

Bernard Mallory's Repentance.

By Mrs. Frances Chadwick, Ottawa.

POOR DENIS MALLORY lost his life during the night of the great storm at Dunany, when he, with several others of the brave fishermen of the village, had volunteered to go out with the life-boat, to a ship in dire peril on the rocks. The rescue had been most complete, everyone on board the vessel had been saved, to go their ways upon the earth until their destined time. But when morning dawned, after a fearful night of suspense and anguish, the returning tide laid gently enough upon its shore the body of Denis Mallory, the sole victim which the sea had claimed—his picturesque, almost gypsy-like face, and fixed dark eyes, turned pitifully upwards to the sky, where the simple hero-soul had surely found mercy with its God.

Following upon the throbs of sympathy which went up from every kind heart wherever the news of the brave deed was read, a testimonial was made up for the widow and orphan son of the dead fisherman, and when he had been laid to rest, and a simple wooden tablet marked his grave, Mary Mallory, acting upon the advice of her friends, set out for America, where, as she was an excellent sewer and accustomed to working in a shop in the neighboring town, she was likely to obtain employment for her support and that of her son.

At first the great noisy city where she landed appalled her, but, little by little, she grew accustomed to its crowded streets and confined life, and she put the past resolutely behind her, and as she had been a model wife, soon became a heroic mother, with but one thought in view, the up-bringing of her boy, safe from the contamination of the city, and as true and fervent a Catholic as she had ever been.

The children whom she saw in the wretched streets about her disgusted and shocked her, and she resolved on keeping her Bernard away from their evil influence, come what might. Thus the mother and son lived out their lives together alone, but not lonely, in two top rooms of a dreary tenement; except during those hours when the mother was at work in a large factory for ready-made clothing, or the boy, at the Brothers' school, where his mother had as soon as possible placed him.

Here the boy made rapid progress, and the poor tired mother's heart was lightened day after day by the good reports she heard of him; it seemed to her that God watched specially over this shorn lamb, so friendless but for her. When school was over Bernard would rush home, put on the kettle to boil, and go to the factory to meet his mother, when they would stroll homewards, turning into church to make a visit, or, if it was still early enough, they would go a little out of their way to one of the public parks for a 'sight of the green' before returning to their unlovely dwelling, where they must climb up, up, past the ground floor rooms, considered quite an aristocratic abode by the simple pair, for here dwelt Miss Johnson, a dress-maker, who, quitting this common air at eight in the morning, spent her days in New York's Belgravia, preparing toilettes, like unto Solomon's in all his glory, and bringing back with her at eventide such vague suggestions of fashion's sphere as insensibly to impress her unpretending neighbors with an idea of her consequence.

Up another flat, past the rooms of Miles Moran, the policeman, and opposite him a book agent—up, up, a weary climb, had it not been for the stout happy hearts, so glad to get home.

"Only twenty steps more, mother," Bernard called from the top one day, "if you count them they don't seem so long, and oh! the kettle's boiling like mad, and sending out long puffs of steam across the room. And there's that wretch Tom, sitting on the window sill, trying to catch a bird. Get down you rascal!"

"See now Bernard, dear, you've disturbed the Professor," said Mrs. Mallory reproachfully, as a dark sallow face looked out from an open door on the same landing.

"Not at all a lady; I just hear your leetle boy say your kettle a boil, and I would be so grateful if you would let me have a leetle a hot water;—I cannot make my stove a burn."

"Indeed, you may have as much as you like, sir, and perhaps I could make your tea more handy for you, if you'll just give me your tea-pot. Them stoves is contrary things sometimes, so they are. Any time, sir, you'll be havin' trouble with your fire, if y'd just let me or Bernard know, we'd only be too glad to do anything we could, at all."

"You var kind, var good, I thank you var much," said the Professor, retiring with his tea-pot, to enjoy a much better cup of that exhilarating beverage than was his wont; and when he went to his dear piano, as was his nightly custom, he wandered, following his grateful train of thought, into a selection of the wonderful Irish airs, arranged by himself, delighting the hearts of his opposite neighbors listening breathless.

