

# NOTES FROM AMERICAN CENTRES.

Through the generosity of Rev. P. J. Daly, pastor of St. Francis de Sales Church, Roxbury, the diocese of Boston will shortly open an industrial school in which the daughters of poor parents will be taught various branches, such as typewriting, book-keeping, and a regular course of subjects dealing with domestic economy. The idea of establishing an industrial school has been under consideration for some years. Archbishop Williams giving the proposal his most earnest approval. Archbishop Williams and Bishop Brady looked around for a clergyman that would put the idea into practical form. The two prelates selected Rev. Timothy J. Murphy, pastor of St. Anne's, Neponset, as the clergyman who was to take hold of the matter. More than a year ago Father Murphy was selected by the Archbishop to take charge of the work.

Father Daly, thought so highly of the project that he placed in Father Murphy's hands \$50,000 for carrying out the work.

To show their appreciation of his generous action, the incorporators will name the school the Daly Industrial School.

When the founding of the school was decided upon it was arranged to place it in charge of the Sisters of St. Joseph. Accordingly the head house of the Order was notified that seven sisters would be needed to carry on the work of the school and they immediately went into training for the special duties which they will be called upon to discharge.

It is said that the course will extend over five years if the pupils so desire. Girls may enter it at 13 years of age and continue to study whatever particular branches they desire or take a general course until the age of 18, which will be about the limit for those who enter the school. There will be no expense attached to the training. The school will be at the disposal of the children of the entire diocese.

In addition to the gift of the Rev. Father Daly, a number of other large subscriptions, aggregating several thousand dollars, have also been received by the Rev. Father Murphy for the school.

The news comes from New Bedford, Mass., that Aunt Mary Spooner, 105 year old, died suddenly last week while at supper. Aunt Mary has long been famed as the oldest resident in Massachusetts, as well as the oldest member of the Daughters of the American Revolution. It was her distinction to have been an "own" daughter, her father, Micah Spooner, having been one of the minute men summoned to the defence of Boston, after the battle of Lexington. Aunt Mary had another distinction. She was the oldest "old maid," so far as her relatives could ascertain in the United States. In spite of her great age she retained most of her faculties until a few months ago. During recent years Aunt Mary has received much attention from the Daughters of the Revolution, and among the possessions which she prized most highly were the certificates of membership in these organizations.

Mr. C. T. Driscoll is the new Mayor of New Haven, Ct., and his election marks an epoch in the government of that stronghold of Puritanism. The election was remarkable for the intense interest which it awakened among the citizens and for the bitterness of the opposition to the successful candidate. The Puritan element fought with desperation to retain their intolerant prestige, but they fought in vain, and as a consequence New Haven has in the person of Mayor Driscoll the first man of Irish blood and Catholic faith to fill that office in the history of the city. Mr. Driscoll's plurality over Mr. Farnsworth, the present Mayor, was 1,525.

Archbishop Corrigan has obtained from the War Department permission to establish a Catholic chapel on the Government reservation at West

Point, says the Irish American. This is a bitter pill for the A. P. A. fanatics, who tried by every means within their power to prevent the erection of a Catholic Church for the use of the soldiers. The immediate response of the Catholics of New York and Jersey to the suggestion that permission might be obtained, if the sum of \$25,000 were raised, was another blow to these pessimists, who hoped that, because of the conditions imposed, no other than a Protestant place of worship would be possible on the grounds of the Military Academy.

Nearly twenty thousand workmen marched in a parade on Saturday evening for the purpose of objecting to the people of New York an object lesson which would teach them how much in earnest all branches of labor are in the movement for an eight hour day. It was one of the most imposing labor demonstrations ever witnessed in the city, and it is probably No. 1 of a series of just such events which will occur on or about the 1st of May hereafter until either the eight hour movement attains its object or is abandoned as a hopeless aspiration.

It was the first time in the history of organized labor in this city that the greater part of trades unions here ever took part in a united demonstration in the eight-hour cause, pure and simple. In London every May day there has been for years back a great meeting at Hyde Park, in the interest of the eight-hour day. Similar meetings are held at the same date in most of the large Continental cities. The workmen of America were behind their brothers on the other side of the water in this respect, and it was determined that this should not be.

So three weeks ago the American Federation of Labor took the matter up, and a committee was appointed, with Daniel Harris, of the Cigar-makers' Union as chairman, to make arrangements for the event which last night proved a great success.

