

AUGUST 26, 1890.

A MESSAGE TO GARCIA.

"The Greatest Little Thing Ever Written."

Syracuse Catholic Sun.

Some time ago Elbert Hubbard, the well known author and editor of that crisp and snappy little magazine, the Philistine, printed in the pages of that periodical an article to which he gave the suggestive caption, "A Message to Garcia." George H. Daniels, who is at the head of the passenger department of the New York Central railroad, came across Mr. Hubbard's sermon. He is a man who keenly feels the need for the competent subordinate. Mr. Hubbard's article so appealed to Mr. Daniels that he had it reprinted in a tasteful pamphlet, printed in the unique style of the Roycroft shop, and scattered it broadcast. The first edition of 10,000 was exhausted and the second edition of 100,000 has been ordered. Mr. Hubbard is well known to people in this vicinity both personally and through his writings the "Message to Garcia" is as follows:

In all this Cuban business there is one man stands out on the horizon of my memory like Mars at perihelion. When war broke out between Spain and the United States, it was very necessary to communicate quickly with the leader of the insurgents. Garcia was somewhere in the mountain fastnesses of Cuba—no one knew where. No mail nor telegraph message could reach him. The president must secure his cooperation, and quickly.

What to do. Some one said to the president. "There's a fellow by the name of Rowan will find Garcia for you, if anybody can."

Rowan was sent for and given a letter to deliver to Garcia. How "the fellow by the name of Rowan" took the letter, sealed it up in an oil skin pouch, strapped it over his heart, in four days landed by night off the coast of Cuba from an open boat, disappeared into the jungle, and in three weeks came out on the other side of the island, having traversed a hostile country on foot, and delivered his letter to Garcia as things I have no special desire now to tell in detail.

The point I wish to make is this: McKinley gave Rowan a letter to be delivered to Garcia. "Rowan took the letter and did not ask, 'Where is he?' There is a man whose form should be cast in deathless bronze and the statue placed in every college of the land. It is not book-learning young men need, nor instruction about this and that, but stufening of the vertebrae which will cause them to be loyal to a trust, to act promptly, concentrate their energies, do the thing—"Carry a message to Garcia."

General Garcia is dead now, but there are other Garcias. No man who has endeavored to carry out an enterprise where many hands were needed but has been well high appalled at times by the imbecility of the average man—the inability or unwillingness to concentrate on a thing and do it. Shipwreck assistance, foolish inattention, dowdy indifference and half-hearted work seem the rule; and no man succeeds, unless, by hook or crook, or threat, he forces or bribes men to assist him; or, mayhap, God in His goodness performs a miracle, and sends him an angel of light for an assistant. You, reader, put this matter to test: You are sitting now in your office—six clerks are within call. Summon any one and make this request: "Please look in the encyclopedia and make a brief memorandum for me concerning the life of Correggio."

Will the clerk quietly say, "Yes, sir," and go to the task? On your life, he will not. He will look at you out of a fishy eye and ask one or more of the following questions: "Which encyclopedia? Where is the encyclopedia? Was I hired for that? Don't you mean Blismark? What's the matter with Charlie doing it? Is he dead? Is there any hurry? Shall I bring you the book and let you look it up yourself? And I will lay you ten to one that after you have answered the questions, and explained how to find the information, and why you want it, the clerk will go off and get one of the other clerks to help him try to find Garcia—and then come back and tell you there is no such man. Of course, I may lose my bet, but according to the law of average, I will not. Now, if you are wise, you will not bother to explain to your assistant that Correggio is indexed under the C's not in the K's, but you will smile sweetly and say, "Never mind" and go look it up yourself.

And this incapacity for independent action, this moral stupidity, this infirmity of the will, this unwillingness to cheerfully catch hold and lift, are the things that put pure socialism so far into the future. If men will do act for themselves, what will they do when the benefit of their effort is for all? A first mate with knotted club seems necessary; and the dread of getting "the bounce" Saturday night holds many a worker to his place.

Advertise for a stenographer, and nine out of ten who apply can neither spell nor punctuate—and do not think it necessary to. Can such a one write a letter to Garcia? "You see that 'jok-keeper,'" said the foreman to me in a large factory. "Yes, what about him?" "Well, he's a fine accountant, but

if I'd send him up town on an errand, he might accomplish the errand all right, and, on the other hand, might stop at four saloons on the way, and when he got to Main street would forget what he had been sent for."

