

On Profanity.

A DISCORDANT NOTE.—I remember once, in Quebec, being invited to spend an evening with a private family. During the course of the visit, we were six strangers to the family, a game of whist was proposed. At one table sat a clergyman, the gentleman of the house and two ladies; at the other I sat with the lady of the house—a very serious and scrupulous dame — for partner, and a young gentleman and young lady as our opponents. I be-

Not long since Dr. Alfred Russel Wallace remarked upon "the comparatively short lives of millionaires." As everything that comes from his pen commands attention, ~~this statement~~ ^{this} was taken to be the true result of statistics till, a few

te God, and to render himself despicable in the eyes of men. A very poor satisfaction! And yet at every corner, if you only would **stand** on the curbstone with me for an hour any day, you will hear the most horrid imprecations, senseless oaths, meaningless curses, outrageous profanity, in all, the abomination of its infernal versatility. It is a wonder that Heaven can be so mysteriously patient as to hearken and to refrain from striking dumb the miserable creatures.

the United States, in those cities where the water supply is derived from well-known polluted sources, is the case with Philadelphia, Baltimore, Chicago and St. Louis, necessity for thorough filtration emphasized. All hygienists recognize the fact that there is no absolute immunity from typhoid infection where the organisms are killed by boiling; yet there is so much infection secured from thorough filtration that no water supply to a community should be without a filtration plant.

assisted the Club, the committee had no difficulty in providing a very enjoyable entertainment in which the members took part.

The chaplain, Rev. Father Gagnier, made a few remarks on the of the Club and the good re-

the 28th of February, 1903.
LEBLANC & BROSSARD,
Attorneys for Plaintiff.

(By a Regular Contributor)

"The police are on my t
I come in? at once?"

This is not exactly a letter more than a tiny slip of paper pasted on a book. It is more than half a century old and it was originally very popular. But it means an awful lot is the compendium of a whole life you want to hear about. I sit down and prepare for you to have to take you back to the scenes described in my last

It was 1848; Clonmel
"Insurrection Act;" Sir
O'Donnell commanded the
was a lover of science
botany and astronomy; he
spend evenings at the ga-
mining specimens of flow-
and herbs with the young
—or talking over the late-
ies in the realms of the
her brother.

One evening the sheriff
been on the track of a fugi-
O'Mahony—whose name
conspicuously in Irish
events in the early sixties
been in hiding in the upper
Miss Ryan's baker-shop
Main street. About four
ing a woman came into the
shop and whispered: "The
work going on in the Irish
they are hunting every
for O'Mahony, and I am
home next."

"Stay there a moment, Ryan. Leaving the woman in the shop, she slipped upstairs and peeped through the key-hole. The police are in the house, was all. Half an hour later the police came, and the Captain himself, but insisted on waiting for the house. Miss Ryan looked at her. Her heart was palpitating. She came in the room in a moment. She had been hiding. Finding the door the room

Not a trace of him; the closed; and she was far from the disappointment. O'Mahony had slipped the window, sat on the sill, pulled the window down, and dropt ten feet on to the roof below. Along this path until he came to a sheet of ice which he slid, and finally to the ground. It was growing dark, and his only remaining refuge was a gas-house; but he was caught.

side of the street.
Seeing a small boy
with a basket on his a
the lad, and scribbled t
—"The police are on m
I come in? at once? J
blank piece out of his
and gave it to the boy
the lady at the gas-hou
as she received the not
boy to go back and say
man who gave it to l
did so.

At that moment Sir
seated in the room ex
from Mount Meleray.
later a knock came to
lady excused herself, a
open the door. It was
hony. The moment he
she said: "John, do
commander of the for
was his reply. "Then,
you?" "No," again a
"Well," she said, "pu

face and walk in." In they went; the colonel up, and the lady said: "allow me to introduce you to Mr. Belfast, who has come from his brother's coal boat." "I am a commander and the rebel army," and soon were lost in the interesting conversation. The lady continued the chat the lady continued the difficulty Mr. Ray was going and coming from the account of the watch.

military and constabulary suggested that, before it was too late (it was now half-past eight), he would accompany Sir Charles to the commandant's quarters. The commandant gladly agreed, and the three of them went. The lady took the commandant's arm and O'Malley the other, and marched in front of the soldiers protecting the party. Of course, as they passed the sentry-box, the sentry was reached, Sir Charles