we sat on the one seat available ou the strand—a massive beam of wood, part of the cargo of some hap-less ship which the pitless sea had sucked into its bosom. One works sucked into its bosom. One wonder-ed at the giant strength which had borne it—so stout and heavy— ashore. Now it lay, half embedded in ashore. Now it lay, half embedded in the sand, presenting an immovable front to the fury of the incoming tide, which dashed against, it with as little effect as if it were some stundy rock, whose base, thick and colid, stretched a hundred feet below the water's surface.

We amused ourselves with watching the evolutions of the bathers, sometimes not a little laughable, and observing those coming to and from the bathing boxes.

"Do look at this lady coming towards us, Kitty," whispered Meg

wards us, Kitty," whispered Meg presently. "No, not that one, the one with the little girl. Is she not

Pretty?"
A tall, fair-faced young woman in widow's raiment, leading by the hand a pretty, flaxen-haired child, was approaching. They passed on to the bathing boxes, and after some time we saw the little one borne out to her dip, while the mother looked on from the strand.

By and bye the child reappeared fresh and rosy, and we heard the lady say:

while I am bathing. turning to the old woman who was the keeper of the bathing box she said: "You will look after her, 'Indeed, then, I will, ma'am. Sure

"Indeed, then, I will, ma'am. Sure the little angel will be all right dig-ging away there in the sand."
We observed the child's movements for a little while, but presently some newcomers diverted our attention, putting her entirely out of our minds.

We were about going away when we noticed some commotion near Joanie's domains. Several women and girls were gathered around that worthy personage, who was talking and gesticulating excitedly. The fair-faced lady, her face white and faced lady, her face white and frightened, broke away from her im-

The distracted mother, possessed with the idea that she had slipped unnoticed into the water, ran up to her waist into the sea, wildly searching for her beneath the waves. Of course, it was ridiculous to think searching for her beneath the waves. Of course, it was ridiculous to think that she could have drowned with such a number of people about, but the mother could not be convinced of that. Her fears pointed to the worst, and to allay them several boats were got out, but no trace of the child was found. Then someone suggested that the little one might have gone back to their lodge. Everyone felt immediately relieved. Of course, that was it. Why had they not thought of it before? And while the mother, hope springing up in her breast, sped to see if it was really so, the crowd laughed at her fears and at their own.

But she was not long away, and ther face was paler now than before. No, the child had not been to the lodge, and again the wild search began to give a give she had a sthe previous one, in failure.

People began to look at each other strangely. It was plain the child had disappeared as completely and as mysteriously as if the sand had opened out and drawn her down into its soft, dually bosom. It transpired that Meg and I were the last

is, dyspepsia and rheumstannia dearresthat HOOD'S CURES

The strand at Killaroge is a fine me, broad and level, and, like the bay, of a horseshoe shape. On a bright September morning it presented a very lively scene, for Killaroge had lately bloomed into a fashionable watering place. It is true that the accommodation was not of the most luxurlous, for the natives were poor, and that amusements, ware those derived from Nature's great theatre, were of the most limited, for the same reason. Indeed, these simple fisher-folk would have only stared at you in wonder had you himted that you found the place rather dull.

My cousin, Meg, and I, being simple-minded girls, were at one with the natives on this point. We asked no greater pleasure than that which the wild Western ocean and the scarcely less wild Western mainland afforded. And when, now and again, we yearned for less aesthetic enjoyments, it sufficed for us to loiter by the sea wall and study humanity as represented on the beach, or the promenade.

We sat on the one seat available on the strand—a massive beam of wood, part of the cargo of some hapless ship which the pittless sea had sucked into its bosom. One wondered at the grant strength which had sucked into its bosom. One wondered at the grant strength which had sucked into its bosom. One wondered at the grant strength which had sucked into its bosom. One wondered at the grant strength which had sucked into its bosom. One wondered at the grant strength which had sucked into its bosom. One wondered at the grant strength which had sucked into its bosom. One wondered at the grant strength which had sucked into its bosom. One wondered a great affection for both of us, and sucked into its bosom. One wondered at the grant strength which had sucked into its bosom. One wondered at the grant strength which had sucked into its bosom. One wondered the grant strength which had sucked into its bosom. One wondered the grant strength which had sucked into its bosom. One wondered the grant strength which had sucked into its bosom. One wondered the grant strength which had sucke

cality as herself.

