RY to the An-ARY to the Anbernians, Division in St. Patrick's ander Street, on at 4 p.m., and tt 8 p.m., of each Sarah Allen; Vice-Mack; Financial LoMahan; treasur-Recording Search Recording Secre-latt, 383 Welling-ication forms can mbers, or at the

NO. 2.— Meets f St. Gabriel New tre and Laprairie d and 4th Friday 8 p.m. President, 885 St. Catherine dviser, Dr. Hugh atre street, tele-239. Recording-as Donohue, 312 t.— to whoma the should be adt, — to whom is should be advile, Financial Secolfer, Treasurer. Patrick's League:

, D. S. McCarthy

NO. 3.— Meets nird Wednesday of No. 1863 Notre McGill. Officers: y, 1635 Ontario y, 1635 Ontario ghes, financial-se-y, treasurer; M. of Standing Com-M. Stafford.

George street, (toin.-Secretary, M nt St. Mary Ave. Hanley, 796 Pal nt St. Mary Ave.; Hanley, 796 Pal-man of Standing amond; Sentinel, Il, J. Tivnan. Di-the second and of every month, nbers, 2444a St. at 8 p.m.

MEN'S SOCIETY Meets in its hall, eet, on the first onth, at 2.30 p.m. Rev. E. Strubbe t, D. J. O'Neill; irray; Delegates eague: J. Whitty, M. Casey.

A. & B. SOCIETY A. & B. SOCIETY sond Sunday of Patrick's Hall, reet, immediate-ommittee of Mansame hall the first month, at 8 p.m. rath, Rev. Presistigan, 1st Vise-Doyle, Secretary, reet.

A, BRANCH 26 3th November, 26 meets at St. 22 St. Alexander Monday of each ar meetings for business are held 4th Mondays of p.m. Applicants any one desirous rding the Branch with the followns. J. Costigan, cDonagh, Record-bt. Warren, Fin-Jas. H. Maiden,

YS L. & B. AS-nized April, 1874. 1875.—Regular held in its hall, rst Wednesday of 8 o'clock, p.ms. angement meets ourth Wednesday Y. Jas. O'Lough-ations to be ad-dll, Delegates to gue, W. J. Hin-Jas. McMahon.

B. SOCIETY, es—
Hev. Directer,
President, John
Lary, James Brastreet. Meets on
of every month,
III, corner Young
ts, at 3.30 p.m.
atrick's League
Leather, T. Rogers

ONNELL, d Liquidator S STREET,

To see the stream of blackened grimy men who issued from the Adelaide Mills every night at six you would have no doubt at all that nearly everybody worked therein, and, of course, everybody knew old Gilpin. It was no wonder the men were black and grimy, that the hue of iron dust and touch of oily metals seemed ground into their very faces, for they lived all day in an atmosphere of flying dust that came from noisy grinding lathes, massive hammers, and revolving saws. There was always a roaring chaos in the foundry, blended with twisting belts and flying sparks that flew out in curving streams like a shower of meteors, over the heads which bent, so unheeding of them, to the work have a like a shower of meteors, over the heads which bent, so unheeding of them, to the work have a lie! he repeated, "and him to a degree he had seldom in one metals a lie! he repeated, "and him to a degree he had seldom in one metals a lie! he repeated, "and him to a degree he had seldom in one metals a lie! he repeated, "and heads where a lie he to repeated, "and heads who we fore." and, of course, everybody knew old Gilpin. It was no wonder the men were black and grimy, that the hue of iron dust and touch of oily metals seemed ground into their very faces, for they lived all day in an atmosphere of flying dust that came from noisy grinding lathes, massive hammers, and revolving saws. There was always a roaring chaos in the foundry, blended with twisting belts and flying sparks that flew out in curving streams like a shower of curving streams like a shower of meteors, over the heads which bent, so unheeding of them, to the work before. And this place of subdued thunders and flying dust was old dilpin's domain. Old dilpin was the superintendent—the presiding genius of it all! And many, had you asked them, would have said he matched the place supermely well, for he was not a lovable individual by any means. His worst enemy could scarce have called him that. A more crusty, snappy, snarling personage it would have been hard to find. The sunshine of life seemed to have shifted from have been hard to find. The sunshine of life seemed to have shifted from his soul and now nothing but shadows dwelt there. He was more hard and unyielding than the iron about him, for that, after the twisting and turning and sawing and hammering, came out by some magic process in small polished articles of daily utility, while he grew but more warped and rusty.

He was a good supervisor, thought his employers, and truly his workmen were only too glad to do their work well in order to miss his ugly humor. All day long he promenaded

work well in order to miss his ugly humor. All day long he promenaded up and down the long aisles of machinery, his hands behind his back, his keen eyes alert for anything that might afford him a chance to display his favorite pastime. No one ever attempted any pleasantry with him. He seemed to have an invisible samething written on him which said something written on him which said
"Hands off! I was never meant to
be joked with."

be joked with."

It was Christmas Eve. Inside the foundry all was noise and dust as usual. Grimy faces looked at one another through the nurk with just a little less stolidity—a little more of wheerfulness. The nearness of the cheerfulness. The nearness of the great Day expanded the souls and

great Day expanded the souls and the hearts of the workers. Christmas! It might bring some added joy—some unexpected comfort; there were possibilities with it that it did no harm to think of and to hope for. Consequently some hearts beat to a happier music. Down the aisle strode old Gilpin, and as he approached the music grew very still. Eyes that had wandered from the wheels and belts before them grew quickly athad wandered from the wheels and belts before them grow quickly at-tentive again. Old Gilpin stopped. It was a frequent habit of his to pause suddenly beside a worker, and with-out questioning seem to express a dissatisfied criticism. But this work-man turned toward him pleasantly. "Looks like we'd have a big storm on," he said.

him to a degree he had seldom known before.

