

# The Catholic Record.

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

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## CLERICAL.

**WE** have received a large stock of goods suitable for clerical garments. We give in our tailoring department special attention to this branch of the trade.

**N. WILSON & CO.**

### Feast of the Assumption.

*"A NIGHT-PRAYER."*

Dark! Dark! Dark!  
The sun is set, the Day is dead.  
They feast his body,  
My eyes are wet with tears unshed  
I low my head.  
Where the star of heaven softly sways,  
I bend my knee,  
And, like a homeward child, I pray,  
Mary! to Thee.

Dark! Dark! Dark!  
And, all the Day—since white-robed Priest  
In furthest East—began the Feast,  
I—the least—  
Thee I love, and love, and lowest child  
I called on Thee!  
Virgin! didst hear? My words were wild:  
Didst think of me?

Dark! Dark! Dark!  
Alas! and no—the Angels bright  
With wings as white  
As a dream of snow—in Love and Light  
Flashed on thy sight;  
They shone, like stars around Thee! Queen!  
I kneel and pray:  
A shadow only dims the scene  
Where shines a star!

Dark! Dark! Dark!  
And all day long—beyond the sky  
Sweet, pure, and high  
The Angel's song sweet sounding by  
Triumphantly  
And when such music filled thy ear  
Rose round thy throne—  
How could I hope that you wouldst hear  
My faint, faint moan?

Dark! Dark! Dark!  
Alas! and no—Thou didst not hear  
Nor bend thy ear—  
To prayer of we—as mind so dear  
For hearts more dear  
Hid me from heart and soul from sight  
This bright Feast-day  
Wilt thou not hear my tone lips wait  
I kneel and pray?

Dark! Dark! Dark!  
The sun is set, the Day is dead  
Thy feast, O Mary!  
My eyes are wet with tears I shed—  
I low my head.  
Angel and Altar, I called Thee Queen  
All day—ah! I  
To-night what thou hast ever been  
I kneel and pray!

Dark! Dark! Dark!  
The Queenly Crown,—twilight light  
Is fair and bright;  
Ah! my lowly head, to-night  
Its jewelled light  
Shines not as the tender love-light shines  
O Mary! mine  
In the poor, eyes, whose pure heart pines  
For thee, O child!

Dark! Dark! Dark!  
Scribe in hand—Thou dost hold sway  
Forever and aye  
In angel-land,—but fair Queen! pray!  
Lay it away,  
Let thy sceptre wave in the realms above  
Where angels are;  
But, Mother! fold in thine arms of love  
Thy child at me!

Dark! Dark! Dark!  
May! I call! Will thou hear the Prayer  
My poor lips start?  
Yea! be to all,—a Queen most fair,  
A Crown, sceptre, heart!  
But look on me with a mother's eyes  
From Heaven's bliss—  
And wait to me from the starry skies  
A mother's kiss!

Dark! Dark! Dark!  
The sun is set, the Day is dead:  
Her feast has fled,  
Can she forget the sweet blood shed,  
The last words said,  
Thou thing—Woman! behold thy son!  
Oh! Precious Right!  
Of all His children, the last, least one  
I heard to-night.

FATHER RYAN.

### CATHOLIC PRESS.

His Eminence Cardinal Howard was present at a recent garden-party of the Baroness Burdett-Coutts, from which Cardinal Manning was unavoidably absent. The Princess of the Church thus atoned for the inexcusable rudeness of the female head of the sham Church, who turned her back upon the Baroness the other day, because she had married without the Queen's consent. Smalley of the Tribune gave full particulars of the insult.—*Concinnati Telegraph.*

HARPER'S WEEKLY says that every respectable Irishman in America should wish to see the senders of the dynamite arrested. So they do. And the *Pilot* asserts that the dynamite was not sent by Irishmen. The agents in Boston of the English steamers that carried it knew who shipped it. If they won't tell, let the police find it out. If the outrage were a genuine one it would not be let drop so easily. Who is interested in letting it drop? Not Irishmen—that is plain.—*Pilot.*

CHAUTAQUA has had a Sunday-school Convention, at which a new production of Protestantism was introduced. Novelties in Protestantism have palled; the boy revivalist, the girl revivalist, and the Widow Van Cott no longer "draw," so we have Mr. Frank Beard, the "chalk-

talker." Mr. Beard's habit, it seems, is to "talk" before he "chalks." He says—preparatory to drawing Scriptural characters on the "Gospel blackboard"—"Wherever the social element is disorderly, intolerant and oppressive, we have only to let loose the Sunday-school to remove all disturbances. Imagine a Yankee Sunday-school planted in Russia. It would dissipate all plots and assassinations." But did not the eminent "chalk talker" reckon without his host? What more devoted Sunday-school boy ever refused to fish on Sunday than the pious Guitteen? Who ever dropped his pennies into the contribution-box more ostentatiously or said his text more glibly? We are afraid the "chalk talker" will have to regenerate the human race by other means than the "Yankee Sunday-school."—*Freeman's Journal.*

That was a grim joke of the English Government to promise "John Dillon, that he should be released on condition of his going to Madeira, or elsewhere, where the climate is favorable for pulmonary disease." This sudden anxiety as to the Irish patriot's health is altogether too comical, England is making herself the laughing stock of the world. John Dillon now breathes the air of freedom, and will find that it is "the climate most favorable for pulmonary disease." A grand banquet is being organized at London in his honor.—*Concinnati Telegraph.*

OUR fellow-subjects "over the border" have the character of being an exceedingly Sabbatarian and go-to-church sort of people. Wee to the properly regulated Scotsman who in Edinburgh or Glasgow looks happy on a Sunday, and, as for anything in the shape of innocent, heavenly music—oh, horror! Yet that our Scotch friends can be lively, and can, now and then, be disrespectful to their Church is beyond doubt. Some of the members of the Argyll Free Church seem to be all that could be desired in this respect. The minister of this church refused to open a meeting which had been called, whereupon another chairman was appointed, who opened the meeting "with prayer." According to the report of the proceedings, the chairman was seized by the throat and assaulted, a general disturbance followed, and the women joined in it with the men. The result was that almost a dozen of the God-fearing Scots, who worship according to "Free Church" regulations, were arrested and brought before the magistrates. Can this be looked upon as a High Church, or a Low Church, or a Broad Church proceeding?—*London University.*

THE hypocritical and fanatical Guitteen reads his Bible almost constantly. The warden asked him last Monday if he found anything new in the Bible and he replied, "I find many things that I like to read." He undertook at first to use his time in revising his work called "Truth," a sort of commentary upon the Bible. The greatest part of the only edition of this work ever published was destroyed by fire at the place where they were printed in Boston. Guitteen's literary labor in jail seems to have been confined to writing a new preface for this work. He then gave up the task of revision. And yet the *Advocate* would have it that Bible-reading has had no influence upon Guitteen's life and character. From his history before and after his dastardly deed, we are warranted in thinking otherwise.—*Concinnati Telegraph.*

DESPITE May laws and other vehicles of persecution, the Protestants of Prussia are decidedly afraid of Catholicity. Last week we mentioned an utterance of one of the Protestant papers of Silesia, in which it was said that "unless there is a speedy improvement, we shall find the Evangelical Church gradually reduced to powder by the Catholics." Since then, a committee of Protestant gentlemen of the province has been formed to promote lay help in Protestant churches. They have issued a manifesto, and invited co-operation. We translate the following from their address, which is published by the *Breslau Morgenblatt*:

We call for help on educated Protestants, especially laymen, who will not allow the Evangelical Church of Silesia to be reduced to powder by Catholicity, and who are ready to be taken the sincerity of their faith by material sacrifices.

hitherto been *ad.* Its promoters remain unsupported, for no Protestant in Germany thinks of helping the parson in carrying on his work, and the very idea of "material sacrifices" in the interest of a hazy cause is altogether repugnant to the Protestant mind, at least in Prussia.—*London University.*

The world is beginning to understand that Irishmen in Ireland are thoroughly in earnest. Not only are the rights of the farmers to be asserted until they are redressed, but the wrongs of the farm-laborers have of late been firmly and persistently brought to the attention of the British Government. Cardinal Manning's recent address to a delegation of Irish laborers showed that the consideration of their claims had occupied his mind long before they were presented to him by the laborers themselves. It is announced that Mr. Peter O'Leary has made a report to Mr. Forster, in which he recommends the dissemination of a taste for cottage-gardening, etc., among the peasantry. This sounds very well; but laborers who are not sure of bread can not be expected to pay much attention to rural adornment. The question of gardens may be important when the laborers have cottages. Mr. O'Leary's report, if it be properly reported, is suggestive of the well-intentioned efforts of those ladies who send flannel shirts to the Torrid Zone and supply the hungry city-poor with chromos and flowers. It seems to be the fate of all attempts at reform to be hampered by fireside philanthropists, who form their plans at an altitude above the heads of the people to be benefited. Emigration to an Irishman means exile; but unless Mr. Forster goes nearer the root of the grievances of the Irish laborers than he can from Mr. O'Leary's alleged report, emigration will be their only resort.—*Freeman's Journal.*

THE feast of the Assumption, which commemorates the death of the Blessed Virgin and her entrance into Heaven, is the greatest and most ancient of all her festivals. It was already of long and solemn observance in the days of Constantine Porphyrogenitus. And the pious belief—favored, though not commanded by the Church—that the Mother of God was assumed body and soul into Heaven—is, at least, as old as the feast. Our Lord, dying on the cross, gave His cherished Mother into the keeping of His best-loved disciple, John, who, "from that hour, took her for His own." Mary abode with John in Jerusalem, and there she died, twelve years after the Ascension. Tradition, "gray-haired but golden mouthed," tells us, that as her last hour drew near, the scattered apostles were mysteriously warned, and hastened to Jerusalem to attend the death-bed of their Queen. All were there in time for a farewell word and blessing, save only St. Thomas. When at last he came, the Blessed Virgin was already three days in the tomb. He mourned bitterly, and prayed that he might be permitted to look upon her face in death. The others were fain to comfort him and grant his prayer. They opened the sepulchre, and lo! there was naught to be seen but lilies of unearthly beauty, springing from the spot where but late the Virgin's body rested.

The modern devotion to our Lady has never surpassed in enthusiasm that of the early centuries of the Church's life. Indeed, St. Epiphanius, one of the ancient Fathers, feared to say that she had died; but inclined to the belief that she had been translated, still living, into Paradise. But Christ died, and for His Mother, even, He opened no way to Heaven save through the Valley of the Shadow.

We have no "dogma of the Assumption";—Protestant assertion to the contrary, notwithstanding. We are not bound to believe that for Mary the resurrection of the just was anticipated. But who among us would dream of denying her this glorious prerogative? Her soul was by miracle exempted from the consequences of the primal sin. Why should not her body be equally by miracle exempted from the corruption of the grave, the consequence of sin? Was it fitting that the most pure body of which the Word was made flesh, should become the food of worms? Christ gave His Blessed Mother a creature's uttermost share in the sorrow and shame of His world-redeeming Passion. Is it, then, more than reasonable to be-

lieve that He gave her afterwards a creature's uttermost share in the glory of His Kingdom?

