

A VICTIM TO THE SEAL OF CONFESSION.

A TRUE STORY. By REV. JOSEPH SPILLMAN, S.J.

PUBLISHED WITH THE PERMISSION OF MR. B. HERDER, PUBLISHER AND BOOKSELLER, ST. LOUIS, MO

CHAPTER X. THE JUDICIAL REPORT.

As soon as the sitting-room was reached, the Mayor, asking for a sheet of paper, wrote a telegram to the police authorities in Aix, reporting the discovery of a murder with robbery in Ste. Victoire, and asking that a magistrate and police-inspector would come without delay.

Carillon the imkeeper was willing to go and despatch the telegram, but not unless he was accompanied by one police-constable with the lantern. They were obliged to let him have his way, for he declared nothing on earth would induce him to adventure himself alone in the dark passages of that uncanny house.

As soon as the two men had gone, the Mayor took up the receipt which lay on the desk where Mrs. Blanchard had left it, and inquired what it was.

"That is the receipt Mrs. Blanchard gave me," Father Montmoulin replied.

"Very prudent on your part, to get the unfortunate lady to attach her signature to this form—evidently prepared beforehand—only a few minutes before her death. And you have not any idea what has become of the money?" the Mayor observed.

"None at all, I know nothing about it."

"Indeed, indeed, well, it will be the business of the examining magistrate from Aix, who will be here by daybreak, to look into that. I do not think he will have to search very far. In the interim, it will be as well, gentlemen, to draw up a brief report of our preliminary investigation. It will be useful to lay before the Court. Perhaps your Reverence may like to rest a little, meanwhile—Stop—there is no other way out of the bedroom!"

"You surely do not imagine that I should make an attempt to escape," the clergyman said sadly. "Of course I cannot help seeing that you all regard me with suspicion. I can only assert my innocence, which I hope the judicial inquiry will make evident. An attempt at flight would justify the worst suspicion."

This the Mayor acknowledged, and perceiving moreover that the only window was at a considerable height above the stone-paved courtyard, he allowed the pastor to retire to his bedroom, whilst he, seating himself with his colleagues at the table, began to prepare the minutes, when the notary committed to Mayor Without wishing to show a decided bias, he nevertheless played the part of a biased and unscrupulous man. He neverthless played the part of a biased and unscrupulous man.

After Father Montmoulin, on his part, after a brief prayer for help and guidance, laid down upon his bed without uttering a word. He then proceeded to his horror, that his cassock from the knees down was covered with something wet. What could it be? He lit a candle and looked at his fingers; they were bedewed with red, sticky matter. It was blood, unmistakably, congealed blood, he told himself. And now the horrible truth dawned on him, that in the darkness, he had been kneeling unwarily in the blood that had flowed from the wound, that trickling towards him in a scarlet thread, had inspired Loezer with such terror. Without a moment's reflection, he filled the basin with water, and began, not without an involuntary shiver of disgust, to wash the hideous marks from his cassock. The water was soon quite red; he was going to throw it out of the window, and refill the basin from the jug, for his task was not half done, several large spots still remaining on the front of the cassock, but the noise made by the opening of the window was heard in the adjoining room, and the Mayor burst in, fearing lest, after all, the priest should be escaping.

"Whatever are you doing? Whatever have you got there," exclaimed the intruder, snatching the basin from the clergyman's hands. "That is blood!" he added in astonishment. "Look, gentlemen, what we have here!"

"A basin full of blood," cried the notary, pale with horror.

"Yes, it is blood," replied Father Montmoulin, composedly. "I must have been kneeling in it there, down by poor Mrs. Blanchard's bed, just look at my cassock, I have been trying to wash the stains out."

Simple and reasonable as this explanation was, it by no means contented the Mayor, now that his suspicions were thoroughly aroused. "Who knows when and how these spots came there?" he exclaimed.

"At all events that basin with its contents will be left standing if you please, and I will trouble you to put on another cassock. If I am not mistaken, the analysts have a means of ascertaining from the character of the spots, how long it was since the blood was shed."

"I have only one other cassock, and that got covered with mud last night when I had to answer a sick call. It was hung up in the kitchen to dry," Father Montmoulin replied.

"Then we will fetch it," the Mayor rejoined. "I insist on your taking off this garment, in order that these very suspicious spots may undergo scientific analysis."

