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treet, on the first Sum30 p. m. and third,
at 8 p.m. of every
sident, Mrs. Sarah Alresident, Mrs. Sarah Alresident, Miss Annie
inancial Secretary, Miss.
wis; Treasurer, Mrs.
m: Recording Secretary
anaugh, 155 Inspectorvision Physician, Dr.
Curran, 2076 Ss.
t. Application forms
ter from the members,
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Il before meetings.

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the 2nd and 4th Friday
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Treasurer. Delegates
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MISSIONS IN BASUTOLAND

Saint Joseph's, Korokoro, and Massabielle are two missions in Basutoland. The whole Frefecture Apostolic as yet numbers only some ten stations with resident mission-aries. The Basutos, however, are of all the South African natives the best disposed to receive the light of the Gospel. If we could only multiply churches, schools, and mission-aries, we might convert the entire race. Unfortunately resources are wanting. The following letter from the Rev. Father Philippe, Oblate of Mary Immaculate, missionary at Korokoro, will be found interesting:

"At a certain distance from the principal station of Saint Joseph of Korokoro, is situated the mission of Massabielle, prettily perched at the foot of an arid mountain and emerging like an islet of green-sward above the ravines surrounding it.

Three times a week a missionary goes there to say Mass, but the care of the little chapel is entrusted to a pious Parisian lady, who is most devoted to the poor blacks. She teaches the children, keeps a dispensary and distributes remedies to the sick.

At ordinary times the greatest the children, keeps a dispensary and distributes remedies to the sick.

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At ordinary times the greatest the children, keeps a dispensary and in the children with the service began at six o'clock. After Mass, and plain, He hears the prayers of these fervent Neophytes weary not of hearing the Word of God; they do not leave the churre unless to take a little rest, the school, the Faher's small house, and the stable, serve them for shelter; each one rolls himself in his blanket, and sleep soon comes to soften these improvised beds.

At length behold great Easter Dayl Abeautiful sky, hence a beautiful celebration. All faces beaund.

The control of the co

Father Blard, the exorcisms are begun. The Pagans follow all with much attention; they do not understand, indeed, what is going on; nevertheless, they feel the presence of the Divinity in the self-recollection and the gentle peace shown upon the countenances of those about to be baptized. The water of Baptism flows upon the brow of the catechumens, and they intone the hymn of thanksgiving in presence of the Most Holy Sacrament exposed, A child reads the act of consecramake haste.

We have still about a hundred catechumens. After the many baptisms, this figure indicates clearly the future success of the Catholic religion in Basutoland. May the Sacred Heart of Jesus deign to inspire some generous soul to come to the help of those who are tilling the ground in this interesting portion of the Lord's vineyard."—Missionary Record of the Oblates of Mary Immaculate.

CONVERTED CONVICTS.

THE POUR LAW IN IRELAND. Sixty convicts in San Quentin priwho have been converted from ways and brought into the rch in the last twelve months by Charch in the last twelve months by Rev. Robert Sosnon, "the convicts' friend," were confirmed last Sunday by Most Rev. Archbishop Riordan. An interesting feature of the affair and one calculated to show the earnestness of the men, is the fact that several times a week for several months they gave up their half hour's recreation that they might attend the instructions. There is a vast difference between the acquirements for admission into the Church and late the sects. For the former a rigid course of study and instruction is required generally extending overmonths, and evidence of sincerity in the postulant, while in most if not all of the latter little more than the expression of a desire to join the particular sect is required.—Los Angeles Tidings.

night, went down on his knees, said I was the only power on earth that could save him, and if I did not consent to become his wife he would fill a drunkard's grave." "What did you say?" I asked, breathlessly. "I told him that I did not run a Keely cure, but if he really wanted to be saved from a drunkard's grave, I could give him the address of several I had heard hignly recommended." — Exchange.

(Continued from Page Six.)

What, his poor child meant to go hungry like a beggar on his account? That must not be. Her health, in the end, perhaps, her life, would be on his conscience. And what would the house be without the sweet smile and the young voice of his little girl?

shie was "Poor father will be wet to the skin; don't you think so, mother?"

"Serves him right," thought her mother, but aloud she only said cidly: "Maybe so."

It was very late at night when the heavy step of the drunken mah came up the walk. Under his rain-soaked hat, pressed down over his forehead, the eyes looked sullen and ugly.

The downpour of rain had sobered Flori just enough to put him into the worst possible mood.

"What are you doing here?" he bawled, when he saw the two waiting for him. "Can a man never have a bit of peace on account of you? Do you have to mix into everything that isn't your business? Get out, get away with you, I don't need you. I guess you," and he turned to Anna, "are having your laugh now because the flood of water almost carried me off."

"It's your own fault," the woman answered, shrugging her shoulders. "Why did you go down to the public-house again?"

Furious at this answer, Florian birched toward her.