The Assumption—Mary's Easter, as the Oriental Catholics so beautifully and significantly call it—is celebrated more splendidly, the world over, than any other of our Lady's holidays. And just so, for it is the crown of all the rest;—God's finishing touch to His creature masterpiece.

The Immaculate Conception is, so to speak, the seed-time feast. But the Assumption is the harvest home. The Immaculate Conception is the pearly day-dawn; the Assumption, the glorious sunset of her mortal life to the undimmed radiance of her throne at the King's right hand in the City of Light and Life Eternal.—*Buffalo Union.*

HAD Ireland such landlords, there would be no necessity for a Land League, and, probably, Ireland would be the most loyal and the most contented part of the United Kingdom. Mr. Gladstone has allowed 10 per cent, to his tenants on the Hawarden Estates, this making his fourteenth reduction. The agents of the Hughenden Manor Estates have returned 20 per cent, of their tenants' rent, making the fifth consecutive half-yearly remission on that estate. These reductions are all the more acceptable and valuable inasmuch as they have been made voluntarily. And this in prosperous England, too. When conscientious gentlemen, such as the Premier and the late Lord Beaconsfield, have deemed it fair and proper to so far relieve their tenants of some portion of their rent in consequence of bad times, how much more necessary must it have been that similar consideration should characterize the conduct of Irish landlords to their tenants? Who ever heard of an Irish landlord, except the few connected with the Land League, voluntarily lowering his rents and granting a relief allowance out of them? We hope somebody has. We hope there have been a few exceptions. All we can say is that we know Ireland well; we have had many years' personal observation of the treatment Irish tenants receive from their landlords, and we cannot remember one single case such as that now recorded to the great honour of Mr. Gladstone and the late Lord Beaconsfield.—*London University.*

THE truth is, say what you will, one of the greatest misfortunes of the revolution of the sixteenth century, was the severing of so large a portion of Christendom from the head and centre of unity in the old historical church. Even in a human point of view the august Court of Rome, with the illustrious Pontiff at its head, embracing, as it does, men of the most profound learning and transcendent ability, and who devote their whole lives to the most thorough and careful study of the subject of Christianity in all its phases, might well command the homage and assent of all who "profess and call themselves Christians." The tremendous advantage of such a tribunal as a final Court of Appeal in all great fundamental questions of faith and morals, is too obvious to need any argument. Do you say such a tribunal would curtail free thought and the right of private judgment? But it would not curtail free thought and the right of private judgment any more than acquiescence in the final decisions of the supreme civil tribunal. Why should we fear evil results from one more than from the other?—*Catholic Review.*

THE managers of a Connecticut camp-meeting advertise that "a commodious icehouse has been erected on the grounds." What part it plays in the work of salvation they do not announce, so we are free to suppose that it is designed as a cooling-off station for those who get excited in their efforts to "get religion."—*Baltimore Mirror.*

WITHOUT pronouncing on the veracity of the rumors regarding the Holy Father's removal from Rome, some of which are too absurd to deserve any attention, we may say that they have been productive of one unforeseen result. The moderately liberal journals contemplate Leo XIII's abandonment of his present residence and the Eternal City with dread as the reactionary effect it would have upon public opinion, which might demand his return

sooner than and in a manner that his enemies would contemplate with any feeling but that of satisfaction. Truth and justice, we feel satisfied, will assert themselves without this ordeal having to be passed through; but if it must needs come to that, it will certainly be for the best.—*Philadelphia Standard.*

The church in this section of Michigan is dead. Within one hour's ride from Detroit on the steam cars can be found thriving villages which know nothing of a cathedral, and supported catholically in an associate mission, this sad state of affairs would not be chronicled. But we forget. A cathedral and associate mission are Catholic.—*Anglo-Catholic (Ritualistic).*

Yes, verily, and a cathedral and catholically are peculiarly Catholic, too. We have heard before of Ritualistic "priests" and their "celibate vows." 'Tis a sweet fancy that clothes the stickler for candles and genuflections with a sort of reverent romance. But just wait until a hundred-thousand-dollar girl comes that way, and then see how the celibate dream vanishes into thin air.—*Buffalo Union.*

LET the Agar-Ellis case be read and fully understood far and near. The Hon. Harriet Agar-Ellis, daughter of Lord Camoys, is a Catholic. At the time of her marriage to a Protestant, an arrangement was made to the effect that, in the event of there being any children, they should be educated in the faith of their mother. A few years after the father insisted that the children should be reared up as Protestants. A Chancery suit followed, and the end of the matter was a decision that cannot be got rid of, to the effect that a father has a right to bring up his children in whatsoever faith he pleases, and that an ante-nuptial agreement that the children shall be brought up in the religion of the mother is worthless.—*London University.*

IT is no uncommon occurrence for Catholics to be accused of idolatry; of giving Divine honors to persons and things; of saving up the bones of Saints for adoration, etc. We frequently suffer burlesque for the veneration we give all holy things. Much of this ridicule is given in the same diabolical spirit that actuates the enemy of all mankind, for he even hates Holy Water in a very great degree. We cannot lay the tantalizing charges made against us, to the ignorance of those who advance them. They display by their actions an entirely different belief and feeling, when concerned about worldly affairs. They consider fortune on earth worth working for; they regard honors as rewards for meritorious conduct; yet they expect Almighty God to bestow them on them. They need not desire salvation or rewards of any kind, yet God is bound to bestow them. They honor men, nay, fairly worship them, for worldly heroism or great achievements in arts and sciences, yet they mock the veneration of Saints, of holy men and women, who have been greater heroes in overcoming the passions, in resisting temptations, and other mementoes are revered, but the relics of God's heroes are sneered at, and those who venerate them are denounced as superstitions. A good instance of this is found in the President's case. A few pieces of the fractured rib were laid aside by surgeons, for further study, but they have disappeared and nobody knows where, but one who has been watching carefully at the Presidential bedside, believes most firmly that certain parties took these little fragments of bone as relics of the President, to be carefully preserved. Were these the little particles of bones of some Saint, the same individuals would delight in exorcising Catholics for their superstition in preserving them. It is thus our dissenting brethren ever act towards the Catholic Church. They separate her entirely from the feelings and consciences of men, when, in fact, her destiny is to guide, guard and sanctify them. To experience one feeling towards God and another towards our fellowman is a contradiction. Charity founded on the true faith is one, and finds its highest expression in adoration of the Triune God, and love and respect for our neighbor for God's sake.—*Catholic Columbian.*

It is stated in some of the French papers, that the next candidate for a seat in the French Academy will be M. Perraud, Bishop of Autun, the friend of Lacordaire, Ozanam and the recently young Henri Perreye. On the occasion of the election of the late M. Litre, M. Perraud resigned his seat in the Academy, and since that time no French Bishop would consent to occupy a seat among the "immortals." M. Perraud is a man of great learning and ability, and deserves any dignity that may be bestowed on him. He is well known to Irish readers as the author of one of the best and most comprehensive works on modern Ireland that has as yet been published. In that work "Ireland Under English Rule"—he thus sums up the condition of the country: "The famine here is perennial. In every other country 'famine' means absolute want of the necessities of life; but in Ireland it signifies that when the cultivator has sold his corn and cattle to pay rents and taxes, then, should the potato crop fail, he finds

himself suddenly reduced to a fare of wild herbs and grass, which do not long ward off the famine fever. In other lands self-preservation is the first law of nature. In Ireland there is a special law! First and above all things, pay your rent, your cess, your rates, your taxes; if anything remains live on it; if nothing remain, lie down and rot!

For many, the police news of our daily papers is their most attractive portion. In fact, for millions, there is no other news, and newspapers that exclude it, or limit its quantity, or fomentate and deodorize its quality, are not the popular papers of the day. It is news, however, that is of little profit to any one. To children and young people it is delectable. To parents and people of settled thoughts it rarely brings profit, even of the most infinitesimal kind. If there is any profit in it, it is in the illustration of the old truth that the wages of sin is death. But a known truth of that kind needs no illustration, no evidence, no explanation. Just at this moment the papers are beginning to blaze with the story of a Connecticut crime. We will not anticipate its character and we shall not dwell on its nauseous details. We do not know them, and we do not propose to know them. But there are two chapters of it, which we can repeat, and if they do not teach a lesson to fathers and mothers to watch over their sons and daughters, and under protection when night, by its obscurity, tempts to crime, then nothing will teach them, until it is too late, and they lament the destruction of their own household. Only the other day a lady who has spent the winter in Havana, deplored to us the strictness of social etiquette in that city. We do not say that all their solitude is wise or necessary. We believe it is not. But if we had to choose between the rigor of Spanish-American customs and the terrible recklessness of New England, we should vote for the former. But happily there is no need either for rigor or recklessness. Confidence and carefulness can be combined. If they are united in a catholic spirit, there is no danger of evil. It is impossible, however, to think that there was honest confidence and carefulness in the case we now quote.

CHAPTER I.

Jennie E. Cramer was the daughter of a German cigar maker at New Haven. She was remarkably beautiful, both in figure and face. She was perhaps the best known girl seen in New Haven streets, and she had universally the reputation of being the prettiest. Her education had been good, and her conversation was bright and vivacious. She allowed herself and her parents allowed her some latitude in her behavior, but it was not more than exercised by thousands of girls living in New England towns whose conduct does not bring reproach. She had many companions, male and female, and with them she went on excursions and walked in the streets in the evening. By all accounts she was gay, but not vicious. She was a belle, and a favorite among her companions, male and female.

Now let us see what is the sequel of going out carriage riding with young men and women of unequal position.

CHAPTER II.

At daybreak on Saturday morning, Asa Curtis, a grizzled old fisherman at Savin Rock, six miles below New Haven, on the Sound shore, discovered the body of a woman lying in one of the numerous channels with which the beach is leamed. The tide was coming in, and the body lay face downward in about a foot of water. Curtis, greatly shocked, dragged it up a few feet on the dry sand, and ran with his information to the nearest of a line of bar-rooms and restaurants which, built upon spikes, extend from Kelsey's wharf eastward just at the edge of high water. The knot of men speedily recognized it as the body. The second corner recognized it as that of Jennie Cramer. It was dressed in a white muslin skirt and overskirt, and a white figured waist, cut in a low point at the neck. The draggots skirts were twisted closely about the girl's figure. She wore a pair of new well-fitting shoes with brass heels. Her hands were crossed in white half mitts. A ring set with pearls and an emerald and a cameo ring were on two of the fingers of her right hand. On her left hand were a plain ring with a gold dollar attached by a little chain, and a ring set with a turquoise. A white straw hat, prettily trimmed, was pinned to her hair and rested in a natural position and but little crumpled, on the back of her head. The body plainly had been but a short time in the water, and looked very natural. It was taken to the West Haven Morgue near by. Drs. Painter and Shepard made an examination. The face was discolored. A bruise on the forehead looked as though it might have been made by the sand. Her left ear and her lips were slightly cut, and her mouth bore a pale stain of blood. There were slight bruises on her right shoulder, also. In her pocket was a blue purse, trimmed with beads, and containing thirteen cents. As she lay in the morgue there was seaweed and sand tangled and sprinkled in her hair. A string of glass beads that she had worn about her head was broken and her hair was also sprinkled with the bits of these.

