

ST. ANN'S PARISH.

OPENING OF THE NEW HALL OF THE YOUNG MEN'S SOCIETY—PROBING REIGIONS CEREMONY AND AN ENJOYABLE DINNER.

The inauguration of the new hall of the St. Ann's Young Men's Society was yesterday made the occasion of a joyous celebration by the Roman Catholic population of St. Ann's parish. The hall is a spacious building with library, lecture room, reading room, smoking room, and gymnasium, altogether eminently suited to enable the young men of the society to attain the ideal of the motto *mens sana in corpore sano*. The hall is a credit to the parishioners, to the young men themselves, and especially so to the Redemptorist fathers, who were the guiding spirits in leading the project through many difficulties to the successful issue, of which yesterday's celebration was the climax. The following details concerning the building will give a more correct idea of its extent and its adaptability to the purposes for which it is intended. The estimated cost was placed at \$5,000, but owing to the purchase of an adjoining piece of ground, and the enlarging of the building by one-third more than the original intention, the actual cost will be about \$10,000. It was proposed to erect the building on the joint stock plan, shares which were fixed at \$50 each and bearing interest at the ordinary bank rate. Calculations were made as to the repayment of the shares, and it was believed that about 30 per cent. of the first estimated cost could be paid every year, at which rate the whole capital would be returned to the shareholders in a few years. The structure is a handsome brick building, 35x66 feet, three stories high, with mansard roof. On the ground floor the whole space has been allotted for a gymnasium, which, it is intended, shall be fully equipped and made first class in every respect. The reading room, library, 15x27 feet, is on the first floor, and adjoining it is a fine, airy and well lighted amusement room, 34x36 feet, in which the members will spend their leisure moments.

Messrs. P. McDermott & Son, the contractors, carried out the work to the satisfaction of all. The ceremonies yesterday were accompanied by all the *claret* with which the Roman Catholic Church surrounds her religious services. The members of the society attended mass and received Holy Communion in the morning, after which a procession of the members of the society and kindred societies in the city proceeded from the hall to the church, headed by the City band. High mass was celebrated at 12 o'clock, the Rev. Mr. Caron officiating, assisted by Rev. Mr. Strubbe, deacon, and Rev. Mr. Catulle, subdeacon. The sermon on the occasion was preached by Rev. Mr. Burke, curate of St. Patrick's church, Quebec, who, taking his text from the words of Scripture, "Ask and you shall receive," delivered an eloquent discourse on the necessity and efficacy of prayer. After mass the societies adjourned to the hall, which was then blessed and dedicated to its purpose of usefulness. The officers of the society are as follows: Rev. E. Strubbe, C. S. S. R., spiritual director; M. Longman, president; J. Thos. Davis, first vice-president; M. J. O'Donnell, second vice-president; T. J. Quinlan, treasurer; W. P. Clancy, financial secretary; D. K. Kelly, recording secretary; J. Reilly, assistant recording secretary; J. Brennan, librarian; John Thornton, assistant librarian; Wm. Davis, marshal. Council—F. Clarke, J. Ahern, M. Shea, L. Power, P. McDermott and P. J. Cooney.

At 1 o'clock the inaugural dinner was held in the gymnasium of the hall. The menu was excellent and reflected credit on the caterer. Mr. M. Longman presided, and at the head of the table were seated: Rev. J. Catulle, Rev. Mr. Burke, Rev. E. Strubbe, Rev. Mr. Melanger, Rev. Brother Arnold, J. J. Curran, Q. C. M. P., C. J. Doherty, A. J. Donovan, P. McDermott, P. McCaffrey, Denis Tansey, and H. J. Cloran. Amongst the representatives of Irish societies were: Mr. P. McCaffrey, St. Patrick's Y. M. S.; Mr. J. Nicholson, C. M. B. A.; Mr. Arthur Jones, I. C. B. A.; Mr. J. J. Costigan, St. Patrick's T. A. and B.; Mr. P. Kennedy, St. Anne's T. A. and B.; Mr. J. O'Donnell, St. Gabriel's T. A. and B.; Mr. J. Houlditch, St. Bridget's T. A. and B.; Mr. John Galloway, Young Irishman's L. and B. A.; Mr. P. J. Gordon, St. Anthony's A.

