EECTORY.

6, 1907.

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-Spiritual

wards of a London hospital, nd I was taking it very seriously. Not that the duties are any more merous than those of the day; but comehow the absence of street noises A. & B. 804 the second Sunoutside makes one more alive to in St. Patrick's the tragedies going on before our taces; and the deaths at night give er street, at 8.80 of Management one a more cerie feeling than those all on the first nat take place in the light of day. y month, at & r. Rev. Jas. Kil-Perhaps it is the dim lights, the fire kept low, the shadows of one's self J. P. Gunning; and the assistant cast on the cold. Donnell, 412 St. grey walls as we move silently from one patient to another, the suppressed groams of one sufferer, DA, BRANCH 26 restless tossing of another—all com-November, 1888. me. I think, to give an intensity to ck's Hall, 92 St.

> envelopes the whole world. Most of my patients were normal had been run over by a hansom just make you laugh." outside our gates, and so badly was he mutilated that the doctors gave no hope from the first. He might or he might go in a few hours. his appearance and dress he was unmistakably a gentleman, but there letters in his pocket by which we rofession or place of abode.

or work, and force the most heed-

less among us to pause and consider

He had borne the medical examinan with wonderful fortitude; loctor's verdict, only when asked if he had any friends he shook his head, and when questioned as to nodding towards his bed. tils name, he said, with a grim smile: "A. Failure. It's true."

And there he lay on his back, with his great dark eyes wide open, apparently deaf and dumb, so little he ded what went on around him. He had been asked what religion he was. He replied: "Nothing."

"Don't tease him with questions," rdered the doctor; "he is in terrible pain; let him bear it his own way." But his eyes haunted me, they were so hungry looking. I longed and give the word of comfort for which he thirsted. If he would only grumble or ask for anything, but to very offer of help came a curt fusal, and then the piercing black eyes turned wearily away and stared agonizingly again into nothing.

Three days he had lingered, three days of dumb agony on his part, aree days when it seemed as if his tortured soul could not leave his tortured body till some message had on given which we were too dull

to understand. This night I could not get hun nt of my thoughts. My eyes kept pillow, his black hair, framing refined features, though the sharely with betrayed a life of self-indul- my breath. ice, the waxen hands that had evistretched out on the red coverlet.

Suddenly in the stillness of

A nurse is too well drilled to be spirit voice. may agitation, but my heart beat At last I thought of Nurse O'Brien. as she approached. not moved; his eyes were staring, as they always stared, not blankly, but rsefully, entreatingly. "Would

"Would you like anything to drink," I asked, bending over irim. "No, thanks," he said ungracious-

"Can I do anything for you?"

'No." even more churlishly. I could do no more; apparently and not heard what I had heard, and went back to my seat trying to ut it all down to a disordered But I puzzled over it, nevers. I did not know what 'Mis-meant. I had not been well ware meant. I had not been well educated, and I had adways hated books. "A sensible, matter-of-fect little woman," the doctors always salled me; yet here was I, ready to be led by a will-of-the-wisp of an arited imagination. I tried to take it off resolutely; I would not look again at the man who lay as look again at the word lay that almost unwillingly to yet. The voice followed me in y dreams; so persistently that he starting for my constitutional I

Nurse Stafford's Story

the

or right nurse in one of the ac- of our ward on some trivial matter, "Doctor, what does 'Miserere mean?" I summoned up courage to ask when on the point of leaving.

He looked at me quizzically. "Have you taken to writing poetry Nurse Stafford, and want a rhyme for dairy?" he said. "I can give you claimed: a better one than that."

"Don't joke," I replied, half vexed; "you know I can't expose my ignorance to every one, and I really want to know."

The kind old man saw I was not in the mood for banter.

for 'Have mercy,' I believe. Ah, if you had ever heard the 'Miserere' in you, you dear little haythen, that Only the night before he died he said the Sistine Chapel, as I have, you would not be asking what it means, The voices plead for mercy as if they that great mystery of pain which were already doomed. But there, upon it, he is a bad Catholic." nurse," wiping his spectacles, "you must be a bit off color to be talking in the night of which I am writing. about such things; go and hear the Only one gave me much anxiety. He minstrels or something that will also?"

I left him with my mind still harping on the same string. It meant something. I knew it did. It was ing their souls. Believe me, nurse, ly smiled and shook his head. ast a few days, a very few days, a message, but why, but why? Was there is never a man gets to heaven it for the dying man, and dare I but it has taken several women to labored breath; "we can pray for and no clue as to his identity. By break through his strong reserve and shove him there. That is why there tell him? It was a stringent rule that we nurses were not to force re- in the world. Here this blessed sinwas no mark on his linen or any ligion on our patients, and the more per is so deaf with pride or blind I pondered the more perturbed ould form an idea as to his status, grew: I was quite anxious to re- and Miss Miserere to make him do sume my post for fear he had died the very thing he is craving to do in my absence. But no, there was, straight and still and white, peace with God before he dies. But had not even winced when told the with the hollow eyes ever asking for, I know not what.