It will be very well if Chapter III., and IV., and those that are to follow, do not contain other tragedies, as sad and sorrowful, and even more disgraceful. But Catholic fathers and mothers will do well, when tempted to allow their children out at night, to remember the sad fate of the Belle of New Haven.—*Catholic Review.*



Returned.
Returned to the home of my childhood.
Returned to the home of my childhood.
Returned to the home of my childhood.

THE RIOTOUS FUNERAL OF PIUS IX.

A Description of the Scenes in Rome, by the Rev. Dr. Bernard O'Reilly, of New York.

Florence, July 13th.—I send you what might not unjustly be called the last chapter to my "Life of Pius IX." an account of the translation of his remains from their temporary resting place in St. Peter's to the simple tomb prepared, in accordance with the Pontiff's own testamentary direction, in the venerable Basilica of San Lorenzo, outside the walls of Rome.

And here it was that the Ministers committed a mistake. The law of guarantees recognizes the sovereign rank of the Pope, and professes to secure him the liberty and respect due to a sovereign both in life and in death. Whether the translation of the remains of Pius IX. took place at midnight or at noonday, the Government should have spontaneously acquiesced in the solemnity.

It was a most magnificent spectacle which was beheld on the night of the 12th of July, 1881, in the great square in front of St. Peter's. From 6 o'clock the doors of the great church had been closed, no one being admitted but the members of the Pontifical court, the officials charged with superintending and registering the proceedings, the clergy attached to the Basilica itself, and such persons as had been specially invited.

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You could see hundreds of them seated or kneeling on the steps of St. Peter's, or beneath Bernini's vast arcade, all through the long hours of that calm, sultry, moonlight night, listening to the sounds of psalmody from within the Basilica, or gazing wistfully toward the windows in the Vatican Palace which glowed with such brilliancy.

There was no other illumination beside the gas jets in the colonnades and the lanterns of the hundreds of carriages which extended down both sides of the vast space, and the street lamps of the avenues leading from the river bank toward the great dome of Michael Angelo. But over the mighty dome itself, over the lofty portico and the far-extending colonnades, over the tens of thousands of human beings standing or seated or kneeling in the great square, the full moon of July shed its soft radiance.

As midnight drew near, and the chants from within the closed doors rose louder in the still air, and the moon herself ascended step by step toward the zenith, the silence outside among the vast multitude became more solemn, while the two great columns about up their columns of white, like columns of shining silver in the moonbeams. One after the other the confraternities and guilds from all the parishes of Rome began to pour into the square with lighted torches and processional crosses, reciting in subdued tones litany and prayers, as they advanced by the left-hand colonnade and took up the position allotted to them.

Just as the great clock of St. Peter's struck 12, the eyes of the multitude were drawn toward the dome, which, together with the entire side of the Basilica to the left of the spectator, seemed all aglow with the most brilliant red light. This came from the Church of Santa Maria, near at hand, which had been suddenly illuminated with Bengal fires, throwing an unearthly brilliancy on the gigantic structure. An involuntary cry of admiration burst from the beholders. Then were thrown open the doors of the Basilica, and the casket containing the remains of his Holiness was borne out on the shoulders of the carriers of the Basilica and placed in a hearse drawn by four horses.

Only four coaches, bearing the prelates and officials bound by rule to be present on such occasions, were at first to accompany the hearse to San Lorenzo. This had been stipulated by the Government. But nothing short of the pre-emptory interference of the public authorities could have prevented the nobles and wealthy Catholics of Rome from taking part in the procession. There were hundreds of coaches waiting in the square to fall in line behind the four from the Vatican.

Most magnificent was the spectacle offered by the Piazza and the city beyond it as the hearse proceeded down the square escorted by the canopy and carabines sent by the municipal authority. Behind the hearse came the long line of priests and confraternities, all bearing torches or lighted tapers. There must have been at least two thousand of them; and as each sodality chanted in subdued tones its own psalms and litanies, their lights wavered and flared, and the notes of their psalmody became blended with the loud prayers of the crowd near at hand as the procession crossed the Piazza Rusticucci and entered the Borgo. Standing on the steps of St. Peter's, where still lingered many of the old men and women who had been young with Pius IX., and had grown old with him, one could see that at the approach of the cortege people in square and street illuminated their houses.

But any one who had cared during the day of the 12th, and during the 11th as well, to loiter in some of the most frequented cafes of Rome, or to stand near the corners and shady walks, where the students of the present Roman University congregated, would have felt sure that under the many torches and carriages will never reach peacefully the distant gate of San Lorenzo. Even now as the funeral hearse, with its escort of police and carabineers, approaches the bridge of St. Angelo, there is a formidable gathering of young men, bent on turning into disorder this imposing demonstration.

The rioters ran ahead to seize upon some vantage ground for another attack. The body of the procession, now straggling and disintegrated, followed as best it might through the pelting storm. It was too unequal a contest for the clerical portion of them, nevertheless. They could not repel violence by violence, and they threw down their torches, put away all badges of their profession, and tried to escape through the side streets.

On entering the Via Nazionale, the procession did not find a single house illuminated. By this time the mob seemed to have obtained complete mastery. They formed a compact body, and hummed the hearse and its escorts all round, singing psalms and litany, and singing the hymn of Garibaldi. The music of this hymn, like the strains of the "Marseillaise," intoxicates the crowd. A combined attack, with every available missile, was made on the small body of men who no violence had been made to drive away from the neighborhood of the hearse. These were at length forced to defend themselves with their only weapon; they thrust their burning torches into the faces of their foes, and then the yells of rage and pain only served to bring down the police and the military to both the guilty and the innocent.

Let me mention here that the civil authorities, alarmed by what had occurred near the Gesu and in the neighboring Piazza di Venezia, had ordered out a few companies of infantry. These lined the Via Nazionale when the procession reached it. But their presence seemed rather to encourage the assailants than otherwise, for they still attacked the procession shouting, "Viva il Re! Viva l'Espresso!" The troops also lined the streets at Piazza del Termini, where the scenes of violence were renewed, and again the police and military instead of preventing disorder, only interfered when it was at its height.

It was then past 2 o'clock in the morning. Another half hour brought them to the neighborhood of San Lorenzo. Thither, however, the assailants had flocked in greater numbers than ever, determined, no doubt, to possess themselves of the funeral car of Pius IX. The military blew their trumpets to warn the assailants to disperse, but these would not be balked in their purpose. The confraternities, on their side, were encouraged to maintain their position stoutly by the view of the venerable Basilica, restored and embellished by Pius IX., all resplendent with light, and with its portals wide open to receive his coffin.

It is said that some one in the procession provoked by this last assault on a funeral cortege, exclaimed, "Hurray for the Pope King! Viva il Papa-Re!" The Government journals say this cry was taken up by the others. At any rate, certain it is that at this moment the riot assumed alarming proportions. The military and police put forth unwonted energy, and the scene which happened was a shower of stones and a volley of curses launched against the funeral car.

And so Pius IX. in death was borne, at 3 o'clock in the morning of July 13th, to the ancient portals of the Basilica, where he had so often come in life to watch the progress of the restoration and the fresco which he caused to be executed along the nave. History must put it on record that a Roman mob stoned his moldering body more than three years after death as it was borne to its final resting place.

There was one man waiting during the long agony of these hours within the seminary of San Lorenzo for the arrival of the venerable remains. That was John Simioni, the trusted Secretary of State of Pius IX. It was pitiful to see him, as the distant tumult came across the city, to the solitude around San Lorenzo, lift his pale face and tearful eyes upward in silent prayer. What a relief to him and to his companions when the casket was borne safe into the seminary!

HISTORY OF ST. PATRICK'S PURGATORY, LOUGH DERG.

The litigation about the title to the Station Island of Lough Derg, amicably settled at the recent assizes, had its immediate and ostensible origin in the erection on the island, by the Lord Bishop of Clogher, the most Rev. Dr. Donnelly, of a hospice for the better accommodation of the pilgrims. The hospice projects out a little way into the water upon the rock forming the island. The Lord Bishop complained of this, but the bishop asserted his right to do it, and proceeded with the erection of the hospice. It was commenced about a year ago, and is now nearly finished. Sir John Leslie, by his proceedings, laid claim to the whole of the island, and the bishop was naturally alarmed that the right accruing from Elizabethan confiscations, and enforced at the point of the bayonet two hundred years ago, but which in the meantime had been acted on, should be seriously put forward in the latter part of the 19th century. Accordingly the bishop was forced, however unwillingly, to defend, on behalf of the Catholics of Ireland, their right to the ancient shrine.

For this the bishop had been obliged to undergo all the disagreeables of a harassing litigation, and find the money to prepare for the trial. This involved not alone fees for lawyers, but the investigation and copying of ancient records, and the employment of scientific men to enlighten the jury on the question of assent. It was a surprise agreeable to find, at the hour of trial approached, that the bishop and Sir John Leslie had found means to terminate their mutual satisfaction that must have been had it gone on—a very unpleasant contest. The terms of settlement are that Sir John give a lease forever of that portion of the hospice which projects into the water, and, according to his contention, has encroached upon the bed of the lough, which he claims as his property. He withdraws all pretensions to the Station Island itself, and by this formal act the bishop's possession of it is quieted forever.

The island in Lough Derg, known as Station Island, and also by the name of St. Patrick's Purgatory, consists of a barren rock, over three rods in extent. The lough itself is a lonely sheet of water in southwestern Donegal, of a superficial area of 2,200 acres, and about six miles in length. There are in all 46 islands in the lough. According to tradition, Station Island was the place to which St. Patrick retired for meditation and prayer. St. Dabheue, one of St. Patrick's contemporaries, and a Welshman, established a religious community on the adjacent island, and now known as Saints' Island. St. Patrick's Purgatory was throughout the middle ages one of the most remarkable shrines in Christendom. It was here that O'Rourke, Prince of Breffny, was making his devotion when his absence gave opportunity for the tragic incident that forms the subject of Moore's melody, "The valley lay smiling before me." We have Calderon's "Purgatorio de San Patricio," in which he sings here—

"With footsteps strong and bosom brave, Where the pitying Heaven will show, How my salvation may be gained, By bearing in this life the purgatorial pain." The library of the British Museum has two metrical versions of the pilgrimage of the Knight Owen to Lough Derg. Notabilities from remote parts of Europe mixed with the people of the country in performing the pilgrimage. But, like so many other places of the same sort in Ireland, the shrine has fallen into disrepair. The monastery on Saints' Island, the shrine on Station Island, with the neighboring lands, the endowment of pious generations, were confiscated in the general plundering that took place. In 1632 Sir William Stewart, by order of the Lord Justice (Doyle), expelled the abbot and forty monks from Saints' Island, and destroyed the buildings thereon, and the stone upon which tradition had it that St. Patrick knelt, and other relics, were thrown into the lake, and security was taken by recognition from the said James Magrath, the owner of the island, that he would not permit friars or nuns to enter the island.