"Listen, mother," said Bernard, as he sat gathered up before the bright windows of the stove, "when he plays those lively airs I always think I see the fishing boats coming in at Dunany. In the lovely summer afternoons, and the sun shining on the sea, and all the women and girls running down the cliffs, with the red handkerchiefs and shawls about them, to meet the men. But when he plays so sad like that, it's like the night of the storm, and the darkness and terrible wind, and I hear

the calling out from the ship, and see the rockets going up. Oh sure, mother, I won't talk about it any more. Listen now, there's Garryowen, and The Girl I Left Behind Me."

"Do you remember the day we saw the soldiers going off to the war, with their lovely red coats; we were standing on the steps of the church looking, mother, and don't you remember, big Billy Duggan held me on his shoulder, so I'd see; because I was a little chap then."

When Bernard stopped to take breath he found that his mother had sunk into a reverie and did not hear him, so he slipped onto the landing and sat at the top of the stairs to listen the better to the music, where the professor presently closing his piano and coming out discovered the little fellow sitting in the dark.

"You all alone, my leetle friend; your mother is a gone out?"

"Oh, no, sir, I was just listening to the music."

"You like a music, dat is good; not a many a leetle boys listen to de music."

"Well, indeed, sir, he's just wild about music," answered Mrs. Mallory, coming forward, "and every tune he'll hear he'll sing over for me; sure he's always listening when you're playing, and indeed it is no wonder, such beautiful music."

The professor smiled; praise is always pleasant, especially when one never hears a sympathizing word from day to day.

"He come a listen when I play; often, when he like."

"Sire, indeed, sir, he'll be as proud as a peacock of that same if he'll not be in your way."

"No, no, I like to have some one to listen," and the professor put on his shabby hat and went out.

Henceforth a new world opened for Bernard; even his mother's stories, wild legend and folk lore of her native land, to which he had hitherto been his keenest delight to listen; even they palled upon him while he watched impatiently for the professor's opening door and the sound of his hands upon the keys. Once over that threshold all his every day life, with its sordid surroundings, vanished, and uprose before him, while the gaunt professor played, Italy's sun clad hills and sapphire burning sky, time-stained old churches full of worshippers, or the grand theatres where glorious music was performed, night after night, to rapturous listeners.

For of these things the exile talked as he played, binding together his music with associations and incidents, so that the boy grew in knowledge of other and better places than had ever entered his lowly dreams.

"Mother," he said one night, coming in with rumpled curling hair, and wonderfully bright eyes, "just think what the professor told me to-night. He's going to teach me music in the evenings, so that I'll play, perhaps, like him some day, he says"—this in an awe struck tone, for in Bernard's eyes the professor as a musician stood, or ought to stand, on the pinnacle of fame—his going to begin to-morrow night, if you'll let me learn."

"Sure, why should I prevent you, poor child, and you havin' so few chances. Sure it's only too proud I'll be listenin' to you, dear. Isn't it the kindest thing at all of him, to teach you for nothin' and be such a grand man at the music?"

If there's anything we could do for him now and then, Bernard, I'd be heart glad for it's not many such kind friends we have come across."

But while Bernard spent his evenings with the professor, this holiday time of his mother's life, so looked forward to during the long working day, changed into dreary, lonely hours to be dreaded and filled up with work.

The boy never realized the difference it made to her, as she sat there alone with her sewing; no one with whom she could chat, to go over the old days and old scenes; she had always a smile when he came in, glowing with enthusiasm or sympathizing words on the not rare occasions of discouragement and despondency.

There were times, indeed, when his ever learning seemed hopeless; the first steps of the journey along the glorious path were trying and wearisome, but presently the flowers, or rather buds, began to bloom, for the happy little student. It was only after some time, however, that the professor discovered Bernard's great gift, and then by accident. Mounting the stairs wearily one afternoon, he heard the boy, singing from memory, one of Schubert's 'Lieds,' which the professor so often played, and sometimes attempted to sing, in a very cracked voice, it is true, but after a very excellent method.

