

"I don't mean his health," returns little Leo, pointing. "I mean—I mean his looks. A paragon—come, have something the matter with him—and still his liver and lungs be all right!"

"Oh, you mean the secret sorrow sort of things, do you?" with an amused look. "Well—yes—come to think of it, Livingston does look a trifle hipped—as if he had gotten a facer, somewhat, in the set-to with life. But it is only what he must expect, as well as the rest of us," says Dr. Lamar, philosophically, going back to his paper. "As we ride onward in life, care mounts the crupper with most of us."

"It seems odd it should with him," Leo says, half to herself, and with a touch of regret. "Whenever I wished to recall the happiest, brightest face of old times, his was the one that always started up. It never used to wear a cloud. And now—"

"I see typhoid is spreading," remarks Dr. Lamar, glancing up from his sheet, "and two or three cases of malignant typhus have appeared. This looks badly, and the sanitary state of this city is a disgrace."

But Leo does not wait for the conclusion of this interesting speech. She has caught a glimpse of some one coming up the road, and starts to her feet; she knows that tall, graceful figure, that negligent walk.

Brother and sister have been for some time out here in the scented summer dusk. Mamma is reading one of her pious little books in her room, and their guest went to the city in the afternoon. It is their guest who approaches, with a certain air of weariness and boredom now. In his hand he carries a large bouquet, whose fragrance heralds his approach.

"Ah, Livingston," Geoffrey says, genially, "back? Good evening. Were you successful? Did you find your mother?"

"No," Frank says, moodily. "I did not. There is some fatality in it, I think. It has been a regular game of hide-and-seek. She left yesterday for Saratoga. Where is Leo?"

The sound of the piano in the dusk of the parlor answers. Leo is well enough to limp about all day, and sing in the twilight. Her is a voice like herself, low, and soothing, and sweet, suited to nothing more pretentious than little home songs and tender love ditties. It is one of those she sings now, "Take Back the Heart Thou Gavest."

It is too dark to read. Dr. Lamar lays down his paper, and essays conversation on the cheerful subjects of typhoid and typhus. But Frank's replies are monosyllabic; he is listening to that gentle little plaint with a savage sort of remorse at his heart. Even her voice is hateful to him, in the innocent words of the singer, in the mournful words of the song.

Geoffrey sees he is not in the mood for talk, and resigns himself to listen also. Little Leo's singing is always pleasant to the frugal ear. Certainly Livingston is very much changed, he thinks; he used to be rather a rattle-pate; melancholy and Frank never used to be on speaking terms. Can it be connected with Olga? the young doctor wonders. He sighs as he wonders, she rises before him, a vision of pure pale loveliness, a daughter of the gods, divinely tall and most divinely fair—no other he sees equals her. Happy Frank, if he is to wish her. But is he worthy? He is the sort of fellow to fancy himself in love many times, but Olga Ventnor has a deep nature, a strong, steadfast heart; the man she gives herself to should be brave, and loyal, and true.

A good fellow enough, Frank—a fellow to make a different sort of girl happy, but never Olga Ventnor.

The song ends; silence falls; Frank rises and approaches the piano.

"A melancholy ditty," he says, half-smiling. "Will you have some white roses, Leo? They used to be your favorite flowers—used they not? You see I remember old times and tastes. And as a reward of merit, sing me again—something not quite so heart-broken this time."

A flush rises to Leo's cheek, mignonette face. She does not thank him for his floral offering other than by that fleeting blush; but she turns her pretty little nose in their eyes, and never will be. But we are excellent friends and confidants all the same."

"But I thought—we all thought," says Mrs. Abbott, surprised, "that it was an understood thing you and Olga were to marry. We thought the families—"

"So did I," says Livingston, with a half laugh, "and so that bit I spoke. We were all mistaken, it seems. Olga thought differently, and has reserved herself for a better man."

"Ah! and that better man—"

"Is mythical at present—has not yet put in an appearance. But no doubt the will, and Olga will wait serenely, although it should be a score of years hence. She will certainly never make a mistake matrimonially. What principally concerns me is, that I was not the man."

There is a pause. Frank resumes his cigar; Leo's heart, its wonted beating; but with a sudden contraction of pain that she cannot define. He has asked them, and been refused.

"Refused!" thinks little Leo, looking shyly over at him in the dark, "how very strange!"

"She has had many offers, no doubt?" says Mrs. Abbott, at last. "Olga must be very lovely."