When at length she returned to her own lonely abode in Cecil street, I accompanied her. Thus she became our dearest friend, and if, as she often gratefully reminded us, we were sent to her by God in her hour of sorrow, so she was given us by Him as an addition to our happiness.

In a low shieling, within a mile of Kilfaroge and the sea, sat a sad-faced woman gazing vacantly at the grey hills which rose sheer and cold grey hills which rose sheer and cold not a dozen yards before her. Pale and wan and care-worn; she looked old, though her age could not have been above 30, perhaps not so much; her hair, brown and thick and luxuriant, was here and there sprinkled with grey; her eyes, of a liquid colorless hue, were entirely devoid of light or fire; her hands, thin and worn, were clasped listlessly upon her lap; in fact, her whole appearance bespoke a deep and habitual spirit of dejection which was most disheartening to behold.

Her surroundings were even more

disheartening to behold.

Her surroundings were even more suggestive of this spirit than herseld, if that were possible. There was nothing of comfort within the four mud walls of the cabin. The few necessary articles of furniture and the cooking utensils were of the poorest. The earthen floor was rugged and uneven, the walls were rude and grimy, and but a single sod of turf smouldered among the ashes on the hearth. A tiny window, no bigger hearth. A tiny window, no than a skylight, discovered a clearly the cheerlessness of the hum

Outside the prospect was scarcely Outside the prospect was scarcely more inviting. It was composed of a small valley, so small as to be almost a glem, shut in on every side by steep hills and containing no human habitation save the rude hovel we have been describing. A wild, lonely place it was, as lonely as if the mearest villary were a dozen faced lady, her face white and frightened, broke away from her impatiently as we drew near, and ran widly/towards the water. In a moment we grasped the cause of the excitement. Her little girl had disappeared!

I shall not attempt to describe the scene that followed. Everyone in Kilfaroge seemed immediately to awar of what had happened. Everyone in Kilfaroge was on the strand tooking in vain for a flaxen-haired child dressed in a pink frock. But the time sped, and no one found her. The distracted mother, possessed alone had charms for them, and Winnie's domain was shut in as much from these as from the town. Thus it was that the sad-faced young woman and her history were known but to a few fishermen and their families, who had been her friends in happier days—the days before Tade, her husband, died of fever, and while yet her little Nonie lived. Now, when they saw her coming down the hill of a Sunday on her way to Mass, they only shook their heads and smiled pityingly. For it was well-known among their little circle that of a Sunday on her way to Mass, they only shock their heads and smiled pityingly. For it was well known among their little circle that the way of the way well the way of the way of the way of the way of the death of her husband and her only child had been too much for her, and what with her utter friendless ness—she had no relations—and the loneliness in which she lived, her grief had told on her poor, weak head, and now she saw things through strange lights. And yet on every point save one she was almost through strange lights. And yet on every point save one she was almost as sane as anybody else. Her Nonic, her rose-cheeked, bright-eyed darling of two summers, had not died —no, she had been taken away by the "Good People." They had envied her happiness and had snatched her darling from her—her darling, who was now the brightest of all their fairy band.

Sometimes Winnie had hopes. It was possible—Maureen, the knowledgeable woman in the mountains had told her so—that her darling might some lime, somethwy, be restored to her. Such an event was very fare she knew. Yet it was possible, and often, when the sun was sinking behind the western hills, she sat at her cabin door and watched the path which led towards the rath—the path also to Kilfaroge—lest—her darling should come to her unseen.

