

A LITTLE ANGEL.

The Ups and Downs of Life.

An Incident Which Took Place in a Street Car in Montreal—What Was Seen and Heard—How the Poor Are Despised by the Rich—The Blessings of a Good Home Education.

Life is a strange and incomprehensible thing to many. This world is composed of many individuals, the majority of whom are seeking after two things—(which but a very small percentage obtain)—wealth and fame. Unfortunately we find people in the world to-day, when they become possessed of a little wealth, their whole object is to despise and belittle others who are not similarly blessed.

Two gentlemen friends who had been parted for years met in this city near the corner of Craig and Bleury streets. The one who lived in the city was on his way to meet a pressing engagement.

At the corner of St. Catherine street, a group of five girls was transferred from a west-end car. They were all young, and evidently belonged to families of wealth and culture—that is, intellectual culture—as they conversed well.

These children were stably dressed and upon their faces there were signs of distress mingled with some expectancy. Were they, too, on their way to the park? The gentleman thought so, so did the group of girls, for he heard one of them say, with a look of disdain: 'I suppose these ragamuffins are on an excursion too.'

All this conversation went on in a low tone, but the gentleman had heard it. Had the child, too? He glanced at the pale face and saw tears glistening in the eyes. Then he looked at the group of finely dressed girls, who had moved far away from the Plebeian as the limits of the car would allow.

She, too, evidently belonged to the favored ones of fortune. Yes, she belonged to the class of those whose intellectual culture is not of the sham kind and whose home education was all that could be desired.

'I'm on my way to Clare Dean's. She's sick, you know, and the flowers are for her.' She answered both questions at once, and then, glancing toward the door of the car, she saw the pale girl looking wistfully around at her.

But many are suffering from frequent colds, nervous debility, pallor, and a hundred aches and pains, simply because they are not fleshy enough.

Scott's Emulsion of Cod-liver Oil with Hypophosphites strengthens the digestion, gives new force to the nerves, and makes rich, red blood. It is a food in itself.

conduct of this young lady was to the sneering and disdainful acts of the other supposed young ladies. Over the pale-faced girl came a flush. 'Yes, miss; maybe we ought to, for Danny's sake; but, you see, we didn't have any lunch to bring. Joe—he's our brother—he saved these peonies purpose so as Danny could ride to the Park and back. I guess maybe Danny will forget about being hungry when he gets to the mountain.'

Were there tears in the lovely girl's eyes? Yes; there certainly were, and very soon she asked the girl where she lived, and wrote the address down in a tablet, which she took from a beaded bag on her arm. Above Roy street the pretty girl left the car, but she had not left the little ones comfortable.

The gentleman's ears served him well. He heard Katy's whisper and thought: 'Yes, the child is right; the lovely is beautiful inside—beautiful in spirit. She is one of the loved ones of the Sacred Heart, developing in Christian holiness. Bless her! She is a Promoter! And the fine cultured girls wondered what he was smiling at.'

At two o'clock sharp, the next day, two gentlemen met again. 'This is my wife,' the hostess said proudly, introducing a comely lady; 'and this,' as a young girl of 15 entered the parlor, 'is my daughter Ruth.' 'Ah,' thought the guest, as he extended his hand in cordial greeting, 'this is the dear girl whom I met yesterday in the street car. I don't wonder her father calls her a "little angel."'

Tui is a picture of every-day life. How many poor persons who have seen them elvies despised by the so-called higher class have lived to see the day when they surpassed 'the mockers' in the walks of life, and left them behind to think of their former, but now faded glory.

Take notice of the intellectual culture of these so-called 'aristocratic children.'

Dr. Adams' Toothache Gum is sold by all good druggists. 10 cts. a bottle.

Who that in childhood has had the tearful eye of a mother bent for a moment reproachfully upon him, then silently averted, can forget it, when in manhood he enters the chamber of his own soul and stirs up bygone memories? His bosom seems again to quicken its remorseful throbs; the repentant tear springs to his eye as hastily as if the long past scene were present to him.

Thin in flesh? Perhaps it's natural.

If perfectly well, this is probably the case.

