

SOCIETY DIRECTORY

ST. PATRICK'S SOCIETY—Established March 6th, 1856; incorporated 1880; revised 1840. Meets in St. Patrick's Hall, 92 St. Alexander street, first Monday of the month. Committee meets last Wednesday. Officers: Rev. Director, Rev. M. Callaghan, P.P.; President, Mr. F. J. Curran; 1st Vice-President, W. P. Kearney; 2nd Vice, E. J. Quinn; Treasurer, W. Durack; Corresponding Secretary, W. J. Crowe; Recording Secretary, T. P. Tannay.

ST. PATRICK'S T. A. & B. SOCIETY—Meets on the second Sunday of every month in St. Patrick's Hall, 92 Alexander street, at 3.30 p.m. Committee of Management meets in same hall on the first Tuesday of every month, at 8 p.m. Rev. Director, Rev. Jas. Kiloran; President, J. H. Kelly; Rec. Sec., M. J. O'Donnell, 412 St. Paul street.

C.M.B.A. OF CANADA, Branch 26—Organized 13th November, 1889. Branch 26 meets at New Hall, (Ingalls Building) 485 St. Catherine street, west. The regular meetings for the transaction of business are held on the 2nd and 4th Wednesdays of each month, at eight o'clock p.m. Officers: Spiritual Adviser, Rev. J. P. Killoran; Chancellor, J. M. Kennedy; President, J. H. Malden; 1st Vice-President, W. A. Hodgson; 2nd Vice-President, J. B. McCabe; Recording Secretary, R. M. J. Dolan, 16 Overdale Ave.; Asst. Rec. Sec., E. J. Lynch; Financial Secretary, J. J. Costigan, 504 St. Urbain st.; Treasurer, J. H. Kelly; Marshal, M. J. O'Regan; Guard, J. A. Hartenstein. Trustees, W. A. Hodgson, T. R. Stevens, D. J. McGillis, John Walsh and Jas. Cahill; Medical Officers, Dr. H. J. Harris, J. O'Connor.

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A Christmas Message

(Milton E. Smith, in Catholic Standard and Times.)

Herbert Durant was lonely, although it was Christmas eve and the street in front of his luxurious home was filled with evidences of joyousness. As he sat in his study, an unopened book on his lap, there came to his ears a faint echo of the hustle and bustle of the merry crowd passing with loads of good things for the great feast. He could not read. In spite of himself his thoughts went back several decades to his childhood, when his good Catholic parents, notwithstanding their poverty, were so busy preparing to celebrate the coming of the Babe of Bethlehem. In imagination he saw the forms of those who gave him life and laid the foundation of his future success.

"Were it not," he said to himself, "for the thoughts that, unwelcome, come from days long passed, I would say the street is filled with silly fools, who endure the discomfort of crowded stores and the cold for an absurd idea. Why this waste of time and money to celebrate a certain day? One day is as good as another, unless there is a decline in stocks. And yet so many make a fuss, that is the right word, over Christmas. It has no place in the calendar of sciences, and is only the invention of designing monks. It is true I was taught to reverence the day, but a few years at college dispelled the illusion my poor parents created for me. Christmas, like Santa Claus, could not stand the light of reason, and when I was a man it disappeared just as effectually as old Santa did with the coming of long breeches. Still, I am sad to-night, and feel that disaster of some kind is not far off. The house lacks something money cannot purchase. I am lonely. It may be that I made a mistake when I gave up Clara because her father's fortune went with so many others on that Black Friday. I was then only beginning my financial career, and, of course, could not form an alliance with the daughter of a bankrupt. Money came, but not happiness."

The soliloquy was interrupted by the entrance of the butler, carrying a silver tray, on which was a visiting card.

"James," said the master, as he took the card, "I am not at home to-night."

The butler bowed, and was about to leave the room, when he was told to remain. Mr. Durant examined the card, and was surprised to see that it contained the name of George Deberg, one of the leaders of the stock exchange.

"Show the gentleman into the reception room," he ordered, "and tell him I will join him in a few minutes."

"Deberg," murmured Durant, "has repulsed all my advances and seemed determined to know me only as a broker. I tried to cultivate him or rather become acquainted with him socially, for he is worth knowing, but failed. What has brought him here to-night, of all others? Certainly not business, for no man would invade a private home on Christmas eve to talk business. Well, I shall see him and solve the riddle."

Durant greeted his visitor cordially while trying to conceal his surprise at seeing him.

"I am indeed happy," he said, "to see you at last in my house. An old bachelor is lonely at this season."

Mr. Deberg took the extended hand rather coolly, saying: "I imagine that some bachelors enjoy their lonely lives when they have such inviting homes which they insist upon retaining for their sole and exclusive use."

