

FACTORY. SOCIETY—Estab- 1856; incorporated 1840. Meets in St. Patrick's Hall, 92 St. Alex- Monday of the meets last Wed- Rev. Director, P.P., President, 1st Vice-Pres- 2nd Vice, E. W. Durack; Secretary, W. J. Secretary, T. J. A. & B. 80- the second Sun- in St. Patrick's street, at 8.30 of Management all on the first month, at R. Rev. Jas. Kil- J. P. Gunning; 'Donnell, 412 St. DA, BRANCH 26, November, 1883, ck's Hall, 92 St. every 2nd and each month for business, at 8 -Spiritual Ad- Killoran; Chan- Vice-President, Vice-President, ording Secretary, 6 Overdale ave., J. J. Co- bain street; Treas- Marshall, M. D. James Cal- D. J. McGilla, Stevens, W. F. Cahill. Medical Harrison, Dr. Merrill, Dr. W. Dr. J. Curran. Main 2805. nton & Co. OUR ORDER Approved SCHOOL CH and OFFICE guarantee we have ed 26 years and re talking about. Xavier Street. E RILEY, BRRR. Established in 1866. Plastering, Repair of ed to. Estimates far ed to. St. Charles. BELL'S Bells a Specialty. Bell Company, 177 Broad- N.Y. NEW YORK. Manufacturers Superior Machinery, School and Other BELL'S ED IN 1874 Beating Co. theatre St. W. ville Street, MONTREAL. and Brushing every including Rugs. YARD. F. MAIN 716. AHON, te Agent ight and Sold. and Loans and totated. me properties taken ad payments McMAHON: te Agent ce Street. ENTS Y SECURED ness of Manufacturers, ho realize the advan- cent business transacted try advice free. Charge on. New York Life Insur- tion, D.C. U.S.A. is printed and published a street, Montreal, Can. Pub. Co. G. Pizzetti

Nurse Stafford's Story

It was my first experience as a senior night nurse in one of the accident wards of a London hospital, and I was taking it very seriously. Not that the duties are any more onerous than those of the day; but somehow the absence of street noises outside makes one more alive to the tragedies going on before our faces; and the deaths at night give one a more eerie feeling than those that take place in the light of day. Perhaps it is the dim lights, the fire kept low, the shadows of one's self and the assistant cast on the cold grey walls as we move silently from one patient to another, the suppressed groans of one sufferer, the restless tossing of another—all combine, I think, to give an intensity to our work, and force the most heedless among us to pause and consider that great mystery of pain which envelops the whole world.

Most of my patients were normal on the night of which I am writing. Only one gave me much anxiety. He had been run over by a hansom just outside our gates, and so badly was he mutilated that the doctors gave no hope from the first. He might last a few days, a very few days, or he might go in a few hours. We had no clue as to his identity. By his appearance and dress he was unmistakably a gentleman, but there was no mark on his linen or any letters in his pocket by which we could form an idea as to his status, profession or place of abode.

He had borne the medical examination with wonderful fortitude; he had not even winced when told the doctor's verdict, only when asked if he had any friends he shook his head, and when questioned as to his 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 heeded what went on around him. He had been asked what religion he was. He replied: "Nothing."

"Don't tease him with questions," ordered 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 to pierce the veil which conceals our thoughts from our fellow-creatures and give the word of comfort for which he thirsted. If he would only grumble or ask for anything, but to every offer of help came a curt refusal, 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, three days when it seemed as if his tortured soul could not leave his tortured body till some message had been given which we were too dull to understand.

This night I could not get him out of my thoughts. My eyes kept wandering to where that still form lay, his bloodless face whiter than the pillow, his black hair, framing refined features, though the sharply mouth betrayed a life of self-indulgence, the waxen hands that had evidently never done a day's work stretched out on the red coverlet.

Suddenly in the stillness of the night a sound floated towards me. "Miserere, Miserere."

I heard it quite plainly, a woman's voice, clear, but sad. It came from over the stranger's bed.

A nurse is too well drilled to betray agitation, but my heart beat as I hastened to his side. He had not moved; his eyes were staring, as they always stared, not blankly, but remorsefully, entreatingly.

"Would you like anything to drink," I asked, bending over him.

"No, thanks," he said ungraciously.

"Can I do anything for you?"

"No," even more churlishly.

I could do no more; apparently he had not heard what I had heard, and I went back to my seat trying to put it all down to a disordered fancy. But I puzzled over it, nevertheless. I did not know what "Miserere" meant. I had not been well educated, and I had always hated books. "A sensible, matter-of-fact little woman," the doctors always called me; yet here was I, ready to be led by a will-o'-the-wisp of an excited imagination. I tried to shake it off resolutely; I would not look again at the man who lay as if he were a corpse already but for those burning eyes.

Morning came; night duty was over and I went almost unwillingly to my rest. The voice followed me in my dreams; so persistently that before starting for my constitutional I

made a pretense of seeing the doctor 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 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.

