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LEDICINE LIFE MAY HE PROLONGE."

Le Shakespeare nearly three hundred.

Lisso to-day. Medicine will not but by sure of the qualities of the but by sure of the qualities of the left of the second of the left of t nto the respiratory organs. Give items is damper in neglecting a cold. Many ive died of consumption dated their strom exposure, followed by a cold ethild of their large, and in a short ey were beyond the skill of the best and the strong of the skill of

CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN.

Lenten Abstinence.

One of the most commonly recom-mended acts of Lenten abnegation for Catholic men, is abstinence from in-Catholic men, is abstinence from in-toxicating liquors during the forty days of penance. The rigors of the holy season have been so far mitigated to those engaged in hard and exhausting labor of any kind, that there remains little compulsory self-denial for this class. Whatever in the nature of bodily mortification is undertaken is, therefore, mostly voluntary, and cortherefore, mostly voluntary, and cor-respondingly meritorious, since it be-speaks the promptings of an earnest desire to correspond to the spirit of the occasion. Those who yield to the sug-gestion and forego the use of stimulants make thereby an edifying profession of faith and goodness.

This form of Lenten abstinence has

This form of Lenten abstinence has many distinct advantages besides the resultant spiritual ones. It is attended in some cases by substantial financial benefits. These may be and sometimes are productive of a permanent social and material betterment. So that from are productive of a permanent social and material betterment. So that from every point of view, both spiritual and temporal, the custom is fraught with great possibilities for good. It has frequently happened that the practice frequently happened that the practice of eschewing all kinds of strong drink during the several weeks of Lent has led to the firm establishment of the habit of teetotalism during all the other days of the year. It is needless to re-mark that no harm ever came from such

an eventuation.

Total abstinence from intoxicants never broke any hearts nor destroyed never broke any hearts nor destroyed any lives. It never contributed to the spread of vice and crime. No society or community ever found in it an agency of demoralization and degener-acy. On the other hand, it has kept nen strong and steadfast in righteous-ness. It has insured the happiness ness. It has insured the happing and prosperity of innumerable homes and families. It safeguards and pro-motes social and civic purity. It is the natural enemy of vice and depravity and sensuality, and of everything that tends to undermine that which is best and noblest in human conduct and civil-

It is quite clear that naught but good come from the inculcation of this m of Lenten mortification, either to the individual or the community. Nothing but good comes from the practice of total abstinence during the forty days of penitential endeavor and all the ays that succeed them to the end of the chapter .- Monitor.

Getting on in the World.

Be thrifty, be sober, be steady, be industrious, be alive to your own interests, go ahead and keep ahead—these are all excellent maxims. But it insisted upon to the exclusion of higher and nobler ideals, they are a grave danger. For there are higher and nobler ideals they are a light and the state of the solution of danger. For there are ingles and nobler ideals than merely the desire for nobler ideals than merely the desire for money of fame or place or power. Yet in the advice addressed to youth in these latter days, there is too little mention of that solemn truth that this life is only for a brief space and the life to come for all eternity; and that therefore all our striving and endeavor is of no value to us if we ignore the better part, the essential thing, the sanctifica-

tion of our souls.

A writer in The Public, J. H. Dillard, notes that of late there had been, at least among Protestants, a lessening of the sense of a supernatural motive. here has been, he contends, a transfer supreme interest from the other orld to this. Formerly, he says, there world to this. Formerly, he says, there was an excessive insistence that the present life amounted to nothing. Now our insistence has come to be that this present life is all that we need attend Look out for the present and let that.

In their methods of work, also, he sees that the churches have tended to "worldliness," and he declares that the so-called institutional Church and much of the work of the Y. M. C. A., which decidedly lays stress upon ' which decidedly lays stress upon get-ting on in the world," are indications of the same tendency. Two addresses which Dr. Dillard recently heard delivered to audiences of the Y. M. C. A. dwelt exclusively upon the virtues that are supposed to foster presperity, their emphasis being laid upon thrift and worldly success. An announcement of the night school of one these associawhich he recently nappened to see, had a cut on the back representing a hand reaching for a bag of money, with the words, "Get there."