"Be still," he roared at her, and litted his hand to strike her. But with a plaintive cry the child threw herself between them to protect her mother, and, receiving the blow hard in the face, she fell to the ground—unconscious.

"For God's sake," cried Florian suddenly sobered as he bent down over the unconscious child. But with a hissed at him."

After a little while Anna came lown to the kitchen to get some water, and Flori tiptoed up to her." "Anna." he said timidly, "how is

"Anna." he said timidly, "how is she?"

She looked at him with glowing, forbidding eyes, from head to foot, and then turned her back on him and left him standing there.

That was a long, sad night, and Flori had plenty of time for reflection, for remorse, and for good resolutions.

When day dawned he could stand it no longer. In his bare feet he crept up to Louise's chamber. On account of the heat the door was half open. In the gray light Flori saw his wife lying on the bed, fully dressed, holding the sleeping child in her arms. A great weight fell from the heart of the watcher. No music on earth could have been pleasanter to him than the gentle breathing of the two sleepers. Florian himself, exhausted by the emotions of the night, then fell asleep, and did not wake till nearly noon. At first he did not remember what had happened, but suddenly it all came over him, and he felt a sort of horror of himself.

Then he heard Louise's voice in the living-room:

Then he heard Louise's voice in the

Then he heard Louise's voice in the living-room:
"He is still sleeping soundly, mother, but when he get's up I'll go up to my chamber, shouldn't I?"
"No," said Anna's voice unyieldingly. "You'll stay here."
"Mother, please let me go. I wouldn't like to have father see me,"

wouldn't like to have father see
wouldn't like to have father see
"You heard what I said," said the
nother.
"Is the poor little thing afraid of
me" the man listening thought to
himself. "I will show her that in
all her life she never need be afraid
of me again." Then he dressed himself quickly and hesitatingly went
out into the living-room.

The storm had spent itself. Only
a few light clouds still hung around
the mountain tops. The sunshine
came pleasantly through the windows, and where the litt, e red curtains were drawn it lay upon the
ficor in rosy patches.

In the alcove at the table laid for
the noonday meal his wife and child
were sitting. The little one had just
filled the soup-plates for her parents, but her own remained empty.
"Good day to the reserved."

were sitting. The little one had just filled the soup-plates for her parents, but her own remained empty. "Good day, father, came her cheerful greeting. "Did you sleep well? Sit down here with us now or else your soup will get cold."

Stowly Florian sat down. "How are you, Louise," he asked awkwardly. "I am very sorry that I struck you yeterday as I did. Did it hurt you?"

"Better hurt me than mother," the d-lid answered in a low voice, and I lorian dropped his head shame-facedly.

and Horias dropped his head shame-facediy.

He would have liked to ask his wife's forgiveness, too, but she sat there without a word, without even a looking of her great black eyes for him, cold and distant. All his courage let's him, and a certain sullen deflence took its place.

But Louise, too, pleasant as her voice sounded, avoided meeting his eyes. She chattered of all sorts of things, but kept her head turned away so that barely her profile was in view. And her plate Temained empty. All she had in her hand was a little piece of black bread, from which she broke bits, at which she ribbled

ribbied

Florian no longer heard her words

the poor child was going hungry
again on his account. "That God
may not punish me," was his sole
thought.

may not punish me," was his sole thought.

"Louise," he said at last, in a broken voice, "come here to me."

She started visibly and hesitated. The man rose from the table and went and sat down on the bench against the wall. "Louise, come here to me," he repeated gently. Obediently the child rose and came toward him slowly, carefully hiding the right side of her face with her hand.

"Have you a toothache?"

"No, father; my cheek is only swollen."

Florian took her hand away. The whole side of her face was swollen

Florian took her hand away. The whole side of her face was swollen and the eye blue and black.

The wife rose too, and stood very straight, looking questioningly, almost threateningly, at her husband. But he saw nothing but the pitifully disfigured face of the child before him.

most threateningly, at her husband. But he saw nothing but the pitfully disfigured face of the child before him.

"For heaven's sake—my child—did I—do that?" he stammered.

"Father." the girl cried out, and laid her head upon his shoulder. "I am glad to suffer this, too, for you."

Great sobs shook Florian.

"Forgive me, poor child — forgive me! It shall never happen again, I promise you. And Anna, you forgive me! It shall never happen again, I promise you. And Anna, you forgive me too." He stretched out his hand toward her. She would have liked to bave pushed it away, but was ashamed to do so before her child, who was smiling happily at her now, So Anna laid her cold fingers in her nusband's right hand. He closed his hand over hers tenderly, saying, "An cvil spirit has held me. Help me pray now, that I may be different hereafter."

