

## Death of Rev. William O'Brien Pardow, S.J.

Sudden Calling Away of Sainly Priest, Distinguished Scholar and Eminent Pulpit Orator.

Rev. William O'Brien Pardow, S.J., one of the most distinguished as well as saintly priests in America, died last week at St. Vincent's Hospital, New York. His life constitutes one of the finest pages of the religious life of the New World. The True Witness lays to-day before its readers an appreciation of Father Pardow, written for the New York Freeman's Journal, by Mary Gilmore Carter.

The sudden and unexpected death of the Rev. William O'Brien Pardow, S.J., is an irreparable loss alike to the Jesuit Order, to the Church in general, and to the Catholic and non-Catholic alike. He was one of the comparatively few apostles who appeared equally to the sheep within and without the Catholic fold, and although the Providence of God never left yet a vacant human place unfilled, still it seems impossible for mere finite judgment to name a satisfactory successor to the saintly Father Pardow and his specific mission. Apostolic zeal was his cause, and well indeed did his life as a son of St. Ignatius, serve it. Intellectually and oratorically, he was gifted far above the average, and godless scientific and occult circles groped their way to spiritual truth by the light of his spiritual influence.

Father Pardow, although looking twenty-five years younger than his actual age, was born on June 13, 1847. As a child, he was a pupil of the Academy of the Sisters of Charity of St. Peter's Church, Barclay street. He passed on to the College of St. Francis Xavier, from which he was graduated with the degree of A. B. in 1864. Here is an example of the results of Catholic education—a soul of saintly life-service of God and men, an intellect respected by the most notable scientists and scholars of the age, a heart attracting the love of classes and masses, and a life that was at once an inspiration to all of noble ideals and a reproach to men of worldly or material taste and pursuit.

In Montreal and in Woodstock College, Maryland, the young scholar took post-graduate courses in preparation for his entrance into the Jesuit Order, upon which goal he had set his heart. After his profession he taught Latin and Greek until 1875, when his exceptionally brilliant powers having won recognition he was sent to Europe for five years study of theology, Biblical criticism, Hebrew and oratory. As a priest of the Jesuit Order, Father Pardow became both beloved and noted, and in 1889, he was made President of St. Francis Xavier's College, now one of the most eminent seats of learning in America, second only to its own Fordham University, the Alumni of which shows such a muster of names identified with the foremost sanctity, talent and fame of the times, that the wonder grows that Catholic, or even non-Catholic parents should hesitate in their choice of universities for their sons, between religious and secular educational seats of learning.

In the Spring of 1903, Father Pardow attracted public attention by a series of notable lectures and sermons on up-to-date subjects of universal interest, the sermons being delivered from the pulpit of St. Patrick's Cathedral. The final sermon of the series was on the subject of "The Revolt of Science from the Catholic Church," and in it Father Pardow most convincingly denied any desire upon the part of the Church to abridge legitimate liberty of thought. Of course, as he said with justice and truth, absolute liberty of thought is the boast of the savage only. Setting aside religion, science and the schools step in with dogmatic theses, and it is irrational to blame the Church for its authentic spiritual utterances, as to defy the whole curriculum of intellectual lore.

When Father Pardow's term as Provincial had expired, Father Purbrick, then the Tertian-Master of the Jesuit Novices at St. Andrew's-on-the-Hudson, was ill, and Father Pardow was elected in his place. Only an ex-Provincial is qualified for this supreme office, the novices of St. Andrew's being in their last year of the Jesuit probation, the most crucial of the whole exigent candidacy. Strangely and sadly enough, the secular press had misconstrued and misrepresented this crowning honor, the highest that his grand and appreciative Order could bestow upon its worthy member, as a reproach to the "modernism" of Father Pardow.

In truth the Church leads its children in progressive ways, and every unprejudiced historian and scholar holds her as the one true "Light of the World," intellectually as well as spiritually. Bigotry and invincible ignorance alone reproached her as inimical to science and intellectual progression.