The programme, as originally planned, was carried out to the letter. This consisted of a big parade, culminating in a great mass-meeting and speeches in Union Square. But the originators, even in their most sanguine moments, never anticipated such an overwhelming demonstration. All through yesterday and almost up to the hour of falling into line announcements came pouring from organization after organization asking for a place in the ranks of the marchers.

The original plan involved the formation of four divisions, all to swing into line at First Avenue, and this was carried out, but in addition there came squad after squad from rendezvous other than those assigned which joined the procession and kept constantly swelling its ranks nearly all the way to Union Square.

The Grand Marshal having command of the entire eight-hour day army was Wm. J. O'Brien, President of the Central Federated Union.

The Church News, Washington, remarks: It is to be hoped that the unparalleled brutality perpetrated last Sunday in Georgia, when a negro was lynched, will awaken all the friends of lynch law to the fact that it is a menace to the peace of society, a disgrace to civilization, and treason against the State. It is time that some steps be taken to put a stop to mob law. Every citizen owes certain duties in this State, among them the duty to uphold its laws and if necessary help to enforce them. Such outbursts of violence as that in Georgia is a menace to the entire community, as shown by the lynching on Monday of a man who was accused of participation in the crime by the prisoner who was tortured and killed on Sunday. Shocking as was the crime committed by the wretch there was still no excuse for the insult committed against the State by trampling upon her laws.

who helped her mother will find a benediction of peace upon her head and in her heart.

The girl who works is another girl whom the same writer speaks of in the following terms: She is brave and active. She is not too proud to earn her own living, or ashamed to be caught at her daily task. She is studious and painstaking and patient. She smiles at you from behind counter and desk. There is a memory of her sewn in each silken gown. She is like a beautiful mountaineer already far up the hill, and the sight of her should be a fine inspiration for us all. It is an honor to know this girl—to be worthy of her regard. Her hand may be stained with factory grease or printer's ink, but it is an honest and a helping hand. It stays misfortune from many a home; it is one shield that protects many a forlorn little family from the almshouse and the asylum.

Much of the cause of misunderstandings in the home may be traced a lack of an appreciation, on the part of man, of the fact that a woman appreciates little polite attentions from him more than all the costly gifts he can possibly buy her.

A contributor to the household columns in an exchange writes:—

To quote the costermonger, whose knowledge of human nature we must all admit is keen and convincing. "It's not so much what 'e says as the nasty way 'e says it." The tone, the impatient look are chilling to the spontaneity of affection which women are all too ready to bestow, but which freezes cold and solid under the blighting influences of man's manner.

Of course the masculine argument is that there is no occasion for a woman to droop and pine when she has everything that the world can give her, but how little he is able to gauge the untold longing that lies in her breast for those trifling items that the world cannot give her, that he alone can bestow, and which in the giving costs him nothing, but makes her so rich that she can smilingly look misfortune in the face, rejoice in sacrifice, soar superior to every trial and regard her lot the happiest among mortals.

In the hurry and rush of his business life a man forgets the curt reply the brusque criticism or the absolute indifference indulged in by him before leaving for the day's work. Not so with the woman. Busy though she may be in her domestic affairs, she carries a heavy heart with her from one task to another, and the ready tears well to her eyes at the thought of what the man has forgotten all about by that time. Had he given her a word of praise, lover-like look, a kiss not perfunctory, she would have blossomed forth as a rose in the sunshine and the song in her heart would have been given utterance by her lips, and nothing would seem trying to either hands or brain. If men could only understand that the women they love are like flowers susceptible to every chill, but responding gratefully to every mark of attention, company manners would be worn more in the intimate relations

of life, and there would be many happier women than at the present time exist.

No more should be cooked than is intended to be eaten at one meal, says Mrs. Lemcke, the cooking expert. The true art in cooking lies not in cooking large pieces of meat, or in cake, bread or pastry baking, but how to prepare one kind of meat and fish in a hundred different ways, how to utilize everything so that nothing is wasted, and to convert all that may be left from one meal into savory and palatable dishes for the next; to combine herbs, spices and onions, in such a way that all the ingredients are harmoniously blended so that nothing predominates; that vegetables retain their natural flavors and are not spoiled by the ingredients added; that meat is cooked in such a way that nothing of its nutritious value is lost. A great deal of the unhappiness of this world is due to poor food. Drunkenness, which is a craving for stimulating and intoxicating drinks, is a certain consequence of an injudicious diet. If all our women were better acquainted with the elements of the human system they would then know that no one can keep in good health unless these elements receive the proper nourishment to supply the waste of tissue.

