

A CASTLE IN SPAIN.

Miss Honora Desmond was very proud of her arched foot, her little ears, and her long slender hand because those features of hers were especially patrician.

The people shook their heads over Honora's pride, calling her by her name behind her back as only the most vulgar had ever presumed to before her face. By and bye it would be "old Honora," but though Miss Desmond would never see thirty-eight again there was something of youth and grace about her that forbade the adjective which would have been so cruel as applied to her.

Honora was still a very pretty woman. Milky skin with a few golden freckles on it, dark blue eyes, bronze-colored hair with a ripple where it was drawn back from the temples. Fine naughty little features and a stately carriage. These had often made the sympathetic stranger curious over the post-mistress of Corlaigh, for Honora filled this not very magnificent position.

The peasants, to give them their due, admitted that Honora had a right to hold her head high. Sure everyone knew that she was descended in a straight line without a break from one of the great Munster Fitzgaldes who had lost everything in the Desmond rebellion. Only the ill-natured ventured to say that Honora's grand-mother had sung and sold ballads in the streets of Cork. What if she had then? She wasn't the first lady who had come low in the world, and she died in that terrible place, the poor-house, for the matter of that.

Yet for all her pride Honora was not one to swing uncomfortably between heaven and earth. She had no hangings after fine society. The only resident gentry within miles were Sir John Moffat and his lady, a pretty elderly couple without children. Lady Moffat was very fond of Honora and occasionally had her company to tea. Honora was very fond of her in return, she was the only one who ever called Honora "dear," and was not called always "dear" by the first Moffat to take root in Irish soil was a Cromwellian trooper.

None had ever sought Honora's hand in marriage. Some had looked and longed no doubt, for Honora was an inviting morsel of humanity; but there, the people among whom she lived would as soon have thought of aspiring to Lady Moffat's daughter, if she had had one, and would have had about as much chance of an alliance in the one direction as in the other.

Yet Honora was not at all averse from visiting about at the houses of those who in the ordinary course of things would have been her social equals. She liked her tea, and a quiet game of cards at Miss Doran, the shopkeeper's, or Andrew Kerrigan, the farmer's, quite as well as she did her visits to Lady Moffat. But she carried her own atmosphere with her wherever she went, and it was very seldom that anyone was rough or violent in her presence.

"Stuck-up" she might be, but it was only those who had not the natural good-breeding who found her refinement irksome. To her poor neighbors she was very good, and especially in any case of sickness, and more especially in the case of a sick child. Honora's passion was for children. The cry of a child was like a sword in her heart. The laughter of children was the sweetest music in the world.

Many a time when she washed and dressed the little a poor neighbor, the mother, looking at her from the pillow with admiring helplessness, would murmur,—"Sure 'tis a thousand pities you haven't got a house full of them."

Perhaps it was a dispensation of Providence in favor of the children of Corlaigh that Honora did not have a house full of them. Still, as the women had dimly divined, it was one of the tragedies of life that a born mother like Honora should remain a spinster, while the unworthy and unloving entered into the Kingdom.

Honora's little house was outside the village, with a long narrow grass field sloping up to the door. The field pastured a goat who gave Honora milk for her tea, and afforded a deal of nourishment as well to the children of Corlaigh.

The tragic moments of Honora's life were when a careless visitor would leave the gate open, and the goat's little head and vegetable garden. Then Honora would desert her post of duty and fly to the rescue of her sweet peas and pinks, and since her tea had a most elusive way with her it was a task of some difficulty to get her within bounds again, especially if Honora had to do it unaided.

It was a soft summer day strayed into December, and Honora was very busy with her Christmas parcel-post, when Nannie was discovered cropping the wall-flowers and the little winter acornies outside the post-office window. Honora dropped her sewing and string and flew to the rescue.

As she rushed through the doorway she nearly collided with a stranger entering.

