth the injustices practised on the Catholics of Ireland. This document begged royal intervention to remove the griev ances of the Catholics, and in proof of the attachment of that body to the Crown promised a voluntary assessment of £100. 000 to meet the royal wants. The principal points to which royal attention was directed by the Assembly were, the defective administration of justice, the insecurity of property, the exactions of the military, restrictions upon trade, and the tyranny of ecclesiastical courts. The Assembly also expressed its willingness that the Scots who had been planted in Ulster should be secured in their possessions, and that a general pardon should be granted for all offences. Agents were appointed to proceed to London with the petition. No sooner, however, were its provisions made known than the ultra-Protestant or Puritan party became alarmed, and a synod met in Dublin to protest against the action of the general Assembly. This synod protested against toleration to Papists, affirming that "to grant Papists a toleration, or to consent that they may freely exercise their religion and profes their faith and doctrines, was a grievous sin," and, therefore, prayed God that all those in authority might be made "zealous, resolute and courageous against all Popery, superstition and idolatry.' Upon the arrival of the Irish agents in London the king knew not what to do. He needed the money, but feared the Puritans. In his anxiety, solicitude and doubt he had recourse for council to Thomas, Lord Wentworth, better known under his subsequent title of Earl of Strafford. Strafford advised the king to grant the "graces" asked by the Catholics, take the money, but see to it that the concessions should not come into effect. The king was weak and mean enough to consent to this infamous act of treachery, fairly in keeping, it must be confessed, with the violation of the articles of Mellifont under his father James, and of those of Limerick under his grand-daughter Mary. The monarch signed a schedule of 51 "graces" and received from the Irish agents bonds of £120,000 to be paid in three annual instalments of £40,000. He promised that a Parliament should be at once summoned to ratify the "graces," but secretly instructed Lord Falkland to have the writs informally prepared, so that no Parliament could be elected. Thus the confirmation of the royal concessions was indefinitely postponed. Meantime the king drew the money and contented himself with the issue of a royal proclamation announcing his concessions to the Catholics; which, amongst other things, included the granting of the right to resusants to practice in courts of law and to sue the livery of their lands out of court of wards upon taking the oath of allegiance in lieu of the oath of supremacy; the limitation of the claim of the Crown to the forfeiture of estates under the plea of defective titles to a period of sixty years anterior to 1628, the giving to the "Undertakers" time to fulfil the conditions of their leases, and permitting the proprietors of Connaught to make a new enrolment of their estates. The mere announcement of the royal graces raised such an outcry

among the Protestants of Ireland that

Lord Falkland had in 1629 to leave the

country. The administration of affairs

then devolved upon Robert Boyle, Earl of

Cork, and Adam Loftus, Viscount of

Ely; two men whose greed, cruelty and

rapacity were only equalled by their in-

tense bigotry and hatred of the national

faith. During the four years of their ad-

ministration, the Catholics had to suffer

every enormity and injustice that ingen-

self afterwards proved. He summoned a Parliament in 1634 and wrung from it during its two sessions six subsidies of £50.000 each—equivalent to ten times the £50,000 each-equivalent to ten times the amount at the present day. He then dismissed the members, not, however, till he had found means to further postpone action on the promised ratification of the royal graces of 1628.

Strafford next let loose the Commissioners of enquiry into defective titles upon the devoted Province of Connaught. the workings of that body whole counties were seized and confiscated by the Crown. But the work of exaction and spoliation was not limited to Connaught. The O'Byrnes of Wicklow were obliged to compound for their estates by the payment of £15,000, the London Companies for their Derry estates by the payment of £70,000, while the Earl of Ormond was actually deprived of a portion of his domain, and the Earl of Cork heavily fined for intruding into lands originally granted to the Church. By means such as these Strafford was enabled to raise the annual revenue of the kingdom to £80,-000, and maintain for the royal service a force of 10,000 foot and 1,000 horse. But the arbitrary conduct and rapacity of the deputy in Ireland, besides his abandonment of the popular party in England had made him many enemies in both countries. The Puritans, determined to destroy, resolved to impeach him on the occasion of his return to England in 1640, whither he had been recalled to take command of the royal forces in the North against the Scottish invaders. The English Parliament of that year prepared articles of impeachment. These articles chiefly related to his administration of Irish affairs and were supported by delegates from the Irish Commons expressly sent for the purpose by that body. Strafford was, after a lengthy discussion, found guilty. His execution took place on the 12th of May, 1641. By his death Charles lost his firmest friend and ablest supporter. He was a man whose faults were great, but he was possessed of many of the qualities of an able administrator and, had his royal master been gifted with the same force of character as his deputy, the latter's despotic excesses and criminal rapacity would, there is little doubt, have been restrained, and his administration in Ireland made useful and beneficial to its afflicted people.

Upon the retirement of Strafford from the government of Ireland, the administration fell into the hands of two Puritan bigots, Sir William Parsons and Sir John Borlase, as Lords Justices. Under their rule Puritanism came into ascendency in Ireland, and then may be said to have begun the conflict which for ten years devastated the land. The Puritans claimed to be promoters and defenders of civil and religious liberty, but their claim to this distinction rests upon hollow founda-

An able and erudite writer in that sterling journal, Redpath's Illustrated,

and.
"The Parliament party," writes Lord
Clarendon, "had grounded their own
authority and strength upon such foundations as were inconsistent with any toleration of the Roman Catholic religion, and even with any humanity to the Irish nation—and more especially to those of the old native extraction, the whole race

the old native extraction, the whole race whereof they had upon the matter sworn to extirpate."—History, i, 215.

The author of "Cambrensis Eversus" corroborates this statement. (See vol. 3 pp. 85-90.) He adds: "Three thousand Irish Puritans signed a document in which they earnestly insisted either that the Catholic religion should be abolished in Ireland, or that the Irish race should be extirnated. And/logge 90 he writes that extirpated. And (page 99) he writes that the Irish Puritans "rioted in the promiscuous slaughter of women, old men and children, and the English auxiliaries openly avowed that they would strain very nerve to extirpate, without mercy,

the Irish race."
As early as the 8th of December, 1641, an act was passed in Parliament to the effect that the Catholic religion should never be tolerated in Ireland.—(See

never be tolerated in Ireland.—(See Rushworth's Collections, p. 455.) In order to carry this act into execution the Lord Justices issued the following order to the commander of the Irish

forces:
"It is resolved, that it is fit his Lord with his Majesty' ship do endeavor, with his Majesty's forces, to slay and destroy all the said rebels, and their adherents and relievers, by all the ways and means he may; and by an the waste, consume and burn, destroy, spoil, waste, consume and demolish all the places, towns and houses where the said rebels are or have been relieved and harbored, and all the hay and

corn there, and kill and destroy all the men there inhabiting able to bear arms."
"The Puritan writers," continues the same authority, "inspired and were inspired by the same spirit of exterminating hatred. Let a single extract from one of their published pamphlets suffice as an illustration:

"I beg upon my hands and knees that the expedition against them may be undertaken whilst the hearts and hands uity could invent and cruelty enforce. In 1633 Lord Strafford himself took in hand undertaken whilst the hearts and hands of soldiery are hot, to whom I will be bold to say, briefly: 'happy is he that rewards them as they have served us; and cursed is he that shall do the work of the Lord negligently. Cursed be he that holdeth back his sword from blood; yea, cursed be he that maketh not his sword stark drunk with Irish blood—that maketh them not hears upon hears, and their country a the government of Ireland. His policy, he declared, would be "thorough," and thorough it was. He ruled as a veritable monarch more than as a Viceroy. His purpose was to reduce Ireland to absolute subjection, and had he not so soon met

accursed that curses them not butterly.

It would be impossible to give in a popular journal like Redpath's Weekly a full account of the sad story of the cruel extermination by which the army in Ireland sought to carry into effect the desires of their English masters.

The red history of their sanguinary career may be well summed up in the

career may be well summed up in the words of the Protestant historian, Borlase words of the Protestant historian, Borlase:
"the orders of Parliament were excellently
well executed."—Hist. of Reb. page 62.
Leland Warner refers to the letters of the
Lord Justices themselves for the fact that the soldiers "slew all persons promiscuously, not sparing even the women;" and Dr. Nalson, another Protestant his-torian, appeals to the testimony of officers who served in the Parliamentary army, "that no manner of comparison or dis-crimination was shown either to age or

Lord Clarendon (ii. 478) writes, that this was not an exceptional case; but, on this was not an exceptional case; but, on the contrary, with officers of the navy "it was a rule, whenever they made Irish prisoners, to bind them back to back, and cast them overboard."