"That's a lie! he repeated. "and no one knows it better than you. You go on whining about people wasting time—you! Would you keep them one minute if they did?"

Old Gilpin stared at him through the dust, speechless for a moment. Was this angry man Dillon whom he never remembered to have rebelled at anything before, and who defied him now almost with fiereness? His hands unclassed from behind his back as he asked himself the question, while his face twitched with a gathering rage. He forgot that a wounded thing will often turn more savagely than when it was sound and whole—instead he replied with that grim humor which became him well.

"Weuld I keep them one minute?"

and whole—instead he replied with that grim humor which became him well.

"Would I keep them one minute? No! Of course I wouldn. That's why I won't keep you—do you hear me? any longer than I can help; and that's this minute!"

Dillon's hand had closed tightly about the lever of his machine at the beginning of this tirade, and before Gilpin ceased it was still. Perhaps the old man did not think the other would heed so readily: but Dillon was full of a strange recklessness that made him glad to do it. Without more ado he began putting on his coat and hat while Gilpin watched him as though he expected him to show some sense of regret. "You must be drunk!" he said, suddenly, his eyes gleaming vengefully. Dillon turned quickly—se quickly that the older man drew back with a blanched face fearful he meant to strike him—then with a face grown strangely set, as though by a great effort he had reversed the passion within him he said, "—No, I'm not drunk. If I was I would kill you." He took his hat and strode quickly down the aisle, unheeding the faces that peered with an inquiring sympathy into his, while Gilpin watched him with a face that slowly took on its normal hue.
"If I was—I would kill you." he its normal hue.
"If I was—I would kill you," he

"If I was—I would kill you," he muttered as he turned away. "Ugh! I almost went too far that time." Drawing his money at the office Dillon stepped out into the night. The air was filled with fine needle-like snow, but unmindful of it he took off his hat and let the cold particles fall on his bared head and brow; it seemed to relieve him, and by the standard possible a worker, and without off the standard possible a worker, and without questioning seem to express our questioning seem to express our the standard towns. But this works and turned towns. But this works are the standard towns. But this works are the standard towns. The standard towns and the work are the standard towns. The standard towns and the standard towns. The standard towns and t

There it was—so eloquent in its emptiness. He looked at it with his whole soul in his eyes.

'If spirits come back she may be there now," he thought, "pitying we two in our loneliness," and stooping down he kissed the baby again in memory of her. It's face was hot no longer—it was cold! He started up almost wild with fear, but grew a trifle reassured when the little one began to cry again. That cry was most welcome now, and yet it surely must be ill he thought. If the kind neighbor would only drop in and reassure him, women knew so much about these things. He looked toward the door, but it only shook with the wind. Then the baby fell to crying again.

"Poor little Margaret," he murmured, rocking back and forth with her cheek pressed tightly against the bad

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The content of the co

softened tones for him, "There now —you might wake the baby."
Well? John Dillon went back to work as usual in the foundry after the holiday had passed. He will probably always work there, nor does he think harshly of old Gilpin. The sunshine has stolen back to the old man's heart again, and men speak and think better of him than they once did. And all because of one Christmas Eve!—John Austin Schetty, in the December number of Donahoe's Magazine.

A PROTESTANT MINISTER'S KIND unless it is found that he left

There is something about kind deeds which attracts every one and makes one long to do good acts. Worthy ambitions are fostered by hearing and reading of the noble deeds of others. "The Michigan Catholic" tells about an incident that occurred in Durand, Mich.

Thomas Hamlin, a railroad engineer, whose home was in Detroit, met with an accident at Durand, Mich.

met with an accident at Durand. Mich.

Mr. Hamlin, while in the performance of his duty, was fatally injured in a collision. After being extricated from beneath his wrecked condition, the man knew his critical condition and called for a priest. There being no priest in the willage, some one ran for the Methodist minister, Rev. Mr. Roedel.

Mr. Hoedel hastened immediately to the scene of the accident. Mr. Hamlin saw that he was not a Catholic priest, and courteously declined his services, but asked again for a priest.

ervices, but asked again for a priest.

The nearest priest, Rev. George O'Sullivan, resided at Gaines, which was six miles distant, and there was no way of reaching him except by driving across the country. The men'standing around saw that Mr. Hamlin was growing weaker and thought it useless to attempt to bring Father O'Sullivan to him before he breathed his last.

Mr. Reedel hurried to his own, home, harnessed his horse and drove

with all possible speed to Gaines and back, bringing Father O'Sulli-van with him. Mr. Hamlin died just five minutes before the priest arrived.

PRAYER RESTORES SIGHT.

AN INVENTION PROBABLY LOST.

John G. Carter, the inventor of the process of making a substitute for rubber from cotton seed oil, died re-cently at Savannah, Ga. The process was known only to Mr. Carter, and unless it is found that he left instructions and directions for the continuance of the work, it is probable that the secret died with him. This is a valuable illustration of the wisdom of patenting all inventions of any commercial value, and not leaving the matter a secret. Very valuable inventions have been lost to the world, owing to a mistaken belief that our patent laws do not give adequate protection.

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COWAN'S Hygienic Cocoa to their patients. It builds up and strengthens the system. It is a verter food as well as drink.

argic state. The cause of his long sleep is attributed to over brought on by indigestion.— Quebec Daily Telegraph.

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