second and fourth by month in their eigneurs and Notre A. T. O'Connell, C. e, secretary.

S SOCIETY.—Estab6th, 1856, incorporised 1864. Meets in
fall, 92 St. Alexanrst Monday of the
ttee meets last Wedrrs: Rev. Director,
ran, P.P. President,
; 1st Vic?, T. J.
Vicē, F. Casey;
vicē, F. Casey;
of O'Leary: Corresary, F. J. Curran,
lng-Secretary, T. P.

on NO. 3. meets om, hird Wednesday ogs 1868 Notre Dame Gill. Officers: Alelery. M.P., Presidery, Vice-President; lin. Rec.-Secretary, street; L. Brophy. Hughes, Financial Young street; M. an Standing Comean Donnell, Marshal. Donnell, Marshal

NG MEN'S SOCIE-885.—Meets in its a street, on the each month, at. ual Adviser, Rev. S.R.; President, D. etary, J. Murrav: Patrick's Leaguer, O'Neill' and M.

T. A. & B. SOon the second Sunonth in St. Patt. Alexander St.,
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NADA, BRANCH
18th November,
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Tomato

other's. URAL PLAVOR.

IT.

SSENCE

TON'S

+ Our Roys and Girls +

"No," he said, "I have promised to be at home and mother will worky."

There were many gibes at his mother's nerves, and whims, and the old-maidishness, but the boy was firm; he would not give anxiety to his mother. She was making great exertions to give them all an education at a college near by, and the noble fellows appreciated her efforts. Their greatest pleasure in any success was the loy of "telling mother," their best recreation after hard study was a walk with mother. Whenever she was obliged to go to the store or market one of the boys, usually the youngest, was by her side, carrying her bundles, waiting upon her into the cars and finding his pleasure in watching her happy face. The college boys dubbed the three sons, "Their Mother's Knights." It was a title to be proud of, and it would not be a bad idea to start an order among boys with some such name. The lad who was afraid of making his mother worry was the leading scholar in his class, fond of sport, and a live boy generally, and bids fair to recompense all his mother's care by his successes. He is too manly to willingly cause her a moment's pain. Happy the mother of such a boy.

REGULARITY—Many a girl is only regular in her irregularity; she dawdles systematically; comes too late to meals, arrives at Church, when Mass is nearly over, is still"

A LESSON IN COURTESY. —We expected to the birds singing in the trees.

One Sunday, as he came into the little churchyard from the woods, heard the voice of the priest through the vioce of the priest through, and stood still for a moment to listen.

"The gof you, pray for the souls in any stood still for a moment to listen.

"The gof you, pray for the souls in the care the voice of the priest through the voice of the priest t

late to meals, arrives at Church, when Mass is nearly over, is still asleep when she ought to have been at work long ago, is at work when at work long ago, is at work when it is time to be in bed. In this way all her occupations get into confusion, and everyone who has to do with her is put out. Girls who never keep time seldom succeed in life, the world leaves them on one side. Do not put off till evening what you can and ought to do in the morning; if you want a walk, but it is not necessary for you to go out not necessary for you to go out, wait for a more convenient time. Do not delay to the last what ought to come first. Have a proper time for eating and drinking, sleeping, and rising, going out and coming home, praying and working;—by this means a great doal of time is saved.

TOLD THE TRUTH. - "I don't know that you will be able to do much with him," said a father to the principal of a school, to whom he had brought his son as a pupil, "he is so full of mischief."

"he is so full of mischief."

"Does he tell the truth?" asked the principal. "Can I always depend upon his word?"

"Oh, yes," said the father, "he is honest. He will tell the truth even when it is against himself. You may depend upon that."

"Then we can manage him," said the principal. "He will make a smally man."

And he did.

GABRIEL'S FRIEND. - Many years ago so many that all those of whom I am going to tell you, have long since fallen asleep—there lived, in a country on the other side of the world, a boy whose name was Gabriel. And this boy — with this beautiful name, which seemed to those who knew him a sort of mockery—was ugly and stupid and shy. His light blue eyes looked out from under a thatch of brilliant red hair. His large mouth—but no! Why should I describe him? He was ugly, and he knew it; and was sorry for it somewhere deep down in his honest heart, just as he was sorry for being blundering and awkward and slow. lived, in a country on the other side

honest heart, just as he was sorry for being blundering and awkward and slow.