"A little weaker, I think; he has not spoken or moved.' Then I took charge, and the right watch began.

The noise outside died away, patients sank into slumber, more or less profound, the peculiar hush of an invalid room settled down, souls were breathing themselves into Eternity, the Angel of Death hovered hear. "Not the devil himself would near, wondering which he would tell a lie to Aileen O'Brien if they for which I was listening, "Miserere, pierce the veil which conceals our Miserere," so ringing yet so sad, as And she laid her cheek caressingly thoughts from our fellow-creatures it died away with a murmuring against mine. "Now, don't worry

stranger's bed this time also.

head was hidden in the pfllow; his he has found peace." body was drawn up as if in pain.

"Are you in pain?" I said gently. No response; but as I put out my hand to rearrange the bedclothes it I knew she had some plan in her encountered his handkerchief, wring-ing wet! He drew at hastily away, and I knew my surmise was right. It was wet with tears!

I stood helpless. I was in the presence of a grief beyond human solace. I dare not go, I dare not ndering to where that still form stay. I tried to think of a hymn, lay, his bloodless face whiter than but I could not remember a single one, so I knelt down and whispered the "Our Father" to him just above

ntly never done a day's work still keeping his head buried in the tensibly to lend me a book, but in a pillows, and so I left him.

Suddenly in the stillness of the There was no sleep for me when I stranger's bedside.

I have noticed how willingly the oddly enough, he had fixed those CLIENTS of ST. ANTHONY OF ly there was more to be done, but wild black eyes of his on her the PADUA readily come to the assist-

as I hastened to his side. He had She was a Roman Catholic and would understand spirits.



CURE ALL KIDNEY TROUBLES.

Mrs. Hiram Revoy, Marmora, Ont., writes: "I was troubled for five years with my back. I tried a great many emedies, but all failed until I was advised by a friend to use Doan's Kunney Plats. I did so, and two boxes made a complete oure. I can heartily recommend them to all troubled with their tack. You may publish this if you rish."

ceive; with merry, mischievous eyes, through his thin fingers, not once, fascinating dimples and a voice that but many times. was full of laughter, she brought only was she beautiful, but she was the hall. highly educated, though, as she said, she would speak in a brogue that smiling genially at me.

made a pretense of seeing the doctor other ward, and so much in request to one of His lost sh (for she was loved by all) that it was very difficult to get her in re- He lingered another two days, ne-"Sure, asthore, an' can't I see

in' of an eye? That voice is some blessed soul in Purgatory, maybe his ven, for I want to be proud of you mother, maybe his sweetheart, call- before all the saints." ing to him to save his soul to receive the message and bring that poor sinner back to his God. Depend die happy."

"Because," said Aileen, with an imare so many more women than men with fear that it takes you and me he all the time, and that is, make his we will do it for him; snatch him from the very claws of the devil, see "Any change, nurse?" I asked, if we don't." And she nodded her curly head triumphantly and shook her dimpled fist as if it were the finest joke in the world.

"I don't see how we are going to do it, even now," I remarked de. jectedly, "supposing he is a Catholic you can't make him acknowledge it against his will."

"Can't I?" and she laughed a rich. low laugh that did one good to take next-when again came the voice met face to face. It is just a little way she has with her, you know." any more, you sweet little heretie It came from the direction of the Before two days are over we shall have him saying 'Ave Marias' for I glided to it; he had moved; his your soul, because it is through you

Here we were interrupted, but went away comforted. Aileen had, as she said, "a way wid her," and head.

Strictly speaking, we were not allowed to enter each other's wards except on urgent business, but we had a very sensible matron, who as long as we worked well and cheerfully, was not everlastingly spying upon those little exchanges of camaraderie that do so much to brighten the monotony of a nurse's life.

So I was not surprised when Nurse O'Brien appeared in my ward, just "Thanks, nurse," he said gruffly, after I came on duty. She came osvery few minutes she was at the

I cannot tell, but he almost smiled

"The strongest of us find pain hard to bear sometimes," she began, in Alleen O'Brien was the most ra- her blithe young voice, "so you must

She drew from her pocket some silver beads.

"See," she went on, "this is my rosary. You know what we can offer tholics believe—that we can offer tholics believe—the tholics b You know what we Caour pain to release some dearly-loved soul who may be in Purgatory, perhaps through our fault."