As Pastor of St. Ignatius Loyola's, Park avenue and East 84th street, Father Pardow, succeeding the late Father McKinnon of beloved memory did much for the church and its schools. As a preacher, he attracted congregations unparalleled for intellectual and social precedence, and converts studied his priestly way, as the stars stud heaven, one and all of the scientific or higher intellectual class. Yet the democracy of Christ and the simplicity of a child were the characteristics of Father Pardow, by birth and breeding a patrician, and by personal talents, one of the illustrious of the world.

Of recent years Father Pardow was the exponent of the attitude of the Church in regard to all modern

questions, and thereby incurred from the rash and unintelligent the term of "modernist." In truth he was a conservative, as all loyalists are. Broad and great of mind, sympathetic of heart as he was, he was a "Tartar" on grounds of religion or moral principle. No compromise, no concession was comprehensible to him. Policy and expediency were pleas that did not obtain with him. Right was his standard, and his consciousness was futile in comparison with it. Morally and in the religious sense, Father Pardow was a hero.

The most recent heresy ably combated by Father Pardow was "Modernism." This was a subject which by its name alone challenged the attention of the non-Catholic intellectual world and drew to the Church a Protestant congregation. Father Pardow was incomparable in argument and clarity of statement, and many brilliant minds attracted by the subject were brought by him to the light of Faith.

Reverence for Jesus in the Blessed Sacrament, and the devotion to the Sacred Heart of Jesus were his spiritual passions, and thence came the gentleness that tempered his sternness, and the sweetness and sympathy that endeared him to all.

Father Pardow was a Christ-like character who was recognized as such by the world—he was strong yet kind—stern yet considerate, ascetic personally, yet indulgent to others. In the pulpit he was a lion fighting courage and error with majestic heresy of religious conviction and intellectual strength—but in the confessional and in private life, a lamb of tenderness, healing wounded souls, uplifting the fallen, and inspiring with hope the despairing. Even the most bigoted and unfriendly press notices have acknowledged Father Pardow's personal impressiveness, admitting that the soul and intellect of the man stood out from his frail physique, challenging the world for its purification and upliftment.

"One had scarcely to look at him to see that there was the possessor of a commanding intellect," says the New York Sun; and true it is that even the delicate, ascetic face carried its own lesson to the shame of materialists and worldlings. The secular press says that Father Pardow was a patrician by birth, but what counts this comparison with exquisite soul, and it was spiritual refinement that characterized Father Pardow.

His mere presence ostracized the gross, the coarse, the material. He was a reproach to men of the world, in his mere existence. "Good God!" cried a florid non-vivante of good will, but whose physical side was stronger than the spiritual; "I wonder why the mere sight of that man makes me feel ashamed?" This worldly crudely expressed Father Pardow's influence on all men. His aura radiated fastidiousness and refinement in the supreme sense, and all that was coarse and evil cringed before him. He was a modern saint, and the world has lost an ideal in Father Pardow's call to heaven. But his beautiful memory remains for our inspiration.

Father Pardow was, as all know, a most delicate man, and a year ago the doctors warned him that he was burning the candle of life at both ends. "I would rather burn than rust out," was his spirited answer, and burn out he did, brilliant even to the final flicker. On Sunday, the 17th, a day of sleet and chill, Father Pardow contracted a cold, and day by day he grew more ill, though personally disregarding of his malady. On Wednesday he admitted that his throat was tired, and asked to be substituted for a sermon, but on Thursday he was up and dressed as usual, and was found standing before an open window, fresh air being one of his fads. On Friday he was up again and writing letters, but the disease was developing, and the Rev. M. J. Scott, S.J., was obliged to warn him that he had pneumonia, still, Father Pardow said: "I thank you for telling me so frankly," and from that instant was docile as a child. "If I have pneumonia, Father, I shall not recover," he said; "was it not a beautiful thing that my last sermon was on the Holy

Name of Jesus?" As he grew worse he asked to be taken to the hospital and as he was carried out two priests expressed their hope for his speedy return.