In 1661 Dr. John Leslie, a Scotchman, was appointed by Charles II. Bishop of Clogher. He had previously been Bishop of the Isles, but, the episcopal office not being a profitable or popular one in Scotland, he contrived to get translated to Clogher, and founded the family now represented by the present plaintiff, Sir John Leslie, Second Queen Anne, chapter 6, reciting that the superstitions of Popery are greatly increased by the pretended sanctity of places, especially of a place called St. Patrick's Purgatory, in the County Donegal, to which pilgrimages are made by vast numbers at certain seasons, enacts that all such meetings shall be deemed riots and unlawful assemblies, and punishable as such; and all offenders are subjected, in default of payment of pecuniary penalties, to be publicly whipped; and persons erecting booths or cabins for the sale of victuals are also subject to penalties; and all magistrates were required to demolish all crosses, pictures, and inscriptions that were anywhere publicly set up, and were the occasion of Popish superstitions.

From the expulsion of the Augustinians down to about the year 1782, the spiritual wants of the pilgrims were ministered to by the Franciscan friars. About 1782, in consequence of the penal laws, the number of Franciscans in Ireland had become so reduced that they were no longer able to supply the pilgrimage with the priest, and then the Catholic Bishop of Clogher appointed the Rev.—Murray, P. P. Erigle-Trough, Prior.

Since then the pilgrimage has been under the care of priests of the diocese of Clogher, specially deputed by the Catholic Bishop of Clogher, who has uniformly intrusted it to a "prior" and assistant priest; and, notwithstanding every effort made by Government, the clergy and people kept almost continuous possession, and the present proceedings were the first serious effort for at least 100 years made to disturb them.

By its past history and present condition, the holy faith of the Irish people, the faith that Patrick planted in this country, the same that he professed and practiced in Lough Derg, is as active and living to-day as it was in his own time. Confession and coercion, fire and sword, have been employed in vain. Every year sees the whole of the Irish race represented by thousands of pilgrims from every part of the country, joined by the representatives of our people from those far off lands to which persecution drove them, or adventure impelled them, all making public profession of the faith that Patrick taught our forefathers.

Right well must the Most Rev. Dr. Donnelly rejoice that he should, in his own person, have reversed "confessionation." He has, in a simple, but effective, manner, vindicated the rights of the people. He is to be congratulated on his peaceful triumph; and his name as Bishop of Clogher will be long remembered in connection with his formal recovery of St. Patrick's Purgatory.

WHAT CATHOLIC MISSIONARIES IN ASIA ARE DOING FOR CIVILIZATION.

In every part of the world Missionaries are the pioneers of civilization. It is to them we are indebted for what we know of the interior of China, Korea, Japan. It has been the missionaries who made known to Europeans the customs and languages of the East and who have facilitated their studies.

It was only in December last that an excellent and complete Dictionary of the Korean Language was published in Yokohama by the Missionaries of the Seminaire de Paris, who are in charge of the arduous duties attending the Mission which has been so successful in Korea; and in May last a Korean grammar, with a course of "Graduated Exercises," was published in Yokohama by the indefatigable Missionaries who distinguish themselves not only by their zeal in effecting conversions but also in Literature and in the Sciences. The book which we now notice is a Complete Grammar, the Korean languages affording more material for a Grammar than the Chinese, by possessing an alphabet composed of eleven vowels and fourteen consonants, making a total of 25 letters. The vowels are placed either below or above the consonants. The substantive has nine cases, formed by adding one or two syllables to the radicals. The verb has four moods, the indicative, the imperative, the infinitive and the participial. The tenses are the following: present imperfect, perfect, past perfect, future, conditional, past future, and past conditional. The tenses are formed in different ways according to the radicals of the verbs.

The second part of the grammar is devoted to the syntax of the language and at the end they give the parsing of a fable from Esop. The Grammar concludes with an appendix comprising the calendar of the Koreans, their mode of division of the time in years, seasons and fortnights, their cycles, weights, measures, compass, with two tables, one giving the Korean genealogy, and the other a genealogical table of the name of the parent, and kindred. The last part of the appendix consists of the graduated exercises; which contain the history of one hundred years, and, which, without doubt, will be of the greatest utility to every one who may make a study of the Korean language.

In the introduction to the grammar there is a very important article which we cannot let pass in silence, its present comparison between the Korean and the Chinese character, and in all the Government schools Chinese is taught, so that it is uncommon to find a Korean who cannot read Chinese. But as for the colloquial, very few speak Chinese; and so we may say that in Korea two languages are necessary to be learnt, the Chinese to write and the Korean to speak. The last class of the Korean character, and the Chinese characters, are used in the Korean event to write. All the books of the Catholic religion are written in the Korean language and understood by every one. Whether the Korean before the time of Koui-ja had a literature it is difficult to say. What we know is that only one book has been printed at Peking, a manual work called Tong-ni-po-kam— "Hong Kong Catholic Register."

Woman's Wisdom. "She insists that it is more important, than her family shall be kept in full health, than that she should have all the fashionable dresses and styles of the times. She therefore sees it, that each member of her family is supplied with enough Hop Bitters, at the first appearance of any fit sickness with its attendant expense, care and anxiety. All women should exercise their wisdom in this way."—New Haven Palladium.

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A CRY FOR HELP FROM IRELAND.

Convent of our Lady of Mercy, Ballyshannon, Co. Donegal, July 25th, 1881. Messrs. Editors:—You will confer a great favor on us if you will kindly give the enclosed appeal a gratuitous insertion in your influential journal.

Being situated in one of the most impoverished districts of Ireland, we have great difficulties to contend with, and you will do a great act of charity if you kindly comply with my request, and may He who forgets not the cup of water given in His name reward you a hundred fold, prays yours sincerely in Christ, Sister M. Ignatius McCarthy.

Will you kindly recommend the appeal to your readers? THE APPEAL. We, the Sisters of Mercy of St. Catherine's Convent, Ballyshannon, county Donegal, Ireland, appeal most earnestly to the Irish in America, in aid of the building fund of our new Convent of Mercy here. Brought here in 1867 by the Most Rev. Dr. McGeaghan, now Primate of all Ireland, we have been, for the past fourteen years, struggling in a house which has proved altogether unsuited to our wants, and which, by reason of its unhealthy character, has cost us great loss of time.

Out of a small community of ten, six of our numbered sisters within three years, and three of these within a period of five months, all these deaths being in every instance the result of the damp, unhealthy atmosphere of the house. But though we are pleased God to try ourselves sorely, yet we have not been left without warm sympathy and generous support. One gentleman in Wexford, a perfect stranger to this county of Donegal as well as to every member of our community, bearing of our sufferings, sent us a munificent donation of £500 as a start for a new convent building fund, and this munificence largely seconded by bishops, priests, and laymen, and many of the last named out of our own faith—has enabled us to lay the foundations of a commodious and substantial building, and the works have not been carried as far as the roof. But our people here, though most charitable, are mostly poor, and our undertaking, involving an expenditure of £5,000 is for us a very heavy one. To discharge this liability the numerous and liberal charities of our countrymen at home have already enabled us to make payments to our contractor to the extent of £5,000, and it is to meet the large and pressing want of £2,000 still remaining that we now appeal to the generosity of the great Republic of the West.

Now, therefore, that the works are suspended for want of further aid, we ask for the love of God, a share in that charity of our countrymen in America which has already helped to raise up so many churches and schools in the old land of our birth and their love, and we turn especially to those beyond the Atlantic who are proud to own the soil of old Tyrconnell as the land of their fathers to help us with a generous hand to raise up for God's poor, Convent of the Sisters of Mercy on most lowly and historic ground. Our new building will be within a stone's throw of the famed "Abbey Assaree," its foundations are placed on the very spot, at the mouth of the Erne, where once stood the Castle of the lordly O'Donnells, and it will be the first convent erected in this ancient diocese since the days of the penitents.

And now, for every help, however small, that may be sent us, we promise the most return that we can give; a heartfelt and undying prayer of our little community, that the goodness of God may reward a hundred fold, even in this life, all of our country's sons and daughters in America who show themselves our benefactors and our friends. OPERATIONS OF THE BISHOP OF THE DIOCESE. DEAR REVEREND MOTHER—I earnestly recommend to the kind consideration of the charitable your appeal for aid to complete your new convent in Ballyshannon. It is sad to see the work stopped through want of funds, while your Sisters are pining away in their present unhealthy abode, and so many of them are unable to carry out efficiently the works of charity to which they have devoted themselves.

Trusting that your appeal may meet with the success which the purity of your motives and the goodness of your cause deserve. I am, dear Reverend Mother, yours faithfully, MICHAEL LOUPE, Bishop of Raphoe. LETTERKERRY, 22nd July, 1881. Donations will be most gratefully received and acknowledged by the Most Rev. Dr. Loupe, Letterkenny, Co. Donegal. Very Rev. D. Spence, Rev. H. A. Gallagher, C. C.; Rev. P. Kelly, C. C.; Ballyshannon, Co. Donegal; or Sister M. Ignatius McCarthy, Superioress, Convent of Mercy, Ballyshannon, Co. Donegal, Ireland.

THREE MASSES ALLOWED ON SUNDAYS IN MEXICO.

The Archbishop of Mexico has appealed to the Sacred Congregation of the Council to allow some of his priests on Sundays and holidays of obligation to say three Masses; and, notwithstanding the strict laws passed against it by Councils and Sovereign Pontiffs, notably by Innocent III, the Sacred Congregation of the Council has decided that in case of the Archbishop of Mexico there are valid grounds for an exception. It seems that in that diocese the number of priests is small and diminishing, and that they are altogether inadequate for the faithful committed to their charge. Consequently that unless they are permitted to say three Masses on Sundays and holidays of obligation, it will be impossible for many of the faithful to comply with the ecclesiastical precept. Moreover, his Grace assures the Sacred Congregation that as the poor and illiterate are religiously-minded, piously inclined, and fond of the external practices of worship, it is not at all unlikely that if they cannot attend Mass they will fall back little by little into the superstitious and heathenish cult of their pagan forefathers. Lastly, speaking from his own experience, the Archbishop feels that it is through the Church alone, where the two races meet, the white and the Indian, where the barrier which has so long stood between them is gradually being removed, that a way is opening to mutual intercourse and Christian charity.



CATHOLICITY AND INFIDELITY.

Why I Joined the Church of Rome.

Lecture Delivered in the Detroit Opera House, on Sunday evening, July 19th, 1881, by Mr. John R. Jones, former Anglican Rector of Christ Church, Belleville, Ontario, and incumbent of Walkerville, Ontario.

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN.—It is a fact acknowledged by both the religious and secular world that we are living in an age of universal upheaval, enquiry and doubt. Among all thinking classes of people, whether high or low, rich or poor, the influence of the day is making itself felt and stirring them up to look well to the religious or other basis upon which they may happen to be resting. We cannot but admit that the tendency of the day is sceptical, and were this in all instances an honest and sincere scepticism, we would not feel so indignant at the strange truth by multitudes who appear now in almost every country called Christian—leagued in hostility to the existing religion. Looking forth upon society we find Christianity under two heads, viz: Catholicism and Protestantism. And in opposition to this appear Infidelity, under which may be classed the sceptic or deist. The deist who acknowledges a personal God, but denies the divine origin of the Christian religion, and the atheist, or agnostic, as he prefers being called, who either rejects in toto the existence of an intelligent deity—or will neither admit nor deny—neither say he exists nor he does not exist—“know-nothing” as the word means. This Infidelity launches forth its arrows of ridicule and abuse against Catholic and Protestant indiscriminately, showing no favor and asking none. If malignity, misrepresentation and heartless attack can overthrow the Christian religion, it is (regardless of national consequences) determined to see it done; but, unfortunately for itself, is unable to offer any steadfast religious or other system to take the place of the one it would so willingly demolish. Having for a short time walked in the dark, the sceptic and infidel regret to say a professed unbeliever, and having read with care, not only the writings of Payne and many of his day, but those of the Darwinian school that are now so freely circulated in our midst, I am anxious to say a few words in reference to the evidence which I have gathered.

