rectory.

cember 8, 1900;

OCIDITY.— Estab1856, incorporat1864. Meets in
1, 92 St. AlexanMonday of the
e meets last WedExp. Director,
n. P.P. President,
1st Vice, P. C.
tee, T. J. O'Neill;
O'Leary; CorresF. J. Curran,
ng-Secretary, S.
55 Cathcart street.

ARY to the An-ARY to the Anbernians, Division in St. Patrick's cander Street, on at 4 p.m., and at 8 p.m., of each Sarah Allen; Vice-Mack; Financial feMahan; treasur; Recording Secrelatt, 383 Welling-lication forms can embers, or at the ags.

NO. 2.— Meets
of St. Gabriel New
itre and Laprairie
and 4th Friday
t 8 p.m. President,
885 St. Catherine
Adviser, Dr. Hugh
ntre street tale Adviser, Dr. Hugh ntre street, tele-2239. Recording-nas Donohue, 312 tt, — to whom ns should be ad-abyle, Financial Se-Colfer, Treasurer. Patrick's League: h, D. S. McCarthy

NO. 3.— Meets hird Wednesday of No. 1863 Notre No. 1863 Notre r McGill. Officers: president; T. Mc-dent; E. J. Devlin, ry, 1635 Ontario-ughes, financial-se-hy, treasurer; M. of Standing Com-M. Stafford.

No. 9.—Presi-arke, 208 St. An-c.-Secretary, Jno. George street, (to unications should Hanley, 796 Pal-man of Standing iamond; Sentinel, al, J. Tivnan. Di-

MEN'S SOCIETY

Meets in its hall reet, on the first nonth, at 2.30 p.m. Rev. E. Strubb t. D. J. O'Neill , Rev. E. Strubbent, D. J. O'Neill; lurray; Delegates League: J. Whitty, 1 M. Casey.

A. & B. SOCIETY econd Sunday of t. Patrick's Hall, Committee of Man same hall the first month, at 8 p.m. Frath, Rev. Presi-costigan, 1st Vice-Doyle, Secretary, treet.

DA, BRANCH 26. DA, BRANCH 26.
18th November,
26 meets at St.
92 St. Alexander
Monday of each
ular meetings for
business are held
4th Mondays of
8 p.m., Applicants
r any one desirousgarding the Branch
e with the followJas. J. Costigan,
McDonagh, Recordobt. Warren, Fin; Jas. H. Maiden,

can's L. & B. AS-amized April, 1874.
c. 1875.—Regular held in its hall, first Wednesday of the So'clock, p.m. anagement meets fourth Wednesday President, Hugh Iry, Jas. O'Loughications to be adhall. Delegates to ague, W. J. Hin-Jas. McMahon.

t B. SOCIETY, es—
Rev. Director,
nn, President, John
retary, James Bral street. Meets on
ay of every month,
fall, corner Young,
eets, at 3.30 pm.
Patrick's League:
Meather, T. Rogers
ien.

DONNELL, nd Liquidator ES STREET, treal..

and dimple seen on the face of the moon.

Pulver himself was of New England stock. His father, an architect of some repute, had sickened with tuberculosis, and, of course, when too late, joined the colony in Colorado. At the end of a year death closed the matter for Pulver, Senior, and the widow and big boy, by one hazard and another, came ultimately to live in Ogden. Here the son got to school for a couple of years, following these with two or three years of desultory employment of varied sorts, ending in some months of study of telegraphy at home and further months as an unpaid "student" at a little station up in Idaho. From this station on the Oregon Short Line, which run is not at all short, young Pulver found himself one-cold January day making head for a paid position as night operator at a station in Mantana. He had telegraphed his mother, still at Ogden, to meet him at Pocatello and accompany him north to his station. But after the train had brought him through six hours and a wilderness of snow and sage brush and set him down at the Junction, he found she had not come by the night train, and, after an in-

sage brush and set him down at the Junction, he found she had not come by the night train, and, after an interview with the chief dispatcher, he boarded the mail for the north and got down at Langly, his station, as the sun was falling blood-hued and sullen among the mountains at the cold day's end. slowly around the horizon, narrow from encroaching mountains, gray-blue, dull, then dropped his glance to the town, a mass of houses jam-med into the canon on the right hand side of a frozen stream. A short iron bridge hung over the silent creek, and beyond it he saw a crook-ed street of two-story buildings, and

garding him with a look of pity, "you ought to brace up and try to be a man again."

"I will be if—if I get a chance."

Pulver entered the office and gancing through the ticket window, saw the stranger sit down on one of the wooden settees, the back of his frowsy head against the wall, his peaked, scraggy chin in the air. A moment later sleep had lapped him in its delicious fleece.

Near two o'clock the dispatcher called Pulver and gave him an order to hold the south-bound ore train for orders, at the same time issuing an order to the conductor and engineer of the ore train to meet the Northern Express at Langly, instead of at Sutton, twelve miles south. When Pulver had repeated his personal order back to the dispatcher and had received the official "O.K.," he arose to turn the red light against the "wild." As he got out of his chair his face was turned toward the ticket window, and with a gasp and sudden up-flinging of his hands he staggered back almost to the wall. At the opening was a human head, the face masked with a black cloth, from which twin glittering eyes looked out through two round holes, and before which another and more appalling eye looked into Pulver's face—the inky opening in the end of a revolver barrel. "Don't—don't shoot!" said Pulver. The words were a kind of dry whisper in his throat; his eyes were wide with torror.

"Open the door!" came in low tones from the head.
Pulver leaped to the door, but his lingers were not yet upon the catch of the spring lock when he stopped. A sort of shlver swept him from head to foot. What was he doing? at seven," he grunted, which showed that his trained ear had missed nothing.