Can such a man be entrusted to carry a message to Garcia? We have recently been hearing much maudlin sympathy expressed for the "down-trodden denizens of the sweat shop" and the "homeless wanderer searching for honest employment," and with it all often go many hard words for the men in power.

Nothing is said about the employer who grows old before his time in a vain attempt to get frowsy ne'er-do-wells to do intelligent work, and his long, patient striving with "help" that does nothing but loaf when his back is turned. In every store and factory there is a constant weeding-out process going on. The employer is constantly sending away "help" that have shown their incapacity to further the interests of the business, and others are being taken on. No matter how good times are, this sorting continues, only if times are hard and work is scarce, the sorting is done finer—but out and forever out the incompetent and unworthy go. It is the survival of the fittest. Self interest prompts every employer to keep the best—those who can carry a message to Garcia.

I know one man of really brilliant parts who has not the ability to manage a business of his own, and yet who is absolutely worthless to anyone else, because he carries with him constantly the insane suspicion that his partner is oppressing or intending to oppress him. He cannot give orders, and he will not receive them. Should a message be given to him to take to Garcia, his answer would probably be, "Take it yourself."

To night this man walks the streets, looking for work, the wind whistling through his work-bare coat. No one who knows him dare employ him, for he is a regular fire brand of discontent. He is impervious to reason.

Of course, I know that one so morally deformed is no less to be pitied, than a physical cripple, but in our pitying, let us drop a tear, too, for the men who are striving to carry on a great enterprise, whose working hours are not limited by fast turning white wheels, and whose hair is fast turning white through the struggle to hold in line downy indifference, slipshod imbecility, and the heartless ingratitude which, but for their enterprise, would be both hungry and homeless.

Have I put the matter too strongly? Possibly I have; but when the world has gone a slumbering I wish to speak a word of sympathy for the man who succeeds—the man who against great odds, has directed the efforts of others, and, having succeeded, finds there's nothing in it; nothing but bare board and clothes. I have carried a dinner pail and worked for day's wages, and I have also been an employer of labor, and I know there is something to be said on both sides. There is no excellence, perse, in poverty, rags are no recommendation; and all employers are not rapacious and high handed, any more than all poor men are virtuous.

My heart goes out to the man who does his work when the "boss" is away as well as when he is at home.

And the man who, when given a letter to Garcia, quietly takes the message without asking any idiotic questions, and with no lurking intention of chucking it into the nearest sewer, or of doing anything else but deliver it, never gets "laid off," nor has to go on a strike for higher wages. Civilization is one long anxious search for just such individuals. Anything such a man asks shall be granted; his kind is so rare that no employer can afford to let him go. He is wanted in every city, town and village—in every office, shop and factory. The world cries out for such; he is needed and needed badly—the man who can carry a message to Garcia.

BAD LITERATURE.

Rt. Rev. Bishop McSherry on the Evil of Corrupt Reading.

The Rt. Rev. Bishop McSherry, Vicar-Apostolic of the Eastern District of the Cape of Good Hope, calls attention to what has become one of the greatest and one of the commonest spiritual dangers in an age so full of perils—the reading of the bad and unhealthy literature with which the world is deluged at the present day.

"Ever on the watch for our destruction, and using to that end every available instrumentality, the enemy of souls has found a terribly potent weapon in the abuse of that noble faculty God has bestowed on our human nature—that of communicating our thoughts to one another—and wields it with deadly effect in his attacks on morality and religion. Everywhere he finds this weapon ready to his hand. Using as his accomplices wicked writers, who pander to the most depraved tastes and vilest passions, as well as publishers and book-sellers, who, in trying to satisfy their greed for gain, care not what havoc they work, he contrives to place within the reach of all—of the young and the old, of the rich and of the poor—an endless variety of corrupting literature—infinid books and pamphlets, immoral romances and indecently illustrated papers—which in the most effective manner aid him in his work of destruction.

"It is against this fearful evil that we would raise our voice in earnest and solemn warning, saying to you with the prophet, 'Let every man cast away the scandal of his eyes,' calling on heads of families and those charged with the bringing up of youth to put

forth every effort to save those under their care from the contaminations of bad books and of bad publications of every kind.

