

NEW YORK'S LANDING STAGE.

Where Hundreds of Ireland's Sons and Daughters First Step Upon America's Soil.

PATHETIC SCENES OF DEAR ONES LONG SEPARATED.

The Zeal and Kindliness of the Officers in Charge—Watchful and Solicitous Vigilance of the Priest, and Many Other Interesting Features of the Arrivals.

Edith S. Tupper, of the New York World, thus pathetically describes the scenes which are being enacted at the Barge office, the landing place at New York, where hundreds of Ireland's sons and daughters are landing from week to week.

They say there's bread and work for all, And the sun shines always there; But I'll not forget old Ireland Were it fifty times as fair.

In this month more Irish immigrant girls have landed in New York than in any other July since 1846.

The majestic brought over 400 immigrants last week, half of whom were some Irish girls with cheeks like apples and lips like cherries.

What is the meaning of this sudden influx of immigrants from Erin?

If you ask Commissioner McSweeney he signs and shakes his head and says: "It's because they can't live in Ireland. Times are constantly growing worse there. There is no hope for the Irish peasant. If you travel in Ireland everywhere you hear the question, 'When are you going to America?'"

"It's not the question, 'Are you going to America?' but when. And the answer always is, 'When I've saved enough money,' or 'when mother dies,' or 'when my sister sends over my passage.' They are always looking forward to it from their childhood. They expect to go as much as they expect to go to heaven.

"And you wouldn't wonder at their eagerness if you could see the barren and desolate Ireland they are leaving.

"Last summer I went to Ireland. I travelled with a priest who had not been home for thirty years. I knew him as a genial fellow to whom I supposed tears were unknown. As we drove through the country toward his boyhood home what was my amazement when suddenly he burst into tears. The sight of desolate Ireland broke his heart.

"So these young men and women who see no future in Ireland turn instinctively from their own loved island and sorrow to America. And how do they save enough to come with? Let me tell you a fact. Six and one-half per cent. of all the passage money of Irish immigrants is furnished from this side.

"What do they expect here? Poor creatures, for one thing they expect to pick up gold in the streets. They expect to improve and rise in the world. Yes, many of the girls expect to marry young mechanics or artisans who have got a good start in life."

If you ask Agent Patrick McCool, who looks after these pretty Irish girls as a shepherd guards his lambs, who is here, there and everywhere—a tireless, honest, sincere worker—his gray eyes flash and the red in his ruddy cheeks grows deeper as he says proudly: "Irish people love liberty. As they are burdened by unjust and grievous taxation—taxation that even the English Tories themselves condemn—they come here to escape it and enjoy liberty."

If you ask Father Cahill, one of the priests at the Mission of Our Lady of the Rosary, the harbor of friendless Irish girls in New York, he will gravely say: "The primary object of these girls is to earn money to send back to their parents, perhaps to save the old homestead, to keep their fathers and mothers in comfort in their last days."

And so, whether in search of bread and gold, or on the glorious quest for liberty or the sacred errand to save the old home, these troops of clear-eyed, red-cheeked, honest-hearted lassies are pouring into the country this summer in greater numbers than ever.

When the majestic landed the immigrants at the Barge Office last week hundreds stood waiting in lines, eagerly watching for the familiar faces to come up the stairway from the steamer. Every sturdy young man in fringed jacket and tweed cap, grasping his bag as though he expected to have it torn from him by force, every blushing, shy maid, frightened at the throng and the newness and strangeness of everything, was anxiously scanned by the watchers.

Suddenly a cry of, "Michael, me boy, God bless you!" or "Nora, me darlint!" was heard.

Strong, red, hard-working hands grasp the travellers. Brawny arms snatched them to faithful hearts. Years leaped to fond eyes and rained down longing faces, and everybody else groaned in sympathy.

Annie Ryan, thin, sorrowful, with hands that showed the marks of ceaseless toil, was looking earnestly for her little sister Beatrice.

