FOR FAITH AND COUNTRY.

Carra Castle stood on the south side of the Boyne, where it flows by the fertile lands of Meath. There is but a single tower remaining of what was once a great and stately pile—a square tower with ivy clinging in thick festoons to the walls and swaying like green banners from the battlemented roof. When Cromwell laid siege to Drogheda and swept the valley of the Boyne with fire and sword, the little garrison of Carra had resisted his assault valiantly until superior force overwhelmed them. Then Felim O'More, the hereditary lord, came forth with his few surviving men and made the last target for the Puritan bullets. He had fought like a lion throughout the conflict, and fell — shrilling with his dying breath the war-cry of his clan — among the ruins of his ancient home.

Thus it happened that Sir William Kendricke, captain of Cromwell's body-guard of horse, noting the rich lands that sloped to the river, and being in high favor with the Lord Protector, petitioned that this district should be granted him for his services. Cromwell, anxious to gratify his favorite, accordingly made over Carra to him by private treaty. But Sir William, knowing that it would be impossible for himself to undertake the personal supervision of his new property, sought for a trustworthy person who would hold the tower and territory securely for him in his name. He remembered his cousin, Humphrey Bedingfield, who had settled in Dublin some 20 years before, marrying an Irish wife and adopting the Catholic faith. Humphrey, he recollected, had been a grave and wary man, cool of judgment and scant of speech. In only one instance had he shown instability of character, and that was when he took the Irish girl to wife and followed her to the Mass House.

"But then," mused Sir William, "these Irish wenches are undoubtedly handsome, and beauty will ever turn a man's head, even turning it from the religion of his fathers towards the contemplation of idols."

So he finally determined to send to Dublin for Humphrey and find if he would undertake the responsibility.

When Humphrey Bedingfield silk mercer of the Coombe, received the sealed letter from his cousin he perused it attentively without any show of surprise. But he sat staring straight before him, with a wrinkle of perplexity between his brows, which his wife well knew meant an affair of importance. She did not dare to break the silence until it was his pleasure to speak.

"Dame," he said finally, "come hither until I tell you of this matter. It concerns us both deeply and also one who is dearer to us than our own lives."

And he read the letter slowly while tears gathered in the soft blue eyes that followed his along the page.

"'Tis surely the will of God," said Honora, when the reading was over.

"Surely it is, sweetheart, and perchance it meaneth that our darling may yet come into her own. For of course, all being well. I shall accept this offer of my cousin, Sir William, and become his faithful steward in trust for one dearer than he."

"But, Humphrey," and a sudden fear gathered in the soft eyes gazing at him. "But, Humphrey, should he demand more than stewardship from you; should he ask you to disown our Faith, how will it be then? Better, dear husband, to dwell in our happy obscurity here than run such a direful rik," and she stroked his hand tenderly.

A loving smile transfigured his stern face.

"Fond heart," he said, "have I ever failed you that you need fear for me now? Have I worshipped you all these years to find you doubting my security at last? Ah no, sweet wife, no. 'Tis true that it was you I sought in those far days, not your Faith; but even then it was precious to me for your sake."

Honora sibbed.

"Yet I would, Humphrey, that you valued our holy religion for its own sake not mine. If I were gone — I often think of this when I lie awake at night—could you be firm without my help and my prayers? These are evil times, and evil powers walk abroad. The monasteries and churches are the prey of the invader; the priests are being hunted to death, with the same price upon their heads as is on the head of a wolf. Here we are safe, but there — within reach of the fanatical soldiery Cromwell keeps to guard Drogheda, men who go about with God's name on their lips and the devil in their hearts—temptations may come to assail you, and you may grow lax, and fall."

"Oh, my timorous dame," he cried playfully, to reassure her, "this business may come to naught, though I am wishful it should be arranged satisfactorily. And to comfort you I shall speak a word to Sir William concerning our Faith, that we may not be molested. If he is still the same generous soul he will not hesitate to befriend his old schoolmate in this. But," he added hastily, "we are thinking only of ourselves. Had we not better convey the news to our dear child?"

"She was at her prayers," replied Honora, "when I left her. You know she has many sad thoughts these days. Her heart is heavy for young O'Hanlon, lest he should be seized and transported, perchance to the Barbadoes, with the other unfortunates. And she sorrows bitterly for her father's death, although she is proud that his end was what he would have chosen. She has a brave heart, Humphrey, for all her wistful, clinging ways, and would have wished to have been near him at the last."

