PROM UNITED TRELAND.

NOOTOR BRISSON was the last man credence in superstitions. As a troth?' andent in Paris his life had been a wild one, and before he had well crossed the sodden ground. The morning was break threshold of manhood he was a pronoun ling, and in a few hours we knew we were ced sceptic. A daring thinker, he had questioned every creed, and found it wanting. Life to him was an inscrut- whole families had found refoge, had able riddle, because he had persuaded himself that death was its end. The immortality of the soul he regarded as an old wife's fable, unworthy the credence the neighboring houses were borrible, of a man of robust intellect, and he reeking like shambles with the scattered might fairly claim to be classed in that | bodies and limbs that the terrible excategory. His fame had passed beyond Paris-beyond France. He had published works on his art which had been adopted as text books in all the medical schools of Europe, and when I made his acquainties in the forties he was almost acquainties in the forties ne was almost atory, is a fine thing for those who say a student then living in an attic in one of the dingy steets attic in one of the dingy steets that clustered round the Sorbonne. My meighbor on the opposite side of the land on the fifth story was a veteran who had seen service in the Peninsular Wend on the fifth story was a veteran wars and who had taken part under Baron Le Senne in the assault on Saragossa, where he had left a leg, and from which he had carried many scars, as evidences of his devotion to his flag The doctor had taken an interest in him the French army surgeons, had attended sionals had been wrecked and the bodies because it happened that he, as one of poor old Jacques in his hour of need, and had won his gratituic by his attention and kindness, and he had met nim years after in Paris in an unexpected manner, when the one legged Jacques dang himself in front of the runaway horses of the carriage in which the doctor and his wife were seated as they were driving along the Rue de Rivoli. Request encreeded in stopping the run-elled features of a bishop, still wrapped aways, but not without to ne serieus in in his sacerdotal robes. His deel and in his sacerdotal robes. His deel and urise to himself. The doctor would gladly have fecompensed Jacques by a gift of money, but the old soldier was at once proud and crateful.

"You saved my life, doctor, when it appearance of a phantom called from the shouldn't I offer it to you and to madame the grave to rebuke and to threaten.

The expression, combined to give the tone. I come. when my turn came?"

and Jacques resused all offers of money, but the dootor and his wife did not forget him, and many a time heard the unusual rustle of ailken skirts creeping up the stairs when the doctor and madame came to visit Jacques, bringing little luxuries which were given with such unaffected courtesy that it was impossible for him in spite of his pride-the heritage of the old revolutionary days, when every one in France addressed each other as citizen, to refuse. But despite these attentions, poor Jacques was always gloomy and despondent, and again and again I heard him wish that he had fallen in the sessuit on the Convent of St. Francis, at Saragossa, where some of the most desperate fighting had taken place. One night he was seized with sudden illness. It chanced that I was about entering my own room, and I heard a cry of anguish from my neighbour's room.

'What is the matter, Jacques?' I

'H-l is the matter,' he answered, hoarsely. 'H-l and d-n! He is He is here! Save me! Save

His door was only on the latch—poor fellow, he had little reason to bolt it, for there was nothing in it to tempt the burglar or the thief. When I pushed it open I, by the aid of a flickering candle, saw him half raised from his poor bed, or substitute for a bed, with his right hand stretched out. The shirt had opened at the neck and displayed the shrunken breast, and the lank arm, and the thin fingers were sorry witnesses of the inevitable decay of age. 'This is the way he held out his

hand!' he cried-'this is the way he held out his hand!' Poor fellow, he was, I believed, deliri

ous, and I thought it best to humour him.

'Yes, that is the way,' I said; 'but lie down and try to go to sleep.'
'Go to sleep! Go to sleep!' he

shricked, and a horrible semblance of laughter that made my blood cur le escaped his lips. 'He went asleep. He had been asleep for a hundred years when we woke him—ay, we woke him, and he held out his hand this way—do you see, this way?'

I had bent over the poor fellow, trying to soothe him, and his feeble hand

touched my face.