Dr. John Lynch, Archdeacon of Tuam and for some time Vicer-Apostolic of Kil-

and for some time vicar-apostone of Mil-lala, was eye-witness of many of these outrages, and in his invaluable work en-titled "Cambrensis Eversus," (vol. iii., page 181), he thus depicts the excess of Crom-

181), he thus depicts the excess of Cromwellian barbarity:
"All the cruelty inflicted on the city of Rome by Nero and Attila, by the Greeks on Troy, by the Moors on Spain, or by Vespasian on Jerusalem—all had been inflicted on Ireland by the Puritans. Nothing but that pathetical lamentation of Jeremias can appropriately describe. of Jeremias can appropriately describe her state—"With desolation is the whole land laid desolate ; our adversaries are our lords, our enemies are enriched; the enemy lords, our enemies are enriched, the chemy hath put out his hand to all our desirable things; * * * our persecutors are swifter than the eagles of the air; they pursue on the mountains, and lay in wait for us in the wildernesses; we have found no rest; our cities are captured, our gates broken down, our priests sigh, our virgins are in affliction. From Ireland all her beauty is departed; they that were fed delicately have died in the streets; they that were brought up in scarlet have embraced the dung; when her people fell there was no helper. All that has ever been devised by the ingenuity of most cruel tyrants, either in unparalleled ignominy and degradation, or in savage or excruciating corporal torture, or in all that could strike terror into the firmest soul—all has been poured out on Ireland by the Puritans. They should out on ities described out of the puritants. plundered our cities, destroyed our churches, laid waste our lands, expelled citizens from their walls, nobles from their palaces, and all the natives from their homes; nay, they forbade countless their homes; nay, they forbade countless numbers of men even to enjoy the sight of their native country, and to breathe the air which they had inhaled at the moment of their birth. * * * Some of our priests they put in chains and dungeons—that was the most lenient punishment; others they tortured with stakes and strapadoes; some were shot to death, others hanged or strangled. From the priests they turned their fury against all sacred things and places consecrated to the worship of God, which were first sacrilegiously pillaged, then all the paintings and images

pillaged, then all the paintings and images were torn, the statues were cloven in pieces with the axe, and either thrown into the flames or consigned to stables and brothels. Those temples where the priest performed his sacred functions, where the sacred canticles of the Church ravished the ears of the faithful, and sacred orators ensome few months ago, adduced convincing testimony as to the blood-thirsty character of the Puritan sectaries:

"As soon," he says, "as the Puritans were firmly established in power in England, they seemed to have resolved on the extermination of the Catholics of Ireland."

ears of the flatiful, and sacred orators encouraged the people to piety by their ceaseless exhortations, where the people often poured forth their prayers to God, and devoutly attended all the functions and mysteries of religion; these now resound with the yells of drunkards, the neighing of horses, the tarking of dogs, the clamors of quarrelsome soldiers, and the howling of women. Within them we now see taverns instead of altars, blasphemy for prayers, the cursings of troopers instead of pious and orthodox sermons, obscenity and impurities instead of chaste

conferences.' Severe as may seem the judgment of the writer just cited, they are borne out by the facts it shall be our painful duty soon to recite. The Puritans were, without any doubt and without any exception, the most merciless foes the Irish people had ever to contend with. Their memory is never recalled in the mind of an Irishman without loathing and sorrow. Their growth and strength were due as much to the weakness of Charles I. as to valor on the part of their troops or skill in their

BALTIMORE EXCURSION THAT TERMINATED IN A TRAGEDY.

Baltimore, July 24.-A terrible calamity occurred at North Point Tivoli, an excursion resort on the Catapsco, ten miles from this city, about 10 o'clock last night, by which many lives were lost, the num-ber being estimated at between sixty and seventy. The accident was occasioned by the giving way of the outer portion of a pier on which several hundred persons were congregated awaiting the boat to return to this city. The locality is on the small bay, at a distance about two miles from North Point lighthouse. It was formerly known as Holiday Grove and was the first regular excursion place fitted up near the city about fifteen years ago, and was a most popular resort at that time, and for several years afterward.

Yesterday an excursion was given to Tivoli under the management of the Mount Royal Beneficial Society of the Catholic Church of Corpus Christi, of Catholic Church of Corpus Christi, of which Father Starr is pastor, on Mount Royal avenue and Mosher street. The excursion went down on the barge Cockade City, which was towed by the tug Amanda Powell. The barge was formerly an old coal boat, which had been fitted up with several decks for excursion purposes and used which had been fitted up with several decks for excursion purposes, and used as such for several years. Yesterday she made three trips, the last being made from this city between 6 and 7 o'clock. Dur-

down during the day had remained, in-tending to return on the last trip.

When the barge approached all those on shore made a rush for the end of the

wharf, which is several hundred feet long, and were closely packed together at the gate about twenty-five feet from the end, impatiently awaiting admittance through the gate. As the barge came alongside and struck the wharf, it suddenly and without warning gave way, and a large portion of the crowd was precipitated into the water, which is about ten feet deep Many were able to save themselves by fleeing towards the shore as the outer end of the pier crumbled and fell. Darkness added to the confusion and terror, and little could be done at once to rescue the drowning, most of whom were women and children. The first news of the dis-aster reached this city a little after two o'clock this morning, when a barge landed at Henderson's wharf bringing a number of bodies of the drowned. Up to this hour sixty-five bodies have been recovered.

SILVER JUBILEE.

Dean Murphy's twenty-fifth anniver sary in the sacred ministry was celebrated in due form and with befitting solemnity, on last Wednesday, in the Parish Church of Irishtown. His Lordship Bishop Walsh occupied the throne in the sanctu-Walsh occupied the throne in the sanctuary, having Very Rev. Dr. Kilroy and Rev. Father O'Shea as deacons of honour. The Celebrant was the Venerable Dean Murphy, Rev. Fr. Flannery of St. Thomas acting as deacon and Rev. P. Brennan of St. Mary's as subdeacon. The large church was filled to its utmost capacity by a very respectable and attentive congregation. High Mass commenced precisely at 10 A. M. The choir, under the able leadership of Miss Annie Downey, of Seaforth, rendered Lambillotte's Paschal Mass very efficiently. At the conclusion of the Holy Sacrifice His Lordship advanced to the communion rails and clusion of the Holy Sacrifice His Lordship advanced to the communion rails and delivered a solemn and very moving sermon on the dignity and the necessity of the Christian priesthood. His Lordship dwelt on the claim which every faithful priest had on the love and gratitude of the people, for whose welfare, temporal and eternal, he made daily sacrifices, and was himself a living sacrifices. and was himself a living sacrifice "forever, according to the order of Melchisedech." The vast congregation lischisedech." The vast congregation listened with bated breath to every word that fell from his Lordship's eloquent lips, and in many ways manifested their delight at seeing their beloved Bishop once more in their midst in such robust and vigorous health. more in their midst in such robust and vigorous health. The priests in attendance were, besides the Venerable Dean Murphy, Very Rev. Dr. Kilroy, of Stratford, Rev. W. Flannery, of St. Thomas, Rev. P. Brennan, of St. Marys, Rev. J. P. Watters of Goderich, Rev. Father O'Shea, of Seaforth, Revd. Fathers Lamonte and McMullen, of Irishtown, and Rev. J. P. O'Connor of Wingham. Letters and telegrams were received from other priests.

grams were received from other priests excusing their inability to be present.

At the close of His Lordship's beautiful Actue close of this horizonts is contained discourse, a committee of gentlemen representing the whole parish advanced to the rails—bearing massive silver gifts which they offered to the Rev. Dean in which they offered to the Rev. Dean in testimony of their deep love and gratitude to him,—while a magnificently illuminated address was read by the composer, Mr. B. O'Connell. Rev. Dean Murphy replied in very feeling terms, and called on His Lordship the Bishop for the Episcopal blessing on himself and his faithful people. Bishop Walsh complied most heartily with the Dean's request, and all bowed in reverential thanksgiving for this spiritual favor, which brought the interesting and impressive ceremonies to a happy concluimpressive ceremonies to a happy conclusion. I should have said that about fifty children of the parish took advantage of the occasion to make their first communpriest and people, and many and fervent are the wishes and prayers that Rev. Dean Murphy may be spared to celebrate his

golden Jubilee.

Since the above had been put in type we have been favored with a copy of the address presented to Dean Murphy, as well as a synopsis of his reply thereto:— ADDRESS AND PRESENTATION.
To Very Rev. Dean Murphy, on the anniver

sary of St. James, his patron saint, on the 25th day of July, 1883. VERY REV'D. PASTOR—We, the under-

signed members of a duly constituted committee, in behalf of the Irishtown concommittee, in beharf of the frishnown con-gregation, with becoming exultation seize this auspicious oppozunity of congratu-lating you on the occasion of your Silver Jubilee on the celebration of the twentyfifth anniversary of your ordination.

And when we consider the mental and

physical strain incident on missionary life in this new country mid inclement seasons, and with unnumbered difficulties to surmount, we cannot attribute your being so hale, and still possessing the buoyancy of youth combined with the gravity of maturity, to any other cause than the sustaining influence of Divine Providence.