"No, I shall not return, I am going on a long journey," was his answer to both; proving his true premonition of death. At St. Vincent's hospital, Drs. Janeway and McGuire consulted, and Father Pardow called Dr. Janeway, and asked him the result. "To be truthful, your chances are slim, Father," Dr. Janeway acknowledged.

"I thank you," was Father Pardow's answer. "Now I wish to dictate some messages, and then to die in my habit."

The effort of changing his covering was considered too much for him by the doctors and Sisters, but he could not be dissuaded, saying that since his time was so short, the risk did not matter. He rose unaided and donned his beloved cassock. Then he heard the death rattle in his throat, and spoke of it. "Is not that a sign that I am going soon?" he asked.

The doctors reluctantly assented, and having received the last Sacraments, he clasped his crucifix in his hands, and laid in quiet waiting for death. He passed as peaceful as a child, without a struggle—his beautiful death justly rewarding his beautiful life. The world is better for the passage of the Rev. O'Brien Pardow through it. His was an inspiring character, an appeal to all that was best in fellow-men, a challenge to humanity's noblest and purest possibilities—a reproach to everything unworthy and ignoble. In short, he was a true representative of his Order, than which no higher praise could be given him—the magister of sanctity, intellect, and social culture of the followers of Jesus—the Sons of St. Ignatius, persecuted ever as Christians, reviled by malice and jealousy, but triumphant forever by sheer grace of supremacy.

The funeral of Father Pardow was unpretentious and simple as Jesuit ideals dictate. A painted pine coffin held all that was mortal of the immortal departed. Laid out in purple and gold vestments and black biretta, and clasping the crucifix in death even as in life, Father Pardow looked as natural that to believe him dead was impossible, his profile showing the gentle smile of immortal happiness nobly earned by his life of Christian perfection. Throughs of all social classes, from the highest to the lowly, knelt in tears by his coffin, in St. Ignatius Church.

Archbishop Farley celebrated his funeral low Mass, attended by the Rev. James Lewis, after the chanting of the Office for the Dead, by Monsignor Mooney, the Vicar-General, and nearly four hundred priests, representing the most prominent churchmen of New York and vicinity. During the consecration of the Mass, and the after-Mass prayers for the Dead, all the priests held lighted candles, making an impressive sight. Among the many celebrities present at the services may be mentioned Bishops Cusack, McFaul, McDermott and O'Connor, Messrs. Lavell and McGuire, and the Rev. J. P. Chidwick. St. Patrick's Cathedral, the Dominicans and the Carmelites were represented and St. Vincent de Paul's Society, the Misericordia, and Bon Secours nuns, and Sisters of Charity were present. No music and no eulogy honored the saintly dead. Such is the rule of the Christ-like Jesuit Order.

Father Pardow was buried in the cemetery of Fordham University. Immense throngs blocked the streets about the church and followed him to his grave. It was an impressive spectacle when men with tear-stained faces bared their heads as the casket was borne from the church, and women sobbed like little children. Truly does the good that men do live after them. The life and work of Father Pardow are immortal.

## St. Elizabeth.

"Von Helm!" called the Manager angrily.

A look of weary patience passed over the little bookkeeper's face, as he laid down his pen and stepped to Mr. Bolton's desk. "I believe, if I am not greatly mistaken," growled the big man, "that I have advised you time and time again, Von Helm, about your sevens. They are devilish queer looking affairs. Anyone would take them for nines in this account sale. Is that 77 or 79 cents for 10,000 bushels of No. 2 red?" he demanded, without waiting for an answer, for Von Helm never responded to these attacks, so went on in the same tone, "No doubt Kline & Sons would be very much pleased indeed at the idea of our paying them 79 cents when we contracted for the wheat at 77. You seem to take no interest in the business whatever."