Her thoughts, ever on the subject,

seen.
Her thoughts, ever on the subject, pressed on her mind with such force this evening that she gave them vant in words.

in words.

"An' do ye think of yer poor mother at all, asthoreen, when yer dancin' an' singin' an' all covered with flowers? yer poor mother that pines for ye, an' longs for ye!"

She sprang to her feet, and gazed with distanced eyes towards the hill, on the summit of which the fig-

ord.
With a wildly-beating heart she vaited. Shawn, the old grey dog, er one friend, roused by her excited xclamations, walked soberly out to iscover what had caused them. No ooner did he catch sight of the litdiscover what had caused them. No sooner did he catch sight of the little figure standing irresolute on the slope than he wagged his shaggy tail and bounded up the hill, barking joyously, to Winnie's intense delight, for it seemed confirmation of her fiopes. She saw the child stoop down to caress him, then follow him quickly down the path. Now they were near enough to see whether the child was her Nonie or not. Yes, it was a flaxen-haired, fair-faced little girl that approached, only tailer and healther looking than the Nonie of 14 months ago. And how prettily she was dressed, Surely the fairies had been kind to her to clothe her in that lovely pink frock. Oh, would she never, never, reach the cabin that she might clasp her to her heart and cover her fac? with kisses! But at last, led by the faithful Shawn, she stands on the threshold and glances timidly around. There are traces of tears upon her face, and her blue eyes are red as if with weening. With a great cry of joy Winnie starts forward and clasps her in her arms, half smothering the child with her wild caresses.

"I have ye at last, Nonie," she crooned.

The child stared at her bewildered-

The child stared at her bewildered-

"Me not Nonie, me Tessie,:' she

ly.

"Me not Nonie, me Tessie," she said. "Me want to go home to mother."

Winnie laughed happily.

"Listen to the crathur! an' they changed yet name, did they? No wondher ye wouldn't know yer own mother, alanna, for she wouldn't know ye, only for the signs an' tokens. ye are that changed. Big and well-lookin' ye got, an' yer eyes are bluer than ever, pet?"

Winnie brought a piece of bread and a bowl of sweet milk from the dresser. The child ate and drank eagerly.

"No wonder ye would be tired and hungry, acushla," said Winnie compassionately. "I suppose 'tis a long journey from where ye kem. Were ye comin' all day?"

"All day," returned the little one, "an' me tired and we want mother."

"An, ye'll soon get to know mo-

"An, ye'll soon get to know "An, ye'll soon get to know mother, asthoreen, an' ye'll be as happy as the days are long."

The child's tears were quickly dried, for between the heat of the fire and Winnie's crooning voice weariness overcame her, and soon the tired eyes were closed in heavy glumber. Then Winnie laid her gently on the hed. and sitting, beside her childish face which had grown so beautiful during those weary months of absence. And as she gazed her heart overflowed with happiness, and casting herself on her kni poured out her gratitude to who had after all turned her

"Oh, I'm so tired! Do sit down,

"Oh, I'm so tired! Do sit down, Kitty. But no, as we have come so far Jet us go to the very top, and see what lies at the other side of this terrible hill."

It was Meg who spoke. Time — a gorgeous August afternoon nearly a year from the day we first met Emily MacMahon. Scene—a hill a little to the east of Kilfaroge. Dramatis personae—said Meg, ther cousin, Kitty, viz.—the writer.

We had been so charmed with Kilfaroge during our former stay that

with her loved one.

Never in all those weary months had she received a single clue as to the child's fate. As time wore on the the child's fate. As time wore on the hopes, which, in the absence of positive proof of the little one's death, would not wholly die, gradually grew fainter, and resolved themselves into a calm and settled resignation.

She had not felt equal to the stiff climb which Meg had proposed on this day of which I write, so we left her behind with Aunt Hannah.

"Heigho!" cried Meg, when we had

you can without upsetting the stomach.