"Among these instruments of evil may be classed trashy and sensational novels, which deprave the mind by feeding it on sophistry and false sentiment, and impair and weaken that intellect which Almighty God has endowed man for a high and noble end, and as they are for the idle and the indolent, they are written so as to save their readers the trouble and labor of exercising their brain, and, as a great educational authority has said, 'They completely satisfy the intellectual appetite and make it unfit not only for regular mental work, but for good literature of any kind.' As another great writer put it, 'Periodicals and novels of this class are, more especially to those whose minds are still unformed and in process of formation, a new and more effectual substitute for the moral springs of life and blighting in the soil those tender plants of virtue that otherwise would have bloomed into eternal life.' St. Liguori says of them that 'they put fantastical notions and affections into young persons' heads which destroy all devotion and afterward impel them to give themselves up to sin."

"Yes, this is the great evil—not merely does the reading of them waste valuable time, not only do they impair the intellect, but many publications of this class do more. They undermine virtue by reviling it and characterizing it as folly; they represent shameful deeds of vice in the most attractive form; by retelling immoral incidents, they fill the soul with impure imaginations and basest passions. Nor is it the openly indecent writings that do the most mischief. Such often disgust rather than attract. Hence the Demon inspires authors to conceal the fifth under cover of amusing stories, full of interest and highly sensational. We are thus reminded of the words of Ecclesiasticus, 'An enemy speaketh sweetly with his lips, but in his heart he lies in wait to throw thee into a pit.'"

"But dreadful as is the ruin wrought by unclean literature, there is another class of writings still more fatal in their tendency and effects, because they attack faith itself. So long as it is preserved, the sinner's conversion is still possible, whilst without it he can not be saved, and so the Evil One tries to extinguish every spark of faith by the propagation of infidel works. The press teems with productions of this kind—books which question or boldly deny the very existence of God, the immortality of the soul, the eternity of punishment, or which put aside the great truths of religion and principles of morality, as if they were of no importance to mankind—books in which revealed religion is combated with sophistical arguments and ridiculed as fable; books filled with scurrilous jests and ribald jokes regarding things dear and sacred to every Catholic heart; books which, with the object of discrediting Catholicity, distort its doctrines and even the very facts of history.

"And amongst the weapons employed by the enemy of God and of His Church are also to be found many of those so-called books of science and philosophy that are scattered broadcast, and find everywhere numerous readers, realizing the words of St. Paul 'For there shall be a time when they will not endure sound doctrine, but according to their own desires they will accord to themselves teachers having itching ears, and will indeed turn away their hearing from the truth, but will be turned upon fables' (2 Tim. iv. 6). It is of these false teachers the great Apostle speaks in another part of the same Epistle when he says, 'And their speech spreadeth like a cancer.' How terribly forcible this description he gives of their teachings! How truly such writers have been termed murderers of souls!"

"We earnestly exhort you, then, as you value your immortal souls, never to read these impious publications, nor the others to which we have referred. Shun all these dangerous, lascivious and atheistical writings—imbibe not the poison that will destroy your spiritual life. You easily enough realize the mischief done by a bad companion, but the worst companion is generally harmless as a child compared with a vicious book. The scandal-giving associate can't be always and everywhere present, but only when occasion offers; the bad book one can have always and everywhere. Unknown to anybody it can be taken up or thrown aside at pleasure. In God's name, then, keep away from the flame that will set your souls on fire! Don't imagine your virtue and your faith are so strong that you can read anything and everything with absolute impunity. No, you can't touch pitch and escape defilement.

"And what you do in the interest of your own salvation you will try to do for others according to the measure of your influence and responsibility. The evil in question is a gigantic one, and to meet it the co-operation of all God-fearing people is necessary. No body worthy of the name of Christian can remain selfishly indifferent to any evil afflicting religion and society. Is it not deplorable that in an enlightened age, when public authorities in all civilized countries take such wise precautions to safeguard the lives and health of the citizens, such as regulating the sale of poisons and explosives, forbidding intra-mural interments, and carrying on dangerous occupations in populous neighborhoods, enforcing inoculation, and so on, the same authorities seem to have little or no regard for danger threatening the moral life of the people,

and allow almost complete license to the publishers of abominable literature?"