Revered Father, we feel that we cannot

appreciate sufficiently the seM-sacrificing disposition of the man, who in the bloom and vigor of youth, when a hollow world most strongly its transient, but attractive allurements, feels he has a vocaattractive and references less the has a voca-tion, abandons the world and its fleeting pleasures, rejects the vanities of social life, enters the priesthood, and in so doing essentially assumes a life of abnegation for the glory of God and to labor for the salvation of others, to cicatrise the wounds of the soul, to bind up the bruised heart of suffering humanity with the balm of sympathy and to nourish the drooping spirit with the dew of christian charity. Such Rev'd Father, is the part you have played thus far in the drama of life. It would be impossible in this brief ad-

dress to give even an outline of the won ders you have performed in behalf of the sacred cause of religion, your unceasing vigilance, your ardent zeal, your prompt and efficient discharge of all the functions pertaining to the sacredotal order, duties subjection, and had he not so soon met with Irish blood—that maketh nothis sword stark drunk with Irish blood—that maketh them not heaps upon heaps, and their country a successful in his purpose as Cromwell him
be that maketh nothis sword stark drunk with Irish blood—that maketh them not heaps upon heaps, and their country a dwelling-house for dragons, an astonish—loo. A large number of those who went successful in his purpose as Cromwell him-

enlarged, ornamented and brought to its entarged, ornamented and brought to its present state of completion, internally and externally, our own church. You have erected a beautiful octagonal chapel in the Irishtown cemetery. You have removed the old dilapidated parochial residence and erected in its stead one spacious, commodi-ous and elegant, which reflects credit on your taste and architecturalskill. You were your taste and architectural sain. To use the instrument in the hand of God to erect in Seaforth a temple so spacious in dimensions and artistic in design that it is second to none in the land. To your indefatigable exertions, under the guidance of Divine impulse, each section of this once extensive mission can now rejoice in the possession of an edifice consecrated to Divine worship and from which the original of the possession of an edifice consecrated to Divine worship and from which the original of the possession of th sons of the people ascend to bless its foun-der, the bare mention of whose name in our midst never fails to evoke a spontancous throb of gratitude in their
hearts. Yes, to-day, not only Irishtown
and Seaforth, but Zurich, the French
settlement, Blyth, Wingham, Brussels
and Mitchell can look with pardonable pride on the fruit of your unremitting labors, and here we desire to make creditable mention of the good people of Mitchell who freely join their hearts and liberally add their contributions to ours and yearn as we do to render you merited respect. Nor is this to be wondered at, for when you were co-laborer with the late Bishop Crinnon, of Hamilton, then pastor of Stratford, twenty-five years ago, you then ministered to their spiritual wants, and laid the foundation of that mutual friendship which still exists and grows stronger, for it is an attribute of all virtuous attachments to acquire strength in accordance with their duration.

We would deem this address incomplete without alluding to your happy and effiliberally add their contributions to ours

We would deem this address incomplete without alluding to your happy and efficient method of imparting spiritual instruction in a style free from pedantry and devoid of unmeaning brilliant flashes offlorid embeliahments which lead to nothing, but in that deep comprehensive and elegant simplicity which never fails to produce beneficial results, because best adapted to the capacity of the people.

And as a slight token of our abiding fidelity to you, rev'd. pastor, and to attest our appreciation of your numerous and gigantic labors, as well as in admiration gigantic labors, as well as in admiration of your exemplary virtues and unimpeached moral character, we present you with a Silver Tea-service, the spontaneous offering of hearts overflowing with unfeigned deference; we neither consider this offering in any way commensurate with your deserts nor calculated in the least to liquidate the smallest portion of the debt of gratitude we owe.

In conclusion, very rev'd, pastor, it is our ardent aspiration and fervent prayer that God in his mercy and bounty may extend to you a continuance of health, strength and grace to enable you to per-

strength and grace to enable you to per-form the duties of your sacred office for

many years to come in our midst.

We desire to express our joy on seeing our beloved Bishop, surrounded by the clergy of the diocese, giving a zest to the proceedings and adding lustre to the Silver Jubilee by your presence.

Signed in behalf of the congregation by Bernard O'Connell, George K. Holland, Francia Carlon, Michael Lorder, Though

Bernard O'Connell, George K. Holland, Francis Carlon, Michael Jordan, Thomas Ryan, Robert Friel, James Bergin and Peter Murphy.

To which Father Murphy replied as fol-

Very Rev. Dean Murphy replied in a very feeling and effective words. He regretted his inability to convey his sense of gratitude at so grand and so general a manifestation of loyalty and good will on the part of his faithful parishioners. He referred to the difficulties he had to contend with since his ordination to the sacred priesthood, in organizing new parthe occasion to make their first communion. In the afternoon an address on the part of the priests of the diocese was read by Rev. Father Watters, and a beautiful gold chalice and ciborium presented on the part of the clergy of the Deaconate. His Lordship presented a very costly set of Breviaries and Dr. Kilroy gave a splendid stole, with elaborate gold trimmings and raised work. Altogether the day was a happy occasion for all, both priest and people, and many and fervent many sacrifices on the part of the people, who always seconded his every effort and encouraged by liberal contribu-tion his many works of improvement in this and other parishes. Father Murphy then expressed his happiness and delight at seeing so many little children approach holy communion for the first time on this occasion. He hoped that prayers would ascend from their innocent hearts to the Great Giver of all good gifts, for the future prosperity and welfare of the good people of Iri-htown, and for him, their humble pastor, who had no more ardent wish than that all should be truly happy in this life, and secure eternal joys in the life hereafter.

A Story of the American War.

In the early spring of 1863, when the Confederate and Federal armies were confronting each other on the opposite hills of Stafford and Spottsylvania, two bands chanced, one evening, at the same hour, to begin to discourse sweet music on either banks of the river.

A large crowd of the soldiers of both

A large crowd of the soldiers of both armies gathered to listen to the music, the friendly pickets not interfering, and soon the bands began to answer each other.

First the band on the northern bank would play the "Star Spangled Banner," "Hail Columbia," or some other national air, and at its conclusion the "boys in blue" would cheer most lustily.

And then the band on the southern bank would respond with "Dixie" or "Bonnie Blue Flag" or some other south-ern melody, and the "boys in grey" would attest approbation with the old Confeder-But presently one of the bands struck

up, in sweet and plaintive notes, which were wafted across the beautiful Rappahannock, were caught up at once by the other band, and swelled into a grand anthem, which touched every heart, "Home Sweet Home."

At the conclusion of this piece up worth

At the conclusion of this piece up went a simultaneous shout from both sides of the river—cheer followed cheer, and those hills which had so recently resounded with hostile guns, echoed and re-echoed the

A chord had been struck, responsive to which the hearts of enemies—enemies then—could beat in unison; and, on both sides of the river.
Something down the soldier's cheek
Washed off the stains of powder.

Hear the Heart of Jesus Pleading. BY ELEANOR C. DONNELLY.

Hear the Heart of Jesus pleading.

"Come, and sweetly rest in me,
With a peace and joy exceeding,
Meek and humbic ever be;
In my heart serene and holy,
Ail your selfash cares resign,
Dearest Jesus! meek and lowly,
Make, oh, make our hearts like thine.

"Purer than the lily's whiteness,
Fairer than the fairest snows.
In the beauty and the brightness,
Of your souls, I seek repose;
Calmly keep your hearts before me
From the strain of passion free,"
Heart of Jesus ! we implore Thee,
Make, oh, make us pure like Thee

Heart of love! in Thee confiding,
We shall learn to do thy will;
In thy sacred wounds abiding,
Burning love our breasts skall fill,
We shall bless Thee, and obey Thee,
Ever serve Thee faithfully;
Sweetest Heart! we humbly pray Thee.
Let us live and die in Thee!

NOTES FROM THE NORTHLAND.

Every one has heard of Minnesota as the land of lakes and lakelets. None

This is, it has been truly said, the gem of northwestern lakes where annually gather many thousands of nomadic health seekers, who find in the immense forests that surround it, in the rural homes that the inches that the property on the banks of its nestle in shady groves on the banks of its bays, and in the limpid depths of its waters the renewed vigor that comes from

waters the renewed vigor that comes from out-of-door life in our climate.

The Big Woods nearly encloses Lake Minnetonka in its midst, and many cozy villas are built beneath the branches of the great monarche of the forest on its banks, while villages and hotels have sprung up at convenient and available points. Steamers ply on its crystal waters to carry pleasure seekers to their destination, and fleets of sail and row boats are to be found at all parts of the lake, to supply the demand of fishing parties.

Wayzata, the railway station on the north shore of Lake Minnetonka, is reached from Minneapolis and St. Paul by the St. Paul, Minneapolis & Manitoba Railway, the distance being fifteen miles from Minneapolis, and twenty-five miles

from Minneapolis, and twenty-five miles from St. Paul. Excelsior, on the south side of the lake, is reached from Minneapolis via the Minneapolis & St. Louis Railway, and the Minneapolis, Lyndale & Minnetonka Railway.

Minnetonka has its beautiful legend

which is so well related by an American writer that I gladly avail myself of the op-portunity to give it in his own words. It was a beautiful day in June, 1854, that I arrived at Lake Minne-ton-ka, and

taking a small and rudely constructed boat, was soon to a point midway of the lake, well known to the old settlers as the dividing line between the Sioux and Chippewa nations, where many a bloody battle has been fought, and where many was read to be also a down to the sleen of battle has been fought, and where many a warrior had gone down to the sleep of death. I ascended gradually from the lake to a height of some thirty feet, winding over an Indian trail, through a mass of rich foliage, blooming flowers, creeping vines, singing birds, chirping squirrels, massive trees, cooling shades, changing scenery, until I reached the top, and there a grand sight met my view. Stretching off in the distance was the sparkling water, and from various knolls ascended the smoke of the wireym. Where the women smoke of the wigwam, where the women were engaged in the sugar bush, while the men dotted the lake in their light canoes, in quest of game for their even-ing meal. The sun shone brightly, and a thousand diamonds seemed to glitter on the bosom of the fair lake, as the silver waves rippled against the pebbly shore, and darted back again, like a beautiful maiden toying with her jewels. Here and there were bays and inlets and promontories; nooks and quiet, secluded points; yonder was a dark, forbidding spot, thickly studded with trees, and as I gazed upon it, I could see that it was the resting place of the dead, or the hand of the Sunernatural, where the Man-i ton and ls seemed Supernatural, where the Man-i ton and War-ka-ton (Indian spirits) reveled in their nightly visits to their earthly friends. Just at the right of me, and near where I stood, ran a bubbling brook, now quietly nestling under the cover of brush and trees; now dashing and laughing over the impediments in its way; now romping gaily onward to the lake. At my back was a charming spot, overlooking the whole scene I have described, and in it, but out from vulgar gaze by the thick foliage of the under brush, was an Indian tepee, with little, timid heads peeping out from under it, and a stalwart chief smok ing his pipe near its entrance. As I approached the chief arose, took his pipe from his mouth, greeted me cordially by a shake of the hand, and with a "How, cooler,"—how to do!—pointed to a log near him, where I soon was seated.

near him, where I soon was seated.