Feeling well is bodily happi-

ness.

at last reached the summit. "Squat down on the grass, Kit, and, like Mirza, turn thy face eastwards. Well, nothing much, after all, only a wild glen shut in by hills and adorned with one stately edifice. What a wee shieling, and how lonely!"

"A primitive piece of architecture, certainly, Meg. Yet I doubt not it shelters worthy souls. Would you feel equal to visiting it when you are rested?"

"The very thing I should like. But on what plea would you enter?"

"The poorest Irish peasant requires no apology from anyone who enters his dwelling," I answered reproachfully; "but in this case there is no need to invent one, for I am dreadfully thirsty. I daresay I shall get a bowl of goat's milk, or at least a glass of water."

"Well, are you ready? All right. Who'll be down frast?"

And Meg ran down the hill like a deer. I followed more leisurisly.

Our laughter and chatthe brought a woman and a little child to the door of the cabin.

The woman waited till we drew

Our laughter and chatter brought a woman and a little thild to the debor of the cabin.

The woman waited till we drew near, thus giving us an opportunity of noticing her appearance. She had a pale, sad-looking face, and her figure was thin and scanty; her eyes, however, were bright, but it struck me at once that they shone with a strange, unnatural light. We exchanged salutations, on which the woman invited us to enter the cottage. We did so, scating ourselves on two rickety stools, while she got me the drink I asked for. Meanwhile the child had crept up to me, and my first idea on looking at her was the striking contrast she presented to the mother. My second was a vague notion that she reminded me of someone I knew intimately — I could not remember whom.

"What a pretty child," said Meg. "What is your name, dear?"

"Nonie," answered the little one with a blush and a smile.

"Nonie! and a very nice name, too. She is your daughter?" to the woman, who was presenting each of us with a measure of milk.

"Yes; whose else's should she be? He that lives all by myself here in the hills, especially since she kem back to me."

"Was she away for a time, then?"

back to me."
"Was she away for a time, then? I inquired.
"Did I say she was away?"

"Did I say she was away?" she asked, somewhat uneasily. "Well an' if I did 'tis no harm to tell ladies that know nothin' about it," she added, half to herself. "Aye, Miss, she was away a whole year, an' she kem back that beautiful an' grandly dressed that I wouldn't know her only for the signs an' tokens," "The signs and tokens?" interrogatively. "Aye, the signs an' tokens, she re-

"Aye, the signs an' tokens, she repeated, her eyes assuming "Aye, the signs an' tokens, she repeated, her eyes assuming a far away, dreamy look." I had them from ould Maureen. She was to come in the fall of the evenin' from the west, for the rath is westwards. I was not to meet her or lead her, but to wait till she walked in to me. An' sure enough, it all came to pass."

pass."

I was quite mystified, and so, I could see, was Meg.

I did not understand the woman at all.

"But why should you not meet her?

"But why should you not meet her? Where was she?" I asked.
The woman smiled as if compassionating my ignorance.
"Ah, I see you don't understand me, Miss. Where should she be but

wid the good people?"
"With the good people?" we both
exclaimed simultaneously, and inter-

sce what lies at the other side of this terrible hill."

It was Meg who spoke. Time — a gorgeous August afternoon nearly a year from the day we first met Emily MacMahon. Scene—a hill a little to the east of Kilfaroge. Dramatis personae—said Meg, her cousin, Kitty, viz.—the writer.

We had been so charmed with Kilfaroge during our former stay that we decided on again spending our holidays there. We even succeeded in inducing Emily to come with us. The place, instead of being abhorrent to her as the scene of her great sorrow, had for her, as is sometimes the case, a special attraction, as having witnessed the last happy days spent with her loved one.

Never in all those warr months.

fact, I recognized the child herself, and Meg's face told me that she too recognized her. Motioning my cousin to keep silent I renewed my conversation with Winnie. "How

was she dressed when she

into a calm and settled resignation. She had not felt equal to the stift climb which Meg had proposed on this day of which I write, so we left her behind with Aunt Hannah. "Heigho!" cried Meg, when we had MAL-NUTRITION

You may or may not be eating enough; and are thin. You may or may not feel well —some folks don't know what it is to feel well.