According to the "Journal of Mental and Nervous Diseases," slow eating is as bad as fast eating. The important point is not that we eat slowly or fast, but that when we do eat we chew with energy. Of course where the haste is due to some mental anxiety this may injuriously inhibit the secretions. Slow eating begets a habit of simply mulling the food without really masticating it, while the hurried eater is inclined to swallow his food before proper mastication is advantageous. It concentrates our energies on the act in question and hence more thoroughly accomplishes it. Moreover, energetic chewing stimulates the secretion of saliva in the most favorable manner. These various points are so commonly misunderstood, at least by the laity, that they demand our frequent attention.

The woman who proudly declares that she cannot even hem a pocket handkerchief, never made up a bed in her life, and adds, with a simper that she's "been in society ever since she was 15," should never marry. And there are others. The woman who would rather nurse a pug dog than a baby. The woman who thinks she can get \$5,000 worth of style out of \$1,000 salary. The woman who wants to refurbish her home every spring. The woman who buys for the mere pleasure of buying. The woman who does not know how many cents there are in a dollar. The woman who thinks men are angels and demigods. The woman who would rather die than to wear a bonnet two seasons old. The woman who thinks that the cook and the nurse can keep house. The woman who thinks it is cheaper to buy bread than to make it. The woman who buys bric-a-brac for the parlor and borrows kitchen utensils from her neighbors. The woman who thinks she is an ornament to her sex if she wins a progressive euchre prize.—Home Journal and News.

last he released himself from the bed-clothes, he discovered his wife groaning in a corner of the bed-room, but she had not got that phosphorated corn.

## FOR BOYS AND GIRLS.

Continued From Page Nine.

Every boy and girl should be taught early to be tidy and orderly in their habits. They should be neat in their appearance, in their work, in everything. I fear that very many of our young readers do not live up to this practice, and all on account of the lack of the right sort of training when they were younger. In school the contents of their desks are in complete disorder; and at change of exercise there is always a long search for the required book or copy. If you examine their books, they are uncovered and instead of their name being neatly written on the inside cover, it is scribbled all over the book, accompanied by an occasional blot as the owner's distinctive trademark. At home they throw their hat in some corner, their coat in another, and they never put their toys in their proper places. These habits if left unchecked generally grow with their years, and afterwards they have the reputation of being slothful and slovenly, which is one of the great barriers to success.

Therefore, that quality of neatness which combines correctness and simplicity, should be acquired when young. We should pay attention to our personal appearance; be neat in our speech, and be tidy in our surroundings. The merchant shows his neatness in the order and arrangement of his merchandise, the book-keeper in his accounts; and the mechanic in the products of his hand. Each one, according to his pursuit in life, gives proof of whatever abundance or deficiency of tidiness and taste that he cultivated when young.

## A SECTION FOREMAN.

HIS LIFE ONE OF EXPOSURE AND MUCH HARDSHIP.

Rheumatism and Kindred Troubles the Frequent Result—One Who Has Been a Great Sufferer Speaks for the Benefit of Others.

From the Watchman, Lindsay, Ont. Wm. McKendry, a gentleman of 52 years of age, has for two years been a respected resident of Fenelon Falls, Ont. For twenty-two years he has held the position of section foreman for the G. T. R., which position he fills to-day, and judging from his present robust appearance will be capable of doing so for many years to come. During his residence at Fenelon Falls, Mr. McKendry has taken an active part in educational matters, being an efficient member of the school board on different occasions. Many times he has been nominated as councillor, but owing to the position he held with an outside corporation felt it his duty to withdraw, although much against the wishes of the representative ratepayers. As the public well know the duties devolving on a railway section foreman expose him to all kinds of inclement weather, and it takes a man with strong constitution to successfully fill the position. Mr. McKendry had no illness until about three years ago, when, to use his own words, he says—"I was taken down with severe rheumatic pains in the right knee and the muscles of the leg. I could not sleep or rest night or day. I could not begin to tell you what I suffered. I took many remedies, both internal and external prescribed by doctors and friends, but instead of improving I was steadily going from bad to worse. One day, while reading the "Presbyterian Review" I read of a cure through the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, in the case of a man who had not been expected to recover and this prompted me to give this medicine a trial. The action in my case did not seem to be speedy and I was using the fifth box before any decided improvement was noted, but by the time I had used eight boxes I was a thoroughly well man. Since that time my general health has been the very best and I have no signs of the trouble. I make this statement voluntarily, because I think it the duty of those cured to put others in possession of the means of obtaining renewed health and I am satisfied Dr. Williams' Pink Pills will do all that is claimed for them if given a trial.

