

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS.

TOM BROWN'S ADVENTURE.—
"Say, Bob, I'll be 15 years old my next birthday. I'll soon be a man and I don't know what to do."

"Don't know what to do? What do you mean?"

"I mean what I say. Father is not well, and I am the oldest of the family and ought to be helping him instead of being a burden, but I don't know what to do. You see, I am not like you, I'm small for my age. Mr. Martin hired you at once when you applied for a place in his store, because you are big and strong enough to deliver large orders."

"Yes, I think my size did help me; but I'd be willing to give some of my size if I could have some of your quickness at figures and your perseverance. I tell you what, I have often almost envied you and when Brother James used to seem so proud of you."

"Why not ask for a job in Stevens' new store?"

"I have asked for one, and I was told that they needed a boy to run on errands, but they asked me to call again. I suppose they wanted to put me to the test."

"Did they ask you for references?"

"O yes; and I gave Father Hughes and Brother James."

"Don't be discouraged, Tom; I think that you will get the place."

About two weeks after, the boys met again at the church door, about half an hour before the beginning of the May devotions.

"Hello! Tom, what are you doing now?"

"I am working in the Stevens' store. I like the place very much so far, and all the clerks except one boy. He is older than I am and a good deal larger and stronger."

"What's the matter with him? Does he try to bother you?"

"No; he's too sweet. I don't like him; I don't trust him and I can't tell why."

"Perhaps he's all right. You just go ahead and don't mind him. If he tries to abuse you, let some of the boys know and we won't stand it."

The boys met occasionally and sometimes passed a Sunday afternoon together. They seemed to be getting along all right, and both liked their work. Tom could hardly wait to get home Saturdays, so eager was he to put his earnings in his mother's hand and hear her say, "God bless my son."

Tom had been working in the large department store of Stevens' Bros. about eleven months when one evening, Henry Miller, the boy whom he had trusted from the first, said to him:

"Brown, I have to come back to the store this evening to do some extra work in the crockery department; I wish you would come and help me. It won't take very long if there are two of us; but if I have to do the work alone I'll be there until all hours."

"I thought the help were not allowed to go back to the store nights when it was closed. How can you get in?"

"I have a key that fits the side door, and I guess no one will say a word if we go there to work. I think the owners would like it if they knew how interested we were. If you don't want to come, why never mind, I'll go anyway, but it will be pretty lonely business."

"I'll go with you if it all right and if father says I may. Call for me on your way to the store."

That evening Mr. Brown was not at all well and when Tom asked permission to be gone a few hours, the father understood that he wished to spend the evening at Henry Miller's home, and knowing that Tom could be trusted to select good company he readily gave his consent.

Shortly after supper, Henry called, and the two boys were soon at the side door of the store. Henry's key was all right and in a few seconds the boys were inside. Tom was somewhat surprised when Henry produced a dark lantern, but the explanation that the usual lights would attract too much attention seemed plausible enough.

On the way from the side entrance to the crockery department, they had to pass the vault.

"Wonder if I can open that door," said Henry, as he began poking at the lock and, seemingly, trying to open the vault.

"Come along," said Tom. "I don't like to see any one tampering with locked doors. Let's hurry and get our work done." Just then a step was heard as if coming from the door where the boys had entered.

"Henry, did you lock that door? I hear some one moving," said Tom in a whisper.

"Of course I locked the door. All you can hear are rats. You know rats are plenty around here."

"Well, come on then," said Tom, "and let that door alone."

"Wait a minute; this is a queer combination. I have often watched 'Old Money' working at it and talking to himself. There, I've got it," and he flung open the door of the safe. As the heavy door swung back, Tom felt a hand on his shoulder and before he could make a sound another hand was over his mouth.

"Hand me the gag," said a gruff voice in a low tone, and soon Tom was bound hand and foot and gagged so he could neither move nor speak.

"Now Miller, you say you've all the combinations, so make your moves pretty quick. Good thing the old duffer thought out loud when opening the safe."

"Don't look so sad, kid; we won't hurt you," said the man turning to Tom.

"We'll give you a dose pretty soon when we're through here. The boss won't think you such an angel when he finds you here in the morning and the safe robbed. He'll want to know your partner."

Tom could now see the whole scheme. They would drug him and leave him there to be suspected of assisting some one to open the safe. There he was lying helpless, not able to defend his employers' property nor his own good name. His face showed his agony.

"I always hated the 'goody boy,'" said Henry. "Too good to associate with common folks."

Tom was praying with his whole soul, and scarcely heeded Henry's words; surely his good angel and St. Joseph who had never failed him, would aid him now in his great distress. For a few moments he closed his eyes only to open them as he heard Henry say, "I missed it that time, but I'll try again."

"We can't have too many misses," said his companion. "I hear the 'cop' outside as if he suspected something."

"He can't see anything," said Miller.