And he was different. He worked for two, as if to make up for what he had neglected. Storms of temptation still assailed him, but he fought through them manfully. Louise would have been very happy now if if had not been for her mother's attitude. It was as if all the love which the ardent-tempered woman had had for her husband had been spent. The pain of his brutal treatment of her had been too deep-she could not forget it and did not went to forgive it.

Once Louise put her arm around her mother's neck. "Mother, can't you love father a little bit," she whispered. "He is so good now."

Then Anna pushed the girl away roughly as she never had before. "What I do does not concern you." she said sharply, und Louise did not date to put the question again.

Floriae himself often looked pleadingly at his rife, but she turned

often looked faint and pale and suffered constantly from peculiar pains in his tongue, which made it hard for him to eat or to talk.

At last, after trying in vain the quack remedies of a peasant doctor, he went to a regular physician. This man advised him to go to Innsbruck to the hospital at once, and so urgent was he that Florian set out the next morning early. An hour's walk, three hours on the train, and then hay would be at the end of the journey.

Business Cards.

mext morning early. An hour's walk, three hours on the train, and then lee would be at the end of the journey.

Anna did not close an eye that night. And yet when her husband held out his hand for the parting she only said, "Good-bye. I hope you will be well soon."

Her husband smiled sadly and turned to go, accompanied by Louise, who insisted on walking part of the way with him.

Anna stood at the door a while and looked after them. She was sorry that she had been so heartless the sorry that she had been so heartless the way to the hospital. Suddenly a great fear came over her: How many there were who never came back from the hospital. If something should happen to Florian—if she should not see him again!

Ah!—she had not thought of that. With a deep sigh she ran down the steps after the two. They were a long way down the road. But one more word she must have, and give him in return a sign of love to cheer him in return a sign of love to cheer thin on his hard journey. For he was her husband after all, and the father of her child.

She waved her kerchief and tried to call, but the sound stuck in her throat, and the two went on and on. Now they stood still, and Florian stooped and kissed the child again and again. The little one turned to go back, slowly stopping and waving her hand ever few steps, while he, too, stopped to wave in answer. Then came a loud, shrill cry: "Flori! Fiori!"

The man heard, and looked up, and swung his hard hat. He galled too, but the sound was weak and thick, and the woman standing all alone above did not hear it.

Florian is in the operating room of the Innsbruck Hospital. He knows that the operation must be performed if he wishes to save his life at all, and for his child's sake he has con-

sented
A S:ster of Charity is standing be reside him murmuring words of pious consolation, and giving him a little crucifix, for he has asked for one. The physician and surgeons are standing to one side in consultation.

standing to one side in consulta-tion.

Now the surgeon steps up to Flo-rian, and begins to talk to him. "My dear man," he says kindly, "you know that we will have to cut off most of your tongue, and you will probably be unable to speak here-after—""

most of your tongue, and you will probably be unable to speak hereafter—"

Florian started and looked at him with horror.

"We must have courage," the surgeon continued, soothingly. "Everything will probably pass off well, but if you have something more that you wish especially to say, better say it now. It may be that you cannot say it afterward."

For a few moments Florian gazed at the cross in his hand, then raising his eyes to heaven, he said:

"Praised be Jesus Christ," slowly and solemly, and reverently bowing his head.

The surgeon made a sign to the

is head.
The surgeon made a sign to the

The surgeon made a sign to the physician and turned with moist eyes to his instrument case.

It was late in autumn when the lone figure of a man came up the high way to the village. The sky is as blue as in the midsummer; delicate silvery webs float in the soft air, the trees and bushes glow in every shade of color.

The man stops often to breathe deeply. Oh, this is a different air from that which one breathes in the nospital. Florian forbade his dear ones to visit him. He feared the shock for them. Two days before he left the hospital he wrote and told them the truth for the first time. In his awkward and clumsy writing he told them that the operation was successful, but that he would be unable to talk for the rest of his life. This was a great misfortune, to be sure, but he would try to bear it as a penance. Louise would never have to go hungry again for his sake, now, but everything as God wills. They must have gotten the letter by this time and must know what has happened.

Sufuly Florian went up the garden path and peeped through the window into the living-room.

There they knelt, side by side, his wife and his child, reciting the Rosary aloud. He knew they were praying for him.

His shadow fell on the floor and Louise looked up. A cry, "It is father," and then she sprang to her feet and fairly flew out and cluing to him sobbing and murmuring endearments. He gently stroked her blonde hair and looked at her-dumb.

Anna, too, had risen — there she stood as if rooted, her feet like lead, her leart beating in heavy thumps. Now her husband entered. Silently, but with an unspeakably sad look, he held out his hand to her. Then something rose hot and conquering in her heart, a flood of the old warm love metted the ice that had crusted over her feeling for him, and with a smoothered cry she clasped her arms about his neck.

"Flori," she stammered, "my dear good Flori. How you must have suffered."

The man sank down on a chair and leaned his had against her shoulder. "The rans and kissed his fair. The old sweet tim

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