

STORIES OF WOMEN DOCTORS.

Experiences Met With in Following Their Profession, Especially at Night.

(Philadelphia Record.)

While women physicians are now becoming too numerous to be regarded any more as novel, it is doubtful if many people realize the amount of real courage which a woman doctor in general practice is at times called upon to display.

"I can truthfully say that I never was frightened but once in my life," said a quiet-looking, dark-haired lady whose manner denoted prudence and determination.

"I had an experience of rescuing a drunk," said a young doctor, who was extremely petite in size. "I was coming along Fifteenth street, and at Arch a young man accosted me.

"It was an hour or more before I was ready to go home, and I intended to walk up Eighth street and take a car.

"I still kept on, however, until I got to Chestnut street, and from there, block by block, to Fifteenth and Arch streets, I still heard those footsteps, and at times I almost imagined I felt the man's breath upon me.

"I made up my mind the negro would attack me as I reached my own door, but, fortunately, my key turned easily and I stepped in.

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another feminine M.D., who has one of the largest practices of any woman in the city. "Some time ago I was standing near Ninth and Race streets, waiting for a car.

"The next day the drunken man's wife came down to my office to repay his car fare, which I had paid, and she was almost ready to get down on her knees to me, she was so grateful that I had taken him out of the neighborhood where I found him.

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IN A SAVAGE LAND.

Priests and Nuns Go to Replace Massacred Missionaries.

Two priests, four lay brothers and several nuns from Germany have gone to the Bismarck Archipelago in the Pacific to replace the ten devoted missionaries who were killed there last August.

Just one week before these ten missionaries were killed a visitor at their station wrote an account of the remarkable transformation they had wrought in five years, and the article was read with great interest in Germany.

Father Rascher, a remarkable man in his chosen field, founded the station in 1899 among the Baining Mountains, in the northwest corner of New Pomerania.

The missionary party was made up of two Fathers, three lay brothers and five Sisters. The natives were wild and the country was a perfect wilderness, but Father Rascher had high hopes.

The mission maintained a small branch about four miles away, with Father Ruten in charge. He was killed as he was reading on the veranda of his house and his body was covered with banana leaves and buried about a foot under the earth.

The natives had no grievance against the mission enterprise at St. Paul, and the humble white workers were simply the victims of a general plot to exterminate all the white population of the island.

On account of the isolation of St. Paul an outbreak would put it in great danger. But the mission people were contented and happy.

The only victims of the outbreak, as it happened, were the white men and women of St. Paul. It was intended to kill every white person on the island, beginning with Father Rascher, but the ten victims had scarcely breathed their last before station natives were on the dead run for the coast and for Herbertshöhe, the capital of the island, to carry the news.

Only one of Father Rascher's natives is known to have been implicated in the massacre. His name was To Maria, a married man who had been punished for running off with another man's wife.

On the morning of the fatal day set for killing all the whites, To Maria took one of the mission shot guns, ostensibly to shoot wild pigeons for the missionaries, as he had

often done. His first shot killed Father Rascher, and this was the signal for the other plotters to take part in the massacre.

Sister Anna fled into her room, but an axe burst open the door, and she was shot. Sister Sophia was ministering to the sick natives in the hospital, and her torn garments showed that she tried to defend herself against the savage who killed her.

Brother Bley was at work near the house when he heard the first shot and saw To Maria come around the corner. He asked the cause of the firing. The savage levelled his gun, when a native boy sprang in front of the missionary.

"Get out of the way!" yelled To Maria. "You may shoot us both," answered the boy.

The boy was not large enough, however, to protect the brother with his person, and the white man was shot dead. Brother Schollekens was building some cement steps near the church when his skull was split open with an axe and he fell with his trowel in his hand.

Brother Plasschaert was measuring a pile of boards near the church when he fell in his tracks, and the next day his measuring stick and pencil were found in his grasp. Sister Agatha was binding the injured leg of a native when she was killed, her roll of bandages lying by her side. Sister Angela breathed her last on the steps of the altar and Sister Agnes was shot as she was sewing on the veranda.

The mission natives said it was all over in three or four minutes. The mission maintained a small branch about four miles away, with Father Ruten in charge. He was killed as he was reading on the veranda of his house and his body was covered with banana leaves and buried about a foot under the earth.

The buildings were not much injured, though some of the windows and the altar in the chapel were destroyed; but every movable thing that the savages thought would be useful to them was taken.

The natives had no grievance against the mission enterprise at St. Paul, and the humble white workers were simply the victims of a general plot to exterminate all the white population of the island. The only excuse the blacks have urged for their conduct is that they were tired of white supremacy. They said that since the coming of the whites they had been compelled to do a good deal of work to which they were not accustomed and they much preferred to live in their woods without working.

VEST'S BRAVE WORDS.

"I am a defender of the Catholic Church, if by that you mean that I admire and yield reverence to that historic Church—to that which has fostered literatures and civilization, maintained the integrity of the home and kept inviolate the chastity of womanhood." These are the words uttered by the late Senator Vest in a speech delivered in 1896 in the United States Senate.

Let us have faith that right makes might, and in that faith let us, to the end, dare to do our duty as we understand it.—Abraham Lincoln.

BUSINESS CARDS.

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SINFUL TO NEGLECT. In a nearby Sunday school the class was under a question on the Sacraments.

"No. Matrimony is not necessary to salvation, but should a favorable opportunity offer it would be sinful to neglect it."