"Oh, I beg your pardon," she said. "Will you please wait a minute till I drive the goat out of the garden. She will not leave me a single wall-flower."

Allow me to assist you," said the stranger, turning with her.

He was a tall, lean, dark man and he seemed to move with such a dignified slowness that Honora had very little hope of his proving a useful ally. Indeed, Nannie was very aggravating that day, and it was quite a long time before they sub-

ceeded in chasing her out of the garden, and back to her own domain, where Honora secured her by a penitential stake and chain which Nannie had no difficulty in pulling out of the earth when it suited her.

"Oh dear," said Honora as they re-entered the house, "it is half-past three, and the mail car will be here in a second."

"Can I help?" asked the stranger. His voice had a rich sweetness, and though the English came readily enough to his tongue it was plainly to be seen that it was not his own language.

Honora looked at him and hesitated. The rattle of wheels coming up the hill-side was heard in the quiet street.

"If you would be so very good as to secure this bag for me. There seem so many of them. Dear, dear, who would ever believe there could be so much present-giving in a poor place like this!"

The stranger tied the neck of the bag securely while Honora held it. His long hands were not unlike her own, although they had the masculine strength and size. He watched her while she sealed it, bending over it in a mirror on her hair rippled like water. He was ready to tie the next bag for her. They were too busy for conversation, except for the moment when Honora lifted her eyes to his face, and he had a sense of looking into beds of violets. "Have you a letter to post, sir?" she asked. "No," he said, "I came here to obtain some information if I could."

The foot of the mail-car driver was heard crunching the gravel outside.

"Please step inside and wait till I can speak to you," said Honora, hastily indicating a door by her side. Perhaps she had a sudden thought that the presence of the stranger behind, and not in front of the little counter, might seem to need explanation.

He passed within the little parlor. A handful of fire burned in the grate. One little window looked down the hill and to a distance which the mild sun and diamond haze had turned to the gates of Heaven. The other looked on a flower and vegetable and fruit garden, which in summer had an undue prevalence of flowers, thought the neighbors.

Over the chimney-piece was a very old engraving of a gentleman, long faced, aquiline-featured, with a little pointed beard and serious gentle eyes. His hand on his sword-hilt gave him a warlike air despite his glances of his sensitive mouth. The stranger started when he saw it. He peered closely at the inscription beneath it, which set forth that it represented the Most Excellent Sir James Fitzmaurice.

"So they are not forgotten," he murmured to himself, and then he turned impatiently towards the door the other side of which Honora was still engaged in her official duties.

He looked around the room while one foot tapped the clay floor. A canary on whose cage the sun fell was singing shrill and sweet, stopping now and again between little love-calls as though he waited for an answer, then, none coming, he himself feigned the returning call. He had intuitions of the days before the captivity of his race.

The furniture in the room was very old, but every piece beautiful even while it crumbled. The corner cupboards, with its few ancient pieces of glass and china, the old piano with its red satin back to the ceiling, the Sheraton table, the tall old clock in the corner, all had a delightful air of austere beauty. Winter violets grew in a pot on the table, and penetrated the air with their subtle message of spring. On the mantelshelf were the quaintest ornaments, and a few old daguerotypes. My Lady Poverty here wore her very sweetest aspect.

But Honora came in at the doorway, colored like a flame, and the naked, beautiful room was all at once transformed. She was wearing a kind of sacque, bunched over a scarlet petticoat. It was a fashion of twenty years ago on the world outside Corlaigh, but it recalled a Fitzmaurice might have worn her state garments somewhat after the same fashion.

"Now, sir," said Honora, briskly. "How can I help you?"

The stranger bowed profoundly.

"I have come from Spain," he said. Why he had the very eyes and beard of Don Quixote! "Three hundred years ago my people left this place. Spain has owned us for so long. Ah, yes, wherever the history of Spain is written there is always a page on us on the page. But the race divides. There is only now myself, Miguel y Fitzmaurice, and my children, little ones. Something impelled me to come back and see if here in the cradle of my race I might discover some of my kin."