"Beautiful, lovely, charming spot," I exclaimed somewhat enthusiastically, to which the chief responded—"ho!"—

"Heap big amount of fish—heap big game," again I ventured to remark, to which came back again the inevitable "ho!" All was silent.

The reader must remember that the

The reader must remember that the Indian can never be hurried, except in case of war or dinner. He has no particular pressing business—no notes to pay— no landlord to advance his rent—no butcher to poke a bill under his noseno groceryman to stop his flour if pay don't come—no big parties to give in don't come—no big parties to give in order to keep up appearances—no hired help to dog him about and bore him for services rendered—no fashionable society to cringe to—indeed, no particular labor, for the squaws perform the menial duties of the household, so he is really independent. If he is hungry, he knows where the game is, and a few hours' hunt will suffice to replenish the larder, at least until the next day. Besides, he takes no thought for the morrow, as he knows that if in want the tribe must share with him. Hence he

the stillness by requesting him to tell me something of the early history of the lake, what legend, if any, pertained to it, what battles had been fought, what superstitions existed, etc., etc., to which he gave only a existed, etc., etc., to which he gave only a gutteral response of "ho," cooly refilled his pipe, peered out into the sunlight, gave several rapid puffs, to be sure that the kinnikinick was well lighted, and INDIAN LEGEND.

"Many springs, and many moons, and many leaves of the forest, and many kins-men of Ink-pa go da have come and gone, since the Chippewas stealthily crept down upon a band of Sioux, numbering thirty, near where we now sit, and in a moment, all unconscious to our brave warriors, desolated our hunting grounds with the blood of the slaip. The slaughter was indicating the slaughter was blood of the slaip. The slaughter was indiscriminate, men, women and children; but one beautiful maiden was left, and she, it seems, was hidden by a Chippewa lover, who, when the fatal tomahawk was about to descend, arrested the blow, seized her around the waist, and with the agility of a nanther placed her activity in agility of a panther, placed her safely in a secluded spot, where, when the battle was over, he intended to return and claim her the land of lakes and lakelets. None lovelier adorn and enrich any part of the American continent than those which dot the surface of that favored state. If we begin with Minnetonka we see one of the most beautiful of the many fresh water gems of the magic Northland. Minnetonka! what sweet memories and loved associations the name calls up?

This is, it has been truly said, the gem of northwestern lakes where annually gather many thousands of nomadic health death of her whole band; the fear of the Chippewa, whom she did not at first recognize, caused her to crouch down in one corner of her hiding place and call upon Man-i-ton, the great spirit of scalps, to protect her in this, her hour of dreadful distress. To her astonishment, when she looked up, she teheld a kindly smile upon the chief's face, but a spirit of sadness brooded over the young Chippewa brave.

ness brooded over the young Chippewa brave.

"Minne-too-ka," said the chief, "fear not. I am sent by Mani-ton to aid you. You see me; you hear me speak, and yet you cannot touch me. I have come from the happy hunting ground, and with me is War-ka-non, who loves you. He loved you when in crossing the lake he lost his own; he loves you as a spirit yet, and comes back to minister to your comfort."

Minne-too-ka did not dare to stir. She crept still closer to her hidding place. Her heart beat violently and she trembled.

"Fear not, Minne-too-ka," said War-ka-non, in a gentle and sweet voice. My people panted for the blood of the Sioux, and oh, the horrors of that night. I could not see you stricken down with the rest, and so I saved your life in hopes of a union on earth, but I am now beyond the mere materiality of the world—I walk in the happy hunting ground, but I am not happy because you are not there."

happy because you are not there."
"Can it be possible," asked Minne-too-ka, "that these forms that I see before me are mere shadows of what they once were!"
"No," said War-ka-non, "we are the

"No," said War-ka-non, "we are the living realities of material men—the real men themselves."

"Tell me," said the maiden, as she gained confidence and drew near the two

gained confidence and drew near the two Indians, "if you be what you purport to be—spirits—if you come from that unseen land, tell me, where are my father, my mother, my sisters and my brothers?" "They are all there, Minne-too-ka," replied War-ka-non. With the red wand they passed the bad spirits, with the blue wand they passed the tempting spirits, with the white wand they passed into the beginning of a higher life." "Strange," said Minne-too-ka. "let me

"Strange," said Minne-too-ka, "let me "No," said the chief and his companion. "that would not do, because you would dissolve our materiality, without which you could not see us. We put on this you could not see us. We known. When we pass from you, we become invisible to earthly eyes, but visible known.

o spiritual eyes."
"Strange! Very strange," said Minnetoo-ka.

"Follow me," said the chief,
"No, I can't" said the maiden; "I am
oo weak and must have food."
"Very true," replied the chief, "remain

here until we return." In a moment they were gone. Minne-too-ka could not believe her senses; she must have been dreaming. Had she been talking with veritable men, or was her brain on fire? She emerged from her seclusion, looked out on nature—all was beautiful. Why this affliction? Just then the chief and War-ka-non made their then the chief and War-ka-non made their appearance, and in their hands were fresh fish, duck, and a piece of deer. "Take, cook and eat," they exclaimed, and Minne-too-ka built a fire, dressed the game, cooked

it, and in company with her companions, eat heartily of the food so providentially placed before her.

"Come," said the chief, "now follow us,"
"and they wound down that path," said my informant, "crossed that brook, passed over that trail, all in sight of where you sit, to the edge of the lake, where they found a canoe, into which they embarked, and then, without noise, or paddles, the boat skimmed the water and touched the opposite shore. Entering the woods they were in the city of the dead—Wa-kon. They traveled a short distance, when they came to an open space and then halted. Here lay the bones of their ancestors and opposite shore. Entering the woods they were in the city of the dead—Wa-kon. They traveled a short distance, when they came to an open space and then halted. Here lay the bones of their ancestors and their relatives, especially those who fell by the hands of the Chippewas. The tall and thick trees shut out the sunlight—all was calm, and silent and grand. The chief and his companions moved toward the open space and selecting a somewhat secluded spot, paused.

"Look, Minne-too-ka," he said, "but utter no word. Be not afraid." The coy maiden trembled with fear. She was in the hands of an invisible power: she in the hands of an invisible power: she eart side of the lake, was the home of the Chippewas. Early in the day of a beautiful May morning, a Sioux maiden made her way toward their camp, well knowing that if once discovered her temerity would cost her her life. As she

coy maiden trembled with fear. She was in the hands of an invisible power; she tried to break away and run, but could not. She tried to scream, but could not, so standing between the chief and Warka-non, she patiently awaited what might follow. Presently a phosphorescent light gleamed among the trees; she saw her own people quietly reposing in and about their tepees; she saw her own self, when the morrow, as he knows that it in want their tepees; she saw her own self, when is lymphatic, not nervous; stoical, not gushing; cool, not ardent; taking his own time;—moves in his own way.

I sat at least ten minutes in silence, smoking the pipe which the old chief alternately passed to me, when I broke

she saw War ka-non seize her around the waist, and then—all was dark. She turned and looked; her companions were gone and the scene faded from her view.

Minne-too-ka was almost wild with excitement. What did this all mean? Was it a reality or a dream? How could she get out of this dreadful entanglement? Turning, she moved a few steps to the right, when her mother stood before her, so real, so calm, so gentle, so loving, that she involuntarily stretched out her arms to greet her, but the voice came back—"touch me not; I am your mother. I come to comfort you; I come to assure you that you are in the hands and under the control of Indian spirits. They will protect you. The scene you have just witnessed will be followed by another seene, and in it you can draw a moral lesson of the results of crime. Be not afraid, your father, mother, sisters and brothers are about you, and the chief and War-ka-non will protect you from all harm." With a smile of sweetness the warada, your indier, mother, saters and war-ka-non will protect you from all harm." With a smile of sweetness the figure gradually faded away, and Minnetoo-ka looked out again on the cold, black trees, the little mounds that covered the bones of the dead, and the dismal, brooding darkness, that, like a black pall encircled her light and beautiful form.

"Minne-too-ka is afraid," said the chief, as he and War-ka-non appeared on either side of her. "No harm come to Minnetoo-ka. Minne-too-ka governed, guided, protected by spirit band. Minne-too-ka good. Look!"

The darkness was dissipated by another flash of phosphorescent light, when off in

The darkness was dissipated by another flash of phosphorescent light, when off in the distance could be seen a beautiful country, with trees, brooks, lakes, deer, birds, flowers, sunlight, and reposing in peaceful plenty, Minne-too-ka saw the twenty-nine victims of Chippewa brutality, and standing out in bold relief from all the very was one old one which she all the rest, was one odd one, which she recognized as War-ka-non, the Chippewa brave who had saved her from a cruel brave who had saved her from a cruel death. The scene was so peaceful, the faces so happy, as they gazed affectionately upon her, the country so lovely, that she lost all fear, and looking up into War-ka-non's face, beseeched him to let her go. Oh, how she longed to be at rest in that beautiful land.