He had upon all this wide earth not a single friend. All his life he had been laughed at or ignored, he knew of no different existence, and he accepted his destiny without complaint. But, had he only known it, he possessed a friend who gave no thought to his ugliness, but looked into his soul and found it beautiful. And this friend saw that his heart was ever gentle and loving, as well as very lonely; and He had compassion on him, sending him in His own mysterious way another friend. It is the story of this poor boy that I am going to tell you, perhaps it is only a legend; but it is true.

Gabriel had never known his mother. From babyhood he stood apart from other happier children, who had mothers who believed in them, and cared for them, and loved them. Poor, forlorn Gabriel! There had never been any one who loved him or believed in him in one to notice the tears in his wistful eyes, or to comfort the ache in his ionely heart. Of his father he remembered very little, except that he had been silent and stern, for when his ship was lost at sen, Gabriel was only five years old.

A LESSON IN COURTESY. -We hear on all sides the complaint that the young people of to-day are not taught to be courteous and respect-

taught to be courteous and respectful to their elders, but are inclined to feel themselves of quite as much if not more importance.

I saw to-day a pretty contradiction to this assertion. On a crowded car I noticed a young girl holding in her lap a big bundle. Her face, though youthful, bore the stamp of those who toil, and her mouth had a little tired droop at the corners. Two smart-looking young women entered the car, and were offered seats by men who rose with alacrity to serve youth and beauty.

An old woman, pinched and poor looking, entered next. She was not

An old woman, pinched and poor looking, entered next. She was not very sure-footed and clung uncertainly to a strap. Every mother's son on that car became engrossed in a paper or his thoughts, and only gave the woman a furtive glance as she lurched with the swaying car.

Just then the sweet-faced girl with the big bundle caught sight of the woman, gave her a sympathetic look and, taking her by the arm, helped her carefully into her seat. The men looked, I thought, a bit uncomfortable, and ducked a little more out of sight behind their papers.

When we see little acts of courtesy like this we need not wail too loudly that the feeling of respect for age is in danger of extinction.

Household Notes

NERVOUS WOMEN. -A practical hint or two may be useful to those who have no appetite or desire for food and yet ought to take it. Have nothing to do with the choice, pre-paration or service of your meals. If you have a fancy for something tell the household purveyor, but let it come to you unexpected. The woman who orders a dinner has eaten it be-fore it reaches the table. If she cooks it too, then she has eaten it cooks it too, then she has eaten it twice. Is it any wonder she has no appetite for a third course of it?

A radical change in the hours of meals will sometimes help to provoke appetite, such as taking the chief meal of the day an hour earlier or later or transferring it from midday to evening or vice versa.

To rest before meals so as to come fresh and untired to table is good, and to rest after meals is a great help to weak digestion.

In cases where it is almost impossible for the patient to take food for herself she will often take enough without trouble if she is actually fed by another person.

HOUSEWORK .- Don't discourage HOUSEWORK.—Don't discourage the girls when they are learning housework by confining them too closely to the prescribed methods, says a writer in the Philadelphia "Times." Let them introduce new systems in the kitchen if they like. Let them do as they will, so long as they do it thoroughly.

Don't think that because you were taught to iron pillow slips on the wrong side they must necessarily do so, too.

Often the girls go out "more than the mothers do, and in visiting the

various homes among their girl friends they have an opportunity of learning how other people work.

Many of our daughters leave home and seek employment in mills and stores—in fact, take any work that is offered at small compensation—rather than stay at home when they must go through the dull routine of housework.

If the home work were managed so as to give cach member of the family time for the development of dormant taste and talents, fewer girls would leave the comfortable homes and the privileges which they might enjoy under the parental roof for the monotonous life in store or factory.

*MOTHER WILL WORRY." — A good test of a boy's manilness is the way he treats his mother. As a rule, this best of earthly friends will cheerfully endure any sacrifice for sake of her boy, and the only reward she seeks is her boy's happiness. A little thoughtfulness and attention on his part will fill her heart with delight. The lad who is mentioned below ought to have many imitators. Don't worry mother, boys!