The priest shrugged his shoulders, and taking the light, went across the corridor into the little kitchen, with the officials at his heels. The cassock in question was hanging in a dark corner by the stove. It was perfectly dry, but muddy beyond description. Old Susan had not had time to brush it before leaving the

day before. Just as Father Montmoulin was taking it down from the hook, a cry burst from the town-clerk's lips, and he was seen to point to a basket which was standing in an angle by the stove.

"My poor sister's basket!" he exclaimed.

The Mayor took up the basket and opened it. There was no doubt as to the owner, for one of Mrs. Blanchard's cards was fastened on the inside of the lid. The basket was empty.

"Do you recognize this basket?" he asked Father Montmoulin. "To be sure I do," he answered. "It is the basket that Mrs. Blanchard was accustomed to carry. I myself put all the money into it tied up in a handkerchief."

"That is the very thing, that bewitches me. I have no explanation to offer," As Father Montmoulin uttered these words, the thought flashed into his mind that the murderer had very probably set the basket down there with the purpose of incriminating him; that it might even be that he had only gone to him to confess, for the sake of closing his lips as to the perpetrator of the crime by the seal of confession. If that were really the case, the confession was only a simulated one, no true confession; it was a mere mockery, and as such certainly did not bind the priest to secrecy. For a few moments it seemed to the good pastor that a way of escape had been made for him out of his painful position.

He next only told how Loezer had come to him under the pretext of making a confession and had acknowledged his guilt; he had at first held his confession to be valid, and accordingly it had been impossible for him to mention the fact that the man had been there, or point him out as the murderer. But now he saw through the diabolical design of the assassin and no longer felt bound to silence. He would speak, and thus all would be explained, and the suspicion removed from the shoulders of the innocent to those of the guilty. The reader will not need to be told how earnestly Father Montmoulin desired to give this all-important information, but he was restrained from doing so by the doubt whether it was quite certain that Loezer's penitence was feigned. Only if he could see fully convinced, if there was no room for doubt that the man's confession was no real confession, did the seal of secrecy bind him no longer; a mere probability, however strong, was not sufficient to release him from his sacred obligation. And Father Montmoulin could not conceal from himself that Loezer, although he was only driven by aghast fear to acknowledge his deed, yet did so with the object of obtaining absolution. And even if the murderer really did place the basket on the spot where it was found with the intention of causing suspicion to fall on him, that afforded no valid proof that his penitence was dissipated and his confession, a mere mockery.

Thus Father Montmoulin arrived at the conviction that the argument which appeared to open an outlet to him was inadmissible; that he was bound to keep the seal of confession in all its integrity, in spite of the consequences, which loomed before his eyes with an aspect more and more menacing.

Whilst these conflicting thoughts succeeded one another with lightning speed in the mind of the priest, forcing upon him the conviction of which we have just spoken, the Mayor was hunting about the kitchen to see if he could discover any further traces of the crime. Before long, he spied out a corner of the handkerchief, which Loezer had thrust under the dresser on making his hasty flight. He drew it out, and with it came the carving-knife. Again an exclamation of horror escaped the lips of all present, as the blood-stained handkerchief was spread out on the table, and the knife, on whose handle and blade some marks of blood were plainly visible, was laid by its side.

"No doubt at all about this!" cried the Mayor, shuddering as he spoke. "Here we have the instrument where-with the bloody deed was perpetrated."

"My poor sister! And it appears only too evident that this fellow, who calls himself a priest, to whom you gave all your money, has murdered you out of gratitude!" said the town-clerk, with a look of rage at the priest.

"The knife at any rate belongs to him," the notary observed. "There are the initials F. M. engraved on the little silver plate on the handle. And the handkerchief too is marked with the same letters!"

"What can you say to this? How do you explain it?" said the Mayor in the greatest excitement, grasping the priest roughly by the arm.

At the sight of this new piece of evidence, which seemed almost to establish guilt, Father Montmoulin turned as white as a sheet. All seemed to corroborate his idea that Loezer had left all those things in the kitchen with the object of making the priest appear guilty of bloodshed; even the use of his knife as the instrument of murder seemed a part of this infernal plan. Certainly such a wretch as this man could claim no consideration at his hands. But again he repeated to himself: "All this is no reliable proof that Loezer had no intention to confess; consequently I must keep silence."

"This knife," Father Montmoulin answered at length, after visibly struggling for self-command, "undoubtedly is my property, so is the handkerchief. It is the one in which

I wrapped up the money that I gave to Mrs. Blanchard. How the handkerchief got into this state, or who hid them under the dresser, I am quite unable to say. I only know that old Susan complained at breakfast time that the knife was missing."