"She has the loveliest face ever seen out of a picture or a dream," Frank says, but he says it without one faintest touch of enthusiasm. "Mon raised about her abroad. She has been painted again and again—her beauty is almost without a law. But you will see her for yourself. Only say the word—she will be but too glad to come."

"Could we not christen enough to refuse? Yes, bring her, Frank—dear, fair little Princess Olga!" It is good of her to remember us all so long."

"Five years is not an eternity, Mrs. Abbott. And I doubt if fifty would enable those who over knew you to forget you?"

Mrs. Abbott smiles.

"My dear Frank, you are as charming as ever. You always had a faculty for saying nice things. I am afraid you are a flirt—I think, indeed, I have heard it whispered that you always were. Leo, do you not hear? Have you nothing to say? Olga will come."

"I am glad, mamma."

(To be Continued.)

If the sweet voice is low, it is always low; if it falters, it is a pathetic little ballad; if it closes with something like a sob, the last chord of the accompaniment drowns that.

"The summer darks are friendly, and hides much. But she sings no more. She comes close to her brother, and sitting on a low stool, nestles her head against his knee. He lays his hand lightly on that dark, drooping head.

"Tired, little Leo?" he says gently.

"Does the ankle hurt?"

"A little," she answers, in a stifled voice.

Opposite, Livingston sits smoking, silent, dark, in deepest shadow. Overhead there is a primrose, star-lit sky, around them sleeping flowers and fragrant shrubs, summer stillness, a faint breeze, and the noise and lights of the great city afar off.

"As they sit there, a silent trio, Mrs. Abbott—Lamar she calls herself now—descends and joins them. She looks very frail and white, but the rare beauty and stately grace remain."

"In the dark?" she says, smiling. "Why do you not light the parlor, Leo, and go in?"

"It is pleasant here, mother," says her son; "bring forward a chair. Have you a wrap? Yes, I see. Well, sit down; it is a lovely night—let us enjoy it."

"Let us crown ourselves with roses before they fade," quotes Livingston out of the dusk. "My roses fade with this evening. Tomorrow I go, and I shall bear with me the memory of one of the pleasantest visits of my life."

There are exclamations from Mrs. Lamar and Geoffrey. Leo says not a word.

"So soon?" Mrs. Lamar says. "Oh! I am sorry."

She is sorry. It has seemed wonderfully good to see a face out of the old life—the old life that has had its pleasures and its friendships, as well as its bitter pain.

"Thank you for saying that," Frank returns; "thank you still more for the tone of sincerity in which it is said. Mrs. Lamar, I wish you would do me a favor; I wish you would let Olga Ventnor come and see Leo."

There is a movement in the quiet figure leaning against Geoffrey's knee, but she does not speak.

"Olga!" the lady says, startled. "Oh! indeed I do not know. All that is at an end—"

"You have chosen that it shall be," says Frank; "there is no other reason why. And it is a little unjust to Leo, I think. She has no friend of her own age, and—pardon me—it must be a little lonely for her sometimes."

"No, no—oh, no!" from Leo; "no, no, indeed mamma. Do not think that."

"And Olga is dying to see her," pursues Livingston, unheeding; "and Olga is a charming girl, I assure you. Quite all she promised to be, and more. How often have I heard her long to see you all again! Come, Mrs. Abbott—come, Lamar, be generous to old friends—say the may come."

"I see no reason why she may not, Geoffrey answers, slowly; "but it is a matter of feeling with my mother, and one for her decision alone. Would Miss Ventnor care to come?"

"Do you ask that, Lamar? If I tell her, she most assuredly will not come to see you. Does your remembrance of Olga lead you to think she is one of the 'out of sight, out of mind' friends. You hardly do her justice."

"You are her loyal knight, at least," Dr. Lamar says, and laughs a little constrainedly, "and plead her cause well. Will congratulations be premature, or are they an old story by this time? We are such ancient friends and cronies all you know, that it is not impertinent to ask."

There is a tremor in the figure leaning against his knee, then a strained, painful hush, in which she can count her own heartbeats. A brief pause follows; Livingston removes his cigar to knock off the ash with care, and speaks.

"If you mean an engagement between me and my cousin Olga, there is certainly no need of congratulation. We are not engaged, and we never will be. But we are excellent friends and confidants all the same."