"And fallen a victim to the lust of the besiegers, God forbid, wife."

"She says she would have died with him."

"Death might have mercilessly spared her. But now, since this proposal comes so timely, or untimely, that we should go into possession of her heritage, we must hear what she has to say. Bring her hither, wife."

Honora left the room returning quickly followed by a young girl. This was Una O'More, the only child of Felim of Carra. She had happily escaped her father's fate, being at the time on a visit to Dublin to his foster-sister, the wife of Humphrey Bedingfield. The news of his tragic end had reached her through the medium of an old priest, Father Donogh Heggerty, who, since the enforcement of the laws against the Catholic clergy, had adopted the disguise of a beggar-man in his journeyings. Father Donogh had many a time abode in the western tower of Carra where was a secret room —the tower which had been spared — and when in Dublin he invariably made his home in Bedingfield's house in the Coombe, where his comings and goings did not excite any particular comment. He was accounted a poor friend of the family, and, Honora's charity being well known, it was agreed that his frequent appearance was in the character of an alms-seeker.

As for Una O'More, her visit to the house of the worthy silk mercer had been religiously kept from the knowledge of the inquisitive neighbors, as both Humphrey and his wife feared to run the risk of letting her beauty come under the eyes of the Cromwellian troopers who infested the locality. Hence she went out only after nightfall to take the air, securely cloaked and hooded, leaning on the arm of the taciturn Humphrey, who gave but curt answers to the greeting of any passer-by. Her guardian was well aware of the danger of these late strolls, still he could not bear to see the roses fade from the young girl's cheeks, which would inevitably be the outcome of prolonged seclusion in the musty old house.

Now, as she entered the room with his wife, he could plainly perceive the change those months of anxiety and retirement had wrought upon her. There were dark circles round the gray eyes, and her features had grown sharper. She was very beautiful in spite of this. Her little face was a perfect oval, of creamy paleness, with broad brows round which the nut-brown hair curled in rebellious tangles. Of middle height, slender and straight, she carried herself, for all her youth, with a graceful dignity which added to her charm. Her gown of plain blue woolen stuff, high at the neck, fell in soft folds from a girdle of silver filigree.

It was in direct contrast to the attire of Dame Bedingfield, who wore the costume of an English lady of the period—a dress in which she was wont to say she ever felt ill at ease. But, out of deference to her husband's wish, she had adopted it a short time previously for safety's sake on her goings and comings. Humphrey gazed at them with fond admiration in his eyes as they approached.

"It is a matter of great importance, that which I have to unfold to you, dear child," he said, leading her to a chair, "and it will be necessary for us to consider it gravely. But to explain properly, I shall first read to you this letter of my cousin, the worshipful knight, Sir William Kendricke."

Una listened with her head on the ample shoulder of Honora. Now and then a sob stirred her, but otherwise she was silent.

"Those," said Humphrey, at the conclusion of the epistle, "are my cousin's written words. It will be a task of considerable peril to make our way to Drogheda, and we can only do so unmolested under passport from Cromwell himself. It is to try and save your father's lands for you that I would go, dear child."

"I well know that, my kind guardian," Una answered, "and though I would give more than I can say to dwell in the old home again, where every stone is dear and familiar, where my sweet mother died and my father fought his last fight, still it grieves me that your peaceful life should be disturbed through love of me. It would be cruel to bring Honora into that lonely and ruined quarter, where, as Father Donogh tells me, none of our Faith is safe."

"Fear not for me, my treasure," said Honora, "wherever you are happy so shall I be and Humphrey too"—she added with a smile.

"'Tis but the truth, wife," assented Bedingfield.

"And besides," Honora went on, "there is someone else who ought to come into our calculations. Young O'Hanlon is perchance haunting that dangerous place for a sight of my darling,"—here she bent to kiss the blushing cheek—"and for his safeguard it would be better to take our journey there and warn him that the woods of the Fews make a better hiding place from the Round-heads than the open plains of Meath."

"The most conclusive argument of all," cried Humphrey, as he saw how favorably the suggestion had impressed Una. "Make a few preparations, wife, and I shall leave for Drogheda in the morning, returning swiftly, God granting, whether my tidings be of good import or the reverse."