Von Helm stared at his figures which represented the price paid for wheat the day before. They were clear and correct, as his figures always were, and no one but the Manager could have found fault with them.

"That's all," flung out Bolton, impatiently, turning to his desk. The long enduring Von Helm knew that the criticism was unjust, yet, having been humiliated often before, and feeling that remonstrance would be useless, went quietly back to his place, and taking up his pen, buried himself in his ledgers. The little man was sparing of his words; the big man was not.

He had been subjected to criticism and faultfinding so many times, it seemed as though he would have become gradually hardened, though the crimson wave that swept over him was not yet invulnerable to Bolton's harshness. He could not conceive any reason why Bolton should

subject him to such indignity before the office force, yet he endured it in wondering silence. His work was apparently done with painstaking and care, always accurate, always finished at the right time, yet the manager, naturally suspicious, had taken a dislike to him and manifested it on many occasions. Although he had the interests of the firm seemingly at heart, and was as competent an accountant as could be found, the Manager always objected when the matter of increased salary was mentioned, and it was only at the President's express command, after being firmly convinced of the German's value to the firm, that his salary had been added to, as token of his efficiency.

"There's something about that Dutchman I can't fathom," warned Bolton. "It will do to keep an eye on him. He will cause trouble some of these days, Mr. Harris, you mark my word!"

"Well, Bolton," replied the President, "you can comfort yourself with the assurance that we will not hold you responsible for his conduct, unless you drive him to do something desperate by your everlasting fault-finding. Just let the man alone, and I'll stand surety for him."

Even this assurance from the head of the firm did not prevent the Manager from conjuring up visions of evil that would befall the house of Harris & Meade by means of Von Helm's wickedness, and, growing something about "still waters," he went on with his work.

Sometimes, though, he could almost read the yellow tinged headlines set forth in The Morning Star, stating that Von Helm, trusted bookkeeper of the well known firm of Harris & Meade, had committed forgery. Another time, the morning after a late dinner at the club, when the mechanism of his inner man was sadly out of repair, he could almost see in bold, black letters on the first page of the Herald, the startling announcement: "Trust Betrayed! Von Helm, head bookkeeper for Harris & Meade, has suddenly departed, leaving his accounts short thirty thousand dollars." Yet, when Mr. Bolton rolled back the top of his desk next morning, there in his accustomed place was the trusted betrayer, nodding a solemn good morning, and every penny to the credit of the firm quietly resting in the safe.

Even the crimson rose which Von Helm wore in his buttonhole during their season and placed in a glass of water on his desk, had an irritating effect on the manager. "He is simply covering up some sin, by pretending that he loves flowers," he growled.

Then one day, shortly after the theory of forgery and theft was abandoned, he started on a new trail, which he determined to follow to the end.

It happened one day that two women came into the office, one, as agent for an advertising firm, the other the daughter of a grocer, who left an order for flour to be sent to her father's store. When the bookkeeper heard the voice of the first woman he was greatly disturbed and exceedingly nervous until he saw her pass out of the door. When the voice of the younger woman reached his ear, not being able to see her from his desk, a terror stricken look came over his face, such a look as when one fears some great calamity at hand. He leaned forward excitedly. The pen dropped from his fingers and fell to the floor, where it pierced the wood and quivered at his feet. The excitement was but momentary. The girl left the office, and the pained, frightened expression on Von Helm's face relaxed, as he assumed his wonted calm, and turned again to his work. The little incident was not lost on Bolton. It was now in possession of the bookkeeper's secret. It was a woman he feared.

In the morning's paper, though possibly it might not be for several days (the exact time was uncertain, but it was sure to come) The Morning News would announce that Von Helm, bookkeeper for the great milling firm of Harris & Meade, had suddenly been confronted by wife No. 1 and wife No. 2, whom he had deserted in Germany, and each unknown to the other had followed him to America and sought until they found him. When this came to pass it would be made clearly manifest to the President that the Manager's insight into human nature and his ability to read character were not to be despised. Would any man with a conscience void of offense tremble like an aspen leaf at the sound of a woman's voice?