"Bravo! My leetle Bernardo, Bravo!" cried the professor, excitedly clapping his hands, "why, why you not tell me you sing!" Bernard came out shamefacedly.

"Come, come into my room, and I just a try your voice. Now, begin like a dis," he said, flinging his hat and gloves on to the floor, and seating himself at the piano, he began the scale, listening attentively as the clear, pure voice went up from one note to the other.

"Something like tears came into the shabby professor's eyes; dreams and ambitions long dead and gone awakened into life again; he had not been a success, he knew, but would he not shine some day in the reflected light of this clever pupil, whom he should have rescued from ignoble oblivion.

you, a study with me, always, why do you do what I tell you, Bernardo? Bernardo? Oh, yes, sir, indeed, I'm sure it's every kind of you to teach me; next to mother, you're my best friend, I think."

"Oh, well, you a good leetle boy; no trouble to teach a you; but work hard, Bernardo, work hard, dat is what I say."

III. There is no longer any doubt about Bernard's career; he is to be a singer. If his health lasts, already he is doing wonderfully well, spending all the time he can spare, at the professor's piano, to the deep regret and wrath of the other occupants of the house, who have no sympathy whatever with his musical aspirations. The professor, who has a positive genius for teaching, not yet discovered to the world by pupils of this city of exile, yawns wearily through the lessons at one or two schools, which provide him with his daily bread, his attic chamber, and new strings for his piano, when he breaks one, as is not uncommon; these lessons are necessary evils, but evils all the same, and he breathes more freely and walks with a lighter step homeward towards this first interest in his dreary life.

Bernard will be famous, he feels, he knows, and Bernard's fame will mean to him at least recognition in the music world, not greatness, no, the professor is wise enough to see the limit of his capabilities.

"Some time, not now, you will go away from here, Bernard, to my country, to study with the great masters," the professor would say, in all humility, because I cannot teach you all, I but make the way, but you will always remember, will you not, the old friend?"

Indeed you may be sure of that, Bernard would reply. "I could never, never forget anyone who had been so good to me. Mother and you I will always, always remember, no matter where I go. If I ever should go away, mother, he would say to her, as he talked the professor's words over with her at bed time, perhaps I would get very, very rich, and then I would come straight home, and buy you a grand house and a carriage, and get servants for you like those we see on Fifth Avenue sometimes, with lovely white caps and aprons."

"Sure then I don't think I'd much care to have those gentry always about me, Bernard," his mother would say, with her quiet smile. "Sure they'd be grander than myself, I'm afraid."

"Well, I'd just get you whatever you'd like, mother, and we'd go home to Dunany and put a grand headstone over poor daddy."

"Sure he'd be the proud man to hear you talking like that, and he dead and gone this many a long day. Poor Denis, it's likely he'd hardly see his name with the weeds that's been growin' up above him all this time. God rest his soul! But oh, Bernard, I don't know at all what Father Malone will be saying to this. I'm thinkin he won't like it a bit, and indeed, child, it'd be better for you to be settlin to an honest trade that'd be sure and certain."

"But the professor says, mother, that if I was a singer, you know, like those he tells me about, that I'd be a gentleman, not like a tradesman, you know, a real gentleman."

"Ah, then, God help you child, that mightn't do you much good, and what would I be doin' when you were so grand and high, sure I'd be afraid to go near you at all at all!"

Bernard sank into a reverie on these occasions, finding his mother out of sympathy with his bright visions of the future; and though he would not have admitted the fact, it was somewhat of a relief to get back to the professor, so full of enthusiasm and romance.

The boy's wings were growing and he longed to soar; his mother's heart would have been sad indeed, if she could have seen into his thoughts, and how, although he was not conscious of the fact, she occupied less and less of them every day, much as he loved her.

IV. The professor did not like it at all: he had a decided and, doubtless, well founded objection, to his pupils singing in large buildings of any kind, and not being in the slightest degree of a religious turn of mind, he made no exception on account of its being in a church and in God's honor. The professor was a practical heathen, who knew in a dim way of a Creator, but did not allow that knowledge to influence his practice.