Humphrey Bedingfield made his way safely to the camp at Drogheda and there found his cousin, the worshipful captain, awaiting him. There were mutual expressions of wonder that the years had wrought such changes in each. Of the two, however, Bedingfield showed less sign of wear and tear. He still preserved his hardy, spare, figure, but the soldier looked heavier than such a seasoned campaigner had a right to be. There was no appearance, though, of the Puritan about Sir William — the twinkle in his eye came and went too often, and the self-indulgent lips and chin spoke volumes for his tastes. It could easily be seen that here was a man who accepted the rigid tenets of the Ironsides merely because it suited his purpose, not because he had any especial love for psalm singing and a cropped head.

"Well, lad, an' here you are! Put, i' faith 'tis not the same man," he cried in greeting. "Somewhat sedater than of old, an' more cautious it may be—though you were ever discreet, even 'in our boyhood — an' grizzled a bit about the temples. Who seeks Time's mercy is a fool, good cousin, for he spares neither the sage like you, nor the merry like myself. He has left me stouter than at our last meeting, and less nimble of foot, so that I feel betimes a home and rest would be pleasant. But the Lord Protector, whom God defend, is loth to spare me in his scourging of this unhappy country."

"Ay, truly an unhappy country," Bedingfield muttered sadly.

"It is plain your sympathies are not with us, cousin, from the manner in which you have said these words. But you are safe with me. You are my flesh and blood, an' it may be that Will Kendricke hath many faults, but it ne'er hath been charged to him that he forgot the claims of kindred. An' I well remember too how you screened me from the blame of many a wild escapade when we were boys together."

"I loved you, Will," said Humphrey simply.

"But tell me, cousin, what about the Papist wife. It is hinted, too, that you have joined her Faith and practise her Popish mummeries."

"Speak gently of her, Will, for my Papist wife is the dearest and best wife ever man had. Never, I think, was there so faultless a helpmate as mine. And if I adopted her Faith it was because I esteemed all things that were dear to her."

"Spoken like a man," cried Sir William heartily, clapping the other on the shoulder. "I must see this paragon some time or other. Are ye blessed or cursed with children?"

"Neither the one nor the other, alas!"

"Well, well. Yet hearken, Humphrey. It would be discreet to show yourself at church when you go to dwell at Carra, for I must have you in the stewardship—that is settled. Cromwell is astute beyond belief, and there are ever those about him who whisper tales into his ear. It will screen your wife and you, and I need not tell you that the war against the Irish is a war to the death."

"It would break her heart if I did such a thing. I had rather die."

Sir William stared at him. Then he turned abruptly to his desk, and began sorting his papers, while in a serious tone he explained to Bedingfield what was demanded of him as steward, to all of which the latter listened attentively. Finally, he left the captains' presence armed with the necessary authoritative documents, and the passport signed by Cromwell, which would convey "Humphrey Bedingfield, silk mercer; his wife, and three servant maids, from Dublin to the lands of the O'More in Northern Meath."

The journey to Carra was not accomplished without some vicissitudes, not the least of which was the difficulty of keeping Una's identity undiscovered. It was known that O'More had left an only daughter—a girl of great beauty—so Honora's heart held a burden of fear those days lest the carefully prepared disguise should not be sufficient. But the passport won them respect and consideration from the Puritan soldiers, their only interceptors, for the kindly native Irish and the Norman-Irish of the Pale, with few exceptions, had been driven to "Hell or Connaught" by orders of Cromwell. All along the way the burnt and shattered homesteads bore evidence to his "civilizing methods of warfare," for so he had the audacity to term his policy of devastation.

The castle by the Boyne side looked but a sorry sight, under the sinking sun, when the little cavalcade halted in the ruined courtyard. Una burst into tears as she gazed upon the desolate home of her fathers, but Honora drew her aside and whispered to her to restrain her grief, lest the soldiers who had attended them to their destination, should suspect any personal reason for her sorrow. It had taxed the good woman's patience and ingenuity to baffle their curious interest in the shy servant maid during the journey, and now that they had arrived at the end, a very slight indiscretion might undo all their carefully arranged plans. Fortunately, however, there was no accommodation for the escort in the tower, which was to be the dwelling-place of the little family—so, grumbling at the necessity, they turned the heads of their tired horses towards Drogheda, and rode off as quickly as fatigue would allow.

Una, before she would consent to appease her hunger, made a survey of the tower rooms. She found them stripped of almost all their furnishings—certain evidence that the troopers Sir William Kendricke had left to guard his possessions until the coming of Humphrey had availed of their custodianship to appropriate everything of value.

One room only was untouched, because undiscovered — the priest's room—to which she introduced Bedingfield, explaining to him the secret of the spring lock, and of the flight of steps that led to a passage way underneath the building.