And there was a ring on his finger, he continued, 'and a jewel in the ring, and there was a demon in the jewel; ob, yes, there was a demon in it! Whisper come close to me.' And the weak hand strove to bring me down almost to his lips. 'Look, it burned into my flesh,' and he showed me a hoger with a deep, circular mark that went almost to the hane. 'There it was,' he mouned; 'I were it until the touch and the sight of it made me mad. But the jewel; oh, the jewel. I tell you 'twas alive! Alive, I say. It changed its colour every hour, every minute. Oh! a brave jewel it was. It had all the thousand hues of the summer day. Would it not have been a pity to bury it again in the coffin-in the grave, and he was dead, you know dead a bundred years or more. But I would not have taken it, no! I never would have taken it except for her. 'l'll marry vou, she said, when you come back from the wars with a jewelled ring for my finger.' She asid it in jest, I dare say, for we were looking in at the windows of a jeweller's. near the Paleis Royal, a few nights be-fore my regiment was ordered from Paris.

bright to me as here, and other lips as awest, and maybe I cid not think or ner as often as she thought of me. But I set, and maybe I cid not think of her saw her once—'twas the night offore our final assault on the convent of St. Francis,

in Sarragossa. 'I was in the trenches, 'twixt sleeping and waking, when : h : came to me, and she bent down and kissed my lips. In the act her wonder ul hair, black as night and flowing, when loosened, almost to ber ankles—ah! did I not often tangle it in sport in the happy days of our courtship?—fell around my face, and I felt her breath as she whispered: 'Dearest, when will you bring the ring in the world you would suspect of to her to whom you have plighted your

to be called to our work. Half the convent had been already destroyed. Subterranean cellars, in which become their tombs. Hundreds of workmen who had come to the aid of the Grenadiers in the defence had been buried beneath the ruins. The roofs of plosion which wrecked the convent had flung everywhere. We couldn't take a step without tramping on bodies still quivering in death's agonies, or torn limbs or severed hands, black with pow-der, and still palpitating. 'Oh war,' cried the old soldier, interrupting his a charge upon a slope with guns and dying as you attempted to reach the combatants making their last stand against the high altar of the doomed church of the convent, was horrible beyond telling. The pavement of the nave and of the cloister had been wrenched up. The side chapels and the confes garded as their final resting place had been flung on to the surface. The habits, in which they had been buried, some of them centuries before, weres till undecayed, and in many cases the faces dried and shrivelled, like an old walnut shell, showed above them, but sometims only grinning skulls. From one of the old broken coffins protruded the livid, shrivbony right arm was extended, as if point ing at us, and his dark crasset in their deep sockets and his mouth with its ter

'On one of the shru ken fingers was a jewelled ring that sparkled and shone as no other ring had sparkled or shone before. The chapel was just cleared of Spaniards when I saw him and it, and my comrades were following the enemy up into the towar fighting away, and I was for a moment alone with the dead and the dying. I endeavored to snatch the ring from the finger, but it was embedded in a dry flesh. I seized the finger, buried my teeth in it below the ring, and bit so reuch of it off, and then, dragging the ring still with my teeth over the severed iragment. I flung the broken finger into the coffin, and minutes many of the French returned to the chapel, bringing with them scores of wine skins which they had discovered and which were tull of wine. Our throats were dry with the powdersmoke, and we drank without stint, and when the wine-skins were empty we fastened them up and made footballs of them, and we played a merry game amongst the corpses - aye, a merry game, I tell you. And there were some who, enatching the vestments and habits from the dead, dressed themselves in them, and we laughed and shouted and swore, and I was foremost among the revellers until my foot tripped over a broken coffin, and I fell head long. Trying to save maseif, I flung my hands before me and they clasped a head that felt like her head! Yes, like her head, for thick and black and glossy was the hair, and silken soft to the touch as here was. I dragged myself up and lifted the head. it came away with me. I turned it round to lock at the face. One glance was enough. It was her face! broken When I recovered I was in hospital. What had passed seemed only like the

and mutilated almost beyond recognition; but it was hers. It dropped from my hands, and I became unconscious. faint recollection of a levered dream, and by the time I was able to be invalided home I had fully persuaded myself that the incident of the head was a

figment of the imagination. Well, the time came when I found myself in Paris once more. I sought out Suzette. She was looking lovelier than ever, and once more I asked her to be-

come my wife. "Have you the ring, Jacques!' she asked, as she shot a merry grance into

my eyes.
'See,' I said, and I produced it.
'On! it is beautiful,' she exclaimed. and look, Jacques, look; does it not seem alive, it changes colour every

minute, where did you get it?" 'Somehow I did not like to tell under what circumstances I had procured it. "In the wars darling, I answered