But the widow was decided on this point. "Bernard refuse to sing at the Christmas Mass for Father Malone! It was the greatest honor and glory he could ever have if he sang in every part of the world over and over again." In fact there was nearly being a rupture between the professor and his pupil, if the wild old Italian had not smoothed matters over.

"Sing he shall," said the mother absolutely, as she turned into her room and shut the door with a bang; and sing he did.

V. On the stillness of the church broke the boy's voice, pure, sweet as the angels that cried out to the watching shepherds at Bethlehem: "Adeste Fideles!"

so full of feeling, of love of the Christ child, of childish memories, that every heart responded, and with-filled eyes people knelt and answered in spirit the thrilling invitation, "Venite in Bethlehem!"

The wonderful voice rang in their ears for many a day, and was talked of when the boy, long since a man, had won his laurels in a foreign land.

"Could you tell me, Mr. Stafford," asked Mrs. Chauncey, one of society's leaders, as she came out of church; "whose was that lovely voice? You know I simply never heard such singing, where did they find him out?"

Concluded on seventh page.

IS YOUR DAUGHTER IN SCHOOL?

The Liquor and Drug Habits. A NEW TREATMENT Which is Now Being Successfully Demonstrated in Montreal.

THE demonstration which has been going on for the past few months in Montreal of the "Dixon Cure" for the Liquor and Drug Habits, at the request of a number of the clergy and others interested in Temperance work, has proved to be such a pronounced success that those who have watched the results of Mr. Dixon's new treatment are more than surprised—they are simply astonished.

This new cure is a simple vegetable medicine compounded on scientific principles and was discovered by Mr. Dixon about seven years ago. After a great amount of patience and much careful experimenting he succeeded in perfecting his preparation and making it a permanent cure about two years ago and since that time he has cured hundreds of the most hopeless cases in all parts of the world many of whom were relapses from Gold Cure Institutes. Moderate and immoderate Drinkers and Drug Users who were cured two years ago are cured still and will remain so, in fact Mr. Dixon guarantees an absolute cure of the crave for liquor or drugs forever. This new cure does away with the objectionable hypodermic injection treatment and is the only physical cure for these habits known—it is perfectly harmless and leaves only good after effects—it is a purely vegetable medicine—it is taken the same way as any ordinary medicine, it is pleasant to the taste and can be taken without the knowledge of the nearest friend and without any loss of time from business or other duties and gives pronounced benefit from the start. Mr. Dixon does not claim anything miraculous for his discovery, but the immediate results from taking his medicine are, to say the least, startling—viz: The entire disappearance of all desire or crave for intoxicating liquor or drugs, increased appetite for food, calm, restful sleep and pronounced benefit in every way physically and mentally. Mr. Dixon's new cure simply means that the most inveterate drinker or drug user can be permanently cured without any publicity, without loss of time from business or other duties and without any bad after effects and at a small cost. It is an up-to-date physical remedy and radical cure, and it has brought health, comfort and happiness to many homes where misery, despair and poverty formerly reigned.

In endorsement of the above read the following indisputable testimony given by some of the best known clergymen in Montreal, whose vouchers, were they not absolutely true, could not be had for all the money in Canada.

MONTREAL, September, 22, '97.
Mr. A. HUTTON DIXON,
40 Park Avenue, City.

Dear Sir,—You ask for a statement of my case and the result of your treatment. I give it freely for the benefit of others. I had been drinking heavily for years, averaging about twenty-five drinks daily. Neglected my business on account of liquor, could not sleep at night, had no appetite for food, lost all ambition, did not care for anything but drink. I also suffered very much with pains in my head and back. My memory was badly affected, also my eyesight. In fact I was a total wreck.

I took your treatment by the advice of Rev. Father Quinnivan, and I am glad that I did so. From the third day after taking your medicine I lost all desire for drink and my pains left me. I slept soundly the third night and have every night since. Within a week I was feeling all right and eating heartily three times a day. Before commencing your treatment I weighed 165 pounds and at the end of twenty days I weighed 176, showing an increase in weight of 9 pounds.