These pills cure not by purging the system as do ordinary medicines, but by enriching the blood and strengthening the nerves. They cure rheumatism, sciatica, locomotor ataxia, paralysis, heart troubles, erysipelas and all forms of weakness. Ladies will find them an unrivalled medicine for all ailments peculiar to the sex, restoring health and vigor, and bringing a rosy glow to pale and sallow cheeks. There is no other medicine "just as good." See that the full name, Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People is on every package you buy. If your dealer does not have them, they will be sent post paid at 50 cents a box, or six boxes for \$2.50, by addressing the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont., or Schenectady, New York.

## The Kerryman's Blunder.

An amusing story is being told in Irish circles just now. A recent arrival in London is a Catholic gentleman hailing from the kingdom of Kerry. Having heard that a certain church in his neighborhood was much

resorted to by Irish people, he resolved to hear Mass there in future. The following Sunday he ventured his way to the church which had been described to him, and noticed to his surprise that the service was not altogether what he had been accustomed to in Ireland, nor could he see any of his Irish friends. Still the clergyman at the altar were undoubtedly saying Mass, and round the church were the Stations of the Cross, just the same as at home. On the following Sunday he had similar doubts, but as there was a nun praying not far from him he convinced himself all must be right. In a conversation with a friend a few days after he expressed his surprise that a number of his friends never seemed to go to Mass. The friend was astonished too, and asked what church he usually attended. When he heard he laughed and told the Kerryman, to his great dismay, that the church in which he had prayed so devoutly for several Sundays belonged to the Established Church. It was a Ritualistic Church, in which the services were very High Church indeed, and one in which the Mass was regularly gone through. The nun, of course, belonged to a Protestant Order.—Exchange.

# JOHN MURPHY & CO.

## Summer Blankets.

FINE SUMMER BLANKETS, full size, handsome blue and pink borders. Just the thing for country use, only 75c per pair. CHILDREN'S FINE SUMMER BLANKETS, assorted borders, prices from 25c per pair.

## Window Shades.

WINDOW SHADES of all sizes, made to order; the best of workmanship; all work done promptly. All measures taken free of charge.

## Ready Made Window Shades.

A large assortment, all colours, plain and fancy. Prices for complete Window Shades from 25 cents each.

## Lace Curtains.

500 pairs NEW LACE CURTAINS, now in stock, all new designs. NEW FINE NOTTINGHAM LACE CURTAINS, with the new fast woven edge, in white and cream, prices from 75c per pair. FINE HANDSOME NEW IRISH POINT LACE CURTAINS, in white, ivory and cream; prices from \$3.50 per pair. 500 pairs NEW TAPESTRY CURTAINS—New Tapestry Curtains, in all the new Art Colours; choice new patterns; prices from \$2.85 per pair.

**JOHN MURPHY & CO.,**  
2343 St. Catherine Street,  
Corner of Metcalfe Street.  
TERMS Cash TELEPHONE Up 933.

# GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY SYSTEM IMPROVED Train Service 2 1/2 Hours Each Way BETWEEN

## Montreal and Ottawa.

Lv. Montreal 7:30 a.m. Arr. Ottawa 11:20 a.m.  
" " 9:40 a.m. " " 12:10 p.m.  
" " 4:05 p.m. " " 6:35 p.m.  
" " 5:50 p.m. " " 9:00 p.m.  
Lv. Ottawa 7:25 a.m. Arr. Montreal 9:50 a.m.  
" " 8:45 a.m. " " 11:15 a.m.  
" " 4:20 p.m. " " 6:50 p.m.  
" " 6:35 p.m. " " 9:45 p.m.  
\* Daily, 7 Days, except Sunday.

Societies, Sunday Schools, &c., desiring to secure choice dates for their meetings, after Burr Park, Richelieu Park, Highgate Springs, St. Lawrence Park, Clark's Island, &c., should make immediate application.