"But if those charged with the government of the country won't do their duty, that does not dispense us from doing ours. Give, then, no countenance or support to writers who insult your Faith or corrupt public morals. Never allow their books to be read by any one under your control; never give or lend them to others, with the risk of giving scandal and leading into sin. Never purchase such works or keep them, or allow them into your houses; if you do, you make yourselves accomplices, and incur the responsibility of co-operating in the ruin they may cause. If you happened to come across writings insulting to your father or mother, how indignantly you would feel! How anxious to put them out of sight! But is not God your Father and the Church your Mother, and have they not infinitely stronger claims on your zeal?"

"But true Christian zeal, not content with merely preventing evil, loves to manifest itself in the endeavor to propagate truth and the maxims of sound morality. Thank God! books that inculcate and defend both are outside our reach. Works abound that fill the mind with ennobling thoughts, that teach us to amend our lives. Such you should read and re-read during your spare time, on Sundays, for instance, when the law of the Church enjoins rest; and, not content with that, you should try to induce others to follow your example. By recommending, lending or making a gift of a good book, you may be instrumental in doing a vast amount of good. A good book may, by God's grace, convert the most hardened sinner, and make him a saint. Besides the Sacred Scriptures and expositions of them, the lives of the saints and works written specially in defense or explanation of Catholic doctrine, there are many publications which, though they may be classed as light reading, are nevertheless pure, instructing and elevating, the reading of which is sure to make us both better and happier. 'For the rest, brethren, whatsoever things are true, whatsoever modest, whatsoever lovely, whatsoever of good fame . . . think of these things . . . and the God of Peace shall be with you.' (Phil. i. 8.)"

AN IGNOBLE PASSION.

Envy, spite and vindictiveness are very kin. Envy is chagrin over another's good. Spite is the infliction of wrongs for wrongs endured. Vindictiveness is the reckless award of private justice.

A few days ago an old man of eighty wished to marry. He had a sister who made her home with him. She opposed the marriage on personal grounds and because she disliked her prospective sister-in-law. Failing in all her efforts to prevent the match she went before the prosecuting attorney of the county in which they lived and accused her brother of a murder committed twenty-eight years ago. He was arrested and is being brought back to this state, where the crime of which he is charged was committed. The old man was living in peace with his neighbors and had earned a reputation for honesty, sobriety and general integrity. Only a few years remained to him on earth. Guilty or innocent, why not let him die with his awful crime buried in the coffin with him? His worst enemy would have shown him mercy. But none can be so cruel as our own flesh and blood. This sister, she who called his mother her mother; his father her father, conceived the dreadful thought of betraying him into the folded hands of oblivious justice. Cui bono? He was on the threshold of a momentary happiness and she bore him spite.

Spite is the most grovelling and most irrational of vices. Ambition seeks honors. Avarice seeks riches. Cupidity seeks pleasure. There is some sort of a plea that can be formed in exculpation of these vices. If there is not a good, there is at least an appearance of good in the thing sought. But spite finds gratification solely in the misery of others. It seeks no personal gain. It is satisfied at the neighbor's loss. It is a passion that devils would scorn. Devils torment men; they never do injury to each other. Spiteful men persecute their fellow-men.

This woman, who finds intense gratification in fastening a hangman's noose around the neck of her aged brother, is an exaggerated type of many men and women. The world is full of envious and spiteful people. There are courts for the settlement of private disputes and the punishment of public offenses; but for one case that is brought before the courts ten thousand are settled by occult compensation or private vengeance. The tale-bearer, the gossiper, the back-biter, the detractor, the slanderer, the wanton destroyer of property, the violent, the breaker of the public peace, the murderer—all belong to the same class, all find happiness in compassing the unhappiness of others. Catholics are quite as much given to their private vengeance as other people; and the worst of it is, they seldom make it a matter of confession. They tell injurious tales about their neighbor, and do not scruple it either, because they are true or because they heard them from others. They did not "make them up." They preserve the memory of a wrong for years until the expected moment arrives when they can get satisfaction; and all that time they have gone to the sacraments! They think they are

perfectly justified in inflicting any injury on their neighbor, provided it does not exceed in quantity that suffered at that neighbor's hands.