It was now late in the month of December. The office force was very busy, and even Johnnie Turner, the oftentimes irrepensible office boy, seemed to realize that the great procession of cars coming in daily meant some pretty stiff work for everybody in the office, when from all points in the wheat territory grain was being shipped to fill the great mill elevators.

"Say! Did you see her down the street—Miss Floyd, all dressed in white, with a lot of roses?" inquired Johnnie of the stenographer, as he stamped the sample envelopes, piled up before him. "Wheels? Well I should say!"

His outburst of merriment was suddenly checked. In an instant the twinkle in his eye had disappeared, his laughter was hushed, and over his face came a startled expression, as he turned again to the girl and was whirled in awe-stricken tones: "Gee, whizz, Miss Floyd! That's her now!"

The screen door opened so noiselessly that no one but the boy and the stenographer nearest the door held stood a girl with a wealth of flaxen hair, and wondering eyes with dark violet tinge, her simple white gown making an effective background for the crimson roses which she carried in her apron.

Dropping a quaint courtesy, she

came into the office. Her eyes wandered about the room with a vague unrest. Advancing slowly to the desk of the boy and girl, she opened her apron and said softly in German, "See, they are roses. I have no loaves of bread," but they did not understand her. Then giving each a rose, she the Manager at his desk writing telegrams, his forehead drawn into a frown, foreboding ill to any who might interrupt him. His pen fashioned words rapidly, and as each message was written he called loudly: "Here, Dalton," and the contents of the yellow sheet went flying over the wires to their destination.

He was writing the last telegram: "Answer immediately by wire if you accept our bid of—." Just a moment he paused to look at the market report and make assurance doubly sure in regard to the price offered while Johnnie and the stenographer looked for something in the nature of a volcanic eruption to occur as the stranger approached his desk. It was not the custom for anyone to interrupt the Manager in this manner, and while his pen paused in its flight he glared in utter astonishment to see who was about to do so then. Was it possible that the office boy had disregarded his positive orders, and let people disturb him unannounced?

The young woman stood resting her arm on the railing that set off her Manager's desk, and watched him curiously. Placing a crimson rose by the side of the partly finished telegram, she announced in a voice sweet with pathos: "Ich bin Sanet Elizabeth von Ungarn."

She looked in truth like a saint, in her simple white gown, and pure of heart as though no earth tarnish had ever touched her.

"Ich bin Elizabeth," she repeated. "Lieben Sie Rosen, mein Herr?" The Manager wheeled around angrily, but the expression on his face changed instantly, as he looked into "Elizabeth's" eyes, and noted the irregular pupils, and the unmistakable signs of dementia. His verdict was identical with that given by his office boy a few moments before.

As though to make all expiation possible, Nature had bestowed with lavish hand the most beautiful physical gifts to atone, so far as she could, for that which was so sadly lacking in mental quality.

As Mr. Bolton looked at her he was too bewildered to make reply, and when he had recovered and found voice to thank her for her offering, she had caught sight of Von Helm on the opposite side of the office. Being engrossed with his work, he had not seen her enter, neither had he heard the soft, familiar cadence of her voice. In an instant she was at his side: "Lieber Adolph!" She gave a little cry of joy as she rushed into his arms.

"Lizbeth! Mein Liebschen!" he exclaimed in awe-struck tones, Terror, Pity and Love seemed for an instant to battle with each other. Terror was first on the field, instantly followed by Pity, but Love was strongest and withstood them both and came forth victor. Instantly reverting his self-possession, the little bookkeeper drew the fair-haired girl to his side and kissed her tenderly. Happy and secure in his loving care, she smiled like a child and, putting her arms, beautiful and milk-white, about his neck, she passionately returned his caress.