First—To show what it really is, and what are its natural consequences.

Again—I will take up the question of Protestantism and its inability to contend against it?

Next—I will humbly prove that the only ark of refuge, the only bulwark that can successfully withstand the onrush of the Holy Roman Catholic Church—she that has for over eighteen centuries outlived the ridicule and sophisms of so-called philosophers; that appears now, standing upon the shores of time, a living monument of the past departed and departing, presenting to the world a front to the tide as when first sent forth from the hand of her divine master, strong in His promise: Lo, I am with you all days down to the consummation of the world.

As ages have rolled along, empires and kingdoms have risen, fallen, and passed away, her feet have never been muffled into dust, and in many instances their names have been forgotten, but the Catholic Church has outlived all storms—she is with the world now,—she will be with it to the end of time?

Infidelity, in its various forms leads to one of three things. It either denies God, a grade God, or ignores God.

That we have abundant proofs of the existence of a personal intelligent deity is self-evident to every thinking and reasoning man and woman. You, proofs as strong as the evidence which is accepted by him who doubted his own existence. This philosopher wandered on under difficulties and spiritual trials, he questioned everything as all he saw around him but imaginary—a chimera, a dream, a fancy, or as the bubble that floats upon the waves—he doubted the existence of a God, he doubted the existence of a soul. Then the light flashed upon him with all the brightness of the sunbeam. *Dubito non opus*, he exclaimed with ecstasy. “I doubt, therefore, I exist.” The mere fact of his doubting showed the presence of a questioning or reasoning faculty, and hence the existence of the soul.

So with respect to the deity. We exist. We gave an existence? We think, who bestowed upon us as the reasoning or thinking faculty?

Was the eye (said a lecturer in Boston some time ago, bringing the matter down to simple first principles and holding the atheist to this question) formed for the purpose of seeing? Was the ear formed for the purpose of hearing? To deny this would be an absurdity in all common sense and human intelligence; to admit it, as every reasonable being must, would be not only to uphold the argument of Paley that there cannot be a design without a designer, but the old argument of Cartwright that there can be no thought without a thinker. He goes into this thoroughly; he argues that the thought of sight preceded the making of the eye. The thought or idea of hearing preceded the forming of the ear. There is design in the eye and in the ear, it is true—but as the writer has remarked there is more than design in sight and hearing. These two things are of themselves thoughts which existed in the mind of some being before ever the eye or ear were formed, and all thought that is other than our thought, simply means a thinker other than ourselves.

There is the simple argument advanced two hundred years ago, the *Dubito non opus* that has never yet been overturned by the atheist. And so we pass on from those little objects, the eye and the ear, so full of teaching and wonder to the marvellous universe, and there we behold again the designer and the thinker.

World beyond world, and for all that we know to the contrary—system beyond system, rolling out of infinity, passing into infinity—down to our little earth so full of the wonderful, sublime, and beautiful, nature bowing before her infinite

king—well may we say with the Christian philosopher, as we gaze upon this overwhelming testimony to the design and guidance of a grand architect of the universe:

“Oh, the peace of the heart of nature? Oh, the light that is not of day? Why seek it afar for ever? When it cannot be lifted away.”

Some few thousand years ago an aged philosopher made use of the following striking words: “There is a being who is wise in heart and mighty in strength; who doth great things and past finding out. Yet, wonders without number; who stretcheth out the north over the empty places and hangeh the earth upon nothing. The pillars of heaven tremble and are astonished at his reproof. Let these are a part of his ways; but how little a portion is heard of him! The thunder of his power who can understand, (Job IX, 26). These words were spoken by Job of old, and to his conclusions many some very intelligent truth seeker. A few words, however, in reference to the evolutionists, as they are called, who maintain that there has been a gradual change from the simple to the complex, who bring back the life principle to a substance they call “protoplasm.” (But are brought to a stand still even there) and bring man from the lowest form of animal life to his present noble position.

Let them hear the words of one of the greatest scientists of the day, in reference to their doctrine. Professor Tyndal says: “If asked whether science has solved, or is likely in our day to solve the problem of the universe, I must answer, ‘no, in doubt.’ Behind and above and around us, the real mystery of the universe lies, unsolved, and as far as we are concerned is incapable of solution. The problem of the connection of body and soul is as insoluble in its modern form as it was in the ancient scientific system.”—Hare.

Virchow's opinion that the theory of evolution in its complete form, involves the assumption that at some period of the world's history there occurred what would now be called spontaneous generation. I agree with him that the proofs are still wanting. I hold with Virchow that the failures have been innumerable, and that the doctrine is utterly illogical.

In order to show into what outrageous absurdities, some of the disciples of this school are led, allow me to state the following, which under the head of “German Philosophy” appeared last year in a leading scientific journal. A certain scientist took it into his head that the soul was an odor of perfume, and in order to demonstrate this to his satisfaction, he by way of experiment, took twenty larvae which he enclosed in a cage, and for the space of two hours allowed a large dog to dance and jump about on the outside of the cage. Meantime the larvae were supposed to be radiating their souls, which were an odor, and the dog with the snuffing and panting to have been inhaling those souls. Well, the scientist kills the dog on the spot, and with glycerine and water makes a chemical extract from his nostrils; and concluding that all the souls could be good for was timidity, he proceeds to further extend his experiments; first taking a cat, he administers a few drops of the extract, and then had the gratification of seeing her turn and run away from a family of mice—she was timidly-stricken and had become in a hare. Next, “Two cubic centimeters of psychotropic timidity” (as he calls it) having been administered to a large dog, had the effect of compelling him to run away from a small cat. While in crown all, the scientist concluded by taking a horse himself, and for once lost his way so completely as to lose faith in his own great discovery!

The first volume of the transactions of the “German Psychological Society” to which he belongs has just been published, and he has been recommended to dedicate the second volume to the soul of modern science.

But without dwelling further on such extraordinary theories as those advanced by our German friend, I would remark that the best scientists the world can produce when they come even to the question of *anima*, and they acknowledge something beyond nature, they are completely “lost”; indeed, some of them, amongst whom are Herbert Spencer and Professor Maxwell, have candidly admitted this, and felt compelled to acknowledge that “matter is differentiated by a force which is neither the unknown, nor the known.” So we find them bending the knee at last before the old Christian altar dedicated to an “unknown God.” Again, I must make the charge that I found the infidelity of the day not only shaky in its foundations, but glaringly inconsistent. As a proof of this I will narrate a fact that came under my own observation. You have no doubt heard of, if you have never listened to, Colonel Ingersoll. Perhaps I may be censured even by some of my Protestant friends, if the statement be made that I give him credit for a little more sincerity than what is usually allowed him, and my opinion has been strengthened by the following fact. A man who can stand as Ingersoll did, over the grave into which the body of his brother has just been lowered, and make an infidel speech, formally embracing the sentiments which he has given utterance upon the public platform, and through the sceptical press, must believe somewhat in his infidelity unless he has the heart of a greater hypocrite than this how even men of Ingersoll's abilities can be blinded, allow me to state the following fact which came under my own observation. I at one time attended a lecture of his, in which, after an introductory attack upon prayer, he assailed the God of the Christian for causing (as he claimed) earthquakes, famines, pestilences, lightning, accidents, &c. He declared he could not accept such a God as that! He did not want to have anything to do with Him. Nature, he said, was his God; and he began to praise nature, how loving and tender she was in opposition to the deity of the Christian and the Jew. He spoke of the beautiful sky, the sun and the stars, the woods and plains, the grand mountains, and silvery flowing streams and rivers rolling on and on till lost in the bosom of the boundless ocean. But he forgot everything about the earthquakes, the famines, the lightning, the accidents, which, if nature be God, can be charged against her to an extent equal with the deity of the Christian. He could not accept the letter for the very attributes

that he must recognize in accepting nature, notably Mr. John Drumgoole, of London, and the Misses Teller. In the morning St. Clair's Mass in G was sung by the choir; followed by the Ave Maria in D flat, at the offertory, by Mr. Drumgoole. The beautiful hymn, “There is a Green Hill Far Away,” by Gounod, was also rendered most pleasingly. In the evening the “Ave Maria” and “Ave Verum” were most fittingly sung by Mr. Drumgoole. In the service of song during the Mass, the Misses Teller took the alto part; the soprano was maintained by Misses Lizzie Doyle, Robinson, Boldridge and Fox; with Mr. M. Ferguson as tenor, Miss Annie Doyle, the organist, also contributed to the harmony.—Huron Signal.

Whence arises, says Dr. Milner, the heartfelt pleasure which the good man feels on resisting a secret temptation to sin, or in performing an act of beneficence though in the utmost secrecy? Why does he give up his countenance to heaven with devotion, and why is he then prepared to meet death with cheerful hope, inasmuch as he that his conscience tells him of a magnificent reward of virtue, the spectator of what he does? And why does the most hardened sinner tremble and falter in his limbs, and at his heart, when he commits his first secret sin of theft, vengeance, or impurity? Why especially does he sink into agonies of horror and despair at the approach of death, unless it be that he is deeply convinced of the constant presence of an all-seeing witness, and of an infallibly holy, powerful and just judge, into whose hands it is a terrible thing to fall?

History from its beginning is against agnosticism. Its terrible results are visible in the great French Revolution and in the writings of some of its advocates.

Let us for example, look at a few quotations from leading infidel writers.

1. Lord Herbert of Lea—“Our position are no more to be ensured than hunger and thirst.”

2. Lord Bolingbroke—“The chief end of man is to gratify his lusts and passions, he is made for that purpose and when he gratifies those, he obtains his greatest happiness.”

3. Hobbes—“Right and wrong are mere quibbles of man's imagination.”

4. Hume—“Self-denial and humility are positive virtues, and adultery rather elevates than degrades the human character.”

5. Rousseau—“Whatever a man feels, is right.”

6. Robert Owen, the Socialist, denounces marriage as a “system of moral evil; a horrid sacrifice of the happiness of life. Blasphemy, if anything, is blasphemy against the laws of nature; the origin of all prostitution, this all-pervading, crime and misery, than any other single cause with the exception of religion and private property, and these three together, (he adds) form the great trinity of causes of crime and immorality among mankind.”

But a hole of the same now as when the first article was published, on the subject these men wrote; it is contrary to the choice of evil rather than the good, and such is the dread abyss into which we should be plunged, did agnosticism succeed in the overthrow of God and Christianity in the minds and affections of the people.