The Chairman announced that they had intended to have a list of toasts after dinner, and they were printed on the menu card, but His Lordship Bishop Fabre disapproved of toasts at a dinner on Sunday, and, consequently, like good Catholics, they would omit them, but he had pleasure in calling on Mr. Curran to address those assembled.

Mr. Curran, M. P., who was received with applause, said it must have been a relief to all when the chairman announced that there were to be no regular toasts proposed, in conformity with the wishes of His Lordship. He could not omit his hearty congratulations, however, on this magnificent demonstration and on the successful achievement of what he deemed one of the most tangible evidences of the progress and prosperity of our people, the building of the spacious structure where the young Irish Canadians of the district could meet for mutual improvement, for the development of their mental and muscular forces and to prepare themselves for the battle of life to enable them to wage it honorably for the benefit of the land in which they lived and the grand old land from which their forefathers came. (Prolonged applause.) They could have no idea of what they had escaped owing to the suppression of the toast list. For instance, he saw his name down to respond to "Ireland the land of their forefathers."

Just imagine what the consequences might have been if, taking up the history of the old land, he had carried them back to the days when the Phoenicians had first landed on Erin's shores, if he had passed in review the good old time when "Malachi wore the collar of gold" when Brian the brave had slaughtered the Danes. If he were to trace the history of the people during the long years of trials, tribulations and triumphs, and to point out that the lands of their forefathers had a status in the palmy days of the Roman Empire and had seen that empire and many other empires flourish and decay,

that they had witnessed the rise and fall of dynasties and thrones through a long succession of ages and that with all, and despite all, the spirit of the nation was still alive and giving evidence of glorious days to come. (Applause.) He might have spoken to them of the three great exodus movements from Ireland. The first during the middle ages when schools and scholars flourished there, and when the Irish graduates of those institutions made their way to the continent of Europe carrying with them the light of the gospel and the fruitful seeds of Christian civilization. The second, when the military exodus took place when Ireland's bravest chieftains had with sad hearts left the land for which they had struggled and would rather have died, to do battle in the armies of Europe and whose descendants had held marshal's batons beneath the flags of Austria, France or Spain, maintaining the glory and prestige of the people who were languishing at home. (Applause.) The third wave of emigration when hundreds of thousands of their people had fled from the land, driven by famine or a mistaken statesmanship to Australia and America, and where they had developed who a source of strength to the land of their fathers, where they had acquired power and prominence, and where the rights of fatherland were heard through the voices of archbishops and bishops and laymen of every degree giving aid and comfort to the struggling Irish in the old home. (Applause.) These and other things he might have been tempted to speak to them of (Laughter and applause.) Then there was the glorious struggle of O'Donnell and the valiant band that stood around him, a struggle that had won for him the proud title of Liberator. There were the devoted sons of the land, without distinction of creed, the mention of whose names would have called forth their most enthusiastic cheers, but he could not even refer to Isaac Butt, nor would he mention the great patriot who was now leading the people out of the house of bondage, the man on whose shoulders had fallen the mantle of Daniel O'Connell, Charles Stuart Parnell, (Applause.) The St. Ann's young men had a duty to perform on their part in this land of home rule: their fathers had prospered here, and they were on the same highway with superior advantage of which they would not doubt fully avail themselves. (They must show what the Irish race can do under a benign government, and by doing their best and aiding in the development of our Canadian home they would be none the less good men and true if they even kept a fond remembrance of the past glories and trials and a firm and fond hope for the future greatness of Ireland, the land of their forefathers. (Applause.)

Mr. Doherty in an address congratulated the people of the parish and the clergymen on the completion of the hall. Such places as this, he said, were the best calculated to develop that love of country and that noble manhood which would enable the people of Canada to take a leading place amongst the nations of the earth. He trusted that Irish brains and Irish hands would take a prominent part in building up the great Canada of the future. (Applause.)