"It was here Father Donogh lived," she said, "and it will be necessary for you to remember what I have told you, since it is likely enough that he will follow us before long."

Honora, with true housewifely aptitude, settled down contentedly to her new conditions of life. In a short time she had made the place fairly habitable, and but for the gaping walls of the castle and the huge stones that lay in fragments all around there was little sign to show that a marauding army had so lately ravaged that smiling country.

Una had regained some of her young fresh bloom, though her eyes had not lost their sadness. She spent most of her time about the ruins; wondering on what spot her father had fallen and seeking carefully among the stones for some chance memento of him. She was anxious, too, of news of her lover, O'Hanlon, who, with his people, was under sentence of banishment into Connaught. He had not ventured near Carra since Una's return, though a message, carried by a priest disguised as a soldier, had reached them.

O'Hanlon conveyed, in this way, to Una his plans for their marriage and flight to Spain, though he warned her that it might be some time until an opportunity should offer to permit the accomplishment of his scheme. She felt restless and unhappy in the dread that she had brought trouble upon Humphrey and Honora. Then the household were menaced with another grave danger —this was the question of their religion. It would be difficult to account for their non-attendance at the Protestant worship at Drogheda, even though Sir William Kendricke had voluntarily tried, when questioned on the subject, to explain it by a statement that his steward, Humphrey Bedingfield, was a follower of the "true faith" and would in due course frequent church like any other God-fearing Protestant, but that at present, being a sufferer from rheumatism, he was unable either to walk or ride, and the way was too long and too dangerous for his women-folk to travel unprotected.

This explanation sufficed for the occasion, and meantime, Honora and Una prayed fervently night and noon for the safe coming of Father Donogh Heggerty, with his kindly advice and the spiritual comfort that made him an eagerly welcomed guest in all quarters of the land.

He arrived one October evening, storm-buffetted and spent; his ragged clothing sodden with rain, and his bare feet bleeding with the flints and thorns of the fields and roadways. The news he conveyed was heart-rending. Cromwell's murderous march still continued, and everywhere innocent blood was crying to heaven for vengeance.

The priest-hunters were particularly active, since the price on the head of a cleric had been raised from five pounds to ten. Father Donogh had run the gauntlet of their suspicion more than once on his journey to Carra, but God had not decreed that he should fall a victim as yet.

He remained but a few days before leaving them to go into the Fens—his native place. Both Honora and Una sped the parting with many tears. But the brave old priest begged them to be of good cheer, "for," said he, "I am on my father's business and He will guide me aright. Not even one hair of my head shall be touched unless it be His holy will."

Not long after the departure of Father Donogh, Humphrey Bedingfield had an unexpected visitor This was Captain Edward Piers, who had received a grant of the lands of Dunboyne in Meath from the Commissioners of the Revenue in Dublin on the terms of maintaining at Dublin and Dunboyne wolf-dogs and a pack of hounds for the purpose of hunting the wolves with which the country had become infested. This terrible increase in numbers of the savage animal was solely due to the wars and the wholesale massacres that had taken place by Cromwell's orders, and as the dead were permitted to lie in heaps unburied the wolves had, in consequence, fine feasting. Captain Piers, on his way to the hunt one blustery November day, thought it would be neighborly to pay his devoirs to the new steward of Castle Carra, whose relationship with Sir William Kendricke he was aware of.

Accordingly he halted his party before the tower and dismounting proceeded to knock with his whinhandle on the massive oaken door. Unfortunately none of the maids were within call, so Una, hearing the uproar as she passed down the stairs undid the bolts and opened to the impatient stranger.

Now this was a thing which Humphrey had expressly forbidden her to do, but knowing that he was not within, and that Honora was confined to her room with a feverish cold, she, forgetful of his admonitions, hurried to attend to the summons.

Her surprise at the sight of the intruder, surrounded by the yelping dogs, was equalled by his surprise at the vision of loveliness which confronted him in the gloom of the dark hall. For a moment he did not speak, then as the girl gazed at him with a gathering fear in her eyes he remembered what politeness demanded.

"Your pardon, fair mistress. I came to have speech with Master Humphrey Bedingfield, whose neighbor I am by reason of my residence at Dunboyne. Is he within?"

"Nay, sir," Una answered with a shy blush under the bold admiration of his look, "but is not far distant. If you will enter I shall inform him."