"Shure, she's only a child. I'm wild wid thinkin' somethin' may have happened her," she was saying to a friend.

The faithful, anxious eyes devoured every young girl that came up the stairs. A bright red spot appeared on either

pale cheek. The roughened, knotted hands nervously clasped and unclasped. At last there came jauntily tripping up the stairs a typical Irish beauty. Scarcely sixteen, she was as round and plump as a patridge. Her dark, curly hair fell over her shoulders. Her eyes glowed like stars and her cheeks were like the blush of an apricot.

Annie Ryan gave a great, dry sob and caught her baby sister, the whom she had been looking for so long, to her breast. "Oo, acushla, mavourneen!" she murmured brokenly. And everybody in the crowd murmured, too, and wiped their weeping eyes.

A big, stalwart, ruddy-cheeked young Irishman stood looking, not at the pretty girl as they passed before him, but at every old woman. Tim McPartland was there to find his old mother.

She came at last, a tiny, wrinkled little old woman, with a broad white cap and coarse, clumsy shoes. "Peasant" was emblazoned all over her.

But the well dressed, Americanized young Irishman was not ashamed of her looks. He did not care a rap about the droll cap and the awkward shoes. With a mighty laugh he lifted the little old woman clean off her feet and held her as if he would never let her go.

Sweet Nora Sullivan, from County Down, with hair the color of amber and cheeks like satin, shyly condescended to tell me a little of herself.

"Yis, ma'am, Oi've lift brothers an' sisters in Ireland. Oi've a good place waitin' me in New Haven. Oi'm to find for the others as soon as iver Oi get home. Homeick? Oh, no ma'am!—very bravely—Oi'm not after bein' homeick. Oi've friends to mate me whin Oi get to New Haven."

Close by, Ellen Dolan, with a face like a Madonna crowned by a quaint, bell-shaped hat, crunched over her luggage. She raised her heavily lidded eyes pathetically. "It's homeick Oi am, ma'am," she murmured, and buried her face in her shawl.

Pretty Maggie Maguire, sweet as a bit of sweet briar, modest and shy as a violet, came timidly along. Her sister was to meet her, she told the officials.

A fishy dressed woman, with blond hair and hard face, stood waiting with a man of sinister features and insolent eyes.

"There she is," said the woman as she caught sight of the child.

Rushing to her, she embraced her with exuberance and introduced her cousin.

Pretty Maggie's eyes grew larger as she took in every detail of her sister's appearance. "It's foine yez are," she said; "but what is it yez have done to your hair, Rose?"

Rose tossed her head and laughed and said: "Come, child; you shall look as fine as I do before long. I've got a splendid place for you in my cousin's boardinghouse. You won't have to work hard, and we'll fix you up grand."

"Fot cousin is he, Rose?" the little girl asked. "Oi don't remember him at all, at all."

"Of course not, stupid," returned her sister. "He left Ireland when you were a baby. Come, make haste now."

The conversation made me uneasy. Some way I did not like the look of this pair. I wished somebody would interfere. I looked around. Was there no one?

There was some one. Directly in their path was the imposing figure of a black-robed Catholic priest.

His usually kindly face had grown severe. His stern eyes searched the little group before him. The yellow-haired woman quailed and dropped her eyes.

"What is your name, child?" said Father Henry, of the Mission of Our Lady of the Rosary.

"Maggie Maguire, father," said the little one, dropping a timid curtsy.

"Where from?"

"County Kerry, father."

"Sne is my sister, father," put in the woman glibly. "I'm taking her to my cousin's."

"Oh, you are," said the priest, freezing the woman with an icy glance. "The little one will not go to your cousin's. Come with me, child."

"You've no business"—stormily began the woman.

"Take care," said the priest quickly, but with warning in his cold voice. The woman slunk back.

The frightened child was taken to the shelter of the mission across the park— one more saved by the vigilance of the good fathers whose special province it is to look after these innocent wayfarers.

After a dramatic little scene I made myself known to Father Henry.