Honora went quite pale with excitement.

"Don Miguel," she said, by sheer accident she had given him his proper title, "Don Miguel I think we must be cousins. I am Honora Desmond, and I too am alone in the world."

"Ah," he said, "I commanded myself to St. James of Compostella before I started. How well he has guided me, dear Saint. Allow me to kiss your hands, my cousin."

He took the two work-worn, yet beautiful hands in his, and imprinted the most reverent of kisses upon them. Honora smiled and blushed. It did not occur to her to think that he had not noticed the poverty of her surroundings, the humility of her position.

"And you are alone, dear friend,"

he said, leading her to a chair as though he took her out in some stately dance. "Alone, as I am, except for the little ones. How does it come that you are alone?"

"My mother died ten years ago. I was the only child. She was the only child of the Lady Fitzmaurice of Desmond. This was the ballad-singing lady. "Since we had become poor we gave up using the title. Ah!"

There was a tapping at the door, and with a murmur of apology Honora left him. Someone required a penny stamp, a very young lady apparently who having made the enormous purchase was inclined to give the post-mistress the history of all the family of nine, younger than herself.

While Honora was gently releasing herself her newly-found relation in the inner room was fretting and fuming, muttering rolling words between his teeth for which may St. James of Compostella obtain him forgiveness.

At last she came in, sparkling and smiling.

"It was a little child," she said. "She wanted to tell me about the others. I have nursed most of the through their little illnesses."

"But you should not have to obey when they come knocking, knocking," he said gloomily. "You are a Fitzmaurice of Desmond."

"I had to do it to live," she said.

His eyes leaped at her. Then he averted them as though he had placed a strong control on himself.

"My wife," he said, "Donna Mercedes has been dead these three years. She prayed when she was dying that St. James might send me a good wife, a good mother to her children."

"Ah! You have children. What a comfort that must be!"

"Yes, they help. But even with them it is lonely. I have their picture, if you would wish to see them. He took from his pocket a little case and opened it. There was the wife, a handsome, smooth-skinned Spaniard, ripe as a ripe peach.

Honora glanced at her, and then touched the glass above the picture. Then she looked at the child, with close-cropped hair, two little boys round black eyes, and a baby in a white frock on the lap of a bearded Spanish nurse.

"Ah!," she sighed, "how hard for her to leave them!"

Again she touched the glass on the picture of the dead woman, tenderly, but her eyes traveled on the children and were hungry.

"I have never seen anyone since, till I saw you, to whom I would give Mercedes' children in trust. You, alas, dear friend, if you were not so young and beautiful you might rule my house. As it is, the conventions forbid it."

"Young and beautiful!" Honora lifted her hand to the wave of her hair, and laughed, and blushed.

"Where are your eyes, Don Miguel? I am nearly forty, and there are grey hairs in my head."

"I do not see them," said Don Miguel, looking at her seriously.

"And if they were there they would not make you more beautiful. Ah, yes, you are beautiful, very beautiful to a Spaniard, who is not accustomed to golden beauty like yours."

Honora's hand still held the case with the portraits. Her eyes went back to the little faces. Alas, the woman who had had to leave them! Was it because they were of her kin, that she yearned over them even more than she was used to do with children?

"I am commended to a gentleman here, Sir John Moffat, but have lodged myself in the inn in your town. I shall make a little stay, I think, now that I have found you, my cousin. There is so much to see, their castles, their abbey, the graves that hold their precious dust. I want to carry it all back to Spain in my heart."

"They are not likely to be forgotten," said Honora. "Their castles are on every ridge, and Time deals gently with them."

A day or two later Don Miguel y Fitzmaurice transferred his belongings from the Desmond Arms to Sir John Moffat's house.

Such a devout pilgrim never was to the shrines of his ancestors. His piety towards his race extended to the living as well as the dead, for it was plainly to be seen that from the very beginning he thought Honora Desmond peerless among women.