Nothing loth, Captain Piers followed her through the hall and into the sitting-room, where, despite his efforts to engage her in conversation she left him to seek for Humphrey. When she found the latter and acquainted him with the name of the visitor, he gravely reproved for her indiscretion in admitting the wolf-hunting-adventurer.

HOLE IN THE LUNGS

There are thousands of men and women, as well as ever, with holes in their lungs: consumption stopped.

Consumption stopped is consumption cured. What does it?

Some change in the way of life and Scott's emulsion of cod-liver oil.

With the emulsion, give some attention to circumstances: change from a dark damp close room to a sunny dry airy one; from city to country; from hard to an easy life; indoors to out.

A hole in the lungs once healed is no worse than a too-tight waist or waistcoat.

Take the emulsion, and give it a chance to heal the wound.

We'll send you a little to try, if you like.
SCOTT & BOWNE, Toronto, Canada.

MISERY AND HEALTH.

A STORY OF DEEP INTEREST TO ALL WOMEN.

Relating the Sufferings of a Lady Who Has Experienced the Agonies That Afflict So Many of Her Sex—Passed Through Four Operations Without Benefit

Throughout Canada there are thousands and thousands of women who undergo daily pains—sometimes bordering on agony—such as only women can endure in uncomplaining silence. To such the story of Mrs. Frank Evans, of 33 Frontenac street, Montreal, will bring hope and joy, as it points the way to renewed health and certain release from pain. Mrs. Evans says: "I feel that I ought to say a good word for Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, in the hope that my experience may be of benefit to some other suffering woman. I am now twenty-three years of age, and since my eleventh year I have suffered far more than my share of agony from the ailments that afflict my sex. At the age of sixteen the trouble had grown so bad that I had to undergo an operation in the Montreal General Hospital. This did not cure me and a little later I underwent another operation. From this I received some benefit, but was not wholly cured, and I continued to suffer from pains in the abdomen and bilious headache. A few years later, having with my husband removed to Halifax, I was again suffering terribly and was taken to the General Hospital, where another operation was performed. This gave me relief for two or three months, and again the old trouble came on, and I would suffer for days at a time and nothing seemed to relive the pain. In February, 1894, I was again obliged to go to the hospital and underwent a fourth operation. Even this did not help me and as the chloroform administered during the operation affected my heart, I would not permit a further operation, and was taken home still a great sufferer. In 1899 I was advised to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and decided to do so. I have used the pills for several months and have found more relief from them than from the four operations which I passed through, and I warmly recommend them to all women suffering from the ailments which afflict so many of my sex."

Writing under a later date Mrs. Evans says: "I am glad to be able to tell you that not only has the great improvement which Dr. Williams' Pink Pills effected in my condition continued, but I am now perfectly well. I had given up all hope when I began the use of the pills, but they have restored me to such health as I have not before known for years. I feel so grateful for what your medicine has done for me that I gladly give you permission to publish my letters in the hope that other women will follow my example and find health and strength and new happiness through the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills."

No discovery in medicine in modern times has proved such a blessing to women as Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. They act directly on the blood and nerves, invigorate the body, regulate the functions and restore health and strength to the exhausted patient when every effort of the physician proves unavailing. Other so-called tonics are mere imitations of these pills and should be refused. The genuine bear the full name, "Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People" on the wrapper around each box. They are sold by all dealers in medicine or can be had post paid at 50 cents a box or six boxes for $2.50, by addressing the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

RHEUMATISM IN NEW YORK.

It is stated, by a physician connected with the Board of Health, that there are 50,000 cases of rheumatism in the city of New York, at this time,—the result of the recent wet weather. This is an extraordinary number.

ASSOCIATION OF OUR LADY OF PITY.

Founded to assist and protect the poor Homeless Boys of Cincinnati, Ohio. Material aid only 25 cents year. The spiritual benefits are very great. On application, each member receives gratis a Canon Crozier Beads with 500 days' indulgences, also indulgenced Cross.

Address, The Boys' Home, 526 Sycamore street, Cincinnati, O.

Society Directory.

ST. PATRICK'S SOCIETY.— Established March 6th, 1856, incorporated 1863, revised 1864. Meets in St. Patrick's Hall, 92 St. Alexander street, first Monday of the month. Committee meets last Wednesday. Officers: Rev. Director, Rev. J. Quinlivan, P.P. President, Wm. E. Doran; 1st Vice, T. P. O'Neill; 2nd Vice, F. Casey; Treasurer, John O'Leary; Corresponding-Secretary, F. J. Curran, B.C.L.; Recording-Secretary, T. P. Tansey.