"That's only one of many," he said in answer to my questions. "These poor, ignorant girls would be the prey of designing people were we not on hand to watch over them."

But pre something pleasanter to do now, which perhaps you would like to witness. There is to be a marriage at the mission. A young man and his sweetheart have come over together and leave for Montana this afternoon, and wish to be married before setting out."

So we went over to the mission, and there, sitting side by side, sheepish and blushing and blissful, were Michael Sweeney and Kate Harrington, sweethearts from babyhood.

Nine years ago Michael came to this country and went to Butte, Mont., where he has worked ever since in the mines, earning his \$3.50 per day.

Six weeks ago he went back to Ireland to find his boyhood's sweetheart and bring her over to share his lot.

Michael was red-faced and twinkling-eyed. He flaunted a gay green necktie and an American flag on his coat, and he beamed and glowed and glistened with happiness.

As for his, sweet Kate, she could scarcely speak above a whisper and kept her eyes fastened upon the ground.

"Niver a swateheart nave Oi had barrin' Kate, Michael confided to me. 'Twas her face wur always beyant me when Oi wur diggin' away in thim durty old mines. It's savin' Oi wur from the first day to go back after me Kate. She's a bit strange, ma'am, but she'll loike it when wance she is there."

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The mountains is grand, and th' air so foine. 'Tis a dandy place, is Montany. 'Finer than Ireland?' He moved uneasily. 'Oo, no, ma'am' he said. 'There's no place like the ould sod. God save it!'"

In the cool, dim chapel of Our Lady of the Rosary the little romance had its fitting end.

The noble white head of Father Cahill towered above the Irish lovers as the stately priest in long black cassock prayed over them and sprinkled holy water upon them, and made the sign of the cross in the air above them, and pronounced them man and wife.

And then, hand in hand, the Irish immigrants set their faces toward the sun set, to begin anew the search for gold in a strange land where the sun always shines.

But they'll not forget old Ireland, were it fifty times as fair.

The Story of A Tired Soul.

BY FRED. D. ENGELBACH.

AH! how apt we human beings are to judge our fellow-creatures' actions by the standpoint of our own feelings, and how terribly we err sometimes in consequence. I think one reason why the medical profession is so attractive to men of thought is that the doctor sees daily human nature with the society mask off. He learns early, if he be wise, that in no case is it safe to prophesy in what course a man's brain may impel him when in trouble.

One case, which after an interval of years stands as clearly before my mind as though it had occurred yesterday, is so unique in its details that I have ventured to record it.

I was in practice at a small town called Darlington, in the North Riding, a little place where we know each other's business far better than our own, and fought as desperately over the equipment of the fire brigade and such like matters as if our lives depended on the issue.

I was driving one day, when suddenly my groom, eager to impart information began:

"Do you know, sir, that Tasker has taken on an assistant?"

Now, Tasker was our village grocer, and suffered from heart disease, and was, in addition, a man of the most irritable temper.

"I'm glad of that, Tom; it's advice I've given him scores of times. What is the new man like?"

"I don't know, sir; he keeps himself so much to himself, and hardly goes out unless at night. Fancy Tasker keeping him a month already!"

So saying, the subject dropped, and I dismissed Tasker and his affairs from my mind, only to find, on my return to my house, that a message had been left requesting me to visit him without delay.

I hurried down to the shop and out of curiosity went in by the public entrance. I wondered, as I entered, how Tasker had lived in that atmosphere of cheese, bacon, and onions so many years, and glanced quickly at the new shopman.

He was a middle-sized man with a remarkable face. Forehead was fairly good, the nose straight, and the jaw very square and determined looking. In my brief glance I decided that the new man was not a shopman by training, and wondered what freak of fate had brought him to his present humble position.

After seeing my patient in the little back parlour, I said:

"Well, Tasker, you are a sensible man."

"Why, sir? I don't think you'd think so if—"

"Man alive! you've done the very thing I've told you for years to do—taken help."