"But I thought—we all thought," says Mrs. Abbott, surprised, "that it was an understood thing you and Olga were to marry. We thought the families—"

"So did I," says Livingston, with a half laugh, "and so that bit I spoke. We were all mistaken, it seems. Olga thought differently, and has reserved herself for a better man."

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"I am glad, mamma."

(To be Continued.)

HONORING ALMA MATER.

ST. MARY'S COLLEGE.

The Proceedings Yesterday—The Convention of the Pupils of St. Mary's College—Honoring their Alma Mater—A Successful Gathering—The Entertainment Last Night—The Programme of To-day—The Committee of Organization.

The Convention in the St. Mary's College of former pupils opened last Wednesday. The secretary was just about to read his report, when the following cablegram was handed to the president by a page:—

"ROME, July 16th.

"M. G. C. DE LORIMIER, President of the Convention of the Pupils of St. Mary's College, Montreal.—The Holy Father sends his Apostolic Benediction to the old and present pupils, to the Moderators and Professors of St. Mary's College, Montreal.

"(Signed) CARDINAL JACOBI."

The whole assembly rose to their feet as the telegram, which was in Italian, was read, and the message was received with much applause.

The Secretary then read his report, which gave a detailed account of the preparations for the holding of the Convention since the first inception of the project on the 29th of September, 1881, until it was finally decided to hold a convention. From the books of the college it was found that over 4,000 students had passed through it and were scattered all over America.

The Chairman was the first to speak, and delivered an elaborately prepared address, dwelling chiefly upon the influence of education in Canada and the relations that the St. Mary's College, their Alma Mater, had exerted in that respect. The College had only been in existence some thirty-four years, and already it had turned out some of the most distinguished men in the various walks of life in the Province. He paid high compliments to the skill and untiring efforts of the Jesuit Fathers, and pointed to the great results which had been achieved and all the good the College had done. He paid a high tribute to the Venerable Rev. Father Martin, founder of the College, and said that the institution was a great one, where future generations would receive their moral and intellectual education. The spirit of the Rev. Father Martin, who had founded the College in 1848, was continued by his respective successors, Rev. Fathers Vignon, Sanchez, Loppino, Flech and Caszau, who had all devoted themselves to the work of the institution.

Rev. P. P. Caszau, rector of the College, in the course of a French address, said the professors were glad to welcome the old students to the College again. He saw before him men who had distinguished themselves in the country and fought valiantly for the truth and had done honor to their Alma Mater, and by this the professors were led on to further wish to raise up such men for the future.

Mr. F. A. QUINN, the 1st Vice-President, and the representative of the English-speaking portion of the old students, then delivered an eloquent address in English, in which he said that he could find no better expression for his feelings than the old Celtic words "Cead mille falthe," a hundred thousand welcomes, which he extended to all on behalf of the Reception Committee. The presence of their Lordships and the other distinguished persons was a guarantee that the Convention had the approbation of everything that was best and highest. He paid a high tribute to the order of the Jesuits. It was true that they had been opposed but this was the crown of their honor. They had always taught their pupils the necessity of defending the truth, of being aggressive in the interests of truth and honor, and this was the reason why they were opposed, because in them would be banished the greatest defenders of truth and justice. The Jesuits had taught them that true life was the defeat of truth and the fulfillment of duty, and that their duty to defend the truth and fight for the truth, and that they would all be good men, good citizens and worthy pupils.

The Rev. Father CASZAU replied feelingly in English.

Mr. ALBERT DORIMIER, on behalf of the present students of the college, addressed a few words of welcome to the old students.

Mr. PREFONTAINE, 2nd Vice-President, spoke in French, and in the course of his remarks said that the graduates of the college were distinguished men and men of honor and greatness, they owed it all to the instruction imparted by the Jesuit Fathers, to whom they all looked with love and respect. He spoke in favor of the forming of an association that would meet every year, and thus bind the students closer together.

His Lordship Bishop FABRE said he had always noticed the strong love that the pupils of St. Mary's College bore for their Alma Mater, and this sentiment was but a natural one. He spoke well of the suggestion that had been made of forming an association, as this was the custom in the great French colleges. He expressed his great pleasure at being present and at the great success of the convention.

His Lordship Bishop FABRE spoke of the error that existed that there was an antagonism between religious and civil life. He considered that this union refuted this error and showed that there was no antagonism at all. He spoke of the three kinds of society which existed among men, religious, domestic and civil, which were united, and could not be separated. He claimed that education belonged to the Church, and not to the State, and that the Church's mission was to properly educate the people. He urged them to guard against the numerous errors that existed, and concluded a very able address by expressing his pleasure at the success of the Convention.