Now comes the most important point in Mr. Dillard's article, and the one which must strike Catholics forcibly: "In the universities, colleges, and schools, we hear the same emphasis. schools, we hear the same emphasis. In the commencement address of the past twenty-five years, it has been evident that the predominant note is that which keys young men to efforts for the success which belongs to personal ambition. We do not at all maintain that much mode moved advice has not ambition. We do not at all maintenance that much good moral advice has not been given; but the influence counts where the stress is laid. Unquestionably in modern addresses to young men the stress is laid upon 'getting on in the world;' and the advice is readily translated into personal ambition and translated into personal ambition and

"The result of this preaching and teaching would naturally be a weakening of the spiritual and moral fibres. ing of the spiritual and moral nores. The partial divorcement of the churches from religion—taking religion to pertain to the bond that links man to an endur-ing life—and the almost total separation of education from such religion, have tended to withdraw from men the stimu-lus to the highest ideals, by which alone they can see the true significance of this life, as not apart from, but a part of, the enduring life."

consolation to know or feel they are prospering at the expense of their spiritual welfare. We have a duty as Catholics to do all in our power to lessen the influence of present-day materialism. Catholic parents can do "He must be awful rich!" sighed are, and a mighty good little one at that. You never miss Mass or Sunday school, do you?" "Oh, no; I always come, because whatever she means by that. Now, We should all like to see our people, young and old, prosper, but it is small consolation to know or feel they are

it most effectually by sending their children to Catholic schools, where the vital importance of the life to come is not minimized or obscured by the spirit of "getting on in the world!"—Sacred

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS. BERT'S TENTH SALE.

His face was half freckles and gene ally, too, half dirt. In spite of this, however, if by some curious arithmetic you were to put everything together, you would find in that youth of thirteen years a face all sincerity and candor years a face all sincerity and candor and simple honesty. Life is a glorious thing to some, but to poor Bert Tibbs life shaped itself into one continuous penance — and this, too, without his ever once suspecting it. He had in him the rare, real stuff which citizens and soldiers are made of a gameness of soldiers are made of; a gameness of nature which prevented him from murmuring, and a cheeriness of disposition which could put up placidly with such plebian ills as cold and hunger and the lack of household comforts. If he had lived in the days which Plutarch chron-icles, Bert would have belonged to the Stoics or the Spartans. As it was, he grew up amid the obscurity of modern times, and his lonely home was down by

the waterside in the City of Churches. Bert's mother had died long before he was old enough to realize the full he was old enough to realize the time meaning of such a loss. Ever since that bereaving event the Tibbs family of three members had dragged along in the squalor and darkness of lower En mett street. An elder sister, Maggie, who was but sixteen herself, kept house for them in a nominal sort of a way. At least she made the beds and swept out the rooms and managed the swept out the rooms and managed the cooking, which latter was indeed very elementary. The other member of the family group was Bert's father, Waldo Tibbs, a man of extraordinary shiftlessness, who never had any regular avocation or employment, but took odd, straggling jobs, sometimes laboring as a dock hand, and at other times serving in a pondescript capacity as spare hand in a nondescript capacity as spare hand at the electric car barns. The history of that father could be summed up in one ominous word-drink.

Occasionally Maggie used to work at making artificial flowers, and in the en-grossment of this occupation she had picked up an acquaintance with a young co-worker named Helen Waters, whose home was out in suburban Flatbush. The two became firm friends, and Helen, pitying the other's more straightened lot, often image many straightened lot, often importuned Maggie Tibbs to come out and spend a week at Flatbush. She promised, more-over, to render that sojourn an ex-tremely pleasant one.

At length the opportunity presented itself, or at least Maggie so decided. Her father had just entered upon the riotous festivities of a characteristic spree, and Maggie Tibbs quietly reasoned that during the indefinite region soned that during the indefinite period of his carousal there would be no special need of any housekeeping. Bert, being of no account, could take care of him self; he was not old enough to be help less like her father.

"I'll leave you seventy-five cents, Bert," she said, "do you think that'll

"Oh, sure, Maggie; that'll do "I'll make it seventy-five," she said

generously; "that'll not be too much for a whole week. You won't have to buy much of anything, you know; and then, too, things are so much nicer when they're cooked fresh."

"Don't mind me; I'll get along."