"Well, let me see, it is the Latin for 'Have mercy,' I believe. Ah, if you had ever heard the 'Miserere' in the Sistine Chapel, as I have, you would not be asking what it means. The voices plead for mercy as if they were already doomed. But there, nurse," wiping his spectacles, "you must be a bit off color to be talking about such things; go and hear the minstrels or something that will make you laugh."

I left him with my mind still harping on the same string. It meant something. I knew it did. It was a message, but why, but why? Was it for the dying man, and dare I break through his strong reserve and tell him? It was a stringent rule that we nurses were not to force religion on our patients, and the more I pondered the more perturbed I grew: I was quite anxious to resume my post for fear he had died in my absence. But no, there he was, straight and still and white, with the hollow eyes ever asking for, I know not what.

"Any change, nurse?" I asked, nodding towards his bed.

"A little weaker, I think; he has not spoken or moved."

Then I took charge, and the night 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 near, wondering which he would take next—when again came the voice for which I was listening, "Miserere, Miserere," so ringing yet so sad, as it died away with a murmuring echo.

It came from the direction of the stranger's bed this time also.

I gilded to it; he had moved; his head was hidden in the pillow; his 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 encountered his handkerchief, wringing wet! He drew it 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 stay. I tried to think of a hymn, but I could not remember a single one, so I knelt down and whispered the "Our Father" to him just above my breath.

"Thanks, nurse," he said gruffly, still keeping his head buried in the pillows, and so I left him.

There was no sleep for me when I reached my room. I felt so strongly there was more to be done, but what? The others would only laugh at me and say, like Dr. Brown, I was "off color" if I spoke of a spirit voice.

At last I thought of Nurse O'Brien. She was a Roman Catholic and would understand spirits.

Aileen O'Brien was the most radiant creature it is possible to con-

WHEN YOU ASK FOR

SURPRISE

A PURE HARD SOAP.

INSIST ON RECEIVING IT.

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, admiration stamped on every line of her pretty face, while one little gloved hand stole up to pull his ear caressingly.

"Splendid, oh, splendid!" she cried. "You are a genius, Tom, dear; 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 young woman.

"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 descended 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 umbrella.

"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 reminded 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 the Pullman "Avon" and followed that worthy functionary down the aisle to his seat. Scarcely had the porter put down his traps when the young man turned about and discovered the young woman in the seat directly behind him. It was the same young woman in the carriage.

"Why, by Jove, Eleanor!" he cried delightedly, "this is luck. I've been anticipating the usual dreary ride up to the camps, and here I run across you in possession of the very next seat to mine."

"Cousin Tom, how very nice to meet you here!" she exclaimed, with a pleasure equaling his own.

They very solemnly shook hands. The other passengers of the car looked on, mildly interested.

"Going far?" he asked, as he swung his chair about and settled himself comfortably.

"I'm bound for Ballard Junction," she said, blushing slightly.

"Good!" he said. "That's three hours away. We'll have a chance to get acquainted once more. Let's see, how long is it since I last saw you? Five years, isn't it?"

"Seven," she corrected.

"Lord, how time flies!" said he. "Come to think of it, it is seven 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 plainly this meeting was a consummation devoutly to be wished. The young woman, too, had a way of looking admiringly at her broad-

DOAN'S KIDNEY PILLS

CURE ALL KIDNEY TROUBLES.

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

Price 50 cents per box or 3 for \$1.25, at all dealers, or mailed direct on receipt of price by The Doan Kidney Pill Co., Toronto, Ont.

Struggling Infant Mission.

IN THE DIOCESE OF NORTHAMPTON, FAKENHAM, NORFOLK ENGLAND.

Where is Mass said and benediction 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 beginnings. There was the stable of Bethlehem, and God's hand is not shortened, I HAVE hopes. I have 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 forthcoming? I have noticed how willingly the CLIENTS OF ST. ANTHONY OF PADUA readily come to the assistance of poor, struggling Priests. May I not hope that they will, too, cast a sympathetic and pitying eye upon me in my struggle to establish an outpost of the Catholic Faith in this so far as the Catholic Faith is concerned—barren region? May I not hope, good reader, that you, in your zeal for the progress of that Faith, will extend a helping hand to me? I cry to you with all earnestness to 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, England.

P.S.—I will gratefully and promptly acknowledge the smallest donation, and send with my acknowledgment a beautiful picture of the Sacred Heart.

This new Mission will be dedicated to St. Anthony of Padua.

A Sure Cure for Headache.—Bilious headache, to which women are more subject than men, becomes so acute in some subjects that they are utterly prostrated. The stomach refuses food, and there is a constant and distressing effort to free the stomach from bile which has become unduly secreted. There, Parmelee's Vegetable Pills are a speedy alternative, and in neutralizing the effects of the intruding bile relieves the pressure on the nerves which causes shouldered companion, and when the headache