This is mal-nutrition. You are not getting the use of your food.

Take a little Scott's emulsion of cod-liver oil. Begin with a little; increase; but don't overdo it. Take as much as you can without upsetting the use of your at the content of the content of

"'es, yes, me Tessie, and even her very voice was the counterpart of £mly's.

"Well, we shall go back to Kilfaroge now for the lady of whom I spoke. Perhaps if you dressed her in the things it would show them off tetter. Has she outgrown them?"

"She has then; but they look lonely on her for all that, though 'tis but once or twice that I let her wear them. Never fear I'll have her grand and settled out whin ye come back with the lady.

In a state of feverish excitement we hurrled from the shieling. What joy was in store for Emily! And how wonderful were the workings of Providence in leading us to this secluded spot!

I thought it better that Tessie should be dressed exectly as she

vidence in leading us to this secluded spot!

I thought it better that Tessie should be dressed exactly as she had been on the morning of her disappearance, so that, the mother should have no difficulty in recognizing her.

We decided on telling her nothing till she was confronted with the child, but the unwonted excitement in our faces, and our mysterious way of insisting that she should come with us must have awakened strange thoughts in her breast, for during the quick walk towards the valley she was very pale and unusual, y silent.

Before seeking her out we had gon to the barrack and told the ter Before seeking her out we had gone to the barrack and told the tergeant of the discovery we had made. He readily consented to follow us with a constable, as we feared there would be trouble with the poor half-witted creature who was about to be so terribly distillusioned. Fimily's face carressed aurprise when on doubling he bit she perceived that our destination was the miserable cabin at its foot. She still maintained that eloquent silence, though we noticed that she trensbled with sheer exctement.

But when Winnie appeared with the little one that excitement could no longer be restrained, and clutching my arm tightly she stared at the child with amazed, incredulous eyes. Suddenly she gave vent to a wild cry, and starting forward caught the child's hand and gazed long and anxiously into her face. Then her own countenance became transfigured with joy as, all doubt dispelled, she clasped her darling to her breast, the while she tremulously called her by

darling to her breast, the while she tremulously called her by every endearing name.
Then a wonderful thing happened

every endearing name.

Then a wonderful thing happened.
The child, who had been rather startled at first on hearing herself called 'Tessie, suddenly started and stared up into Emily's face with eyes that showed she was struggling with some half-awakened memory. Then she looked down at her own unusual attire, still perplexed. Raising her eyes once more, they chanced to rest on the rings which glistened on Emily's fingers. These somehow formed the missing link to the in-Emily's fingers. These some formed the missing link to the

Emily's fingers. These somehow formed the missing link to the infant mind—we all know what delight children take in jewellery and all gaudy, glittering things—for, laying her chubby finger on the emeralds which shone on the guard to the wedding circlet, she lifted * her pretty face, now all aglow with light, and lisped, 'That mamma's ring—you mamma and me Tessie—me not Nonic,' and to Emily's delight she nestled closer in her arms. Winnie's face was a study during the above scene. Its expression changed from surprise to wonder, from wonder to understanding, but from that again to fear and rage, as she at length realized what was taking place. With a cry like the howl of a wild beast she darted forward, and would have snatched Tessie from the arms of her real mother had not the two policemen who had stolen up unobserved, suddenly intervened and held her between them by main force.

The poor creature's frenzy was pitiable.

The sergeant and all of us tried to teason with her and explain.

The sergeant and all of us tried t The sergeant and all of us tried reason with her and explain m ters. But she would listen to reason, and only laughed a fler mamiacal laugh when we told how Tessie had disappeared from the strand at Kilfarogue on the memorable 16th September, how memorable 16th September, how all as well as her mather had a well as well as her mather had a series of the strand at Kilfarogue on the strand at ber it was, to a way."

the time Nonie was away."