The words suggested an idea to Tom. As he saw the men had their backs toward him, he began looking around the place. Suddenly his eyes flashed and he tried to move. His arms were so tied that he could raise his right elbow, and by using it and his right leg, he succeeded in moving his whole body a little nearer to the electric light switch, which was very low in this part of the building. He now remembered with pleasure a reproof he had once received because he had struck his foot against this same switch and had turned on the lights in a large part of the basement. If he could only strike his foot against it now so as to light up that part of the basement, which was always dark at night, he was sure the policeman on that beat would immediately suspect something wrong.

Slowly he edged himself toward the place where he knew the switch was. Miller and his partner were so intent on their work and so sure that they had him secure, that they paid no attention to him.

"St. Joseph, help me! St. Joseph, ask the angels to help me," Tom kept praying in his heart.

He hoped that when he was near enough, and he was not many inches away, he could reach the switch with his elbow. Just then he moved a piece of broken crockery and for a moment he thought the noise would make the two burglars suspect. Henry raised the lantern and turned the light on Tom, but as he seemed to be bound so he could not stir, Miller said, "The rats want to visit you, I guess. You'll soon get your dose, young man."

As the two again turned their backs toward him, Tom thanked St. Joseph and all the saints for helping him, for the light showed him that he was just at the electric switch.

Now he must wait until the policeman was passing the store before attempting to turn on the lights. He realized fully the great risk he was taking, for, if he succeeded, he would, in all probability, be murdered by the angry men before the policeman would have time to reach him.

Tom did not want to die; but he knew that he must do his duty; he must try to save the property of his employer and, also, his own good name.

That was the step of the policeman, he felt sure; now he had passed. If he heard the same step returning, he would know it was the policeman and he would attempt to turn on the lights.

The men had the safe open and were going to examine the drawers; there was the policeman's step, with an earnest prayer and a great effort to move his body so as to have his elbow strike the switch he moved. "Thank God, success!"

He heard the policeman's hurried call for help, his rush to the unlocked door, and also an oath from the man at the safe—and he felt a blow on his head.

His next conscious moment found him in bed in his own room, and his first thought was that he must hurry or he would be late at the store. When he tried to rise he found himself too weak to stir. Just then his mother came to the bedside and, when she saw he was conscious, he face shone with happiness.

"What's the matter?" said Tom. "Nothing, dear, only you have been sick. Thank God you will soon be well."

"Sick? Sick?" he said in a weak voice, then sank to sleep. Later when he awoke, he remembered about the vault and the robbers, and calling his mother to the bedside, he began to ask questions.

"What my boy," said his mother, "you must not tire yourself asking questions. I'll tell you all about the matter."

"It seems that just as you turned on the lights, the policeman was looking at the store, and he knew at once that something was wrong. He was in the store in a short time and other policemen with him, so they caught both the robbers and they found you tied, gagged and bleeding."

Here the mother stopped a few minutes to overcome her emotions.

"One of the policemen knew you and they called an ambulance and had you brought home. The priest and doctor were here almost as soon as yourself. We have been taking care of you ever since."

"How long?"

"Four weeks to-night," said his father who had just come in and heard his question. "Mr. Stevens had been here every day and has insisted on paying all expenses. He says if the robbers had succeeded, his loss would have been a heavy one, and if it were not for you, he is sure they would have taken a large sum of money and, also, some valuable documents."

"The policemen told how you were found near the electric light switch, and, also about the marks which showed how far you had moved."

"The men have not yet had their trial."

"We feared for a time that you would not recover, but now we are so happy that we all better keep quiet and let you rest. To-morrow you may ask questions."

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Live Stock Trade.

Reports from London, Eng., show a much stronger feeling has prevailed in the market for cattle and prices show an advance of 4c to 4c per lb. since this day week, with sales of choice Americans at 15 1/2c, and choice Canadians at 15 1/2c. On the other hand the trade in sheep has been very bad owing to increased supplies and the very hot weather; in consequence a sharp decline in prices has to be noted. American sheep have dropped 2c per lb., with sales of choice at 12c and Canadians 1c to 1 1/2c to 1 1/2c to 12c.

The Liverpool market, according to despatches on Monday, has also been decidedly stronger for Canadian cattle, and prices show a rise of 1 1/2c per lb., with sales of choice at 15c. Sheep have suffered also in this market to the extent of 1c per lb., choice being quoted at 11c.

A private cable from Liverpool quoted Canadian cattle at 15c; medium at 13 1/2c to 14 1/2c, and sheep at 11c to 12c.

Another cable from Liverpool quoted choice Canadian cattle at 14 1/2c, and one from London quoted them at 15c.