Now, I have said so much on this subject, because upon the great question of deity hangs the whole fabric of Catholicism, upon the sublime doctrine of a perfect, all-powerful, intelligent God, the Church rests everything, so she claims in the first article of her creed, “I believe in God.” If that be true, this all-potent being, and my words will address themselves here to the deist, as to others, if he has gifted us with his intelligent faculty, with intellectual and reasoning faculties, and given us not only a natural light, but a longing and craving after immortality, and a sense of responsibility, he would give a revelation of His Divine will concerning us; that He would make known His intentions towards the thinking and reasoning part of His Creation upon earth?

And if, as we know, and this is the most certain fact, that the part of His Creation endowd with intelligence, is sin, stained by sin, thwarted by another power in which the Catholic Church recognizes the devil, surely, if true to His divine character, that revelation will be, will be *heralded, fulfilled, and indefeasible*.

TO BE CONTINUED.

LOCAL NEWS.

Mr. Barton has been appointed Clerk of the market at a salary of \$100 a year.

Mr. Adolph Durkin, son of Mr. Martin Durkin, of this city, has come home to spend his vacation, from St. Joseph's College, Somers, Ohio, where he is studying for the priesthood.

Visitors to the city will be surprised at the improvements which have been made on the Exhibition Grounds. When all is finished it will be the finest grounds in the Dominion.

The stonemason Princess Louise has been thoroughly inspected by the Government and will commence working to-day, Springbank this week. Captain Wood will command her for the remainder of the season.

The Council granted \$200 to be divided between the 7th Fusilier and the 20th Buff. Bands, but the former refused the offer. As a result a couple of citizens took up a subscription and over \$225 was subscribed.

Mr. Patrick Burke, for years the publisher of the St. Thomas Dispatch died on Friday night. To the old days he was a force in the county of Elgin, but of late he has been less before the public, having suspended the publication of his papers. Mr. Burke leaves many friends.

Our esteemed friend J. A. McColl, of Stratford, is at present spending a pleasant time at Mount Washington, N. H. This is one of the most favorite summer resorts in America. The maximum temperature is 35 degrees. “Among the Clouds” is the name of a very neatly printed daily published at this place, for a copy of which we are indebted to Mr. McColl. Some idea of the magnitude of the place may be formed when we state that the paper announces the arrival of 171 persons at the Summit house in one hour.

St. Peter's R. C. Church.—The musical services at St. Peter's Church on Sunday last, both morning and evening, were of a particularly interesting nature.

a number of visitors to the town taking part, notably Mr. John Drumgoole, of London, and the Misses Teller. In the morning St. Clair's Mass in G was sung by the choir; followed by the Ave Maria in D flat, at the offertory, by Mr. Drumgoole. The beautiful hymn, “There is a Green Hill Far Away,” by Gounod, was also rendered most pleasingly. In the evening the “Ave Maria” and “Ave Verum” were most fittingly sung by Mr. Drumgoole. In the service of song during the Mass, the Misses Teller took the alto part; the soprano was maintained by Misses Lizzie Doyle, Robinson, Boldridge and Fox; with Mr. M. Ferguson as tenor, Miss Annie Doyle, the organist, also contributed to the harmony.—Huron Signal.

Whence arises, says Dr. Milner, the heartfelt pleasure which the good man feels on resisting a secret temptation to sin, or in performing an act of beneficence though in the utmost secrecy? Why does he give up his countenance to heaven with devotion, and why is he then prepared to meet death with cheerful hope, inasmuch as he that his conscience tells him of a magnificent reward of virtue, the spectator of what he does? And why does the most hardened sinner tremble and falter in his limbs, and at his heart, when he commits his first secret sin of theft, vengeance, or impurity? Why especially does he sink into agonies of horror and despair at the approach of death, unless it be that he is deeply convinced of the constant presence of an all-seeing witness, and of an infallibly holy, powerful and just judge, into whose hands it is a terrible thing to fall?

History from its beginning is against agnosticism. Its terrible results are visible in the great French Revolution and in the writings of some of its advocates.

Let us for example, look at a few quotations from leading infidel writers.

1. Lord Herbert of Lea—“Our position are no more to be ensured than hunger and thirst.”

2. Lord Bolingbroke—“The chief end of man is to gratify his lusts and passions, he is made for that purpose and when he gratifies those, he obtains his greatest happiness.”

3. Hobbes—“Right and wrong are mere quibbles of man's imagination.”

4. Hume—“Self-denial and humility are positive virtues, and adultery rather elevates than degrades the human character.”

5. Rousseau—“Whatever a man feels, is right.”

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TO BE CONTINUED.

INCIDENTS OF THE LAND WAR IN IRELAND.

COLONEL HARE'S EVICTED TENANTS. A most extraordinary sight is to be witnessed at Doon, County Limerick, where a number of evictions, five in all, took place last week on the lands of Colonel Hare, of Devonport. Since the five families were evicted by the sheriff, Mr. Hobson, assisted by a large force of military and police, they have remained the day long sitting by the roadside, where they cook their meal and while away the time as best they can. They sleep in a neighboring farmer's house, returning to the roadside each morning. They express their determination to continue in this mode of existence until they are reinstated in their holdings.

THE BOYCOTTED SHIP AT CORK. The ship *Huron*, which has been boycotted on account of bringing materials from the building of Dr. Webster's school in Cork, was moved further up the river to a quay, opposite the Backingham Palace police-station, where an extra guard is placed, and policemen are watching the vessel at night.

PROSECUTIONS AT BALLYFARROW. At Ballyfarrow, near Carrick on Shannon, on Saturday, forty-eight persons were charged with riot at Keadue, where eight hundred persons assembled to cut the turf of Patrick Lynch, a local “suspect,” and afterwards made a threatening demonstration. They were bound over to keep the peace.

WEAVING OUT EMERGENCY MEN. Two Emergency men who, under police protection, were located in Gardennery Castle, Queen's County, to take care of five farms from which the tenants were evicted a few months ago, quitted their posts last week, leaving the crops to take care of themselves.

BOYCOTTING A FARMER. A large farmer residing in the Catholic Branch of the Land League some time ago brought the cattle of a man who was boycotted on Saturday. On the day he used his meadow for sale, and a large number of the farmers of the surrounding district attended, but not one bid was made for the hay. It was only then that he saw how obnoxious his conduct was. He immediately spoke to some of the members of the League, and they met and expressed his extreme regret for what he had done. Those members said that in consequence of his regret they would use their influence to have him admitted a member of the League. A special meeting was then called on, and he having voluntarily attended and expressed his great regret, after considerable argument, a resolution was adopted admitting him a member of the League. A second resolution was proposed to have him admitted a member of the committee, but had to be withdrawn in consequence of meeting with the disapproval of the greater number present.

BOYCOTTED AUCTIONS. The correspondent of the *Freeman*, writing from Thurles, says: Yesterday an auction of one hundred acres of hay was to take place. When the hour arrived not a single purchaser was to be seen. The auctioneer, who had been advised by the agent, the auctioneer, and a couple of policemen. An auction of hay was also to take place yesterday, but no purchasers put in an appearance. All Land League branches have made arrangements to be present at the auctions, who have not settled with their tenants, and with the grievances of one large section of colonists.

A BOYCOTTED MONGERIAN LANDLORD. A correspondent of the *Daily Express* says: Pimmett Bony, Esq., a Catholic gentleman who resides at Timiskin, in the County Monaghan, having recently had occasion to visit some of his tenants, and non-payment of rent, has been so effectively “boycotted” by his neighbors that he has been unable to have his harvest reaped. He applied to the Orange Emergency Committee for aid, and Captain Lloyd promptly dispatched five young men, some twenty on the team, to his place, who left on Monday evening, under the care of Mr. J. W. Johnston, under agent. On their arrival at Timiskin the party were met by Sub-inspector McDermott and forty policemen who escorted the “boycotters” to the residence of Mr. Bony. Mr. Johnston, finding that five men were not sufficient for the work, which requires to be done, returned to Monaghan this morning, and left again this evening for Timiskin with two other men, one of them, who understands the management of a reaping machine, being a member of Colonel Johnston's party. Johnston also carried with him a supply of provisions for the men, as the local traders have refused to supply them with anything.

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MR. BENJON JONES AND HIS TENANTS. The *Cork Examiner* says: At the weekly meeting of the Glonakilly Land League, held on Saturday, it was stated that Mr. Benjon Jones had instructed his solicitors to take proceedings against those of his tenants who would not agree to pay their rents without delay. A resolution was passed approving of the laborer's agitation.

AUSTRALIAN NOTES.

From the Sydney, N. S. W., Herald, of the 14th July we select the following: In the house of Assembly of NEW SOUTH WALES.

A bill had been introduced by the government entitled “The influx of Chinese Restriction Bill.” A long and heated discussion took place on the second reading of the bill the day before the mid-winter and the debate was adjourned till the following day. The following is a synopsis of the remarks of Sir Henry Parkes, as also of the bill itself as gathered therefrom: He objected to the influx of Chinese because they did not assist in the permanent settlement of the country and because they were non-progressive; because if a vast immigration were permitted the Chinese would eventually overwhelm the European population. They would disturb the social elements of the colony and must come into competition with their manual labor to an extent that was incompatible with peace and prosperity. He stated that, already, there were 15,000 Chinese in the colony out of a population of 750,000, whereas in the United States of America there were only 105,000 Chinese out of a population of 50,000,000, and the American government had recently concluded a treaty with that of China which virtually left the control of the question in the hands of the former.

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DEPENDENCE ON MARY.

By Father Fisher.

1. Our Lord's our example as well as our Redeemer.

2. Hence the necessity of studying the four gospels as our rule of life.

3. In these things which seem the least fitted to His Divinity, He would seem also to be most our example; 3. And these things are chiefly under the heads of humiliation or submission. 4. Instances: The forty days' fast—His remaining in the temple at twelve years old. I select these instances as on the surface least likely to be imitable. 5. But above all, so much of the thirty-three years given to Mary, thirty out of the thirty-three wholly, the other three very much (given to Mary).

6. Our Lord's dependence on Mary.

7. He waited her consent for His Incarnation and fixed the time because of her. 8. His infancy with use of reason, yet dependent on her. He seems to leave His Father's business and returns from the temple to Nazareth. 4. The eighteen years—He was simply subject to her. 5. The tradition that He asked her leave to go up His Ministry, and again to His Passion. 6. At her word, He anticipated His time for working miracles. 7. He perpetuated this dependence in the church, by transferring her to us through St. John.

8. Our dependence on Mary.

9. Her position to us is thus simply what it was to Him. 2. All true devotion to her is nothing but dependence upon her. 3. This dependence is based on belief in her power and on confidence in her love. 4. All good things which fall, fall because they have not enough Mary in them. 5. We must put things in her hands and look to her for results. 6. She must be imbedded in our lives, as she is in the office of the church. 7. Holiness is impossible for us without Mary—for God has made it one consistent system, and she is part of it obtained by Him.

8. If we but throw ourselves more upon Mary than we do, with the whole weight of our love, with the whole weight of our necessities, she is loving each one of us at this moment with a surpassing love.

No friend, no parent, no saint, no angel has ever been to us what she has been.

It is wonderful what she has done for us without our asking, more wonderful what she has done for our little asking, but most wonderful of all what she can do and will do, if we will ask more, believe more and trust more.