"Probably the murderer took it away before hand, and laid it in readiness for the deed he meditated. I must say he seems to have laid his plans remarkably well. Only he reckoned, methinks, upon one thing somewhat too surely, that certain circumstances, let us say the sacredness of his office, would avert all suspicion from him."

"Sir, you have repeatedly made use of expressions which showed that you regarded me with suspicion, and now you actually assert that you consider me to be in all probability the guilty party! I really must beg to protest very decidedly against these accusations!" the priest answered with dignity.

"Of course, this indignation is quite the right thing, only unfortunately it comes a little too late, in the face of all this overwhelming evidence," retorted the Mayor contemptuously. Then changing his tone, he added: "You would be better if you made a clean breast of it. At any rate it might be the means of procuring a milder sentence."

"However strong the circumstantial evidence is against me, I cannot do otherwise than repeat that I am perfectly innocent," Father Montmoulin replied.

"If so, then explain the facts before us! Loezer, who certainly would have come under a measure of suspicion was away at the time, as you yourself acknowledge. Who came in to this kitchen and took away the knife? Who should know that Mrs. Blanchard was coming at a fixed time to fetch that sum of money from your house? Who was acquainted with her habit of going through the tribune and down the dark winding stairs, so as to lay in wait for her and murder her at the most suitable spot? Who, I ask, knew and did all that? You will surely not suggest that old Susan was the perpetrator of the crime?"

"I can only say, as I said before, that I am innocent, and God is witness of the truth of my words!"

"For goodness' sake do not call God to witness, and turn up your eyes in that manner, hypocrite that you are!" cried the Mayor in a voice of thunder.

"Do not think to throw dust in my eyes with your pious pretences," the notary interposed.

"My poor sister's blood cries for vengeance!" exclaimed the town-clerk. "I shall not rest until I see you on the scaffold, in the hands of the hangman!"

Father Montmoulin had a presentiment that he would be condemned in the Court, and his assertions of innocence would be branded as hypocrisy. He felt the injustice done him acutely, and fasted beforehand something of the bitterness of the chalice that he would have to drink. However he could do nothing to avert this trial, except by praying. So under his breath he murmured the words of our Lord in the Garden of Olives: My God, if it is possible, let this chalice pass from me. Nevertheless not as I will, but as Thou wilt!

"Then you persist in your refusal to confess your guilt?" the Mayor once more inquired.

"I have nothing to confess," the priest replied quietly. "You may call me a hypocrite if you choose; I am innocent, and I trust in God, that he will make my innocence as clear as the day."

"We shall see what the jury will think about your innocence, when all these facts are laid before them in Court! But now come with us to your rooms, and have the goodness to change the blood-stained cassock for this one, which in truth is not over-clean. Then we will arrange side by side all the proofs of your innocence; cassock, basket, handkerchief and knife. There yet remains for us to find the £180 in your possession, and I do not despair of doing that. Meanwhile we have every reason to be satisfied with the result of our preliminary research.—Who is there? Carillon and the police-constable, to be sure. Is the telegram despatched? Very good. We have not been idle during your absence, Mr. Carillon. The basket belonging to the murdered lady, the blood-stained knife with which the deed was done, besides the handkerchief on which the assassin

is the baby too thin? Does he increase too slowly in weight? Are you in constant fear he will be ill? Then give him more flesh. Give him more power to resist disease. He certainly needs a fat-forming food. Scott's Emulsion is just that food. It will make the baby plump; increase the weight; bring color to the cheeks, and prosperity to the whole body. Thin children take to it as naturally as they do to their milk.

SCOTT & BOWNE, Chemists, Toronto. Scott's Emulsion is just that food. It will make the baby plump; increase the weight; bring color to the cheeks, and prosperity to the whole body. Thin children take to it as naturally as they do to their milk.

wiped it, have all been found;—and both knife and handkerchief bear the initials of our reverend pastor!"

"Impossible!" exclaimed the imkeeper, with a sidelong glance of no great friendliness at the clergyman.