Hon. Mr. MARCHER was the next speaker and expressed the love the old students felt for their college. He was not astonished that the college should have achieved what it had, on the contrary he would have been astonished if it had not done so. He spoke of the foundation of the college, its modest proportions at first, but in a few years it had grown into a great institution, sending out distinguished men to the country. He was glad to be a testimony to the devotion of the Rev. Fathers in their work and spoke in terms of high personal regard of the Rev. Father Martin, founder of the college, and his successor, Rev. Father Vignon. He also spoke in high terms of the Rev. Father L'Archer, Professor of Rhetoric, whom all the old pupils loved and respected, and concluded by urging all to join together in forming an association.

This concluded the proceedings of the Convention, which then adjourned.

COMMITTEE OF ORGANIZATION.

The following gentlemen compose the General Committee of organization: Charles O de Lorimer, President; Francis A Quinn, 1st Vice-President; Raymond Prefontaine,

2nd Vice-President; Alphonse Leclair and Damase Masson, Treasurers; P B Mignault, Secretary, and Messrs Hon L O Loranger, Proc Gen; Rev C Lacoste Ducharme, Rev Thomas Fabry, L'Abbe C de la Croix, Georges E Desbarats, J G Grant, Alfred Laroque, Chev de Pie IX; J E Robidoux, Damien Rolland, J A Laramee, M D; R J Devins, Edmond Brats, Napoleon Renaud, Leon Frechon, J B Rolland, Armand LaBocque, L D Mignault, M D; Arthur Mathieu, M D; L J Ethier, J F Dubreuil, D Gaherty, M D; Richard Hubert, W O Farmer, Hon Honore Mercier, M P P, Rev J J Salmon, Rev Hyacinthe Brisette, O O Perrault, Vice-Consul de France, Edmond Frechon, E Laf de Bellefleur, Chev de Pie IX, J O Lacoste, Alderice Deschamps, Gustave R Fave, C J Doherty, Eliezer Berthelot, R Fave, C J Doherty, Henri Merrill, M D, Alphonse Daviel, D Parcell, Hector Prevost, H J Kavanagh, J Bouthillier Trudel, Odilon Beauchemin, Anson Macdonald, J B Valle Henri Fillet, Ramon Benfield.

THE ENTERTAINMENT WEDNESDAY EVENING.

The Academic Hall of the Gesu was filled last evening with a large and fashionable audience, comprising the elite of our French Canadian society, on the occasion of the playing of "Le fils de Ganelon" by the pupils of the College. The plot of the piece was laid out with much effect. The following was the cast:—

Charlemagne..... Alfred Merrill
Achille..... Achille Dorion
Geraud..... Geraud, Henri Daze
Reynard..... Reynard, Joseph Melancon
Duke Naimy..... Duche, Arthur Trudel
Charles..... Arthur Lottoland
Nothold..... Albert de Lorimer
Richard..... Richard, Joseph Rivet
Herde..... A. C. de Lary Macdonald
Theobald..... Edouard Barnabe

The costumes were elaborate and the stage setting really artistic and life like. Mr. Alfred Merrill acquitted himself creditably, showing some very good acting in the scene where he watches the tide of battle from a window. Achille Dorion as Geraud, one of the principal characters, also produced a very favorable effect in his acting. The other characters were also well portrayed.

The City Band under the leadership of Mr. Lavigne was present during the evening and enlivened the proceedings with charming music.

The following is a complete list of the names of the old pupils of St. Mary's College who have so far registered their names in the books of the Institution, and who are in attendance at the Convention:—