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SISTER VIRGINIA.

THE self-sacrificing spirit of the Sister of Charity is as admirable as that of the Catholic priest. The example of these holy women has often been able to bring about remarkable conversions and to revive faith in the midst of camps.

It was in the beginning of July, 1866, when the war between Prussia and Italy against Austria was at its height; the military hospitals of Brescia were encumbered with sick and wounded soldiers, among whom was a young soldier likely to die of his wounds. He had been put under the care of Sister Virginia, a Sister of St. Vincent de Paul.

Carried to the hospital, he bore with out a groan the amputation of an arm and the sewing of his gajing wounds. In the excess of his suffering, he was only heard to say with childish simplicity: 'My God! Oh! my mother!'

The nurse and the sufferings of the unfortunate young man excited the lively sympathies in Sister Virginia's heart for him; and she resolved to restore him to life by the most assiduous care and fervent prayers.

'Mother, help me!' exclaimed the poor fellow in the midst of his excruciating pains; and he turned toward her, looking full of hope, as if he had the Blessed Virgin near him. 'Hush! my son,' answered Sister Virginia, 'I wish on him all the care and consolation of a mother to a suffering son.'

In a few days, the poor soldier became delirious with fever. In his raving he was restless, trying to jump out of bed, to re-open his wounds; but Sister Virginia was always on the lookout to watch him, soothing him, giving him one drop at a time of some preparation to calm him; and after doing all she could, she wept and prayed.

Sister Virginia watched this poor young man's restoration to health with the secret satisfaction of having done her duty. After the young soldier had recovered consciousness, was able to recognize his patient nurse, and noticing her wasted and pale face, he asked himself: when it had been seen for months, and even a whole year.

'Sister Virginia,' he said, 'when was it that I saw you last? Where have you been all this time? Have you been sick? What is the matter with you?'

'Oh! it is only three days since you saw me, or rather ceased to recognize me. I have always been here, waiting on you; I have not been away an instant.'

'Only three days? But where was I all this time? Ah! Sister Virginia, I understand now. Fever made me unconscious; but since I see you and understand what you have done, I am not pleased.'

'And why so? Have you been wanting anything? Why do you find fault with me?'

'You have done too much for me; you have been growing thinner every day, and this is painful to me, I assure you.'

'I have only done my duty; neither more or less.'

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

'I am a soldier, a man; I have sworn to die for my colors and my King.'

'Well, I also have sworn to hold my ground to the last; I have taken an oath before a King who is greater than all the kings of the earth.'

'If you work above your strength, you will not be able to hold up; you will become sick and perhaps die.'

'And what of it! If you soldiers do not fear to die for your flag and for a mortal king, why should I fear to fall for my neighbor and for my God?'

No answer came from the soldier; but he drew the sheet over his face as if he wanted to sleep; while in reality he was moved to shed tears. He felt that this simple woman was as brave as the soldiers who had fallen in the battle field; for sustained by a faith which came from above, and was the pledge of a better life, she dare to die slowly, unnoticed by the world, far from the pomp and glory which attend death in war.

One day there was a great uproar in the wards of the hospital; Prince Humbert himself had come to visit his wounded companions in arms. He wished to know the history, the acts of bravery, the merits and sufferings of each one of them.

Coming to the bed of our soldier, as soon as he had learned what he had done, and how much he had suffered to protect his august person, the prince with a feeling of affectionate gratitude, pressed his hand, and fastened to his breast a medal for military prowess. 'Deeply moved, the soldier thanked the prince, then rising with a strong effort: "Royal highness," he said, "permit me, I pray you, to part with this honor in favor of a person who has deserved it better than I, to this angel, who has nursed me for three weeks with so much heroism, suffering fearfully herself to restore me to life; it is she who has the true courage of patience and charity." In speaking thus, he was trying to put the medal in the Sister's hand, who, with eyes cast to the floor, modestly said: "I have only done my duty."'

The prince, who had been deeply moved by this scene, realizing from the weak voice and pale face of Sister Virginia what she had borne for the last three weeks, resolved at once to give her also a medal. The Sister thanked the prince, but when he was gone, looking to the large crucifix hanging on the wall, she attached at the feet the silver medal she had just received, saying: "Here is the true courage; all bravery comes from Him."