"No, Minne-too-ka," said War-ka-non, smiling segmely lower upon her "not yet

smiling serenely down upon her, "not yet Your mission is not yet filled. War-kanon go with Minne-too-ka to the happy hunting ground when destiny ends her career here

"See! Minne-too-ka," said the chief. "See! Minne-too-ka," said the chief, pointing to the left—"see!" And off in the darkness Minne-too-ka observed a black rolling river, and across it lay the trunk of a tree, and on this tree were several dark-visaged Indians, some trying to walk over to the other side, but all were in the act of falling; some floundering in the water, which was full of toads, lizards and snakes; some driven back by the good spirits from the other shore, but all in turmoil, distress, darkness and wee! turmoil, distress, darkness and woe! What a scene! It chilled the blood of the fair maiden, and she crept up closer to the side of War-ka-non and shuddered at the

side of War-Ka-nor sight before her.

"That rolling water," said the chief, "is the river of death. In its turbulent waves can be found everything horrible to the fashings of the Indian.

That tree is the fashings of the Indian. can be found everything normble to the feelings of the Indian. That tree is the bridge. When the good Indian dies, he passes over the bridge in safety into the happy hunting ground, but when the bad Indians die, the spirits grease the tree, and he falls into the stream below. These Indians did a wanton and cruel wrong,

Indians did a wanton and cruel wrong, and are reaping their reward."

Minne-too-ka's eyes sparkled with excitement; the warm blood gushed through the tawny skin of her cheek, and her little frame quivered, as she exclaimed—"I see clearly; I see it all; I will obey your bidding; will consecrate myself to the wishes of my spirit friends, but oh, remove that of my spirit interact, the chief gave a wave horrible scene." The chief gave a wave of his hand and the picture disappeared, and all was again damp, and dark, and clammy, and desolate.

"Come," said the chief. "Come," said

War-ka-non, looking down into the face of his now more than ever lovely Indian spirit bride, "come, go with us;" and they struck into a small trail that led out from the city of the dead to the banks of the the city of the dead to the banks of the lake and pure sunshine, where the birds were singing, the ducks were flying, the deer were bounding, the flowers were blooming, the trees nodding, and the gentle breeze, as it came from off the lake, cooled the feverish brow of the Indian girl, as she followed her spirit guides. They passed westward to the extreme chain of lakes, ascended gradually a hill covered with tall, noble trees, wound down around the brow of a mound, at the base of which, nestling in a bower of beauty and close

"Go in among your Sioux friends and seek rest," said her companions, pointing to the scene below, and then they instantly lisappeared.

Minne-too-ka approached the Indian antime-too-ka approached the Indian settlement with great timidity, was met cautiously, told her story, was cordially greeted and hospitably entertained; and here, amid all this regal beauty of nature's grandest handiwork, with the natures grantest mandword, which a consciousness that she was beyond the reach of harm, the poor, weary, hungry, desolate orphan Indian girl found many hours of unalloyed pleasure and peace and hap-

erity would cost her her life. As she approached a tepee inhabited only by she paused, and turned to retrace her steps, when a Chippewa brave stood before her. It was the spirit form of War-ka-non.
"Why falters Minne-too-ka?" he asked.

"No harm comes to Minne-too-ka. Her duty performed, she will join War-ka-non

in the happy hunting ground."

Minne-too-ka was surprised, awed into silence, and feeling that she had not shown silence, and feeling that she had not shown the faith she ought to have done in her noble and devoted lover—for she had now become dearly attached to him—exclaimed "I will never falter again—thy will shall cures." Sold by Harkness & Co., Druggists, Dundas St.

stood in the presence of her savage foes, and told them how she had been saved by War-ka-non—how she loved War-ka-non—how the great spirit had come to her—had shown her the happy hunting ground—how the fate of the murderers had been pictured, and in most eloquent, thrilling tones begged of the warriors to drop the war-club, the scalping knife and the toma-hawk, and deal justly and fairly with their enemy. She impressed upon them the sure fate of their bad acts—the reward of their good deeds, and so wrought upon their savage hearts that they began to relent, when, in a moment, War-ka-non stood by her side. When the Indians saw him they fell to the ground, for they knew it was his spirit.

He said—"My people, you know War-ka-non! I come from the spirit land. I saw Minne-too-ka. I loved Minne-too-ka. She comes to you to impress you with the necessity of good deeds. The great Man-i-ton and War-ka-non are the friends of the lone Indian girl. Would you take her innocent life? Would you still make more crimson the river of blood that flows at your feet? My people, be good. My people, be just. My people, be kind. My people, hearken unto the voice of Minnetoo ka!"

In an instant he was gone, and left the Indian maiden standing alone in the conn.

In an instant he was gone, and left the Indian maiden standing alone in the council of her enemy, with their heads bowed to the earth and trembling with fear.

The morning dawned, and in the midst of the whole band of Chippewas, men, women and children, who then occupied the eastern portion of the lake, stood Minne-too-ka. Hatred had turned to love—to adoration—to worship,—and there, to adoration—to worship,—and there, in the presence of that timid girl and in the presence of the great spirit, the Indians resolved on a new and a better life, and from that day to this, said the old chief, the Chippewa nation have been firm friends of the whites, and brave, humane enemies of the Sioux.

"You see that tall, high knoll over there?" said the chief. "What, the highest point on the lake," I asked. "Yes."
"Well, tradition has it that the next day

after the marvelous meeting I have des-cribed, War-ka-non and Minne-too-ka were seen on the top of that knoll, and then, clasped together, they rose high in the air and floated over the lake in the plain view of hundreds of spectators, and finally entered the Happy Hunting Ground; and from that day to this it has been called Point Wa-kon, or the Supernatural, and s held in sacred memory by the Indians

of both tribes.

It is thought, by many, that the lake It is thought, by many, that the lake derived its name from this beautiful Indian girl, who, though left an orphan and sorely tried by a series of misfortunes, was finally united to her devoted lover, and together they joined their many friends in that peaceful land beyond the river of death. And thus Minne-too-ka became Minne-ton-ka, or beautiful water.

A Card from Generals Beauregard and Early.

A publication headed: "Are the Louisiana Lottery drawings fair," which originally appeared in several Northern and Western papers as an advertisement, by a hos-tile lottery company, as we believe, has been copied into a number of other papers, doubtless as an advertisement also. The charges, insinuations, and inuendoes con-tained in said publication are false in every ect, so far as they affect the fairness of respect, so that as they anect the larmess of the drawings of the Louisiana Lottery, or the integrity of the acts of the Lottery Com-pany. When the undersigned had charge pany. When the undersigned had charge only of the semi-annual drawings, they counted the tubes containing the numbers previous to each of those drawings to be certain that all were put in the wheel. Since they have had charge of the monthly deer were bounding, the flowers were blooming, the trees nodding, and the gentle breeze, as it came from off the lake, cooled the feverish brow of the Indian girl, as she followed her spirit guides. They passed westward to the extreme chain of lakes, ascended gradually a hill covered with tall, noble trees, wound down around the brow of a mound, at the base of which, nestling in a bower of beauty, and close to a rippling stream, were several Indian tepees.

"Go in among your Sioux friends and seek rest," said her companions, pointing to the scene below, and then they instantly the wheel has been under each drawing salso, the wheel has been under wings also, the wheel has been under wings also, the wheel has been under wings also, the wheel has been under each drawings also, the wheel has been under wings also, the wheel has been under each drawings also, the wheel has been under wings also, the wheel has been under each drawings also, the wheel has been under wings also, the reach drawing sals, the wheel has been under wings also, the each store each drawing the wheel has been under wings also, the each put in the wheel, is too absurd to deceive any one who ever witnessed a single number drawing, and any lottery company which resorts to any such trick proves itself to be a fraud.

The intimation that persons have been paid to allow their names to be published as the winners of prizes in this Lottery is also false and without the slightest foundation in fact. Millions of dollars have been paid out by the Company in prizes through put in the wheel, is too absurd to deceive

paid out by the Company in prizes through the banks and express agencies, as can be ascertained from the bank officers in New Orleans, and the Express Agents in New York, Washington City, and in this city, as well as from the winners of the prizes whose

names have been given to the public.

Signed, G. T. Beathegard

J. A. Earby,

New Obleans, July 12th, 1883.

THOUGH the soil of Virginia grows the best tobacco leaf in the world, it does not all grow equal qualities. The production even of adjoining counties is often quite different, the one producing leaf which at once deteriorates if grown in the other. The leaf of the "Myrtle Navy" is the product of the choice sections of the State, which, through some combination officeal influence, produce a better quality than any others. This is shown by its always commanding a higher price than any other smoking leaf.

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LONDON CANADA POSTAL GUIDE.

SUMMER

ARRANGEMENT.