Charles C. de Lorimer, Francis A Quinn R Prefontaine D Masson, Alphonse Leclair, P B Mignault, C L Ducharme, A S Torqueur, J Pare, E Rottot, A E La Line, Homides Caron, Joseph Blais, Joseph K Michards, E Desjardins, Charles Crevier, J F Dubreuil, J E Robidoux, Q C, A L Laroque, H E Merrill, M D, A E Jones, L D Mignault, M D, J M Loy, R Renaud, A Laroque, L Varas J E Gromdin, J Tache, O B Devins, T Charon, Arthur Mainville, Geo D O Farrell, R Rivet, Leon Dessauz, J R de Lorimer, M D, Alphonse Gosselin, Arthur Pavin, Honore Mercier, A St Jean, Gedeon Lallamie, Jean L Goulet, T C de Lorimer, Jose Emile Carrier, A Bernier, Leonide Ethier, D Houde, Leon A Favreau, Jules Jette, P E de Lorimer, M D, Andre Loignon, Hermas Beaudry, J F E Allard, M D, N Vadeboncoeur, J Melancon, J Desjardins, L Desjardins, J J Moreau, Arthur Daire, A N Hudson, Chas Collier, Z Gravel, L Lacombe, H A Cholette, A E Laroque, Hector Berthelot, Jos Conant, Jos Brunson, J D E Lionas, Adolphe Homer, L O Loranger, M R C Decarie, P Decary, J R Wilson, Crawford Lindsay, W C Languedec, A W Greiner Alphonse Jambou, D M F Valois, Dr A A Macneil, Dr J B Bouchard, Martial Bisson, Gaspard Lelievre, J Fremont, Samuel Mitchell, L E Marton, F Labadie, M D, Jos L Carle, Jr, L N Carle, G G Carle, Geo E Desbarats, J Vain, A A Gauthier, A Deschamps, Alphonse David, J C Lacoste, E Paradi, Max Bonar, G Archambault, J J Salmon, P F, N C Cormier, L Lyman, L J A Valois, Wolf E Mathieu, J E Hurtubise, Wm Walbrunser, J D Rolland, L Frechon, H Mathieu, L Houle, Jules Chevalier, J W Chevallier, W O Farmer, Michel Mout, T L Nesbitt, T Monette, A Monette, R Hubert, M Nolan De Lisle, A Grenier, F Trudel, G Gaudouin E L'Archeveque, J O John E O'Rourke, Hyde Park, N Y; J J Beauchamp, A A Lafleur, J E Dore, P D Hughes, R Prefontaine, Jacques Carlier, S G Turgeon, J B Trudel, G O Beaudry, Francis A Guerin, A A Brunau, L Beauchemin, Argente Couillard, A M Comte, E N St Jean, J R Leonard, L F Pare, F X Desnoyers, Armand Beaudry, Alderice Decary, Rev L A Brosseau, Rev P St Pierre, J C Turgeon, P P Charette, L A Cadieux, Francis De Frevois, J J Decary, Henri Daze, N Matte, M D, N Prefontaine, J Baillesseau, E Mathieu, J J Mallet, L Lafamme, J W Valle, J D Turcotte, Chas Falardeau, Denis McLynn, J A C Madore, W E Smith, Lavolette, Arthur Merrill, Alf E Merrill, J Brosseau Chas Lamotte, A B Rolland, E Fortier, A Desautels, J B Ostell, E Dupuis, Jos Rodier, J J Prendergast, M D, Adric Decary, Rev L A Brosseau, J O Turgeon, P G Charette, L A Cadieux, P de Sade Prevost, J B Decary, Henri Daze, L E N Pratte, N Prefontaine, J E De la Nox, D Gaherty, L A Brals, E L de Bellefleur, N H Bourgeois, E Mathieu, L J Mallet, L Lafamme, B Tourcotte, J B Vallor, J J Dore, E L Parroiss, L P Laperriere, A Dorion, E P Bonayre, Dr Arthur Mathieu, Wm Haden, Thos Bell, Gustave Chevallier, M D, Rev C T Berube, M E David, Alex G St Jean, Louis Sikouin, C A Obenevert, F X O L'Iselle, P N Maudou, C de Lorimer, M J Rivet, Alphonse Piche, Rev J J McDonald, J A Levanier, P O'Hagan, H Muldoon, Walter Kavanagh, H J Kavanagh, F Corley, L Dillon, J Dillon, T J Doherty, C J Doherty, F Caszau, J E McEvenue, F Gerikon, P Gerikon, T Hanley, H Gerikon.

A large number of other former students who only arrived in the city to-day have as yet failed to register their names.

ACTORS OF THE COLLEGE.

Since the foundation of St. Mary's College in 1848, eight Reverend Fathers have held the position of Rector up to the present time. We give their names, with the periods during which they guided the destinies of the institution:—Father Martin, from 1848 to 1857; Father Vignon, from 1857 to 1862; Father Sanchez, from 1862 to 1867; Father Vignon, from 1867 to 1870; Father Loppino, from 1870 to 1873; Father Flech, from 1873 to 1877; Father Caszau, from 1877 to 1880; Father Vignault, from 1880 to 1882.