Our Lord says: "Judge not and you shall not be judged." He tells us that we shall be judged with the same rights and measures we use in dealing with our neighbor. When we pray the Our Father, we do not say: "Forgive us my trespasses," but, "Forgive us our trespasses." We do not say, "My Father," but "Our Father." We do not say: "Lead me not into temptation," but "Lead us not into temptation." Charity is the supreme law of Christianity, and the sign, mark, badge and distinguishing characteristic of the follower of Christ. "By this shall all men know that you are my disciples, if you love one another." Who will put a stop to this wild justice of revenge?—Western Watchman.

HOW TO REBUKE SCANDAL-MONGERS.

It is told of Hannah More, the famous English authoress of a bygone period, that when any one came to her with a story of another's misdoing, she would say: "How very sad! We must go right about finding whether this be true or not." Then the tale-bearer would be sure to answer: "It may not be so, after all. I am almost sure it is not." To which the good Hannah More would respond: "Why do you go about repeating it, then?" Sometimes she would not give up until she had dragged the unwilling gossiper to the starting-place of the lie, which was not likely to be far away; in which case you may be sure she effected a speedy and permanent reformation of the person who had been so anxious to spread the scandal.

THE VAGARIES OF HERESY.

The comments of non-Catholic preachers on the death of the infidel Ingersoll are painful manifestations of the vagaries of those outside the Church. We would remind those quasi-apologists of blasphemy that there is "One Fold and one Shepherd" Christ built His Church, and He built it on foundations as solid as those of His throne in Heaven. All the vital organization of His Church is the work of Christ's own hand. The Church was not a result of religion; it was not established by men for the sake of religion. Priests, Bishops, Popes had no more to do with the institution of the Church than they had with the institution of the sun in the sky. Christ built His Church at the same time that He promulgated His religion. No one can be a Christian who is not a member of the one Holy Catholic Church. "He is no Christian," said St. Cyrilian, sixteen hundred years ago, "unless he is a member of the Catholic Church." And a far greater than St. Cyrilian said that unless we hear His Church we are as the heathen. The whole thing is supremely simple, as what God intended for our good always is, and the curse of curses is that men do not let the simple truth of God alone. There might be, as there are, geographically, distinct parts of the Church—just as there were, geographically, distinct States and counties—but these parts have no integrity apart from the Church of Christ. They are homogeneous. If they are cut off from the one Shepherd they are as worthless, as useless, as full of decay and dissolution as the hand or foot cut off from the body. So we had that wonder of wonders—unity or universality; all races professing one faith, sharing the same sacrifice, having the same traditions. We listen to the voice of the Pope, knowing well that his voice is the echo of the voice of Christ. That there is, and can be, only one Christ is a fact as clear as that the sun is in the sky. There is only one Church which claims infallibility. Other forms of religion may appeal to the prejudices and the passions of men, but our reason tells us that the Catholic Church must be infallible.—American Herald.

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CARDINAL VAUGHAN'S PLUCK.

A true story illustrative of the pluck of Cardinal Vaughan in his younger days is told in the Rev. Bernard Ward's "History of St. Edmund's College." The future Cardinal was driven in a dog cart along a lonely road which leads from Herford to Ware. Suddenly a man sprang out from a hedge and, covering Father Vaughan with a horse pistol, commanded him to stand and deliver. But the steady cleric had no intention of being "held up" in this manner. He jumped down and went for his assailant with the butt end of his whip. There was a tussle for some minutes, which ended in Father Vaughan getting possession of the pistol, and in the footpad securing the horse and trap and driving off at full speed down the road in the direction of Ware. Father Vaughan followed on foot, endeavoring to take pot shots at the man's rapidly retreating figure with the horse pistol, which proved on examination to be unloaded. However, when he reached Ware railway station he found his turnout safe and sound in charge of a porter. But the thief had made good his escape to London by a train which he had caught just in time.

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Swellings—"I had a swelling on my chest. It caused me great pain and many sleepless nights. Physicians advised operation but my daughter urged that I take Hood's sarsaparilla instead. I did so and after using six bottles, the swelling went away and I have not had any more pains." Mrs. J. A. C. CROSWORTH, 432 Front St., Belleville, Ont.

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