YOUNG IRISHMEN'S L. & B. ASSOCIATION, organized April, 1874. Incorporated, Dec. 1875.—Regular monthly meeting held in its hall, 19 Dupre street, first Wednesday of every month, at 8 o'clock, p.m. Committee of Management meets every second and fourth Wednesday of each month. President, M. A. Phelan; Secretary-Treasurer, M. J. Power. All communications to be addressed to the Hall. Delegates to St. Patrick's League, W. J. Hinphy, D. Gallery, Jas. McMahon.

LADIES' AUXILIARY to the Ancient Order of Hibernians, Division No. 1. The above Division meets in St. Patrick's Hall, 92 St. Alexander street, on the first Sunday at 4.30 p. m., and third Thursday, at 8 p. m., of every month. President, Miss S. Mack; Vice-President, Miss B. Harvey; Financial Secretary, Miss Emma Doyle, 68 Anderson street, Telephone, 1006 Main; Treasurer, Mrs. Mary O'Brien; Recording Secretary, Lizzie Howlett, 383 Wellington street. Division Physician, Dr. Thomas J. Curran, 2076 St. Catherine St. Application forms can be procured from the members, or at the hall before meetings.

A.O.H.—DIVISION NO. 2.— Meets in lower vestry of St. Gabriel New Church corner Centre and Laprairie streets, on the 2nd and 4th Friday of each month, at 8 p.m. President, John Cavanagh, 885 St. Catherine street; Medical Adviser, Dr. Hugh Lennon, 255 Centre street, telephone Main 2239. Recording-Secretary, Thomas Donohue, 312 Hibernian street, — to whom all communications should be addressed; Peter Doyle, Financial Secretary; E. J. Colfer, Treasurer. Delegates to St. Patrick's League: —J. J. Cavanagh, D. S. McCarthy and J. Cavanagh.

A.O.H., DIVISION NO. 3.— Meets on the first and third Wednesday of each month, at No. 1863 Notre Dame street, near McGill. Officers: Ald. D. Gallery, president; T. McCarthy, vice-president; F. J. Devlin, recording-secretary, 1635 Ontario street; John Hughes, financial-secretary; L. Brophy, treasurer; M. Fennel, chairman of Standing Committee: marshal, M. Stafford.

ST. ANN'S YOUNG MEN'S SOCIETY organized 1885.—Meets in its hall, 157 Ottawa street, on the first Sunday of each month, at 2.30 p.m. Spiritual Adviser, Rev. E. Strubbe, C.SS.R.; President, D. J. O'Neill; Secretary, J. Murray; Delegates to St. Patrick's League: J. Whitty, D. J. O'Neill and M. Casey.

ST. PATRICK'S T. A. & B. SOCIETY Meets on the second Sunday of every month in St. Patrick's Hall, 92 St. Alexander street, immediately after Vespers. Committee of Management meets in same hall the first Tuesday of every month, at 8 p.m. Rev. Father McGrath, Rev. President; James J. Costigan, 1st Vice-President; Jno. P. Gunning, Secretary, 414a St. Antoine street.

M.B.A. OF CANADA, BRANCH 26.—(Organized, 13th November, 1883.)— Branch 26 meets at St. Patrick's Hall, 92 St. Alexander street, on every Monday of each month. The regular meetings for the transaction of business are held on the 2nd and 4th Mondays of each month, at 8 p.m. Applicants for membership or any one desirous of information regarding the Branch may communicate with the following officers: Frank J. Curran, B. C.L.; President; P. J. McDonagh, Recording Secretary; Robt. Warren, Financial Secretary; Jno. H. Feeley, jr., Treasurer.

ST. ANN'S T. A. & B. SOCIETY, established 1863. — Rev. Director, Rev. Father Flynn. President, D. Gallery, M.P.; Sec., J. F. Quinn, 625 St. Dominique street. Meets on the second Sunday of every month, in St. Ann's Hall, corner Young and Ottawa streets, at 3.30 p.m. Delegates to St. Patrick's League: Messrs. J. Killfeather, T. Rogers and Andrew Cullen.

PROVINCE OF QUEBEC,
District of Montreal
SUPERIOR COURT.
No. 2990.

Dame Florence Gagnon has this day instituted an action in separation as to property against her husband, Leon Girard, merchant, of the City and District of Montreal.

Montreal, 16th March, 1901.

BEAUDIN, CARDINAL, LORANGER & ST. GERMAIN.