She put the beads into his hand. "Who told you I was a Catholic?" he said, far more civilly than had ever spoken before, "I lost all right to that name years ago. Ailcen's eyes shone with luminou

pity, but her answer was to the stranger alone. I moved away; felt something sacred was going on She was only a few moments speak-ing, and then she left the ward without saying "good-night" to anyone
-a sure sign that she was leeply

again. The stranger lay still as usual, but his eyes had a soft look

The next day when I was starting sunshine wherever she went. Not for my walk I met Father Denny in

"So you have a Catholic in your "for the honor of her native land," ward. Nurse Stafford," he said, rolled deliciously from her roguish O'Brien has been telling me how you lips. She was on night duty in an- have been acting as guardian angel

Poor, stupid little me!

creation time. However, this I ver saying much, but his eyes getting succeeded in doing and poured out my tale. Her mobile, sensitive face worked, and her lovely grey eyes gleamed through tears as she ex- day and say some bright word to

"You are my penitent," she said through the whole thing in a twinkl- once to him, "don't forget that. You must take a tip-top place in hea-

It was Aileen who told him about a the mood for banter.

ease her heart worn out with supflushed and smiled and though he
flushed and smiled and toars filled his conversion. Shure, an' I envy his eyes, he offered no explanation to your tender soul it has been given to me: "I am saying my beads for you, nurse; it is through you I shall

If patience and endurance "But," I said, rather overwhelmed calm resignation deserve a crown, by her fervid oratory, "why did he then his must be a bright one. Never not hear her voice if he is a Catholic a murmur, never a wish expressed, even at the last.

The end came during my watch. patient gesture, "men are such stu- He was quite conscious, but when pid creatures when it comes to sav- I offered to send for Aileen he slight-

"Don't distrub her," he said with each other."

And so he passed away with just me by his side, his last word "Miserere."

I suppose if this were only a tale the mystery would have been cleared up, but in real life the curtain is seldom lifted till we have reached the bourne from which there is no returning.

We were never told who he really was, and if Father Denny knew he kept the dead man's secret.

Only, a year after, when Aileen and I called together on Father Denny and she said: "I have chased the little haythen into the Church at last, father, and a fine hunt she has given me before I could run her to earth," he said simply:

"I knew Sir Richard's prayer would be heard in God's good time."-Y. Sparrow.

Struggling Infant Mission.

IN THE DIOCESE OF NORTHAMP-TON, FAKENHAM, NORFOLK ENGLAND.

Where is Mass said and be given at present ? IN A GARRET. the use of which I get for a rent of ONE SHILLING per week.

Average weekly Collection 8s 6d. No endowment whatever, except HOPE. Not a great kind of endowment, you will say, good reader. Ah, well! Who knows? Great things have, as a rule, very small begin-nings. There was the stable of Bethlehem, and God's hand is not covered the young woman in shortned, I HAVE hopes. I have seat directly behind him. It GREAT hopes that this latest Mission, opened by the Bishop of Northampton, will, in due course, become a great mission.

Best outside help is, evidently, necessary. Will it be forthcomming?

Theard it quite plainly, a woman's what? The others would only moment she appeared, and whether it not hope that they will, too, cast a pleasure aqualing his own. I was "off color" if I spoke of a diance which drew all things to her, a sympathetic and pitying eye upon me in my struggle to establish an outpost of the Catholir Faith in this -so far as the Catholic Faith is concerned-barren region? May I not hope, good reader, that you, in you diant creature it is possible to con- not be angry with me if I offer you zeal for the progress of that Faith, something that may help to lighten will extend a helping hand to me. come to my assistance. You may not be able to do much: but you CAN DO LITTLE. Do that little which is your power, for God's sake, and with the other "littles" that are done I shall be able to establish this new Mission firmly. DON'T TURN A DEAF EAR TO

MY URGENT APPEAL. "May God bless and prosper your endeavors in establishing a Mission at Fakenham.

ARTHUR

Bishop of Northampton. Address-Father H.W. Gray, Hampton Road, Fakenham, Norfolk, Eng-

P.S.—I will gratefully and prompt-ly acknowledge the smallest dona-tion, and send with my acknowledg-ment a beautiful picture of the Sa-gred Heart.

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Clever But in Vain.

As the carriage drew up to the curb before the station, the young man whispered a few hurried words to the young woman beside him. She turned to him quickly, admira tion stamped on every line of her pretty face, while one little gloved hand stole up to pull his ear caressingly.

'Splendid, oh, splendid!" cried. "You are a genius, Tom, deat; a real genius." Then she added, with an odd little seriousness that set him chuckling: "I know I shall like you."

The young man produced a card case, and from it pulled a Pullman ticket, which he passed to the

"I'm afraid you'll have to take one of the suit cases, dearie," he said. "Sorry, but, you see, if I come lugging them both in it will give it all away. I fancy this will be the best way out of it. If we go together we might as well be labeled."