"You forget, my friend, that a lonely life is a necessity with some of us. Not every one can secure a partner for the journey of life. We should have the sympathy, not the censure, of those who, like yourself, have won prizes."

Deberg looked straight at his host as he replied, and there was a suggestion of contempt in his tone.

"Some men secure money by reprehensible methods; others win the love of noble women only to abandon them when fortune takes wing. But few find no response to their love. To which class do you belong?"

Had the winter's sky reverberated with peals of thunder, Durant would not have been more surprised, and he remained silent while his companion continued:

"I see that you do not wish to be placed in either of these classes, but do not forget that we are estimated not so much by our words as we are by our lives."

Durant had at last obtained control of his emotions, and replied with the indifferent air he so often assumed in Wall street:

"I suppose I must be placed in the third class, among the few whose love stirs no responsive chord in the heart of the loved. So I should have your sympathy, should I not?" "Certainly you should, and I sympathize with you so much that I shall withdraw the curtain that you may see pictures of the past. It may enable you to enter with a proper spirit on the celebration of Christmas. First, we see the picture of a noble youth, faithful to all his duties as a son and Christian. Then we have the gay young man who has forgotten his old parents and his religion. Next the successful man of business, who, after winning the love of a noble girl, forgets his words of affection as soon as her father's fortune vanishes. Do you care to study these pictures? I have not come here to find fault with you, but to point out your mistakes, that I may help you, help you undo, as far as possible, a great wrong. You have not forgotten Clara Walsh? She is dying, and has expressed a wish to see you before she is separated from you by the river we cross but once. Will you go with me to see her?"

At the mention of a name he had not heard spoken for the last twenty years the color left Durant's face. He had tried to forget, and thought that she was dying made his heart beat more quickly than it had for a score of years. When his astonishment gave place to sober judgment, he said in a sad voice:

"Then she is still living? I thought as I had not heard from her for years, that she was dead."

"Yes, she is living, but the physicians say there is no hope for her. She is at my house, and has been governess for my children and companion to my wife since the death of her poor father. Will you come to her?"

Durant forgot that he was the stoic, who no longer believed life could bestow happiness, or that there was any use in seeking it unless it could be found in the acquisition of money. In an instant he recalled the days he had spent in the company of Clara Walsh, and he again felt that it would be a joy to see her, though on her death-bed.

"I will go," he said, "at the risk of opening old wounds in her heart and in mine."

An hour later he was ushered into the sick-room. He was more deeply moved than he would have cared to acknowledge. A veritable tempest of emotion swept over him, and in the midst of it all he found himself marvelling that time had dealt so kindly with her whom he had treated so cruelly. True, the ravages of dread typhoid were only too evident, but they could not conceal the fact that in health the victim had been a handsome, well preserved woman.

As Durant slowly advanced to the side of the couch she extended a trembling hand, saying:

"Herbert—let me call you by the old name once more—you were surprised to receive my message, but I

turn what was once yours."

LIVER COMPLAINT.

The liver is the largest gland in the body; its office is to take from the blood the properties which form bile. When the liver is torpid and inflamed it cannot furnish bile to the bowels, causing them to become bound and costive. The symptoms are a feeling of fullness or weight in the right side, and shooting pains in the same region, pains between the shoulders, yellowness of the skin and eyes, bowels irregular, coated tongue, bad taste in the morning, etc.

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could not at this hour forget the promise I made to your dear mother. She asked me, as her dying request, to urge upon you the necessity of being true to your religion, which she discovered you neglected after you became a successful broker. To her last wish let me add my own. Will you not, in consideration of our old friendship, promise me on my death-bed to do this? It will destroy much of the pain of death to know that I have not been altogether a faithless messenger of your mother, although I delayed so long the delivery of her message. She is praying for you this Christmas eve, and I feel that you cannot remain indifferent to her prayers."



The effort was too much for the invalid. Her head sank upon the pillow. Durant vainly tried to conceal his emotion. Speak he could not, so deeply touched was he by the words of his former fiancée, bearing a message from the grave. In a few minutes the sufferer regained her strength.

"Herbert," she repeated, "my moments here are numbered, and you must answer now. Do you refuse the only request I ever made to you?"

The battle was won. Durant, moved to the innermost depths of his soul, was only too eager to retrace his steps—to begin all over again. He had succumbed. With his first step over the threshold of the sick room he had felt the aims and aspirations of the recent past slipping away, and the spirit of the earlier happier days returning. This appeal from the other world, transmitted by one whom he believed to be on the verge of eternity, obliterated the last remnants of his power of resistance.