The man looked rather confused, and, glancing around to the closed door, said:

"Well, sir, a month ago, during that hot spell, I thought I should have died in the shop. One day I nearly did, and was leaning against the counter, when I noticed a man staring at me from the door."

"He hurried in and nudged my collar, sat me down, and fanned me with a paper. When I came round, he told me that I'd kill myself if I wasn't careful. I said I thought I should, and then he told me that he had no character, no references, and wanted work. He didn't care—so he said—about wages if I'd feed him and give him enough money to buy tobacco with. Well, sir, they say I'm a hard man, but I took him on."

"He's like a son to me. Does my books, talks when I want to talk, and says nothing when I'm grumpy. Do you think I did wrong?"

"Well, it wasn't very wise, Tasker; but you've got a good man. I can read faces as well as most men, and I'll bet that man hasn't been brought—"

"No, sir; I won't talk about it. It's his affair, not mine; and if so be he wants to be a grocer, I'll treat him as one as long as he wishes."

I left the room allowing the snub the choleric little man had given me. Long residence in the country does me no good; gossip, and I find it very difficult to avoid, even now, discussing local affairs and people when on business. As I left, the assistant was busily making up packets of tea and did not look up. This piqued me, so I said:

"How do you like Darlington, my man?"

"He looked up, and I was struck with the sad expression of his face.

"Very well, thank you, sir," he replied in a cultivated voice; "your carriage is outside, sir."

Once more I found myself pulled up, and hastily retired from this strange, uncommunicative pair.

In six months I got no further with the new man. I offered to lend him

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books, and tried him in many ways—for I was interested in him—but to no avail; and doubtless but for an accident I should never have known his story.

One Friday—our neighboring city's market day—I was hurriedly summoned to go to Tasker's, the message being 'that the new man had but his back cruel.'

On my arrival I found that Tasker had gone to York for the day, and had left the shop in charge of the assistant. An hour before he sent for me he had been mounting a high pair of steps to get down a ham for a customer. Suddenly the connecting cord gave away, and the steps fell with a crash. The heavy ham overbalanced him, and he fell backward, falling across a box on the floor.

I found that the neighbors had, with their invariable kindness to each other, carried the poor fellow into the parlor, where he was lying when I saw him. On carefully examining him, I found that he had broken his back very high up, and was completely paralyzed up to his neck. One bone higher and he would have died instantly, owing to the phrenic nerve, controlling the respiration, being injured. As I finished, I wondered how to break it to him, when, looking up at me with a whimsical look in his eyes, he said:

"It had been better for me had that phrenic nerve gone, doctor."

"I started—I did, indeed—had he read my thoughts?"

"Don't look so startled. I knew my back was broken high up, and—well, it's too late now to mind much. I was a doctor myself not long ago."

I drew a deep breath. I felt that I was on the verge of some startling confession and controlled as best I could my curiosity. In all human probability he had about twenty-four hours to live, and hence he could do himself no harm.

I gave him a little brandy, and then waited patiently.

"I'm afraid you will despise me when you hear my story; but as sure as I am dying, it is true, and I wish it were not."

"Don't worry yourself," I said. "It's no affair of mine; who am I to judge any man? I often feel, when I see or hear of any life spoiled, that there, but for the grace of God, goes John Derrin."

"Thanks; would you mind holding my hand? Although I cannot feel, it gives me a little courage to tell my sad tale."

I propped him up a little, and taking his nerveless hand, I rested it on the couch and placed my own on it in full view of his eyes.

"I am now just thirty years old, and I feel as though it were eighty. You'll hardly believe it, but I've been in practice for nine years, starting when I was twenty-one."

"My whole life has been a mistake from my earliest boyhood. They always put me in classes too advanced for me, because they said I was clever. Eager to justify this faith in my ability, I got into the way of acquiring information by the most superficial reading. Every one prophesied a great future for me, and I was sent to a great hospital to learn medicine. There again my reputation grew by no effort of my own. I looked a student, and a few lucky hits made my name there. I tell you that when I started practice, my knowledge, like hundreds of others of my year and other years, was very superficial. In short, I mistruated myself."