O, we who call earth our exile, and heaven our home, and Mary the Queen of heaven, how is it we do not see that that which is not fully loyal to heaven's great Queen!

AN ENGLISHMAN ON LOCAL GOVERNMENT IN IRELAND.

A discussion which is going on at this moment in some of the Irish newspapers, accompanying a debate in the Irish General Assembly, illustrates “the extraordinary and incalculable manner” in which the local governing authorities in Ireland are chosen. It is found that Protestant Episcopalians in the three counties of Antrim, Down and Derry enjoy the distinction and power of the magistracy almost to the exclusion of the members of every other body. The Presbyterian population of Antrim is 122,918. But there are only twelve Presbyterian magistrates in the county. There are in the county 55,670 Roman Catholics. They have only five magistrates. The Protestant Episcopalians number only 45,670—that is, they are numerically fewer than the Roman Catholics, and magistrates more than a third of the Presbyterians. But they have not fewer than 105 magistrates.

In County Down the statistics show the same result. The Protestant Episcopalians are the smallest of the three denominations, much less than the Roman Catholics, and little more than half the number of the Presbyterians. But they have, with few exceptions, the full representation on the bench of magistrates. In the county of Derry there are 200,029 Protestant Episcopalians to 58,779 Presbyterians, and 77,335 Roman Catholics. But Protestant Episcopalians have three and a half times as many magistrates as the Presbyterians, and the Roman Catholics seven.

From a political point of view the conclusion is much the same. The Liberal magistrates in the three counties may be reckoned on the fingers; the conservatives, on the other hand, are represented by three fingers. Yet the elections show that the party which has nothing like a practical monopoly of magistracy authority is numerically the smallest. The significance of all this is pointed out by the journal from which the figures are taken. “That this one-sided system causes much discontent is beyond all doubt. It is easy to say that the Protestant Episcopalians are the majority of the land-owners and of the land agents, and the representation on the bench of magistracy ought to be, as it has been, associated with the land. This is, however, just admitting the grievance in another form. It is the foundation of all the unfairness of the present Grand Jury system. It is not right, it cannot be right, that a minority of the population should almost exclusively monopolize the honor of the Crown, administer justice to people of opposite religious and political opinions, and thus very often be judges in their own causes. The evil exists. It is not denied. A remedy for it in one form or another ought to be found. In an effective measure for a reform of the Grand Jury, and in a good County Government Bill, such as was announced at the beginning of this Session in the Speech from the throne, some means ought to be devised for taking these nominations out of the hands of the Lord Lieutenants of counties in a country situated as Ireland now is.”—*Fortnightly Review*.

THE CURRENT NUMBER OF MR. GIBBS' ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY TERMS with interesting articles, a few of which are the following:—A portrait and patriotic appeal in favor of the erection of a monument over the remains of the late CHAS. G. HALLGREN (MILES O'BRIEN); a portrait and sketch of the late GIBB PATTERSON; of Philadelphia, the son of a '98 rebel, and a hero of three wars; art illustrations, music, poetry, literature, &c. Altogether a most interesting number.



LOCAL NOTICES.

THE SADDEST OF SAD SIGHTS.—The grey hairs of age being brought with sorrow to the grave is now, we are glad to think, becoming rarer every year as the use of Cinglose Hair Restorer becomes more general.

For the best photos made in the city go to Fry Bros., 250 Dundas street. Call and examine our stock of frames and paraphernalia, the latest styles and finest assortment in the city.

Sugar, Sugar, Sugar, and S-F-Sealing Gum Jars for the Preserving Season at Alexander Wilson's, Lebruns & Carlings.

Choice Florida oranges, Spanish onions, bananas, Cape Cod Cranberries, A. MONTAGU, City Hall.

SPECIAL NOTICE.—J. McKenzie has removed to the city hall building. This is the Sewing Machine repair part and attachment emporium of the city.

Mothers! Mothers!! Mothers!!! Are you disturbed by night and crying with the excruciating pain of cutting teeth?

Rest and Comfort to the Suffering.—"Brown's Household Panacea" has no equal for relieving pain, both internal and external.

JUST ISSUED.

THE GREAT IRISH NATIONAL CHROMO! THE CAUSE OF IRELAND.

BEAUTIFULLY COLORED, SIZE, 22 X 28. SENT FREE BY MAIL! FOR \$1.00.

The Cheapest Picture yet issued. Nineteen Pictures in one.

The well known face of CHARLES STEWART PARNELL, now life size, full length, in the center vignette, with all the eighteen popular leaders of the Irish National Land League.

THOS. COFFEY, CATHOLIC RECORD OFFICE.

Send the money in a registered letter to the above address and the picture will be sent by return mail.

THE POPULAR DRUG STORE.

W. H. ROBINSON, Opposite City Hall, KEEPS A STOCK OF PURE DRUGS AND CHEMICALS

Which are sold at prices to meet the prevailing competition and stringency.

Patent medicines at reduced rates. Special attention given Physicians' Prescriptions.

STEVENS, TURNER & BURNS, 78 KING STREET WEST.

BRASS FOUNDERS & FINISHERS, MACHINISTS, ETC.

Contractors for Water and Gas Works, Engine, Plumber and Gas Fitters' Supplies.

CLOSING BUSINESS.

E. A. TAYLOR & CO.

having decided to close their business, offer their large stock in quantities to suit customers at great bargains.

E. A. TAYLOR & CO.

BACK TO LONDON.

W. D. McLOUGHLON, Jeweller, etc., has returned to London and permanently located at No. 111 Dundas Street, East.

BUCKEY BELL FOUNDRY, Schools, Fire Alarms, etc. FULLY EQUIPPED.

25 New styles Mixed Cards, 10 cents; 35 Fun Cards, 15 cents; 12 Princess Louisa, gilt edge, 25 cts.

BENNETT SCHOOL FURNITURE CO.

Manufacturers of School, Church and Office FURNITURE LONDON, ONT.

Designs and estimates furnished for Altars, pulpits, pews, etc.

REID'S HARDWARE

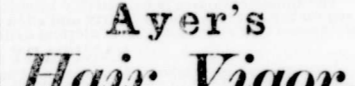
LOWEST PRICES FOR BARB WIRE

Buy only the TWO BARR. It is the best at JAS. REID & CO., 10 N. S. Dundas Street

JUST RECEIVED

MONITOR PENCILS (Sliding Lead-New) AUTOMATIC COPYING PENCILS. ALPHABET BLOCKS. BUILDING BLOCKS. KINDEGRAPHEN BLOCKS. PHOTOGRAPH ALBUMS.

J. T. LIVELY'S, No. 4 MARKET LANE, LONDON, ONT.



Ayer's Hair Vigor

FOR RESTORING GRAY HAIR TO ITS NATURAL VITALITY AND COLOR.

It is a most agreeable dressing, which is at once harmless and effectual, for preserving the hair. It restores, with the gloss and freshness of youth, faded or gray hair, and red hair, to a rich brown, or deep black, as may be desired.

The Vigor cleanses the scalp, cures and prevents the formation of dandruff; and, by its cooling, stimulating, and soothing properties, it heals most if not all of the humors and diseases peculiar to the scalp, keeping it cool, clean, and soft, under which conditions diseases of the scalp and hair are impossible.

As a Dressing for Ladies' Hair The Vigor is incomparable. It is colorless, contains neither oil nor dye, and will not soil white cambric.

Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass. SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS EVERYWHERE.



JOHNSTON'S SARSAPARILLA

Used all the Year Round FOR LIVER COMPLAINT, DYSPEPSIA, AND FOR Purifying the Blood.

It has been in use for 20 years, and has proved to be the best preparation in the market for SICK HEADACHE, PAIN IN THE SIDE OR BACK, LIVER COMPLAINT, PIMPLES ON THE FACE, DYSPEPSIA, PILES, and all Diseases that arise from a Disordered Liver or an impure blood.

It is sold by all responsible druggists at one dollar for a quart bottle, or six bottles for five dollars.

W. JOHNSTON & CO., Manufacturers, Hamilton, Ontario.

Bliss & Co., Toronto, and H. A. Mickle, London, wholesale agents.

A. WESTMAN'S

IS THE CHEAPEST PLACE IN THE CITY TO BUY

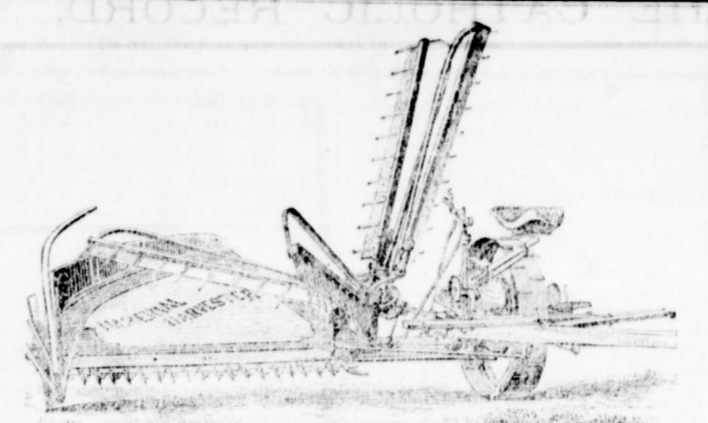
LAWN MOWERS, HARVEST TOOLS, RUBBER HOSE, FINE CUTLERY, GARDEN SHEARS, STAIRS, ETC., ETC.

Ladies should call and examine the Jewels, CARPET SWEEPER, and the MAGIC FLUTER—the Newest and Best.

A. WESTMAN, 11 Dundas Street, London, East.

BUCKEY BELL FOUNDRY, Schools, Fire Alarms, etc. FULLY EQUIPPED.

25 New styles Mixed Cards, 10 cents; 35 Fun Cards, 15 cents; 12 Princess Louisa, gilt edge, 25 cts.



THE IMPERIAL HARVESTER

EQUIPPED WITH OUR NEW RAKE

When we tell you the Imperial Harvester is the most perfect reaping machine made, we also lay before you the facts in order that you can judge for yourselves.

Our agents will have sample machines at different points for inspection during the winter and spring months, where you can see them and leave your orders.

In your orders specify which rake you want, the "Johnston" or the "Imperial" rake shown in the above cut.

GLOBE WORKS, LONDON, ONT.

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

Locality unrivaled for healthiness, offering peculiar advantages to pupils even of delicate constitutions.

French is taught, free of charge, not only in class but in the higher English branches.

For further particulars apply to the Superior of any of the Sacred Heart Branches.

ST MARY'S ACADEMY, WINDSOR, ONTARIO.—This Institution is pleasant and located in the town of Windsor, opposite Detroit.

URSULINE ACADEMY, CHATHAM, ONT.—Under the care of the Ursuline Ladies. This institution is pleasantly situated on the banks of the Detroit River.

ASSUMPTION COLLEGE, SANDWICH, ONT.—The Studies embrace the Classical and Commercial Courses.

WANTED—FIRST-CLASS CANVASERS in every city and town in Ontario, to sell, on monthly payments, the Bible, Catechism, and Prayer Book.

At this Office, Adelaide St. East, Toronto.

GROCERIES. REVIVING, REFRESHING, INVIGORATING. ZOEDONE (Iced, is Delicious.) FITZGERALD SCANDRETT & CO. 169 DUNDAS STREET, DIRECT IMPORTERS.