At first he had not so much of her society as he desired. Her official duties claimed her, to his deep indignation. Then there came a day when a palled young woman from Dublin arrived to take Honora's place and learn the duties of the position.

Corlaigh was rather perturbed by it. It was not accustomed to changes, but gradually it leaked out that Honora was to accompany the Spanish gentleman to Seville to look after his children.

"You'll like your new place, Miss Honora," said one of the gossips a little curiously. Miss Desmond, who had never confided in Corlaigh, seemed likely to leave it without sharing her thoughts with her reserved life there. "It's the grand wages they'll be giving you to make it worth your while to go from the post-office."

Honora dimpled delightfully.

"Tis the grand wages, Mary Shea, she repeated. "Grand wages than I ever looked to get in all my life."

"Still it wouldn't be them that 'ud be takin' you out of it," Mary Shea's curiosity was yet unslaked. "Of course you're goin' to your own people in a manner o' speakin', yet 'tis a new place after all an' you've been in Corlaigh all your days, an' the post-office is a terrible stirrin' place, maybe 'tis the children in takin' you?"

"I thought at first it was Mary," replied Honora emphatically, "but after all it was the wages. The wages were something I couldn't do without."

"See that now, an' you a single woman too, with none but yourself!"

to support, Miss Honora," said the gossip, rather scandalized.

A little later the news came to Corlaigh that Miss Desmond had married Don Miguel. Mary Shea shook her head over her own dullness.

"Sure 'twas a different kind o' wages altogether was in our minds," she said. "I can see now 'twas the fondness the Don had for her who was thinkin' about. They say that he thinks there was never the like of her for beauty for all that she's but five years younger than my own mother. An' 'tis the grand lady she is with a castle in Spain, an' 'tis the old Fitzmaurice Castle above that he bought for a wedding present to her. Yet they say 'twas the thought of havin' the childer to herself drew her first to say yes to him."

For the salpicon, three chicken livers were sprinkled with salt and pepper, put into a saucepan in which two tablespoonfuls of butter were bubbling, and cooked until done. Meanwhile, a dozen small mushrooms cooked for ten minutes in butter in another saucepan. The livers and mushrooms were next cut in dice and mixed with one cupful of diced and finely chopped celery. One tablespoonful each of butter and flour was cooked together for three minutes, and one and one-half cupfuls of boiling milk were added with a small bouquet, one-half teaspoonful of nutmeg, one cupful of mushroom liquor, twelve whole peppercorns, one even teaspoonful of salt, and the whole was cooked for five minutes and strained. The meat and mushroom mixture was then turned in and cooked for five minutes longer.

For a rice potato salad, equal portions of rice, cold, boiled potato and finely chopped celery were used, and were placed in alternate layers in a salad dish with a generous spreading of mayonnaise over each. The salad was garnished with lettuce leaves.

Rice and tomatoes, Miss Gould said, are delicious, backed together. Alternate layers of each, covered with bits of butter, should fill the baking dish.

To make frozen rice cream, one cupful of boiled rice was put through a fruit press, and then added to one pint of milk and one pint of cream, two eggs and sugar to taste. Vanilla was used for flavoring and the mixture was frozen like the usual ice cream.

For rice chocolate pudding the following recipe was given: Let one-half ounce of gelatin soak for one hour in one cupful of cold milk. Melt three ounces of grated chocolate in two cupfuls of boiling milk. While the chocolate and milk are boiling, turn them on to the gelatin and stir until the gelatin is dissolved. Add one teaspoonful of sugar, the stiffly beaten whites of four eggs and vanilla to taste. Let the mixture stand until nearly cold, whisk to a froth and pour over the cold boiled rice. Stand on the ice until ready to serve.