THURSDAY'S PROCEEDINGS.

This morning at half-past nine o'clock the steamer "Montaville" left the Island wharf with several hundreds of members of the convention on board. There were also a large number of ladies and invited guests present. The boat reached the Gros Point near eleven o'clock, when the excursionists strolled over

the island and amused themselves in various ways. The day was extremely fine, and many availed themselves of the opportunity of rowing on the river. A programme of sports and games prepared for the occasion was gone through and attracted large numbers of spectators. A sumptuous repast a la carte was served by Victor. A thoroughly enjoyable time was spent. The excursionists returned to the city at about 4 o'clock.

Over four hundred of the old students of St. Mary's College and a large number of the clergy and invited guests set down last night to the banquet laid in the Academic Hall of the Gesu. The tables were neatly arranged and beautifully decorated with flowers, etc.

At about eight o'clock the President, accompanied by their Lordships the Archbishop of Quebec and the Bishops of Montreal and Three Rivers, entered the hall and took their seats amid loud applause. Mr Charles E de Lorimer, President of the Committee, presided, and on his left were His Lordship Archbishop Taschereau of Quebec, Rev Father Radon, Superior of the Mission, Rev R F Caszau, Rector of the College, Dr W H Hingston, Rev Father Flech and E L de Bellefleur, while on his right were His Lordship Bishop Lalleche of Three Rivers, Don Smead, Vignon, Hon Honor Recorder DeMontigny, Hon Mr Lassimane, Dr Trudel, Rev Father Sanchez, Mr F A Quinn, 1st Vice-President of the Convention, Mr Raymond Prefontaine, 2nd Vice-President, Hon Mr Mercier, and many other distinguished citizens.

An excellent menu was provided, to which ample justice was done, after which

The President arose, and in a few well chosen remarks proposed the first toast, the health of "His Holiness the Pope." The toast was received with much enthusiasm and heartily responded to, the entire company singing the Papal Hymn. The President also proposed the toast of "The Queen," which was also duly honored, the National Anthem being sung.

The Secretary then said they had received letters and telegrams of regret at not being able to attend from His Excellency the Governor-General, His Grace Archbishop Bourget, Mgr. Languevin, Mr. Moreau, Mgr. Pinnsonnault, Mgr. Tache, Sr. A. Dorion, Hon. A P Caron, Hon G Oultout, Hon Judge Jette, Hon P J O Chaveau and several members of the clergy.

Mr. DEBRIEFVILLE arose and gave "The Canadian Episcopacy and Clergy" in an able speech. He paid a glowing eulogy to them, and said he had always worked zealously and ungrudgingly in the great cause of religion. He mentioned the names of Rev. Father Giguere, founder of St. Hyacinthe College, Rev. Father Ducharme, founder of St. Theresa College, and Rev. Father Lullin, founder of L'Assomption College, to show what had been achieved, and paid a high tribute to the Rev. Father Martin, founder of St. Mary's.

Archbishop TASCHEREAU, of Quebec, arising to respond received an ovation. His Lordship, after thanking those present for their reception, said that he considered that the enthusiasm with which the toast had been honored, proved how attached the Canadian people were to their Bishops and Clergy, and he hoped this would long continue.

The Rev. Father SORU, Vicar-General of the diocese of Buffalo, also responded in a masterly and eloquent manner. He said that after what he had seen during the past few days he was fully convinced that the Canadian Bishops in their deference to the clergy were, if not the superiors, the equals of the Bishops of the United States. He expressed his pleasure at being present, and expressed his willingness to come every year, if necessary.

He suggested in connection with the idea of holding an annual convention, that the present committee should continue in power for a year longer and during that year frame a constitution and by-laws and take other means of forming a society. He also suggested that which would serve to bind the students closer together. He hoped that the college would continue to prosper, and that in a few years they would see, sitting at the sides of their Lordships, another Bishop who would be a student of St. Mary's College (applause).

The Hon. Mr. MENCHER, amid much applause, then arose and proposed the toast "Our Alma Mater," which was the signal for much enthusiasm. The eloquent gentlemen followed in a forcible and masterly oration, dwelling chiefly on the love he, as well as all the old students, bore for their Alma Mater.