"No, Clara," he replied, and there was a world of tenderness and regret in his tone. "I do not refuse. The sight of your face has brought me to my senses, and I realize now my mistake. Money came to me, but not happiness. Yet I should not complain; for I received no more than I deserved. I grant your request. Will you not grant mine? Don't give up. Make an effort to live, for while there is life there is hope. Live to help me undo the past. The doctor orders me to leave you. Before I go let me re-

turn what was once yours."

And as he spoke he took from his pocketbook a ring, which he slipped upon her finger. And she! What a transformation! Amazement, unutterable joy—these were the feelings expressed in the wan countenance. And they were his only answer. Stooping, he reverently kissed her brow and withdrew—a changed man. Not to his home, but to St. Agnes' rectory were his steps directed. The pastor had just come from the confessional, and Durant was closeted with him for an hour. Then he started for his home. He had not gone far before he decided that, as he was happy, he would try if it were possible to make some one else happy. He returned to Mr. Deberg's and requested that gentleman to convey to Clara the intelligence that his Christmas Holy Communion would be offered for her recovery.

Then, knowing that Mr. Deberg was president of a conference of the Society of St. Vincent de Paul, he asked for the name and address of some poor family, and was directed to the most destitute family on the list. For at least a quarter of a century he had been unfamiliar with scenes of poverty, and was not prepared for the spectacle that greeted him on the upper floor of an old tenement. Here a woman and five children made their abode. The room was almost bare, there being no fire and but a few pieces of furniture to relieve the desolate scene. He asked but few questions, and then called the oldest boy, a manly little fellow of twelve years, to go with him to the nearest department store, where he purchased an oil stove and a basket of provisions, which they carried in their arms.

CAUGHT COLD ON THE C.P.R.

A. E. Mumford tells how Psychine cured him after the Doctors gave him up

"It is twelve years since Psychine cured me of galloping consumption." The speaker was Mr. A. E. Mumford, six feet tall, and looking just what he is a husky healthy farmer. He works his own farm near Magnetawan, Ont.

"I caught my cold working as a fireman on the C.P.R.," he continued. "I had night sweats, chills and fever and frequently coughed up pieces of my lungs. I was sinking fast and the doctors said there was no hope for me. Two months treatment of Psychine put me right on my feet and I have had no return of lung trouble since."

If Mr. Mumford had started to take Psychine when he first caught cold he would have saved himself a lot of anxiety and suffering. Psychine cures all lung troubles by killing the germs—the roots of the disease.

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Then he went to late Mass. In the evening, his heart now chilled by dread fear, and again beating wildly with strange hope, in which the prayers and communions of the widow and her children figured as a foundation, he called at the Deberg residence. There his cup of happiness was filled. The patient had rallied, quite unexpectedly the physician said, and it was even thought she had passed the crisis and was permanently on the road to recovery.

Durant did not see her that day, nor for many days, but at their next meeting it was decided that the old engagement should be renewed, last have what it long had needed—and that his lonely house should at a mistress.

Fate of Catholic Bible.

It is to be regretted that the magnificently illuminated Bible, the work of years of loving toil on the part of the monks of Cluny, which was recently sold at public auction, could not have been purchased by a Catholic and found its natural resting place in a Catholic Church. The Bible was secured by Mr. J. Pierpont Morgan for \$25,000. Four thousand dollars was exacted as duty on the Bible; though the Custom House officials explained to Mr. Morgan that if the book was intended as an art treasure for his own private collection, the duty would be reduced in accordance with the law that applied in such cases. Mr. Morgan, however, desired to present the book as a Bible, at its proper valuation, to the Protestant Episcopal Cathedral of New York, and paid the duty without demur.

For Inflammation of the Eyes.—Among the many good qualities which Parnelee's Vegetable Pills possess, besides regulating the digestive organs, is their efficiency in reducing inflammation of the eyes. It has called forth many letters of recommendation from those who were afflicted with this complaint and found a cure in the pills. They affect the nerve centres and the blood in a surprisingly active way, and the result is almost immediately seen.

FATHER BERNARD VAUGHAN'S CHRISTMAS SERMON.

In the Christmas number of the Fall Mail Magazine, Father Bernard Vaughan writes a Christmas sermon, of which the following is the text:

"In the Parliaments of the world there is no room for God, for there men are pledged to party politics. On 'Change there is no room for Him, for there men are gambling on the fluctuations of the market. In society there is no room for Him, for society has long since discovered that it can get on better without Him and His religion, which is out of date and dull. Is there any room for Him in our schoolrooms? No, for He will not come without introducing dogma, and dogma is a forbidden science. No; nor may He enter the law courts, for there His teaching about divorce is laughed to scorn. And above all, keep Him out of the workshops, lest the sweat-drops of labor might feel the lash of His scourge as well as of His tongue!"

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