One of our writers overheard some boys talking together latefy. A plan for spending the evening had been proposed, and oue of the boys refused to ion the party. He had promised to be at home by suppertime. The rest laughed at his excuse.

"No," he said, "I have promised to be at home and mother will worry,"

There were many gibes at his mother's nerves, and whims, and the old-maidshness, but the boy was firm; he would not give anxiety to this mother. She was making great the strength of the work and the privileges which they might one spoke to him except to jest; and he was lone. Ye he boys the worked around him, quicker and brighter than he, never asked him to join in their sames; and while the air rang with their shouts and laughter, he quietly wandered off to the woods and watched the tiny squirrels and list need to the birds singing in the roes.

One Sunday, as he came into the lold-maidshness, but the boy was firm; he would not give anxiety to this mother. She was making great the work of the woods of the run; and even if they need to the birds singing in the roes.

One sunday, as he came into the lold-maidshness, but the boy was firm; he would not give anxiety to this mother of the sunny hillsides, he fet shood; and the boys to do the attent an stay at home when they are form and said: "You've all best to give cach member of the family and well in the master good by the laid his hand on Gabriel's he laid his hand on Gabriel's would leave the comfortable homes and the privileges which they might only under the parental roof for the woods and would heave the comfortable would leave the comfortable woul

ONE CENT CATHOLICS. — According to American Catholic exchanges there is a well known priest in New York who has his opinion of what he calls "one-cent Catholics." He does not hesitate to express himself on the subject with force and frequency. "People come and congratulate me on the beautiful and inspiring music they hear every Sunday," he remarked in a recent sermon. "Or they speak of the fine paintings, or the 'atmosphere,' or the preaching. A very material point of view? Certainly. But since we have descended to materialities, how much do you suppose they contribute to show their appreciation of the music, to buy the paintings, to keep up the 'atmosphere,' to support the preacher? One cent. They are one-cent Catholics, and you may be quite sure that their hearts will never do any more for God than their hands do for the upwilding of ONE CENT CATHOLICS. - AC never do any more for God than their hands do for the upbuilding of His visible church."

His visible church."
The following statement of facts follows out the same line of thought. It is not from the priest just quoted, but it is so like him that jit might have been. It is from a little paper published by a parish in Pittsburg.

"You cannot set your shoes shin-ed for one cent.
"You cannot ride a block on a street car for one cent.
"You cannot send a letter to your friend for one cent.

friend for one cent.
"You cannot buy your dog his din-

ner for one cent.
"One cent will not purchase the

"One cent will not purchase the poorest cigar made.

"The smallest coin you can give a street beggar is one cent.
"How long could you sit in a free concert hall if you offered one cent?" And if you gave one cent to a contribution for a widow or one who had met with severe accident, would you not feel mean and contemptible?
"Provided that you attend church regularly, dropping one faithful cent.

temptible?

"Provided that you attend church regularly, dropping one faithful cent every Sunday, it would take you two years to contribute \$1.

"A cheap seat in a theatre for one, evening would cost you one year's church offering.

"And yet there are people who sail into church as though they own it, occupy a seat they pay no rent for, flop on their knees and ask the Lord to bless them with good health, and to give them anything from a row of flats to a steamship line, and when the plate comes around piously drop in one cent.

"When you are ill to death you expect the priest to visit you at any hour, night or day, storm or shine. You want him to baptize and marry your children, offer Mass for your dead, to help you in every need. You come to church and slip a miserable one-cent coin into the plate.

"Do not be mean into the plate. "Do not be mean nor teach your children to be mean. If you give them one cent to offer in church when they are young, they will grow up with the notion that one cent is the standard sum to contribute to the support of the church."

A MIRACULOUS ESCAPE

A mine worker in Greenburg, Pa. last week, fell 265 feet down a coal shaft and lives to tell his thrilling experience.

More remarkable still, the man is only bruised. Not a bone is broken. The miner's name is Joseph Bollinski. He is employed at the Jamison Works. While standing at the top of a shaft he tried to step into the car, missed it and plunged headlong down the hole.