Mr. C. J. DONAHY, on behalf of the English students, also proposed the toast in a speech, which was afterwards commented upon as being one of the best efforts this rising young orator has ever made. He spoke at some length and was frequently interrupted with outbursts of applause. In paying a tribute to his Alma Mater he said that the Jesuit Fathers had not only turned out Canadian champions in the field of literature and politics, but had also formed Irish patriots, tutoring their tongues to speak, on all occasions, in defence of freedom, truth and the rights of mankind. Their gratitude for this compelled them, therefore, to join with their French-Canadian confreres in upholding the name and dignity of the Jesuits and of old St. Mary's. (Loud applause.)

The toast was responded to by the Rev. Father Vignon and Rev. Father Caszau, both of whom expressed the pleasure and pride the professors always felt in meeting the old scholars.

Mr. RAYMOND PREFONTAINE proposed the toast of "Our invited guests," which was responded to in eloquent terms by Mr. A. Desjardins, M P P, in a neat and eloquent speech.

Dr W H HINGSTON responded in English in an exceedingly able speech. In the course of his remarks he said that the Jesuits were unlike Gambettas, Bismarcks, or other similar statesmen, in so far as the latter confined their labors to the building up of their individual Kingdom and Empire, whereas the Kingdoms and Empires built up by the followers of Loyola were universal, embracing the whole of the terrestrial globe.

After the usual toasts of the "Press" and the "Ladies" were disposed of, the banquet was brought to a close, the assembly proceeding to the grounds, which were brilliantly illuminated by two electric lights. A grand display of fireworks followed, which was witnessed by a large crowd of people. The City Band was present and discoursed some magnificent music.

Shortly after midnight the assembly broke up with much hand shaking and exchange of good wishes amongst pupils professors, and thus a most successful, beneficial and truly enjoyable re-union was brought to a close.

Happy to meet, sorry to part,
Happy to meet again.

During the evening the following poem composed expressly for the occasion by our talented young Irish poet, Mr. W. O. Farmer, was read, and produced a marked effect. Many of the eloquently expressed sentiments were loudly applauded.

Purest of all the purest virtues known—
One that for hosts of ages may well stone
That braves and quickens the human breast

The most exalted yearnings and the best—
Shines Gnatrude, whose fond voice now recalls
The halcyon days we spent within those walls,
Where our untutored minds to build a thought
By firm'd Loyola's gifted sons were taught
Skillless we were, but our hearts were true
The debt we owe (by never may repay)
To those who led us to our goal divine,
Where faith's halo o'ershadows our learning's
shrine.

Who first the portals of pure knowledge threw
Wide open to our young ambition's view,
And from their clasped arms, and gentle
Our slender tapers led on principles—
Aye, sweet, O, Alma Mater! sweet O'er
To us, our remembrance of those
Fond years, who ever of words we claim,
Whate'er of merit rests in worldly fame—
Whate'er our minds possess of cultured gloss
Or gleams our busier nature's dress!
Happy, thrice happy, days were those we spent
On cares of books (our only cares) intent,
When waking day dreams weaved their magic
And Hope was wont her flattering tales to tell—
Beating the future out in hues that earth
Deems all too bright to live beyond their
birth.

When gorgeous fancy threw a glamour o'er
This work-day world, still urging us to soar
To flocks there, clouds of marble, gates of gold,
That later on but mocked our number fate!
Yet are they happy days, those College days,
And fitly are they remembered with our praise,
Despite their fallacies, in youth we were
And false ideals, lo'd'd 'till 'e'er so wrong,
— Gladly, how gladly, would I barter a
To days there, and but for the years that
To feel— for just one short-lived hour, to feel
Their warmth of chivalry and pious zeal—
To view my fellow-men as they were
From knavish wiles and lust of lucre freed,
Inspired by nobler aims than would greed,
But those glad days so long have fled, they
seem.