"Always grease the pan well before you fry anything, Bert. Don't forget

them on the scales. Now, don't grease the pan too much; there's such a lot of grease, anyway, in sausages, you

"But dad doesn't care for sausages,

does he ?" " No; they give him the hiccups, he says, and they make his stomach sour, too. If dad happens to come home before I get back, you can get him some

eggs."
All right." " And there are two different kinds you know; there's the barrelled eggs and the farmer's eggs. Be sure and ask Maloney for the barrelled eggs be cause you can get more of them for the same money; and you know that when dad comes home and gets all sobered, he's terribly hungry and he eats a whole lot. You can tell dad that I've gone out to stay with Helen for a few days."

If he comes home, I will."

"And you won't be very lonesome yourself, will you, Bert?"
"No, I never get lonesome. But, say—why don't you put on your mits,
Maggie? Hadn't you got any? Want
mine? I'll let you take 'em.''
"What, wear boys' gloves! the
idea!" and she laughed the notion
away in pratty scorp. "I've got my

idea!" and she laughed the notion away in pretty scorn. "I've got my own gloves, Bert," she added, "but I'm not going to wear 'em."
"Your hands will be awful cold."
"No matter about that. You see, Bert, my gloves are kinder soiled, and one of the fingers has a hole in the end of it; I wish you could only see Helen's beautiful gloves for once: drab kid. beautiful gloves for once; drab kid, with black silk threading."

"Must have cost lots of money."
"Sights of it, I suppose; but then they are folks who can well afford it. Helen's father is a floor-walker, you see, and everybody else works for him."

" Is he their boss?" "Is he their boss?"
"Well it's just like a boss; he doesn't have a thing to do himself except to walk around in a carpet store and see that every one else is work-

good-bye; don't get one bit lonesome, will you, till I come back?"
"No, I won't; good-bye!" and she bent over and kissed him tenderly and

was gone.

The night approached, a cold, bitter, The night approached, a cold, bitter, wintry night, with shricking wind and occasionally a flurrying gust of early snow. Bert, despite his promise of immunity, felt melancholy enough as he lay there through the long dark hours on his bed in those dingy quarters and listened to the rage of the outer elements. ments. He awoke early, very early, but only to find his squalid room of an icy temperature. A shingle, which had served in lieu of a window pane, was blown in by the strong night winds. and through the yawning aperture the cold outer currents penetrated with malign vehemence.

Bert rose and started a fire in the kitchen stove, but somehow nothing seemed to work right; dampers and seemed to work right; dampers and drafts brought only puzzling results, and the smoke reeled back from the chimney into the room in a way that made the youngster apprehensive. It was no use trying. He gave up the task and contented himself with a cold breakfast of bread and milk. Then, as breakfast of bread and milk. Then, as breakfast of bread and milk. Then, as if impelled by some instinctive wish to overcome the oppressive loneliness of those silent rooms, he pulled on his winter jacket and darted out aimlessly into the bitter atmosphere.

A tide of people hurrying up the

street made Bert dimly conscious of the fact that it was Sunday morning, and that already good Christian folk were to the morning service on their way to the morning service. There was no thought of church going Bert's own mind, and yet he trudged

in Bert's own mind, and yet he trudged on along with the others.

When he had reached the porch of St. Peter's church, the temple whither the throngs were tending, he halted short and watched the others as they went hurrying in through the huge doorway. His little white teeth chattered with the cold, and his hands, though buried in the pockets of his trousers, were by no means comfortable.

able. "Come, sonny," suddenly resounded a voice close beside him; "don't stand there freezing in the cold; get inside where you belong!"

"You ain't a cop?" answered Bert, looking strangely toward the speaker. "No, I know I ain't a cop," answered the man, "but I'm the next thing to a the man, "but I'm the next thing to a cop. I'm the sexton, and my word goes around here just the same as a cop's; so you get inside. It's almost time for the Mass to begin, anyway."

Bert felt that there was some great mistake, but he stepped in as the stranger had bidden him. It was such a relief from the hard, crisp morning air! The smell of the steam heat was delightful, and yet Bert felt that it was not rightly for him to enjoy; he seemed to regard himself almost as a pilferer, and still he wondered that no one detected him and ordered him to leave. " Go up and sit with the children, my

boy," said another kindly voice near him, and Bert sauntered up the aisle, his heart all a-throb with nervous-ness. No one else took the slightest notice of him; he sat down in a pew with several others youngsters, casting curious eyes himself around the big curious eyes himsel around the big eddice, glancing up at the statues along the high walls, at the many pic-tures, too, that hung there, and at the towering altar, with its candles and candelabra all ablaze. Everything as new and splendid and theatrical to Bert, and as no one came to turn him out he quietly determined that he nim out he quietly determined that he would stay and see everything through to the end. He was happy to be in the companionship of so many silent, unmolesting people; and the coziness of the place made him think he was getting the richest of luxuries for nothing.

the future take care of itself.

