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Glorianna McGinnis.

"Andy," said Julia Reilly to her brother-in-law, Andrew McGinnis, as the christening party marched up the street; "Andy, don't raise a row before the priest about the name."
Andy looked defiance and disgust, but further discussion was prevented by their arrival at the parochial house. It was well for Andy's principles that the slippery-tongued Julia did not have more time to work upon his softened mood. She might have persuaded him to repudiate the name of Honora altogether. He had accepted Glorianna though with a feeling of guilt, and now, as he sat in the office waiting the coming of Father Doyle, his heart reproached him with a thousand reasons against sanctioning the assumption of such a name. The entrance of the priest at this critical moment drove from his mind all method of argumentation and cast an indefinable fear upon him. What would he say to such a name? Ah, there he was asking the question.

"What name are you going to give her, Andy?"
"Yes, father," Andy stammered, his heart beating wildly as he strove to defer the humiliating moment.
"What name, I asked?" kindly ventured the amused priest again.
"Oh, the name! Yes, father, Honora, after me—father—mother—I mean."
The priest wrote it down. Julia gave the excited Andy a nudge. Sure enough, he had forgotten the second name!

"That's the first name, father. An' me wife wants a second one."
"Well, what is it?" asked the priest, looking up.
The look disconcerted Andy. His lips seemed to struggle with something, and then he blurted out "Honora Glorianna."
Father Doyle almost dropped his pen, and a faint smile showed upon his face—a smile that Andy felt was leveled at him for his folly in calling the child such an outlandish name.

"It isn't me, Father Doyle," he protested, in self-excuse. "It's them women. They would have it, an' pushed me to give it. I don't blame you if you refuse to take it."
Father Doyle continued to smile, but wrote down the name, though in his heart he agreed with common-sense Andy.

So the child was baptized, and her father drew a sigh of relief as the door closed behind them. "I knew you'd make a fool of me," he said bitterly. "To bring me before the priest and cover me with confusion and disgrace. But you'll carry it no further. I'll never call the child anything but Nora, nor will the rest of you, if I'm to be master in my own house."
And Andy kept his word heroically as we shall see later on.

Honora Glorianna grew as all youngsters grow. For little Nora, as he called her, Andy had planned a future of unalloyed bliss. He had already picked out the place in the parlor where, in the near future, the child would be drumming scales on a fine big square piano that he had in his mind's eye. With this end in view, he applied himself more than ever to his daily toil, for the advent of the first child had taught him the great lesson of providing for the future of the charge that he, in his true, child-like faith, believed God had entrusted to him. More than ever was he a home man, delighting in the company of his wife and child and refraining from the crowd that was happiest over the bottle.

Everything that Andy had touched became on the instant gold. He had built a new house, one of the finest in town, and ten times better, he boasted, than the O'Briens' mansion. This fact alone would have turned a more settled head than Andy's. But not so with him. He was still unpretentious Andy, respected on all sides for his honesty, and above all, for his democratic manners, despite his money. Mrs. Andy, however, was more prone to social aspirations, and felt in duty bound to preserve the honor of the noble family name by the assumption of a name quite at variance with her meagre education. Andy noticed this shortly after he had moved into his new palace. He had been contented where he was, but Mrs. Andy had nagged at him till, in sheer desperation and to have peace at home, he followed out her every desire in building an up-to-date mansion, of which she was extremely proud, and he supremely ashamed, except for the fact before

stated, that it beat the residence of the O'Briens.
With the abundance of ridicule and the counter efforts of Andy in calling the little girl Nora whenever he had a chance, Glorianna soon lapsed from popularity and finally became a bit of ancient history, and when Honora Glorianna was conducted to school for the first time, her name was entered on the books as plain Norie McGinnis, with not even an initial letter to mark the ruin of the glory that had been, and even when she entered the high school she was still Norie McGinnis, the girl that sang like a nightingale and played the piano like Paderewski. Honora Glorianna, however, was not satisfied with signing herself in this sweet, romantic manner. Her dear girl friends, who, needless to say, were legion, and, much to Andy's disgust, nearly all "high-toned Yanks," were persuaded to address her in fond familiarity as Glory. This, be it said, was all foreign ground, never within the democratic companionship of Papa McGinnis.

So went the struggle for style till the great night of Norie's graduation. It was a proud night for Andy. Norie was going to sing a French song—she was the only soloist in the class, a fact which delighted Andy still more. After that she was going to read an essay on "The Nebulous Phenomena." He was gratified to think that a daughter of his knew so much about things that he had never heard of, and he pictured to himself the great sensation she would make with a French song and that essay. He could hardly be blamed for feeling quite elated as he proudly marched down the aisle of the Town Hall, with Mrs. Andy by his side. They were somewhat late, but she had caused delay on the plan that the distinguished are never on time, and, moreover, she was wearing a glorious creation made especially for this night at such an expense that every one must see it. Of course, only a late arrival could accomplish this.