He lifted her carefully to a high stool which he brought and placed by his own. He was so tender in word and in act. "Ich will mein, Arbeit thun, dann werden wir nach Heim gehen, meine Liebling." She understood that she must not disturb him, so with her arms folded on the long desk, she sat quietly by his side, giving him a smile whenever his eyes were raised from the accumulation of bills and books before him, and he, answering with a smile, went on with his work. For a long time she waited, obedient and patient, speaking never a word. The Manager dictated loudly; the telephone keys clicked noisily, bringing news of the markets, acceptances of bids and reports of flour sales, still Von Helm worked on; still "Saint Elizabeth" waited.

The afternoon sun came through one of the office windows glinting her flaxen hair until it shone like burnished gold. The waiting was so long, so weary, and the time dragged by at a snail's pace. The lids of the violet eyes began to droop. Lower and lower they fell, and at last her head rested on her left arm, so exquisitely molded and white that it might have been a marble cast, while little yellow ringlets fell over her forehead. Gently raising her head without waking her, Von Helm placed his light coat under it, and went on with his work. At last he came to a place in the pathway of papers where he felt justified in calling a halt. He closed his books, leaned over the sleeper and whispered softly: "Komm, Liebschen, wir werden Heim gehen."

"Heim gehen?" she repeated wonderingly as he raised her head then, drawing him to her side she kissed him, whispering softly: "Adolph, Ich liebe dich."

Von Helm lifted her from the stool and led the way to the door, while she followed obediently like a child. On his way out he stooped at the Manager's desk, and said simply: "I will take my wife home. I will soon return." At the door Von Helm's wife dropped a quaint courtesy, and called back: "Lebe wohl, liebe wohl," then she clasped her husband's hand and passed through the door.

The Manager at his desk bowed his head and tried to frame some sort of prayer for forgiveness, as the little bookkeeper went out into the late December sunshine with his heart's precious sorrow.

—E. S. REES, in Woman's Work

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"What have I done?" The mother As she kissed And tucked To help some

Then each one dead— A loving word Some sacrifice Or gift of fri But when 'tw speak, A tear drop gl

"I cannot think So very good She sadly said, A chicken find Back to its mot But it was lost

"'Twas naughty, But, mamma, It felt so sorry, The right way You told us once To save the lost

"The little chick And how it cried It was so glad Under its mother And I was happy 'Twas there with sound."

The children hid Their bed's wh But the mother k Just where the "Your part," she have done; God is well pleas

WHAT A DO

You have heard dear children, but bear repeating. One day a merch boy who was doin store—

"You will never you are too small. The little fellow the work he was d "Small as I am thing that no one place can do."

"Oh, what is tha plover. "I don't know as you," he replied. But the employer, know, urged him t could do that, no o place was able to

"I can keep from the little fellow. There was a blus one face present, and shown for further i then, from the smal

WHY HE LOST

He was always feelings, making s remarks at their ex He was cold and m manner, cranky, gloo He was suspicious. He never threw the heart wide open to them into his confid He was always r assistance from them too busy or too s them in their time of He regarded friendsl to be enjoyed, instea tunity for service. He never learned th porous trust is the v stone of friendship. He never thought to spend time in kee friendship.

He did not realize he will not thrive on se that there must be se sh it. He did not know t thoughtfulness in litt He borrowed money He was not loyal to He never hesitated his reputation for his He was always sayin about them in their al He measured them b to advance him.

TABLE RULES FOR

In silence I must take And ask God's blessing I must for food in pati Till I am asked to pas I must not scold, nor pout,

Nor move my chair or with knife and fork or must not play, nor m must not speak a usele for children should be heard.

must not talk about m Nor fret if I don't think I must not say: "The tea is hot, the coffee must not cry for his or murmur if my meat mouth with food

crowd, Nor while I'm eating spe must turn my head to sneeze, and when I ask say "If y The tablecloth I must no with my food my fin must keep my seat wh done, Nor round the table spo then told to rise, then I my chair away with no and lift my heart to God a thanks for all His won —Bert Pickett.