MAILS AS UNDER.	CLOSE.			DUE FOR DELIV'R		
word We town Ordless Colors Ball Will To	A.M.	P.M.	P.M.	A.M.	P.M.	P.M
reat Western Railway Going East—Main Line. For Places East—H. & T. R., Buffalo, Boston, East-						
	5.00	1.00		0.00	1 00	
New York, &c. (Thro Bags)	5 00		10.00	8 00	1 30	6 3
G. T. R. East of Toronto, Kingston, Ottawa, Mon-		1 00	10 30	8 00	2 45	6 3
treal, Quebec and Maritime Provinces	-	1 00	T 00	0.00		
Fer Toronto	5, 7 30	1 00	5 00	8 00	:	6 30
For Hamilton	5 6 10	1.00	5, 10 30		1 30	6 30
W R. Going West-Main Line.	5 & 10	1 00	10 30	8 00	1 3042	45 6 30
ThroBags-Bothwell, Glencoe	5 00	1 15		8 00		0.4
Railway P. O. Mails for all places West of London,	000	1 10	****	0 00		24
Detroit, Western States, Manitoba, &c		1 15			2 45	
Thro Bags-Windsor, Manitoba, Detroit, W'rnStates			10 30	8 00		***
Thro Bags-Chatham			10 30	8 00	2 45	
Mt. Brydges	5 00	1 15		000	2 10	63
Newbury	5 00	1 15				24
arnia Branch, G. W. R.				,		- 1
Thro Bags-Petrolia, Sarnia, Watford and Wyom-				mille		
ing	6 30	1 15		8 00	2 45	
Railway P. O. Mails for all places West		1 15	****		2 45	
Strathroy	6 30	1 15		8&9 30	2 45	
anada S. R., L. & P. S., & St. Clair Branch Mails.						
Sanworth		: 122			2 45	
Canada Southern East of St. Thomas, and Pt.	1.1.19	1.15	1.111	9 00	****	
Bruce and Orwell						
Aylmer	7 30	: :::		****	2 45	
Aylmer. C.S.R. West of St. Thomas, Essex Centre, Ridge-	500a730	1 10			130424	
town and Amherstburg	7 30	1 15		****	2 45	
St. Clair Branch Railway P. O. Mails-Courtwright	1 30	1 10	1111		2 45	
to St. Thomas &c.	Marin Mr.	1 15			0.4-	
to St. Thomas, &c.,	730	1 15		9 00	2 45	6 30
Port Stanley	7 30	1 15		300	2 45	6 30
ort Dover & L. H. Mails	5 00			8 00		
ondon, Huron & Bruce-All places between Lon-	0 00		11.4.4	000	****	
ondon, Huron & Bruce-All places between Lon- don, Wingham, Hyde Park, Clinton, Seaforth, White Church, Ripley, Kincardine & Lucknow.	This		2 1			
White Church, Ripley, Kincardine & Lucknow.	7.00		****		6 30	
lisa Craig	7 00	12 15			6 30	
. G. & B. South Extension	5 00			11 00		
., G. & B	5 00	1 90	2 30	8 00	1 30	6 30
hro Bags-Hansall, Lucan, Exeter, Clinton, Blyth,	TANT				1 4 4	
Wingham, Lucknow and Kincardine	****	2 30	****		11 00	
I. H. West of Streetford	2000	1 15		8 00		
L. H. West of Stratford T. R. West of Stratford L. H. between Paris and Stratford.	7 15					6 30
I. H. between Paris and Strate		12 00				6 30
L. H. between Paris S. and Buffalo.	4111	12 00			1 30	6 30
T. R. between Stratford and Toronto		12 00			2 45	
eorgian Bay and Lake Erie Division	7 15	12 00	****			6 30
Mary's and Stratford	7 15	10.00	V.14	11 30	11 00	2.00
Mary's and Stratford	7 15	12 00	4 (5	8 00	11 30	6 30
elton, Thorndale, (daily) Cherry Grove, St Ives.	1 10	****	4 05	11 30		6 30
(Tuesday and Friday)		12 00				0.00
		12 00	4 15	11 30		6 30
ne Grove, Clinton and Seaforth			4 10		ritain,	

postage stamp: if posted unpaid, will be sent to the Dead Letter Office. Letters posted exceeding joz. in weight, and prepaid only 3c., will be rated double the amount of deficient postage not prepaid. Newspapers, through Canada or to the United States, ic. per 4 oz. Post Cards for United Kingdom Zeents each.

Money Orders issued and paid on and from any Money Order Office in the Dominion of Canada, Great Britain and Ireland, British India, Newfoundland and United States. The German Empire, Italy, Switzerland, Austria, Hungary, Roumania, Jamaica (West Indies), Victoria [Australia], New South Wales [Australia], and Tasmania.

Post Office Savings Bank.—Deposits from \$1 upwards, on which 4 per cent. Interest is allowed, will be received for transmission to the Central Office of the Post Office Savings Bank.—Office hours from 7 a. m. to 7 p. m.

Money Order and Savings Bank.—Office hours 9 a. m. to 4 p. m.

London, June 30th, 1883.

R. J. C. DAWSON, Postmaster.

R. J. C. DAWSON, Postmaster.

YOUNG LADIES' ACADEMY. CONDUCTED BY THE LADIES OF THE SACRED HEART LONDON, ONT.

SACRED HEART LONDON, ONT.

Locality unrivalled for healthiness offering peculiar advantages to pupils even of delicate constitutions. Air bracing, water pure and food wholesome. Extensive grounds afford every facility for the enjoyment of invigorating exercise. System of education thorough and practical: Educational advantages unsurpassed.

French is taught, free of charge, not only in class, but practically by conversation.

The Library contains choice and standard works. Library contains are held monthly. The contains the conversation of the contains the contains the contains a prominent feature. Mennial Music form a prominent feature. Surental Music form a prominent feature. Surental fusion for the place weekly, elevating taste, testing and truetion is paid to promote physical and truetion in paid to promote physical and truetion is paid to promote physical and truetion is paid to promote physical and truetion in paid to promote physical and truetion in paid to promote physical and truetion is paid to promote physical and truetion in paid to promote physical and truetion is paid to promote physical and truetion in paid to promote physical and truetion is paid to promote physical and truetion in paid to promote physical and truetion is paid to promote physical and truetion in paid to p

ST. MARY'S ACADEMY, WINDSOR,
ONTARIO.—This Institution is pleasant. y
located in the town of Windsor, opposite Detroit, and combines in its system of education, great facilities for acquiring the French
language, with thoroughness in the rudimen.
tal as well as the higher English branchesTerms (payable per session in advance) in
Canadian currency—Board and tuition in
French and English, per annum, \$109; German free of charge; Music and use of Piano,
\$40; Drawing and painting, \$15; Bed and bedding, \$10; Washing, \$20; Private room, \$20.
For further particulars address:—MOTHER
SUPERIOR.

TIPSULINE ACADEMY

For further particulars address:—MOTHER SUPERIOR.

URSULINE ACADEMY, CHATHAM, ONT.—Under the care of the Ursulinte Ladies. This institution is pleasantly situated on the Great Western Railway, 50 miles from Detroit. This spacious and commodious building has been supplied with all the modern improvements. The hot water steen or heating has been introduced with situated or heating has been introduced with situation of politic and useful in sewing, fancy work, embroidery in gold and chewing, fancy work, embroidery in gold and chewing, fancy work, embroidery in gold and chewing, fancy work, are taught free of charge. Board and fultion per aunum, paid somiannually in advance, \$100. Music, Drawing and Painting, form extra charges. For further particulars address, MOTHER SUFERIOR.

A SSUMPTION COLLEGE, SAND-Classical and Commercial Courses. Terms (including all ordinary expenses), Canada moncey, \$150 per annum For full particulars apply to REV. DENIS O'CONNOR, President.

EXTRACT WILD CURES HOLERA CHOLERA INFANTUM ALL SUMMER COMPLAINTS SOLD BY ALL DEALERS.

The Public is requested carefully to notice CAPITAL PRIZE, \$75,000 Tickets only \$5. Shares in proportion.

"We do hereby certify that we supervise the arrangements for all the Monthly and Semi-Annual Drawings of The Louisiana. State Lottery Company, and in personal that the same are conducted with honesty, faith we all how its the Company to use this certificate, with facsimiles of our signatures all ached, in its advertisements."

LI Theauregard

Commissioners.

Incorporated in 1868 for 25 years by the Legislature for Educational and Charitable purposes, with a capital of \$1.000,000, to which a reserve fund of over \$550,000 has since been added.

By an overwhelming popular vote its franchise was made a part of the present State Constitution adopted Dec. 2nd, A.D., 1879.

The only Lottery ever voted on and endorsed by the people of any State.

Its errand Single Number Drawings take place mouthly.

2 PRIZES OF
5 do 200.... 10,000
10 do 1000... 10,000
20 do 500... 10,000
300 do 200... 20,000
300 do 50... 25,000
500 do 50... 25,000
300 do 50... 25,000
300 APPROXIMATION PRIZES
9 Approximation Prizes of \$750... \$6,756
9 "250... 250... 22,50

1967 Prizes, amounting to \$265,500
Application for rates to clubs should be made only to the office of the Company in New Orleans.
For further information write clearly, giving full address. Address P. O. Money Orders or registered Letters to NEW ORLEANS NATIONAL BANK.
Ordinary Letters by Mail or Express to M. A. DAUPHIN, New Orleans, La. or M. A. DAUPHIN, or M. A. DAUPHIN, 607 Seventh St., Washington, D.C.

DOMINION SAVINGS AND INVESTMENT SOCIETY

To Farmers, Mechanics and others Wishing to borrow Money upon the Security of Real Estate.