To make rice muffins like those for which the Southern cook is famous, dilute one cupful of boiled rice with one cupful of milk. Add one teaspoonful of melted butter, the yolks of two eggs, one and a half cupfuls of flour, one tablespoonful of sugar, one-quarter teaspoonful of salt, and one good teaspoonful of baking powder. Fold in the beaten whites of the two eggs and bake in muffin tins in a quick oven.

Rice stuffing for roast chicken or turkey was recommended as preferable to the usual bread crumbs. To prepare it brown one chopped onion in a tablespoonful of butter and mix with it four cupfuls of cold, boiled rice and one cupful of bread crumbs that have been moistened in one cupful of milk. Season with sage, parsnip or other sweet herbs as desired. Add half a pound of sausage meat, or finely chopped salt pork and salt and pepper to taste.

To sun up, the British workman is not so fine a man physically as his American fellow; he probably works a short time less in a week, receives about two-thirds or three-fourths the weekly wage, and has less interest in his labor and has an average time at it does not turn out the quantity of work, so that his labor, though it is paid less per week, is more costly. His housing is ugly, cramped, and with discomforts that the American would not put up with, and costs him for less comfortable accommodations as much or more. His clothing has less shoddy in it than the American's and for the same quality costs him less. His food costs him as much or more and is less varied. His general expenses are probably much less, and certainly his co-operative methods of buying and insuring himself are away ahead of ours.—Eltwood Pomeroy, in Boston Transcript.

HOUSEHOLD NOTES.

RICE AS A FOOD.—"Rice is not only one of the most nutritious of foods, but is one of the most easily digested," said Miss Ella Whitney Gould, of New Orleans, in a recent demonstration on the exhibition grounds at Buffalo. "Although all rice cooking, few people understand how to obtain the best results. Properly cooked, each kernel should remain separate and unbroken, and should swell to three times its original size. First wash the rice in two waters to remove the superfluous starch, allowing it to stand in the last water for four or five minutes. One-half cupful of rice will require two quarts of water and two teaspoonfuls of salt. Bring the salted water to a boil, and drop the rice into it gradually so as not to stop its boiling. Boil rapidly for twenty minutes, a colander, rinsed with cold water (through the colander), shake it free from the water, and return it to the saucepan, and let it stand uncovered on the back of the stove for five minutes. This is the basis of all rice cooking."

A rice border for a salpicon was

made. After washing and parboiling one-half pound of rice for five minutes, draining and rinsing with cold water, the rice was put into a double boiler with two cupfuls of milk, one even teaspoonful of salt and one tablespoonful of butter, and cooked until tender. Another tablespoonful of butter was then added in small pieces, a sprinkling of nutmeg, and the yolk of two eggs. The mixture was filled into a border form, set in a vessel half-way to the top, placed in a medium hot oven, covered with buttered paper and baked ten minutes. Just before serving the rice was turned from the form to a hot dish and filled with salpicon.

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Society Directory.

ST. PATRICK'S SOCIETY.—Established March 8th, 1856, incorporated 1863, revised 1864. Meets in St. Patrick's Hall, 92 St. Alexander street, first Monday of the month. Committee meets last Wednesday. Officers: Rev. Director, Wm. J. Quinlan, P.P. President, Wm. J. Moran, 1st Vice, T. J. O'Neill, 2nd Vice, F. Casey, Treasurer, John O'Leary; Corresponding Secretary, F. J. Curran, B.C.L.; Recording Secretary, T. P. Tansey.

LADIES' AUXILIARY to the Ancient Order of Hibernians, Division No. 1. The above Division meets in St. Patrick's Hall, 92 St. Alexander street, on the first Sunday at 4.30 p.m. and third Thursday, at 8 p.m., and third month. President, Mrs. Sarah Alexander, Vice-President, Miss Annie Donovan, Financial Secretary, Miss Emma Doyle, Treasurer, Mrs. Mary O'Brien; Recording Secretary, Mrs. Nora Kavanagh, 155 Inspector street. Division Physician, Dr. Thomas J. Curran, 2076 St. Catherine St. Application forms can be procured from the members, or at the hall before meetings.