Most of the preaching in the churches, Mr. Dillard says, has adopted this tone. (Of course he means the emphasize as it once did the opinion that the main importance of life here is as a preparation for the life hereafter. In their methods of work, also, he sees them on the scales. Now, don't grease the first that it is the richest of luxuries for nothing. The service began, and Bert watched the world to cook—and Mr. Maloney the world to cook—an after the rest, wondering quietly what next would occur and speculating as to whether any one would come and

turn him out.

A man robed in a long, black trailing robe, such as Bert had never seen

before, bent down to the loiterer.
"Well, my little man, which class are you in?"
"I dunno."

"Stranger, here are you?"

· Yessir. "Where do you live?"

" Down Emmett street."
"Well, that's in this parish all right. What catechism are you in?"
"Dunno."
"Have you learned all your prayers

o as to say them perfectly?

"Well, you'd better start in and

hearn them before we send you up higher, don't you think so?"
"I dunno."
"Well, I think you had. Come I'll

put you in the proper seat. Here, take this catechism by the way. You be here every Sunday without fail hereafter—understand?" "Yes, sir."
"And they always wait for Sunday

school when the Mass is over."
"Yes sir." "Now you won't forget it, will you?"
"No, sir."

Bert was as good as his promise, and so every Sunday he returned to St. Peter's church, where he renewed the transports of that first morning. He was a quick learner, and seemed, deed, such a conscientions lad that the teacher pushed him rapidly ahead, and so it turned out that before the year's end, Bert was ranged among the children of the first Communion class. It was only then that he suddenly realized things in all their full moment-

ousness.
"Father Halpin," he said one day
to the priest in charge. "I don't
think I can go to confession, can I?" "Certainly, my child, why not?"
"I ain't no Catholic."

" And what makes you think you're

not a Catholic?"

"Coz my tolks ain't Catholics, and I know I ain't never been baptized. I wish I could be, though. I wish you tould make me one, Father Halpin."

"God bless your dear little heart, my child, of course I will. But there are the state of a stary to all this. not a Catholic?

must be some sort of a story to all this. Come and sit down in here in the vestry with me and tell me everything Never baptized, eh? Well, that strangest thing I ever heard of!"

Even afterwards Father Halpin called Bert his little convert, and was very proud of the youngster, making him an honored errand boy, and then, too, a favored pupil at the p school. The only circumstance grieved the priest was to see poor Bert's young countenance grow whiter and thinner from day to day.

A few years rolled by into Time's illimitable guif.

It was just at the close of the memorable mission given in St. Peter's church by a missionary Father of great fame, who had come over from the Passionist Monastery at Hoboken, and had spoken night after night for successive weeks. His sermons were preached with immense effect, and it semed as if all Brooklyn crowded in to

listen.
One of the topics which the venerable man touched earnestly upon in his nightly sermons was the importance of possessing good religious books in every household. He spoke with particular layor of the chet-d'-oeuvre of Cardinal Gibbons, entitled, "The Faith of Our Fathers," deed, recommended it as a literary

deed, recommended it as a literary necessity for every home in the parish.

The demand therefore grew up at once, and Father Halpin, wishing to accommodate the appeal, sent out an order immediately for two hundred copies of the celebrated work. By some accident of expressage, however, the consignment, did not out, in its the consignment did not put in its appearance until the days of the mission had entirely elapsed, and then the problem was, how to get rid of the

Why don't you let us boys try and sell some of them for you, Father? said Bert Tibbs to the priest one day.
"Well, that's an idea, sure enough, answered the clergyman, "a coupe answered the dergyman, a compared to young-dozen of you good, energetic young-sters might take them off my hands. Supposed give you nine or ten apiece."

Nor well."