Having a large amount of money on hand we have decided, "for a short period," to make loans at 6 or 6j per cent., according to the security offered, principal, payable at the end of term, with privilege to borrower to pay back a portion of the principal, with any instalment of interest, it he so desires.

Persons wishing to borrow money will consult their own interests by applying personally or by letter to

F. B. LEYS,

OFFICE—Opposite City Hall, Richmond St., London Ont.

nt Reflectors give risk, the Softest, Best Light known es. Show Windows, es. Show Windows, etc. New and element of the sector of the Softest Research of the Softest Research of the Softest Research of the London

LATEST CABLE NEWS.

London. July 30.—Intelligence has just been received that James Carey, the informer, was shot dead yesterday on the steamship Melrose, between Capetown and Port Elizabeth, by a fellow-passenger named O'Donnell. O'Donnell took passage here by the steamship Minfaurs Castle, which left Dartmouth on the 6th inst. for Capetown, where she transferred her passengers destined to Port Elizabeth, Natal, and other coast ports, to the steamship Melrose.

OBITUARY.

Died in Chatham on Sunday morning, 22nd July, fortified by the Sacraments of our holy Church, Nicholas Fady at the early age of thirty-three years and seven

During the thirteen years that Mr. Fady was a resident of Chatham his kind and charitable nature won for him many friends. He was a zealous Catholic and whenever a work of charity in connection with St. Joseph's Church was undertaken with St. Joseph's Church was undertaken he always took a prominent part in forwarding its interests. For a number of years he was Secretary of the R. C. S. S. Board, and for the last year and a half occupied a seat as member of the Board. His gentlemanly and forbearing conduct His gentlemanly and forbearing conduct endeared him very much to his colleagues, and out of regard for his memory six members of the Board acted as pall-bearers on last Tuesday morning when his remains, followed by a number of sorrowing relatives and friends were taken to St. Joseph's church where a Solemn High Mass of Requiem was celebrated by Rev. Father William, O. S. I., Pastor, after which the Rev. gentleman delivered by Rev. Father William, O. S. I., Pastor, after which the Rev. gentleman delivered a beautiful discourse on the exemplary life and edifying death of the deceased. Nor must we omit the fact that Mr. Fady

Nor must we omit the fact that Mr. Fady was an ardent supporter and admirer of the Catholic Record solely on account of its truly Catholic principles.

His bereaved widow and aged mother have the deepest and tenderest sympathy of their many friends in the great loss they have sustained. He was a loving and faithful husband as well as an obedinated for the property of the support of the property of the support of the suppor ent and respectful son. Requiescat in pace.

True charity is like fine gold; the more it is tried in the furnace, the greater will

turn to the convents from which we have turn to the convents from which we have the turn to the convents from which we have ted. We been expelled. Unhappily, some hostile influence seems to be urging the French government against us."

BRANTFORD LETTER. FATHER BURKE. ADDRESS AND PRESENTATION.

His First Oratorical Effort-How it Ended.

London July 30.—Intelligence has just been received that James Carey, the informer, was abot dead yesterday on the stambild Malrose, between Capetown and of Donnell. O'Donnell took passes are good of Donnell or the passes have been by the steamship Minfaura Coatle, which left Dartmouth on the thin the passes of the passes

DRANTPORD LETTER.

ADDRESS AND PRESENTATION.

On Wednesday of last week the young ladies of the Sodality celebrated the featival of St. James by going to communion at the morning mass, and it being the feast day of their spiritual director, Rev. J. F. Lennon, they assembled in the evening in the schoolhouse and surprised him with an address and a present of four richly bound breviaries and a purse of gold. The room was richly decorated with flowers and mottos, and a very pleasant hour was spent by those present. A choir of the young ladies sang several choruses sweetly and two or three solos were nicely given. Miss Maggie Harrington, the secretary, read the address, and the presentation was made by the prefect, Miss McDermott. The following is the address: Rev. AND DEAR FATHER,

Long have we desired to testify in some tangible manner our appreciation of the zeal and devotedness with which you have labored to make our little sodality worthy the name it bears. And on this happy occasion, the feast of your holy patron—the glorious Apostle whose name shines forth so brilliantly on the page of history, we embrace the favorable opportunity of giving expression, even though feebly, not only to our gratitude, but also to those sentiments of love and respect with which we have never ceased to regard your efforts for our spiritual advancement.

Sincerely do we thank you for all you have done to awaken in our hearts a love and devotion to our Blessed Mother, thus making us truly worthy the name of "Children of Mary." But not alone for this do we thank you, dear Father, but also for the many acts of kindness which our dear parents as well as ourselves have ever received at your hands. Sacred mementoes, these will long remain to make your name a "household word" among your many devoted friends in Brantford.

As a slight token of our regard, be pleased to accept, together with our fondest congratulation, our little gift, which we trust will serve to remind you of the dear children of your sodality whose earnest wish is that

venerated Director may be severed. Signed on behalf of the Sodality

by his Galway copatriot, in the days when he was yet subject to the parental juris-

Father Beckx.

sight has begun to fail him, and when he speaks it is all but impossible to under-stand the sense of his words. The insan-

ity of the war waged against the Jesuits in France never struck me so forcibly as when I stood for the first, and probably

the last, time in the presence of the reput-ed arch enemy of the Republic. Poor Father Beckx! If Rochfort and Leo Taxil

could see you I think they would regret much of the bitter nonsense they have scribbled. I tried to blush, myself, as I thought that I had come to San Girolama

to interview this venerable monk, whose life must be so fast drawing to its close, and who can feel so little interest in the

and who can feel so little interest in the trivialties of human politics. "We know and hear but little of the things you speak of," said the Father General, after I had put some questions to him about the prospects of the Vatican in the struggle with the State. "Here we live only to work and to pray. Our future looks dark enough now in France and elsewhere, but in a few years—who knows!—all may be

in a few years—who knows!—all may be changed and we may be permitted to re-

of the Galway crowd.

completely by surprise, but thanked the Sodalists most heartily for their rich gift of the breviaries. He said that rogift to a priest could be more appropriate, for they were his constant companions at all times, and he assured the givers that in his daily reading of the books the welfare of the Sodality should be constantly in his thoughts. When he took charge of the Sodality he said he found it in a flourishing and vigorous condition and he felt that he could take no credit to himself for its prosperity. He commended the members strongly for the good spirit they had always manifested, entering heartily into every work suggested, and thanked them sincerely for their devotedness. He felt that their present was inspired by a deep reverence for the sacred office he held rather than any personal merit of his own. He promised that they would always be remembered by him in his prayers and at the holy sacrifice of the mass, and asked that they would all pray for him. other and kindred example of the at mode of governing Ireland was ded by the case of two men sentenced raday to two years' imprisonment of the control of the trial be refused them when they a confronted with him on their area, the trial he refused to intend the many that it is took them,—the whole power of the confronted with him on their area, the trial he refused to intend the many that it is a confronted with him on their area, the trial he refused to intend the same that the same tha

JANE MCDERMOTT

MAGGIE HARRINGTON

KATE LANNON

MARY SAVAGE Feast of St. James, July 25, 1883.
The reverend Father was evidently taken

completely by surprise, but thanked the Sodalists most heartily for their rich gift

Barke used to relate this ancedote of his first appearance as a public orator with the greatest humor; and as a corollary he added that he never dreaded criticism afterwards, as he feared that threatened Since the last Financial Stateshill of the Grand Council of Canada, issued August 8th, 1882, said Council paid the Supreme Treasurer, on Beneficiary account, \$5,869.42.

The number of C. M. B. A. deaths in

Canada during the above mentioned diction so peremptorily threatened to be brought to bear on him by the monitor

remada during the above mentioned period was two.

Rev. J. P. Molphy, one of the Trustees of the Grand Council of Canada, was presented, on the eve of his departure for a trip to Ireland, with a beautiful address and a pure of \$200. by his residuing and a purse of \$300, by his parishioners.

Mr. Peter Tiernan, Secretary of Branch
20, Maidstone, was among the signers of A correspondent of the New York Her-ald, writing from Rome, says: Father Beckx, General of the Jesuit Order, the bugbear of the French Radicals, is an aged, spare and feeble man of nearly ninety. His extreme age has in no way impaired his mental faculties, but his sight has been to fail him and when he

the address.

The membership of the reverend clergy in Ontario is divided among our Branches

in Ontario is divided among our Branches as follows:—

Branch No. 1 has one priest; Branch No. 2, one; Branch 3, one; Branch 4, London, has one bishop and four priests; Branch No. 5, three priests; Branch 12, one; Branch 13, one; Branch 16, one; Branch 20, one; Branch 21, one; Branch 22, one.

Total—one Bishop and nineteen Priests.

Thomas Sullivan Esq. M. D. St. Cathernam of the priests of the priests of the priests of the priests.

Thomas Sullivan Esq., M. D., St. Catharines, Ont., is the supervising Medical Examiner of the C. M. B. A. in Canada. Examiner of the C. M. B. A. in Canada.
There will be no Supreme or Grand
Council Conventions until 1884, according to Revised Constitution. Although
we have several Dioceaan Deputies in
Ontario, still we are of the opinion that
it would be greatly to the benefit of the
C. M. B. A. here if the Grand President
would appoint a special Deputy with C. M. B. A. here if the Grand President would appoint a special Deputy with power to work up and organize Branches wherever practicable in Canada. The expenses of said deputy to be paid by the Branches he organizes, as at present arranged by our constitution. If a C. M. B. A. member can be found in Canada competent for such position, and willing to accept it, by all means let him be appointed. We are confident our membership would thereby increase much more rapidly.