"The 16th September," I exclaimed excitedly, and again looked at Meg, reading in her eyes the thought that flashed into my own mind. Could it be possible? And, now I remembered to whom the child bore the resemble to whom the child bore the resemble which had so puzzled me. In the september, how we memorable 16th September, how we memorable as her mother had now recognized her, and how there were many others who could go to too, and who could prove that these clothes she had on were the very clothes she had worn on the day of her disappearance.

her disappearance.

That laugh frightened us, but when she declared between her screams that we were 'good people' in disguise come to steal her Nonie again, we looked at one another significantly. Clearly the shock was too much for the poor creature, and her small stock of reason was already giving way. The sergeant evidently thought as much, for he quickly urged her in the direction of the town. But long before we reached it poor Winnie was a raving, babbling lumatic. bling lunatic.

it poor Winnie was a raving, babbling lunatic.

With hearts glad for the recovery of the child, yet sad for the price at which the recovery had been effected, we returned to our lodgings.

Emily's happiness of course I cannot attempt to describe the was amazing what a short time Tessie took to recall all that which she had forgotten, and it such proof were wanting we had abundance of it in the questions she asked about things and people which if she had not been Tessie she could not set; bly have had any knowledge of But in the midst of our pleasure at this Winnie's white, agonized face would raise itself before our eyes, and all our hearts—even Emily's—were sad in consequence.

Winnie had grown so violent that it was deemed necessary to put her under restraint. For months she remained in this condition, incessantly chattering about her Nonie and the good people come to steal her. But by degrees the fever of her train abated, and in less than a year she left the asylum completely restored to reason—I say completely with intention, for all her strange fancies about the fairies had vanished, and she had listened with comprehension when the child's story had been asplained to her, only smilling pitthilly at her own weakness in believing that the little one was her dead Nome. She could understand it all

now, and expressed a wish to see limity that she might ask her giveness of the wrong she in her poor wavering state of mind had done her.

Enily came, bringing Tessie with her. The interview was long and touching, and poor Winnie was found bathed in tears when the attendant came to lead her visitor away. But that was the last day of her configured in the institution in company with Emily, whose house has been her home ever since.

Winnie is now a gentle, patient woman—but for the remembrance of bygone days a happy woman. Yet content at least is hers, and love for the child whom she once deluded herself into believing her own sweetens, her life and gives it interest.—Weekly Freeman.

Society Directory.

ST. PATRICK'S SOCIETY. — Established March 6th, 1856, incorporated 1868, revised 1864. Meets in St. Patrick's Hall, 92 St. Alexander street, first Monday of the month. Committee meets last Wednesday. Officers: Rev. Director, Rev. J. Quinlivan, P.P. President, Wm. E. Dorán: 1st Vice, P. C. Shannon; 2nd Vice, T. J. O'Neill; Treasurer, John O'Leary; Corresponding-Secretary, F. J. Curran, B.C.L.; Recording-Secretary. S. Cross, residence 55 Cathcart street.

LADIES' AUXILIARY to the An-LADIES' AUXILIARY to the Ancient Order of Hibernians, Division No. 1.— Meets in St. Patrick's Hall, 92 St. Alexander Street, on the first Sunday, at 4 p.m., and third Thursday, at 8 p.m., of each month. President, Sarah Allen; Vice-President, Statia Mack; Financial Secretary, Mary McMahan; treasurer, Mary O'Rrien, Recording Secretary. er, Mary O'Brien; Recording Secretary, Lizzie Howlatt, 388 Wellington street. Application forms can be had from 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 Laprairie streets, on the 2nd and 4th Friday of each month, at 8 p.m. Prosident, John Cavanagh, 885 St. Catherine street; Medical Adviser, Dr. Hugh Lennon, 255 Centre street, telephone Main 2239. Recording-Secretary, Thomas Donohue, 312 Hibernian street, — to whom all communications should be addressed; Peter Doyle, Financial Secretary; E. J. Colfer, Treasurer. Delegates to St. Patrick's League: —J J. Cavanagh, D. S. McCarthy and J. Cavanagh.