The man bounded from side to side, turning completely over several times, and landed on his back at the bottom:

MONEY ALL OVER HIS HOUSE

A money grubbing bachelor, aged

A money grubbing bachelor, aged 65 years, died suddenly in New City, N.Y., last week Coroner Smith made an investigation and held an inquest. He surprised the reheld an inquest. He surprised the residents by discovering that deceased instead of being a very poor man, as every one thought, had a comfortable fortune, a large part of which was stored in many parts of the little house in which he lived alone. The monay was all over the house. It was found in bureau drawers, in boxes, and stored away in closets and pantries. The total sum found in the house was \$3,354.54. It was mostly in bills although about \$115 was in gold and silver. In a hank book of the New York Savings Bank was entered the sum of \$3,000. A bank book of the Third Avenue Savings Bank showed a balance of \$678.75. A bank book of the Greenwich Savings Bank showed a balance of nearly \$3,00°). The total sum in cash and in the banks is \$10,033.19. The money and bank books have been turned over to the County Treasurer.

An Evening In Chambly.

-----(Continued from Page Six.)

"What does she mean?" he mut-tered, as she departed. "Does she know? But no, she cannot; it must be some surmise gathered from ex-pressions of my daughter in her de-lirium."

pressons or my daugner in her delirium."

In accordance with my promise, I
had called daily during the attendance of the Indian woman, who
found opportunity, from time to
time, to explain to me the circumstances attending the rescue of the
Lightfoot.

The Indians, by whom he was
greatly beloved, supposed, when
they saw his vessel go down, that
he was lost, as they knew him to
have been badly wounded. A solitary Indian from another detachment was a witness of the catas-

tary Indian from another detachment was a witness of the catastrophe while he was guiding his cance in a direction opposite to that of the encampment, and on the other side of the scene of action. He dashed at once with his frail bark into the midst of the affray, to render assistance, if possible, to any who might have escaped from the ill-fated vessel. While he was watching, to his great joy he saw the young officer rise to the surface, and was able to seize and draw him into the cance. As he was passing to the shore, he was noticed by the father of the officer's betrothed, and the nature of his prize discovered. A volley of musketry was immediated the selection of the officer's was immediated. the nature o' his prize discovered. A volley of musketry was immediately directed upon the canoe, and the Indian received a mortal wound. He was so near the shore that he was rescued by his party, but died soon after landing.

I told her that I had heard the remainder of the story from the missionary at the wigwam.

She then informed me that, after she came to take charge of the maiden, as soon as her patient, became

she then informed me that, aftershe came to take charge of the maiden, as soon as her patient became
sufficiently conscious to realize her
critical condition, she had implored
so piteously that the priest might
be sent for that it was impossible
to refuse. When he came—privately,
of course, for it was too well known
that her father would never consent
to such a visit—she entreated permission to profess the Catholic
faith without delay. After some
hesitation, the priest consented when
he found her well instructed in its
great and important truths, heard
her confession, her solemn profession
of faith, and administered conditional baptism, following the rite
by the consoling and transcending
gift which is at once the life and
nourishment of the Catholic soul
and the sun of the Catholic firmament.

The squaw dreaded the violence of

ment.

The squaw dreaded the violence of her father when he should discover what had transpired, and enjoined it upon me to shield the victim, if possible, from the storm of his wrath. Alas! she little dreamed how nowerless I should treatwent to the storm of the storm of his wrath. powerless I should prove in such conflict!

Before the strength of the invalid Before the strength of the invalid was established, that discovery was made. I had known much of the unreasoning bigotry and black animosity which was cherished by the Orange faction against Catholics; but I was still wholly unprepared for his savage outbreak. He heaped curses upon his daughter's head, and poured forth the most bitter and blasphemous lamentations that she had been permitted to live only to bring such hopeless disgrace upon his gray hairs.

had been permitted to live only to bring such hopeless disgrace upon his gray hairs.