A month later the good soldier left his bed; his wounds were healing up, and leaning on a crutch, he was able to walk about the wards and corridors. "It is a real miracle," said those who had seen him the first day he was brought to the hospital—"A real miracle of charity," he would add, and he looked about hoping to see the angel who had brought him to life.

But Sister Virginia had disappeared for several days, and she was not returning. 'She will take a rest,' thought her young friend, while trying to keep back a thought which made him anxious. 'She will rest, the poor dear Sister! It was time. She has well deserved it! And, indeed, Sister Virginia was resting, resting forever. One afternoon there came from the yard to the hospital a slow and plaintive singing. All the convalescents and the patients alike to get up looked through all the available openings. They saw and understood. No one moved or said a word; all uncovered themselves, silent and affected. The singing continued, tender and sad, as if angels themselves were shedding tears; it was a procession of virgins following a coffin covered with a white cloth, on which had been placed a single wreath of white roses.

Sister Virginia was on her way to eternal rest. She had also fallen at the breach, consumed by the fire of patience and charity, a victim to duty, faithful to her oath, she was going to receive the eternal crown of heroes.

All sent her a farewell from their inmost heart; and the soldier who she had recalled to life lay down on his bed and cried; he cried like a little child over his dead mother.

There is not a nobler and truer courage than that of a virgin who gives her life to save that of brave soldiers; and the tears of heroes is the greatest honor that can be bestowed on her.

A card on the outside of office door says: 'Gone to lunch, be back in ten minutes.' And, the man will be there on time. That is, for some days, weeks or even months, he will. Then he will be at home occasionally for a day. He'll tell you he had a headache—a turn of cholera morbus, or maybe he'll say he had a lump in his stomach and felt too miserable to move. The lump was probably two or three ten-minute lunches condensed.



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Society Meetings. Young Men's Societies. Young Irishmen's L. & B. Association. Organized April 1874. Incorporated Dec. 1875. Regular monthly meeting held in its hall, 8 Dupre street, first Wednesday of every month at 8 o'clock, P.M.

St. Ann's Young Men's Society. Organized 1845. Meets in its hall, 157 Ottawa Street, on the first Sunday of every month, at 8:30 P.M.

Ancient Order of Hibernians. 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.

A.O.H. - Division No. 3. Meets the 2nd and 4th Mondays of each month at Hibernia Hall, No. 242 Notre Dame St.

A.O.H. - Division No. 4. President, H. T. Keane, No. 32 Deslauriers ave. Vice President, J. P. O'Hara; Recording Secretary, P. J. Finn; Treasurer, John Traylor.

C.M.B.A. of Canada, Branch 74. Organized March 14, 1888. Branch 74 meets in the basement of St. Gabriel's new Church, corner of Centre and Laprairie streets.

C.M.B.A. of Canada, Branch 26. Organized, 17th November, 1883. Branch 26 meets 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.

C.M.B.A. of Quebec. GRAND COUNCIL OF QUEBEC. Affiliated with the C.M.B.A. of the United States. Membership 12000. Accumulating Reserve of \$300,000.

Catholic Benevolent Legion. Shamrock Council, No. 320, C.B.L. Meets in St. Ann's Young Men's Hall, 157 Ottawa Street, on the second and fourth Tuesday of each month, at 8 P.M.

Catholic Order of Foresters. St. Gabriel's Court, 185. Meets every alternate Monday, commencing Jan 31, in St. Gabriel's Hall, cor. Centre and Laprairie streets.

St. Patrick's Court, No. 95, C.O.F. Meets in St. Ann's Hall, 157 Ottawa street, every first and third Monday, at 8 P.M.

Total Abstinence Societies. ST. PATRICK'S T. A. & B. SOCIETY. Established 1841. The hall is open to the members and their friends every Tuesday evening.

St. Ann's T. A. & B. Society. Established 1863. Rev. Director, REV. FATHER FLYNN; President, JOHN KILFEATHER.

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