Rev. Brother Arnold referred with feelings of pleasure to the success which had accompanied the pupils of St. Ann's school, many of whom occupied high positions in the commerce of the city and of Canada. He specially expressed his thanks to Mr. Curran for the assistance which he had always given to the schools. (Applause.)

Rev. Mr. Burke and Rev. Mr. Catulle, Mr. H. J. Cloran, Mr. Denis Tansey, Mr. P. McCaffrey, Mr. Fostere, and Mr. J. Houlditch also addressed the company.

Mr. Kennedy, in his address, trusted that most of the young men would see their way to join the temperance society, and to take that pledge which he had received in Ireland from Father Mathew forty years ago, and which he had faithfully adhered to since.

Rev. Mr. Catulle pronounced the blessing, and the proceedings terminated. This evening a musical entertainment will be given in the hall.—*Montreal Gazette*, Nov. 9.

Newspaper Postal Law.
It is not generally known that a man refusing to pay for his newspaper can be prosecuted like an ordinary criminal or thief. A New York paper has begun suit against several delinquent subscribers under the U. S. postal law which says, "the taking of a newspaper and the refusal to pay for the same renders a person liable to criminal prosecution as a thief, and a person guilty of the same can be punished as if he had stolen goods to the amount of the subscription." Postmasters are also liable for price of subscription for allowing papers to accumulate in their office when the subscribers have moved away or refuse to take them from the office.—*Orion Union*.

Papier mache has come of late to be largely used in the manufacture of theatrical properties, and nearly all the magnificent vases, the handsome plaques, the graceful statues, and the superb gold and silver plate seen to-day on the stage are made of that material.

The Sort of Blood from which the constituents of vigorous bone, brain and muscle are derived is not manufactured by a stomach which is listless or weak. Uninterrupted, thorough digestion may be insured, the secretive activity of the liver restored, and the system efficiently nourished by the aid of Northrop & Lyman's Vegetable Discovery and Dyspeptic Cure. It is the greatest blood purifier ever introduced in Canada. Sold by Harkness & Co., Druggists, Dundas st.

Debility.
Perhaps you are weak and weary, all run down, get tired with slight exertion, feel faint and dizzy, or dull and languid, then you need a good tonic regulator to make pure blood circulate, and give you strength. Try Burdock Blood Bitters—it will not fail you.

Influenza.
This is an epidemic worse and more depressing than an ordinary cold, and requires prompt remedies to break it up. Hargy's Pectoral Balm is a trustworthy remedy for all forms of colds and their dangerous results.

The Widow's Curse.

It must have been about the year 1844 that we heard from the lips of John B. Gough the following tale, which has since appeared in the story of his life.

In Norwich, Connecticut, I spoke to a large audience in a railway station. Mr. Buckingham, who was the mayor of the city—afterwards governor, and subsequently a senator of the United States—presided. I knew whom I had in my audience, and I said—"Ladies and gentlemen, Mrs. Falkner, who lives a little way out from here, gave me some interesting incidents with regard to her son."

"The boy," she said, "was a drunkard. He signed the pledge. He said, 'Mother, I will go away from home. I will not stay in the midst of temptation, but I will keep this pledge.'"

"He went away, but she continued to hear good news from him. By and by after he had gone a little over two years, a letter reached home to say, 'Mother, I am coming home to spend Thanksgiving with you.'"

"My boy is coming home to Thanksgiving! Well, his poor old mother will get a dinner for him worthy of New England; and if there be but one guest, it shall be a famous dinner."

"He came into the town by stage, which stopped at the door of Solomon Parsons' tavern. The stage passed on. It was just after dark. Some young men were in the bar-room."

"Hello, Fred! and how are you! What will you have to drink?"
"Nothing."

"Not on Thanksgiving! Come, take a little!"

"No! I'd rather not. I've come home to see my mother. She hardly expects me to-night. I thought I'd wait till dark, and go in and surprise the old lady."

By and by, Solomon Parsons, who was leaning his elbow on the counter, looked at him, and said:

"Fred Falkner, if I were six feet tall, and broad in proportion, as you are, and yet was afraid of a paltry glass of ale, by George! I'd go to the woods and hang myself!"