"What an edifying story that will be! Murder, murder with robbery—" "And hypocrisy too and many other things hidden under the cassock; yes, this affair will be much talked of in the country round," said the Mayor, finishing the sentence, and at the same time resolving to make the most of this trump card at the approaching elections. "Now let us go back into the sitting-room, and finish our preliminary report ready for the arrival of the magistrate. Turning to the police-constable, "Grisable," he said, "do you take charge of this reverend gentleman, and do not let him out of your sight, not even under the pretext of changing his things. Who knows but he might put the climax to his exploits by a death like that of Judas, and I consider that by his appearance in the dock, and perhaps on the scaffold, he would expiate them in a far more becoming manner."

What with physical indisposition and mental distress, Father Montmoulin felt he could bear no more. He gladly followed the constable into his bedroom, and after he had donned the muddy cassock in accordance with the Mayor's orders, he threw himself upon his bed, and after a short time fell from sheer exhaustion into a refreshing sleep.

In the adjoining department the notary occupied himself with drawing up a long and elaborate report of the proceedings, which amounted to a formal accusation of the unfortunate priest. At length the document was completed; it was read aloud, a few additions made in the margin, and then signed by the three village authorities. The imkeeper was allowed to submit his signature to the paragraph regarding the discovery of the body. This he considered no slight honor, as he acknowledged to the Mayor with a deep obeisance. He then fetched a basket which he had brought from the telegraph office, and placed upon the table plates and glasses, sausages and cheese, two or three bottles of wine and whatever else appertained to a light supper.

"You will find this a choice Chateau-Margaux, gentlemen," he said, "an old pure wine. The best medicine possible after all the agitation and horrors of this night. I beg you will accept this little offering out of my collar; accept it as a proof of the profound esteem and respect I always have for those in authority, first and foremost our excellent Mayor. I pray you, Sirs, to drink his health with me. The energy, the caution, the consummate prudence with which he has approached the sinister crimes of clericalism, and as good as torn off the mask of hypocrisy that has served too long to conceal its real character, entitles him to a prominent place in our district, our department, our country. The wine with which I am filling your glasses gentlemen, is a generous liquor, deserving of the praise of our highest poets. It is worthy of the work in which we, as ministers of justice, have been engaged this night."

The Mayor and his subordinates may or may not have applauded the oration of the imkeeper, who in his youth had been attached to a troop of provincial actors, but at any rate his invitation to take a glass or two of good wine, with refreshments of a more substantial nature, was not a little welcome. The flowers of rhetoric with which Mr. Carillon indulged, as was his wont, were therefore listened to gratefully, and during the few remaining hours of night the bottle circulated freely among the little party. The recent discoveries were duly discussed, each and all making more and more sure that the hand that murdered Mrs. Blanchard was no other than that of Father Montmoulin.

TOOTHACHE STOPPED IN TWO MINUTES WITH DR. ADAMS' TOOTHACHE GUM. 10 CENTS. BECKER, REV. WM., S. J.—Christian Education, or the Duties of Parents. Rendered from the German into English by a Priest of the Diocese of Cleveland, 12mo. 424 pages, Cloth \$1.25 net. BELLORD, RT. REV. JAMES, D. D.—Titular Bishop of Melevis. Vicar Apostolic of Gibraltar. Outlines of Meditations. Extracted from the Meditations of Dr. John Michael Kroust, S. J., 18 mo. 16 and 180 pages. Cloth—40 net. KUEMMEL, KONRAD.—In the Turkish Camp and Other Stories. From the German by Mary Richards Gray, 18mo. 136 pages. Cloth, special cover design.—50. HAMON, E., S. J., BEYOND THE GRAVE.—From the French. By Anna T. Sadlier. With the "Imprimatur" of the Rt. Rev. John Joseph Kain, Archbishop of St. Louis, 12 mo. (301 pages). Fine cloth, gilt title on cover and back, net \$1.

THE ATTENTION OF OUR READERS IS CALLED TO THE FACT THAT WE HAVE A FIRST CLASS Job Printing Department. IN CONNECTION WITH OUR PAPER AND ARE PREPARED TO DO ALL KINDS OF COMMERCIAL AND SOCIETY PRINTING. Neatness, Despatch and Right Prices IS WHAT EVERY PATRON IS GUARANTEED WHEN PLACING AN ORDER WITH US. WM. P. STANTON & CO. 7, 9, 11, St. John Street, Joiners, Cabinet Makers, Upholsters. Church Pews and School Desks a Specialty. Also Store and Office Fittings, Counters, Shelving, Partitions, Tables, Desks, Office Stools and Used Counters, Partitions, Tables, Desks, etc. Bought, sold and Exchanged. New and Second Hand Desks always on hand. Terms: CASH Telephone 2896. Have your Job Printing done at this office.