PETHICK & McDONALD'S CLEARING SALE OF GENTS FURNISHINGS FALL IMPORTATIONS.

All Wool Tweed Pants FOR \$2.00.

PETHICK & McDONALD First Door North of City Hall, RICHMOND.

W. M. MOORE & CO. REAL ESTATE AGENTS, etc.

Have a large list of Farms, Wild Lands and City Property of every description for sale.

"NIL DESPERANDUM"

Important to Nervous Sufferers. THE GREAT ENGLISH REMEDY for Nervous Debility and all Nervous Affections.

It has never been known to permanently cure Epilepsy and other affections of the Brain, Consumption in its earlier stages, Paralysis of the Head, Wind in the stomach, Indigestion, Loss of Memory, Want of Energy, Headaches, etc.

THE GREAT ENGLISH REMEDY for Nervous Debility and all Nervous Affections.

FLOWERS

EXTRACTS OF WILD STRAWBERRY

Cures Cholera, Cholera Morbus, Dysentery, Cramps, Colic, Sea Sickness, and Summer Complaint; also Cholera Infantum, and all Complaints peculiar to children.

FOR SALE BY ALL DRUGGISTS, T. MILBURN & CO., Proprietors, Toronto.

STAMMERING

THE LONDON STAMMERING INSTITUTE, 103 MAPLE STREET, LONDON, ONT.

TESTIMONIAL. DEAR SIR, I have been troubled with very bad stammering for several years.

The Purest and Best Medicine ever Made. A combination of Hops, Buchu, Marsh-Mallows, and Dandelion, with all the most valuable properties of all other Bitters.

THE KEY TO HEALTH.

BURDOCK BLOOD BITTERS

Unlocks all the clogged avenues of the Bowels, Kidneys and Liver, carrying off gradually without weakening the system, all the impurities and foul humors of the secretions.

Sample Bottles 10c; Regular size \$1. For sale by all dealers.

NEW RICH BLOOD!

Persons' Purpate Pills make New Rich Blood, and will completely change the blood in the system in three months.

CHEAPEST BOOKS IN THE WORLD

W. L. CARRIES, 417 Richmond Street, WILL BE FOUND THE LATEST VOCAL AND INSTRUMENTAL MUSIC.

MUSICAL INSTRUCTION BOOKS.

THE ORGANIST'S FRIEND.—A collection of organ Voluntaries, in twelve new books.

Wanted, Big Pay, Light Work, Constant employment. Apply personally at Company's Office for Loans and save time and expense.

SAVINGS BANK BRANCH. Money received on deposit and interest allowed at highest current rate.

PLAYING CARDS! LARGE ASSORTMENT. GOOD VALUE. Prices Range from 10c. to \$1.25 per pack.

ANDERSON'S 175 Dundas Street, OPPOSITE STRONG'S HOTEL

SCARROW'S A TRUNK & VALISE!

He is Selling them Retail at Wholesale Prices. Twenty-five per cent. cheaper than anybody else.

SCARROW'S, 235 Dundas Street.

CANADA STAINED GLASS WORKS.

ESTABLISHED 1856. Memorial Windows and all descriptions of Church and Domestic Glass in the best styles of Art.

THE ENGLISH SAVINGS CO. North-East Corner of Dundas and Talbot Streets.

Will now accept deposits and pay interest at the rate of 5 and 5 1/2 per cent. per annum.

THE EQUITABLE SAVINGS & LOAN COMPANY

is now prepared to loan money on mortgage at reasonable rates, and to receive deposits.

THE DOMINION SAVINGS & INVESTMENT SOCIETY LONDON, ONT.

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 6 1/2 per cent., according to the security offered.

THE HOME SAVINGS AND LOAN COMPANY (LIMITED).

Authorized Capital, \$2,000,000.

BOARD OF DIRECTORS. HON. FRANK SMITH, Senator, Pres.

Money loaned on Mortgages at lowest rates of interest, and on most favorable terms of repayment.

Applications for Loans to be made to EDW. E. HARGREAVES, York Street, London.

AGRICULTURAL SAVINGS & LOAN CO. AGRICULTURAL BUILDINGS, COR. DUNDAS & TALBOT STS

Capital, \$1,000,000. Subscribed, \$600,000. Paid Up, \$500,000. Reserve Fund, \$38,000. Total Assets, \$720,000.

Money received on deposit and interest allowed at highest current rate.

SAVINGS BANK BRANCH. Money received on deposit and interest allowed at highest current rate.

PLAYING CARDS! LARGE ASSORTMENT. GOOD VALUE. Prices Range from 10c. to \$1.25 per pack.

ANDERSON'S 175 Dundas Street, OPPOSITE STRONG'S HOTEL

NEWS BY TELEGRAPH.

Ireland.

In the House of Lords on Tuesday, Salisbury stated that the Opposition could not take action, which would send the Land Bill back to the Commons, which had removed its dangerous excesses.

Great preparations are making for the Land League convention at Newcastle on the 29th inst. Justin McCarthy will preside. Delegates from each branch League of Great Britain will be present.

Dublin, Aug. 17.—There was serious rioting at Carrick-on-Shannon yesterday. The police charged the mob. Several persons were badly hurt.

The New York Herald's special says the Liberals surrender, and that the Lords scored a dangerous triumph. The most important concessions in the Land Bill were made to the Lords.

At a meeting of the Land League on Tuesday, Sexton, alluding to hints that the League desired to maintain secrecy respecting its expenditures, said that having to fight an infuriated class and a vindictive Government capable of descending to any means, they must have confidential proceedings.

London, Aug. 17th.—In the House of Commons to-day, an motion for going to supply, Parnell moved that the Coercion Act has not been administered in accordance with the pledges Ministers gave when they induced Parliament to suspend the constitution.

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enable an irresponsible chamber to detect the will of the nation. Gladstone today received a hundred messages and letters from Liberal clubs and other organizations urging the Government to remain firm.

London, Aug. 18.—In consequence of threatening letters the police accompanied the steamer which conveyed the Ministry to Greenwich for the annual Whitehall dinner.

Tunis and Algeria. A body of Arabs surprised the French camp at Gabes at night and killed twenty soldiers.

London, August 18.—An active exchange of dispatches has been proceeding during the last few days between London, Rome, and Madrid on the subject of indemnities claimed by the English, Italian, and Spanish subjects from the Bey of Tunis in connection with the bombardment of Sfax, and there is reason to believe that a perfect understanding has been arrived at, even after the Bey declaring his utter impotence to deal with the matter.

France. Paris, Aug. 17.—Advices have been received of the death of Admiral de Camille and eighty others by yellow fever at Senegal.

Russia. Berlin, Aug. 17.—It is rumored that many of the Russian nobility recently joined the Socialists and furnished funds to kill the Czar and his brother.

United States. Isaac Fenimore, accompanied by his hired woman, was driving near Mount Holly, N. J., on Saturday, during a storm.

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At Peterborough, Ont., on the 19th inst., Mrs. Julia O'Connor, mother of the Rev. John S. O'Connor, Parish Priest of Perth, Ont., aged 71 years, R. I. P.

A HOME FOR THE HOMELESS. Father Drungo's new ten-story building for homeless boys, corner of Lafayette Place and Great Jones Street, New York City, is approaching completion.

COMMERCIAL. London Markets, London, Ont., Aug. 22. Wheat, spring, 1890-1891, 80 00 to 80 00.

London Stock Market. London, Aug. 22.—noon. 50 Agricultural, 100 to 100.

London Oil Market. London, Aug. 22. Refined oil, 100 to 100.

Toronto Markets (Car Lots). Toronto, Aug. 22. WHEAT—Fall, No. 1, \$1.32 to \$1.32.

THE TEMPLE FRUIT STORE. The MISSES HOURS want to notify their friends and the public that they have opened a NEW FRUIT CONFECTIONERY STORE.

MEDICAL HALL. 115 DUNDAS ST. Two doors west of HURON & SOMERVELL'S Grocery Store.

TRUSSES, ELASTIC STOCKING, SHOULDER BRACES. Every appliance for the sick room. Special attention given to the treatment of the various diseases of the

CONSUMPTION CAN POSITIVELY BE CURED! DR. MITCHELL. Office—Medical Hall, 115 Dundas St. Residence—North-East Corner of 140th and Maple Sts.

DETROIT THROAT & LUNG INSTITUTE. 253 WOODWARD AVENUE, DETROIT, MICH. M. HILTON WILLIAMS, M. D., (Graduate of Victoria College, Toronto, and Member of the College of Physicians and Surgeons of Ontario)

WHAT IS SAID OF THE RECORD. THE TEMPLE FRUIT STORE.—Attention is directed to the advertisement of the Misses Hours in this issue.

DETROIT THROAT & LUNG INSTITUTE. Our System of Practice consists in the most improved Medicated Inhalations, Having devoted all our time, energy and intellect for the past twelve years to the treatment of the various diseases of the

HEAD, THROAT & CHEST. We are enabled to offer the afflicted the most perfect remedies and appliances for the immediate cure of all these troublesome affections. By the system of

MONEY TO LOAN! MONEY TO LOAN! MONEY TO LOAN! MONEY TO LOAN! MONEY TO LOAN! MONEY TO LOAN! MONEY TO LOAN! MONEY TO LOAN! MONEY TO LOAN! MONEY TO LOAN!

TORONTO. We will Exhibit In Operation at the Exhibition to be held at each of these Cities.

MONTREAL. Portable Saw Mill and Shingle Mill.—In operation at each Exhibition.

HALIFAX. Waterworks Engine Works Co., BRANTFORD, CANADA. In operation at each Exhibition.

THE COLLEGE OF OTTAWA. UNDER THE DIRECTION OF THE OBLATE FATHERS OF MARY IMMACULATE. PROGRAMME OF STUDIES ON A MOST EFFECTIVE PLAN: A MODERN INSTITUTION

THE COLLEGE OF OTTAWA CONFERS UNIVERSITY DEGREES. THE FACULTY. The Classical Course is exclusively entrusted to Priests, some of whom have been teaching for the last ten, twenty, thirty and even forty years.

OUR COUNTRY HOUSE. Situated one mile from the City, on the bank of the Rideau—a tributary of the Ottawa—affords one of those resorts of amusement and rest which students never fail to appreciate.

BOYD, WATSON & CO., 102 DUNDAS ST., 101 CARLING ST., LONDON. WHOLESALE IMPORTERS GENTS' FURNISHINGS, LADIES' FURNISHINGS, FANCY DRY GOODS, SMALLWARES, FANCY GOODS, ETC.

DOT IT DOWN! SEP. 1—RE-OPENING—SEP. 1 \$35 SCHOLARSHIPS—\$35 IN THE—LONDON COMMERCIAL COLLEGE

ST. JEROME'S COLLEGE, BERLIN, ONT. (ON THE GRAND TRUNK R.R.) The aim of this Institution, which is conducted by the Fathers of the Resurrection, is to prepare young men for the Theological Seminary and for the University.

REMOVED BINDERY NO. 6 MASONIC TEMPLE. 150-151

CLERICAL WE have received a large stock of goods suitable for clerical garments.

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