"This young man with all his strength of mind to keep that pledge, was weak when they jeered and joked him. They handed him a glass, and asked him to drink it."

"Well," he said, "I'm going to mother, and may as well show you that I'm not afraid to drink it."

He drank it. Then came another glass; and they plied him with more. Twelve o'clock that night he went into a barn, and was found there in the morning—dead!

"My boy is coming home to Thanksgiving!"

They brought him to his mother, stretched on a plank, with a buffalo robe thrown over the body.

She said to me: "Parsons came, and I said to him, 'You tempted my boy.'"

"Well, I didn't know it was your son."

"You did! you called him by name. You knew it was Frederick Falkner, the only son of his poor, crippled mother, you knew it, and you have killed him."

"Mrs. Falkner, I am not used to having such language applied to me."

"God forgive me, if I have sinned," said the poor woman; but I put my hand on the face of my dead boy, and I lifted up with a face as white as chalk."

Then I said, "Ladies and gentlemen, Solomon Parsons, the man who tempted Frederick Falkner to his ruin—Solomon Parsons, who staggers through life under the weight of that poor woman's curse—Solomon Parsons is in this hall, and he sits right there! And this same Solomon Parsons keeps a grog shop on the bridge of your city, licensed by the State of Connecticut. Rout him out!"

And before twenty-four hours had elapsed, bag and baggage, bottles and demijohns of liquor, furniture, licenses and all, were carted out of the city.

They violated no laws. They laid no hand upon him; but they made him go out of himself. They helped him not to pack up a single article of his furniture, but they went to him in a body, and declared that such a man would not be tolerated in the city, and was obliged to go.

El Perkins in Richmond.
Further on we came to a very large building and a very ancient building. "Is that a tobacco factory, too?" I asked the driver.

"No, sah, dat's a meetin' house, sah, dat's whar Patrick Henry made his great speech, sah."

"What did Patrick say?" I asked.

"Why he done say, 'Gib me liberty or give me deah.'"

"Well, which did they give him?"

"Day gav him bof, sah, bof."—*Pittsburg Dispatch*.

Mr. George Toles, Druggist, Gravenhurst, Ont., writes: "My customers who have used Northrop & Lyman's Vegetable Discovery and Dyspeptic Cure, say that it has done them more good than anything they have ever used." It has indeed a wonderful influence in purifying the blood and curing diseases of the Digestive Organs, the Liver, Kidneys, and all disorders of the system. Sold by Harkness & Co., Druggists, Dundas st.

Mr. Henry Harding, of Toronto, writes: "My little daughter, 7 years of age, has been a terrible sufferer this winter from rheumatism, being for weeks confined to her bed, with limbs drawn up, which could not be straightened, and suffering great pain in every joint of limbs, arms and shoulders. The best physicians could not help her, and we were advised to try Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil, which we did, and the benefit was at once apparent; after using two bottles the pain left, her limbs assumed their natural shape, and in two weeks she was as well as ever. It has not returned."

Malaria is the action of disease germs in bad air, poor drainage, swampy regions, etc., upon the system, producing chills, fever, neuralgia, and many dangerous diseases. Burdock Blood Bitters regulates the bowels, liver and blood and wards off and cures Malaria.

A Good Lesson.

A young man, a student in one of our universities, was one day taking a walk with a professor, who was commonly called the students' friend from his kindness to those who went along with his instructions. As they went along they saw lying in the path a pair of old shoes, which they supposed to belong to a poor man who was employed in a field close by, and who had nearly finished his day's work. The student turned to the professor, saying, "Let us play the man a trick; we will hide his shoes, and conceal ourselves behind those bushes, and wait to see his perplexity when he can't find them."

"My young friend," answered the professor, "we should never amuse ourselves at the expense of the poor. But you are rich, and may give yourself a much greater pleasure by means of this poor man. Put a crown into each shoe, and then we will hide ourselves and watch how the discovery affects him." The student did so, and they both then placed themselves behind the bushes close by. The poor man soon finished his work, and came across the field to the path where he had left his coat and shoes. While putting on his coat he slipped his foot into one of his shoes; but, finding something hard, he stooped down to feel what it was, and found the crown. Astonishment and wonder were seen upon his countenance. He gazed upon the coin, turned it round, and looked at it again, and again. He then looked round him on all sides, but no person was to be seen. He now put the money into his pocket and proceeded to put on the other shoe; but his surprise was doubled on finding the other crown. His feelings overcame him; he fell upon his knees, looked up to heaven, and uttered aloud a fervent thanksgiving, in which he spoke of his wife, sick and helpless, and his children without bread, whom this timely bounty, from some unknown hand, would save from perishing.