'and now remember your promise.' "Ah, that was the happiest hour in my life, monsieur, said the old soldier, saily, and his thin hand slightly pressed mine, 'and the last happy hour. I put the ring on her finger at her request, and we were to be married two days later.

'The next day I had an appintment with her in the gardens of the Palais Royal. I was resolved to be there before the hour that I might not keep her waiting. I was turning up from the Rue de Rivol when I noticed a crowd. I pushed my way into it. I saw the form of a woman lying prone on the roadway. but her words were in my mind long the soft silken mass of hair so like after Thad left her Years had passed Suzette's almost took the sight from my eince I had said good by to her and I eyes I sprang forward to litt the wo-had seen much service, and perhaps man up. The head lell from the there were other eyes that seemed as is hulders rolled a few feet, and rested with Dr. Adams' Toothache Gum. 10c.

on the poll exhibiting the ghastly mutilated face of the woman I loved, and who was to be my bride. 'It was the face I had seen in the con-

vent at Saragoesa! 'I was mad, I believe, for m mihs after this, and they kept me in an asylum for the insane. It was long after I learned how the poor girl had met her fate. She was passing a tu lding in course of construction when an iron beam, that was being put in the place intended for it. fell out on to the street and, striking her on the neck, severed her head from her hody.

'Toey buried her in a common grave, so that I was denied the poor consola-tion of being able to stand on the very spot which enclosed her remains.

'I have seen her often in my dreams and always she seemed to be endeavor ing to pull the ring from her finger, as I had endeavored to pull it from the finger of the long dead prelate, and failing in her task, she seemed to cast on me a reproachful glance, as if the ring had been the cause of her tragic end. But she has not visited me for years, and I would fain hope that her poor troubled spirit has long since found reat.

· But another phantom haunts me now the phantom of the Bishop. Look! look! Do you not see him there!

there !-there! The old soldier was pointing to a corner of the room. I fear I was a little tainted with scepticism, and I believed poor Jacques was only raving; yet a queer feeling crept through me, as if there was some invisible and supernatural presence in the room

Do you not see him? Do you not see him? cried Jacques, with startling energy.

'Calm yourself, Jacques,' I replied, gently. You have excited yourself by talking too much. There is no one in the room besides myself and yourself.' 'What! you don't see him with his livid face and his outstretched hand and the finger bitten off? He wants the ring I tell you, he wants the ring,' and Jacques after this burst fell back on his bed, gasping.

Fortunately the Concierge, who was aware of poor Jacques' condition, had sent a messenger to Dector Brisson in accordance with the instructions which he had received from the kind-hearted ductor to notify him if anything went

wrong with the old soldier.
The doctor just arrived at this critical moment. He give the patient a cooling drink, and his very presence had a southing effect on old Jacques, who fell into a light slumber.

The doctor and I sat by his bed for about half an hour. 'He is all right for to-night, poor fel low.' said the doctor in a sympathetic ribie expression, combined to give the | tone. I shall come again in the morn

> changing. He was then an old man. and there was only little color left in his checks, but these became ashen grey as I gazed at him. His eyes, that still retaind all their youthful lustre, were fixed as I thought on vacancy. His

while form was rigid as marble. What's tue matter, doctor?' I cried with a current as of ice seemed to run through my veins. -

He found speech through my frightened cry.
'Look there! there! Do you not see

him?' be shouted. Already unnerved by the gruesome story I had heard from the lips of Jacques, I was an easy prey to the fears aroused in me by the doctor's startled expression and fearsome question. I look ed towards the quarter indicated, and there, as clearly-more clearly than l see the words I am setting down here, I saw the vision of the dead bishop as Jacques had described him. The shrivel led race, the shrunken eyes, the skinny arm, all were there, and the poor figure locked more terrible because of the faded finery of the episcopal garments in which he was clothed, but the greater horror was occasioned by the mutilated

tinger. 'Do you see it?' cried the doctor to me, again in tones that indicated a strange change that was working within him-this aceptic who believed that death was the end of life. His shrill

question aroused old Jacques. Oh, God, he is there! he is there Doctor, doctor, tell me what to do to get rid of it. It's driving me mad.' I could not take my eyes from the figure. Suddenly I saw the firm lips move.