Pulver acted on the suggestion. When he had finished the message the dispatcher said: "Must be cold up there; your sending sounds like you were having a chill."

"I'm scart," said Pulver, and both he and Ryder laughed.

"That's Banks; he's always funaing somebody," said the latter. "Well, soon as I get these bills entered I'll take you over to the house; night man usually boards with us; hotel's bad place for a man to try to sleep during daytime."

"Thank you. Yes, that's so. I'm expecting my mother up on Number 4 to-night. Perhaps you can't accommodate both of us?"

"Yes, we've got some extra room. Good idea to have your mother come. If you can rent a little house and be by yourselves you'll be sure to get sleep. When I was a night man I used to think I'd go insane sometimes for want of sleep, rooming, as most of the boys have to, at noisy boarding-houses and hotels. Jots of necidents occur because night-operators can't sleep during the day.

THE MAN AT THE LONELY STATION. The express safe stood in a corner of the office; there was money in the ticket drawer. Was he going to yield to another without a struggle that which had been placed in his keeping? He stood wavering an instant. "Open this, will yeh?" growled the voice, now from the outer side of the door.

Though it full more than fittes, years ago, the story is still a live and the story of thing. The story of thing still the still properly the story is still as the still properly of the still as the still as the still still the still as the still properly of the still as the still still the still as the still properly of the still properly the still properly of the still properly of the still properly the still properly of the still properly of the still properly of the still properly of the still properly the still properly the still properly of the still proper

Pulver sprang back and stood teetering unevenly on the balls of his feet. No thought of the signal that should be turned against the wild ore train touched his mind. He had killed a man! The lights, the walls of the room, the stove, the most familiar things, looked strange. He turned about with heaving bosom and involuntarily ran into the office. As he crossed the threshold, the door leading into the big freight room opened suddenly and two men met him face to face. As with the first intruder, these two were masked with black face-cloths, and each wore a long coat. They were large men, and the excited glitter of their eyes in the holes of their masks was something grewsome and inhuman. Each held a pistol before him.

Unconsciously Pulver crouched down and backward, his hands quivering before his face, his lips opening with a cry.

"Hand me vir keyst" demanded.

internal and a former particular and the for

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in the young fellow shear and sell in pitting fashion near the inner partition.

For a moment he lay quivering, his eyes upturned and twitching, then suddenly he grew still, and looked straight at the men. The pupils of his eyes were dilated, and, though he stared hard at them, he seemed gazing at something far a way. An instant later, he bounded up like a steel spring released, and sprung through the door into the freight room. He went over the boxes and barrels like a flying deer, and burst out upon the platform through the half-opened door at the south end of the great room. His dumfounded assailants plunged after him, but he fled down the track like a melting shadow. In his semi-delirierium of mind he recognized and heeded but one thing; up from the south, a dozen miles away, he seemed to see the express rushing toward him like a burning star. He was to meet and stop it.

As he flew along the track he tore the stiling gag from his mouth, and the bitter air came into his throat like ice. At the south end of the a switches, an eighth of a mile from the station, he came upon a hand-car standing on the rails. With a cry he stopped abruptly. From somewhere back in the gray darkness came the sound of rumning feet. He gave the car a push, sprang upon it, and threw his weight upon the handle-bar. The wheels began to burrand hum; the dull blur in his brain faded away and in its stead came a keen, painful, burning activity of mind, abnormal and strange, for by nature he was big and slow.

This car was the means by which the robbers had come to Langly, he told himself, and the means by which they had hoped to escape. They had stolen it from the section house, probably at Sutton. Some of the section, mer still the pin and threw his hould-to against the lever. But it would stop the land of the section house, probably at Sutton. Some of the section men's tools were still on the car;

and skip." he said. "Where do yeh spose Jim is? Heard 'im shoot, but seen nothing of 'im since."

"Don't know. Listen! There's a train comin' from the north! Let's get out of this, Bill!" They ran across the tracks, and, entering a road that bordered the ridges, disappeared in the gloom.

Truly a train was coming. Down the main defile, roaring through the silence of the night, came the ore "wild." Inside the station a poor soul was making life's last effort—a supreme struggle to do a deed worthy of man. Inch by inch, foot by foot, the tramp operator was dragging himself toward the signal lever. He had heard the dispatcher's order to Pulver, and now the roar of the approaching train came to kis dulling ears. "Brace up and be a man: that's what he said." whisperd the crawling figure. A red trail marked his progress. He was almost to the signal when the train burst across the switches, but gripped with mortal injury he tried in vain to lift himself to the lover. Again and again his trembling hands crept up the wall as he lay upon the floor, but each time slipped quivering down, and the "wild" went by,

ankies in the moment of his forward excitage, he had briefed the youth a feet wings, he had briefed the feet wings and your he feet wings, he had briefed the feet wings and the feet wings and feet wings, he had briefed the feet wings and the feet wings and feet wings, he had briefed the services will be a feet wings, he had briefed the feet wings and feet wings, he had briefed the feet wings and feet wings, he had briefed the feet wings and feet wings, he had for the wings and the wings, he had briefed and tree would read to concern the feet wings, he had briefed and the feet wings and the wings, he had briefed and tree would read the wings, he had briefed and the feet wings, he had briefed and the feet wings and the wings, he had briefed and the feet wings, he had briefed and the feet wings and the win

Out the train went crashing and thundering over the end of the empty siding and swept upon the field of ice. From the wheels spurted a showering sheet of white; a cloud of steam burst up about the engine from the firebox; then the train stopped, a hundred feet from shore, but as secure as if standing upon a floor of armor-plate.

Passengers and crew swarmed down upon the solid blue field, and there was shouting and dismay. No man could understand it, but a glimmer of the night's tragedy dawn-

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