## SUNDAY TRAIN SERVICE.

From Montreal to Vaudeuil.  
9:00 A.M. For St. Anne's and Vaudeuil only.  
9:30 A.M. For all Stations to Vaudeuil.  
1:30 P.M. For Lachine, Vaudeuil and all intermediate Stations.  
5:50 P.M. For Convent, Lachine, Dixie, Dorval, Pt. Claire, Ste. Anne's and Vaudeuil.  
8:00 P.M. For all Stations to Vaudeuil.  
9:00 P.M. For all Stations to Montreal.  
6:34 A.M. For Ste. Anne's and Montreal only.  
7:15 A.M. For Lachine and all intermediate Stations, also Montreal.  
10:55 A.M. For all Stations to Montreal.  
5:20 P.M. For Pt. Claire, Dixie, Lachine and Montreal.  
7:12 P.M. For all Stations to Montreal.  
10:00 P.M. For all Stations to Montreal.  
From Montreal to St. Hyacinthe.  
9:45 A.M. For all Stations to St. Hyacinthe.  
8:30 P.M. For all Stations to St. Hyacinthe.  
From St. Hyacinthe to Montreal.  
5:27 A.M. For St. Lambert, Jct. St. Hilaire, Beauport and Montreal.  
8:00 A.M. For all Stations to Montreal.  
5:40 P.M. For all Stations to Montreal.

City Ticket Offices, 137 St. James Street and Bonaventure Station.

## VILLE MARIE BANK.

NOTICE is hereby given that a Dividend of Three per cent. for the current half-year (making a total of Six per cent. for the year) upon the Paid-up Capital Stock of this Institution has been declared, and that the same will be payable at the Head Office and at its Branches on and after THURSDAY, the First day of June next.  
The Transfer Books will be closed from the 17th to the 31st of May next, both days inclusive.  
The Annual General Meeting of the Shareholders will be held at the Head Office, on TUESDAY, the 20th June next, at noon.  
By order of the Board,  
W. WEIR, President.

## Random Notes

### For Busy Households.

There is a girl, and I love to think of her and talk of her, says a writer in the St. Louis Advocate, who never comes in late when there is company, who wears a pretty little air of mingled responsibility and anxiety with her youth, whom the others seem to depend upon for many comforts. She is the girl who helps her mother.

In her own-home she is a blessed little saint and comforter. She takes unfinished tasks from the tired stiff fingers that falter at their work; her

strong young figure is a staff upon which the gray-haired, white-faced mother leans and is rested. She helps her mother with the spring sewing, with the week's mending, with a cheerful conversation and with genial companionship that some girls do not think worth while wasting on only mother. And when there comes a day when she must bend over the worn-out body of mother lying unheeded in her coffin, her rough hands, folded, her long disquiet merged in rest, something very sweet will be mingled with her loss and the little girl

## HOW A PRIEST WAS MURDERED.

The sensational trial of Lehmann and his accomplice the woman Peltier for the murder of the venerable Abbe Fleurat, parish priest of San Patrice, ended recently at the Tours assizes. A vast crowd assembled around the court threatening to lynch the prisoners. After the reading of the indictment Lehmann denied his guilt, adding that the examining magistrate had incited him to confess by giving him refreshments.

After a brief adjournment the female prisoner was brought into court alone. She declared that Lehmann was the assassin. The latter was then confronted with her in the dock. The presiding judge informed him that his accomplice had confessed. He coolly replied:

"Well, then, it is true. It was a Saturday. I watched the priest to the church where I knew he would be detained in the confessional and for the evening service. I then went to get a knife and an iron bar. The woman Peltier held a ladder while I passed through the window of the priest's bedroom. Mlle. Robillard, the servant came with a lamp in her hand. I stabbed her and then tried to strangle her. As she struggled I smashed in her skull with the crowbar."

Lehmann then went downstairs and made ready for his second crime, which he thus described:

"When the priest came in he appeared tired and sat down and opened his breviary. He was probably surprised at the absence of his serv-

ant and rose as if to call her. I then struck him over the head with a stick. As the lamp on the table fell and we were in the dark, I brought in another from the kitchen. Then, being uncertain whether the priest was dead or not, I stabbed him in the forehead rammed a piece of wood down his throat."

Maitre Faye, who defended Lehmann, contended that he belonged to a class of alcoholic brutes who were undoubtedly infesting and terrorizing the country districts of France. They were the products of social incoherence, and the guillotine would not lessen their number.

## A Husband's Dilemma

A lady grievously tormented with a corn on her toe was advised by one of her friends to anoint it with phosphorous, which in a weak moment she did, but forgot to tell her husband before retiring at night. It had just turned 12 when the husband awoke, and was startled to see something sparkle at the foot of the bed. He had never heard of a firefly in the locality, nor did he ever remember ever seeing such a terrible object as the toe presented. Reaching carefully out of bed till he found one of his slippers he raised it high in the air and brought it down with great force upon the mysterious light. A shriek and an avalanche of bed-clothes and all was over. When at

THINK about your health. Do not allow scrofula taints to develop in your blood. Take Hood's Sarsaparilla now and keep yourself WELL.