'Il you would be rid of me, repent. came from the dead Bishop's mouth, and as a light smoke vanishes the phanton disappeared. It seemed as if a cold hand clutching my heart loosened its grasp, and I felt my vigor returning. I looked at Jacques. He was lying on his back, his hands were clastico, and the tears were sliding down his wan cheeks. Dr. Brisson was seated, his elbow rested on a little table at the end of the bed, and his head was supported by his

hand. He seemed buried in the profoundest thought. After a few minutes he pulled himself together, and this sceptic-this avowed atheist—bent over the dying man -for it was evident that the hours of Jacques were numbered.

'Mon pauvre (ircon,' said the doctor in a broken voice, 'would you like to have a priest with you before you go?'

Three days later the doctor and I stood by the open grave, and while the burial service was being read I heard the doctor repeating it in a whisper. When we turned away after the earth had closed over poor Jacques, the doctor rested his

arm in mine.
'My boy,' said he, as we moved slowly to where our carriage waited for us, 'I'm an old man now, and in a few months or years at most, I must follow poor old Jacques; but, thank God, I have lived long enough to be convinced that death is not the end of life, and that there is a future beyond the grave. Let us hope that we may make ourselves worthy of it.'

THE END Note.-The description of the scene in the chapel is that of an eye witness, Baron Le Jeune, who took part in the attack, and the incidents of the girl's hair and of the Bishop protruding from the coffin are found in it.

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SOME STRANGE NOTES.

VALUABLE BUG AT LARGE.

A despatch from Chicago says: Jesse P. Van Diozer, former captain of the Northwestern University football team and at present postmaster at Evanston, has sacrificed a diamond scarlpin, valued at \$200, to his love for practical studies in zoology. He was returning from a summer party at the Country Club when he asw a beetle. It was a large, many colored bug, and Mr. an Doozer wanted it, and, after a chase, captured it, taking it home. There was no box to put the beetle in, and so an Doozer stuck the bug to the wall with his diamond pin. By the time the football player was prepared to retire be discovered that his captive had escaped and was flying about the room with the pin glistening from his back. Van Docz r and the bug made a dive for the | has to give the colony thirty-aix hours' window at the same moment, but the labor a week. If he works longer he es bug got there first, and is now roaming tablishes a labor credit which he can window at the same moment, but the

In conversal on an army officer said the other day: Why, I never think of usay; a mirror when I shave; I do not ucari on a camp stool, or the side of a cot, and whack away at my face. It is more comfortable to be seated, and then do not crane my neck to see the place I am sin vine and thereby expose myself to a gash from the razer. I never cut ties. myself; in fact, I will be willing to knitt wager that I can sh 'ye in my tent without a mirror as easily or with more case than many who have every convenience of the consorial table and often leave

THERE is but one person in the world, ethical principles. probably, who has fallen 1,200 feet through space and lived to tell the tale. Tout person is a woman. Her name is Mildred Nevins. She is an aronaut, and earns her living by diving from a bal- a little Angio Sixon island in a sea of loon through the air with a big parachute.

Mildred Nevins has lived all her life in St. Louis. At seventeen she went on the stage in variety performances. But | Sarsaparilla are written by honest people the glare of the footlights wasn't exciting enough for her. When she read an advertisement calling for a young woman to make balloon ascensions and do parachute leaps she thought she'd like to try. She succeeded and was en

Mildred Nevins and Thomas Co wan were going to have a parachute race through 10 000 feet of space. Both were to cut loose from the balloon at the same instant. The one to reach the earth first was to be declared winner.