A.O.H.—DIVISION NO. 2.—Meets in lower vestry of St. Gabriel New Church corner Centre and Leinster streets, on the 2nd and 4th Fridays of each month, at 8 p.m. President, John Cavanagh, 885 St. Catherine street; Medical Adviser, Dr. Hugh Lennon, 255 Centre street, telephone Main 2239. Recording Secretary, Thomas Donohue, 312 Hibernia street; to whom all communications should be addressed; Peter Doyle, Financial Secretary; E. J. Colfer, Treasurer; Delegates: Cavanagh, D. S. McCarthy and J. Cavanagh.

A.O.H., DIVISION NO. 3. Meets on the first and third Wednesdays of each month, at 1663 Notre Dame street, near McGill. Officers: Alderman D. Gallery, M.P., President; M. McCarthy, Vice-President; Fred. J. Devlin, Rec. Secretary; 1528F Ontario street; L. Brophy, Treasurer; John Hughes, Financial Secretary; 65 Young street; M. Fennel, Chairman Standing Committee; John O'Donnell, Marshal.

ST. ANN'S YOUNG MEN'S SOCIETY. Organized 1885.—Meets in its hall, 167 Ottawa street, on the first Sunday of each month, at 2.30 p.m. Spiritual Adviser, Rev. E. Strabbe, C.S.S.R.; President, D. J. O'Neill; Secretary, J. Murray; Delegates to St. Patrick's League: J. Whitty, D. J. O'Neill and M. Casey.

ST. PATRICK'S T. A. & B. SOCIETY.—Meets on the second Sunday of every month in St. Patrick's Hall, 92 St. Alexander St., immediately after Vespers. Committee of Management meets in same hall the first Tuesday of every month at 8 p.m. Rev. Father McGrath, Rev. President; James J. Costigan, 1st Vice-President; Jno. P. Gunning, Secretary, 716 St. Antoine street, St. Henri.

C.M.B.A. OF CANADA, BRANCH 26.—Organized, 13th November, 1888.—Branch 26 meets at St. Patrick's Hall, 92 St. Alexander St., on every Monday of each month. The regular meetings for the transaction of business are held on the 2nd and 4th Mondays of each month, at 8 p.m. Applicants for membership or any one desirous of information regarding the Branch may communicate with the following officers: Rev. P. J. McDonagh, C.L.L., President; P. J. McDonagh, Recording Secretary; Robt. Warren, Financial Secretary; Jno. H. Feeley, Jr., Treasurer.

ST. ANN'S T. A. & B. SOCIETY.—Established 1893.—Rev. Director, Rev. Father Flynn, President; D. Gallery, M.P.; Sec., J. F. Quinn, 625 St. Dominique street; M. J. Ryan, treasurer 18 St. Augustine street. Meets on the second Sunday of every month, in St. Ann's Hall, corner Young and Ottawa streets, at 8.30 p.m.

ABOUT PRAYER.

To cut off prayer from life is like cutting the roots from the tree; that connection, by means of which it drew its sustenance, is gone.—L. Whiting.

TRUE WOMAN.

Woman, when she is true woman, is greater, worthier, than any man. Perhaps because she draws nearer Christ the Son through Mary the Mother.—S. R. Crockett.

THE GROCER'S EXCUSE

A New York grocer, arrested last week for selling diluted milk, swore that the rain came into his can through a hole in the cover. He had said that it rained into the cow.—Boston Pilot.

Success is not always to be measured by money, position, or reputation, although these visible marks of achievement are the usual spurs to ambition. In what the world calls failure God often stores the richest success. We judge by the finished building, the completed work, the rounded career. But it is to some given as he is but to some, first of all, to some, that the undercurrents of life might have attained a more perfect development, but are now left to some, although not in the



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