"From that year until now I have striven to hide my ignorance from the world. My wife, a lovely and a charming woman, believed in me as a genius; my child—for I have one nearly eight years old—adored me, and my parents respected me, and yet I was unhappy. I was the only one who knew how I had ruined it. It was one long piece of acting. It's hard work to simulate confidence in yourself when you do not feel it, and I did it for years. I never gave myself time to think, for I found to be always doing meant happiness."

"Hence, one after the other, I took up my hobbies, carving, painting, photography. All in turn I tried of. Then I tried to tire myself out with football in leisure moments. One year I felt so worried that I exposed myself, worked doubly hard, and hoped I might die; but to no avail. Then, fortunately for my brain, literature absorbed my spare time. Such was my fatal facility that I was doomed to learn nothing from that hard task mistress, for my stories were taken from the first. After earning what would have been a year's livelihood to many people, I tired of that hobby and cast round for another. I was persuaded to lecture on various subjects which my great superficial knowledge had made familiar to me, and this proved my ruin."

"All last winter my work had been hard and I had not spared myself, and then the lecturing in the evening, I suppose, acted on my brain. I know I did not make any mistakes, but I got apathetic, and my wife was worried about me."

"One night in midwinter I had to ride over Dartmoor, which was close to my

village home of Newton Pynra, and the thoughts which had oppressed me for years flooded my brain.

"I was riding beside Cranmere Pool, an unfathomable morass, when the thought suddenly struck me. Why not get rest and oblivion in its depths? A touch of the spur and a tug at the reins would solve all my difficulties. I hardly remember now all that I did—I suppose I was mad—but I remember getting off the horse and looking in the moonlight at the bright, green, slimy surface of the bog. I decided not to weight my soul with my suicide, and determined to die to the world, in fact, to commit moral suicide."

"I dragged the horse to the edge of the morass, grimed him with dirt, and turned him loose. Off he galloped, the sound of his hoofs ringing dully in my head. I almost hear them now. Then I threw my hat and stick on to the bog, and tramped off to Plymouth, eighteen miles."

"You'll say I cheated people; yet I did not. I owed no man anything; I was not insured, and I loved my wife and child devotedly; only I needed rest and oblivion."

"I got work there as a laborer, and read of my death in the paper. Read, too, of my veritability and of my skill until my heart grew sick. Then I tramped up here and got work, and now it's all over—perhaps for the best, as who knows my darling wife might have married again. I've been happy, really happy, these six months. I've worked at mechanical work until I have been tired, and I have read and slept."

"A weak brain, you'll say. Well, who knows?"

"At any rate, I tried for nine years and failed to get the peace and rest I had here. No doubt I've been wicked as the world judges; but perhaps it was a mercy I left my happy home before I had time to see it brought low by some ignorance on my part or by my brain giving way and leading to a catastrophe. Good-bye, friend; guard my secret, and bury me decently. I've said enough for that."

"Put on a head-stone, 'F.A.G.' and 'Requiescat in Pace,' for I shall be at last at rest."

"A few months later I stood in the square at Newton Pynra, to which place I had devoted a day of my short holiday. There facing me was a drinking fountain, with the following inscription on it:

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I turned to an aged pauper who was gazing at the fountain, and said:

"What sort of a man was this Doctor Angel?"

"Lor' bless ye, sir, he was a proper gentleman. He fed the poor, and was real good to us; but he disappointed us sore at last, he did."

"Why—how? I queried.

"Well, he might have given us a chance to bury an unproper. Why, I tell 'ee, sir, the weakest on us would have turned out to bury 'un; but his body never was got back, and so us couldn't show what we felt."—The Hall Herald.

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Society Meetings.

Young Men's Societies.