My memory and eyesight are greatly improved and I feel better in every way. I have now ambition and energy and can work better than I have been able to do for years. Nothing can ever tempt me to touch drink again. The desire is totally gone. Your medicine is pleasant to take and does all that you claim it will do. I would strongly advise all who have the misfortune to be drinkers to take your treatment.

Father Quinnivan's Testimony.

The writer of the above has been well known to me for years, and I can fully and conscientiously substantiate all he affirms. His case appeared to be one of the most utterly hopeless as to cure that ever came under my notice. All self-control and self-respect appeared entirely gone. Though an excellent worker when sober, his sole purpose in working appeared to be the earning of what would procure drink, I induced him to take Mr. Dixon's cure, and the results are correctly set forth in his letter. I am therefore anxious, fully believing in what is claimed for it by Mr. Dixon, to see this remedy brought to the notice of victims of the liquor habit, temperance workers and friends of humanity in general, who seek a means of relieving such victims.

The good points of the remedy, in my opinion, are the following:—

First—If taken according to directions, it completely removes all craving for liquor in the shortest space of three days; its use for a longer time is intended only to build up the system.

Second—It leaves no bad after effects, but on the contrary, aids in every way the health of the patient, whilst freeing him of all desire for drink.

Fourth—Its very moderate cost places it within the reach of everyone. All other liquor cures I have yet heard of are very costly, operate slowly, are doubtful as to effect, and often impair the health and constitution of the patient.

I therefore look upon this remedy as a real boon, recommend it heartily to all concerned, and bespeak for it here in Montreal and elsewhere every success.

J. QUINNIVAN,
Pastor of St. Patrick's,
Montreal, Sept. 22, 1897.

MONTREAL, July 29, 1897.
Mr. A. HUTTON DIXON,
40 Park Avenue, City.

Dear Sir,—It affords me great pleasure to be able to testify to the wonderful, I may say marvelous, effect of your medicine in my case. I commenced drinking intoxicants about thirty years ago, and as time wore on liquor got the best of me and I lost several first-class positions as a consequence. I provisionally gave up my hands and you have made me a new man. I have not the least craving for stimulants, but feel strong, healthy and vigorous, and have not felt as well for many years. I see everything in a clearer light, am now ambitious and full of energy, and can certainly say, truthfully, I attribute the change entirely to having taken your treatment.

I hope sincerely that other unfortunate like myself will help themselves by giving your treatment a trial, and I am certain, if they take your medicine faithfully, according to directions, they will never regret having done so. You may refer any one to me and I will more explicitly explain my case of periodical drinking.

Believe me,
Yours faithfully,
Reverend Canon Dixon, Rector of St. Jude's, and Hon. Canon of Christ Church Cathedral, vouchers for the above, as follows:—

St. Jude's Rectory,
132 Falstaff Street, Montreal, Sept. 8, 1897.

Mr. A. HUTTON DIXON,
40 Park Avenue, City.

Dear Sir,—It affords me much pleasure to state that the above letter, written by a gentleman of great ability and well known to me, was read to me by him six weeks after he had written it. I know, from personal knowledge, that what he has written is true. The man looks well, and I feel quite hopeful that he will give a good account of himself in business.

I am happy to add, that I spoke to the wife of another man to-day about her husband, who was also treated by you, and we both were firmly of the opinion that if the said gentleman is unmanageable and soberly and without craving for strong drink, the business he is managing, it is because that, under God, your medicine has cured him. Hoping that many who are afflicted with the liquor habit may give your treatment a trial.

Yours truly,
JAS. H. DIXON.

Father Strubbe's Testimony.

MONTREAL, July 14th, 1897.
Mr. A. HUTTON DIXON:

Dear Sir,—Since using your treatment all desire for liquor has gone. I have now not the least crave. I was run down so that my family were in despair of me. I had often tried hard to stop drinking of my own accord, but could not do it. I thought I could never get over the crave for liquor. But when I took your treatment I was the most surprised man you ever saw. Even with all your strong testimonials and all I was told by friends about your cure I could not believe it possible that anything could have the power to effect such a change in me as it has done. I now feel just as I did when I was a boy.