Despite the mother's tears and prayers, he ordered her from the house, and forbade her ever to return or to call him father again. Once more did old Honey Bee come to the rescue of her protegee. Her affectionate fears had made her vigiliant, and, when the maiden was driven from her father's house, she was received and conducted to a wigwam which had been carefully prepared for her reception. Here she was served with the most tender assiduity until able to be removed to Montreal, whither her kind nurse attended her, and she entered at once upon her novitiate in a convent there.

The day after her departure, I also took my leave of that part of the country, and, proceeding to a distant city, entered the ecclesiastical state. In due time, I was ordained to the new office of ministering to spiritual instead of physical ills, my vocation to which was clearly made known to me by that deathbed in the wilderness.

And now that I have related to you how the Protestant doctor became a Cathelic priest, I must ask, in my turn, how it happened that you and your family became Cathelics.

"The story is soon told," wa re-

you and your family became Catholies.

"The story is soon told," we replied. "Very probably our attention might never have been called to the subject but for a great affliction which was laid upon us in the sufferings of our only and tenderly cherished daughter. She was blest with rosy health until her tenth year, and a merrier little sprite the sun never shone. upon.

"Suddenly disease in its most painful and hopeless form fastened itself upon her, and, while sinking under its oppressive weight, she folt more and more deeply day by day, with a thoughtfulness rapidly matured by suffering, the necessity for such aid and support as Protestantism failed to furnish. It was, humanly speaking, by a mere accident that she discovered where it might be found." During an interval heteroid.

"During an interval between the paroxyams of the disease, and a little more than a year after the first.

attack, a missionary priest visited our place, and her Catholic nurse obtained our permission to take her to the house of a neighbor where Mass was to be celebrated.

"She was deeply impressed with what she saw, and the fervent address of that devoted and saintly priest melted her young heart. She obtained from him a catechism and some books of devotion. From that time her conviction grew and strengthened that here was the healing balm her wounded spirit so much needed. After long persuasion and many entreaties, we gave our reluctant consent that she might avail herself of its benefits by making profession of the Catholic faith. To the sustaining power of its holy influences we owe it that her life, from which every earthly hope had been stricken, was made thenceforth so happy and cheerful as to shed perpetual sunshine over her home and its neighborhood.

"By degrees she drew us, at first unwillingly, and at length irresistibly, to the consideration of Catholic verities. Through the grace of God operating upon these considerations, our whole family, old and young, were soon united within the peaceful enclosure of the 'household of faith.'

"When the work of our dear little missionary was thus happily accomplished, she was removed from the home for which she had been the means of procuring such priceless blessings to that other and better home, the joys of which may not even be imagined here. With grateful hearts we have proved and realized that for those whom God sorely afficts his bountiful hand also provides great and abundant consolations."—The Guidon Magazine.

A Modern Scourge.

CUTBREAK OF SMALLPOX.

No Epidemic in the Last Quarter of a Century Has Carried Off as Man People as Angually Fail Victims to

L'Avenir du Nord, St. Jerome, Que.

Consumption.

L'Avenir du Nord, St. Jerome, Que. Throughout Canada much alarm has been felt during the past few months at the cutbreak of smallpox that has occurred in various localities and thousands of dollars have been expended—and rightly so— in suppressing it. And yet year in and year out this country suffers from a plague that claims more victims annually than have been carried off by any epidemic during the past quarter of a century. Consumption—the great white plague of the north—is more to be dreaded than any epidemic. Its victims throughout Canada are numbered by the thousands annually, and through its ravages bright young lives in every quarter are brought to an untimely end. Why? There are two reasons, the insiduous character of the disease, and the all too prevalent belief that those who inherit weak lungs are foredoomed to an early death and that the most that can be done is to give the loved ones temporary relief in the journey towards the grave. This is a great mistake. Medical science now knows that consumption, when it has not reached an acute stage, is curable. But better still, it is preventible. Sufferers from weak lungs who will clothe themselves properly, who will keep the blood rich and red, not only need not dread consumption, but will ultimately become healthy. the content of the co

"John," said she, "do you think you can afford a new gown for me?" He looked at her sharply. "Have you ordered it?" he asked. "Yes."
"Then," he said with a sigh of resignation, "I can afford it."

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