Young Irishmen's L. & B. Association. Organized April 1874. Incorporated Dec. 1875. Regular monthly meeting held in its hall, 18 Dunce street, first Wednesday of every month at 8 o'clock, P.M. Committee of Management meets every second and fourth Wednesday of each month. President, RICHARD H. BEE; Secretary, M. J. POWER; all communications to be addressed to the Hall. Delegates to St. Patrick's League: W. J. Hinchey, D. Galloway, Jas. McElhannon.

St. Ann's Young Men's Society. Organized 1855.

Meets in its hall, 17 Ottawa Street, on the first Sunday of each month at 8 o'clock, P.M. Spiritual Advisor, REV. E. STRIBBLE, C.S.R.; President, JOHN WHITTY; Secretary, D. J. O'NEILL. Delegates to St. Patrick's League: J. Whitty, D. J. O'Neill and M. Casey.

Ancient Order of Hibernians. DIVISION No. 2.

Meets in vestry of St. Gabriel New Church, corner Centre and LaPrairie streets, on the 2nd and 4th Fridays of each month at 8 o'clock, P.M. President, ANDREW DUNN; Recording Secretary, THOMAS SMITH; Treasurer, JOHN TAYLOR. Delegates to St. Patrick's League: A. Dunn, M. Lynch and S. Connaughton.

A.O.H.—Division No. 3.

Meets the 2nd and 4th Mondays of each month, at Hibernia Hall, No. 202 Notre Dame St. Officers: B. Wall, President; P. Carroll, Vice-President; John Hughes, Fin. Secretary; Wm. Rawley, Rec. Secretary; W. P. Stanton, Treas.; Marshall John Kennedy, T. P. Stanton, Chairman of Standing Committee. Hall is open every evening (except regular meeting nights) for members of the Order and their friends, where they will find Irish and other leading newspapers on file.

A.O.H.—Division No. 4.

President, H. T. Keavns, No. 32 Deloraine Avenue; Vice-President, P. O'Hara; Recording Secretary, P. J. Finner; Treasurer, Financial Secretary, P. J. Tomblin; Surgeon, John Traynor, Surgeon-at-arms, D. Mathewson, Sentinel, D. White, Marshal, P. Gochan; Delegates to St. Patrick's League: T. A. Donaghy, P. O'Hara, P. Gochan; Chairman Standing Committee, John Costello. A.O.H. Division No. 4 meets every 2nd and 4th Monday of each month, at 1113 Notre Dame street.

C. M. B. A. of Canada.

C.M.B.A. of Canada, Branch 74.

Organized March 11, 1883. Branch 74 meets in the basement of St. Gabriel's new Church, corner Centre and LaPrairie streets, on the first and third Wednesdays of each month. Applications for membership, or any one desiring information regarding the Branch may communicate with the following officers: Rev. Wm. O'Malley, P.P., Spiritual Advisor, Centre Street; Rev. Wm. H. Evans, President, 75 Fire Street; Mr. J. M. Kelly, Financial Secretary, 75 Borlar Street; Wm. C. Treasurer, Bourgeois Street; Jas. J. Foster, 25 Prince Arthur street.

C.M.B.A. of Canada, 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 the month at 8 p.m. Applications for membership or any one desiring information regarding the Branch may communicate with the following officers: Rev. MARTIN BAIGAN, President, 57 Cadieux St.; J. H. PEELEY, Treasurer, 715 Sherbrooke St.; G. A. GADBOIS, Fin. Sec., 511 St. Lawrence St.; JAS. J. COSTIGAN, Secretary, 328 St. Urbain St.

C. M. B. A. of Quebec.

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Catholic Benevolent League.

Shamrock Council, No. 320, C.B.L.

Meets in St. Ann's Young Men's Hall, 157 Ottawa Street, on the second and fourth Tuesday of each month, at 8 p.m. M. SHEA, President; T. W. LESAGE, Secretary, 417 Berri Street.

Catholic Order of Foresters.