Wiped it, have all been found;—and both knife and handkerchief bear the initials of our reverend pastor!"

SURPRISE SOAP. MAKES CHILD'S PLAY OF WASH DAY. A pure hard Soap Last long—lathers freely. 5 cents a cake.

SCHOOL BOOKS. During the coming School Term of 1898-99 we respectfully solicit the favor of your orders for the supplying of Catholic Educational and other Text Books both in English and French; also School Stationery and School requisites. SADIERS' DOMINION SERIES. Sa Hier's Dominion Reading Charts, 26 Reading Charts and one Chart of Colors, mounted on 14 boards, size 2 1/2 x 3 1/2 inches. Sadlier's Dominion Speller, complete. Sadlier's Dominion First Reader, Part I. Sadlier's Dominion First Reader, Part II. Sadlier's Dominion Second Reader. Sadlier's Dominion Third Reader. Sadlier's Dominion Fourth Reader. Sadlier's Outlines of Canadian History. Sadlier's Grandes Lignes de l'Histoire du Canada. Sadlier's Outlines of English History. Sadlier's School History of England, with 500 colored maps. Sadlier's Ancient and Modern History, with 112 illustrations and 23 colored maps. Sadlier's Edition of Butler's Catechism. Sadlier's Child's Catechism of Sacred History. Old Testament, Part I. Sadlier's Child's Catechism of Sacred History, New Testament, Part II. Sadlier's Catechism of Sacred History, large edition. Sadlier's Bible History (Schuster) Illustrated. Sadlier's Elementary Grammar, Blackboard Exercises. Sadlier's Edition of Grammar Elements par E. Robert. Sadlier's Edition of Nugent's French and English and English and French Dictionary, with pronunciation. Sadlier's (P. D. & S.) Copy Books, A and B, with tracing. D. & J. SADIERS & CO., Catholic Educational Publishers and Stationers, 1669 Notre Dame Street, Montreal, Que. 123 Church Street, Toronto, Ont.

CURE ALL YOUR PAINS WITH PAIN-KILLER. A Medicino Chest in Itself. Simple, Safe and Quick Cure for GRAMS, DIARRHOEA, COUGHS, COLDS, RHEUMATISM, NEURALGIA. 25 and 50 cent Bottles. BEWARE OF IMITATIONS. BUY ONLY THE GENUINE. PERRY DAVIS'

REFRIGERATORS. The Public are taking advantage of our Great Clearing Sale and Discount of 30 per cent. off Catalogue List. Buy while this chance offers. Several sizes already sold out.

GEORGE W. REED & CO., MANUFACTURERS, 783 and 785 Craig Street.

The Attention of Our Readers IS CALLED TO THE FACT THAT WE HAVE A FIRST CLASS Job Printing Department. IN CONNECTION WITH OUR PAPER AND ARE PREPARED TO DO ALL KINDS OF COMMERCIAL AND SOCIETY PRINTING. Neatness, Despatch and Right Prices IS WHAT EVERY PATRON IS GUARANTEED WHEN PLACING AN ORDER WITH US. WM. P. STANTON & CO. 7, 9, 11, St. John Street, Joiners, Cabinet Makers, Upholsters. Church Pews and School Desks a Specialty. Also Store and Office Fittings, Counters, Shelving, Partitions, Tables, Desks, Office Stools and Used Counters, Partitions, Tables, Desks, etc. Bought, sold and Exchanged. New and Second Hand Desks always on hand. Terms: CASH Telephone 2896. Have your Job Printing done at this office.

WM. P. STANTON & CO. 7, 9, 11, St. John Street, Joiners, Cabinet Makers, Upholsters. Church Pews and School Desks a Specialty. Also Store and Office Fittings, Counters, Shelving, Partitions, Tables, Desks, Office Stools and Used Counters, Partitions, Tables, Desks, etc. Bought, sold and Exchanged. New and Second Hand Desks always on hand. Terms: CASH Telephone 2896.