They were seated just as the piano struck up a march to accompany the graduates to the stage, and Andy, with a contented smile on his face, turned around to get a glimpse of the fair procession, and especially Norie. But a reprimand from his very correct consort re-directed his face to the front. Ah, there she was leading off the march with the Mayor's son! She was handsome, the handsomest there, Andy knew, and this was a joy to his heart. The programme began, but he paid little attention to the speakers. The heavy essay which a fair girl was sending forth as a message to the world on the subject "Time is Money," seemed very puerile to him. What did she know about the nebulous phenomena? What did she know about French songs? Wait till Nora stood up with a voice like a thrush's and that girl with the essay on "Time is Money" would be sorry that she ever graduated.

"She is going to sing now," whispered Mrs. Andy, and Andy craned his neck to see how she looked on the stage.
"The next number on our programme," announced the master of ceremonies, "is a French song by Miss N. Glorianna McGinnis."
Andy's face assumed a look of surprise, then indignation, then anger.

"What did he call her?" he said to Mrs. Andy.
"N. Glorianna. It's that way on the programme."
"It's all your fault, woman. Let me out of this."
"Be quiet. Where are you going? Listen to her. She's singing."
"I don't give a hang," said Andy. "She's disgraced me. Let me out, I say."
All eyes were turned upon Andy, for he had taken no pains to moderate his expression of wrath. Mrs. Andy heard the subdued laughter about her, and her face was flushed with shame. But that did not subdue her husband. He took his hat and started for the door, while Mrs. Andy became deeply interested in the programme, to the accompaniment of a French song of the unflinching Glorianna.

"N. Glorianna," he muttered angrily, "N.G., that's what it is, an' they're all N.G. It's too many airs they're gettin'. But this is the end. I'll show them that Andy McGinnis is boss, an' that he'll have no upstarts in his house."
While he waited for the return of the women his anger increased in

proportion, and he flashed indignant glances at them as they entered the house with enough flowers in their arms to stock a good-sized greenhouse. They had trembled all the way home in fear of papa's indignation, but they were hurt most by the fact that his rude behavior before such a crowd would be the talk of the town and bring eternal opprobrium upon them.

"Aren't they lovely?" said the sweet girl graduate, holding out a bunch of roses by way of an attempt to soften his wrath.
"No, they ain't," said he tartly; "they're glorious gloriannous. So you did the dirty work on the old man, did you? An' now the old man'll work it back on you. You pack up as soon as you like. Ye'll move back to the old house. I'm going to sell this place."
"Andy!"
"Papa!"
But the imploring voice smote upon a hardened ear.

"Papa," he sneered. "Call your old man father. I gave ye all ye wanted, an' now ye repay me by bein' upstarts. Pretty soon ye'll be changin' the name of McGinnis. Ye're ashamed of me because I'm an ignorant Irishman, but I'll give ye cause to be ashamed on me. Go on now, no more talk. Ye'll pick me up in the mornin'. Go on now, I say."
The two women retreated, but not in joy. There was a heavy weight upon their hearts. Oh, the awfulness of it. What would people say? Go back to the old cottage and leave this fine palace?

Early in the morning he rapped on the door of Miss Glorianna's room. She called it her boudoir.
"Get up with you. The movin' wagon's outside."
"Father," she called in desperation; "come here!"
Andy heard the voice and turned back.

"What is it?" he asked sharply.
"Come in."
The indignant papa, the iron ruler, entered and was immediately assailed with feminine argument. The face of the sweet girl graduate of last night was new-ter-stained and pained in expression. In his heart Andy was sorry for her, but still unrelenting. She threw herself at his feet and, grasping his hand, poured out a torrent of invocation. She would never do it again; no, never, never. She would do this, she would do that. The promises came so fast Andy lost count of them. Like an immovable judge he stood.

"Will you promise never to use that name again?"
"Yes, oh yes," interspersed with sobs.
"Will you promise to leave off yer high-toned airs?"
"Yes, oh yes," interspersed with tears.
"Will you promise to do as I tell you about the company you keep, an' so on?"
"Yes, father."
"Well, thin," decided Andy. "If so I won't be too hard on you. You needn't pack up this time. But (it was an awful but) if ever again— you know what that means. I'll go now an' send away the movers, but—go on now an' tell it all to yer high-toned mother. I'll have a word with her by-an'-by meself."

With the same dignity wherewith he had entered he now left the room. But when the door closed behind him the dignity dissolved, and a broad smile illuminated the face of the democratic Andy.—St. Patrick's.