When viewed thro' time's dim vista, like a
dream!
No more will I know the paradisaical hours
Passed in the flow'ry meads and sunny bowers
Where hied imagination in her teens—
No more o'ermant youth's thoughtless, cloudless
scene
Light were our spirits then and free from
care—
So very free, we seem'd to tread on air.
In friendly rivalry each vied with each
The highest honors honorably to reach,
Nor did the vanquished prize the victors less,
For none were there from selfishness redeemed.
The coveted prize each tried his best to gain,
And falling, Hope would lead the van again,
Till those, perchance, to-day who vanquished
The victor's laurel could to-morrow bear.
What boisterous merriment, too, unremembered
During the recreation hours we spent,
But never shall echo back the welkin now
Our cries of joy, our study's duties o'er.
For number, hied and partial to our wash,
With play to-day, and to-morrow, wash!
No more, as then, with bounding hearts and
light
We'll try to intercept the football's flight,
Or swart the babble of the busy throng,
Who sat in groups or wildly dashed along,
Some, embracing nuptial sports, as athletes vied,
While some the charms of conversation ried,
Aye, some the goal of wholesome merriment,
Entered the happy roysters one by one!
This life's events, and but for those
To fight life's battles—some have won, some
lost—
But peacefully many have sailed on some,
Others by adverse fate been overcome,
Others, again, succumbing in their bloom,
Are mouldering tenants of the silent tomb,
For those, the old time friends we hold so dear,
Drop we the silent tribute of a tear!
The oft'ring's small, out, one, at least, will
serve
To mark the sympathy which they deserve!
But while we mourn the prematurely dead,
Let not oblivion shade the lustre shed
By the survivors, and faintly on my own
— This gala day a tribute's end!
As God's anointed, some have reaped renown—
Some in the toils, others in the gown
Their names on Fame's bright tablets have
graven!
As Pappal Zouaves, some daintily have
braved
Braved in the battle's van, the vanal horde
Who'd mark the Cross pay homage to the
word!
But of those all who bore the battle's shock
None braver fought than our own brave La-
cours!
The Chevalier's reward none nobler won,
Nor clung the banner to his waist so well
And now, to you, whom we esteem so well—
To you, Loyola's own! I'd say farewell!
No more, perhaps, no more will we court
To meet as then, and faintly on my own,
We soon must part—the fate of some 'till be,
Their Alma Mater never more to see.
For their behalf, and faintly on my own,
Ere we disperse, I'd worldly motto known
How much we prize you—your friends are our
youth
You, whose shield—best champions of truth!
Nor time nor distance will avail to steel
Our hearts against you, long as we're hearts to
feel,
For ever, and off, with backward gaze,
We'll bless you still—still bless our college
days!

Provincial Exhibition
MONTREAL,
SEPTEMBER 14TH TO 23RD.

Agricultural and Industrial.
\$25,000 IN PREMIUMS.

Ample grounds and magnificent buildings for the display of the best of our products. Articles of Agricultural Implements and Machinery in motion. The Exhibition will be open on the 14th September; and will continue until the 23rd of the 18th, on and after which date the Exhibition will be complete in every detail. Reduced rates are offered by all the principal Railway and Steamboat Companies. Exhibitors will please make entries as early as possible. For Price Lists, Blank Forms of Entry and all information, apply to the undersigned.

GEO. LECLERE, Joint Secy.
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78 St. Gabriel Street, Montreal.

WANTED—TWO TEACHERS.
For a Primary School in the Parish of St. Alphonse de Rederique, County of Joliette, must be competent to teach French and English.
Address: MESSRS AUGUSTE & JOSEPH ST. ALPHONSE DE RODRIGUEZ, County of Joliette, P.Q.

PROVINCE OF QUEBEC, DISTRICT OF MONTREAL, SUPERIOR COURT, No. 917. Dame Melvina Forin, of the City and District of Montreal, wife of Charles Desjardins, of the same place, and her heirs, Plaintiffs vs. the said Charles Desjardins, Defendant. An action in separation as to property has been this day instituted in this cause.
Montreal, 19th Jan. 1882.

MONTREAL CITY AND DISTRICT SAVINGS BANK.
NOTICE is hereby given that a Dividend of FIVE PER CENT on the amount of the unpaid shares of this Institution, has been declared, and that the same will be payable at its banking hours, in this city, on and after the 25th day of August, 1882. By order of the Board,
HENRY BARBEAU, Manager.
487 1/2 St. Paul St.

KIDNEY WORT
IS A SURE CURE for all diseases of the Kidneys, and LIVER.
It has special action on the most important organ, enabling it to throw off impurities and insuring the healthy secretion of the bile, and by keeping the bowels in due condition, insuring its regular action. It is a sure cure for all ailments arising from the kidneys, such as Malaria, jaundice, biliousness, the chills, and all those ailments which are the result of a disordered system. It is a sure cure for all ailments arising from the kidneys, such as Malaria, jaundice, biliousness, the chills, and all those ailments which are the result of a disordered system. It is a sure cure for all ailments arising from the kidneys, such as Malaria, jaundice, biliousness, the chills, and all those ailments which are the result of a disordered system.