So the youthful agents started out

on their travels, Bert Tibbs the hap-plest and proudest of the little band. After a few days Bert returned to

After a few days Bert retarned to the rectory to make his report. He had sold nine copies without the least trouble; but, do what he might, it seemed as if he never could dispose of He gave it back in despair to Father Halpin. Next day Bert rang again at the

rectory bell.
"I want that other book again,
Father Halpin," he said. "I think
that I know a woman who will buy it."
"Good! Here it is. Who is your buyer this time?"
... Mrs. Burdock, the lady who lives

up on the corner in the big brown " Mrs. Clement Burdock—I know her well—that is, I know all about her." "Well, I think I can sell her that

"Oh, no, Bert, my boy, you won't sell that lady a copy of the work. How came you to think of her?"

"I had to bring a message up to her this morning, and then I had to wait until she wrote the answer. She made me sit down in a big room that was mpletely filled with books-books the tables, books piled up along the walls, books everywhere."

walls, books everyweere.

'Yes, her library, I suppose.'

'Well, I never saw so many books in my lite; and she caught me looking around at them. She says to me, 'interested in my books?' I says, 'Yes, and how got e'm all?' ma am; where did you get e'm all?' She laughed kinder, and then she said, Why, I imagine I must have bought them all.' Then I said, 'Well, I used to sell books once myself. I soid

"Go on, Bert; you're interesting."
"Well, she said, 'I'm sorry I "'Well,' she said, 'I'm sorry I didn't know it, or I'd have purchased one of you."

"And so you think from that little remark that she'd buy this remaining volume, do you?"
"Yes, because since I left her hous

I spoke with some other people about her, and they tell me that she buys everything that comes along. A boy down in Henry street sold her eight quarts of blackberries once, and a man over in Atlantic avenue sold her a big clock. "Yes," laughed Father Halpin,

"that may all be very true; but did you know, Bert, that Mrs. Burdock is the woman who runs all those gospel meetings over here behind our convent Did you know that she is leagued in everything with those who wage war against the Catholic Church?"

wage war against the Catholic Church?"

No, I didn't know that, Father."

Well, she is. This book you know,
Bert, is written by a priest—by more
than a priest, by a Cardinal; and it
treats entirely of our Church. It's a
Catholic book, you see. Mrs. Burdock
wouldn't have much use for a Catholic
book." "Oh, I don't know about that. I

saw some Catholic books right on her big centre table. I think they were Catholic books because I read their names.

"Is that so? Well, what were the titles of them?' "One of them was 'The Converted

The priest laughed outright. "And the other; what was the other, Bert?" "The other was 'The Escaped Nun,' Father.'

Father Halpin patted the youngster on the shoulder. "I thought it was something like that," he ejaculated. "I guess you'd better not try Mrs. Burdock. Bert, however, was neither daunted nor convinced, and a few hours afterward he came again to find Father

Haipin.
"I've seen her," he said; "I've been up to Mrs. Burdock's house again,



The Cream Separator Question in a Nut Shell



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few days after the funeral, Father Halpin, who had been so long a curate at St. Peter's happened to get an appointment to Sag Harbor, as rector of one of the seaside parishes. It was far out at the last point of Long Island, far away from city bustle and city jars. There a year passed with its engrossing There a year passed with the signal works, and finally, one day in the following Lent, he came up to St. Peter's to preach a Lenten instruction for his

old pastor, Father Brigniolli. After saying his Mass at the high altar next morning he turned in to see Father Brigniolli in the latter's study.
"I thought I saw Mrs. Clement Burdock at Mass sitting in the front seat this morning," he mentioned.
"Oh, yes; she doesn't live far from

nere, you know."
"But how happens it that she comes to Mass?"
"I don't know; same as any other

"I don't know; same as any other Christian, I suppose."
"Then she can't be quiet as black as she used to be."
"As black as she used to be? Why haven't you heard about Mrs. Bur-dock?"

dock?"
"I've heard nothing at all since I left Brooklyn. What about her?"
"Why, we received her into the Church some seven or eight months ago —an excellent woman, devout, strong charactered, and the very soul of char-

"And to what does she attribute her conversation?"
"Well, that's the strangest part of it; she says it was a copy of the Car-dinal's book which first turned her towards the Catholic Church, and she tells me, too, that she bought it from a ragged street urchin. He must have

"Ah! I remember it all now! Poor young Bert Tibbs; I'm as sure he's an angel by this time, but an angel without any disguise." — Joseph Gordian Daley, in the Catholic Transcript.



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