Society Meetings. Ancient Order of Hibernians. 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: Joseph Allen; Vice-President: Estina Mack; Financial Secretary: Mary McMahon; Treasurer: Mary O'Brien; Recording Secretary: Lizzie Howlett; 383 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. President: MICHAEL LYONS; Recording Secretary: THOMAS DAVOULT; 212 Hibernian street. To whom all communications should be addressed. J. J. HALLIN, 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 Wednesdays of each month at No. 1865 King street, near Metcalfe. Officers: D. Gallery, President; P. J. Melodrick, Vice-President; Wm Rawley, Rec. Sec.; Treasurer, 78 Mansfield street; John Hughes, Fin. Secretary; L. Brophy, Treasurer; J. Fennell, Chairman of Standing Committee; Marshall, Mr. John Kennedy. A.O.H.—DIVISION No. 4. President, H. T. Kourne, No. 32 Deloraine ave. Vice President, J. P. O'Hara; Recording Secretary, P. J. Finn, 15 Kent street; Financial Secretary, J. J. Conroy; Treasurer, John Traynor; Sergeant-at-Arms, Matthew Sentinel, P. T. White; Marshal, F. Geehan; Delegates to St. Patrick's League, T. J. Donovan, J. P. O'Hara; Geehan; Chairman Standing Committee, John Costello. A.O.H.—Division No. 5. Meets on the 2nd and 4th Monday of each month, at 1111 1/2 Notre-Dame street.

C.M.B.A. of Canada, Branch 26. (ORGANIZED, 13th November, 1893.) 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 p.m. Applicants for membership or any one desiring information regarding the same may communicate with the following officers: D. J. McGillis, President, 156 Mance street; John J. Kennedy, Treasurer, 32 St. Phillip street; JOHN W. LEH, Financial Secretary, 23 Brunswick street; P. J. McLaughlin, Recording Secretary, 82a Visitation street.

Young Irishmen's L. & B. Association. Organized, April 1874. Incorporated, Dec. 1876. Regular monthly meeting held in hall, 16 Dwyre street, on the 2nd and 4th Monday of each month, at 8 p.m. Committee of Management meets every second and fourth Wednesday of each month. President, F. J. GALLAGHER; Secretary, M. J. POWERS; Treasurer, W. J. McLaughlin; Delegates to the Hall, Delegates to St. Patrick's League: W. J. Hinchey, D. Gallery, Jas. McMahon.

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. Spirit Advisor, REV. E. STRUBBE, C.S.S.R.; President, JOHN WHITTY; Secretary, J. J. CORCORAN; Delegates to St. Patrick's League: J. Whitty, D. J. O'Neill and M. Caser.

Catholic Order of Foresters. St. Patrick's Court, No. 95, C.O.F. Meets in St. Ann's Hall, 157 Ottawa street, every first and third Monday of each month, at 8 p.m. President, JAMES F. FISHER, Recording Secretary, RAZZ PATTERSON, 197 Ottawa street.

Total Abstinence Societies. ST. PATRICK'S T. A. & B. SOCIETY. ESTABLISHED 1841. Meets on the second Sunday of every month in St. Patrick's Hall, 92 St. Alexander street, immediately after Vespers. Committee of Management meets in same hall the first Tuesday of every month at 8 p.m. REV. J. A. MCCALLAN, Rev. President; JOHN W. LEH, 1st Vice-President; W. P. DOYLE, Secretary; 234 St. Martin Street. Delegates to St. Patrick's League: Messrs J. Walsh; M. Sharkey; J. H. Kelly.

St. Ann's T. A. & B. Society. ESTABLISHED 1863. Rev. Director, REV. PATRICK FLYNN, President; JOHN KILGATHER, Secretary; JAMES BRADY, No. 67 Rosel Street. Meets on the second Sunday of every month in St. Ann's Hall, corner Young and Ottawa streets, at 8:30 p.m. Delegates to St. Patrick's League: (Messrs) McKeogh, T. Rogers and Andrew Callen.

Toilet Articles. SPECIALTIES OF GRAY'S PHARMACY. FOR THE HAIR: CASTOR FLUID.....25 cents FOR THE TEETH: SAPONACEOUS DENTIFRICE, 25 cents FOR THE SKIN: WHITEROSELANOLIN CREAM 25 cents HENRY R. GRAY, Pharmaceutical Chemist 122 St. Lawrence Main Street. N.B.—Physicians' Prescriptions prepared with care and promptly forwarded to all parts of the city. DR. PRS. DE SALES PREVOST, SPECIALIST. Disease of the Eyes, Ears and Nose. CONSULTATIONS—9.30 a.m. to 12 p.m.; 7 p.m. to 8 p.m.; at 2489 Notre Dame street. 1 p.m. to 4 p.m., at 402 Sherbrooke street.