THE DEVICE WORKED. "Visitors, I suppose, bother you a great deal, sir," said a reporter to a famous statesman.

"I have no less than forty visitors a day," the statesman replied. "Of these forty, twenty, on an average, I must see."

"How do you get rid of them quickly enough? How, without offending them, do you show them that it is time to go?"

"My secretary," said the statesman, "comes in to me when the time limit has expired and tells me very audibly that my wife wishes to see me."

SOCIETY DIRECTORY.

ST. PATRICK'S SOCIETY—Established March 6th, 1856; incorporated 1868, revised 1940. Meets in St. Patrick's Hall, 92 St. Alexander street, first Monday of the month. Committee meets last Wednesday. Officers: Rev. Director, Rev. M. Callaghan, P.P.; President, Hon. Mr. Justice C. J. Doherty; 1st Vice, J. E. Devlin, M.D.; 2nd Vice, F. J. Curran, B.C.L.; Treasurer, Frank J. Green; corresponding Secretary, J. Kahala; Recording Secretary, T. P. Tansey.

ST. PATRICK'S T. A. AND B. SOCIETY—Meets on the second Sunday of every month in St. Patrick's Hall, 92 St. Alexander street, at 8.30 p.m. Committee of Management meets in same hall on the first Tuesday of every month, at 8 p.m. Rev. Director, Rev. Jas. Kiloran; President, W. P. Doyle; Rec. Sec., J. D'Arcy Kelly, 13 Vallee street.

ST. ANN'S T. A. & B. SOCIETY, established 1868.—Rev. Director, Rev. Father McPhail; President, D. Gallery, M.P.; Sec., J. F. Quinn, 625 St. Dominique street; treasurer, M. J. Ryan, 18 St. Augustin street. Meets on the second Sunday of every month, in St. Ann's Hall, corner Young and Ottawa streets, at 8.30 p.m.

C.M.B.A. OF CANADA, BRANCH 26.—Organized 18th November, 1878.—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. Spiritual Adviser, Rev. M. Callaghan; Chancellor, P. J. Darcy; President, W. F. Wall; Recording Secretary, P. C. McDonagh, 139 Visitation street; Financial Secretary, Jas. J. Conigan, 325 St. Urbain street; Treasurer, J. H. Kelly; Medical Advisers, Drs. H. J. Harrison, E. J. O'Connor and G. H. Merrill.

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FOR INFORMATION ADDRESS: P. E. EMILE BELANGER, Supreme Deputy, Secretary, Quebec Grand Council, 65 D'AIGILLON STREET, QUEBEC. On—

A. R. ARCHAMBAULT, Supreme Deputy, Organizer for the Province of Quebec, OFFICE: 1092 NOTRE DAME STREET. Residence: 747 ST DENIS ST, Phone Bell East 2011.

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THE TRUE WITNESS is printed and published at No. 1 Bleury street, Montreal, Canada, by Tom, Ed. & Vincent F. & Co., Patrick's Hall, Toronto, publisher.

There was a sudden explosion, and with a crunch and a bang almost three men from the machine came to the Brockton and his chauffeur in an instant, the one peering beneath the other examining closely. He emerged in a jargon and there was a jargon of unintelligible words.

All that Anna understood was that the was not serious; that they delayed only a few minutes Brockton was very angry one for the mishap. They worked together. Anna her cousin.

"I'm dead sleepy," she pered. "The wind in my the sun are too soporific for us not say a word to each other." "You read last night," accused her. "But I don't ticularly conversational. She leaned back and sur scene again. She could words graved on the granite beneath the bronze soldier. "To the men of Warren w that their country might and their fellows free, this love is erected."

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By ANNE C

(Concluded from last

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Millicent's sensitive lips little as she scanned the of Warren's fallen. Her r gination pictured them c this very square, perhaps of Warren. Boys from the mem from the village sl blacksmith who had wor light of yonder old forge penter who was father n now leisurely hammering upon that weather-staine she saw them all. What them? What call had their ears that they sh their plough-shares in their tills, their anvils, benches? What better stirred with the primeval fight, with the unquenchab longing for adventure, to forth? She read the wor "that their country might and their fellows free."

She moved impatiently. An old shoddy theory of inheritance from the theor reclude, her father—stirred long-dragged quiet; a it there was a disintegrating im in the untouched, ch of riches she and her fellow. She felt the disturbing that those common men—almost hear their blunder see their uncouth yawns at and sounds of beauty on fed her soul—that those wells of life within the sweeter than she. She d eyes from the monument.

"Honey!" called a v throated and loving—"ho are you?" There was a play-tent or patch of yard before the tage to the left. The void from the narrow piazza. shivered as she looked a its gingerbread decoration succumbing to the strain sons. The answer came tent:

"Here I am, muvver. want me?" She came out—a child o six years. The round-ey ty of babyhood had not le She brought her small c with her, and a benevo amble beside her. H watched, tenderness beaut brown eyes; she was a you no older than Millicent, b was more lined than Anna' of dark hair was blown a cheek; there were fruit ste apron. All the marks household life were about bounteous restfulness of well beloved, and the an loving woman. She gave mobile a passing glance, r no interest for her. Her back to across the young t toiled up the steps to be of a morning's events in t "Yes, sweetheart, that nice," she said, in answer breathless demand for "And mother has brought bread and jam she promis morning. Will you eat i in the tent? I think here."

"Couldn't I come into t to eat it, where you are "Why, yes, honey, if you The door closed upon th intimate love. Millicent walking restlessly with the of no charm and encyclopa mation.

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