Women Suffer Agonies from Kidney Trouble

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There is Mrs. Ripley, for instance. She suffered terribly with her back. It ached, ached, ached—all the time. Even in bed, it seemed as if she could not get easy. It finally became so bad that housework was impossible.
She certainly was a discouraged woman when she began to take GIN PILLS. And there isn't a happier, healthier woman in the Dominion than this same Mrs. Ripley to-day.

Williamsdale East, May 9th.
I cannot refrain from writing you the benefits I have received from GIN PILLS. Before I had taken GIN PILLS I suffered dreadfully with my back, and had suffered for twenty years. I have tried almost everything but got no relief until I got "GIN PILLS."
I have taken six boxes and now I have not the sign of a pain or an ache in my back. I am now 45 and feel as well as I ever did in my life. There is nothing can hold a place with GIN PILLS for pains in the back to which women are subject. Yours truly,
MRS. MILLAR F. RIPLEY.

Mrs. Ripley had serious Kidney Trouble. And the sick kidneys were making her back ache—were giving her those splitting headaches—were sapping her strength—and dragging her down. GIN PILLS really saved her life. GIN PILLS cured her kidneys. She has been well ever since. GIN PILLS are a grand medicine for women.
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Irishman May Build Panama Canal.

Will an Irishman build the Panama canal? It looks like it. The lowest bidder on the contract is John Oliver, a Southern contractor. The Washington authorities doubted Oliver's ability to carry out so big a task. So Oliver hastened to the New York financiers for aid.
Mr. Thomas F. Ryan took up the project. As a result, a company has been formed to build the canal and at its head is John B. McDonald, builder of the New York subway, and probably the greatest of living contracting engineers. Two other Irish contractors are on the list of incorporators, P. J. Brennan, of Washington, D.C., and Mr. Patrick Walsh, of Davenport, Ia.

If the work of building the canal is let to private parties, and it undoubtedly will be, the company headed by Mr. John B. McDonald will do the work. And thus the most stupendous engineering contract in history will be handled by an American immigrant from the Emerald Isle.
THE BUILDER OF NEW YORK'S SUBWAY.

Mr. John B. McDonald is a living refutation of the statement that the Irish lack practicability, are wanting in constructive ability. He is a big man of wonderful executive ability. Engineering projects of extraordinary difficulty, which appal lesser men, are what McDonald has made his name and fame on. His construction of the \$50,000,000 subway under New York City fixed his fame throughout the world.
John Bartholomew McDonald is just sixty years old, but he doesn't look it. He is a trifle below the medium height, with a deep chest and broad shoulders that stoop slightly. His whole appearance is one of strength and his every movement betrays a catlike suppleness and intensity of purpose. His arms are long and muscular and his hands big, with strong fingers and thumbs, show how he earned the right to talk of hard labor. His Irish origin manifests itself in the formation of his head. The forehead is slanting, but full over the quiet, shrewd, kind hazel eyes, which are shaded by bristling brows of sandy gray.

The biographies and the men who write sketches of people have McDonald labelled as a railroad contractor. Well, he is, but he is something else. He makes destinies; he builds bridges of life, and his controlling hand opens and shuts the arteries of commerce and of industry so effectively that he may really be said to control life; at least one vastly important and vital phase of life.
Mr. McDonald was born in Ireland and he is now in his sixty-second year. He came early to this country with his parents, and first began to attract metropolitan attention when, as a young man in the building business, he essayed the role of tunnelling and built the Vanderbilt tunnels north of Forty-second street.

OTHER BUILDING FEATS.
Immediately he began a systematic series of building feats which placed him among the leading engineers of the country, and won a material success for him which he has ever since maintained. The career of achievement which he then started, he did not finish until he topped it all with the gigantic feat of building the New York subway, and superintended the construction of the great rapid transit system of the metropolis.

To illustrate the geography of his accomplishments, a few of his most noted works may be mentioned. After he had proven his ability by erecting the Vanderbilt tunnels in New York, he was called north. Canada wanted his genius, and Canada received it, and paid him royally for it. The Canadian Pacific railroad is the one complete artery in the railroad system of the country which taps both ends and the middle effectively. To complete the efficiency of that great system the directors called upon the contractor, McDonald, and the tunnel of the Georgian branch of that road was his solution of a very knotty transportation problem. From Canada he went South, and in 1891 he began the work on the tunnel under the city of Baltimore which connects the Baltimore & Ohio road at the Baltimore Belt line system. He likewise built a tunnel on the route of the B. & O. from Philadelphia to Baltimore, and built one on the line from Elgin, Ill., to Dodgeville, Wis. All of these details would be mightily irrelevant save to illustrate that the man has left his trade mark and monument in almost every part of the country.

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