Twelve hundred feet above earth the balloon caught fire. 'Cut locse your par achute, yelled Cowan to the girl. Sne couldn't, but he hid. The balloon began to fall, with its human freight enmeshed in ropes and netting. Telling

the story, she said:
'I closed my eyes and waited for death. It didn't come. Down through a tree fell the balloon. The canvas caught in the branches. The balloon stopped with a jerk. I fell to the ground, striking several branches. I felt a pain in the back. Faintness seized me. I was slowly sinking into insensibility. Then-voices and-life!

The peculiarities of men in small things are many. One of them is described by a reporter of a New York

Women rarely look into the little mirrors in the panels in the sides of the elevated cars between the cross seats. but it is not unusual to see men do this. Sometimes it is just a glance as they sit down; sometimes a man bends forward in his seat and looks into the mirror as though to survey some mark on his face. and he makes this survey with great deliberation, and takes this opportunity to look over all his features. He may sway his head and settle down his collar perhaps, and give his necktie a little push, but his main purpose of looking in the glass is evidently to regard his own face, and this he does fully and earnest ly. A man may lean forward and take glance at himself when there is some body else sitting in the same section, in the seat opposite, but the elaborate survey is likely to be one made when the man happens to be the only occupant of a section. This personal surveying of one's self in the mirrors is not confined



to men of any age. Of those who look the greater number are young or midd'eaged men. But there may be seen looking in the mirrors, with the same degree of interest and of satisfaction with themselves, men with gray beards. One may sometimes see a man in working dress sitting in a cross seat lean forward and look at himself in the mirror. And it may be that on a light run, when the car is practically empty, one may see the elevated guard, strolling down the iele, pause at the cross seats and survey his reflection in one of the looking glasses.

> One of the strangest colonies in the world is probably that of Cosme, founded in Paraguay by colonists of English blood from Australia, says the New York World.

The property of the colonists is all held in common and all their work is done in common—cultivating, building, housekeeping—but each family may occupy a house by itself. There is no

That a man can become accustomed to pretty much anything is proved by the other is in the army, who, when camped cut or placed in a position where they do not have the accessories of the tollet, soon leurn to do without articles generally thought to be made and the other and the color way: 'Why, I never think of the color when the color when the color way: 'Why, I never think of the color when the color way: 'Why, I never think of the color when the color way: 'Why, I never think of the color way: 'Why, I never think of

private purpose. Wail the house has been built by the man's labor he cannot, however, sell it. It is his only to occupy. Come does not want single men, al though single women would be welcome, being scarce, as in most new communi-The women are occupied with knitting, sewing, washing and other womanly occupations, but when a woman is married the colony makes no more claim upon her. She is doing all that the community requires in managmarks of their awkwardness on their ing her house and attending to her chilfaces It is all due to habit, formed by dren. Men are married at twenty one, women at eighteen. There is no religious service, but the community lives on the Ten Commandments and on its own

> The colonists have plenty of amusement, dancing, games, concerts, singing clubs, and seem to have a pretty decent time of it, away from their countrymen, Spanish.

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St. Ann's Young Men's Society.

Organized 1885.

Meets in its hall, 157 Orthura Street, on the first Sunday of each month, at 250 P.M. Spiritual Adviser, REV. E. STRI BBE, C.S. R.: President, JOHN WHITTY: Secretary, D. J. O'NEILL, Belegates to St. Patrick's League: J. Whittp. B. J. O'Neill and M. Casey.

Ancient Order of Hibernians.

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A.O.H.—Playinion No. 3.

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C. M. B. A. of Canada.

C.M.B.A. of Canada, Branch 26

(ORGANIZED, 13th November, 1883.) Branch 26 meets at St. Patrick's Hall. 92 84. Alexander Street, on every Monday of each month.

The regular meetings for the transaction of business are held on the 2nd and 4th Mondays of the month.at tp.u.

Applicants for membership or any one desirons of information regarding the Branch may communicate with the following officers:

MARTIN EAGAN, President, 577 Cadicux St.
J. H. PEELEY, Treasurer, 719 Sherbrooke St.
G. A. GADBOIS, Fin.-Sec., 511 St. Lawrence St.
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