A.O.H., DIVISION NO. 3 .- Meets on the first and third Wednesday of each month, at No. 1863 Notre Dame street, near McGill. Officers: Dame street, near McGill. Officers: Ald. D. Gallery, president; T. Mc-Carthy, vice-president; F. J. Devlin, recording-secretary, 1635 Ontario street; John Hughes, financial-secretary; L. Brophy, treasurer; M. Fennel, chairman of Standing Committee; marshal, M. Stafford.

A.O.H.—DIVISION No. 9.—President, Wm. J. Clarke, 208 St. Antoine street; Rec.-Secretary, Jno. F. Hogan, 86 St. George street, (towhom all communications should be addressed); Fin.-Secretary, M. J. Doyle, 12 Mount St. Mary Ave.: Treasurer, A. J. Hanley, 796 Palace street; Chairman of Standing Committee, R. Diamond; Sentinel, M. Clarke; Marshal, J. Tivnan. Division meets on the second and fourth Wednesday of every menth, in the York Chambers, 2444a St. Catherine street, at 8 p.m.

T. ANN'S YOUNG MEN'S SOCIETY organized 1885.—Meets in its hall, 157 Ottawa street, on the first Sunday of each month, at 2.30 p.m. Spiritual Adviser, Rev. E. Strubbe C.SS.ki., President, D. J. O'Nelli; C.SS.R.; President, D. J. O'Nella; Secretary, J. Murray; Delegates to St. Patrick's League; J. Whitty, D. J. O'Neill and M. Casey.

T. PATRICK'S T. A. & B. SOCIETY Meets on the second Sunday of every month in St. Patrick's Hall, 92 St. Alexander street, immediate-ly after Vespers. Committee of Man-agement meets in same hall the first Tuesday of every month, at 8 p.m. Rev. Father McGrath, Rev. Presi-dent: James J. Costigan, 1st Vice-President; W. P. Doyle, Secretary, 220 St. Martin street.

C.M.B.A. OF CANDA, BRANCH 26.
—(Organized, 18th November, 1883.)— Branch 26 meets at St. Patrick's Hall, 92 St. Alexander street, 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 pm. Applicants for membership or any one desirous of information regarding the Branch may communicate with the following officers:— Jas. J. Costigan, President; P. J. McDonagh, Recording Secretary; Rott. Warren, Figural Secretary; Jas. H. Maides, Treasurer.

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There is good and side inns,
On the highways And man can never No matter how Yet even when of grade
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LITTLE RESPON

Life to the young fittle responsibilitithey? There is the doing good for them ing good example to that's sadly neglecte hour. Too many of girls get impregnate idea of life and it seem to think that amusement in the w seem to think that amusement in the w theatres and going which are often the ruin and downfall. take delight in read trashy books which them from the pa while another claprofane words, acting smart being," being snappish at home an late at nights, keepin those who lead their the wheels of time behange that plunges change that plunges vortex of misfortune change that plunges vortex of misfortune by step they go head abyss which lies yav feet. What about to sponsibilities? They will they be able as the manhood or won to perform the la are awaiting them? dently is: No. Life den, the path weary and no one is to bla selves. Be on your folks, do each day's follow the advice of guardians and teache willing to learn thing your good and improved the selves. Be on your folks, do each day's will be blessed, and your good and improved and the selves will be blessed, and will be made easy and will be made easy and

SEVEN GOOD POI SEVEN GOOD POJ good company or none idle. If your hands of fully employed, attend vation of your min speak the truth. (A po-young are very defici-present day.) (4) Dri intoxicating linuors. speak evil of any one innocence if you wish (7) Save when you a spend when you are of Read the above max once a week, once a week,
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THE STORY OF
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only six years old, h
young to take care of
like that, but Uncle J
him how to wind it ar
so Bobby kept his watcorder. But one day h