SAMUEL R. BROWN, Sec. Grand Council,

When the Papal Nuncio was on his way to Moscow to congratulate the Czar on his coronation, (says the Catholic Review,) all the stations situated in Podlachia were crowded with peasants who came to solicit the help and blessing of the representative of His Holiness Leo XIII. The police, taken unawares, had neither time nor the means of preventing this annoying demonstration. At every stoppage of the train was found a number more or less great, of the Uniates, here some hundreds, there thousands, of these noble confessors of the faith. All passed around the carriage of the Nuncio, with tears and sobs, crying: "Help us, O Father, protect and assist us; for fifteen years we have been persecuted, deprived of the sacraments and of spiritual aid. Our strength fails us in resisting and suffering so much."

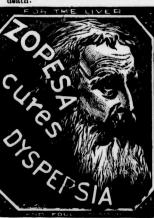
The Nuncio and his suite shed bitter tears, "having never seen such faith in Israel," as Mgr. Vannutelli repeated with strong emotion. At the stations of Luknow and Niredzyjeto the throngs of Uniates were the largest of all. The engineer, who was troubled by the consequence of this demonstration and the responsibility he might incur, desired to shorten the time of stopping and start immediately. Then a band of Uniates knelt on the rails in the front of the locometive. "You will pass over our bodies or else you will leave our brothers the few moments they require to speak to the envoy of Rome." Their object was to present to Mgr. Rannutelli a petition for the Holy Father, which contained a full account of the sufferings and constancy of this martyred people. They did not allow the train to go until their petition was in the hands of the Nuncio. The Nuncio and his suite shed bitter

It is hard for the lips to speak words of joyful gladness when the heart is sad and sorrowful.

to EDY Bros., 280 Dundas street. Call and examine our stock of frames and paspartonts, the latest styles and finest assortment in the city. Children's pictures

J. T. Burdick, of Highgate, town of Oxford, Eigin Co., says, after suffering with dyspensia for five years he tried the PRIDE OF THE VALLEY, and found a positive cure in three months. Many of my neighbors have met with the same result, and all that have used it join in saying it is the best Blood Purifier in the world. Positively removes all surplus bile, when all other medicines fail. For sale by all druggists.

SPECIAL NOTICE.—J. McKenzie has removed to the city hall building. This



CUT THIS OUT.

IRISH BENEVOLENT SOCIET

Keep disengaged for WEDNESDAY NEXT, AUGUST 8TH,

the Day of the Annual

PIC-NIC -AT-

FORTUNE.

Fidelity of Catholic Poles.

DIED. On July 14th, Elizabeth Hilliard, relict of the late Christopher McGuire, aged 80 years.

LOCAL NOTICES.

"Visit to London."—Specialists
From the International Throat & Lung
Institute, 173 Church St., Toronto, will be at
the Tecumseh House the first Thursday and
two following days of every month, next
visit being August 2nd, 3rd and 4th. The
Surgeons will have a supply of Spirometers,
the invention of M. Souvielle, of Paris, extide surgeon of the French Army, for the
cure of catarrhal Deatness, Bronchtite,
and the spirometer recommendation
and that the Spirometer recommendation
and that the Spirometer recommendation
and the spirometer recommendation
of the same should be recommended by
the speciality of diseases of the Head.
Throat and Lungs, and are curing thousands
of cases every year that have been given up
to die by doctors in general practice. Crowds
are visiting them in every town and city.
For particulars write to 173 Church Street,
Toronto, or 18 Phillip Square, Montreal.

For the best photos made in the city go
to Edy Bros., 280 Dundas street. Call
and examine our stock of frames and

a specialty.

Pride of the Valley again to the front.

moved to the city hall building. This is the Sewing Machine repair part and at tachment emporium of the city. Better facilities for repairing and cheaper rates than ever. Raymond's celebrated ma-

Poor Mrs. Jenkins can't be merry, For her mouth shows bad Teeth and Breath; But let her use the great "TRABERRY," And there'll be danger of laughing herself to death.

"Frank P. Warner came into our store to purchase a sample bottle of Zopesa for a friend, and stated that he (Mr. Warner) was afflicted with Kidney and Liver troubles for five years, and had paid \$200 or \$300 doctor's bills, and has now been completely cured by the use of two large bottles and one sample bottle of Zopesa. He was so bad at one time that he lost 37 pounds of flesh, but after using Zopesa claims that he is a sound man, and now weighs 15 pounds. He was loud in its praise, and readily consented to allow us to use his name for reference."

J. W. MITCHELL & CO., Canisteo, N. Y.

PORT STANLEY.

Band of the 7th Batt. Dancing, Games, &c

who will cut this out and return it to as below, with 50 cents in stamps or receive 4 articles worth 10 times 50 a will enable them to clear from \$5 to reck. Money refunded to any one dis-JAMES LEE & CO.,

A GOOD OPENING. A Catholic Blacksmith of steady habits and some means will hear of a good opening by addressing the editor of this journal.

\$40,000 IN PRESENTS!

FOR 50 CENTS

Partial List of Presents to Be Given Away

1000 Pooket Silver Fruit Knives.
1000 Gente Pooket Enlye.
1000 U. B. Greal Wander. English Movement
10 Ladder Gold Watches. English Movement
10 Ladder Gold Watches. English moven't
10 Boys' Silver Watches. American move't
10 Biggs Silver Watches. American move't
10 Boys' Biggr Watches. American Movement
10 Boys' Biggr Watches. Movement Watches.
10 Boys' Biggr Watches. Movement Watches.
10 Boys' Biggr Watches.
10 Boys' I Pony Phoseon.

If you processes valued from 25 cents to 21.00, which makes a grand aggregation of 100,000 precisely the processes of the pro

THE FARM, FIELD AND FIRESIDE

Pashion Department, Speedle and Embridgery work illustration of united the control of the contro

Tappen' again. (Postage stamps taken in MTTMRS)

REALD THERE LEATTMRS !

ithe to work for your paper, one do it with a good grace for I dight it worthy, ited to worth for your paper, one do it with a good grace for I dight it worthy, ited to you.

MIA. G. M. SMITH, Battle Greand, Ind.

Mak the paper with ten times the price for a six months subscription. The control of the contr

"I received year passes and am so well pleased with it that I incises 62 m has some. I shall try and got more subscribers for your circulant pages, the same. I shall try and got more subscribers for Jank GET EH, Obstor, I PHANK GRYES. ORDERS, Indian orders to the hinds of the control of

COLLEGE OF OTTAWA, CONDUCTED BY THE

OBLATE FATHERS OF MARY IMMACULATE.

COURSE OPENS 5th September.

Empowered to confer University Degrees.

Course of Studies—Classical and Commercial.

Special attent'on to Practical Sciences. English the language of the College. French or German optional in Commercial course, A well organized Business Class, in which Banking, Commercial Law, and all business requirements are attended to. Large staff of able and experienced Professors, strict discipline, fatherly care and watchfulness over conduct, health and progress of students, monthly reports to parents. Buildings beautifully situated, lighted by gas, heated by hot water, and provided with cold and warm baths. Gymnasium and extensive play grounds attached to the College.

Domestic Department under the care of

play grounds attached to the College.

Domestic Department under the care of the Sisters of Charity.

PAPAL MEDAL annually granted for successful competition in Philosophy by His Holiness Pope Leo XIII., as a special mark of commendation and favor.

TERMS—Board, Tuttion, Bed and Bedding, Washing and Doctor's Fee, payable half yearly in advance:



PROMOTION EXAMINATION.

A N EXAMINATION of candidate in the Civil Service looking for promotion, will be held in the city of London, commencing on Wednesday, the 5th day of September next. The candidates will require to inform the undersigned of their intention to present themselves not later than the 7th day of August.

P. LESUEUR.

P. LESUEUR.

Tone, Touch, Workmanship and Durability.

WILLIAM KNABE & CO.
Nos. 204 and 206 West Baltimore Street,
Baltimore. No. 112 Fifth Avenue, N. Y. MONEY TO LOAN.

LARGE AMOUNT IN SUMS TO SUIT AT VERY LOWEST RATES. Insure in National Fire Insurance Co'y of Ireland, Established 1822. Capital \$5,000,000. R. WADDELL, Agent, Federal Bank Building London, Out.

CLEARING SALE READY - MADE CLOTHING AT COST.

Good Tweed Pants, \$1.75, \$1.90, \$2.00. Good Tweed Coats, \$3.50, \$3.75, \$4.00. Melton Suits, - - \$7.00. Blue Serge Suits, - - \$7.00.

PETHICK & MCDONALD. 393 RICHMOND ST.

Meneely & Co., West Troy, N.Y.

SPECIAL NOTICE. THE BALANCE OF

SUMMER DRESS GOODS,

PARASOLS. SUMMER SKIRTS, ETC.,

J. J. GIBBONS,

DUNDAS ST.

NONSUCH! NONSUCH!

NONSUCH! NONSUCH!

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NONSUCH: Will wash in one hour what usually takes one day by the old way. NONSUCH: Will not tear or wear out the clothes. No labor or fatigue caused by using it.

Once tried commands the approval of all and gives satisfaction in every case. NONSUCH! used as directed has never failed to please and satisfy.

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