LOCAL MARKET.—In local export live stock circles there has been no new developments since this day week, says a local authority. The demand for good to choice export cattle both here and through western Ontario continues good for export account, but shippers are now commencing to find some difficulty in filling their wants owing to the limited supply of such available as the bulk of the early fed grass cattle have been contracted for by Canadian and American exporters and owing to the high prices prevailing as compared with previous years, farmers are rushing their stock to market half finished; therefore, this is no doubt going to create a scarcity of late fed choice grass cattle. Cable advices from the two leading foreign markets were of a very encouraging tenor as they noted a good sharp rise in prices for cattle, but those who had any sheep sold will not feel so good as trade was bad at a big break in prices. In regard to the foreign horse trade, the Chicago Drovers' Journal says: There has not been such a stagnation in the English horse market in many years as now depresses the trade. Foreign imports have closed for the nonce and nearly every foreign operator has recalled his buyers. Joseph Hoar, of London, who visited the Chicago market early in January, predicted an unusually good season for the industry, on account of the increased demand for horses which the coronation ceremonies and festivities would create. The elaborate preparations made by transportation and bus companies for handling immense crowds required extensive purchases of equipments, and the unexpected postponement of the festivities has left jobmasters and transportation companies largely overstocked. The extra horses have earned nothing for their owners, have consumed expensive feed, and through an indifferent and limited demand are much lower than when purchased. The English markets are glutted with horses, for which there is no urgent demand and which have declined in value fully \$25 to \$40, from original prices. Many parties who ordered horses for use coronation week find the animals on their hands with no service to perform. Jobmasters and large contractors who purchased largely on the speculative demand stand to lose heavily in the transaction. Trade will border on stagnation until the large surplus is worked off, and it will take considerable time to recover its normal tone. The strong prices current in our domestic wholesale markets are also militating against any large volume of exports until values are improved in Europe.

Receipts of live stock at the East End Abattoir market on Monday were 400 cattle, 500 sheep, 400 lambs, and 200 calves. There was very little change in the condition of the market. The supply was much smaller than that of Thursday, therefore, a better feeling prevailed, but prices show little change for common stock. Really good cattle were scarce, for which there is an active demand from both shippers and butchers; consequently values for these remain firm. A few were offered which met with a ready sale at 6c, and some fairly good heaves sold at 5c to 5 1/2c, while ordinary cattle brought 4c to 4 1/2c, and common to inferior stock sold at 3c to 4c per lb. A fair supply of sheep and lambs were offered, for which the demand was good. Sheep sold at 3c to 3 1/2c per lb., and lambs at \$2.50 to \$4 each. Calves met with a fairly active sale at prices ranging from \$2.50 to \$6 each. The supply of live hogs was small, and in spite of

this fact the tone of the market was easier at 6 1/2c to 6 3/4c per lb., weighed off cars.

The shipments of live stock from the port of Montreal for the week ending July 12th, were:—

Cattle, Sheep Horses.			
To Liverpool—			
Lake Erie	312		...
Mongolian	222		...
To London—			
Huron	131	1,059	...
To Glasgow—			
Norwegian	805	747	...
Alcides	801		17
To Bristol—			
Melville	318	230	...
Total	1,589	2,136	17

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Society Directory.

A.O.H., DIVISION NO. 8. meets on the first and third Wednesday of each month, at 1863 Notre Dame street, near McGill. Officers: Alderman E. Gallery, M.P., President; J. J. Devlin, Vice-President; 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 T. A. & B. SOCIETY, established 1863.—Rev. Director, Rev. Father Flynn, President, D. Gallery, M.P.; Sec., J. F. Quinn, 625 St. Dominique street; M. J. Ryan, treasurer, 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.

A.O.H. LADIES' AUXILIARY, Division No. 5. Organized Oct. 10th, 1901. Meetings are held on 1st Sunday of every month, at 4 p.m.; and 3rd Thursday, at 8 p.m. Miss Sarah Allen, vice-president; Mrs. Nora Kavanagh, recording secretary, 155 Inspector street; Miss Emma Doyle, financial secretary; Miss Charlotte Sparks, treasurer, Rev. Father McGrath, chaplain.

ST. PATRICK'S SOCIETY.—Established March 6th, 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, Rev. M. Callaghan, P.P. President, Hon. Mr. Justice C. J. Doherty; 1st Vice, F. E. Devlin, M.D.; 2nd Vice, F. J. Curran, B.C.L.; Treasurer, Frank J. Green, Corresponding Secretary, John Kahala; Recording Secretary, T. P. Tansey.

ST. 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.S.S.R.; President, M. Casey; Treasurer, Thomas O'Connell; Secretary, W. Whitty.

ST. ANTHONY'S COURT, C. O. F. meets on the second and fourth Friday of every month in their hall, corner Segueurs and Notre Dame streets. A. T. O'Connell, G. R., T. W. Kane, secretary.

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; W. P. Doyle, 1st Vice-President; Jno. P. Gunning, Secretary, 716 St. Antoine street, St. Henri.

C.M.B.A. OF CANADA, BRANCH 26.—(Organized, 13th 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, F. J. Curran, B.C.L.; President, Fred. J. Sears; Recording Secretary, J. J. Costigan; Financial Secretary, Robt. Warren; Treasurer, J. H. Feeley, Jr.; Medical Adviser, Drs. H. J. Harrison, E. J. O'Connell and G. H. Merrill.

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