The student stood there deeply affected and his eyes filled with tears. "Now," said the professor, "are you not much better pleased than if you had played your intended trick?" The youth replied, "You have taught me a lesson which I will never forget. I feel now that of these words, which I never understood before, 'It is more blessed to give than to receive.'"

The Sleep We Should Have.
I do not think a person should be waked at morning, said the doctor, and for this reason: when a man falls asleep he is in the shop for repairs, as the railroad men say. His frame and all its intricate machinery is being overhauled and made ready for the next day's work. The wear of the previous day is being repaired. Nature is doing that herself. She knows what the tired frame needs just as she knows how to make the heart throbb and the blood coursing through the veins. Then she takes that tired frame, lays it down on a bed, surrounds it with the soft darkness, and lets the man rest. "Tired nature's sweet restorer, balmy sleep," visits him, and as the hours wear by his energies are renewed, his strength comes back, and finally, when morning breaks, the sunlight brightens through the lattice, he opens his eyes and is himself again. Or if he is early to bed he wakes with the cocks' crowing. Now who shall go to his side an hour before he opens his eyes and say to nature, stand aside and let him up; he has had enough rest. Well, nature will say: "You can take him if you will, but I will charge him with an hour's loss of sleep and I'll collect it out of his bones and marrow and his hair and eyesight. You can't cheat me. I'll find property to levy on."

A man ought to sleep all he wants to, and so should a child. A baby should sleep with its mother; a child should be sent to bed early and be allowed to wake of its own accord in the morning. As for school girls, many a girl who has a dozen studies would be better occupied chasing butterflies or training flowers or galloping a pony or dancing. I would prefer to have a daughter healthy, sweet tempered, sensible and beautiful, without Latin, algebra and grammar than to have one ever so advanced in her humanities, with her health ruined, or perhaps lying under a marble urn in the cemetery; and as for man, I would rather be able to earn two dollars a day in the vigor and glory of perfect health than to draw rents from property for which I have exchanged the blessings of a sound constitution.

THE "MYRTLE NAVY" TOBACCO is not burdened with the usual costs which swell the price of most tobaccos to the consumer; the firm employs no travellers whatever, their orders came to them instead of being sought by them. The merchant does not require to keep a large stock on hand, and he pays its price with interest, for the factory is an immediate source of supply to him, at the cost of a postal card or a most telegram. He loses nothing, therefore, from being overstocked. The article is a staple one, for which there is as constant a demand as for wheat or flour, and the merchant can therefore sell it at a minimum rate of profit.

If you have a cough or cold do not neglect it; many without a trace of that hereditary disease have drifted into a consumptive's grave by neglecting what was only a slight cold. Had they used Bickle's Anti-Consumptive Syrup before it was too late, their lives would have been spared. "I think Bickle's Anti-Consumptive Syrup the best preparation on the market for coughs and severe colds. About six years ago I caught a severe cold which settled on my lungs, and for three months I had a cough. I had a physician attending me, but gradually grew worse until I was on the verge of consumption, and had given up hopes of being cured, when I was induced to try Bickle's Syrup. Before I had taken one bottle I found myself greatly relieved, and by the time I had finished the second bottle I was completely cured. I always recommend it for severe colds and consumption."

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THIS issue of this Almanac—now in its third year—both in the variety and interest of its articles, as well as in the artistic beauty of its illustrations, surpasses either of the previous numbers. THE CATHOLIC HOME ALMANAC is a success, and we believe its sale will be greater this year than ever before, for its good qualities have become known, and it is being extensively introduced into the home circle as

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D. C. MACDONALD, MANAGER.

London, 27th June, 1885.

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