The driver of the carriage descend ed from the box and pulled open the door. The man stepped out first; then assisted the young woman to alight. He handed her a suit case and a small, carefully rolled umbrel-

"Track 4, dearie," he said, giving her hand a surreptitious squeeze. He turned to the driver. "You may drive me to the other entrance," he said quietly.

The driver stood quite still, staring at the young man. "The other entrance, I said," the

latter remirded him sharply.
"Sure sir! All right sir!" the driver chuckled, while a broad grin wreathed his face. The young man re-entered the carriage, the driver banged the door and mounted the box, and the equipage rattled over the pavements to the other entrance of the station.

Arrived there, the young man paid the fares, gathered up the remaining suit case and a bag of golf sticks and walked leisurely across the platform to Track 4. He passed over his luggage to the porter of Pullman "Avon" and followed that worthy functionary down the aisle to his seat. Scarcely had the porter put down his traps when the the was the same young woman in the

"Why, by Jove, Eleanor!" he cried delightedly, "this is luck. I've been anticipating the usual dreary ride He was feeling hot and uncomfort-up to the camps, and here I run able. He turned to the young woacross you in possession of the very next seat to mine."

"Cousin Tom, how very nice to a pleasure equaling his own. They very solemnly shook hands.

ed on, mildly interested. "Going far?"

swung his chair about and settled and bowed profoundly. himself comfortably.

she said, blushing slightly. "Good!" he said. "That's three flo"."

Five years, isn't it?"
"Seven," she corrected. "Lord, how time flies!" said he.

years. It was at the mountains, wasn't it?" She nodded. "I confess I'd scarcely

have recognized you." "You haven't changed a bit," he declared. "I'd have known you had

we met at the ends of the earth." The passengers in the neighboring seats listened to the chatter with tolerant smiles. All the world loves a romance—even a cousinly romance—and there was that in the young man's eyes which said very their eyes met hers fell and her cheeks grew rather more rosy. They were two of those persons outsiders are proce to declare were made for each other.

Somewhere in the station a gong clanged. The train drew out the gloom of the station into the brilliance of the early fall afternoon. The rumble of the train made possible for the young people speak in undertones to each other's ears alone when they chose to

"Bully for you!" said the man, softly. "You did it beautifully." "I flatter myself we fooled them for once," she laughed.

Then they raised their voices and ran on about a string of cousins and aunts; they exchanged reminiscences they talked over very thoroughly those seven (imaginary) years since they had last met. Every now and then the young man would mutter softly "Nobody wise to it yet," and the young woman chuckle, "indeed

not." The city was far behind them and they were rolling smoothly across green meadow lands, when the young man noticed that the occupants of the seats directly opposite-a middleaged couple-were looking intently in is direction and smiling covertly. He tried to appear unperturbed, but somehow he felt decidedly ill at ease. The young woman's eyes followed his across the aisle, and she, too, was aware of something amiss. for her face reddened and she leaned forward nervously.

"What is it ?" she asked breath-

lessly. "Nothing, I imagine," said he. "Our guilty conscience, perhaps," he hazzarded. She laughed a trifle artificially.

"Suppose they should"-she began. "Nonsense. They won't," said he reassuringly.

The infection was spreading. Other people in the car were beginning to take an interest in them. There were covert whisperings among the passengers and much craning of necks. A stout, good-natured looking man sauntered past their seat and when he was directly opposite them dropped one eye-lid in a deliberate wink, which they both saw and equally resented. Then the stout man went up the car and held quite a conversation with the grinning porter, at the close of which nodded his head in the direction of the young people and shoved a coin into the black fist.

People were staring frankly now and grinning most absurdly. young man glared at them savagly. man and raised his voice for benefit of the listening passengers.

"I don't intend to let another years slip past without seein you," he said.

At that moment the porter came The other passengers of the car look- ostentatiously down the car armed with a dust pan and a small broom he asked, as he He stopped before the young couple

"Ef yo'll 'scuse me, suh," he said "I'm bound for Ballard Junction." with exaggerated politeness, "I'll des sweep up dat yur rice on

hours away. We'll have a chance to get acquainted once more. Let's see, the young man strode into the how long is it since I last saw you? smoking compartment. Its halfdozen occupants greeted his entrance with ill-concealed mirth.

"Gentlemen," said he with quiet "Come to think of it, it is seven dignity, "hadn't we best adjourn to years. It was at the mountains, the buffet car? This is very evidently on me."

A Sure Cure for Headache.-Bilious headache, to which women are more subject than men, becomes so acute in some subjects that they are ut-The passengers in the reighboring in some subjects that they are utseasts listened to the chatter with tolerant smiles. All the world loves a romance—even a coustaily romance—and there was that in the young man's eyes which said very plainly this meeting was a consumation devoutly to be wished. The young woman, too, had a way of looking admiringly at her broad—shouldered companion, and whenthe head

McMAHON: te Agent les Street. INTS Y SECURED