And the change in my home is worth ten years of my life. Instead of heart-broken and anxious faces there are now smiles and gladness. I tell you no pen can paint the picture so

THE ABOVE CERTIFICATES are presented without any attempt in the direction of literary excellence and they are all genuine, as the letters of those vouching for their truth will prove. They are selected from hundreds of others in Mr. Dixon's possession. The parties live in Montreal and any interested enquirer can get their names and addresses with many others who have been cured by this treatment by applying to Mr. Dixon. The letters tell the plain honest truth and are the utterances of grateful hearts, and while they disclose a simple but awful story their simplicity and candor cannot fail to impress the most incredulous with the sterling worth of Mr. Dixon's new vegetable cure. Full particulars are sent in plain sealed envelope on application or Mr. Dixon will call if so requested.

All correspondence is held strictly confidential and all letters should be addressed THE DIXON CURE CO., 40 Park Avenue, Montreal, where Mr. Dixon, can be seen from 10 to 12 a.m., 2 to 4 and 6 to 8 p.m.

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They have on file in their laboratory hundreds of letters from those benefited and cured in all parts of the world, and they take this means of making known to suffering humanity their great specifics. Don't delay until it is too late, and when writing to them say you saw this free offer in the TRUTH WRITERS.

Persons in Canada seeing Slocum's free offer in American papers will please send for samples to Toronto. If the reader is not a sufferer, but has a friend who is, send friend's name, express and post address and the samples will be sent.

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as to show the difference. I know there are hundreds of victims who want to stop drinking and who have squarely tried many times, as I did, without success. To all such I would say, "Use the Dixon Cure," for it is only by using it faithfully that anyone can be made to believe what wonderful good it will do. I or any of my family will be glad to answer any interested enquirers. Wishing you God-speed in your good work.

Yours very truly,
Rev. Father Strubbe, Vicar of St. Ann's, Vouchers for the Above:

I have been acquainted with the case described in the foregoing letter and I testify sincerely to the contents.

E. STRUBBE, C.S.S.R.

FATHER McALLEN'S TRIBUTE TO THE VALUE OF 'THE DIXON CURE' FOR THE LIQUOR AND DRUG HABITS.

On the occasion of a lecture delivered before a large and appreciative audience, in Windsor Hall, Montreal, in honor of the Father-Matthew Anniversary, Rev. J. A. McAllen, S.S., of St. Patrick's Church, without any solicitation or even knowledge on our part, paid the following grand tribute to the value of Mr. A. Hutton Dixon's medicine for the cure of the alcohol and drug habits:—

Referring to the PHYSICAL CRAVE engendered by the inordinate use of intoxicants, he said: "When such a crave manifests itself there is no escape, unless by a miracle of grace, or some such remedy as Mr. Dixon's Cure, about which the papers have spoken so much lately. As I was, in a measure, responsible for that gentleman remaining in Montreal, instead of going farther west, as he had intended, I have taken upon myself, without his knowledge or consent, to call attention to this new aid which he brings to our temperance cause. A PHYSICAL CRAVE REMOVED, the work of total abstinence becomes easy. If I am to judge of the value of "The Dixon Remedy" by the cures which it has effected under my own eyes, I must come to the conclusion that what I have longed for twenty years to see discovered has at last been found by that gentleman, namely, a medicine which can be taken privately, without the knowledge of one's own intimate friends, without the loss of a day's work or absence from business, and without danger for the patient, and by means of which the PHYSICAL CRAVE for intoxicants is completely removed. The greatest obstacle work has been, not the want of good will on the part of those to whom I administered the pledge, but the ever recurring and terrible PHYSICAL CRAVE, which seemed able to tear down in a few days what I had taken months, and even years, to build up. Therefore, on this Father-Matthew anniversary, do I pay willing and hearty tribute to "The Dixon Remedy" for the cure of alcohol and morphine habits. I do so through a sense of duty towards those poor victims who cry out for relief from the terrible slavery under which they suffer. It is the first time in my life that I have departed from that reserve for which our clergy are noted in such circumstances. If I do so now it is because I am thus advancing the cause of temperance.—Montreal Gazette, October 26)

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